

# THE GRIP

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INDEPENDENT JOURNAL OF HUMOR AND CARICATURE



J.W. Bengough

### HEAVEN-BORN FINANCING.

CARTWRIGHT.—"What I want to know, Mr. Finance Minister, is how you propose to reconcile these documents."

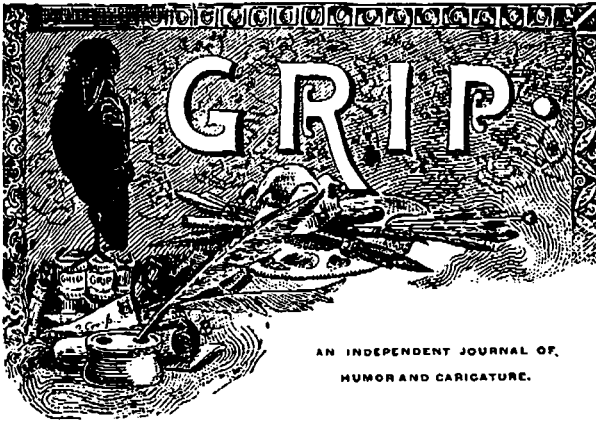
FOSTER.—"Easily enough. We simply propose to ignore the prospectus."

ENGLISH INVESTOR.—"What! Repudiation, right before my eyes!"

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Comments on the Gestaing.



KNOX PREACHING BEFORE QUEEN MARY.—The excellent service Principal Caven is doing in the present controversy over the Jesuit Bill is worthy of the grand name associated with the college over which he presides. The shade of Knox must look on approvingly, for we can well believe that were the great Scotsman here in the flesh, he would be doing, in his own energetic fashion, just what Principal Caven is doing so well. The Principal is known as one of the most cautious, sagacious, and considerate of men, and this reputation adds vastly to his influence in the present affair. We suspect that his determined stand had not a little to do with the deciding of the *Globe's* course, and it has

unquestionably aroused the interest of the great body of Presbyterians throughout the country. With characteristic clearness of vision, Dr. Caven has grasped the salient points of the controversy, and, as usual, he has succeeded in making them equally clear to the public. These points are: 1st, That by the objectionable Bill, State funds expressly set aside for educational purposes, are perverted to other uses; 2nd, They are devoted to Church purposes, a use which should never be made of any State funds whatever; and 3rd, The authority of a foreign potentate is recognized in Canadian civil affairs. In all these respects, it will be seen, the Bill antagonizes great principles of government, which have heretofore been regarded in Canada as sound. The veto power in our Constitution was meant to guard

just such principles. It has no other legitimate use. And now that it is called for, the men who have time and again put it in operation against Provincial Acts which were harmless, refuse to use it on the ground that, dangerous as it may be, this Act is technically within the jurisdiction of Quebec. Dr. Caven's position is that of a statesman who looks at the larger question, but we are afraid his wisdom is thrown away upon the "practical politicians" now in charge of our affairs.

HEAVEN-BORN FINANCING.—It is just as well that nobody takes the House of Commons seriously, or it would be bad for Canada's reputation for common-sense. That august assembly has voted, by the usual automatic majority, that the three per cent. loan business is all right, and that the Minister of Finance has not put his foot in it. But majorities do not alter facts, and in this case the stubborn fact remains that the Dominion must either live up to the prospectus issued in connection with this loan, and purchase at least \$2,000,000 worth of the stock annually, whatever its market price may be,—or repudiate the bargain, and take the moral consequences. The whole ugly mess is, however, just what might be expected as the result of the slipshod system of government at present in vogue. With an irresponsible High Commissioner in London, at liberty, apparently, to act as the proxy of responsible ministers here, and indulge in any sort of financial kite-flying that may suit his peculiar taste, what wonder is it that awkward scrapes should be got into? So far as it yet appears, Sir Charles Tupper was the sole author of the present muddle, and Mr. Foster was either too innocent of finance or too blind to see the trouble he had been brought into. This will not relieve him from the responsibility, of course; neither will the voting down of Sir Richard Cartwright's motion. The English investor remains to be reckoned with, and he can be confidently trusted to teach us in due time that a prospectus is a document whose terms are to be taken seriously.

IF Col. Geo. T. Denison isn't more careful with his jaw-bone, there will soon be a general demand for his disestablishment and disendowment. The excellent but injudicious gentleman seems to have got into the habit of wearing his cavalry boots on the Bench.

THEY have found the skeleton of a "Paleolithic" man near Gainesville, Texas. "The ribs," we are informed, "were about the size of a small pig's; the figure was of gigantic size, and tapered like a serpent." This reads a little like a snake story, but it may be all solemn truth. If so, it would go to account for the squirminess of human nature, and incidentally throws some light on the Paleolithic origin of—say Sir John Macdonald.

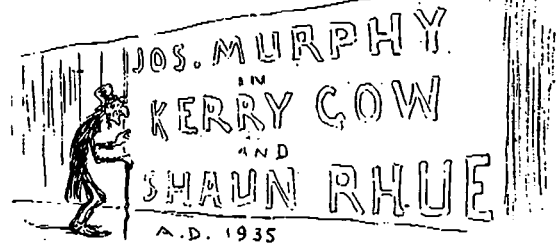
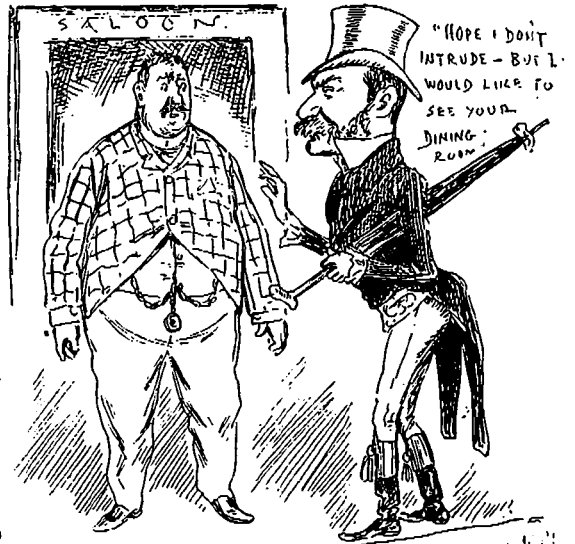
THE Citizens' Committee have issued a ringing manifesto on the Jesuit question, and

The war, that for a time did fail,  
Now trebly thunders on the gale,  
And "Stanley" is the cry!

But not only is an appeal to Stanley advised. Energetic action is to be taken to bring the whole question to a legal test, and a great convention is summoned for the 12th of June. All of which must be an eye-opener to the Ottawa "majority." Sir John supposed he had given the movement its *coup de grace* when he coined that clever phrase, "The Devil's Dozen," but the public have decidedly less respect for the Jesuits' Hundred-and-eighty-eight.

DOCKING-TIME

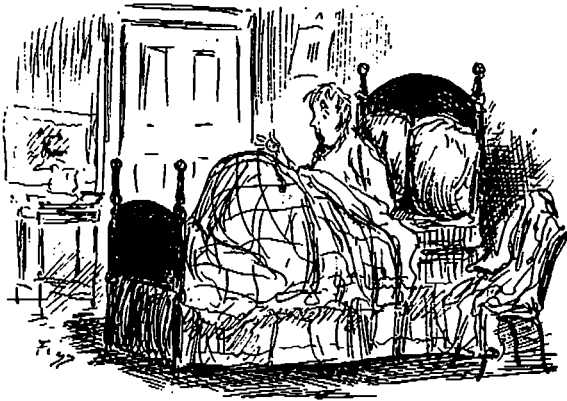
THAT all things now tell tales of joy,  
Because 'tis Spring, I know,  
But the frisky lambkin's tail, ere long,  
Will be a tail of woe.



TOPICAL GRINDINGS BY OUR SQUIBOGRAPH.



A LIVELY row is raging o'er the new street railway track,  
 'Twixt Mr. Smith, the Senator, and Ernest Albert Mac.,  
 And good old Chairman Carlyle is doing all he knows  
 To keep the peace, and smooth it o'er, before it comes  
 to blows;  
 That eminent reformer, Commissioner Peter Ryan,  
 To do his duty fully has honestly been tryin',  
 And in the garb of Paulus Pry, who "hopes he don't  
 intrude,"  
 He's been enquiring which saloons refuse to furnish food  
 And lodging unto travellers—and those who act that  
 way  
 When next they ask for licenses will surely rue the day.  
 The court is now in session and Mr. Justice Rose  
 Has reason to regret that he is furnished with a  
 nose;  
 And jurors who object to breathe the horrid court-  
 house air,  
 Upon their nasal organs must GRIP's attachment  
 wear.  
 John Baxter sits with all his weight upon St. Mat-  
 thew's ward,  
 And justice to that section refuses to accord.  
 The Orangemen all over are resoluting hard  
 Upon the Jesuit question, but still their kind regard  
 For old John A. prevents them from mentioning his  
 name  
 And fixing on his shoulders the proper share of  
 blame;  
 Another rebel outbreak is coming in the West,  
 For Gabriel Dumont again is stirring up the nest.  
 For once again the Government is acting "Old To-  
 morrow,"  
 And thus preparing for a crop of trouble, shame and  
 sorrow.  
 Joe Murphy with his "Kerry Gow" is with us once  
 again,  
 And will continue coming until the year Amen.  
 And there are other topics to which we might give place,  
 But that our little Squibograph is limited for space.



### CULPABLE NEGLIGENCE.

BUZZBRAIN (at the hotel)—“Six o'clock, and nobody comes to waken me! I shall certainly miss my train!”

### THE WORLD DO MOVE.

PEEPS INTO THE FUTURE BY OUR OWN CLAIRVOYANT.

THE WOMEN'S EMANCIPATION CLUB.

[From the “Globe” of April 21, 1894.]

THE Women's Emancipation Club (Unlimited,) met in absolutely secret session in the elegant drawing room of a palatial widow's residence—the term “palatial widow” is used advisedly, as a tribute at once to the proportions, the dress and the hospitality of the lady in question—a few days ago, in the north-western section of this city.

The lady delegates handed in their cards, gentlemen's size, and written in a bold, masculine hand.

An hour and a half was devoted to taking tea, no eatables being served, in accordance with a rule of the club. The tea was of a character eminently appropriate to the occasion. Green, strong enough to stand alone, and taken straight, it really did one's heart good to imbibe seven or eight large cups of it.

Finally, after discussing the coming season's styles in millinery, and finishing the two boilers full of tea, the President took the chair, amidst a buzz of conversation, interesting, varied and comprehensive, which she could only silence by exclaiming in a shrill tone of voice, “Rats!”

In calling the roll Miss Gadabout proposed that the ages, as well as the names, of delegates, be recorded. No seconder. Lost!

In addressing the gathering, the President said:—“Ladies and fellow female sufferers and suffrage seekers: It gives me great pleasure to welcome you to this city at this time of the year. The millinery openings are on, the weather is fine, and a great many of the newest fashions are to be seen on King Street; and lastly, the time is opportune for the promotion of that cause so dear to every one of us, namely, the release of our sex from the galling yoke of the oppressor, man, and our elevation to that plane of political as well as social—er—cr—ahem!”

A voice: “Superiority.”

(Applause, mingled with cries of “No! no!”)

The President, continuing: “That plane of political as well as social equality, which Providence clearly designed we should occupy. Why, let me ask, should we,

because we are la—that is to say, women, be deprived of rights and privileges enjoyed by our fellow-beings of the opposite sex—the sterner sex, as they delight to be called?”

MISS HOOPERUP—“Stern is a good word. It means hindermost. We women lead.” (Loud and prolonged applause.)

THE PRES.—“We shall assert our rights—”

MRS. LASTWORD—“And the tyrants will get left.” (Laughter.)

THE PRES.—“—to rank with men in the exercise of functions now exclusively held by them. We must put on a bold front—” (Here the speaker paused, but no applause followed.)

MRS. WILDCAT—“I would suggest the hon. lady use no equivocal language.” (Ripple of applause.)

THE PRES.—“Panting as we are for freedom from the slavish fetters which custom, aided by legislation, has forged and bound us in, our only resort is to strike!”—

[Here the proceedings were interrupted by the struggle of two tall delegates for possession of a broom in the far corner of the room.]

Order having been restored, the speaker went on:—“Why should our husbands—”

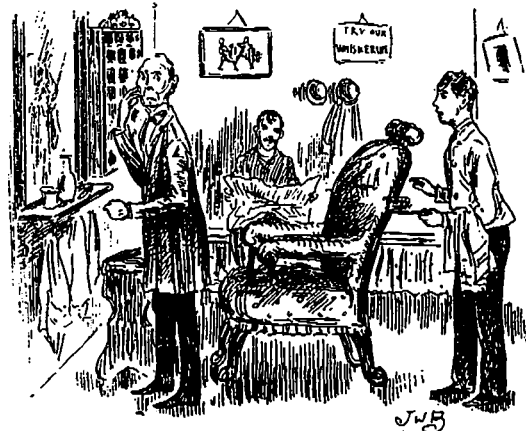
MISS MCGLUE—“I do trust our President will not introduce irrelevant matter. Knowing, as she must, that many of the ladies present are not m—.” (Loud cries of dissent and dissatisfaction from all quarters.)

DR. SAUERVISAGE—“One word, sisters. We are here to discuss principles, not social conditions, or matters of—ahem—er—er—”

(More uproar, during which seven different delegates had the floor at once. In the midst of it a knock is heard at the door, and a servant announces supper in a loud tone of voice. Instantly the commotion subsides.)

THE PRESIDENT—“I am sure, my dear friends, you will be glad to cease from your lengthy and exhausting deliberations, and adjourn to the dining hall. We shall, therefore, if a motion is passed, adjourn.”

The motion is passed and a happy lot of ladies are once more under the same roof.



### THE UNKINDEST CUT OF ALL.

STRANGER—“You've given me an ugly gash in the chin. If you can't shave better than that you will lose all your customers pretty soon.”

UNDERGRADUATE TONSORIALIST—“Not at all! I am not allowed to shave the regular customers yet; I only shave strangers!”

### A FUNNY-MAN'S FATE.

A FUNNY-MAN thought of a brand new joke,  
And he roared and laughed in his glee;  
But he roared so loud, and laughed so long,  
That it slipped from his memo-ree.

When he tried and failed to recall this joke  
That so strangely funny had seemed,  
Then his having laughed at he knew not what  
Was funnier still, he deemed.

So he laughed, and yelled, and rolled about,  
Yet saw, when the fit was o'er,  
That his case, having laughed at having laughed,  
Was funnier than before.

And thus ev'ry time he stopped to think,  
This funny thing funnier grew,  
Till at length, with a wild, convulsive laugh,  
He all into atoms flew.

P. Kus.

### A CIRCULAR TO PARENTS.

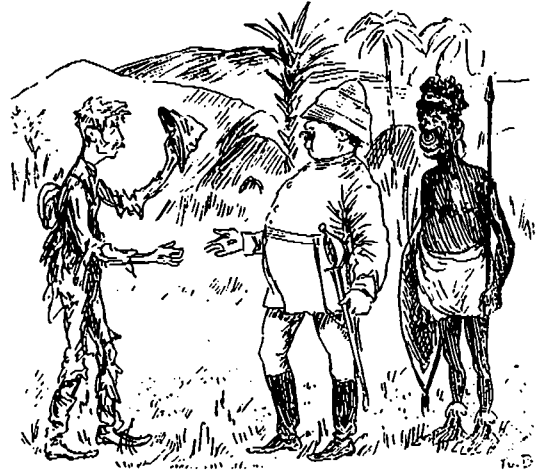
THE Female Anthropological Society of Washington, D.C., has issued a circular to its members asking for statistical information regarding children, hoping thereby to gain such a quantity of information as may lead to the discovery of certain fundamental laws affecting childhood. I have received a list of questions, to which answers have been truthfully supplied; but as Mrs. Tiggles will not let me send it to Washington, I enclose it herewith for publication in your valuable paper.

1. *Give full name.*—Sophonisba Eglantine Tiggles.
2. *Previous health of mother*, especially as regards fright. Mrs. Tiggles was very much frightened by a run-away horse with buggy attached, some time previous.
3. *Mother's marks.*—The child has the fac-simile of a livery stable bill on the small of its back.
4. *Weight (naked).*—60 lbs. before, and 64 lbs. after dinner.
5. *Color of hair.*—This is premature at present, as the child has none. However, it has a choice between red (her mother's) and grey (mine).
6. *Peculiarities.*—Too numerous to mention more than a few. Wakes me up regularly at 4 a.m., by hitting me on the nose with the watch she has extracted from beneath the pillow; drinks the contents of my shaving pot and ink bottle with equal relish; hangs on to the dog's tail when it wants to get out of doors; falls down three flights of stairs twice a day; swallows a set of chessmen by pieces, and pins by the cushionful; pulls the table cloth and all that thereon is every Sunday.

(Signed) THOMAS TIGGLES.

### THE BOHEMIAN AND THE SOCK.

HE had not been long in the Bohemian business but he was moderately successful, for in his attempt to look beery and brilliant he managed, at least, to look beery. The first time he tasted sorrow was when a hole located itself in the heel of his sock and a blister nestled opposite the hole and grew as if it were watered by the dews of heaven. After walking up and down street several times with a non-friction gait he came to the conclusion that his sock had to be darned, but when he tried to do it he found that the stronger word expressed his feelings much more exactly. He got a needle about three inches long and a piece of yarn several feet longer than this one. For a few minutes he struggled to make the proper connection between the needle and the yarn. Having conquered this first difficulty, he ran his hand into the sock, spread his



### STANLEY IN AFRICA.

STANLEY—"Emin Bey, I presume?"

EMIN BEY—"That's my name, sir. What can I do for you?"

STANLEY—"I've come to relieve you."

EMIN BEY—"Indeed? That's very kind of you. (To native) Here, Pumpumjoop, take this poor fellow in and give him a square meal."

fingers as he had often seen his mother do and commenced operations. The first time he made the needle span the chasm his efforts were crowned with success, but the next time he made the perilous attempt he pulled the yarn a little too strongly and undid what he had previously accomplished. However, he had read of Bruce and ran the spider in his early youth, so he tried again, and ran the needle into the fleshy part of his thumb which he did not wish to darn, though he immediately expressed a desire to do so to his luck. From that hour he became a changed man and his Bohemian life ceased, for, after drawing blood from every available part of his body with the agile needle, and after mending his sock in a way that made it look as puckered as an actress' smile, he rushed back in despair to the throbbing bosom of the family from which he had torn himself, and once more became a decoration to the society which he had so long ornamented. So ends my tale, and here is its moral. The Bohemian who wears socks is a traitor to custom, therefore failure and sorrow must be his reward.

P. Kus.

### AN ORANGE RONDEAU.

O NEVER rely on  
An orange-hued ribbon,  
Since those it doth fly on—  
(Whom never rely on)—  
Failed Col. O'Brien,  
And Dalton, the glib 'un,  
O, never rely on  
An orange-hued ribbon!

### SCIENCE FALSELY SO CALLED.

EDITOR (to special contributor)—"When can you write me an article on Pneumatology?"

S. C.—"Let me see; to-day is Wednesday. Oh, I'll have it ready before you go to press, Friday."

And then he first applies himself to the dictionary to get solid on the meaning of the word.



### A JOKE, DONCHERKNOW!

MISS FASHIN—"Oh, Mr. Singleglass, I'm so glad I've met you. I am looking for Cecil street,—can you tell me where it is?"

MR. SINGLEGLASS—"Aw—don't know, doncherknow, sorry to say. But—aw—I should think you could easily find your way about when you're in a Directory costume."

### SCOTTIE AIRLIE HEARD FROM AT LAST.

BACKO'BEYONT, SCOTLAND,

*March* (raily I forget the date) but its '89.

MY DEAR GRIP,—I think I maun be a lineal descendent o' the Heilanter that didna ken hoo to play a retreat, or afore this time I wad hae sent an apology for my absence. But, as ye may weel believe, the meenit I got oot o' quarantine I made a beeline for the Atlantic, tae mak sure work that ony infection I got in the smallpox hospital wad be weel blown awa frae me; for I can tell ye, a rin across there in the teeth o' a strong nor'-easter, blaws a' the cobwabs an' stoor clean oot o' a man. Tell that billie frae Preston that I'm aye i' the body as yet, but for hoo lang I'm sure I dinna ken. Hooever, I'm muckle obliged till him for speirin'. I've that muckle to tell ye, Maister GRIP, that I feel like a bottle o' ale whummed end up, wi' the cork new oot; bubblin' an' gurglin' awa without ony steady stream o' information whatever, but sin' the ale pits me in mind o' temperance, I'll e'en lay the bottle doon sideways an' let the ale slide oot cannily an' to edification.

Last Sunday nicht I gaed to a temperance meetin' conduckit by twa-rec o' oor prominent toonsmen. They are, like mysel, no sae young as they ance were, an' their grammar bein' oot o' date, it may soond a kind o' ootlandish in a land o' sic extreme polish an' culture as Canada; but seein' they hae spellin' an' pronunciation tae match, the onkingrooity o' the thing 'll may be no be noticed sae muckle. There's a certain harmony atween ill pronunciation an' ill grammar even.

I needna tell ye that the lecture just bristled wi' illustrations frae Scripture, an' the three patriarchs bein' brocht in and shewn up, I began tae get interested, being a patriarchally inclined sort o' a man mysel. There's naething I wad like better than to be a patriarch, wi' nae end o' flocks an' herds an' pasture for them to feed on, an'

plenty servants to dae my work, an' me to sit in my tent door in the heat o' the day, richt in the city o' Toronto, an' write for GRIP.

"An' noo," said the speaker, "crackin' aboot temperance, just luck at the history o' thae three pairtridges. Luck at the way that puir auld pairtridge Aubahwm was persecutit an' tormentit aff the face o' the earth wi' Sawra's ill-scrapit tongue! Did she no deave the puir auld body near daft, an' did he not take an' fling oot the puir bit lassie an' her bairn, tae beg their bread, or sell papers in the street; an' didna the puir Airabs, their lawfu' descendants, sell papers in the streets to this gude day? An' as if we hadna enough Airabs in the coorse o' nateral descent—naething 'll dae but folk maun tak to manufaturin' them oot o' hail claith by sellin' whuskey!

"Then there was anither pairtridge that nottyras lear Jaucob, that pat on a pair o' bearskin mittens to deceive his puir auld blind faither, Isek, an' wadna sae muckle as gie his ain brither Easy a spunefu' o' parritch when he was starvin', athoot he made ower his share o' the property tae the greedy sinner. Weel, what does he no dae but manage to get the feck o' puir auld Lauban's strippit cattle intill his possession, to say naething o' the man's twa dochters, as if anc wasna gude enough for the auld robber. No, ma freends, the moral o' a' this is, dinna gie in to greed; for if greed o' gear ance gets haud o' ye in ye go intae the whuskey bisness, an' ye'll get that hardened, that though ye saw yer fellow-brither starvin' ye wad aye keep on takin', takin' the last bawbee he had, an the next thing ye'll be gettin' a' the strippit cattle o' yer Uncle Lauban o' the three balls.—Aye, an' deed I wouldna warrant ye *no* tae hae twa wives, tae, like the auld tarryfingered pairtridge himsel.

"Then luck at auld Noy! Kent ye ever sic a perseverin' auld body as he was, noo? Tuk nae less than twa thoosan' five hunder year tae build that ark o' his, an' he built, an' built, an' better built; an' that slowsterin' an' drinkin' generation a' grumlin' aboot him, but there was nae grumylation in Noy's head. Na! when the rain cam on, he just cannily steppit in bye an' steekit the door on them. But wait a wee, my freens, we're no dunc wi' Noy yet. Na! mair's the peety.

"The auld body, noo when a' the world but himsel was drowned, thoct he might venture to tak a wee drappie, when there was naebody to be ruined by his bad example, an' what was the result? He never built anither solitary ark! Oh my freens an' fellow-brithers! tak warnin', for as sure as ye've death to meet wi' if ye touch, taste, or handle the accursed brew, ye'll never build the first ark, faur less the second! To the young present I've just a'e word—an' that is—get eddication! For athoot eddication ye're like a blin' man gropin' aboot an' gettin' yer nose aye peeled, wi' rinnin' ramstam up again a dry dyke. Get eddication, for if I had haen eddication i' my youth I wad never ance stoppit till ye wad hae seen me sittin' on the throne wi' Queen Victoria, aye, an' as crouse as a bantum on a midden head."

I was formally introduced to the lecturer at the close o' the meetin'. He was a bit teelyor bodie, wi' bow legs, a wee lithe body, a muckle head, an' twa restless black e'en that gaed rowin' aboot like liberated quicksilver. He speired at me gin I kent a chap they ca'ed Tam Laing, that gaed oot tae Ameriky a while syne. I telled him that I cam frae Canada, an' then he said he kent that, but seein' Canada was a ceety in the United States, he thoct it wad be a gude chance to send oot a letter to Tam to tell him that his mither's auntie was dead; an' if I wad just drap the letter into the post-office in Canada, he had nae doot the post-office folk wad find

oot Tam a' richt. Sae I promised I wad drap in the letter, an' I got awa—for a' the folk were croodin' roon tac glower at the distinguished veevisor frae Ameriky. The first weekly paper, hooever, had a large account o' hoo the *Rev. Hugh Airlie* from Massachusetts, Alaska, Canada, was on the platform at a temperance meetin'. The white necktie I wore that nicht had gein the impression that I was in holy orders. If I'm aye i' the body ye'll hear frae me next week. Yours truly,

HUGH AIRLIE.

**THE GHOSTLY FATHER.**

**F**ACT to fact or fancy linking, in my chamber I sat thinking, Brooding o'er a solemn subject, dry and bitter as the core Of the fabled Dead Sea apple, but the more I strove to grapple With its dull, prosaic outlines it eluded me the more, Till it left me lying stranded on Sleep's dark, Lethaeon shore, As it oft had done before.

Then a cowed and sandalled figure, like a GRIP cartoon, but bigger, Large as life, or death, aroused me, while my flesh began to creep,

For the truth is, I would rather meet a reverend, ghostly father In the church, bazaar, or raffle, selling holy relics cheap, Than see himself a relic which the grave has failed to keep, In the hours of darkness deep.

Then a hollow voice said, "Mortal, long ago I passed the portal Of Death's limitless dominion, thinking never to return, But of late such noise and shouting have assailed my ears, that, doubting The Judgment Day had come, I rose from my sepulchral urn, Rose the cause of this unearthly clamor thus to truly learn, For it gave me much concern.

Then, with fear and horror quaking, I sat down by him, and, taking One by one the daily papers, showed him through their timely lore, While askance I furtive eyed him, sitting closely thus beside him, Saw that, though his heavy features but a slight resemblance bore To a ghost, yet, through them weirdly shone their phoshorescent core, Like the wrecks on Pluto's shore.

I would fain have spoken plainly to this shadow's shade un- gainly, And the mystery of his being longed to thoroughly explore, Hoping thus to gain suggestions on that question of all ques- tions, That dry and dreary topic which my patience oft outwore, But he it was who questioned, and he made me search the more, Dry and dreary pages o'er.

After long investigating, his worm-emptied cranium freighting With rich store of new ideas, suddenly he gave a groan That thrilled my soul and chilled me, so it very nearly killed me, For its grisly intonations smote me to the marrow bone, Raised my hair on end and shook me like a tree by blizzard blown; Then he spake in solemn tone,—

"Alas! alas! It is no wonder that I could not slumber under Such a wild, heretical uproar about this Jesuits' Bill, To be held in such abhorrence along the great St. Lawrence, Is enough to make the gravestones shout on every sacred hill. In the land that we have civilized and moulded to our will, Our foes are rampant still.

"Is this the New World home of the mediaeval Rome, of Loyola, Torquemado, and full many a holy saint? Is the true and ancient leaven, which might have made a heaven Of this far-off corner of the earth affected with the taint, Of modern skeptical beliefs, free broached without restraint, Till faith is dead or faint?

"Have we founded by hard labor, in spite of our great neighbor, Who flaunts her torch of liberty so freely in our face, Have we built, maintained, protected, a haven for dejected

True worshippers of olden forms, a fast decaying race, To be at this our hour of need so spurned from its embrace, With hell's fierce hounds in chase?

"It makes me grieve that ever my youthful zeal's endeavor Was spent in this cruel, snowy land a hundred years ago, When I braved its cruel climate till I became its primate, And taught the simple *habitants* the little they should know, To see my life-long labors all dissipated so, It fills my heart with woe.

"The fact that even this pittance which purchases acquittance From all our claims on real estate should raise a hostile shout Shows such an interference with Mother Church adherents, As threatens to restore what we have labored to root out, That individual liberty they should know naught about, The liberty to doubt."

While thus this reverend spectre continued his long lecture, I, wearied by his wordiness, succumbed to sleep again. I suppose that at the right time he departed in the night time, For when I woke and looked about my paper-littered den, I found that he had disappeared beyond a mortal's ken; The clock was striking ten.

WILLIAM MCGILL.



**LITERAL.**

CROSS-EXAMINING COUNSEL—"Now, Mr. Jinkinson, you say Mr. James B. Jinkinson is a distant relative of yours."

MR. J.—"Yes."

COUNSEL—"What relation is he?"

MR. J.—"My brother."

COUNSEL—"But you just told us he was a distant relative."

MR. J.—"So he is. At present he is in China."

**"A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT."**

**A** TERRIFIC controversy over the private character of Robbie Burns has been raging in the columns of the *Canadian Advance* for some weeks, the combatants being Dr. Campbell, of Seaforth, and Rev. T. Fenwick, of Elders' Mills. Readers of the letters may be excused if they have some difficulty in making up their minds whether the Scottish poet was an angel or a "deevil," but they must be convinced at all events that the learned controversialists themselves are masters of the art of argumentation. The following "elegant extract" from the reverend gentleman's last communication will illustrate this:

"The Doctor, in plain English, calls me a jackass, and says that Burns' gaze would have withered me had I lived in his day, or he in mine. His gaze did not wither Mr. Auld, Burns' gaze had not much power when he was lying on the ground 'drunk and incapable.' In Bible times, the ass was held in honor. Those who know the nature of the Cam(pb)el(l), say that it is a 'doure,' ill-natured, surly brute."



### BUSINESS TROUBLE.

JONES—"There goes Chops, the butcher. Why, he's ever so much thinner than he used to be. Has he been ill?"

SMITH—"No; but his shop's been closed up by the sheriff. He's naturally lost flesh, you know."

### A STRANGE STORY.

FOR those whose fancies love to range  
In search of matters weird and strange,  
The facts I am about to tell  
Will doubtless please them very well.

But people of prosaic mind,  
To marvels not the least inclined,  
Perhaps may deem me far astray  
From simple truth's straightforward way.

But let me here premise that I  
Was never known to tell a lie;  
Having an innate love of truth,  
I studied law in early youth.

But to my tale—There lived a man  
Whose course of life so strangely ran,  
That nothing happened him as they  
Happen to others every day.

He loved a girl, and when he'd come  
To see her at her parents' home,  
No bull-dog ever barred his path,  
Nor did he dread the old man's wrath.

This couple never stayed out late  
A-swinging on the garden gate,  
Nor did they sit up half the night,  
And turn down low the parlor light.

He'd take his girl to promenade,  
Nor was of candy stores afraid;  
Ice-cream he once proposed, when she  
Said "Thanks—it don't agree with me."

When they were married you'd have thought  
They very quickly would have fought  
Respecting which the fire should build,  
While yet with frost the room was chilled.

But not at all—they settled that  
Quite peaceably, without a spat;  
Resolved to have no falling out,  
They took it week by week about.

But, stranger still, the young man saw  
With pleasure his mamma-in-law,  
Who never tried the house to boss,  
And so she never made him cross.

The water-fixings froze one day,  
And when the plumber called for pay  
He brought a very moderate bill!  
What's more, he's doing business still.

Our hero, by no means a fool,  
Once undertook to drive a mule,  
And though he hit him many a lick,  
The animal ne'er made a kick.

He joined a baseball club one day,  
And all the season went to play,  
And at its close came out complete—  
Lost neither eyes, nor hands, nor feet,  
Nay, furthermore, I've heard them say  
That, when he fished in Ashbridge Bay,  
He really home to supper brought  
A fish which he himself had caught.

But as to this, 'twixt me and you,  
I have my doubts if it be true.  
I do not wish my tale to mar,  
By taxing your belief too far.

### A CHANCE ACQUAINTANCE.

THERE are memories sad or pleasant which the years cannot efface,  
Though they soften them and clothe them with a more enchanting grace,

And among the saddest relics of my recollection are  
My initial game of poker and my earliest cigar;  
While the picture showing brightest to my retrospective eye  
Is my meeting with Matilda at Schenectady, N.Y.

Swift adown the intervening years my errant fancies go,  
And again I seem to see her as I saw her long ago;  
See upon her cheeks the blooming and the blushing of a rose,  
Like the sunrise flushing tenderly the fair, translucent snows.  
Once again my foolish heart is glad and gay that She is nigh,  
As it were again that morning at Schenectady, N.Y.

Close beside her was her mother, and her father strode before,  
As I stood and watched her passing from the ticket-agent's door.  
Of perfection were her features, and her figure was divine,  
With that graceful, supple slenderness which marks the swaying vine,  
And I caught the merry twinkle and the flashing of her eye,  
As she passed me on the depot at Schenectady, N.Y.

She'd a pretty little poodle in her pretty little arms,  
And that poodle's classic ugliness enhanced her girlish charms.  
Careless breeze, you tossed a love-lock on her carmine-tinted cheek,  
Where it kissed the curves and dimples lover's lips might yearning seek.

Lips of mine! that lock you envied, as she sauntered slowly by,  
On the New York Central depot at Schenectady, N.Y.

Like a vision from the mirrored past comes one with loving eyes,  
One who tiptoes gently near me now to take me by surprise,  
One who kisses me, and cuddles me, and laughs away my fears,  
One who soothes my sorrows, shares my joys, and dries my bitter tears.

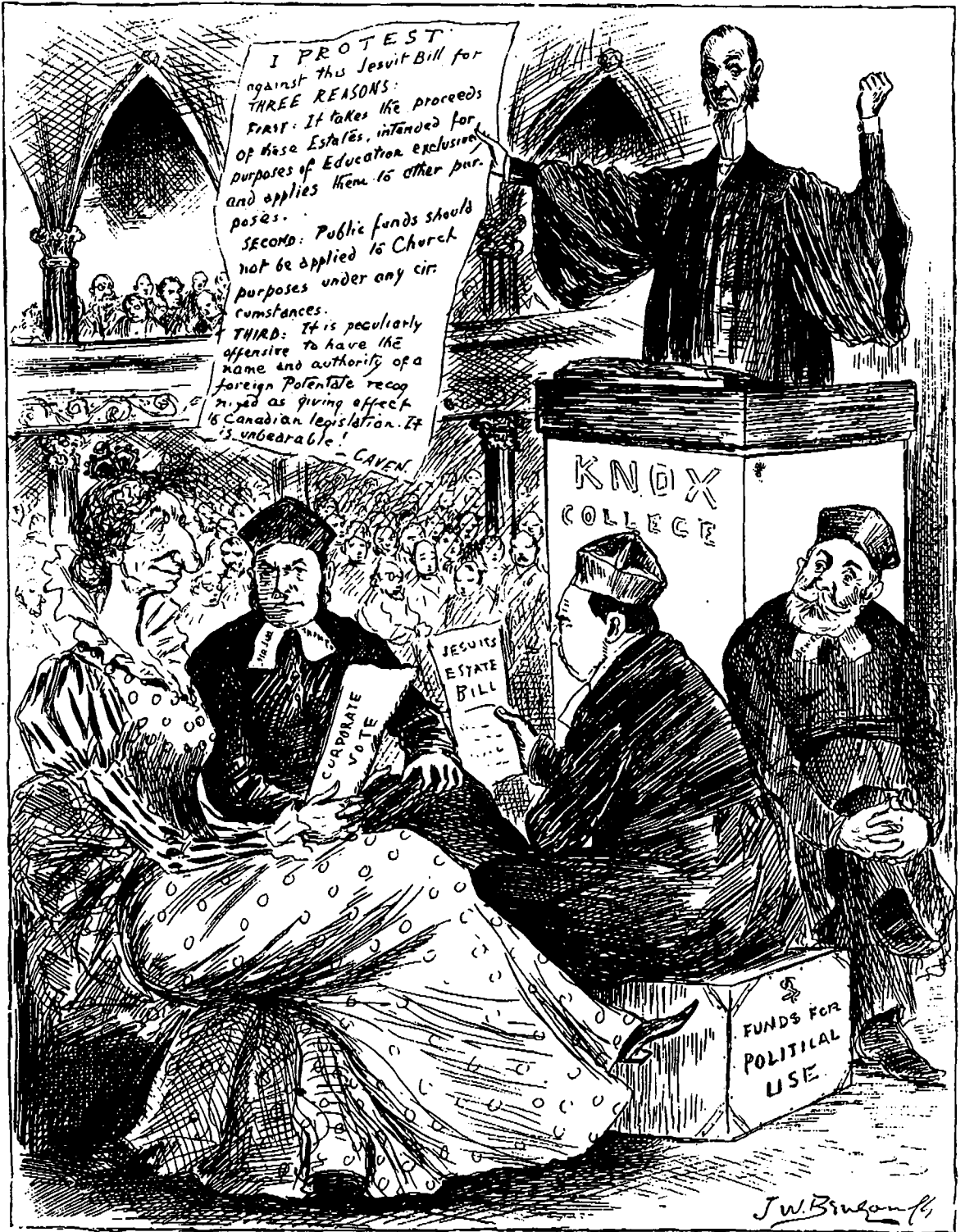
Child of mine, how like your mother was, long, long ago, when I  
Chanced to meet her on the depot at Schenectady, N.Y.

W. C. NICHOL.

### A COMING MAN.

THE audience which packed the concert hall of the College of Music, on Thursday evening of last week, enjoyed an entertainment quite unique in the musical annals of Canada, and one which GRIP, as a patron of Canadian art, feels bound to chronicle. The programme from first to last, was made up of works by Mr. Clarence Lucas, a young Canadian composer, of whom the musical world will yet hear a great deal, if we are not vastly mistaken in our notions of what constitutes genius. The author had the valuable assistance of his accomplished wife, Mme. Asher-Lucas, Mlle. Strauss, Mrs. J. W. Lawrence, and Messrs. Blight, Jarvis, Jeffers, Torrington and Correll, and that full justice was done to the music goes without saying. The critical company assembled were delighted, and testified their feelings in an unmistakable manner. Mr. Lucas was found to be a writer not only of high scholarship, but of that much rarer quality—soul. Mr. Torrington expressed himself as proud to have Mr. Lucas associated with the College, and well he may be. We predict that ere long the Dominion of Canada will be equally proud to claim him as one of her brightest boys.





KNOX PREACHING BEFORE QUEEN MARY.

(NEW VERSION OF A SOMEWHAT CELEBRATED HISTORICAL PICTURE.)

## "EDITOR'S BACK STAIRS."

THE INTERESTING VIEWS OF THE LATE DR.  
J. G. HOLLAND.

The columns of the newspapers appear to be flooded with proprietary medicine advertisements. As we cast our eye over them, it brings to mind an article that was published by the late Dr. Holland in *Scribner's Monthly*. He says: "Nevertheless, it is a fact that many of the best proprietary medicines of the day were more successful than many physicians, and most of them, it should be remembered, were at first discovered or used in actual medical practice. When, however, any shrewd person, knowing their virtue, and foreseeing their popularity, secures and advertises them, then, in the opinion of the bigoted, all virtue went out of them."

Is not this absurd?

This great man appreciated the real merits of popular remedies, and the absurdity of those that derided them because public attention was called to the article and the evidence of their cures.

If an ulcer is found upon one's arm, and is cured by some dear old grandmother, outside of the code, it will be pronounced by the medical profession an ulcer of little importance. But if treated under the code, causing sleepless nights for a month, with the scientific treatment, viz., plasters, washes, dosing with morphine, arsenic and other vile substances, given to prevent blood poisoning or deaden pain, and yet the ulcer becomes malignant, and amputation is made necessary at last, to save life, yet all done according to the "isms" of the medical code, this is much more gratifying to the medical profession, and adds more dignity to that distinguished order than to be cured by the dear old grandmother's remedy.

One of the most perplexing things of the day is the popularity of certain remedies, especially of Warner's Safe Cure, which we find for sale everywhere. The physician of the highest standing is ready to concede its merits and sustain the theories the proprietors have made—that is, that it benefits in most of the ailments of the human system because it assists in putting the kidneys in proper condition, thereby aiding in throwing off the impurities of the blood, while others with less honesty and experience deride, and are willing to see their patient die scientifically, and according to the code, rather than have him cured by this great remedy.

The discoverer comes boldly before the people with its merits, and proclaims them from door to door, and is in our opinion much more honorable than the physician, who, perchance, may secure a patient from some catastrophe, and is permitted to set a bone of an arm or a finger, which he does with great dignity, yet very soon after takes the liberty to climb the editor's back stairs at 2 o'clock in the morning to have it announced in the morning paper that "Dr. So-and-so was in attendance," thus securing for his benefit a beautiful and free advertisement.

We shall leave it to our readers to say which is the wiser and more honorable.

## HANDY TO AMUSEMENTS AND SHOPPING.

WHEN in New York stop at the Sturtevant House, Broadway cor. 29th street; it is finely furnished and the prices are reasonable. You won't regret it. Matthews & Pierson, props.—*Bulletin*.

HIS MARRIAGE WASN'T A FAILURE.—"Vell, Moses, now dot you vas married, can you not explain to me vedder or not marriage vos a failure?"

"I should sknicker all offer mein face, Isaac, dot, I could! Do you see dot suit uf clothes dot I haf on? Vell, I haf thirteen more better as dot, und dey all come mit mein wife. Dey vos left by her first husband, und dey fits me like dot hair on your head. No, sir; dot marriage vas a picnic uf you fall in mit de widow uf a dude."—*Peck's Sun*.

TO THE DEAF.—A person cured of Deafness and noises in the head of 23 years' standing by a simple remedy, will send a description of it free to any person who applies to Nicholson, 177 McDougal Street, New York.

A CLEAN sweep will raise a good deal of dust.—*Washington Post*.

R. A. GUNN, M.D., Dean, and Professor of Surgery, of the United States Medical College, Editor of *Medical Tribune*, author of "Gunn's New Improved Handbook of Hygiene and Domestic Medicine," in reference to the use of Warner's Safe Cure in a case of Bright's disease, said, over his own signature: "I was greatly surprised to observe a decided improvement within a month. Within four months no tube casts could be found, and only a trace of albumen; and, as he expressed it, he felt perfectly well. After this demonstration of its power, I prescribed it in full doses in both acute and chronic Bright's disease, with the most satisfactory results."

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

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THE American aborigines had none of your modern tools, but they were familiar with the Indian file.—*The Idea*.

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A copy of the above superb engraving will be given, as a premium, to every new subscriber to GRIP for a year at \$2 cash. Further, we will give a copy of the picture, post-paid, to any of our present subscribers who sends us a new name with the cash, \$2. Or, we will send the picture to any present subscriber who, before July 1, pays in full to December 31, 1889, and encloses 25 cents extra for tubing, postage, etc. Non-subscribers may secure a copy of this engraving, post-paid, for the sum of \$1, cash.

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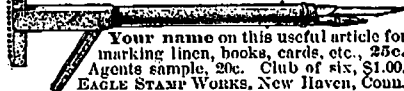
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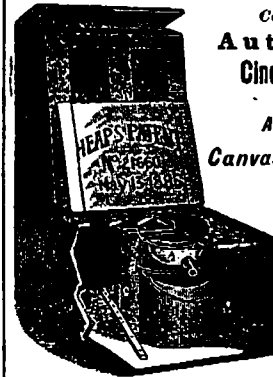
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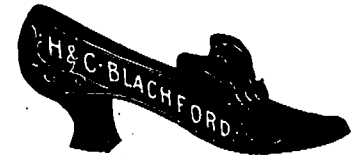
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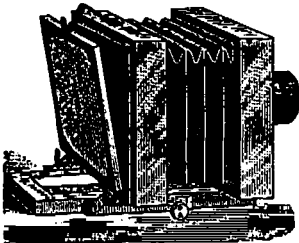
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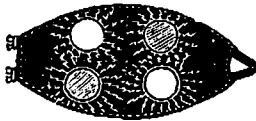
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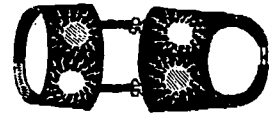
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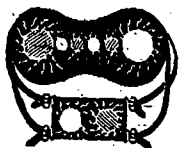
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