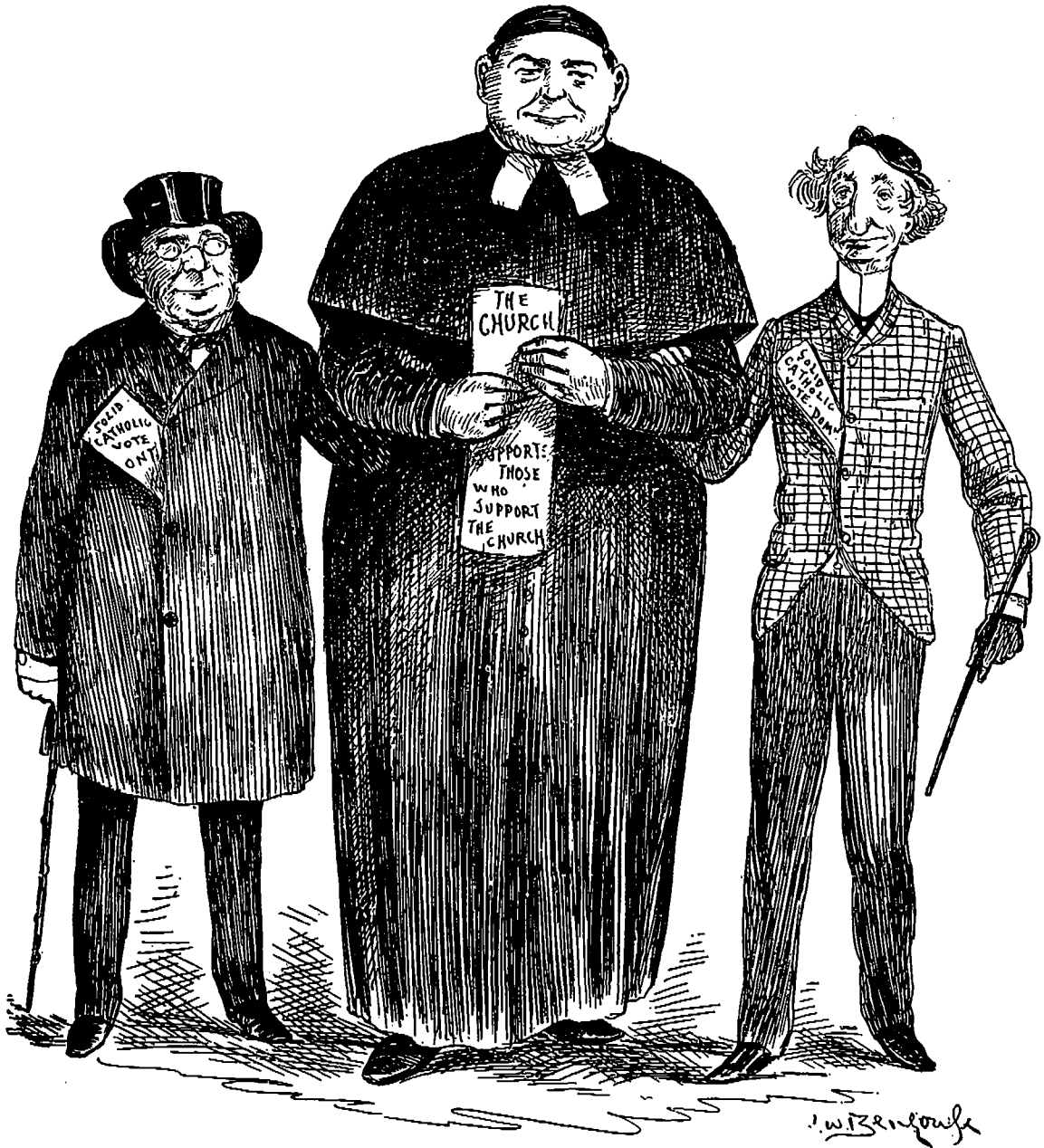


* GRIP *

VOL. XXXIV.

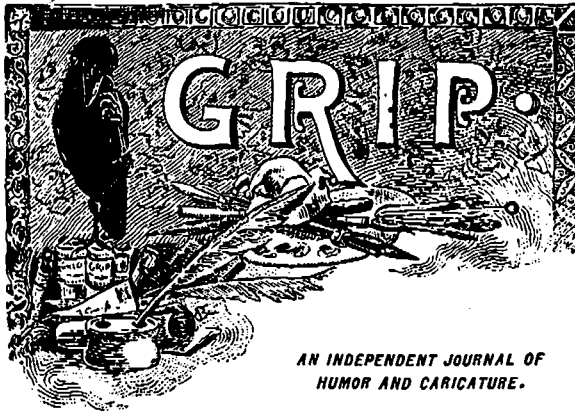
TORONTO, MAY 3, 1890.

No. 18.
Whole No. 882.



PARTIES ARE KNOWN BY THE COMPANY THEY KEEP.

WE HAVE DRAWN THE PICTURE ; IT IS FOR THE VOTERS OF ONTARIO TO DRAW THE INFERENCE.



PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

BY THE

Grip Printing and Publishing Co.

26 and 28 Front Street West, Toronto, Ont.

President - J. V. WRIGHT.
 Manager - G. WILSON.
 Artist and Editor - J. W. BENGOUGH.

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Comments on the Cartoons.



NEWS FROM THE SEAT OF WAR—If Toronto wins the Esplanade battle, and our future citizens find themselves in quiet enjoyment of free and safe access to the water-front, and in receipt of a comfortable income from the annual rental value of the Viaduct, they will owe thanks chiefly to organizations outside of the City Council. While saying this we are anxious to give due credit to those aldermen who are working heartily with the Citizens' Association to secure the boon we have just named, but it grieves us to say that these are very few in number. His Worship, the Mayor, and a majority of the city fathers, do not seem as yet to realize the vital importance of the battle now being waged, or else they are so overwhelmed with their sense of the greatness of the railway magnates that they have no heart to make a fight worthy of the name.

The Don agreement, which was, recently ratified by the Council, but is yet fortunately unsigned by the Mayor, is to be referred to the Joint Esplanade Committee, and the result will be, we feel confident, very greatly to the benefit of the city's interests. The unseemly haste with which this document was rushed through is a striking illustration of the spirit of surrender which afflicts the aldermanic mind. The centre of battle has for the moment been shifted to the correspondence column of the newspapers, however, and Mr. Rupert Mearse Wells has been distinguishing himself as an author of thrilling fiction on the subject of the Viaduct

Mr. Wells is the solicitor of the C.P.R., and his letters are, of course, special pleas for his client. They have been marked by some of the worst faults usually found in that description of literature, such as disregard of facts, and bold assertions incapable of proof. Mr. D. E. Thomson and Mr. Tait have had no trouble in furnishing replies which have effectually disposed of the legal gentleman, so that his efforts have failed to mislead those who have read the rejoinders. We are in hopes that before long the Council and the citizens in general will be thoroughly aroused from what Mr. Wells in one of his earlier epistles called their "disgraceful sleep." If that event happens soon, the Don matter and the whole water front question will be settled so as to secure the mutual rights of the people and the railways, which means, by the adoption of the Viaduct plan.

PARTIES ARE KNOWN BY THE COMPANY THEY KEEP.—It seems to be admitted on all hands that the "Corporate Vote" of the Roman Catholic Church in Ontario is to go in support of the Mowat Government in the forthcoming election; and whereas the Church is never known to support any Government or party which is not known to be friendly to her own policy, there is a plain inference to be drawn, which we may leave to the electors of the Province. Mr. Mowat has repeatedly declared that he has never done more than justice to the Roman Catholic Church, and that he deals with it just as he does with every other Church. This may be true if it refers to express acts for the direct benefit of the Church, but it is not true when applied negatively. The ballot was not given to Separate school electors, and this omission counted for as much to the hierarchy as the passage of a Bill giving the priests absolute control over the schools would have done. It is not for us to object to the priests exercising such control if that meets the views of the Separate school supporters, and the ballot would not have prevented them from indicating that such were their views. But, on the other hand, if there are Catholics who think otherwise, the ballot would have enabled them to say so without incurring the penalties which an open vote to the same effect might bring upon them.

OUR PRIZE COMPETITION.

TO CONCLUDE MAY 24TH.

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

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



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

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

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

\$50 IN CASH

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

THE Single Tax Association want the authorities to make provision for taking a vote of the people in connection with the next municipal election, upon the following question:—Are you in favor of abolishing taxation on any of the following items: Income, personality, buildings? We hope the authorities will comply, and can think of no reason why they should not. As the will of the people is the sole rule of government under our system, every facility ought to be provided for the free expression of that will, and such a vote as the one suggested could very conveniently be cast along with the ballots for mayor and aldermen.

It is perhaps needless to add that in GRIP's opinion, a very emphatic affirmative reply should be given to all three items, for taxes on income, personality and

buildings are taxes on industry. People ought to be encouraged to earn incomes, to accumulate honest wealth and to put up buildings, and to impose taxes upon these things is to discourage them. The only possible justification for such taxation is the necessity for a public revenue, but if this revenue can be obtained without taking from the citizen a portion of his earnings, the justification disappears. There is such a source. It is the rental value of land which arises spontaneously on account of the mere presence of population. This fund is large enough in every community to meet all public requirements, and as it is "earned" by the community and not by the individual, it ought to go into the community's coffer and not into the private speculator's pocket.



OW it is proposed to justify the payment out of the public till of Bremner's claim for \$4,500 on account of the stolen furs passes our comprehension. Common sense and justice plainly demand that the man who did the looting should do the compensating. Not only should Gen. Middleton be made to settle up this account, but he ought at the same time to be dismissed from the service, and his place supplied by a Canadian officer. It is to be presumed that his dismissal is in any case

inevitable. It will be no great loss from a military point of view, as he has never done anything to prove that he is superior as a soldier to hundreds of our militiamen. If Parliament pays for the furs, we may next have Mr. Rykert demanding that Mr. Sands' little bill for alleged losses over the Cypress Hills timber limit be paid by the Dominion Treasury.

THE boundless prairies of our Great West have an enlarging effect on the human mind. In the case of journalists it would seem the sense of illimitable space manifests itself in a freedom of metaphor that is quite remarkable. Could coyotes or gophers run about with more utter abandon than the figures of speech do in the following casual extract from one of our North-West Exchanges :

Both in Britain and Canada strong supporters of the Government have broken loose from their bonds and have poured volleys of red hot shot on their hide-bound leaders. For instance Lord Randolph Churchill, with fierce invective, crucified the Government in a way they will not forget, over their doings on the Parnell Commission. He fairly withered them on the Times-Piggot forgeries accusations, and said that when Parnell, under the most determined conspiracy that this world ever produced, cleared his skirts of all connection, his unfeeling countrymen almost refuse to believe him. Now, in Canada, we have as ready a debator in flowing figures of speech breaking forth against the headless representatives of some of the Departments at Ottawa in the person of our respected cotem., Mr. Davin, M.P.

THE city authorities, wishing to get an approximate idea of the average daily income of the Street Railway Company, have, of course, gone the wrong way about it. They have stationed a dozen men with note-books at a dozen corners, with instructions to jot down the number of passengers in each car that goes by. A much more accurate result would be arrived at by having a few detectives ride each route from end to end for two

or three days in succession. It would probably cost less, too. In fact, Mr. Smith would probably be glad to issue passes for them.

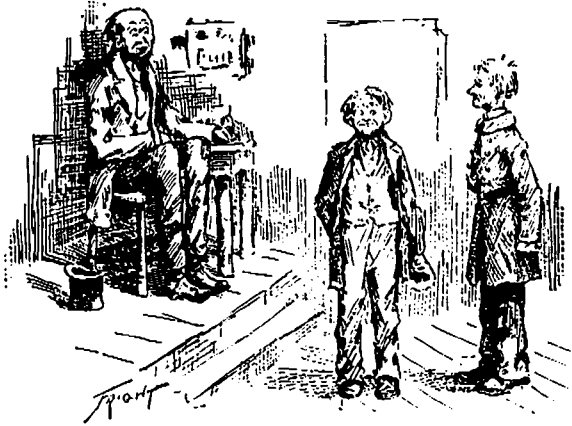
SOME of the orators at the late St. George's Society dinner did themselves and their country discredit by indulging in the lowest sort of anti-American talk. One speaker in particular, whom we strongly suspect of knowing better, captured the applause of the high Protectionists and Imperial Federation cranks at the table by referring to the "Yankees" as the "natural enemies" of Canada. This sort of thing deserves thirty days with hard labor. The man who indulges in it, and thereby helps to keep alive the fast-dying prejudices of earlier days, is an enemy of the Dominion and of the Empire, notwithstanding the vapid rant about the "old flag" with which he decorates his discourse. Whatever may be the political destiny of Canada, commercially she is wedded to the United States, and what God has joined together Protectionism cannot much longer keep asunder.

MR. MOWAT has signed the death warrant, and the execution is to take place on June 5th next ensuing. Whose funeral it will be is as yet undecided. To GRIP it is a matter of indifference, but whichever Party is in office we would like to see a contingent of Equal Rights men on the floor of the House strong enough to hold the balance of power and effectually counteract the undue influence of any church or sect.

ON DIT, that the Liberals of Canada are negotiating with Bismarck, who is out of a job, to come to Canada and take the leadership of the Party. The circumstance that Biz. is a Tory and Protectionist is more than counterbalanced by the fact that he is a man of known ability with a definite policy and lots of blood and iron in his composition. We hope the details of salary can be satisfactorily arranged.



THE great American Republic is a failure. We are sorry for this, for we have been watching the experiment of Democracy with bated breath and palpitating heart for the last hundred years, and from time to time have felt sure that we would be able to write it down a success, and so have the pleasure of lifting our hat to a great nation in which Worth would be the only passport to esteem, and flunkeyism would be unknown. "What do we find?" as Mr. King Dodds would say. Well, for instance, we find a leading New York paper describing a bright young American who "wears his rich brown beard a la Prince of Wales"; we find that the audience at the Metropolitan Opera House utterly neglected Patti that they might pay their undivided devotions to the Duchess of Marlborough—or rather to the title worn by the former Mrs. Hammersley—who occupied a box. This is enough, though illustrations of the same spirit might be multiplied *ad lib.* In the Republic prefigured by the Fathers such things would have been impossible. It is too bad.



CONCLUSIVE EVIDENCE.

COUNTY JUSTICE—"Constable, are you sure this witness understands the nature of an oath?"
 CONSTABLE—"I'm sure of it, your honor, for when I went for him he was putting up stove-pipes."

A SLANDER SLUGGED.

To the Editor of Grip.

DEAR BIRD,—I regret to hear in my peregrinations (in my leisure moments) about town, the old slander as to "briefless barristers" and "starving solicitors" still repeated by men who ought to know better. It was only the other day that I learned of a reference being made to myself as a "lean limb of the law." Now, as a pleasantry this is all very well; but as a sober fact it lacks sand—the very accusation it brings against us! The truth is, dear GRIP, the enterprising young legalite can and will succeed. Will you let me send you a copy of my first bill which, while it may at first seem to justify the charges above referred to, is, in reality, a striking example of what true enterprise will do for a brainy professional man.

The facts of the case are briefly these: I had engaged an expensive suite of rooms on Equity Square and furnished them elegantly, and with a very recklessness of expense, with three wooden chairs, one ink bottle, one pine table (second-hand), one tin box (for valuable documents), one pen handle and three nibs. I then sat down on one of my chairs and awaited eagerly the client who should fill the other.

But soon I saw that more active measures were necessary. I had yawned for six solid days in my "chambers"; when a bright idea struck me. I put on my new silk hat (latest pattern bought on a loan) and sauntered down stairs. I had not reckoned in vain, for as I left the door, I saw across the street my old friend, Dick Munneboy, who might often be seen doing Equity Square at that time of day.

I rushed across with my most professional air, viz., with my hat thrust back on my head, my head itself erect, my coat thrown open to display the bulky papers in the breast pocket, and my face a beam of prosperity and patronizing friendship.

"Hello, Dick!" I said heartily, as I reached him; and Dick turned and greeted me with the old-time friendship, but with a certain reserve which I conjectured might be in some mysterious manner connected with the numerous pecuniary tests to which I had recently put his friendship.

"Hello, Charlie," said he, "you look warm; how's business?"

"Capital, old man; capital! Fallen on my feet and no mistake. By the way, Dick, I hope to pay that little trifle of yours next week at latest. In the meantime, come up and see my rooms; do, there's a dear boy."

Dick looked pleased; as well he might. He mounted the stairs with me; and a jovial hour we spent together.

Next day, I wore out one of my three nibs in concocting this:

RICHARD MUNNEBOY, Esq., Jr.,

In account with

MR. CHARLES GRUBGOLD, BA., LL.B., B.C.L.

1890.

Barrister, Solicitor, etc.

		\$	c.	\$	c.
March	23	Attending you on Equity Square, long consultation re various matters. Fee advising.....	4		
		Attending with you at my office, Equity Square.....	1		
		Paid crossing sweeper.....			01
		Attending fee same.....		50	
		At your request bought one copy of GRIP with your money, and paid.....		50	05
		Fee perusing.....	2		
		Discussing same with you when you read it.....	1		
		One cigar supplied you at your request.....			25
		Attending elevator boy, who agrees to get one each at corner store, and paid to him for same.....		50	05
		On your expressing a desire to pay for one bottle wine between us. Attending bespeak and for Paid.....	2		
		Attending discuss same.....	2		
		Attending you to elevator when you leave; you to call again next week.....		50	50
			12	50	2 86
			2	86	

Say \$15.35-

A cheque for which will oblige C. G.



A CRUEL SUSPICION.

CASUAL ENQUIRER—"How did you get your clothes so wet, sonny? Been fishin' on the Sabbath?"

SONNY—"No, sir; I was on my way to church."

GRIP'S OWN LIBRARY OF SELECT FRICTION.

SHORT PITHY TALES FOR BUSY BUT HONEST PEOPLE.

GRIP'S own large corps of authors are now engaged in preparing a select but perfectly proper series of short and powerful romances, designed for that large class of persons who snatch an occasional leisure moment, when not working between meals, for reading, and who find that the daily papers do not satisfy their souls' longing for pure and refreshing literature.

Here are two specimen stories of the elaborate forthcoming list:—

THE TRAMP'S RETORT.

Made of money, ere we part
I shall tell you something tart.

"You will not give a poor but just now somewhat tired fellow-man a quarter, I am to understand, then?" The tramp spoke quite respectfully, yet with a tinge of haughtiness in his tone.

"No, sir! not a cent; and the sooner you get out of this office the better for both of us." Saying which, in a voice of decided irritation, the merchant reached out towards a drawer in which, perhaps, a gun might lie, awaiting active service.

"I understand you are a millionaire—if not two or three of them amalgamated," continued the tramp, in a somewhat modified tone, and making a perceptible, though not precipitate retreat towards the plate-glass portal of the counting-room.

"I am a man of considerable means," the merchant responded in a careless way, at the same time seeming to have grasped what he was seeking in the cabinet receptacle.

"Then, sir, I have but one brief remark to make before I retire from your presence, never to return again." The tramp clutched the massive door-handle, steadied himself, coughed hesitatingly, and continued: "I will not venture to say that you cannot take your gold with you when you die. Oh, no! A man of your fertility of resource might be able to invent some plan of so doing. But there is one remark I think I may safely venture to hazard in this connection. Ahem!"

By this time the mendicant had opened the door, and realized that, once outside, he could duck and dodge successfully.

"Well, sir, and what is that one remark, pray?" Even the sneer which accompanied the query could not disguise the keen nervous concentrated interest awakened in the wealthy pork-packer.

"The one remark I propose to make, my revered friend is simply this"—The unsuccessful alms-seeker here gathered himself together for the departing galop—"If you should happen to take your gold with you when you die, it would only melt!"

A sudden slam, four immense leaps, a bang of the outer door, and—well, did you ever hear of any man trying to shoot a cyclone on the fly?

OUR HERO.

Shoes are seldom what they seem.

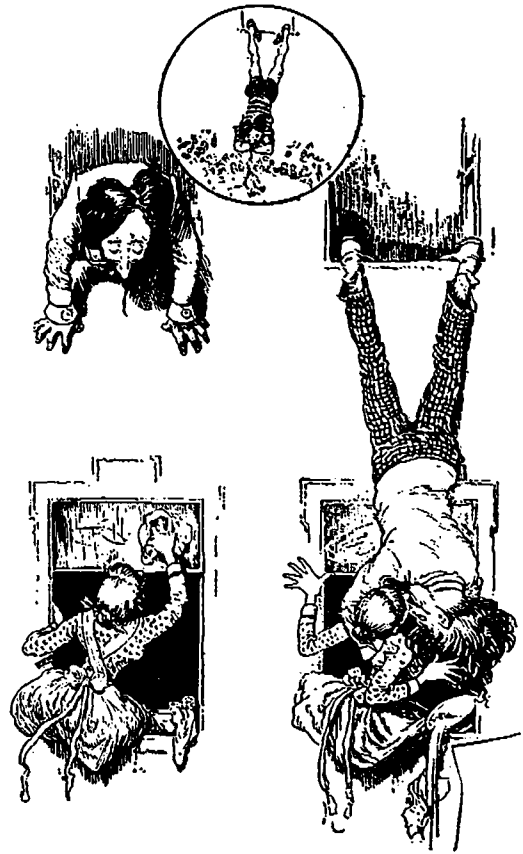
"Will you walk into my parlor?"

Said the head clerk, very fly.

The sign in the shoe-store window read: "All classes satisfactorily suited."

That decided the hero of this story, who entered in a manner which bespoke the agriculturist who saw the city about once every two years.

True to his native and acquired instincts, the floor-walker greeted him with an angelic smile and the traditional enquiry.



THE AMOROUS CIRCUS-MAN.

"I want a pair o' boots, mister," our hero murmured, in cracked and rasping tones that smote harshly upon a finely-attuned ear.

Still faithful to the old-established routine rules and regulations of his noble calling, the floor-walker bowed profoundly, repeated his angelic smile, and said softly and sweetly: "Yes, sir! To order?"

"Naw! To wear!"

Then the floor-walker swiftly but surely led our hero away back to the elegant cow-hide department.

He knew he would have to do so from the very first sight he caught of him.

The floor-walker presented a false exterior. Our hero did not.

OH, DO SPRING.

ALL bright and balmy is the morn,
Sweet, subtle perfume lades the breeze,
But, mark me, just as sure's you're born,
Ere night 'twill rain and snow and freeze!

Now feathered songsters car'ling sweet,
Delight us with their tuneful lays,
But, dicky-birds, Old Prob.'s a cheat,
For Winter in Spring's lap still stays.

We joy to watch these harbingers
Skip merrily from bough to bough,
And yet this very eve for furs
And winter clothes you'll pray, I swow!

Oh, messengers of gladsome time,
When violets ope their eyes of blue,
What would you take, in faith sublime,
To cure a cussed cold?—*a-chew!*



"DISTANCE LENDS ENCHANTMENT," ETC.

FRIEND OF THE FAMILY (to the child of artistic parents)—"I saw your father to-day, and thought he did not look well."

CHILD—"Very likely—Papa looks better in the distance"—Fun.

EXTRACTS FROM THE PRIVATE DIARY OF THE EMPEROR WILLIAM.

APRIL 1ST.—Visits to foreign capitals yielded much interest.—Bismarck objected to the *tour*—gave him a *one-er*—

April 2nd.—Sent my photo to all the Sovereigns I lately visited.—Caprivi said I have *visited* and *carte-de-visited*. Clever man, Caprivi! Shall keep my eye-glass on him.

April 3rd.—Council said I had made an impression at every Court in Europe.—Bismarck said something about out of sight and *out of mind*.—Did he dare allude to the family skeleton? Shall not send him a birthday present this year.

April 4th.—Labor delegates arrived.—Caprivi said it was a *delegate* question.—Very good.—Shall give the Empire a half-holiday. Discussed Jules Simon. Caprivi said he was the Apostle (Simon) of Labor.—Capital *not*.—Bismarck said he was a Simple Simon.

April 5th.—Asked C. to dinner.—He will only drink German wine.—Patriotic fellow.—B. declined to come. Said he was not going to be made *Bill-ious*.—Bad taste, that.

April 6th.—Reviewed half the Army.—B. said there were two spectacles on the field—one great and the other very small.—C. said he wept when I rode at the head of the troops.—B. sneers "thereby hangs a tail."—Colossus of Rhodes! he insults me.

April 7th.—B. refused to split drinks.—Hinted there would be a greater split soon.—Told him to remember his place.—He replied it was at my service.—Accepted

the situation. B. went off saying I had got a white elephant.

April 8th.—Caprivi played a game at *Kriegspiel* with me. He represented Italian army going to capture Berlin.—I took German army.—Beat him all to pieces and pursued him into the sea.—Caprivi says I am the first General of my age.—B. says it is true and that my age is too young for any general—except general mistakes.—I asked him for his portfolio.

April 9th.—B. sent me his portfolio.—Among the papers I found a photo of a large horse and a small donkey drawing a very heavy carriage of state. Underneath was written, "Who pulls it along?" Also a picture of a puppy with a crown on his head.—Made Caprivi Chancellor.—B. retired to his country seat.—Sent a note saying he would rather raise a pumpkin than a Caprivi.

April 10th.—Shall startle Europe by a series of political surprises shortly.—The people will be fed for nothing by the nobility.—The Army will learn knitting and supply the Empire with socks.—The Navy, when not engaged in action, will catch fish and send it for public distribution at Berlin. Shall visit Africa personally next year and probably erect a winter palace at the North Pole.

P. QUILL.

THAT TWA-LUGGED BARLEY.

(RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO THE MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE.)

HECK, man, but fermin' pays that ill
It's little wheat we tak ti' the mill,
Our grun's sae thin and marly,
Sae we maun grow for the whusky still
Auld Carlin's twa-lugged barley.

They say there's siller in't, my frien,
I houp we'll see't atween the een
If 't's no but bletherin' parlie,
Sae noo Spring's come we'se a' be seen
A-sawing the twa-lugged barley.

They threep the honest man brews yill
And kens what maut is, no that ill,
And means as hoolie and fa'rhie,
If sae, I'll wad on him a gill
On the heeds o' the twa-lugged barley.

Gin he gie fermers sic gran' cowp
Tak aith I ne'er will turn my doup
Upon the Meenster Carlie,
But ware on him a gude pint stoup—
Then hey for the twa-lugged barley!

JOCK O' THE LEAS.



A QUESTIONABLE COMPLIMENT.

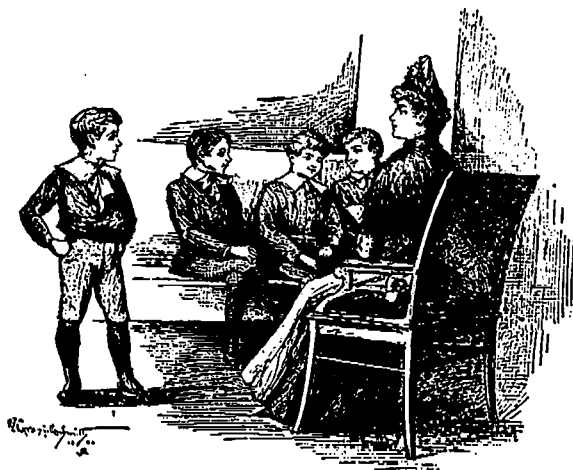
GERTRUDE—"Well, this is the worst exhibition I ever saw. Why didn't you send something?"

MEN IN BUCKRAM.

"Oh monstrous! eleven buckram men grown out of two!"—*Henry IV.*

IN the Spring of 1889, a man from New Brunswick thought he would run across to Prince Edward Island to see if he could do a little in buying eggs. He was a burly man in a homespun coat and plug hat, with a carpet bag in his hand, all of which gave him a kind of middle-class British aspect. It happened that when he landed the custom-house force was whiling away an idle hour or two on the wharf, and when the chief pricker saw him, that functionary pricked away to the telegraph office, and telegraphed to the Department of Emigration, Ottawa, "Stream of immigration setting in—one man come!" The stranger tramped leisurely throughout the Province, interviewing henwives, and wherever he came within hail of customs or excise, the nearest officers promptly telegraphed "Another man seen here—current of immigration strong!" As time went on some Harvard sports took a holiday for a week's fishing, and from every telegraph office they passed the wires thrilled with messages, "Whirlpool of immigration whirls—six more arrived!" By and bye four butchers came around buying sheep, with some St. John men on a horse trade, and several young Islanders who had been carpentering and doing chores in the States, flowed back, visiting their fathers and mothers. Again the wires hummed like harps, "Niagara of immigration niaggers—hundreds coming!" When these people had done their business they all went away in the shape of an "exodus."

This alleged rush of population staggered the Minister, or his Deputy, or Acting Assistant Deputy's sub, or whoever is the author of the Annual Report on Emigration. In a gush of inspiration the fanciful *litterateur* set down the influx of immigrants into Prince Edward Island as 484. The rule in composing official works of fiction is to cram them with highly-colored sensations and as many imaginative statistics as a credulous public will swallow, for nobody takes the trouble and few have the data to verify figures. Hence, Blue Books are a very unwholesome literature and should be carefully excluded from the bosoms of families. GRIP's reliable advices from the Isle of the Gulf show that *not one* immigrant was added to the Insular population during the past year.

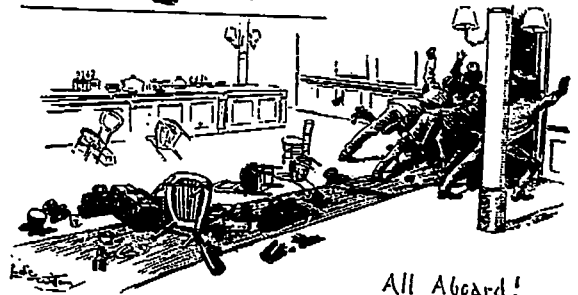


THE FALL OF MAN.

MISS PARSONS—"And so Adam was very happy. Now, Willie, can you tell me what great misfortune befell him?"

WILLIE—"Please, Miss Parsons, he got a wife."—*Munsey's Weekly.*

Five Minutes for Refreshment.



AN EXCURSION EPISODE.

HOW NOT TO PRONOUNCE IT.

LAST week at the Opera we heard,
By a stroke of the rarest good luck,
The warbling as sweet as a bird
Of that charming artiste, Emma Juch.

In *Faust*, when she takes *Marguerite*,
There is magic in voice and in look
In crowds she attracts the *elite*,
They all go to hear Emma Juch.

Were she anxious to wed, I'll engage
She could easily marry a duke,
But oh! what a loss to the stage,
'Twould be hard to replace Emma Juch.

As *Carmen* she went through her *role*
Enthusing her audience much,
Their emotions they could not control
At the singing of sweet Emma Juch.

But her acting, though strong, is correct,
And free from sensational gush,
If that sort of thing you expect,
You may be disappointed in Juch.

But as to pronouncing her name,
That bothers the average Canuck,
Hardly two people sound it the same,
But it certainly cannot be "Juch."

PARLIAMENTARY QUESTION.

IS it politic in a Napoleonic Minister of War to have a sergeant's petty pension claim continually Hurrell'd at his head? Better pay the man and let him go. Better pay him a hundred times rather than let an impression creep in among our citizen soldiers that their claims are not treated with liberality. It is not by ten-cent cheese parings that a military spirit is fostered.

CANADA'S hint to defaulting cashiers—"Too late, too late, ye cannot enter now."



"I'LL TROUBLE YOU FOR THAT PORTFOLIO, PLEASE!"

MR. BOODLEFAKER'S MYSTIFYING REPORT.

MR. ADOLPHUS P. BOODLEFAKER is the Toronto agent of an English syndicate formed for the purpose of making investments in Canada. Mr. Boodlefaker is a gentleman much given to the use of metaphor, commonly called slang by precise people, and his reports to the head office in London have occasioned not a little mystification among the financial magnates unfamiliar with Western modes of expression.

The other day a meeting of the concern was held in London, Lord Reginald Cholmondeley in the chair.

"I have 'ere, your Ludship and gentlemen," said the secretary, "the report of our Toronto agent, Mr. Boodlefaker, on the condition of the market. It is really a very extraordinary document. There are some things in it I don't clearly understand."

"Aw—wead it," said Lord Cholmondeley, languidly toying with his eye-glass.

"He says that for some time the money market has been rather tight, and business consequently somewhat duller than usual at this time of year. That's clear enough, of course, but he goes on to say that 'many investors are spitting on their hands to hold on.'"

"Whata peculiar proceeding—very remarkable, indeed," said Sir Beverley Blinkerton.

"Aw—vewy vulgaw people those Americans," said the chairman, "but how on earth would—aw—expectowation help them?"

"Evidently some peculiar American habit which has not as yet attracted the attention of the students of sociology," said Prof. Lunthead, R.S.V.P. "I will bring it up at the next meeting of the Royal Mystification Society. This is, indeed, interesting."

"The report proceeds to say," said the secretary, "that a great many applications for loans have been received, only a few of which have been favorably considered, owing to the insufficient nature of the security offered. Mr. Boodlefaker adds, 'you bet I ain't going to be played for a sucker.'"

"What *can* it mean?" said Lord Cholmondeley.

"I've no idea," said Sir Beverley, and the rest shook their heads despairingly.

"I think I can perhaps solve the difficulty," said Rev. Canon Duxter. "He probably wishes to indicate that he always considers such applications from a strictly business standpoint, and that in dubious cases he does not regard himself as warranted in allowing considerations of sympathy or friendship to sway his judgment so as to induce him to extend succor to unfortunate borrowers."

"Ah, no doubt that's it," said the chairman. "And vewy pwopah, too. Chawity has nothing to do with business. Proceed, Mr. Secretary."

"The strikes in the building trades have everlastingly knocked the tar

out of this season's building prospects."

"Knocked the tar out!" said Sir Beverley Blinkerton. "Never heard of such a thing. Is tar used to any extent in building in Canada?"

After some discussion over this phrase it was settled that it evidently referred to Trade Union outrages in connection with the manufacture or use of tar in Toronto.

The secretary resumed the reading of the report. "In connection with the proposed purchase of the Hogaboom estate in the suburbs, a very eligible property, I regret to say that we are likely to lose it. I had about concluded arrangements with the trustee when the Manager of the Landgrabbers' Corporation got on to it and began chewing his ear."

"Really this is most interesting," said Prof. Lunthead. "Evidently a survival of the customs of savagery."

"Can it be possible," said Sir Beverley Blinkerton, "that in a professedly civilized country, men in responsible positions will resort to such positively brutal methods to gain a business advantage?"

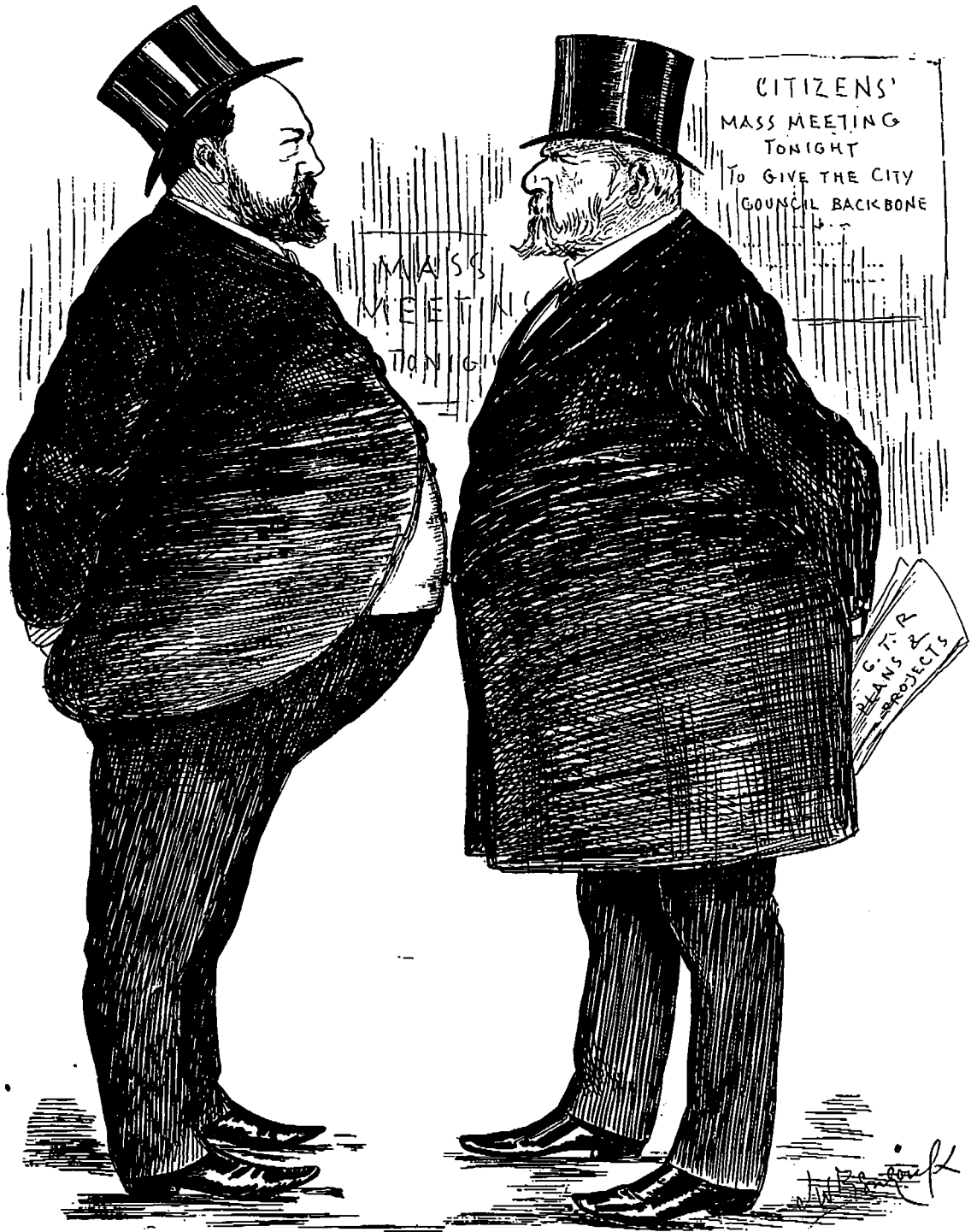
"Better telegraph Boodlefaker at once to have the bwute awwested," suggested the chairman.

"Perhaps, after all, gentlemen," said the Canon, "the language of the report may be figurative. I receive papers occasionally from my son in Canada, and I gather from them that a controversy as to the dual language is in progress. Now Mr. Boodlefaker evidently is accustomed to express himself in the American language, and use its idioms. I would suggest that we have the document properly translated into English and re-read at next meeting: and that we communicate with our energetic agent, requesting him in future to have his reports rendered into English before they are transmitted."

A motion to that effect was carried unanimously and the meeting adjourned.

SEVERE.

SIR JOHN MACDONALD says the Toronto *Globe* is a paper he seldom sees. This is crushing.



NEWS FROM THE SEAT OF WAR.

SIR JOSEPH—" Well, Van, how goes the Esplanade battle in Toronto ? "

VAN HORNE—" Er—um—the issue is doubtful. I don't see how we're going to get over that Citizens' Association with their pesky Viaduct scheme and cold facts. As for the Mayor, he's a perfect gentleman; not a bit of fight in him; and most of the Aldermen are going asleep. I wish we had nobody else to deal with ! "



SUPERFLUOUS NOTICE.

FARMER—"Post no bills here"! Well, I'll be soused, Maria! Who would want to post bills on such a skunky little thing as that when the hull fence is so handy?"

LOST HIS PLACIDITY—BADGERED MORE THAN HE COULD BEER.

MINISTER CARLING, in his private capacity, is about one of the worthiest men in the Cabinet, and they say his bottled stout is good. As Chaucer said of the sailor,

"And certainlie he was a good fellah,
There was none such from Hull unto Carthage,"

but in his ministerial *incapacity* he is too easily put upon, else he would never have fathered such wild statements as to the number of immigrants into Canada the past year, and which aroused a storm of denial when the Report on Emigration was laid before the House. Some one deeper than himself has evidently stuck him on his statistics. *Customs* of the country, he says, did it. Ottawa correspondence betrays that when members wanted to know where he got his figures he "lost his placidity and refused to answer any more questions, saying that he did not like to be cross-examined in a manner worthy of the Old Bailey." Nobody likes to be cross-examined, but the responsible Head of Emigration should not forget that cross-examination is applied to none but unwilling witnesses. It is a pity he lost his placidity. It would have been better had he lost his —, another word ending in —idity, with four letters prefixed. It will be a pleasant relaxation from his ministerial labors to guess what that word is, for the public have found it out long ago. To do the worthy man justice he was probably willing to tell all he knew, but the only fact the cross-examination elicited was that he knew nothing about anything.

Emigration is—and should be made—a leading question of the day. Without a large and increasing flow of suitable immigrants the extravagant support given to the

C.P.R. and other means of transit has been made in vain. A steady flow of new settlers should be kept up at whatever temporary cost. And yet Foster's remarkable budget has placed only \$55,000 to provide for immigration, that is to say, just enough to pay a job lot of partizan salaries,

SHE WAS TOO FLY.

I WILL not be answerable for debts contracted by my wife, Sarah Flight, maiden name Whattly, she having left my bed and board without just cause. Chas. Flight, Dovercourt Road, city.—*Ad. in Telegram.*

Oh, why did Sarah sally out?
Why fled she thus by night?
She's gone, of that there is no doubt;
Yet never took her Flight.

"I am deceived," her husband said
"Whattly her troth did plight,
But oh, What-lie she told instead,
Did flighty Sally Flight."

A crow is faithful to its mate,
Although not bound by laws;
Though it may leave in autumn late,
But never "without caws."

She was too fly, was Sarah Flight,
To simply fly away,
And left her spouse in sorry plight
With drygoods bills to pay.

This was not right of Sarah Flight,
Her husband ill could spare her,
Deprived of wife, dark seems his life,
A desert of Sahara.

HE KNEW THE ROPES.

MISS D'OPERA—"Have you heard the latest about Gilbert and Sullivan?"

MR. DE RING—"Gilbert? You mean Gilmore, I guess!"



THE UNJUST FATHER.

"Vor, vor you clime de fence ofer; vi don you volk de gate around?"

Our Critical Column

MASTER BLATCHFORD KAVANAGH's three concerts last week were enjoyed by audiences such as rarely greet the greatest stars, and in the handsome little boy they found not merely a prodigy and a phenomenon but a true artist, whose voice and style were simply perfection. Nothing more delightful than these concerts has been offered to Toronto music lovers for many a day.

MANAGER SHEPPARD stands well in the good opinion of Toronto theatre goers, if the size of the audience on his benefit night (last Friday) may be taken as a fair criterion. There is no doubt that O.B. is a born manager, with a special faculty for giving the public just what it is hankering for. Under his direction the Grand has naturally enjoyed uninterrupted success. Notwithstanding a straight up and down manner, which might easily be mistaken for brusqueness, Mr. Sheppard is to those who know him a genial fellow, with a liberal supply of wit and humor in his composition.

MR. GREENE, Manager of the Academy, was "benefited" on Monday evening of this week, when Louis James and company performed "Othello" in splendid style. As this was Mr. James' first appearance in Toronto, the unusually large audience assembled may fairly be attributed to a desire on the part of the public to testify their appreciation of Manager Greene's unfailing courtesy, and the acceptable manner in which he has performed the duties of his position. The attraction on the stage, however, proved to be intrinsically worthy of the very finest audience.

THE attractions this week are:

ACADEMY—Louis James, tragedian, in "Hamlet," "Virginius," etc.

JACOB'S—Mr. P. F. Baker (late of Baker & Farron) in "The Emigrant."

JOHN BULL, FREE TRADER.

MR. T. E. CLATWORTHY, whose place of business at 34 Church Street is so well known as headquarters for the goods of English manufacturers, ranging from pickles to steel rails, leaves this week for the Old Land. It will, perhaps, interest believers in a protective tariff to know that Mr. C's. trip has been made necessary by the extraordinary development of the trade he represents, the object of his visit being to arrange with the various houses for monthly consignments hereafter. Free Trade enables Old England to beat the world both for quality and prices in nearly every line of manufacture, and notwithstanding custom house obstacles, imposed through loyalty to the old flag, of course, Canadians are bound to have John Bull's products. Amongst the notable houses represented by Mr. Clatworthy are Flockton, Tompkins & Co., Newhall Steel Works, Sheffield; G. F. Sutton & Co., pickles and sauces—now recognized as the finest in the market—and Jos. Pickering & Sons, of Sheffield, manufacturers of Needham's Polishing Paste and other specialties. In Mr. C. these old established houses have a (clat) worthy representative, who has made for himself an honorable position amongst the pushing business men of Toronto. GRIP wishes him a pleasant voyage and safe return.

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.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

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

THE next number of *Harper's* will contain an article entitled "How to listen to Wagner's Music." A better way is to go to an opera house where some other composer's music is being played.—*Norristown Herald*.

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LESSONS IN PHRENOLOGY.

Examinations, Oral or Written.

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FREEHOLD LOAN AND SAVINGS CO. DIVIDEND No. 61.

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of five per cent. on the capital stock of the Company has been declared for the current half-year, payable on and after MONDAY, the 2nd day of JUNE next, at the office of the Company, Church Street.

The transfer books will be closed from the 17th to the 31st May, inclusive.

Notice is also given that the General Annual Meeting of the Company will be held at two o'clock p.m. on TUESDAY, 3rd of June, for the purpose of receiving the Annual Report, the election of directors, etc.

By order of the Board.

S. C. WOOD, Manager.

Toronto, April 23, 1890.

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DIVIDEND No. 68.

Notice is hereby given that a Dividend of Five per cent. for the current half year, being at the rate of 1 1/2 per cent. per annum upon the paid up capital of the Bank has this day been declared, and that the same will be payable at the Bank and its Branches on and after **MONDAY, THE SECOND DAY OF JUNE NEXT.**
The Transfer Books will be closed from the 17th to the 31st day of May, both days included.
The Annual General Meeting of Stockholders will be held at the Banking House of the Institution on **WEDNESDAY, the 18th day of JUNE next.** The chair to be taken at noon. By order of the Board.
(Signed), D. COULSON, Cashier.
The Bank of Toronto, Toronto, April 23, 1890.

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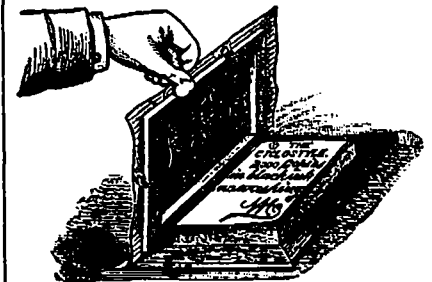
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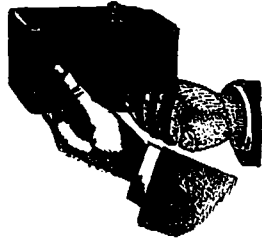


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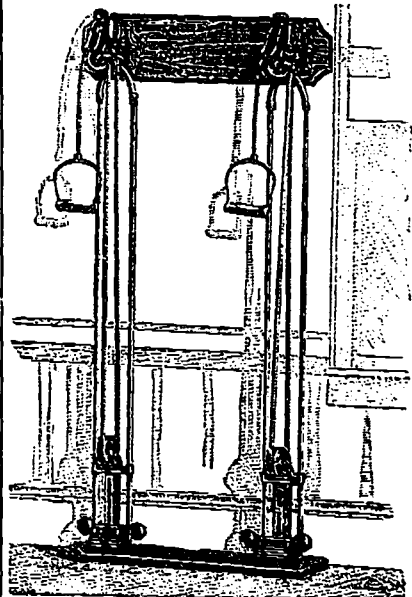
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Contest Continuing Seven Weeks. **1890.** FOURTH WEEK.

Is the Mowat Government worthy of a Renewal of Public Confidence? **YES.** **NO.**

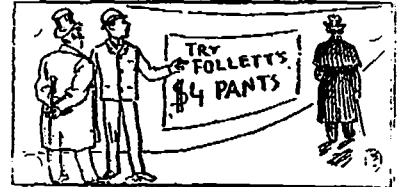
Score out the "Yes" or "No," according to your opinion; the word which remains indicates the vote. Cut the ballot out and return it to J. W. Bengough, GRIP Office, Toronto.

NAME OF GUESSER.

My guess as to the total No. of ballots that will be sent in, in this contest, is

P.O. Address.....

No.....



"Hello, there's Shapely."
 "How can you recognize him so far away?"
 "By the excellent fit of his clothes—he always gets them at Follett's, 183 Yonge Street."

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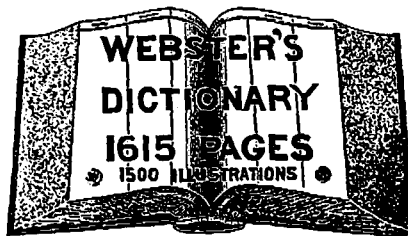
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