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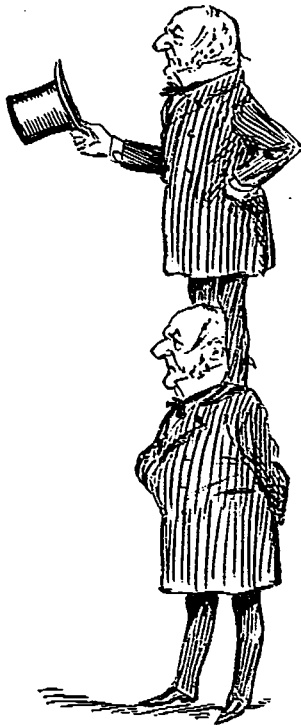
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No. 8.



**STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER!**  
LAURIER COMES TO THE RESCUE OF THE PROTESTANT MINORITY OF QUEBEC.



**"GLADSTONE ON HIMSELF."**

[Can this be what the *Mail* meant by the heading it put over the G.O.M.'s autobiographical remarks the other day.]

**SUSANNAH IN TOWN.**

III.

I'VE had a experience with a gas stove an' a city kitchen, an' I'm clean tuckered out. It aint that I don't know considerable of kitchens, but kitchens on the farm don't belong to the same set no how. You see it's this way. Sister Mary's hired girl is havin' holidays, an' we was kind of campin' out, an' me helpin' Mary red up the table an' sich, an' the washin' was goin' out to be done, an' we was gettin' on pretty nice. But last Monday word come from over in the States that Mrs. Muggs, that Mary was goin' to visit in September, wished she could fix and come right off on account of a weddin' that was sprung on her for September. Says Mary "I can't go." But I jest up and told her to go right on, an' I'd keep house fur Tom till the girl come back. Tom he was sot fur her to go too. "Me and Aunt Susannah'll manage fine," says he, "when we want a square meal I'll take her down to a resturant." So Mary fixed to get ready to go, and before getting her trunk packed, she showed me all about the "gas rings," as she calls 'em. They set right on a table, and go when you unwind 'em and set a match to 'em. They look as if they'd be a comfort, but land sakes, fur a day or two I'd ruther have burned pine in the old cook-stove at the farm and bring every armful of wood in to the wood-box myself. The first day I come down to get breakfast, Tom was readin' his paper by the settin' room window, an' I lit a match and unwound the tap-thing, but it never puffed and got little blue heads all around at all. I tried two matches an' then I called Tom and told him somethin' was wrong with that gas contrivance. He jest reached up an' turned on the tap at the brass thing, an' I never let on that I'd been expectin' it to go without any gas. It cooks pretty fine, an' is as quiet over it as a broodin' hen, but it's dreadful deceitful. Now you'd think things wouldn't get hot—plates an' tea kettle handles and the knife what you stir the fried potatoes with, but there's five reasons on my left-hand-(bein' as I'm

a left-handed body) why these last few days I keep a holder handy. City kitchens look easy to work in, but they're puttery little things mostly. I like a good bench out under the cherry trees, where I can sun the pails and pans and lean my dish pan up with the dish cloth hung over the edge. And then those little sinks—they aint big enough for any good. Before Mary got her gas fixin's I used to be forever scaldin' mp hands turnin' on the wrong tap for cold water. Now one's cold water and the other's colder—that's all the difference.

They get their milk in bottles here—jest one big one an' a little one—an' I declare it bothers one to make it do. It don't seem right not to have a pailful anyway. We always had more'n that—even ef the cows was shrinking—and the butter comes in little rolls, jest so many a week, an' Mary warned me about that butter. She has to be very careful, Mary has, John Snider didn't leave anything beyond his insurance and his debts, an' Tom's cost considerable to get eddicated.

I tried Mary's carpet-sweeper one day—never handled one before—an' I couldn't run it straight. It picked up a hairpin, two shoe-buttons and a salt-spoon jest running over my room and the dining-room, but it missed a good many crumbs and banged into the chairs pretty reckless. Tom was writing in the library (that's what they call their settin' room), an' he come out an' said he guessed the sweepin' machine must be out of order an' maybe I'd find a broom handier. He's got fine feelin's, that boy—takes after our side.

But fur all the new ways of doin' the same old things, we're gettin' on. I can make toast on the gas toaster now, an' Tom hasn't said anythin' more of goin' down town fur meals.

"Go it Auntie," says he, when I go flyin' around the house, an' remember he goes on dreadful solemn, "that this runs right in with your higher eddication." I'm tryin' to believe 'im, an' thinkin' a spell of women's rights an' wrongs while I'm peelin' the apples fur sass an' doin' fur that blessed nevy of mine that's so good to his old Aunty.

SUSANNAH.

**FAMOUS ENOUGH TO BE HONEST.**

JINKS (*on the rail*).—"I was talking with an eminent physician, in the smoker."

MRS. JINKS.—"What is his name?"

"He didn't mention it, and I did not like to ask."

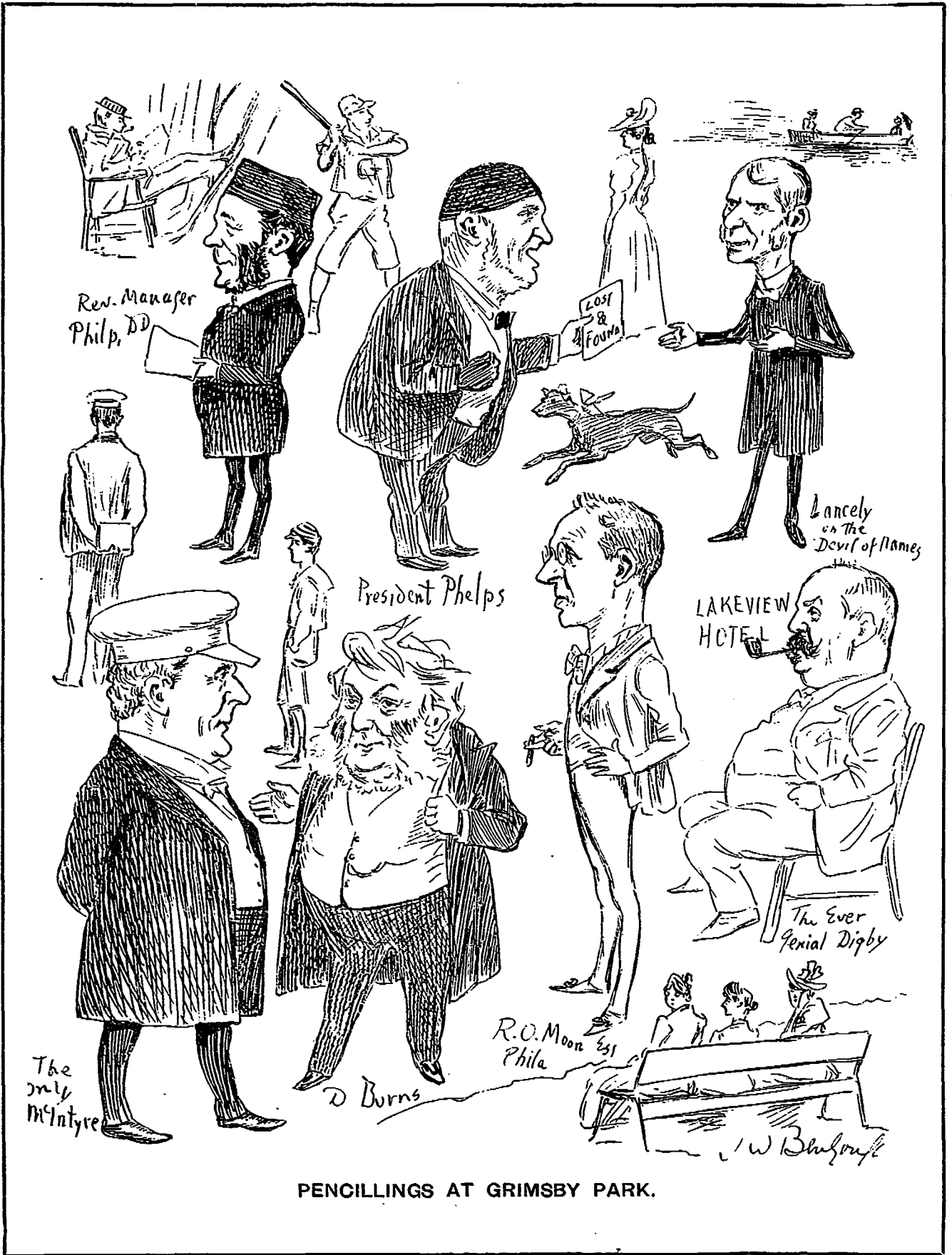
"Then why do you think he is an eminent physician?"

"I asked him what was the best cure for consumption, and he said he didn't know."



**THE FOURTH OF JULY.**

As Lt.-Col. Denison hopes soon to see it.



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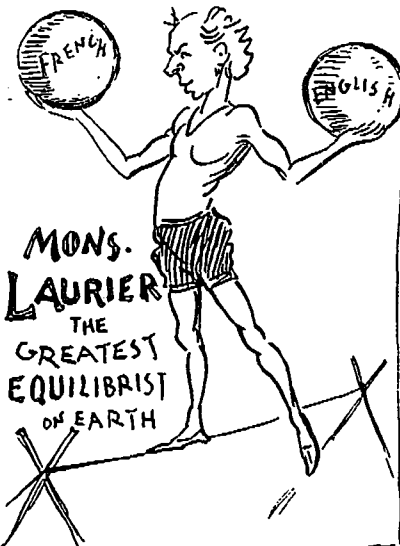
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PENCILLINGS AT GRIMSBY PARK.

# GRAND TOUR OF THE GREAT POLITICAL STAR



# WILFRID LAURIER.

*J. W. Beaton*

## THE GREAT VAUDEVILLE ARTIST ON TOUR.

### SUCCESS.

A MRS. ROBINSON of *malaprop* fame was the centre of a group of friends not long ago, the chief members of which were a newly engaged couple. Mary Rathbone, the girl in question, had hung long on the matrimonial tree, and had basked fully thirty summers in the mellowing sun before she was plucked by the "man of her heart." It is needless to say that this combination of circumstances made her peculiarly sensitive to criticism.

Mrs. Robinson, one of the kindest souls, didn't mean anything, but she felt she must make some appropriate remark about the couple, and her opportunity came when the conversational thought was at a low ebb. Sweetly turning to Mary Rathbone and her affianced, she remarked impressively:

"Well, Mary, you *did* get engaged at last, didn't you?"

### FOR FUTURE REQUIREMENT.

A WOMAN went before the judge and modestly enquired: "Your Honor, can I have a warrant for the arrest of my husband? He boxed my ears yesterday."

Judge: "Certainly ma'am, I will make out a warrant on the ground of assault and personal injuries."

Woman: "Can I fetch the warrant in about a month?"

Judge: "In a month? Why don't you take it at once?"

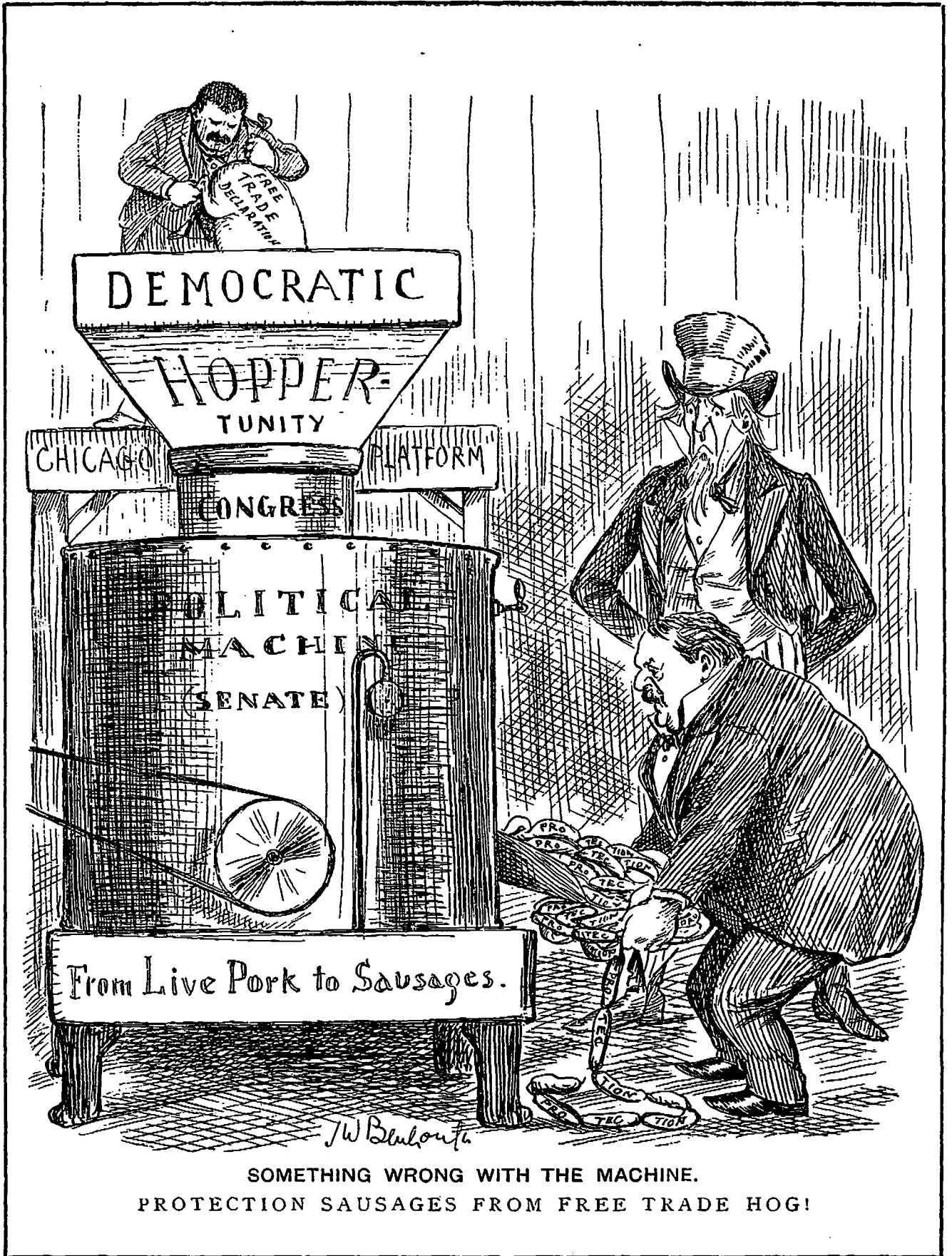
Woman: "Please, your honor, when my husband slapped my face, I took my rolling pin and hit him on the head, so that he had to be removed to the hospital. The doctors say, however, that he will be on his legs again in a month."

### FOR ALL THE SENSES.

ITS crown of leaves delight the eye,  
Its icy tinkle charms the ear,  
Its odor wakes a phantasy  
Of shades with plashing fountains near.  
Its taste!—what words can I employ?  
The powers of song halt weak, defied.  
And feeling?—heaven can give no joy  
To match the julep's soothing glide.

### FAMILIAR PHRASES APPLIED.

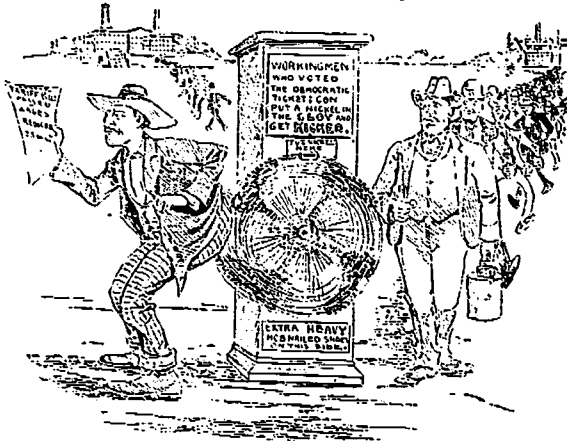
"HO, there," as the farmer said to his field hand.  
"By, by," as the clerk said to the customer.  
"Take a chair," as the dentist said to his patient.  
"Pardon me," as the criminal said to the Governor.  
"You're a corker," as the brewer said to the bottler.  
"Drop in some time," as the slot machine said to the nickle.  
"After you," as the policeman said to the sneak thief.  
"Come around next week," as Thursday said to the day before.  
"You make me tired," as the hired girl said to the Monday washing.  
"Step this way please," as the dancing master said to his class.  
"It's all up with you," as the sidewalk cleaner said to the roof cleaner.  
"Call again," as the poker player said to the other poker player.  
"Get on to it," as the bicycle teacher said to the nervous scholar.



SOMETHING WRONG WITH THE MACHINE.  
PROTECTION SAUSAGES FROM FREE TRADE HOG!



A POPULAR SLOT MACHINE.



THE NEWEST SLOT MACHINE.

[Invented by a Republican for the use and consolation of disgusted Democrats.]

PENCILLINGS AT GRIMSBY PARK.

BY the time that this week's GRIP has reached its more distant readers the season at Grimsby Park will have closed, and the summer birds will have fluttered away to the more prosaic duties of life in cities, towns and villages all over the continent. The thousands who have, as visitors or residents, been at the Park, will, no doubt, appreciate the pencillings herewith submitted, as a memento of what was in every case a pleasant outing. The fragmentary sketches of Park life here and there introduced will not be more easily recognized, probably, than the eminent individuals, who in one way or another have helped to make life there pleasant and profitable. Many more might, of course, have been introduced—more indeed, than could have been crowded into the available space. Banks, and Sunset, and Crafts and Chancellor Sims, and a great host of others have been "crowded out" of the peep, though they will have a sure place in the memory of the hearers of their lectures and sermons. The select remnants (who happened to be within eye-shot when our sketchist had his pad on his knee) will need no introduction to Grimsbyites. Commencing officially at the top, the popular manager, Dr. Phelps, and his ubiquitous ally, President Noah Phelps, are certainly as familiar to all as household words; the only Lancelot, with his quaint and suggestive lecture on "The Devil of Names," will be remembered as a bright star of the platform; Mr. R. O. Moon, one of the smartest of Philadelphia lawyers,—the finished orator who doesn't like to hear himself talk—has been a popular favorite at the park for a dozen years, as a private guest at the Lakeside Hotel; Dr. McIntyre, the preacher who last Sunday packed the temple fuller than it could hold; Dr. Burns, the friend of humanity, who is as good as he looks—and no eulogy could say more; and last, though not least, either in avoirdupois or in popularity, Manager Digby, of the Lakeside, obliging, attentive and ever at his post; these are some of the notables known to all, and the sketches, though hasty and defective, will serve to remind Grimsbyites of the pleasant season just drawing to a close, and to inspire the hope of a similar good time next summer.

A POOR BUSINESS.

WHEELER.—"Well, Jayson! So you've given up farming. How 's that?"  
 JAYSON.—"Very simple. In winter, when vegetables brought high prices, I couldn't raise any; and in summer, when I had plenty, they sold so cheap there was no profit in 'em."

THE NEWSPAPER WOMAN.

THE able young man of the *Telegram* administers a rebuke to a fair (yet unfair) contemporary in the following fatherly style:—

"Woman, lovely woman, is needed in the newspaper business to gently turn the edge of editorial bitterness and breathe her own kindly spirit into all the utterances of every well-conducted journal.

"Heads form theories that the feet kick holes in. Profession is formed by hope, and practice by the force of our fallen nature. The professions of woman in journalism are in keeping with her high and holy mission, but her practices coincide with instincts that may be lofty or may be low.

"A woman who writes for a morning paper has just given an example of the thoughtful tenderness, the sweet gentility, the lady-like kindness which are said to be characteristic of the newspaper woman.

"She visited a summer resort not far from Toronto. Not on mere pleasure bent was she. Ah, no! Her business was Professional with a capital P. The waiter girl displeased Her. The girl may have been tired or over-worked, or perhaps she neglected the August visitor to attend to guests who were less obviously superior.

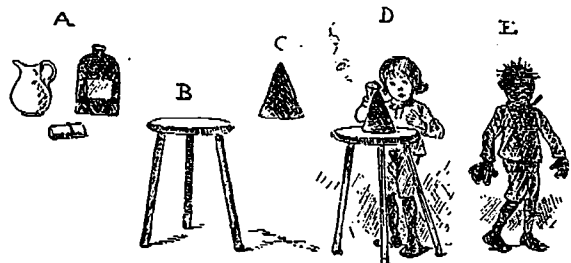
"A newspaper man would have probably had tact enough to get good service from the waiter. At all events he would not have avenged his wrongs in print, but not so the newspaper woman. That unfortunate waiter girl was pilloried in the woman's column. Her personal appearance was referred to in terms that would be offensive even if the newspaper deity whom she had offended was a Mrs. Langtry.

"An incident like this, trifling as it may be, is evidence that women can be mean upon provocation that would not stir a man. Individual character determines the quality of woman's influence in journalism, in politics or in anything else. If the individual be noble the influence will be good; if the individual be otherwise the influence will be ordinary."

AN OPENING.

THERE is a store in New York where a person may have a song set to music while he waits, for 50 cents or \$1. Here is an idea for Brother Simpson or Brother Eaton, or both. In a city which abounds in musical colleges and conservatories, it ought to be easy to select from the army of unemployed musicians as many talented composers as there is likely to be room for in the new profession.

If you want to go crooked take whiskey straight.



THE VOLCANO.

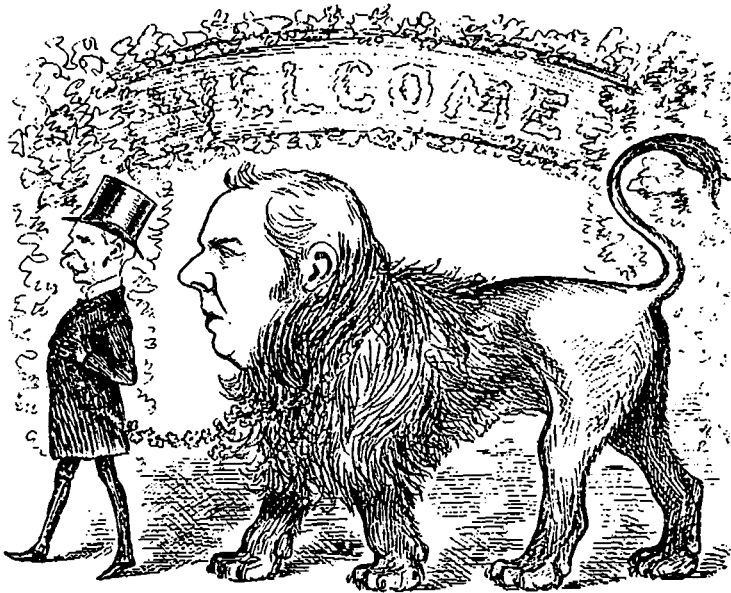
A. Represents a pitcher of Water, a flask of Gunpowder and a box of Matches.

B. Is a three-legged Stool on which to stand Volcano; if one cannot be procured the top of a grand piano will answer every purpose.

C. *The Volcano*, which is made by taking a handful of powder, mixing it with water and moulding it with the fingers into shape.

D. Apply a lighted match to the tip of the volcano—and the result (E) is invariably the same.





MAYOR KENNEDY'S LION OF A DAY.

AN EFFECTIVE DOSE.

OUR colored brother knows a good thing when he sees it," said the genial and witty McAnna as a group of us were "swapping yarns" at Grimsby. And to illustrate the remark he proceeded: "One day a darkey was laboring with a mule, which had taken a balking fit, and persistently refused to move. 'Rastus had exhausted every known experiment to overcome the stubbornness of the animal, even to the extreme of lighting a fire under him, but all in vain. The mule wouldn't budge. The exhausted colored pusson was about giving up in despair when the doctor happened along in his gig.

"What's the matter, 'Rastus?" he enquired.

"Dis yar muell done got balky an' I can't git him to move," replied 'Rastus. "Kin you help me any, doctor?"

"I guess I can," replied the medical man, alighting from his rig and producing a hypodermic syringe from his case. "I think *this* will fix him." So saying he jabbed the instrument into the animal's side and injected the medicine. The effect was instantaneous. Like a flash the mule was off and an instant later he was disappearing over a distant hill in a cloud of dust, while 'Rastus, having recovered consciousness, started off at top speed to catch the runaway. When the doctor drove to the top of the hill he could see the mule only as a faint speck on the distant horizon, while in the middle distance stood 'Rastus mopping his brow. "Doctor, look abere," said he between exhausted puffs, when the medico came up, "what was dat ar stuff you chucked into dat ar muell—ain it berry expenseful?" "No," said the doctor, "not very." "'Bout how much worf did you put into de muell?" "Oh, about ten cents worth, I suppose," replied the doctor. "Well, sah," said 'Rastus, as he plunged his hand into his pocket, "here's de money, an' I want you to put twenty cents worf into me right away 'case I got to catch dat ar animile or bust!"

A "SUM."

THE combined assets of the Rothchild family," we read, "are not less than \$2,000,000,000." Of course these honest people have worked and given value for every dollar they possess. An interesting problem for young Canada to solve would be to find out how many hundreds of years it would take 500 Rothchilds, earning five dollars a day, with no idle times, to earn the little wad above mentioned.

LOVE'S RESURRECTION.

"O H, Love is dead!" the maiden said,  
"Of hope hath he bereft me.  
My heart is free again, ah, me!  
My sweetheart's gone and left me!

"There was a time—oh, day sublime!  
When love seemed growing fonder,  
And we two then, adown the glen,  
In twilight used to wander.

"In church he'd wink—though you might think  
The place would overawe him—  
That's not much though, but still you know,  
I've witnesses who saw him!

"At home at night he'd sit and write  
Of Cupid's silken fetters!  
True love he'd vow—'m, yes; and now  
My lawyer's got those letters!

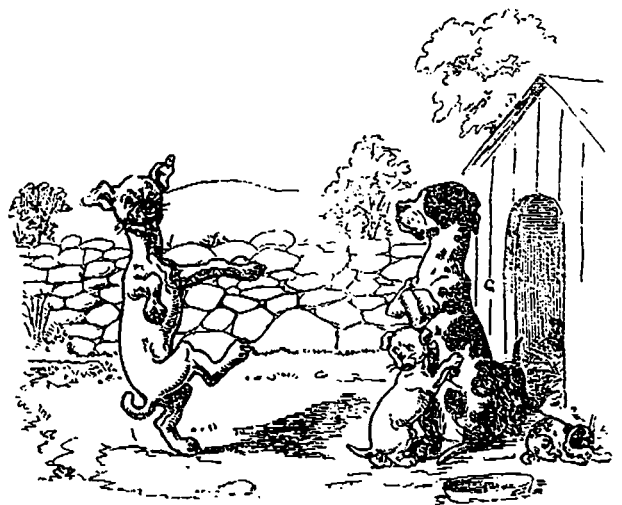
"He's been and wed Miss Jones instead,  
And laughs at all my fury;  
But he won't laugh so much by half  
Before a judge and jury!"

A JOCLAR JINGLE.

A DAME who was over particular,  
Seized forcibly by his auricular  
A self-engrossed dude,  
Who appeared to her rude,  
And spoiled his correct perpendicular.

NEW DOCTRINE.

IN his opening lecture on The Model House, at Grimsby, Rev. Dr. McIntyre declared his belief that in the case of those who are really wedded and not merely married, mated and not merely joined, marriage is eternal. He further declared his belief that no human soul in the better land beyond is left unmated. If the affinity is not found here it will be there. At this announcement it was noticed that the theologians present knitted their brows and shook their heads doubtfully. They were probably wondering what would be done about the cases in which certain fortunate mortals had found two or even three mates here on earth. But while the severe old reasoners frowned and doubted, it was a compensation to see the glad and blissful expression which beamed upon the faces of the maiden ladies in the audience.



IMITATING THE HIGHER ANIMALS.

"Aren't you ashamed of yourself, coming home in that state?"

"Shat's all right, my dear; had important business with some frens. Hoop-la!"

# JAPAN SCORES AGAIN.



### A CIVIC PATRIOTIC ODE.

**W**HAT'S the matter with Toronto?  
 She's all right!  
 Talk ruin if you want to,  
 She's all right!  
 Go to Island and to Park  
 See Toronto on a lark  
 And her buoyant spirit mark  
 She's all right.

Toronto's had hard times  
 But she's all right!  
 Some scarcity of dimes  
 But she's all right!  
 Ask them down at city hall  
 And they'll tell you that on call  
 We paid pretty nearly all,  
 O, we're all right!

Take Toronto's railway line  
 She's all right!  
 It's a veritable mine,  
 She's all right!  
 Sixty thousand dollars more  
 Than July the year before  
 Toronto's not so poor!  
 O! she's all right!

### INVERSE GENIUS.

**T**HE editor of the magazine was absorbed when the poet with the poem walked into the office. They had thus met frequently before, and the coming of the poet did not greatly disturb the editor, and he paid no attention to his visitor. At last the poet spoke.

"Good morning," was what he said.

"Ah!" responded the editor, "is that you? I am seeking food for thought."

The poet gave a hungry sigh as he laid a manuscript on the desk.

"I don't think I can help you on that line," he said, "but I can give you thought for food," and the editor helped the poet to get a meal.

"DOAN lose sight ob do fuchah too much," said Uncle Eben. "De man dat grabs de bigges' piece ob watah million ain' likely ter be de one dat gits de mos' invitations ter jine in when annuddah one's bein' cut."

THE latest strong language is—You lie like a despatch from the Chinese war!

### HOW SPITEFUL.

**F**IRST LADY: "Do you know the Baron to-day paid me the compliment of saying that I looked as young as a girl of eighteen?"

Second Ditto: "Really? Then the report that the Baron is growing blind proves correct after all."

### WELL KNOWN.

**I** WANT you to publish these poems in book form," said a seedy-looking man to a New York publisher.

PUBLISHER—"I'll look over them, but I cannot promise to bring them out unless you have a well-known name."

POET—"That's all right. My name is known wherever the English language is spoken."

"Ah, indeed! What is your name?"

"John Smith."

### HER WANTS.

**B**UTCHER—"Have you any orders this morning, madame?"

YOUNG WIFE (*who is keeping house*)—"Yes; that calf's liver you brought me last week was very fine. I want another one, but be sure and get it from the same calf, as my husband is very particular."

### THE BILL MAY FIT THE CRIME.

**C**LIENT (*angrily*).—"Say, this bill of yours is a downright robbery!"

**G**RAT CRIMINAL LAWYER (*who has won client's case*).—"So was your crime."

"CONSISTENCY," remarked the fly, "may be a jewel, but I fail to see it."

He made one more effort to advance through the molasses into which he had wandered, and then abandoned hope.

### HANDICAPPED BY HIS SURROUNDINGS.

**C**HAPLAIN.—"This prison is run on wise and modern plans. You can occupy yourself at the tasks you prefer. If you have a trade or a business, you can work at that. Have you one?"

**N**UMBER 2248.—"Yes, sir; but I don't s'pose there's much show fer me here; I was an aeronaut, boss."

**L**AWYER—"But, Madam, you certainly don't want any cheap notoriety?"

**D**IVORCE LITIGANT—"Yes; I must practice economy."



### THE GENTLEANNIE.

A queer biped found at some of the Summer Resorts.

PHENIX PUBLISHING COMPANY

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## CANADA'S GREAT FAIR.

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\* \*

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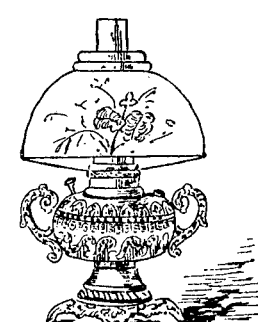
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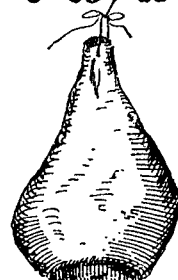


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