

# GRIP

EDITED BY J. W. BURGOUCH

GRIP ENG



LITERATURE

MUSIC

DRAMA

THE GRAVEST BEAST IS THE ASS.  
 THE GRAVEST BIRD IS THE OWL.  
 THE GRAVEST FISH IS THE OYSTER.  
 THE GRAVEST MAN IS THE FOOL.

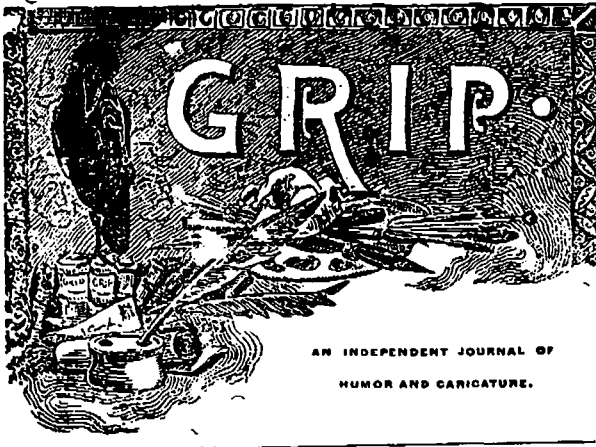
STARS

PROBATION

PAYABLE IN ADVANCE

### THE GREAT PRESIDENTIAL MOUTHING AND RANTING CONTEST.

"HAMLET" CLEVELAND—"Come, show me what thou'lt do:  
 Woo't weep? Woo't fight? Woo't fast?  
 Woo't tear thyself?  
 Woo't drink up eisel? Eat a crocodile?  
 I'll do't! Dost thou come here to whine?  
 To outface me by leaping in her grave?  
 Nay, an thou'lt mouth,  
 I'll rant as well as thou!"—*Shakspeare.*



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### Comments on the Cartoon.



THE SENTIMENT OF THE "MASSES."—Notwithstanding the fiery language of some American politicians and newspapers, the great mass of the citizens across the lines are in favor of peace and harmony with their neighbors. If the fishery case could be submitted to the jury of the great "general public" over there, we fully believe that the verdict would be promptly rendered in favor of Canada's contention. It is tolerably certain, at all events, that President Cleveland's proposal to punish the Dominion for the fault of the Republican Senate would be pronounced unjust and impolitic. This feeling of the "masses" found a pleasant though somewhat sensational expression at the opening of the Provincial Exhibition at Kingston, last week, where Sir John A. Macdonald, in the opening address, made a reference to the Retaliation Bill. The *Mail* correspondent refers to the episode as follows:—

"Just as Sir John Macdonald was leaving the grand stand an event that may become historic occurred. A lady, Miss Hulda Baker, of Syracuse, N. Y., briskly stepped forward, and grasping the hand of the Premier, said:—'Excuse me, I'm a loyal American subject, but I am bound to say we don't mean to shut the door against you. We are going to open it wide.'

"SIR JOHN—'I am sure not. You would not shut it against such a good-fooking fellow as me.'

"MISS BAKER—'No, sir; I'll be at the door.'

"With true French gallantry, as the procession swept down the stairs, Mr. H. G. Joly offered his arm to the brave lady.

"The episode was the talk of the afternoon. A reporter sought out Miss Baker, and she said to him:—'Oh, I was just burning to tell how I felt, and what I know is the sentiment of many, many Americans. I wanted so bad for some one to introduce me, but when I couldn't get it, the impulse came on me to express myself. Please do not give me notoriety.'

GRIP would be ungallant to disregard the request of this modest lady, and in making the event the subject of his cartoon he does not intend to give her notoriety, but fame, as the mouthpiece of the majority of her fellow-citizens.

GREAT MOUTHING CONTEST.—We have gone to the myriad-minded Shakespeare for an illustration of President Cleveland's attitude, and the "situation" in *Hamlet*—where the distraught Prince and Laertes wrangle over the grave of *Ophelia*—seems to fit. Having observed that the anti-British bounce of the Republicans was going down beautifully with the Irish vote, the shrewd Grip seized the opportunity which the rejection of the Treaty gave him, to out-rant his opponents. Although he had expressed the utmost satisfaction with the agreement arrived at by the commissioners, declaring that it fully conserved the dignity, etc., of the United States, the action of the Senate enabled him, in accordance with the severest logic, to turn about and don the "bloody-shirt," and go in for a campaign of tail-twisting well calculated to win back the sympathies of the exiles of Erin. It is to be hoped the tactics will prove successful. The Republicans deserve defeat for their meanness throughout the whole affair.

QUEBEC is generally regarded as a prettyslow Province, but when it comes to teaching the Dominion Government what's what in the matter of disallowance, our French sister can give points to all the rest of us. How many months of agitation would it have taken in Ontario to have worked up an indignation meeting of ten thousand people to protest against the veto of the Streams Bill or the bold and brazen attempt to steal our timber limits? It couldn't have been done at all, because there is apparently no public spirit in Ontario to appeal to. And yet Montreal had such a meeting one evening last week, on short notice, to dealare against a much milder offence of the central government.

\* \* \*

TORONTO could not afford to lose Ald. John Hallam, and yet that worthy gentleman had a narrow escape from sudden death one day last week. Strangely enough, the enterprising reporters failed to get hold of the item. It happened in this way: Lord Stanley of Preston, Lady Stanley, and a multitude of swells of lesser degree assembled at Linden Villa, the residence of Alderman John, to assist in the Lancashire demonstration. The compliments upon the beauty of the place and the completeness of all the preparations were such that the genial host began to swell with pride, and being a man of limited dimensions, he soon was at the bursting point. Five minutes more, and spontaneous combustion or a terrific explosion would have ended it, but the fatality was avoided by the expected victim breaking away from the aristocrats, throwing off the burdensome dignity he was trying to wear, and rushing around amongst the boys who were monkeying with the fireworks. To this presence of mind Ald. Hallam owes his life, and again we congratulate Toronto on his escape.

\* \* \*

WE observe that local publishers in the cities in which our most important exhibitions are being held, are issuing special sheets containing the programme, reading matter, advertisements, etc. Such publishers may thank their stars they do not live in Toronto, otherwise an evening journal, which thinks any advertising patronage not given to itself is thrown away, would dub them

"fakers." To judge from its correspondence column, there is a strong feeling amongst advertisers against these temporary publications, but all the letters have a very decided "manufactured-on-the-premises" ring to them.

\* \* \*

"WHAT'S the meaning of this big word they have in the papers so much just now?—Re—retalsomething?" asked an American Sunday-school boy. "You mean Retaliation," replied the teacher. "It means returning evil for evil." "But it's wrong to return evil for evil, isn't it?" "Yes; in the case of individuals, it is very wrong and unchristian; but in the case of a nation like ours it is right, dignified and glorious." "Queer kind of a religion, after all, don't you think?" commented the Sunday-school boy.

\* \* \*

IT is pleasant to note the mutual brotherly kindness with which Hon. Wm. McDougall and the *Globe* are discussing the Retaliation question. Time was when the gentleman who is now referred to as "our formidable correspondent," was spoken of in the same columns as a bad and abandoned man; and time also was when the Hon. William would not have picked up the *Globe* on the end of a ten-foot pole. We are getting nearer the millenium.

**GRIP'S ADDRESS TO HIS EXCELLENCY, LORD STANLEY, GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA.**

HAPPY to meet your Excellency—Shake—We're some punkins, we are! Certain we'll like each other—"On, Stanley, on!" We'll keep tally—Good luck! *Benedicite!* (Signed) GRIP.

\* \* \* \* \*

The above comprehensive address GRIP had prepared and intended to present to His Excellency with his own *eclat*, but when he found that the presenters of addresses were, like the devil who haunted the unfortunate of Scripture, Legion, he refrained. It was not in him to prolong the agony.

That the Governor-General is willing to do his level best to earn his salary, no one who knows him will doubt, but that he should be expected to earn it all in his first visit to Toronto is too much. Still less will any one who doesn't know us doubt that we are ready to cut off the very hair of our head to make a Field of the Cloth of Gold Door Mat for our beloved Queen to wipe her feet on when she comes to call. But that any society, Irish or otherwise, should sit up all night in order to be first man on the grounds on the morning of the reception, passes belief. Yet here it is chronicled in the papers that before his Excellency had well finished his mush and milk, the national breakfast diet, the Philistines were upon him! What Lord Stanley has ever done that he should be punished by listening and replying to a score of addresses in one day, we would like to know. "The quality of mercy is not strained. It also is twice blessed. It blesseth who receiveth an also who presenteth an address." These sentiments have inspired GRIP; they have watered down his loyalty, and cooled off his hot intention to follow a multitude to present addresses. Mercy has prompted him to allow ten days to elapse before adding the "last straw" in the form of another address, but it has suggested the idea of homeopathically treating the fatigue and prostration which his Excellency

cannot but feel after such an infliction of wordy welcome. N.B.—This address has *not* been engraved at a cost, and the reply, unuttered, will be none the less comprehended.

**IN THE HORTICULTURAL.**

THEY were walking about in the gardens,  
She asked him the name of each tree;  
Ho christen'd them all at hap-hazard,  
She thought how well read he must be.  
At last when she asked him another,  
He answered her just for a lark,  
"That's the dogwood."—"Pray how do you know it?"  
"Why, no other tree has such bark."



**QUITE BENEATH HER.**

SMALLEY—"I guess it's going to rain. Will you let me hold my umbrella over you, Miss Tincy?"

MISS T.—"Oh, dear! Mr. Smalley; I'm above that sort of thing, I assure you."

**AN ENTR' ACTE.**

BETWEEN the first and second acts  
He went to take a smile,  
And had to crush a pretty girl  
To get into the aisle;  
"I hope I don't disturb you, Miss!"  
She smiled peculiar,  
"Don't mention it, young man, it's biz,  
My husband runs the bar."



THE HANDSOME CAB ;  
OR, CUPID IN THE EXHIBITION HORSE RING.

### SCOTTIE AIRLIE MOVES HOOSE.

DEAR MAISTER GRIP—

“Noo,” says I, (tae resume ma story o’ yon movin’ that I begin’d last week) “the first thing ye dae is tae get that bairn awa tae his bed oot o’ the road.”

“If you’ll put up a bed I will,” says she quietly.

Note.—When Mistress Airlie’s quiet there’s a storm brewin’, sae I said naething mair, but aff wi’ ma coat, rowed up ma sark sleeves an’ got the stove settled in its place.

The pipes had tae gae up through the bath-room an’ I got them a’ in without the least trouble, an’ as the pipes rose, ma speerits rose wi’ them, till I got them successfully through the hole i’ the ceilin’. I was just aboot tae remark tae Mistress Airlie that I didna ken what folk made sic a cary aboot pittin’ up stove-pipes for—but I thocht I wad keep that for a craw after I was through, an’ I’m glad noo that I had the sense to restrain ma’sel. Sae delighted was I that I gaed awa up the stair whistlin’, tae get up the second story o’ pipes. But a’though I noticed that caum smile never left Mistress Airlie’s face, I never saw anything like the slick way thae pipes slippit in tae one anither, an’ noo I had just tae fit in the elbow and slip it intae the wa’, when I discovered that the last joint was a wee thocht ower long, an’ that I wad hae tae get a short length. But I tuk anither view o’ the situation, and it struck me that if I were tae ram doon the a’e length intae the ithe I might manage that way, sae I rrammed the elbow doon on the last length an’ was just gi’en them a final clap when doon cam the hale caboose in the kitchen flure wi’ a rattle like thunder! What I said baith below an’ above my breath up there, when I heard that rattle, was naeboddy’s business; its me that’ll hae tae account for’t; but Mrs. Airlie tuk gude care tae be oot o’ the road when I cam doon the stair. Pittin’ a stoot heart till a stay brae, I set tae wark tae get them a’ in again, but I verily

believe they were bewitched, for in the tummel they a’ got mixed an’ de’il a one o’ them cud I get tae fit. Sometimes I wad get a length atween my knees an’ then I wad tak anither one an’ I wad see an’ coax them a wee, an’ they would gang tegithor rail nicely, a’ but a wee bitie at the joinin’. Weel, I wad fix that by slippin’ in a knife, and then I wad think now it’s in this time, when I wad find it had squeezed oot in anither place, an’ in tryin’ tae remedy that oot they wad flee the hale way roon, an’ there I wad be as far north as ever. That was ma experience wi’ maist the hale o’ them, an’ it was naething but the strength o’ pride an’ spite that gart me persevere till ten o’clock at nicht—for that was the ’oor afore I got them fixed up as far as they were afore they fell doon. This time I tied them up tae the ceilin’ wi’ wire tae mak sure that catastrophe wadna happen again. But still there was the problem o’ the half length tae be solved. I glowered an’ glowered at that elbow, but naething could mend matters but a half length. It’s bad enough tae pit up stove pipes on an empty stammack, but when it comes tae sawin’ them across in order tae get a half length a man’s morality gets geyin’ far through. A’ the shops were shut, sae I cud get none to buy, but up the pipes had tae go—sae I got haud o’ a file an’ tried tae file the length through, but the man in the next hoose cam fleecin’ in, in a toorin’ passion, an’ telt ma if I didna stop that infernal noise he wad hae ma packed off in the patrol wagon. Then I got haud o’ a pair o’ nippers an’ I began wrenchin’ aff the top o’ the stove-pipe bit by bit; it tuk ma a strucken ’oor, but I persevered, an’ belyve ma labours were crooned wi’ a ragged half length. But sic anither bisness tae get it in! Ma head was like to split, ma stammack was a muckle empty cave, ma fingers were a bleedin’ an’ stingin’ an’ I cudna see oot o’ my een for soot. Hooever, about midnight I got them in at last, an’ doonstairs I gaed. Mistress Airlie had pittin’ up ane o’ the beds an’ had lain doon wi’ the laddie an’ fawn asleep! That was the unkindest cut o’ a’! Hooever, she got up an’ we lichtit the fire an’ had gotten the kettle biled, an’ the tea made, an’ the table set, an’ I was just rasin’ over the stove for a chair tae sit doon in comfort, when ower gaed the stove, kettle, teapot, stove-pipes an’ a’, in one “red burial blent!” No, I didna swear this time, I was past swearin’; I just stood speechless a wee, an’ tae mak matters worse, ma wife ran tae the tap and threw a great basin o’ water on the fire, settin’ up a reek an’ a stour that wad hae chockit auld clottie himsel’.

“Look here,” says I sternly; but I got nae further, for wi’ a flash, Mistress Airlie turned upon me; there was no caum smile there noo—the storm had burst.

“Aye, look here,” says she, “an’ look there pointin’ to the stove, “when a man’s idiot enough tae set up for a professional in a thing he kens naething aboot, the sooner he’s sat upon the better. An’ when a man cracks aboot tradesmen bein’ robbers and plunderers for getting paid for de’en their work properly, an’ then spends five ’oors in carsin’ an’ swearin’ an’ bangin’ aboot the hoose an’ settin’ up a stove tae sit on twa feet instead o’ four, its a’ I want tae kew aboot him. Noo, tie up that tae o’ yours in a cauld water cloot an’ aff ye go tae yer bed, for it’ll tak ye three days wages tae mak up for the damage ye’ve done. Three days! aye, a month; for luck at that! Some o’ thae red cinders hae rowed over intae the drawer that hauds the best claes an’ yer best black coat’s ruined. I telled ye tae lift that drawer oot o’ the road, but ye were in sic a state o’ excitement at the thocht o’ savin’ that fifty cents ye cudna hear me. “An’ sae she gaed on, lashin’ me without mercy, till in desperation I

tak ma bat an' aff I set an' doon tae the warehooose, when I sat doon on the door-stap till mornin' when I lut masel' in an' washed a' ma cuts an' bruises and made masel' a kind o' decent. About twel' o'clock a mild luckin' young man ca'd at the warehooose tae collect a dollar for a new elbow, half a length o' stove-pipe, an' work puttin' up stove-pipes. I gae him the dollar thankfully, an' was grimly thinkin' hoo Mistress Airlie wad hae a sair back scrubbin' up a' the dirt an' soot I made yestreen, when just as four o'clock struck, a stalwart hag staps in an' demands seventy-five cents for cleanin' and scrubbin'! I kent better than tae refuse, but made up ma mind tae hae't oot wi' Mistress Airlie the meenit I gaed hame. But when I got in an' saw the hoose a' sae bonnie an' clean an' the stove-pipes shinin' like silver an' the supper on the table, an' sic an air o' comfort a' ower—I said naething, nor yet did she, frae that day to this. Yours, sadder an' wiser,

HUGH AIRLIE.



MUTUALLY COMPLIMENTARY.

HE.—“What a pretty sample of muslin you're wearing!”  
SHE.—“What lovely short pants you've got!”



THE RAGGED REFORMER.

H E'S kind and philanthropic,  
Full of plans both wise and great,  
To raise the sunken level  
Of humanity's estate;  
With wisdom overflowing,  
With kindness as a stream,—  
But how to pay his butcher's bill  
He doesn't dare to dream.

You hear him on a Sunday,  
A-spouting in the Park;  
And spell-bound hundreds list to hear  
His simplest least remark;  
He preaches Anti-poverty  
From morn till even's close;  
But he hides his feet behind a seat—  
His boots are out at toes!

While National Economy  
Employs his mighty mind,  
Economy his wife must use  
Of the domestic kind.  
The law of wealth he knows full well,  
And learnedly displays it;  
But he must pawn the coat he's on  
Each once in a while, to raise it!  
Democracy he preaches, too,  
All thrones would trample down:  
And you'll observe, consistently,  
His hat has lost its crown.  
Consistent? No, well, hardly so,  
For, while “No Rents” he teaches,  
I must alas! confess he has  
A dozen in his breeches!  
So treads he on through shade and sun,  
The world's cold winds defying,  
Though through each hole, from head to sole  
Its arrows keen are prying.  
A crank? Yet let no harsh word hurled  
His expectations dim;  
Though he may not remould the world,  
This hope is joy to him!

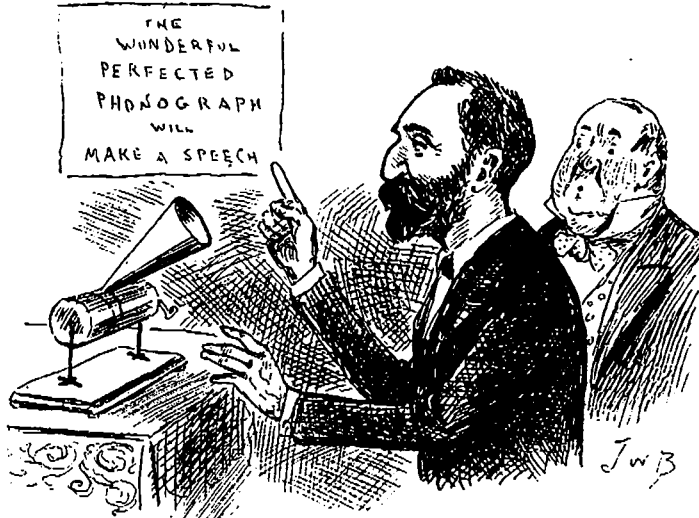
A PLAIN STATEMENT OF FACT.

THE following is a true incident in the life of the writer, and I think it may be of interest to supporters of the spiritualistic school, and convincing to their opponents. When a young man of about twenty-five, I was making my way slowly in the world in the character of a bank clerk. At the time of which I am writing I had just been moved to a branch of our bank at the town of X. I had not been there long enough to make any acquaintances in the town, and was consequently thrown very much into my own company, and used to spend my

evenings in reading history, a subject I was always extremely fond of. One night I had been reading Motley's “Rise of the Dutch Republic,” and, forgetting how time was flying, read till a late hour. Upon coming to the end of a chapter, I became conscious that the night was getting on and that I was getting very sleepy; so, hastily throwing off my clothes, I put out the light and got into bed. I had been asleep about two hours, when suddenly I awoke with a start, and sat up in bed. The fire by which I had been sitting was just about at its last flicker. I never felt so wide awake in my life before. There was an overpowering feeling upon me that something was happening at that moment which was to effect in a most important manner my whole subsequent life. My mental faculties were completely engrossed with that one idea. It had such entire possession of me that I did not think of doubting it for a moment, and merely found myself wondering what it could be. I got up and lit the lamp; and noticing the volume I had been perusing the night before lying on the table, I took up a pencil with which I had been making some notes, and I wrote on the inside cover of the book: “Something is happening at the present time which is to seriously affect my future life.” I then dated it, looked at my watch and jotted down the time, “3.30 a.m.,” put out the light and got back into bed again. I immediately dropped off to sleep and did not wake until my usual time for getting up. Not being a believer in what is called the supernatural, I was rather ashamed of myself in the morning, and thought of erasing what would certainly be the source of an infinite amount of chaff from any friend who should discover it; but on second thoughts I decided to leave it.

Now comes the part of my story which I am afraid will not be credited. However, knowing it to be absolutely true and feeling that now I have started I must tell the whole truth, I shall brave the critics who will say that I have drawn too largely upon my imagination, and state the facts as they stand. From the moment I wrote that short memorandum in that book till the present time (and many years have passed since then), I have never been able to discover that any thing at all occurred that night of interest to me; and my life up to the present time has been most uneventful and devoid of romance. The only conclusion I can arrive at is that the party whose duty it is in the world of spirits to go round at nights and warn mortals of their destiny, had somehow in my case got hold of the wrong man, and that the extraordinary warning I got was really intended for some one else.

SMIFF.



### BOTTLED WIMAN.

PRESIDENT WITHROW (to the "marvellous machine.")—"Come now, be very careful what you say about Commercial Union; Mr. Combinster Boodle, here, our protected manufacturer, is awfully tender in his feelings, you know."

### AT THE FAIR.

Oh, come with me, my merry men, with utmost expedition,  
And let us see the glories of the Industrial Exposition;  
Now let us use our eyes and ears, for many things there be  
For us to hear and marvel at, and many things to see.  
Here comes Giles Scroggins from the farm, a stalwart lad is he;  
The hayseeds fondly cling to him and cluster in his hair.  
And on his homespun trouser-loons full many a burr is there;  
His hair, well larded, from beneath his ample hat-brim slips,  
And o'er his shoulders falls and hangs like pounds of tallow dips.  
Round-shouldered, too, is Scroggins, his lower limbs are bent,  
Full many a weary hour at the plow-tail he has spent;  
His great flat feet are everywhere in everybody's way;  
But welcome, good kind-hearted Giles; good day to you, good day.  
Aye, honest Giles! we love him, as his "gal" he drags along,  
And elbows through the seething crowd and pushes 'mid the throng;  
He's very proud of Susan Ann—a buxom lass is she,  
With glossy, auburn "ringlets" upon her shoulders free,  
Red, healthy cheeks; bright, sparkling eyes, and well-developed chest,

Yes, Susan, we are fond of Giles, but think we like you best.  
As Giles and Susan walk they both discuss their ample lunch;  
Huge slice of watermelon and of gingerbread a hunch  
Each bears and bites alternately, and as they pass along,  
We hear them singing merrily this burden to their song,  
"Whew! isn't them big punkons?" says Giles, "they be, by gosh!  
Gee-whilipins! look, Susan Ann, dew look at that there squash,  
I never seed the likes of it, nor larger e'er clapt eyes on."  
Says she, "But them there punkons is fine for making pies on.  
Land sakes alive! what's this here chap, how quick he cuts and capers!"

Says Giles, "That there's a feller as puts pieces in the papers."  
"My! don't he write fast? That there feller ain't no kind o' fool.  
I guess he knows nigh most enough to go to teaching school,  
Eh, Giles?" "You bet! What's these things here; good land!  
is them pertaters?"

And, Susan Ann, I never see sich thunderin' big termaters."  
And so they toddle on, amazed and lost in wonderment.  
Oh! may your outing, Giles and Sue, in happiness be spent.  
Let's stroll about; a busy scene the fair grounds now present.  
What horses, cattle, sheep, and last, not least, the festive pig;  
We wonder how on earth the last could ever grow so big.  
And ever to our view is changed the quickly moving scenery;  
Live stock and fruit, pianos, buggies, pictures and machinery;  
And works of art, both Philistine and aesthete's gallery greenery.  
Tall sunflowers, and lilies pale, and storks from foreign latitudes;  
And plaques depicting figures limp in very "stained glass attitudes."  
Pickpockets, parsons, peelers, priests, perambulating round;  
Some "taking in" the folks as well as sights upon the ground.  
All sorts and all conditions—yet everybody gay

Enjoying all the wondrous sights, and all the bands  
that play;  
And everybody ready to applaud the taste and skill  
Displayed throughout the monster show by lively Mr  
Hill.

### BENEATH THE MAPLE TREE.

A GENUINE CANADIAN STORY.

#### CHAP. IV.

GLEAMS that kindle and hopes that vanish  
Cannot illumine with a gladsome ray  
The fateful glooms which the morn may banish,  
Mid scenes whose beauty must soon decay.

And poets whose prime is the bleak November,  
In a flickering radiance that holds apart  
From the sad surcease of a dying ember,  
Like the pangs that wring a despondent heart.

—Browning.

For some months Amelia Jane Baskerville had not heard from her scantly lover. It was to no purpose that she paid out of her scanty earnings at the wash-tub for the insertion of an ad. in the personal column of the *Telegram*, as follows:—

M. B. C. W.—Return, and all will be forgiven.—AMELIA.

The fall frosts tinged the maple trees with crimson; the campers out returned from Muskoka, and the aldermen began to display marked assiduity in attending to their duties, and considerable deference to influential constituents. But still he came not.

One evening she had a visit from Augustus De Mashery. He was a dude.

"Fine evening," said Augustus.

"It is," said Amelia Jane.

"We often have fine evenings."

"So we do."

"I wonder if it will be a fine evening to-morrow."

"Likely it will."

"Aw! ah—I like fine evenings bettah than wet evenings. Don't you?"

"I certainly do."

"Ah—two souls with but a single thawt, you know. Been to any picnics this year?"

"Yes, several."

"Aw—I like picnics—don't you?"

"Yes, very much."

"Awfully jolly."

"Heigh-ho."

"Aw—I think I must be going."

[*Nothing original or brilliant about these remarks, eh? Of course there isn't. That's just where this story is natural and true to life. Do you hear young fellows firing off epigrams and talking poetry and philosophy to the girls in real life? Not much.*]

#### CHAP. V.

The murmuring brook in the lonely dell,  
In the spot where the fireflies glow,  
Seems blent with the pendulous asphodel,  
And why do its languorous ripples swell  
Like visions of long ago? —G. Whittaker.

"Walk right in, ladies and gentlemen," said the dime museum fakir, "and see the wonderful living skeleton. Thinner than Hon. G. E. Foster's temperance professions or the *Empire's* attempts to whitewash Dewdney."

The museum man had been a Grit stumper before he went into the show business.

Amelia Jane and Augustus De Masherly took in the show.

"What, Amelia!" said the living skeleton.

"Yes!—no! yes! yes, indeed! 'Tis he! 'Tis he!" cried Amelia, and, of course, fainted on the spot.

"I have passed\* through\* many\* strange\* adventures," explained Macdonald Brown Cartier, as soon as Amelia came round. "Incarcerated in a loathsome dungeon, I refused food and pined away until I attained my present slimness. Then I slipped between the bars and escaped. When free, I entered upon my present lucrative career. There's more money in it than in selling the combined fly-catcher, potato-masher, cuspador and boot-jack."

"But tell me, oh, tell me," cried Amelia, wildly, "are you married to the fat woman?"

"Well, no," said Macdonald, etc. "The boss did want to fix up a marriage. He said it would help the show, but the fat woman kicked. It seems she has a husband or two already."

"Then all may yet be well!" said Amelia, re-assured. And so they were married.

(THE END.)

### BINGLES ON THE FISHERY QUESTION.

REPORTED FOR "GRIP."

GREAT Bird of Freedom Bingles first took a whiskey straight—Then raised his mighty sounding voice in the high hall of state: "Aour honest fishermen," he cried, "air in a feume and fuss—About haow these Canadians air bullyin' them, and us.

Won't give us bait, and ef we tetch at port, or coast, or bay, They pull a musty Treaty aout and order us away. Why, Treaties, when they pinch like thet, ain't worth a pewter dime.

Daon't we make Injun Treaties and break 'em every time?

I guess they can't rule all the sea, and ef they own the land, We ain't a reachin' aout for that, the fools can understand. *We only want their bait and fish, and rights the same as they, To catch their fish and use their ports, and not be asked to pay.*

For we can't stoop to pay for rights, its too much money aout— But then we've got to hev the fish, for we can't do without. We tried before to steal 'em, but they met us plump and square, And seized aour boats and won a trick, and we stand euchred there.

Must we submit and knuckle down, and shet back all our steam, And be contented with skim milk, while Blue Nose gets the cream? Must we, with sixty millions odd, admit that we are wrong, And so give in to Canady that's jest five millions strong?

'Ain't we the nestlin's of the Bird that hatched bold Freedom's shout Sons of the sons of Liberty who knocked the tyrant aout? And what is perfect Liberty, can any body say— Except the right to what you want and to always hev your way?

These English air a bullyin' set of robbers and of knaves, Who boldly take the thing they want, as masters do from slaves, While we with *niddler* principle let border raiders vex, And when the victims turn and fight, we whip 'em and annex.

But fightin' talk 'ain't no avail to help this case along; The British guns are far too big, their iron-clads too strong. We must put up some other bluff, suppose we play it thus: *Ef they won't let us steal from them, they shall not trade with us.*

Shout, Freedom's sons, defiantly to all the world of maad, In strident tone, 'America for the American.' Wave, spangled banner, wave thy folds and shield protectingly The gentle border-raider and the Jew of Behring's sea."

DE LESSEPS states that the locks of the Panama canal will be completed by 1890. When will the quays be ready?



THE PRESENT GENERATION.

"Darling, I have two pounds of candy and fifteen dollars in my money-box. Let us get married right away!"

### A NARROW ESCAPE.

"What's the matter, old man, you look wild and excited, and your face appears to be warped out of shape?"

"Oh, I had a little adventure down street this afternoon; my nerves were badly shattered, but I feel better now, and expect my face will resume its natural appearance in a few hours."

"You must have received an awful shock; did you have your salary increased?"

"No, you are away off. I was drifting down Sherbourne St. with a couple of young ladies. I was talking in an airy, off-hand way about "Steam Yachts," "Scenery on the Rhine," etc. I was putting in my best licks, and was trying to make a lasting impression, when all at once my washerwoman suddenly loomed up on the horizon; my hair nearly lifted my hat off. You see I have'nt paid her for about seven months because I thought she would like to have the money all in a lump. See?"

"Ah, yes; you always were considerate. How surprised and pleased she will be—when she gets it!"

"Well, she swooped down on us, and I knew by the fierce way she waved her umbrella around that if she recognized me I was lost; the cold perspiration oozed out on my classic brow, my corns ached; but I kept cool, and with a mighty effort that almost loosened the top of my head I assumed a look of intellectual force, and she passed me by like an utter stranger; didn't identify me, you know."

"Ah, I see; if you had worn your usual vapid, idiotic expression, she would have nabbed you. That's a very good scheme, but it's dangerous, my boy, it's dangerous; don't try it again, Dusty, or you may wrench yourself into an untimely grave."

E. O. C.

THE North Afghans have revolted against the Ameer. This is A-meer rumor.

A FURIOUS storm has wrecked many sealers in Behring's Sea. It poured down sealing whacks.

HON. G. W. ROSS has received the degree of LL.D. from St. Andrew's University. GRIP prefers L.S.D.

## THE RAGGED PHILOSOPHERS.



WHAT'S all this talk about protection and free trade?" asked one tramp of another as they backed themselves on a Park bench.

"Blamed if I can get hold of it."

"That's because it ain't left out over night," replied the other, a gleam of humor struggling through the dirt on his face.

"Takin' it in wouldn't be much protection against a free-trader like you," returned the other. "But come, now, explain to me about the tariff, if you know."

"Tariff is a tax on foreign importations to protect home labor; in other words, those who work."

"Why don't it protect me, then? I work —"

"The growler, yes; but that hasn't been recognized by any political platform as yet."

"Well, never seen a man who was your superior in workin' a free-lunch route. Tell me, are you a protectionist?"

"Most assuredly I am, and you would be if you knew what was best for your interests."

"How so?"

"The tramp business in America is threatened with ruin on account of the pauper labor of Europe. Reduce the tariff on tramps to 43 per cent., and our business will be paralyzed. We might as well shut up shop. Foreign tramps would be imported by the ship-load, ready to take the bread, cold meat, and pie right out of our very mouths. See?"

"Yes, I begin to understand. Then we want protection?"

"Of course we do, above almost every other class. We stand right alongside of the big manufacturers in that respect. Tramping is one of our great American industries, and it must be protected. And the only way to do is to keep up the tariff."

"How will that affect the surplus?"

"It won't affect ours any."

"No, I s'pose not. Still I'm not willin' to abandon free trade altogether."

"Why not?"

"Well, s'posin' early some mornin' I should find a nice, clean shirt hangin' on a convenient clothes-line, and my washerwoman being gone to a summer resort, I should take a notion to swap?"

"Well?"

"That's free trade, ain't it?"

"Toler'bly free, I should say. But there might be a low-brow'd bull-dog in the yard, and he would represent —"

"Protection; I understand. 'Stonishin' how fast I get on to these perlitical questions talkin' with you."

Then the two tramps went off to see if there was an opportunity to practice a little free trade in beer.—*Siftings.*

## UNEXPECTED.

HE was sitting at breakfast and look'd in the street, "What guys some folks are," he remarked from his seat; His wife glanced up quick with an agonized brow, "Why, Robert, what hev you bin puttin on now?"

## FROM THE PRIMER.



Do you see the bot-tle on the ta-ble? It is full of nice mu-cil-age. Do you see the lit-tle boy look-ing at the bot-tle?



He has ta-ken it, has he not? See him, pour the mu-cil-age on the chair! How the chair glis-tens! See! there comes an old man. Does he sit on the chair? He does sit on the chair. Where is the lit-tle boy? He has gone. Where is the old man? He is still sit-ting

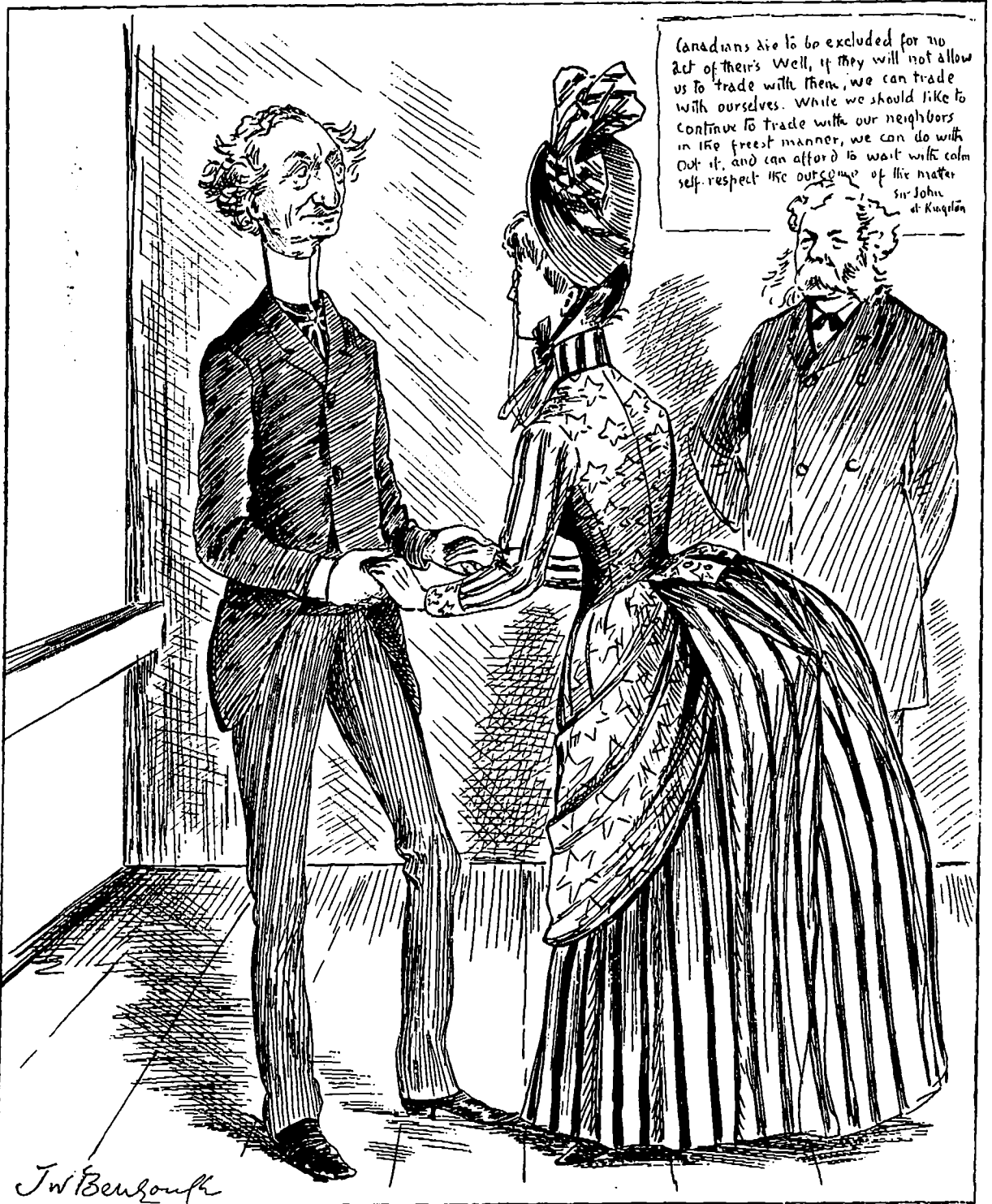


on the chair. Why does not the old man get up? Ask him. O.

## TIED.

THE hotel was full and he wanted a bed, "There is none in the house," the booking clerk said, "Can you find me one near?" said the would-be guest, "The coin ain't no object and I much need rest." With his business-eye sparkling, the booking clerk hollers "Show this gent to the strawberry bed—Three dollars."





### THE SENTIMENT OF THE 'MASSES.'

AMERICAN LADY (at Kingston Exhibition, stepping on to grand stand and grasping Sir John's hand). "Excuse me, I'm a loyal American subject, but I'm bound to say we don't mean to shut the door against you. We are going to open it wide."

## INTERVIEWING THE EDITOR.

MR. SOLOMON BLINKS was a meek little man, with big ideas and an exaggerated sense of his own importance. On paper he was the bravest of men. He wrote thrilling editorials and personals and make them vigorous and spicy enough to curl the hair of a Moraviantown Indian. He blew into a small place in Western Ontario one day, and shortly had the *Deertown Percolator and County of Elgin Journal of Independence* running in proper order. Accustomed as he was to the wild swirl of city journalism, Mr. Blinks thought he would spring a few metropolitan ideas on the residents of Deertown, and in the opening number casually referred to the postmaster of the place as a red-haired catamount, a liar, swindler, chief of blackguards, whose mildest offences were the reading of post cards and the opening of registered letters and extracting the money therefrom. The postmaster was a big man and did not relish this style of journalism. So when he met Mr. Blinks on the street one day, he conversed with him. At the end of the conversation Mr. Blinks was in such a condition that he was forced to lay up for repairs. After a week's retirement he re-appeared in a nobby new suit, built mainly of court plaster, liniment, and absorbent cotton, and in the next issue of the *Percolator* the postmaster was mentioned as the only man in town with gumption enough to pound sand. Profiting by his first experience he made the *Percolator* mild and inoffensive, with the result that it speedily lost prestige and circulation. Mr. Blinks thereupon rallied to the front once more, but the citizens of Deertown were not accustomed to his vigorous methods, and every time he indulged in any light and airy persiflage at the expense of a local character, the local character would call around and wallop Mr. Blinks in the most approved style.

Mr. Blinks was in despair. He was in a state of fracture from head to foot. He wanted to make his paper lively enough to sell, but he thought it would be wise to cling to the few tattered relics of his body for use on future occasions. At this stage of the game he was waited on one day by a tall, slim young man, bullet-headed and muscular, who asked for a job as local reporter. "I have no room for you on the local staff," Mr. Blinks explained, "but I want some one to do the editing—some one who has a comprehensive grasp of subjects and is prepared to defend the liberty of the press at all hazards."

"I'm your man," said the new comer easily. "The Press, sir, the great Press must remain unthrottled. If anyone attempts to muzzle it, let him die."

"Die?" repeated the editor meaningly.

"Die," replied the new-comer, sententiously. "Die in his boots."

"You can consider yourself engaged," said the editor.

When the *Percolator* came out that week it was friskier than ever. It sailed into everything and everybody with a vigor that was simply paralyzing. Shortly after its appearance some fifteen or twenty outraged citizens sallied forth to lick the editor.

As they reached the *Percolator* office, the postmaster was observed coming from the door. He did not seem quite so jubilant as formerly. His coat was ripped up the back, his vest was in tatters, his eyes were bunged up, his teeth had vanished, his nose was broken, and his whole appearance was that of a man who had been picked up by a stray cyclone and jammed through a threshing machine. Several of the aggrieved ones remembered that the postmaster had been most vigorously excoriated in that week's *Percolator*, and they naturally wondered at seeing him in

such a condition, for the weakness, meekness and physical mildness, so to speak, of Mr. Blinks, were well known, and there was a pretty general impression that a ten-year-old-boy could mop the floor with him with one hand.

"I've been up stairs licking the editor," the postmaster explained to the expectant crowd.

"Is the editor in?"

"Oh, yes, the editor is in."

"Did you see him?"

"I saw him. I saw him some time ago. I would," he added somewhat reflectively, "I would, perhaps, have been more joyous had I not seen him. He is still up-stairs."

"Why didn't you leave before?"

"I couldn't very well," said the postmaster hesitatingly.

"The editor didn't want me to. He rather insisted on my staying. He perhaps thought it would be better if I didn't have anything to leave. He is a very nice man, is the editor. I have just subscribed to the paper for a year and made a six months' advertising contract."

"If you're so friendly, how did you get hurt?"

The postmaster dropped a few back teeth on the sidewalk and mentioned that he had fallen down stairs. The party hesitated for awhile and finally deputed the blacksmith, who was the largest and strongest man in the village, to climb the stairs and air their grievances individually and collectively. The blacksmith passed through the doorway with a determined air and clenched fist. The party waited for the corpse of the editor, but the corpse failed to connect. Presently, however, steps were heard on the stairs and the blacksmith and Mr. Blinks descended arm in arm. The blacksmith looked worse than the postmaster, if anything, and he clung to Mr. Blinks in a most affectionate manner. He did not stop to speak to the crowd, but as he passed with Mr. Blinks and turned into the tavern next door, he was heard to say, "You might as well put me down for two copies a week while you're about it. I have a friend in Toronto to whom I would like to send the paper."

The crowd stood paralyzed. They looked at one another with wondering glances and hesitated to speak. As they stood a tall, slim young man with a bullet-shaped head and an appearance of muscular activity, walked down the stairs and stood for a moment in the doorway putting on a linen coat. "I presume you want to see the editor, gentlemen," he said. "I am the editor. I am about adjourning for a beer, but if you will kindly go in and sit down I will attend to you presently. Here is my card," and he handed out a bit of pasteboard on which was inscribed:—

PAUL PATTILLO,  
ASST. ED. DEERTOWN PERCOLATOR.  
Champion Light Weight  
of Toronto.  
Boxing Lessons Given.

The crowd concluded not to wait. Mr. Blinks is now a wealthy man and drives a carriage.

JOHN SMITH, JR.

THE Tainter phonograph is a rival to that of Edison. Some say it Tainter's good.

ENGLISH grouse are not strong on the wing this year; not strong enough to resist a charge of shot.

A LADY has brought an action for breach of promise against a clergyman named Ami, in Ottawa. He will probably say he was not a lover, but merely an *ami*.

"Education, to deserve the name, must embrace the whole man." Those who accept this dictum will see the necessity of having their feet cultivated as well as their heads, and it will interest all such to know that Prof. Thomas' Academy of Dancing is about to open for the fall term. See adv.

PHYSICIAN—"How did the sedative powder affect your wife last night, Mr. Smith?"

MR. SMITH—"Disastrously."  
PHYSICIAN—"Disastrously?" "Wasn't she able to sleep?"

MR. SMITH—"Sleep! Why, the baby cried from midnight until morning, and she slept through it all."—*Ex.*

ADVERTISEMENT.

**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, 30 St. John Street, Montreal.

AMBITIOUS MUSICIAN—"I have fame at last in my grasp."

"How so?"

"You know that Mendelssohn's wedding march helped amazingly in making his fame."

"Well what of it?"

"I shall write a divorce march."—*Ex.*

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor:—  
Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption, if they will send me their Express and P.O. address.

Respectfully,

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

COL. GORE (to a stranger at Louisville).—"That man who just went by is a druggist. He made an awful mistake in putting up a prescription last week, and we came mighty near running him out of town."

STRANGER.—"Ah! He put up morphine for quinine, I suppose?"

COL. GORE.—"Worse than that, sir! He left out the whiskey, sir!"

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.

GREAT ADIOUX AMONG THE SIOUX.

Now trouble brioux among the Sioux,  
Because the whites their rights abioux,  
The sky is red with battle hioux,  
Big Injun, squaw, and young pappioux  
Are on the war-path by the slioux;  
They're filling up with fiery bhoix,  
They swear their lands they will not lioux,  
The thought of it gives them the blioux,  
To yield an inch they will refoux;  
They'll kick against the white man's vhoix,  
And vow they'll raise the worst of stioux;  
"War to the knife" is what they chioux,  
And they'll shake some one out their shioux  
Before the later Autumn dioux,  
If they don't from their lands vamioux.  
So it is certain as the Jioux  
That whites would better mind their quioux  
According to the latest nioux.

A. W. Bellaw, in Puck.

CHICAGO YOUNG LADY (at the polo grounds)—"We are quite proud of Anson in Chicago."

YOUNG MR. GOTHAM—"Yes, Miss Breezy, he is a fine player; but I think he has rather too much to say."

CHICAGO YOUNG LADY—"Yes, that is Baby's great failure; he doesn't keep his face closed enough."—*New York Sun.*

COUNTRYMAN (looking over copy of *Æsop's fables*): "What's the price of this book, mister?"

DEALER: "Fifty cents. Do you want a copy?"

COUNTRYMAN: "No; the feller what wrote it has stole most of his ideas from the newspapers."—*Epoch.*

"Mrs. Rafferty, is my b'y Dinny over here?" asked Mrs. Dolan over the back fence.

"He is."

"Well, av yer t'rough wit' im would yez moind returnin' im to 'is parents?"

"Aft'her a bit. He's fell into the barrel o' soft soap. An' Oi wouldn't 'ink of sending 'im home with all that soap hangin' to 'im. Its me own Oi'm bound to have, an' if yez'll wait till he gits scraped off Oi'll return him to yez wid pleasure."—*Merchant Traveler.*

CATARRH.

CATARRHAL DEAFNESS AND HAY FEVER—  
A NEW TREATMENT.

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

UP RIVER POLITICIAN: "Are you goin' to the caucus to-night, Jim?"

JIM: "Don't b'lieve I will. I left my revolver at the gunsmith's to be fixed, and he says he can't touch it until next week."—*Epoch.*

THEY were sitting on the porch and it was growing late.

"Would you mind if I lighted a cigar, Miss Clara?" he asked.

"Certainly not, Mr. Sampson," she replied.

And presently the old man, who was getting desperate, spoke from an open window above:

"Daughter," he said, "I left my rubber overshoes near the kitchen stove and you had better see to 'em. I can smell something burning."—*Epoch.*

OLD LADY (to despondent small boy): "Why are you not playing ball with the other little boys, sonny?"

SMALL BOY (with tears in his eyes): "De empire fined me si' cen's yistiddy fer back talk, an' dis mornin' I got my release from de club."—*Epoch.*

MISS ETHEL: "Did you have a pleasant time at the Wabash party last night, Clara?"

MISS CLARA: "Not very, Ethel; I wasn't feeling at all like my usual self. I danced but four times, and only went in to supper once."—*Epoch*

"BUT I will not linger upon this point, as the Irish member said when he sat down upon his wife's darning needle."—*Ex.*

"I AM so glad your sister enjoyed her visit to us, Mr. Smith."

"Oh, well you know she is the sort of girl who can enjoy herself anywhere."—*Ex.*

THERE are \$56,000,000 heathen in the world. It is no wonder that the man who chips in a nickle when the collection box is passed round occasionally feels depressed and discouraged.—*Ex.*

THERE are a good many persons at the seaside resorts who would be at home if their debts were paid, and a great many who are now at home could then afford to go to the seashore.—*Ex.*

"WHERE do you dine now, Brown, that your wife is away?"

"At home, the cook is there."

"Don't you find it rather unpleasant without Mrs. Brown?"

"Not a bit; I dine in my shirt sleeves."—*Epoch.*

WOMAN (to tramp): "I s'pose you find your life very pleasant and inexpensive?"

TRAMP: "Well, its pleasant enough, ma'am; but it makes me sick sometimes when I get to thinking of the wear and tear."—*Epoch.*

TORONTO OPERA HOUSE.—Amongst the thousands of visitors to the Exhibition, there must be many who have never yet seen a performance of Gilbert, and Sullivan's great work, *The Mikado*. The opportunity is offered now at the above Opera House, where the piece is being presented in an excellent manner by the Kimball Opera Company.

A NEW SPECIES.

ENGLISH-AMERICAN (in dime-museum, a few years hence).—"D'yc know, I coln't see any curiosity about that man. It's w'at you call a 'fake,' I fahncy."

GERMAN-AMERICAN.—"Dot show vos no goot."

FRENCH-AMERICAN.—"Zat ees not von bearded lady; eet ees not von living skeleton; eet ees not von vild man of Borneo. Vat he is?"

DIME MUSEUM MANAGER.—"Fake, is it? Sure thot mon's the foinest curiosity in seven counties; an' a haa-r-rud toime we had foindin' him. He's an American-American, begobbs."—*Puck.*

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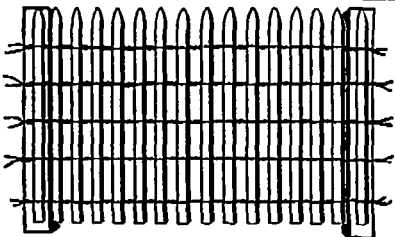
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**A SHINING STAR.**

"Yes, dear, I come to see Mrs. Florence every night—she's so brilliant, I think."  
 "And why shouldn't she be, with such diamonds as she wears?"

**PURE GOLD FLAVORING EXTRACTS**

**BAKING POWDER**

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**Business Index.**

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**DR. LAND'S CONTINUOUS GUM ARTIFICIAL** teeth, the most beautiful and healthy in the world. Cannot be detected as artificial. By Dr. Land's process teeth can be filled, crowned and covered so as to defy detection. Call and examine.  
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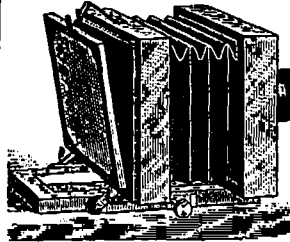


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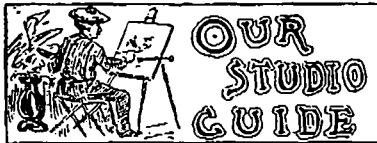
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