



GRIP



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"THE KNIGHT OF THE RUEFUL COUNTENANCE."

CANADIAN FARMER—"But can't you let us see the other side of the shield?"
 SIR RICHARD—"No, sir; it hasn't any other side!"

GRIP

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Artist and Editor
Associate Editor

J. W. BENGOUGH,
PHILLIPS THOMPSON.



Comments ON THE Cartoons.

FOLLOWING IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF THE G. O. M.—Mr. Mowat recently delivered a lecture on "The Evidences of Christianity," thus emulating the noble Liberal leader of England, who is famous for his frequent excursions from

the realm of politics into that of science or religion. We congratulate the Attorney-General on his success in this new departure, and hope it may not be his last appearance in public apart from political objects. GRIP has from time to time urged upon the attention of our political leaders the excellent example of Gladstone and others in the old land, and takes this opportunity of renewing his suggestion to the junior clubs of both the Reform and Conservative parties, to form a joint bureau with a view of securing lectures on non-political topics from distinguished men who are now only known as politicians. We have many able and well-read speakers who ought to be available for such a purpose—Hon. E. Blake, Hon. Sir J. S. D. Thompson, Mr. Curren, Sir John Macdonald, Hon. Mr. Mills, Sir R. Cartwright, etc., etc. It would do much to modify the asperities of public life in Canada were these gentlemen and others to make the acquaintance of the public in the capacity of lecturers on literary and social topics, each after his own taste; and it would at the same time do the men themselves a world of good. Courses of lectures along this line could be got up in two or three of our cities for the coming winter, and we

think there can be little doubt that the venture would justify itself financially as well as in other ways.

THE KNIGHT OF THE RUEFUL COUNTENANCE.—Sir R. Cartwright is making a tour of Ontario delivering speeches on the topics of the day—principally, of course, on the Reciprocity question. This is all right; it is what a dozen other prominent Liberals ought to be doing, for the harvest of discontent with Protection is ripe, and votes can be made for a more enlightened policy if the work is gone about judiciously. The leading journals of the Government do not seem to question the propriety of Sir Richard taking the stump at this moment, but they do impugn the method and matter of his addresses. The London Free Press charges him with "displaying only the dark side of the shield," and says his speeches are characterized by "his old trick of villification and uncompromising prejudice." "Of course," says the F.P., "he sneered (in the Renfrew speech) at the proposition to find new markets. If new and better markets than the United States should happen to be found for Canadian products, the contention of the Liberals would be knocked endways. So he deems it best to dissuade the people from doing anything in the line of new markets to the miserable end that his evil prophecies may be fulfilled." The Montreal Gazette also deprecates the savage tone of Sir Richard's speeches, and his straight-out denunciation of Sir John and his colleagues as arrant knaves. Moreover, as "enlarged trade relations with our neighbors can come only from the Republican party," and that party is immovably opposed to any such thing, the Gazette fails to see what purpose Sir Richard can expect to serve "by perambulating the country, uttering his doleful cries and begging the people to accept a policy which, if practicable, will raise the average of taxation more than 100 per cent."



AUDATORY expressions such as the following evidently heartfelt tribute from a Kingston correspondent are encouraging, as showing that despite the strength of

partyism, prejudice and traditional dogmas, the work of an independent paper meets with appreciation:

For some time past I have felt compelled to let you know in this manner how admirably independent and progressive are the stands you take on the general questions of our present day. Each week's GRIP contains something new and to the point on some leading question, and your fearless, open way of exposing everything to the view and inspection of the public deserves the gratitude and applause of all; and in offering you this voluntary and deserved praise, I must thank you for many a clear deduction which has been of great use to me in arguments from time to time. As a teacher and leader of the people, your paper should be in every business man's hands.

ARCHBISHOP CLEARY is again on the rampage. In his tirade against the opponents of Separate schools he took occasion to indignantly deny the statement that he was talking for the Mowat Government. It was quite superfluous. Whatever his personal sympathies may be, one such speech as that of last week, coming from an ecclesiastic supposed to favor Mowat and known to antagonize Meredith, does the Liberal party of Ontario more injury than could be done by a dozen opposition stump speakers. Mr. Mowat may well pray to be saved from such friends.

IN addition to the plague of landlordism and the famine created by the rapacity of the parasitic class unfortunate Ireland has been suffering from the presence of Balfour. And now it is said that the ether-drinking craze

has broken out with such violence that the Government has been compelled to take measures for its suppression. That the Irish should prefer the newly-discovered delights of ether to the whiskey which has from time immemorial constituted the national beverage recalls the old song :

How happy could I be with ether,
Were t'other dear charmer away.



* * *

VEN a journalist is not omniscient. Our esteemed contemporary, the *Mail*, in a very erudite article on the "Dutch Succession," says: "The heir to the throne by the Salic law is the Crown Princess Wilhelmina." This is a new view of that ancient constitutional restriction which most publicists will read with surprise. The general impression hitherto prevailing is that the Salic law absolutely excluded females from the throne of those countries where it prevailed. It is mighty hard to be sure of anything these days when people tell us with an air of authority that W. Tell

never existed and Columbus wasn't the discoverer of America—so the *Mail* may possibly be right. But if so quite a number of eminent authorities, whose views have hitherto been accepted as sound, are altogether astray.

* * *

THERE is no doubt that real estate in this city is habitually assessed too low. The effort to strike a higher basis is a creditable one, but some of the methods employed to that end are flagrantly unjust. It is grossly unfair for the Court of Revision to make the amount for which an applicant will sell the test in appeal cases, considering that real estate as a rule is rated at from one-half to three-quarters of its value. A specially discreditable feature of recent proceedings is that Commissioner Maughan and Col. J. French have been permitted to use the machinery of the Court to cheapen property, the unfortunate owner being menaced with an increase of taxation if he did not sell to them at the figure he named as the value. The Court was never devised for any such purpose, and it is time the scandal was put a stop to. Raise the assessed value to the selling value by all means, but raise it fairly all round.

* * *

OUT of regard for the good name of Toronto, we lift up our voice and implore the chairman of the City Property Committee—or whoever may be supposed to have official charge of the Horticultural Pavilion—to spend half a day in getting that concert hall fixed up. At present the stage and its surroundings are shabby to the very verge of indecency. A vast expanse of platform, covered with a threadbare and faded carpet, with the entrances masked by cheap and nasty screens—it is simply depressing for an audience to look at, and the most brilliant programme is discounted by its ugliness. It would cost but little to have the stage fixed up, and a tasteful proscenium provided. While at it, the present bleak-looking benches should be removed and opera chairs substituted. With these improvements the Pavilion would be a much more popular place for entertainments, and consequently a much better paying property for the city. Let the proper official, whoever he is, get a move on him and attend to this at once.

IT would, of course, be wrong for us to comment upon the Street Railway case while it is *sub judice*, as we might incidentally prejudice the public mind against the prisoners—beg pardon, we mean the proprietors—but, without any intention of drawing rash conclusions before the evidence is all in, we may, perhaps, be permitted to express the opinion that persons who have heretofore mingled their tears with those of the Hon. Frank Smith over the non-paying character of the enterprise, have been shamefully fooled out of a lot of lachrymal moisture.

* * *

ALDERMAN BOUSTEAD having insisted on writing AX before his title, has been permitted to retire from the City Council. It is understood that he can never be coaxed back to sit in any chair except the one now filled by Mr. E. F. Clarke. In thus resigning on account of the adverse vote on the Waterworks By-laws, Mr. Boustead has acted in a highly constitutional manner, though he appears to be the only alderman who took the vote greatly to heart. The other chaps say—and with some force—that to constitute a declaration of No Confidence, the vote cast against a by-law submitted to the people ought to represent a majority of all the qualified voters in the city. Although the proportionate majority in this case was large, the number of ballots cast altogether was insignificant.

* * *

THERE is no disposition on the part of the advocates of city control of the Street Railway to "let up" on the argument of their case. The matter is not going to be waved out of discussion by the flippant and gratuitous assumption of aldermanic incompetence and corruption. It is not necessary that the lines should be managed by the City Council directly in any case; and we have yet to hear any reasonable argument against the feasibility of a Commission. If, as seems to be assumed, Hon. Frank Smith and Mr. Keily are the only mortals who can conduct the business with economy and efficiency, by all means let them be retained as managers under the new *regime*. The fact which projects and captivates the attention of the heavily-taxed citizen is that this franchise is worth millions of money, and can be turned to advantage in easing the burden of our debt. Why give it away for a paltry pittance?

* * *

THE Prison Commission has naturally heard a good deal of evidence on the subject of drunkenness—prison and drink being twin words. Dr. Daniel Clarke testified that in his opinion drunkenness is a disease and mania, which it is both absurd and inhuman to endeavor to combat by the "thirty days in gaol" system. He urges the establishment of inebriate asylums as more in accordance with science. We do not notice that either this able authority or any other witness suggested the advisability of abolishing the manufacture of drunkards as a Government industry. It strikes us that this is what common sense would dictate. Talk about absurdity and inhumanity! What can better illustrate both than the legalization of a traffic of which this disease and mania are the direct and legitimate results?

GOSSIP.

ETHEL—"George must be getting poor."

MAUD—"What makes you think so?"

ETHEL—"I see he has been paying a great deal of attention to Clara Oldgold lately."

ALDERMANIC BUBBLES.



"WE shall meet and we shall miss him, There will be one vacant chair," plaintively warbled Ald. George Verral, casting his eyes towards the empty fauteuil lately occupied by the venerable leader of the civic administration. "I forget the rest of it," he added.

"Yes," said the Mayor, "I need hardly say how much regret it gives us all to contemplate the withdrawal from our midst of one whose career has added lustre to the name of alderman. But yesterday and Boustead might have stood against the *World*, but the strictures of the *Globe* were too much for him. The defeat of the Waterworks By-law was the last straw which showed how the wind blew. Ingratitude more strong than traitor's arms quite vanquished him; then burst his mighty heart, and in his mantle muffling up his face he tendered his resignation. The question for you to consider is, what's to be done with it?"



ALD. BELL—"He has no right to complain against the voice of the people. I believe in submitting to the voice of the people. I always do. It seems to me that the voice of the people—"

ALD. SAUNDERS—"I would beg to remind Ald. Bell that he is infringing upon ex-Ald. Baxter's copyright."

ALD. BELL—"I wasn't aware of it."

ALD. LINDSAY—"You're all right. I don't think Baxter reserved the right of translation. He always used the more classic phrase, 'vox populi.'"

ALD. BELL—"Oh, that means 'voice of the people,' does it? I always used to wonder what Baxter was driving at when he rung that in on us. But it's a good idea all the same. You see, the people are our masters. They've got a right to throw out by-laws if they like."

ALD. ALLEN—"I admire Ald. Bell's line of argument. Election is only two months ahead, and it's just as well to show consideration for the opinions of our constituents about this time of year."

ALD. LESLIE—"But about this resignation, gentlemen. If I was only sure that our friend Boustead didn't resign just to have us coax him to withdraw it. I have heard of a professional resigner."

ALD. E. A. MACDONALD—"I rather think Ald. Boustead is old enough to know his own mind."

ALD. SHAW—"It isn't fair to ask him to stay and have his feelings lacerated by the press. If I may be permitted to quote poetry I



would say, in the language of Shakespeare, 'Vex not'—how does it go?—'Vex not his—wounded spirit by asking him to stay any longer with us. Let him resign.'"

ALD. LESLIE (continuing quotation)—"He hates him, who would upon the rack—"

ALD. VOKES—"Of this tough Council stretch him out longer'—or words to that effect."

ALD. DODDS—"Oh, pshaw! he's too thin-skinned to live. Look at me, for instance. What do I care for the attacks of guttersnipe journalism?"

"TELEGRAM" EDITOR (aside)—"Oh, just wait till election, and if we don't everlastingly rub in this Carnival business in a way that'll make you tired!"

An amendment accepting Ald. Boustead's resignation with great regret was carried.

Ald. J. E. Verral—

"When the swallows homeward fly,
And the roses scattered lie,
When a drink of whiskey hot
Goeth nicely to the spot,
And the question oft you hear,
'Who's to be our Mayor next year?'"

Then's the time methinks that we Should attempt economy.

"Ten long months we've had our fling,
Spending funds like anything,
Squandering the public cash
In a manner sometimes rash.
But a day of reckoning comes.
Those who wail o'er misspent sums

Possibly appeared can be Now by strict economy.

"Public memories are short
Let us as a last resort,
Ere of chances we're bereft,
Cut expenses right and left,
The official staff reduce,
Plenty of them are no use.
Thus we'll let the people see
That we're for economy."

Ald. Bell—

"Those sentiments commend themselves to me. They are eminently sensible and sound. With electors of St. Stephen's My account this movement evens, If you do not run the thing into the ground."

Ald. Carlyle (St. Thomas)—

"I am quite of the opinion you express. For Economy I always take my stand. The electors of St. Thomas Know how well I've kept my promise, For a walk-over in January I've planned."

Ald. Shaw—

"Economy should certainly prevail, It would do so all the time had I my way. The electors of St. Paul's Heed no demagogic bawls, They will readily return me any day."

Ald. Irwin—

"Aikonomy's a mighty purty word, Fur I know the way it catches wid the byes. The electors av St. John's Sure I'll bet yez they're the ones Which extravagance and jobbery despise."



Ald. Lindsay—
 "Why, certainly, we should economize.
 How strange we didn't think of it before!
 The electors of St. Mark's
 Mind no cur's splenetic barks,
 But will show all civic boodlers the door."

Ald. Hallam—
 "'Tis not needful my position to declare,
 That my record will sufficiently disclose.
 The electors of St. Lawrence
 Might well hold me in abhorrence
 If economy I ever dared oppose."

The Mayor—
 "The proposal I most heartily commend,
 For the wisdom which dictated it is rare.
 The electors of Toronto,
 When the scheme they're fairly onto,
 Will insist upon retaining me as Mayor."

Chorus—
 "How pleasing is this harmony of thought,
 On economy we all are of one mind.
 'Tis a sight should put to shame
 Those who aldermen defame,
 And assert we're to extravagance inclined."

BUSINESS DONE.—Résolution by Verral in favor of committee to cut down civic salaries passed. Committee appointed. Boustead's vacant place on standing committees filled. E. A. Macdonald appointed on Board of Works. Report by City Treasurer as to financial position of city read.

THE PLUNKTOWN ANNALS

(Number Two.)

BIXBY'S TRIBULATIONS.

GUSTAVUS BIXBY ran a small music store in Plunktown. The business was restricted; the profits more so. Gustavus had from his childhood's days cherished the belief (so dear to the public mind) that in pianos and music it was "all profit." Disillusion came. Gustavus had to get an assistant to mind store, dust and sweep, whilst he was at lunch, bank or post-office. Now, two dollars per week in some countries may secure the services of a whole retinue, but in this country and this year of grace the services of a person combining in himself the accomplishments of a Crichton, the musical genius of a Mozart, the linguistic ability of an Elihu Burritt and the diplomacy of a Machiavelli (all of which are indispensable in this business), cannot be secured for less than five dollars—and—Gustavus had drawn the line at two. He knew, however, that for five dollars he could have secured just such a person, as several young men of that type had offered themselves. Each one was prepared to vouch for his own ability, and if a man does not know his own powers, who does? But two dollars it was, and for that stipend (never use the word "wages" in Canada, it's vulgar!) he secured a strapping Irish lad of sixteen, named Quigley. Shortly afterwards, Gustavus had to leave town for a few days, but before leaving he devoted some time to posting Quigley on the polyglot names of the authors and their works, and how to find them (the works, not the authors) on the shelves. Quigley, with the sanguine assurance of youth, "knew it all," and was quite sure that mistakes "cudn't happen," either in finding music, or, failing that, in taking down the orders correctly.

Gustavus left—and—Gustavus returned. The cash sales book showed the magnificent total of ninety-eight cents for four days. With sinking heart he called for the music order book. This is what he read:

Miss Ruggs—1 copy of "Play Hell's opiate."



ONE BETWEEN THE EYES.

(A FACT.)

SMART ALECK (to newly arrived schoolboy)—"Say, Johnny, don't you know the boys in this country don't wear clothes like them?"

JOHNNY BULL—"No? I suppose people here know as much about clothes as about good manners."

Miss Snuggs—1 copy of "Fat in itself."

Miss Druggs—1 " " "Some day I will beat you"

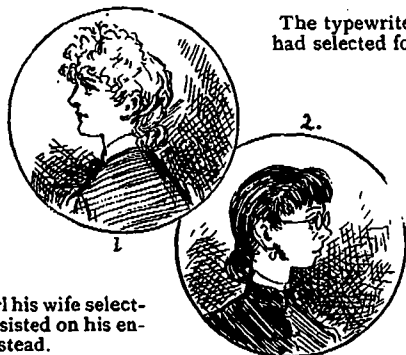
Mrs. Duggs—1 "Nux Vomica."

Mr. Puggs—1 "Bake Oven Sympathies."

Now, had Gustavus taken time he would have easily translated the list as follows: "Pleyel's opus 8," "Fatin-itza," "Some day I will meet you," "Vox Humana," "Beethoven's Symphonies"; but he didn't. He stopped the perusal. He felt a fierce desire to kill Quigley then and there, but restrained the impulse in order to first sound the full depths of his business degradation.

A dangerous light lurked in his eye as he blandly asked: "Well, Quigley, who else called?" "Well, sorr, Colonel Jones' bh'y said his ma wanted songs widout wurds, but I caught on to his thricks and t'rew the paste pot at him, bad scan to him, but he dodged and I smashed de big fiddle instid. Thin Mrs. Judge Brown sint a letter axing you to sind her up some scales and cords to choose from. I sint her back a polite note axing her if she tuk this fer a hardware store? The very nixt minit in cum a chap and sed Professor Smith wanted some Bach's two part cannons, as if this

TASTES DIFFER.



The typewriter girl Jinks had selected for his office.

The girl his wife select-ed and insisted on his en-gaging instead.



WHERE THE UNIVERSITY MAN BOARDED.

STUDIOSUS—"I thought you had finished my room."

MATILDA ANN (who has been affected by the scholastic atmosphere of the lace)—"Beg parding, sir, but I was just decomposing."

STUDIOSUS—"Which?"

MATILDA ANN—"Decomposing, sir; returning to dust, you know."

was a gun shop. Then I knew it was all a put up job on me, so I grabbed a good strong fiddle (one of the best, sorr) by the neck, and I let him have it over the head. He grabbed another one, sorr, and we nivr let up till he fell tru de head of the big drum, and whin he got up I knocked him tru de window."

The demon of anger that filled Gustavus Bixby's breast could no longer be repressed. With a fierce yell he grasped the terrified Quigley by the throat and hurled him into the street. Then he locked the store, went home and took brain fever. That was some years ago. Bixby is now dead, and Quigley is an esteemed officer of one of our flourishing musical societies.

SNIGGLESBY GODFREY.

MORE PROVERBS REVISED.

(BY OUR ANTIQUARIAN.)

"LET SLEEPING DOGS LIE."—Now, if that isn't a direct countenancing of falsehood I'd like to know it! We all know that *lawyers* lie, as the saying is, "first on one side, then on the other,"—but it surely is wrong to encourage innocent canines in this nefarious practice. When they are asleep, too—such a cowardly, mean way to take advantage of poor doggie. When we watch our noble St. Bernard or our dear, darling little snubby Puggie, stretched on our rug in full enjoyment of their post prandial nap—to think that each melodious snore they utter is to be a horrid, wicked *story*! Oh, dear! oh, dear! What *are* we coming to?"

"FINGERS WERE MADE BEFORE SPOONS."—Don't be so sure of that; for the evidences of the tender passion which we read about in modern and ancient history serve conclusively to demonstrate that *fingers* and *spoons* were made just about the same period, and that "spooning" was quiet a mediæval pastime, as our forefathers and foremothers and every other "fore" relative could testify, were they here in the flesh. Why, we all know that some people are *born spoons*, and that many, especially lucky creatures, enter this chequered life with a "silver

spoon" in their infant mouths which often amounts to a regular soup ladle full of riches as they advance in years.

"LOVERS ARE FOOLS."—No translation is required for this obviously true and trite saying. Any attempt at explanation would spoil the whole thing. Truth literally beams forth in these three simple words. Let them rest for all time, with all their beautiful bloom and downiness on them. Nothing can improve them.

Nothing can alter the fact they so ably express! And so, in reverence, we pass them by—three small words containing one colossal fact!

HYPERCRITICISM.

KAMLOOPS—"I consider Bellamy a gross plagiarist. His ideas are all stolen."

BAGSHOT—"For instance?"

KAMLOOPS—"Well, you remember that famous coach simile in 'Looking Backwards'—the rich having places on the top of the social coach and the poor drawing it. He got that from Shakespeare."

BAGSHOT—"Nonsense! Shakespeare never wrote anything of the kind."

KAMLOOPS—"Yes, he did. Don't you remember where he says, 'All the world's a stage'?"

TO AN ARCTIC EXPLORER.

SAY, what do you expect, adventurous friend, When you at length have reached your distant goal?

What of your arduous journey is the end?

What do you want with any Arctic Pole?

Dost want to proudly flaunt the dear Old Flag?

Or would'st thou advertise thy trade of barber?

Thus over fields of ice thy course to drag

Hundreds of miles beyond the nearest harbor.

Poles are an article not hard to find,

The woods are full of 'em, the land they cumber.

Go cut one down, or, if not thus inclined,

Buy one from any man who deals in lumber.

Go to! Come off! Nor brave the realm of frost

For what can be procured at trifling cost!

BIBULOUS ECONOMY.

OLD SOAK—"I shay, bartenner!"

BARTENDER—"Well, what is it?"

OLD SOAK—"Whasher give me two glashes (*hic*) of whiskey for? I can only pay for one."

BARTENDER—"There is only one there. You must be seeing double."

OLD SOAK—"Ish thasho? (*hic*) Well, I shay, bartenner, if I on'y drinks the other glash (*hic*) will yeh give me back my fi' centsh?"

A DIFFICULT FEAT.

CUMSO—"At the concert hall last night I saw an equilibrist drink a glass of beer while he had an empty bottle with a glass of wine balanced on the neck of it balanced on his head."

MRS. CUMSO—"Humph! That goes to show what some men will do for a glass of liquor."

DARKEST AFRICA—LETTER FROM EMIN.

To the well-born GRIP, Pasha.

IN response to your all-to-be-approved letter, forwarded by Muley Ben Ali, it will be many years before I shall be able to find time to become a regular contributor to your verily never-to-be-too-much-admired periodical, for the to-be-deplored reason, that my collection of Darkest Africa bett-bogs (*cimus lectularius*) to which I have full-devoted so many years of my life with pain to catch 'em, is not yet complete. Nor is to me the leisure to write a novel of two volumes in seven weeks, like that strassenräuber—what you call highwayman—Herr Stanley has. Mine friend, Dumpschädel, book-merchant of Berlin, with favor sent me a copy per Arab bearer, and seldom as I read works of fiction, I much tried to peruse, but ere the first chapter, slumber heavy fell. It had the same sleep-productive effect on Herr Col. Casati. I take honor to send to you an instantaneous photograph of Herr Stiergefächter—what you call cowboy—Stanley, when I told him that I would much rather not be rescued, whereon he raved in passion, with execrations, that if I wasn't rescued, it would on the head his book knock. Well born Herr Lieutenant Stairs fanned him for a time with his hat until quiet on him befel. Yet, not heeding my tears and protest, he ran me in, but I have got out again—and, please Allah! will stay out. Tippo Tib sends distinguished consideration, and herewith a Zanzibar draft on the Toronto Pump Co. to renew his subscription. Alas! it may be in the distant, but your world educating and-laughter-bringing sheet will be the first I will write for.

Hoch! pasha, GRIP,
Saleem alikum,
Backsheesh be with you.

EMIN.

P.S.—Please ask D. H. Cunningham how much he would allow for 400 tons prime ivory. Better business than being rescued, ha?

E. (PASHA.)

THE English tourist who asked if Niagara ran all the time, or if the falls were only turned on for summer visitors, was not so well acquainted with his geography as he might have been.



A GIRL OF THE PERIOD.

GRANDPA—"Ethel, don't you hear your mamma calling you? Little girls shouldn't have to be called more than once, you know."

ETHEL—"Oh, I don't mind it, grandpa; I'm not a very susceptible child."



THE INFANT OF THE DAY.

WHAT THE LONDON ADVERTISER THINKS.

GRIP's cartoon, showing up the International Pigmies according to their deserts, is a feature in that interesting paper this week. Confined in a cage, with Uncle Sam and Miss Canada looking on with satisfaction at their fate, are the small men on both sides of the border who make "loyalty" a trade—loyalty of the aggressive and asinine description. In the Canadian list are bombastic colonels, whose speeches fairly sizzle with hatred of all things Yankee, and feather-brained newspaper editors who approve such harangues. To which there should be added the political adventurers who never let slip an opportunity to belittle and traduce the people of the United States, and to foment bad feelings between the neighboring nations, with the special object of making it more difficult for the people to trade with each other. By this means these firebrands earn the gratitude and contributions of the monopolists, and thus make their "loyalty" a paying commodity.

The best place for these International Pigmies is the cage in which GRIP has placed them. They are in a decided minority on both sides of the border, but they are a noisy set, and thus they obtain undue importance.

ABOUT RIGHT.

ROUNDER—"Do you know of anything more stupid than the pantomimes they have in concert halls?"

BEENTHERE—"Yes."

ROUNDER—"What?"

BEENTHERE—"The things they have that aren't pantomimes."

A SURE SIGN.

ROLLY—"I wonder what Cholly is rattled about?"

DUDELY—"How do you know he is rattled?"

ROLLY—"Why, there he goes down the avenue without having his cane ferrule end up."



ENCOURAGING CANADIAN LITERATURE.

SEEDLY (entering office of the Mail Manager)—“I have here, sir, a story of my life I have just written and illustrated with pen and ink sketches. I've been a rather hard case, and I think it makes pretty interesting reading. I was an undergraduate of Oxford University, and you'll find the literary work good. You can have it, sir, for \$1,400.”

MR. BUNTING—“Have you ever committed a cold-blooded murder?”

SEEDLY—“Well—er—no, sir; I've never gone quite so far as that.”

MR. BUNTING—“Exactly. Well, after you've done so, and been tried and convicted, I'll talk literature with you.”



“THE entertainment provided for us this evening,” said President Gavelnoot to the assembled members, “is a discourse by Bro. Popenjoy on the subject of Things in General, which affords him a sufficiently wide range of thought. Please to maintain order and remember that any gentleman interrupting the speaker, except to sandwich in a joke, which is always in order, will undergo the usual penalty.”

“We live,” said Bro. Popenjoy, “in a momentous era—as owing to the McKinley Bill we are seeking new markets for our produce. I might say a New-market Era. 'Tis an age of tariffic excitement. (Groans.) With the sounds of the conflict our ears are assailed on each side—not to mention our frontiers. If we turn our attention to Europe what do we find there? List to the tramp of the armed millions. That, brethren, is the European walk-loud? (Applause.) At any time the Old World may resound with the thunder of battle. The cost will be immense and who will discharge the detonations (debt o'-nations)? Russia groans beneath the oppressor's heel and America beneath the heeler. Here in our own city the municipal question rages. If we gave Mayor Clarke a fourth term would it drive forth turpentine oil from our midst? These considerations should have weight,

but we have waited long enough. Look at Boustead. Did he not for years bow-steadily to the burden laid on him?”

“And now Boustead is ousted,” said Samjones.

“That may be a rhyme, Bro. Samjones,” said the President, “but I'm essentially jiggered if it's a joke. Gently summon the seneschal, if you please.”

“I bow to the ruling of the chair, of course,” said Samjones, “but in the language of the immortal bard—

‘I can call spirits from the vasty deep,
But I'll be—hanged if I can pay for them.’”

“That's an irrelevant matter of detail; your credit is no doubt good for the amount.”

The libation having been consumed the speaker proceeded.

“But to resume. Where was I? Oh, yes, the tariff on eggs. Shall we basely submit to a foreign yolk? Shall we tamely succumb?”

“No, we won't suck 'em. Better use them for egg-nog,” observed Binkerton.

“The Canadian hen claims to be re-couped for the loss of the American market. This thing is a ruse-ter bring about annexation. ‘Give me liberty or give me death’ in the words of P. Hen-ery. Were I to dwell upon this point I might be charged with undue egg-otism. How can West Toronto Junction be prevented from annexing more land? By an appeal to the courts? Not so—they would probably issue an in-junction while we want to keep it out of the Junction. Winter is coming on us rapidly. 'Tis a coal day when the ice man gets left. I don't know about Birchall's sentence, but I certainly think that some of Edward Blake's sentences ought to be commuted. And now I'm threw, as the man said to the mule. Thank you, I don't mind if I do.”

THE NEW DEPARTURE.



THE Hon. Oliver Mowat having scored a distinguished success in his lecture on “Some Evidences of Christianity,” it is not to be wondered at that a spirit of emulation has arisen in the Ontario Cabinet. Rumor has it that Mr. Mowat's colleagues are each and severally engaged in the preparation of discourses quite apart from politics which the public may have the privilege of listening to during the coming winter season. Our information is not so exact as we could wish, but it is hinted that the speakers and subjects are about as follows:

Hon. A. S. Hardy—“Satanic Influence—the Problem of the Wicked Partner.”

Hon. G. W. Ross—“Human Responsibility, with a Prelude on Archbishop Cleary's Yawp.”

Hon. John Dryden—“The Doctrine of Final Perseverance.”

Hon. C. F. Fraser—“The Patriarch Job, with some Remarks on Modern Jobbery.”

Hon. J. M. Gibson—“How Joseph was Sold by his Brethren.”

Hon. Richard Harcourt—“Advice to Young Men who would like to become Ministers.”



FOLLOWING IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF THE G.O.M.



AN INEFFECTIVE APPEAL.

PHILANTHROPIST—"Come, come, men; desist from abusing that poor animal. Don't you know that persuasion is far more effective with a mule than force?"

DRIVER—"Yes; I've heard that afore, but it's all bosh."

PHILANTHROPIST—"It is *not* bosh; I know it. Take my own case; you can coax me, but I won't be driven, and what's the difference between my nature and that of a mule?"

DRIVER—"None at all, I shouldn't wonder." (*Resumes with the club.*)

SHE WAS FROM THE SOUTH.

MRS. MCGORLICK—"Oh, I saw you at Master Eddie Leo's concert Wednesday, Mr. Jagers. Wasn't it splendid? I did so admire Mrs. Clara Barnes-Holmes' rendering of that beautiful piece, 'The Nigger in the Woodpile.'"

JAGGERS—"Why, my dear Mrs. McGorlick, you must be mistaken. Mrs. Barnes-Holmes didn't sing anything of the kind. Perhaps you refer to the 'Lost Chord.'"

MRS. MCGORLICK—"Oh, yes, that was it. I knew it was something about losing wood."

IN A NUTSHELL.

BEESWAX—"The Birchall mystery, it seems to me, lies in a nutshell."

PRENDERGAST—"True; but in order to solve it, it is necessary to get at 'the Colonel' (kernel)."

TALE OF A TRUANT.



JOHNNY lived in the far West. He was a good little boy in the main, and like George Washington never told a lie, nor even cut trees with a hatchet. He loved rather to spare trees, especially those which had been cut into cordwood. He had, however, one great fault. He was always playing truant. His teacher often lectured him on the subject, and predicted that a signal judgment would come upon him some day for such misconduct. The application of her discourse, after the

manner recommended by Solomon the Preacher, was also faithful and searching, yet failed to turn him from his evil ways.

One summer day found Johnny in the woods as usual when he should have been at school. There the sights and sounds of nature elevated his spirit and diffused their gentle Wordsworthian influence over his mind and heart. Under their spell he chased with missing missile the chattering red squirrel, and tore through thickets in search of the gaping brood of the robin or king bird.

But while he thus communed with nature a storm arose. A funnel shaped cloud appeared in the west and made a bee line for Johnny. He had barely time to climb into a hollow stump, rocking in the blast, before it burst upon him. He would have fallen on his knees but the stump fitted closely to his form, and, like Esau, he found no room for repentance. He thought he heard his teacher's voice calling—"Johnny, come up here and hold out your hand." Suddenly a dark object hovered in the air above him for a moment then swooped down upon the stump. It was the school-house.

Johnny never played truant again.



ALL three of our city theatres have done nobly so far this season in the quality of the attractions they have placed before the public. As a consequence, business has been good.

TORONTO.—"The Dear Irish Boy" (no reference to Mayor Clarke, notwithstanding the *Telegram*) proved a taking piece. It is followed this week by Marguerite Fish, who is well worth seeing, if the critics may be relied upon. Next week Corinne and company in the burlesque extravaganza "Carmen."

GRAND.—The Little Tycoon comic opera served to accentuate the cleverness of Gilbert & Sullivan by showing how very good their poorest works are when compared with the best of other writers. This week Mr. and Mrs. McDowall, the Toronto favorites, are presenting two new English comedies—"The Balloon" and "The Magistrate."

ACADEMY.—Gormans' Minstrels presented some good features, but the abolition of the old-time first part, while it may be a "revolution," is not an improvement. This week Manager Greene's patrons are enjoying the performances of the picturesque James O'Neill in the "Dead Heart" and "Monte Cristo."

MASTER EDDIE LEO proved a sad, sad failure. He couldn't sing any better than dozens of little boys who can be found in Toronto. Poor little chap, it isn't his fault, of course; but his father, who is a professional musician, ought to know better than announce him as a "phenomenon," to the chagrin of the public. The wonderful success of little Kavanagh—who really was a genius—is no doubt answerable for the altogether unjustifiable appearance in public of Master Leo.

THE Swedish Quartette made the mistake of singing most of their selections in English. The audience was manifestly disappointed, as they had gone to hear a language they couldn't understand. Miss Lura Barden, the elocutionist, made a great hit.

MR. J. W. BENGOUGH is to give an Evening of Sketches—crayonal and dramatic—at Association Hall, on Friday evening, Dec. 5th.



CORINNE IN CARMEN.

ON Monday next Messrs. Jacobs & Sparrow will present to the patrons of the Toronto Opera House one of the most elaborate and expensive burlesque productions on the American stage—a production of the very first magnitude. The Kimball Opera Comique and Burlesque Company, supporting the merry and vivacious Queen of Burlesque Corinne, will present, for the first time in this city, Carmen, a burlesque in the fullest sense of the word, abounding in scenes and situations of the most ridiculous character. Corinne has made the success of her life in the title role, or rather that of Carmen-Cita. Her execution of the novel Spanish dances has attracted widespread attention. The opera will be handsomely mounted. The company itself consists of sixty-five persons, all of whom appear on the stage at one time during the action of many of the scenes. The spectacular effects will be superior to anything ever seen in the city. They are all marvels of stage handicraft and present scenes of beauty. The burlesque is founded on Bizet's opera. The opening scene shows the square in Seville, Spain, with the guardhouse on the right, the Seville straight-cut factory at the left and the elevated Bridge of Sighs in the background. The second act pictures a rocky gorge across the Guadalquivir Mountain Pass, and the third scene shows the interior of the Spanish Circus. None of the usual scenery of the Toronto Opera House will be used. It will all be removed after the last performance of Erma the Elf next Saturday night, and the work of replacing it with Corinne's own scenery commenced.

The best preventive and cure for Piles and all diseases caused by Constipation, is Burdock Blood Bitters. Purifying, Regulating and Tonic in its action. Sample bottles to cents. Large bottles one dollar.

A PAPER recently started in Idaho has for its motto: "Grasp all in sight and hustle for more."—*Good News*.

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MRS. BROWN—"Keep still, Willie. I don't make such a fuss over having my hair brushed."

WILLIE BROWN—"Neither would I, Ma, if I was handling the brush."

THE latest and best waltzes are Miriam Waltz, by Gibert Byass; Eldorado Waltz, by T. P. Royle; La Créole Waltz, by Florence Fare; price 60 cents each. Anglo-Canadian Music Publishers, 13 Richmond Street West, Toronto. New catalogue of latest vocal music post free.

SEVERAL days ago a man was run over by a heavy truck and they thought that he was dead. But suddenly he made a movement, and then a man in the crowd cried out:

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"What is your party faith?" quote I. The young man promptly answered me. "And why?" He stopped perplexedly—"It was my father's faith," said he.

THE "QUEEN" PAYS ALL EXPENSES.

THE *Queen's* last "Free Trip to Europe" having excited such universal interest, the publishers of that popular magazine offer another and \$200.00 extra for expenses, to the person sending them the largest list of English words constructed from letters contained in the three words "British North America." Additional prizes, consisting of Silver Tea Sets, China Dinner Sets, Gold Watches, French Music Boxes, Portiere Curtains, Silk Dresses, Mantel Clocks, and many other useful and valuable articles will also be awarded in order of merit. A special prize of a Seal Skin Jacket to the lady, and a handsome Shetland Pony to the girl or boy (delivered free in Canada or United States), sending the largest lists. Everyone sending a list of not less than twenty words will receive a present. Send four 3c. stamps for complete rules, illustrated catalogue of prizes, and sample number of the *Queen*.

Address, *The Canadian Queen*, Toronto, Canada.

LADIES can buy their Toilet Requisites by mail, and secure city selection at less than country prices. The list embraces Perfumes, Powders, Cosmetics, Ladies' and Infants' Brushes, Combs, Infants' Sets, Manicure Sets, Covering Bottles, Fine Soaps, Rubber Goods, also Bath-Room and Sick-Room Supplies. Send for Catalogue and note discounts. Correspondence solicited. All goods guaranteed. Stuart W. Johnston, 287 King Street West, corner John Street, Toronto.

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JACK—"And did Miss Sweefigures smile upon your suit?"

JIM—"Smile! She did more—she laughed at it!"

IN buying Diamonds and Fine Watches, this issue of GRIP invites its readers to call on the well-known firm of D. H. Cunningham, 77 Yonge Street, 2 doors north of King, Manufacturing to order, and a large stock of unset diamonds.

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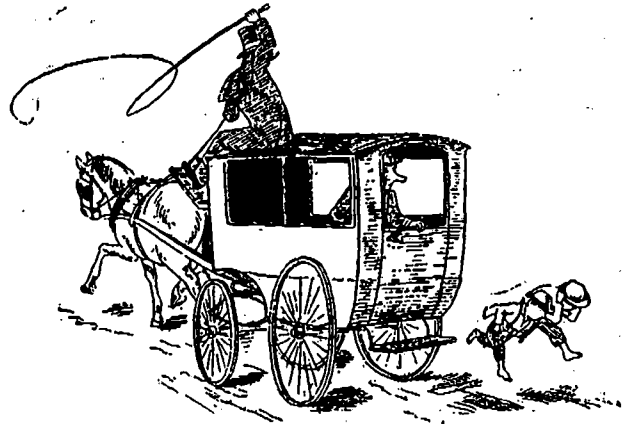
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CUT BEHIND—I.

See page 303

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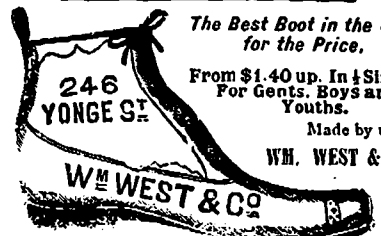
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AND \$200 IN GOLD FOR EXPENSES.



"THE QUEEN'S" last "FREE TRIP TO EUROPE" Word Contest, which closed August 1st, having excited such universal interest at the urgent solicitations of many of our patrons, we have concluded to give one more "Word Contest," having for its principal prize another First Cabin Passage to Europe and return, and **\$200 in Gold for Expenses**, to the person sending the largest list of English words constructed from letters contained in the three words "**BRITISH NORTH AMERICA**." This trip can be taken by the winner at any time before October 1, 1891.

Special Prize for the Ladies. To the one sending the second largest list will be given an **Elegant Genuine Alaska Seal Jacket** made according to measurements supplied by winner.

Special Prize for Girls and Boys. A **Handsome Shetland Pony** costing \$160 will be given (and delivered FREE anywhere in Canada or United States) to the girl or boy, under 16 years of age, sending the largest list. Age of competitor must be stated on list.

A Special Daily Prize of a Silver Tea Set Valued at \$25, will be given to the person from whom the largest list is received each day during the contest.

LIST OF ADDITIONAL PRIZES.—China Dinner Sets, Ladies' Gold Watches, French Music Boxes, Silk Dress Patterns, French Mantle Clocks, Portiere Curtains, Silver Dinner Castors, Silver Breakfast Castors, Silver Tete-a-Tete Castors, Silver Tete-a-Tete Kettles, Silver Card Receivers, Elegant Toilet Cases, Elegant Manicure Cases, Elegant Odor Cases, Oil Paintings, Ladies' Jewellery, Writing Portfolios, Imported Fans, Albums, Napkin Rings and many other useful, handsome and valuable articles.

Rules Governing the Contest.

1. The lists are to contain English and Anglicised words only.
2. No letter can be used in construction of any words more times than it appears in the text.
3. Words having more than one meaning, but spelled the same, can be used but once.
4. Names of places and persons are barred.
5. Words will be allowed either in singular or plural, but not in both numbers, and in one tense only.
6. Prefixes and suffixes are not allowed.
7. The intention being that purely English words only are to be used, all foreign words are barred.
8. The main part only of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary will be the governing authority; its Appendix or Supplement will not be used.

Each list must contain name of person sending same (sign Mrs., Miss or Mr.), with full Postoffice address and number of word contained therein, and be accompanied by \$1 for a year's subscription to THE QUEEN. If two or more tie on the largest list, the list which bears the earliest postmark will take the first prize, and the others will receive prizes following in order of merit.

The object of offering these liberal prizes is to introduce our popular magazine into new homes, and this contest is therefore open to New Subscribers only. Present Subscribers can avail themselves of it by enclosing \$1 with list and the address of some friend to whom THE QUEEN can be sent for one year.

Prizes awarded to subscribers residing in the United States will be shipped from our American agency free of custom duties.

No person can take more than one prize on the same list. Every New Subscriber sending a list of not less than twenty words will receive a prize. All prizes awarded in order of merit.

WINNERS OF THE SPECIAL DAILY PRIZE

(A \$25 SILVER TEA SET)

Tuesday, Sept. 16th, Mrs. Annie L. Jarvis, 89 Gloucester street, Toronto; Wednesday, Sept. 17th, Mrs. Reid, 37 Tranby avenue, Toronto; Thursday, Sept. 18th, F. Pethick, Bowmanville, Ont.; Friday, Sept. 19th, Miss R. Jackson, Hellmuth College, London, Ont.; Saturday, Sept. 20th, Miss Jessie C. Brown, Brockville, Ont.; Monday, Sept. 22nd, Mrs. J. E. Lennon, Welland, Ont.; Tuesday, Sept. 23rd, Mrs. F. L. Sawyer, Orillia, Ont.; Wednesday, Sept. 24th, Miss A. Fraser, Prescott, Ont.; Thursday, Sept. 25th, Miss Eva Lake Denne, Peterboro', Ont.; Friday, Sept. 26th, Mrs. W. Percy, 65 Goulbourn avenue, Ottawa, Ont.; Saturday, Sept. 27th, Miss E. Godson, Trenton, Ont.; Monday, Sept. 29th, B. F. Porter, Tuoro, N.S.; Tuesday, Sept. 30th, Mrs. J. W. E. Darby, 135 Hargrave street, Winnipeg, Man.; Wednesday, Oct. 1st, Mrs. James F. Gillard, Cobourg, Ont.; Thursday, Oct. 2nd, Mrs. John Martin, 312 John street north, Hamilton, Ont.; Friday, Oct. 3rd, Mr. John Waddell, 26 Kensington avenue, city; Saturday, Oct. 4th, Mr. K. C. Hamilton, Galt, Ont.; Monday, Oct. 6th, Mr. John Carrick, 357 Barton street east, Hamilton, Ont.; Tuesday, Oct. 7th, Miss Georgina Hilton, 319 Brock street, Kingston; Wednesday, Oct. 8th, Wm. Douglas, 21 Scollard street, Toronto; Thursday, Oct. 9th, H. A. Kennedy, city editor of *The Witness*, Montreal, Que.; Friday, Oct. 10th, Mr. Clifford Kemp, barrister, Woodstock, Ont.; Saturday, Oct. 11th, Evans Jackson, 196 Gloucester street, Ottawa, Ont.; Monday, Oct. 13th, C. A. Steeves, Buxford street, Montreal, N.B.; Tuesday, Oct. 14th, George O. Fheasant, 73 Mecklenburg street, St. John, N.B.; Wednesday, Oct. 15th, Mrs. M. St. John, Montreal, Que.; Thursday, Oct. 16th, Miss Jost, 69 Queen street, Fort Massie, Halifax, N.S.; Friday, Oct. 17th, Miss Tremayne, 36 South Street, Halifax, N.S.; Saturday, October 18th, T. R. Stewart, Stratford, Ont.; Monday, Oct. 20th, Mrs. E. H. E. Eddis, Orillia, Ont.; Tuesday, Oct. 21st, Millie R. Snyder, Leamington, Ont.; Wednesday, Oct. 22nd, Mrs. Annie E. Hood, Yarmouth, N.S.; Thursday, Oct. 23rd, Elizabeth Holt, Parkhill, Ont.; Friday, Oct. 24th, Mrs. A. Savary, St. George street, Annapolis N.S.

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Awarded in "The Queen's" last Word Contest.

The Canadian Queen:

DEAR SIR,—It affords me great pleasure in acknowledging receipt of the handsome prize awarded me in *The Canadian Queen* "Word Contest." The prize, a Cruet Stand, is a most chaste and artistically got up affair, and is highly prized by your very obedient servant,

The Canadian Queen:

DEAR SIR,—I beg to acknowledge the receipt of the Silver Tea Service, as the prize in your word contest. I shall be glad to satisfy any persons making enquiries as to your bona fides in this, and as to its real value and elegance.

The Canadian Queen, 58 Bay Street:

DEAR SIR,—I beg to acknowledge the receipt of the elegant Tea Set awarded me as the daily prize on October 8th. Accept my heartiest thanks for your handsome present. With best wishes for *The Queen*, I remain Yours truly,

Miss Hobson begs to thank *The Canadian Queen* for the silk dress which she has received in good order. She wishes the magazine every success.

To the Editor of *The Canadian Queen, Toronto:*

DEAR SIR,—Received the prize. I am very well satisfied. The magazine alone is worth the money.

Contest Closes Dec. 5th and Prizes Awarded Dec. 20th.

Do not Delay! | Address—

Send Now. | "THE CANADIAN QUEEN," 58 Bay Street, Toronto, Canada.

WHAT THE MAILS BRING US:

To the Editor of *The Canadian Queen, Toronto:*

DEAR SIR,—I beg to acknowledge the safe arrival of the Gold Watch, won by my daughter Annie in the late contest, and to say on her behalf that she is very much pleased with it. There are a large number of her schoolmates now working and will take part in the next competition. I remain, yours respectfully,

ALEXANDER MILLER, 173 Princess Street.

To the Editor of *The Canadian Queen, Toronto:*

DEAR SIR,—I acknowledge the receipt of Silver Tea Service expressed to me last week as the Special Daily Prize in your "Word Competition." I am greatly surprised that it was of such good quality and neat and pretty design. I am certainly much pleased with it, and take this opportunity to thank you.

Respectfully yours,

Mrs. J. W. E. DARBY.

I am delighted with the handsome prize awarded me for my efforts in the "Word Contest." All who have seen the Toilet Case compliment me in securing such a fine prize. Wishing *The Queen* every success, I am, respectfully,

HARRIET D. DRUMMOND.

To the Canadian Queen:

I received my prize of a Silver Tea Set on the 16th instant, and find it to be very satisfactory. All who have seen the tea set compliment me in securing such a valuable prize. Wishing your paper every success, I remain, yours, etc.,

N. C. HAMILTON.

Galt, Ont., Oct. 20, 1890.

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THE TRANSFER BOOKS will be closed from the 17th to the 20th day of November, both days inclusive.

By order of the Board.
(Sgd.) D. COULSON,
Cashier.

Freehold Loan and Savings Company.

DIVIDEND NO. 62.

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of four per cent. on the capital stock of the company has been declared for the current half year, payable on and after Monday, the 1st day of December next, at the office of the company, Church street.

The transfer books will be closed from the 17th to the 30th November inclusive.

By order of the Board.
S. C. WOOD,
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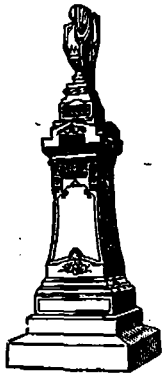
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