

IF YOUR  
 SOAP  
 IS MARKED  
 MORSE  
 IT IS AS  
 GOOD  
 AS YOU  
 GET FOR  
 MONEY



PURE  
 GOLD  
 GOODS  
 ARE AS  
 GOOD AS  
 PURE  
 GOLD.  
 ALL  
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 With large and sinewy hands,  
 And the muscles of his brawny arms  
 Are strong as iron bands."

"Sinewy hands and muscles, like iron  
 bands, are what athletes are trying  
 to develop."

The  
 Best  
 Athletes  
 of to day  
 use

Johnston's



Fluid



Beef

When training, and acknowledge it to  
 be the best muscle-forming and  
 strength-giving food.

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is averted, or if too late to  
 avert it, it is often cured and  
 always relieved, by

## Scott's Emulsion

the Cream of Cod-liver Oil.  
 Cures Coughs, Colds and  
 Weak Lungs. Physicians, the  
 world over, endorse it.

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 Scott & Bowne, Belleville. All Druggists.  
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 Business will be lively, and if  
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EDITED BY J. W. BENGOUGH

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No. 1051

*The Unauthorized Reproduction of our Cartoons and Small Cuts is Prohibited in the Dominion.*

No. 3.



' WE HOLD UP BOTH HANDS FOR PROTECTION!'

(Vide Letter by Mr. Ronald, a Protected Manufacturer, in the *Empire*.)

YES; THE HANDS OF THE CONSUMER!

THE WRITER OF "JUNIUS."



MR. GRIP:—

SIR: You have no doubt seen the announcement that the writer of the celebrated "Junius" letters has, after a century of searching, conjecturing, arguing and guessing, been identified beyond any reasonable question. A book is to be shortly issued in London in which the proofs will be submitted, vindicating the judgment of Macaulay, who, you will remember, insisted that Sir Philip Francis was the man. This long delayed discovery I personally greet with feelings of satisfaction, as it will save me the trouble of making

further denials of the authorship myself. I don't know why I should ever have been suspected of being "Junius," unless because of two accidental circumstances—first, that I happen to have been about for the last century or so; and second, that during all this time I have been somewhat given to writing letters to the newspapers. On the other hand, there are at least three points which would quite outweigh these in support of the opposite conclusion in the opinion of any sagacious critic, viz.: 1. My well known—I may even say proverbial—loyalty would make me incapable of using my pen against the powers that be, however much they might deserve to be attacked; 2. My literary style differs from that of "Junius" in several important particulars, as any competent person who will take the trouble to compare us may discover, and 3. I always write over my own name, a practice which I may take this opportunity of recommending to "Fair Play Radical," "Constant Reader," "Subscriber," "Pro Bono Publico," and all the rest of them. I regard anonymous letters as cowardly, and although "Junius" was a very talented writer, I for one would have had a higher opinion of him if he had signed his real name, which let me say once more, was not

CH-RL-S U-R-ND.

ROMANCE AND REALISM.

EXTRACT FROM A LECTURE BY PROF. HAPPYTHOT.

ONE of our poets has said "Men are but children of a larger growth."

The truth of this statement is attested by the fact that man never outgrows the faculty of romance or wonderment, which, in childhood, gives a story such power to charm. Everyone of you can recall the thrill of delight with which you nestled, amid other eager listeners, at the feet of some Gamaliel whose budget of stories was reputed to be inexhaustible.

A story! At the very sound the imps and elves and brownies of your imagination sent tingling messages of happy anticipation along every nerve of your little body. Some painter, like the masterly Millais, would find a subject worthy of his brush in catching childhood upon his canvas just at this climax moment. He would have his favorite model at its best, if he succeeded in catching the expression just before the inevitable "Once upon a time."

In my own less dainty way let me attempt the task of depicting the juvenile listener ready to absorb a story. Granny Goodsoul is about to bring forth from her treasures of fiction, things new and old, but new preferred. And the more fiction to the square inch the better. Mark the expression of intense interest on the face of the listener, an expression which mirrors the varying sensations of the lively imagination within. The story is perhaps a tale of wonderland—the eyes denote it.

Or it has a touch of humor, and the mouth responds.

Or it may be full of palpitating pathos, and the ready tears acknowledge it.



Or it may deal with hair-breadth 'scapes and desperate ventures, and the eyebrows mark the sympathy felt for the hero.

Or it may deal with grisly ghosts and goblins, and the hair rises up in recognition thereof.

Yes; there is a marvellous charm for youth in a story— if it be only a big enough whopper. Let the imagination run riot. Fling probability and possibility to the winds; banish the humdrum creatures of Reality, and call up giants and dwarfs, goblins, ghouls and fairies from the realms of the Romantic, if you would delight the expanding brain, and slake the thirst for knowledge in the



nursery.

And if you have the making of their pictures, let the same rule guide you. Lay your colors on thick. Remember that the Town of Wonderland is painted red. Dip a fantastical brush in preternatural colors, and cover your canvas with the impossible, the grotesque, the wonder inspiring, that's how to meet the normal juvenile taste.



I am aware, of course, that childhood is going out of fashion, and the space between the rattle and the cigarette in the case of little boys, or the interval between long dresses in the case of little girls is becoming shorter and shorter. Nowadays the juvenile publications feed their readers on pictures and print that would have been quite too strong for our grandfathers in their prime. The world is moving rapidly. What with kindergartens, graded schools and science annexes, the beautiful era of childhood is growing "small by degrees and unbecomingly less."

But, after all, Harper's Young People and St. Nicholas, notwithstanding their advanced æstheticism, know more about catering for the young than did those well meaning authors of the old fashioned Sunday School books. Do you suppose any boy or girl was ever fascinated with the dry, literal commonplace stories told in venerable type on dingy paper in those old marbled backed books that you recall now with a cold shiver? It was fiction, of course—especially the true tales of the series—but destitute of the element of fancy. And the pictures? You remember them.

There was little Johnny Trulygood, who used to go forth in a wood engraving of the old style, in a suit of clothes something after this fashion.

And the heroine, a child of even more prim and prudish appearance, who used to look like what the little girls nowadays would call a "perfect fright."

These denizens of the old Sunday School libraries failed to capture the attention of the living boys and girls, because they were set forth as realities. They might have been a success had the authors represented them as specimens of the juvenile population of the moon, for that would have excited curiosity at least.

How much more interest old Giant Bugaboo has for the youthful fancy! Let me picture him here by way of contrast. And I may suggest that the figures may be connected so as to illustrate the fact that the new literature of childhood has superseded the old; or if we may use the expressive slang of the day:—ROMANCE thus gets away with REALISM.





A NICE MAN, BUT OUT OF A JOB.

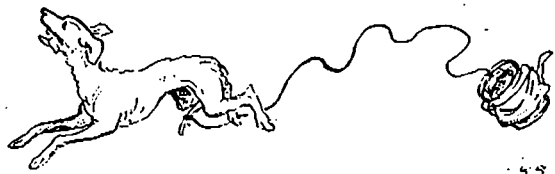
LAURIER: "It's most gratifying, I assure you, madam, to hear you speak of me as a scholar, a gentleman, a statesman, a clean handed leader, a large hearted patriot, etc., etc.. but if these are your sentiments, isn't it remarkable that you do not avail yourself of my services?"

The passion for a story is just as strong in each of us now, as it ever was, and, in a great majority of cases, I venture to assert you have the juvenile preference in the matter of fiction—you like it good and hot—highly seasoned with the Romantic. At all events it is notorious that Rider Haggard's books sell better than those of the Realist writers. I suppose you have all read "She;" it's an extremely attractive story and this is rather remarkable for you know SHE'S are generally hard to read. When we take up a story by way of relaxation from the business of life, we prefer that our author shall take us on a wonderland pilgrimage behind the winged horses of fancy, rather than that he shall occupy us with elaborate experiments in the pseudo-medical line of dissecting motives and impulses. The analysis may be very clever, but what we hanker for is exhilaration, not analysis.

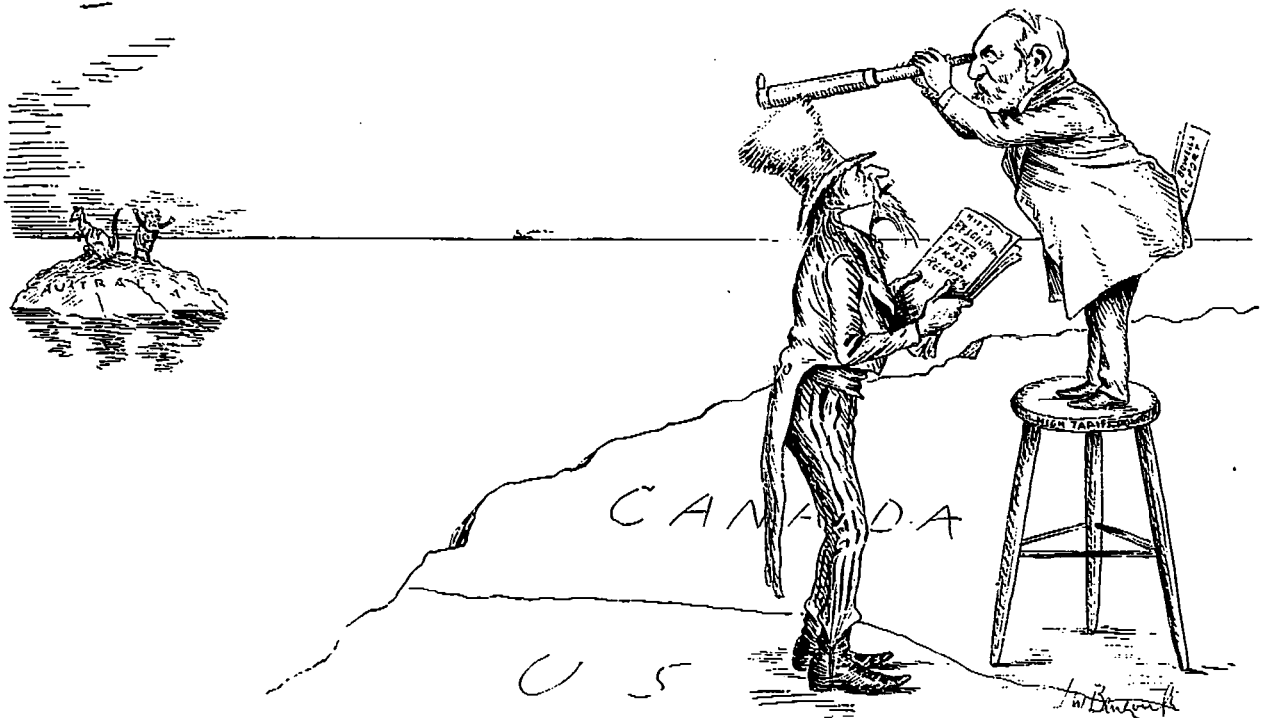


POOR LO!

L O, the Bengala, whose untutored mind,  
 Thinks Cecil Rhodes both civilized and kind,  
 And finds it very hard to understand  
 Why darkies may not live in darkey land.  
 Poor artless chap, he never had been told  
 That Justice oft gives way to greed of gold:  
 Nor did he know that it was heaven's will  
 That Chartered Companies should rob and kill  
 The native tribes who would their homes defend,  
 That our own glorious empire might extend!



"AN UNFORTUNATE ATTACHMENT."



A GLORIOUS TRADE PROSPECT ABROAD.

THAT'S ALL RIGHT; WE'RE GLAD TO HEAR IT; BUT WHY OVERLOOK OUR NEAREST NEIGHBOR?

MR. MILLS ON THE RAGGED EDGE.

HON. David Mills made a speech a few days ago at Wallaceburg. It was a very good speech, too; having for its principal themes two profoundly important questions, to wit, the unconstitutionality and inexpediency of Gerrymandering, and the desirability of avoiding anything like race and creed strife in Canada. It was in illustrating the latter subject that the Hon. David for a moment wandered away from the plain, matter-of-fact style which so well befits the philosopher, and indulged in a figure of speech. He said: "Geographically we are stretched out for 4,000 miles—a ragged edge upon the border of the great republic." We have no particular objection to the orator stretching us out 4,000 miles (although there is reason to believe that this would douce some of us into the Atlantic on the East and somemore of us into the Pacific on the West)—but we are not satisfied with the adjective "ragged." The population of the Dominion is certainly distributed along the southern margin of the country, and so may be said to be an "edge" upon the border of the States, but why call it a "ragged edge?" This is what the Empire might with some justice call running down the country, if Mr. Mills meant the word as descriptive of the hard times and the evidence thereof as presented in the habiliments of the average Canadian at the present time. But he may not have meant it in that sense. It is more probable that it was a figurative way of describing the customs regulations, which Mr. Erastus Wiman so often and graphically refers to as a "barbed-wire fence," but as there was no other reference to Tariff Reform in the speech, this also may be a mistaken conjecture. Our own view is that the hon. gentleman didn't mean anything in particular when he dropped in this adjective; he just wanted to be a little ornate for once in a way. But it just shows how unwise it is for philosophers to monkey with poetry.

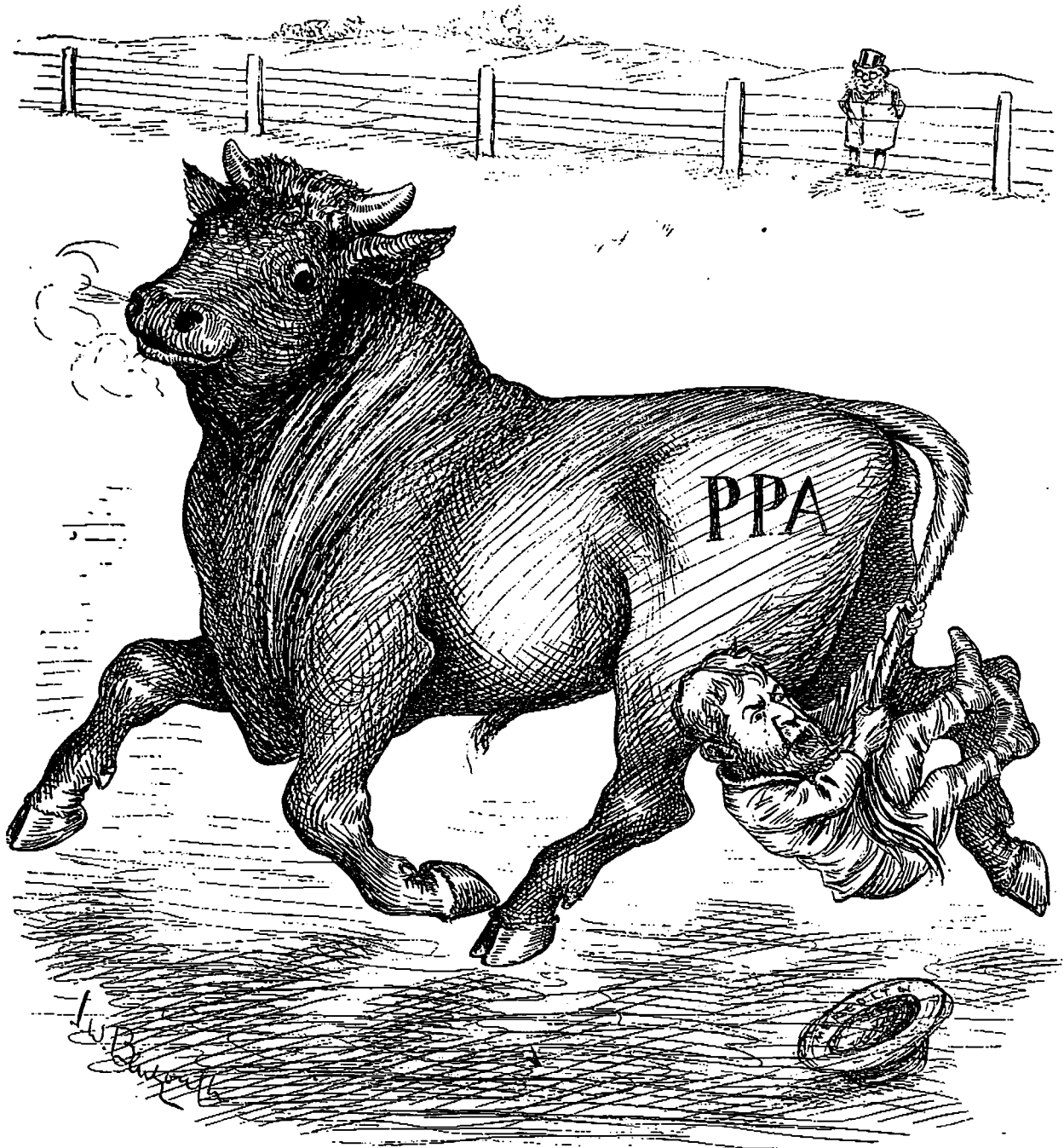
THE HOWLAND LEAGUE.

GRIP invites his readers in and out of Toronto to send him postal card expressions of their views of his suggestion as to the formation of the Howland League. As a fitting memorial of the late Mr. Howland it was proposed to form a League composed of all who will agree to contribute to a Fund for Charitable and Mission work at the rate of, say, five cents per week. This, we know, is the sort of monument or memorial Mr. Howland himself would have preferred. Let us know what you think of it, friends. Who will join the League?



ADVANTAGES OF EDUCATION.

DR. PULLER (the Dentist, irately): "Hold on, there; you've forgotten to pay me for pulling that tooth."  
 CUSTOMER: "Pay? I'll see you hanged first. Don't that sign say you extract 'em free? Think I can't read?"



**A DELICATE SITUATION.**

MEREDITH—"I WISH I COULD DECIDE WHICH WOULD HURT THE MOST, HOLDING ON OR LETTING GO!"



**SUICIDE—LEGAL AND ILLEGAL.**

**WORKER:** "Here, policeman, arrest that laborer. He's working over eight hours a day, and thereby committing slow suicide, and self-murder is against the law."

**POLICEMAN:** "I can't interfere. The law only takes notice of the quick sort o' suicide."

**A SLIGHT MISTAKE.**

"Is this the dentist's?" said the big man with the big swelling on the side of his face.

"Yes."

"You the boss here?"

"Yes."

"How much to pull out a tooth?"

"Fifty cents," said the dentist, "patent painless process, two dollars."

"Wall, I guess I'll have the two dollar pull,—sure it won't hurt?"

"Quite sure," said the dentist, "take a seat."

He promptly complied and the dentist after injecting something into the gum, placed his tweezers on the deceased tooth and gave a little preliminary yank.

That yank brought the patient off the chair. He remarked "blue murder!" in a voice that made the windows bulge.

The dentist was startled. He said, "What's the matter with you? What are you yelling at?"

"See here, mister," said the visitor in a decided voice. "You don't do any more painless work on me; I'm going to have that tooth pulled out in the old-fashioned painful style, it don't hurt half so much as this new invention, and I should advise you to be sudden about it or there will be some trouble in this dentist shop. See."

Then he sat down and held on to the chair, and the dentist jerked the tooth out, and reluctantly accepted fifty cents for the job.

A little while after when that dentist was straightening up his tools and discovered that he had injected the wrong fluid, he smiled till you could see the gilding on his wisdom teeth.

**MRS. LEASE**, who as a reward for her services to the cause of the Peoples' Party, was given a position on the State Board of Charities, did something the Governor of the State didn't like and was officially "named" by that functionary. That is to say, she was re-leased.

**MEN OF MOMENT.**



**MR W. C. VAN HORNE.**

**UNCLE SAM'S SCARE.**  
*Story of a recent Diplomatic Misunderstanding.*  
**IN TWO FYTTES.**

**FYTTE I.**

Mackenzie Bowell coming home  
Across the western sea,  
Reached Honolulu, and at once  
Said to himself, said he:  
"Now here's a chance which to forego  
I trow would be a sin,  
To tally this queer piebald crowd  
And rope Kanakas in."

He stopped the good ship Arawa  
A whole day and a night,  
Till he had trysted with the men,  
And got his speech all right.  
He blarneyed Dole (the man whose seat  
Old Grover makes unstable),  
And dazzled him with prospects grand  
Of commerce and a cable.

"From such a simple talk no man  
Wrong inference can draw,"  
Said Bowell, as he sailed away  
In the good ship Arawa.

**FYTTE II.**

But Uncle Sam considered it  
Might disarrange his plans:  
In fact that speech raised "Merry Cain"  
With the Americans.  
A strong remonstrance, sharply phrased,  
To Ottawa was sent,  
And Gresham asked, in accents wild,  
What Bowell could have meant.

The man from Illinois opined  
That he was no man's fool:  
He smelt a rodent—an intrigue  
Of Mister Johnny Bull.  
"Mackenzie's half a Scot," said he,  
And no doubt cute and canny;  
You bet your neck he's making up  
To Lil-o-o-kalani!

John Thompson grinned within his sleeve,  
And promptly sent a letter:  
The allegation he denied,  
And guyed the allegator.  
He said to Cleveland and his man,  
"I can't conceive, me boys,  
How Bowell's little break could have  
Created such a noise.

He's not a plotter, not a bit,  
He ain't that kind o' man.  
Be aisy! If you can't, then be  
As aisy as you can."

**L'ENVOY.**

The note, they say, was flled away,  
And to the Archives went—  
That note so full of Yankee scare,  
The note that Gresham sent.  
And, lest it might some germ contain,  
Of choleraic taint,  
'Twas fumigated—for it was  
A kind of "Bowell complaint."

*A. M. R. G.*

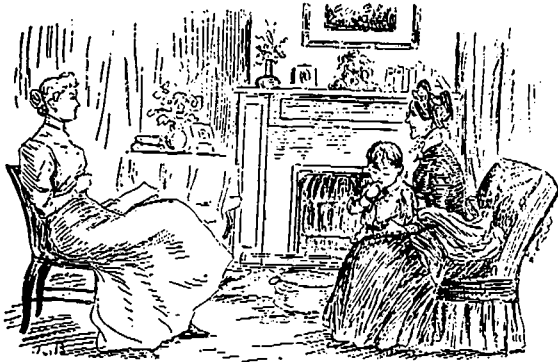
**CONGRATULATIONS.**

Dr. Smuck, a Wentworth county practitioner, has been mulcted in \$2,000 damages for idly toying with the heart of Miss Jenny Young with matrimonial intentions.—[Ex.

Miss Jenny Young, I wish you luck  
In not becoming Mrs. Smuck;—  
I wouldn't such a name have tuck  
For twice two thousand dollars!

*Josephine.*





**THE NEW PROFESSION.**

AUNT MIDDLEMISS: "What do you think of makin' of him when he grows up?"

BOBBY'S MA: "Oh, I don't know. That's a matter that is giving us great anxiety."

AUNT M.: "Why not make a Royal Commissioner of him. I understand it is good pay and light work, and a most respectable kind of business!"

**RECENT DESIRABLE ADDITIONS TO THE LIBRARY.**

**H**AMILTON'S Sublastrine Aqueducts; Their Cause and Cure, with Methods of Preventing a Recurrence of the Disease (100 copies). Mowat's Evidences of Prohibition Sentiment among the Common People, showing how little it amounts to Anyhow (50 Copies). Bryce on Vaccine Virus, accompanied by carefully prepared Tables proving that it pays well to Vaccinate (50 copies). Ross' Elucidation of the Theory of Dismissals, explaining minutely why they do not occur more Frequently (100 copies). Fleming's Considerations on the Moral Effects of Defeat (1 copy). Kennedy, Success and how to Achieve it, with both feet (4 copies). Hughes' Denial; This truly philosophical work in six vols. is sufficient to convince the most dispassionate that the writer has never been Grand Master of the P.P.A. (75 copies). Bain on Baldheadedness, being a successful attempt to make manifest that etiquette demanding "hats off" in the Reading room, etc. (5,000 copies). Macdonald (E. A.) Thoughts on Newton's Theory of Gravitation, with a Full Reply to the question, Can-al(l) be Lost? (9 copies). Chapman's Suggestions for the Immediate Appointment of another Deputy-Assistant-Sub-Supernumerary and wholly superflous Inspector so-called (10 copies). Hallam's Brief Autobiographical Sketches, including chapters on Me and Taylor, Me and the Mayor, Me and the Committee (1,000 copies). Harcourt; How to shut up Dorian, or Lymph-atic Meditations written with a steel point, about "point" steals (50 copies). Creighton; McWherralisms for the (m)asses (90 copies). McKenzie on The Bacteria and Bacilli of Aqueous Origination, with special reference to Toronto Bay, Describing 923 new Species, with Plates,\* (1 copy). Meredith's Investigations as to the Waning Popularity of the Grit Machine, with Suggestions as to the superiority of a New Device patented by his Firm; numerous cuts (90 copies). Ryan and Lindsay on The Fee-udal System (15 copies). Gibson; The Future of the Ambitious Little City, a novel with a purpose (15 copies). McLean; The Responsibility of the Street Railway Co. for the Desecration of the Sabbath (250 copies). Ryerson's Lamentation on the Decay of Public Virtue and the Increase of Nepotism, Uncleism, Father-in-lawism, Fatherism, Sonism, Brotherism, Brother-in-lawism, Brother-in-law's-motherism, Rejected Candidateism and Retired M.P. P.ism, with Special Reference to the Superiority of U. S. Loyalism as compared with Bare-legged-Highlanderism (1,850 copies). Anglin on Royal Commissions, urging the appointment of

\* Plates in this instance means pictures--not flat or concave discoidal dishes.—Ed.

a; Permanent Royal Commissioner (1 copy). Tait; Our Bread, On which side is it Buttered? (300 copies). Whitney on the Possibilities of the Near Future (5 copies). Ross; An Essay on the Way to Wealth, Pointing out the advantages of the Surro-Gate over other Gateways (21 copies). Coatsworth's Misrepresentation; Its Causes and Effects (200 copies). Hodgins; The Perils and Adventures of an Ornamental Historiographer at \$2,000 per annum (75 copies). Marter; Toronto as a place residence superior to Muskoka, with Reflections on the Drink Problem (3 copies). Wylie; A Poem, "Oh! Why left I my Home?" (3 copies). Clarke on Utter Failures as Public Men in the Legislature (3 copies).

**GOOD OLD DAYS.**

MEEKINSON—"The sun stood still at the command of Joshua."

OLDBOY—"Oh, yes; children were obedient in those days."

**U. S. AND HAWAII.**

**M**R. GROVER CLEVELAND, hain't you made a mess With this job of rescuing beauty in distress? Your idee, of course, was good, but it looks to us squ-gee To see the great Republic fixing up a monarchy. And so it seems thinks Congress, which bids you "stop righ thar," And leave Hawaii matters exactly as they were.

**AT LINDSAY.**

SCHOOLTEACHER.—Johnny Smith, parse "member."

JOHNNY.—"Member" is a noun, common, plural—"

TEACHER.—No; not plural.

JOHNNY.—Well, if you mean a member like Sam Hughes he's "We," and that's plural.

TEACHER.—I'm afraid you can't parse, Johnny.

JOHNNY.—Well, nobody can't parse him anywhere without gittin' into a scrap.



**THE MASCOT AT OTTAWA.**

**DUET.**

THE MASCOT: "When you get up another show,"

REV. GRACE: "I will not run so many chances,"

THE MASCOT: "You'll have the Guv'nor there, you know,"

REV. GRACE: "And keep an eye on the ex-pen-ses!"

"They've eaten all the profits up!

Gobble! Gobble! Gobble!

For Holy Church there's not a sup,

Gobble! Gobble! Baa!"

(They weep on each other's necks).



OUR DOMINICK.

MAY HIS MISSION PROSPER!

**POLLY PENCHERMAN ON THE MONEY SITUATION.**

UNTIL lately I knew very little about money except spending it, but as nobody talks anything else now but hard times and poverty, I've been picking up all I can on the subject.

What puzzles me most is, where in the world all the money everybody once had has gone to. I did think perhaps it had got burnt up, but my brother Sam says he thought everyone but a born idiot knew that for every paper-dollar-bill issued the banks had a gold one. I must say this surprised me, and I do think it really silly of banks not to use nice gold dollars (if they really have any) that we could wash, instead of the dirty, greasy bills that perhaps are (if we used a microscope) alive with diphtheria and typhoid microbes.

Faither says that "all the trouble began with the banks in Australia failing, and that most of them had to shut up." What a frightful position it must be for the girls in that far-away land, fancy what society would be without bank clerks, it's bad enough, goodness knows, when the managers are married men, but Australia is so far off I can't see why it affects Canada any more than I can understand why having too much silver makes money scarce. Of course, as a matter of choice, I don't care to do much shopping with half-dollar pieces and quarters; still if they were all the money that was going I'd take them, I don't think it's right to be too fastidious in hard times, and when you see the men of the family worrying over an over-plus of silver, I say that's the time for a girl to show what she's made of, and fashion or no fashion get her dressmaker to put two pockets in her new gown. What is a pocket more or less, when it can be a means of carrying the burdens of our fathers? If they're too much for weak Yankee girls to carry, why can't they go to gymnasiums and work up their muscles? For my part, though, I've not seen too much silver or any other money lately, and it's positively agonizing when the shops have such lovely bargains. I'm dreadfully anxious to help in some charitable things lately and I made up my mind to do the housemaid's work and go without a new dress to help some poor people I know of, but Betty begged me not to let ma send her home, as her father was out of work, and my dressmaker actually sent round to see if I could'n't give her some work and she said that if all the ladies who could afford it, gave up getting clothes, the

dressmakers would have to starve or be beggars. It really is almost as hard to know the right kind of economy as it is for young men to find situations.

Some people say it's the World's Fair that has done it all, and the strikes, and wheat being too cheap, and rail-ways too dear, and that Canada is the best off country in the world. That's very hard to understand, but I'm glad that for once dear old Canada is appreciated by the outside world and "Herself."

*J. M. Loos.*

**IRISH WIT.**

*(An actual fact, in South Ontario.)*

"HA, my joker!" exclaimed Tim Sullivan, as he drove a wedge home with peculiar effect into a large block of a tree. "Are you makin' him laugh, Tim?" asked Pat Foley. "Laugh, is it?" rejoined Tim. "Troth, I'm makin' him split his sides laughing!"

**FROM HIS NOTE BOOK.**

"THE next arrangement I make for the publication of reading-books will be on a much broader and better foundation. The last one was too much in the narrow Gage style."

—G. W. R.

**'CUTE OLIVER.**

As a delicate and dainty way of asking Miss Ontario to be his Valentine for another term the ingenious Sir Oliver has fixed upon the 14th of February as the opening day of the session of the Legislature.

**GEOGRAPHICAL.**

Mrs. BROWN.—Oh, what a lovely cape, when did you get it?

Mrs. WHITE.—At Christmas. Dear George gave it to me. I've been coaxing so long for it, but I knew I would get it!

Mrs. BROWN.—I suppose you call it the Cape of Good Hope, then.



HAMILTON, A. D. (Stewart) 1894.

THE NEW MAYOR (a famous athlete, to the new council): "Now, gentlemen, let me give you due notice that there's going to be order at this Council Board. The first member who infringes this rule will get a knock-out, or I'm no adept at the manly art."

PHENIX PUBLISHING COMPANY

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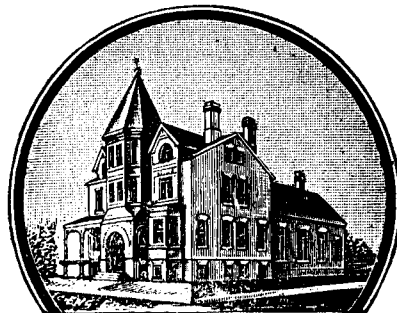
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