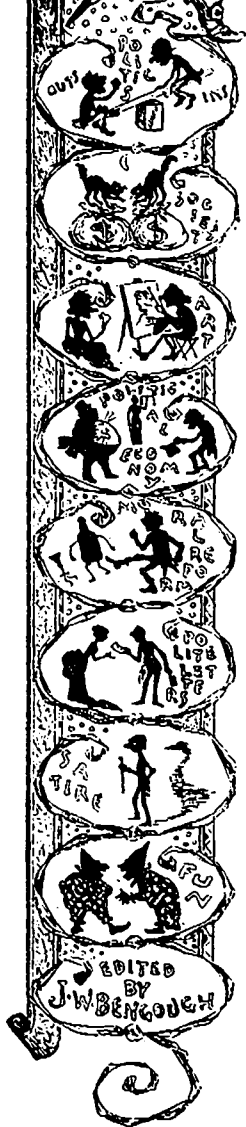


FOUNDED 1847

INDEPENDENT JOURNAL OF HUMOR AND CARICATURE



WOMAN'S SPHERE.

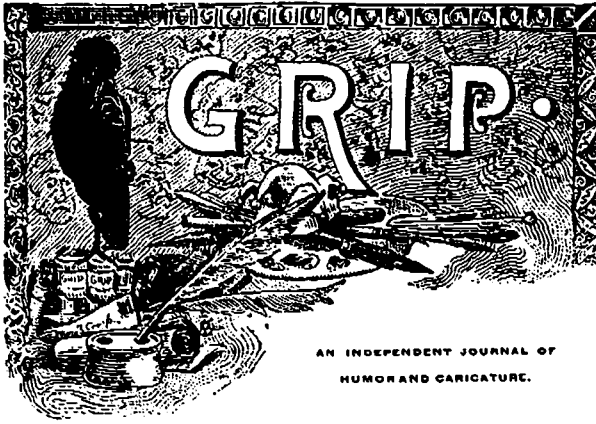
THE ATTORNEY-GENERAL, ONTARIO.—"Er—personally, I may say, I regret it, but you see the Legislature is still of opinion that woman's proper sphere is to look after the babies, and not to vote."

SUFFRAGIST.—"So it is; and yonder are a couple of political babies that require looking after in the worst way, but we must be enfranchised before we can take charge of them!"

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Comments on the Cartoons.



THE ONE-MAN-POWER.—The characteristic tendency of the present day is in the direction of concentration. It is in obedience to this impulse that we have trusts, combines and consolidations in business, and we fail to see that the principle might not be applied with equal success in politics. Indeed, so far as the Federal Government of Canada is concerned, the principle is already in operation. We doubt if there exists anywhere a more complete combine than is here presented. The whole power and authority centers in one man—Sir John A. Macdonald. For several years past he has to all intents and purposes been the autocratic ruler of the country, though he has administered our affairs through

a cumbersome Parliamentary system. What GRIP begs respectfully to suggest now is that this clumsy contrivance be done away with in the interests of economy and the despatch of business. Seeing that the only function of Parliament (or a decided majority, which amounts to the same thing) is to carry out the will of the One Man, the only question to decide is how can this be done most easily and cheaply? The country's financial condition does not seem to warrant the expense of the present plan, which involves the payment of some hundreds of legislators (so called) and an army of sessional clerks and other officials. Isn't the inventive genius of the age equal to the production of a couple of automatic figures which could, by means of ingenious internal machinery, be made to decide weighty questions in accordance with our One Man's wishes by dropping a vote in obedience to his pulling of a string? If so, then our present Commons and Senate are a wicked and indefensible waste of money—not to mention time and wind. The man who opposes this proposition

is no friend to the country's purse. It may, of course, be pleaded that, constitutionally, Canada has no right to be ruled by One Man. Very true; but in the immortal words of Cleveland, "It is not a theory which confronts us, it is a condition." We are so ruled; and while present facts continue, Parliamentary forms and ceremonies are a mere legal fiction.

WOMAN'S SPHERE.—Mr. Waters' Bill in favor of extending the political franchise to those classes of women which at present enjoy the power of voting in municipal affairs, has been once more defeated in the Ontario Assembly. The argument against the measure was as able as the advancing intelligence of the world will permit, but when boiled down to its essential elements it meant that women should be denied full political rights because they are—women. The majority of the House echoed and endorsed the elderly opponent of the Bill who admonished the women folks to stay home and mind the babies, which function, he hinted, was their real and only one. In this he was astray, to our thinking. The domestic realm is, of course, woman's special charge, but there are babies in the political world, too, that require looking after in a motherly fashion, for there are wrongs in the political world which have a most intimate influence on the home. One of the greatest questions of the present day is the liquor traffic, and where is the home that does not suffer more or less from it? Should woman, the chief sufferer, have nothing to say upon this question? And what can she say effectively without the ballot in her hand?



HON. Mr. Foster acquitted himself most admirably in his Budget speech. Finance is not the most attractive subject that could be chosen for a display of oratory, although it affords scope for figurative language, and the Budget speaker who can succeed in keeping his audience awake is entitled to congratulation. Mr. Foster did much more than this; he managed to

keep Parliament interested. Sir Richard Cartwright, at all events, fairly "hung upon his lips," though it may, perhaps, be fairly doubted whether this was because he was thrilled with the classic periods of the Minister. From the way in which he "went for" that devoted personage, as soon as he got the floor, we should judge that he had been just watching for weak spots. Needless to say he found some,—small blame to Foster. The speech, in short, meant this: No reduction of expenditures; no probability of increased receipts; no relief to the overburdened taxpayer; no response in the shape of tariff changes to the discontented manufacturers. Nothing but the mixture as before—with the Old Flag, of course. To have sung this dirge with anything approaching the sweetness of the nightingale is indeed a tribute to the ability of our new Finance Minister.

ISN'T there some ambiguity here? The *Globe* correspondent at the Capital says:—"Mr. Charlton followed after recess, and made a convincing and exhaustive address that it would be folly to summarise here." If a summary of John the Noble's speech would be "folly," are we to understand that the speech itself was, notwithstanding its convincing and exhaustive character, devoid of good sense?

THE Hon. Mr. Tupper has information (which he conveyed to the House the other day) to the effect that the wages of workingmen in England have lately been reduced 100 per cent. What a pity the young gentleman had not sent this remarkable bit of news to his friends the

Republicans for use in their late campaign across the lines. It would have been a clincher on the subject of "English pauper labor," sure enough!

* * *

THE Eastern Question has long been an insoluble conundrum to the world, and now the Western Question looms upon the horizon of Methodism. It is "How in the mischief did the *Mail* get hold of that report of the Jeffrey trial?"

* * *

IT was good to see Hon. Edward Blake arise in his accustoming place in the House to-day, even if it was only to present a petition from the millers of Bowmanville asking for an increase of the duty on flour."

This brief extract from the *Globe's* Ottawa correspondence expresses with something of pathos the sentiment of the country toward Edward Blake. The hour has arrived. We had believed he was the man. The great heart of the people cries out for a tongue of eloquence to wither in its scorching indignation the shams of a "protective" policy; to impeach the misgovernment which is making Canada discontented at home and despised abroad; and to sound out the clear, ringing note of a new departure in favor of equal civil and religious rights, and the separation of Church and State! The golden moment is at hand; we want an orator with not merely a silver tongue, but a wise head and a patriot heart! We have such an one in Edward Blake. The eyes of the people are upon him; the public ear is strained to catch his fiery words. He rises in his place, and with a tremendous effort the shouts that would drown his opening words are suppressed. Breathlessly the country awaits his magnificent onslaught. He speaks: "Sir, I beg to present the petition of the Bowmanville millers, praying for an increase of the duty on flour."

* * *

CORRESPONDENTS of the daily papers are throwing out suggestions about the formation of a new party which shall have a clearly defined policy with regard to civil and religious equality. Do not these publicists know that the thing has been done? Are they not aware that the regularly called convention of the New Party is to meet in Toronto on the 21st and 22nd days of the present month? We admonish old-line Grits and Tories to keep their ears to the ground. They will hear something drop about that time.

* * *

WE doubt very much whether the Jesuits will allow their suit against the *Mail* to go to court. They probably know that if the case were appealed to the Privy Council, as it undoubtedly would be in the end, the original act of incorporation, under which they now exist in Quebec, would be pronounced unconstitutional. It would belie the Order very much to suppose that they would thus deliberately put themselves "in the soup."

* * *

MR Alderman Gillespie undoubtedly owes his life to the interposition of his peace-making fellow-members on the occasion of his late misunderstanding with Ald. Baxter. We do not mean to deny that the fistic ability of Mr. G. is perhaps equal to his fiscal ability, but a rough-and-tumble fight is full of dangers. Just suppose that the man from St. Thomas Ward had slipped and fallen and the man from St. Patrick's had sat down upon him suddenly and violently! We tremble to think of the consequences!



MR. S. E. WALT, who sang at the Foresters' concert, had been brought all the way from Boston, at an expense of probably \$100 or thereabouts. We have at least twenty-five tenors in Toronto who are as good, and about half-a-dozen almost infinitely superior to him, any one of whom could have been secured at half the outlay. But vocalists, like prophets, are "without honor in their own country." It would be safe to bet that Mr. Walt is not often heard in Boston.

* * *

THE Mendelssohn Quintette Club has disbanded, and Mr. Sims Richards has duly published in the daily papers what we hope the wrathful people of sundry towns have read, viz., an explanation of how he came to have Mr. J. W. Bengough's name upon his bills, although that gentleman had no connection whatever with the company. Mr. Richards attributes the misunderstanding to his own bad judgment in wording the announcements. What he meant to say was, that he was going to display some pictures done by Mr. Bengough. The error proved a costly one to Sims' reputation, but, now that he has explained, we hope the public will calm down and overlook it.

* * *



LEVY, the world's greatest cornettist, tooted his golden horn at the Pavilion on the 4th, before a large and demonstrative audience. For the most part his selections were of a highly popular character, and he rendered them in a manner that justified the double *encore* he received on each appearance. The *encore* fiend was out in force, however, and he did not always discriminate. Nearly everything was re-demanded,

although, aside from Levy himself, the members of the company scarcely deserved the honor. It is clear that the great cornettist is not an Israelite in vain; he has a keen eye for cheap articles, when it comes to forming a concert company.

* * *

HIS much-belauded *prima donna*, Mlle. Della Costa, turned out to be a singer of the third or fourth grade—not so good, in fact, as the other lady whose name was in a far more modest style of type. The baritone and tenor—the latter rejoicing in the attractive name of Tamberlik—were also billed as "European artists." We would be sorry to challenge the veracity of a show-bill, but if we haven't seen both these gentlemen in the vicinity of Coney Island, then we are mistaken. The pianist, Herr Max Mozart—another good musical name—was a clever performer, though his style at the instrument is not what we would recommend as a study



of the graceful. At the end of a programme, which was, on the whole, of a decidedly "tart" description, we were



treated to a quartette, which, from a musical point of view, was enough to abash and silence even the *encore* fiend. It lingers in our memory as something unique for badness, but, perhaps, some idea of it can be gathered from the sketch herewith.

* * *

MASTER GEORGE FOX—who must be now fairly out of his master-hood, by the way—made a great hit in his violin solos at the Foresters' Concert here on the 7th. His selections were a concerto by Mendelssohn and Wieniawski's "Capriccio," both of which he played in a masterly manner. If George Fox, lives, Canada is going to have a violin *virtuoso* who will do our country proud. Already he covers his instructor, Mr. Baumann, with glory. Another brilliant pupil of the same teacher, Miss Nora Clench, is doing wonders in Germany, where she stands amongst the noted players of the day.

* * *

THE concert above alluded to was a very great success in point of attendance—which is all that can fairly be said. The vocal efforts of M'lle. Strauss, Mrs. Mackelcan and Mr. Schuch were, of course, most acceptable, and Master Fox's playing, as already intimated, was excellent, but beyond this the programme was but so-so.

* * *

M'LE. STRAUSS did herself less than justice in leaving the audience under the impression that she cannot sing in English. A couple of simple ballads in our mother tongue, rendered as she knows how to render them, would have been much more appropriate for this particular occasion than the selections she gave from her classical *repertoire*. Mrs. Mackelcan displayed excellent judgment in this respect. High and mighty works by the great masters are well enough with swallow-tailed audiences, but when the brethren of the Orders assemble for their annual concert treat, and Mr. Jimmy Fax is on the programme with his comic songs in costume, the temperature is low for classicism.

* * *

WE are pleased to see the noble West End waking up musically. A promising society for the study of choral and orchestral works has been formed, with Mr. K. W. Barton as conductor and Mr. Robt. Marshall as President, and, with a chorus of about two hundred, selected from the choirs of the western section, it is already at work upon the programme for its initial concert. On this occasion a couple of numbers from an original oratorio by Mr. Barton are to be sung. Long wave the new baton!

CROTCHET.

SHE HAD NO USE FOR STATUARY.

MR. RATTLER has taken to matutinal exercise with dumb-bells and things.

The other morning he sang down from his bath room, which constitutes his gymnasium :

"Say, Hannah! Come up here if you want to see a magnificent representation of Hercules!"

Mrs. R. did not deign to answer.

"My dear!" yelled Rattler, five minutes later; "just run up and take a squint at an accurate picture of Apollo Belvidere!"

Mrs. B. was on the point of saying something, but checked herself.

Two minutes afterwards the modest athlete tried it once more. "Mrs. R., you're missing great things. I'm just now in the attitude of the Defier of Lightning. Hurry up and you shall see, to the very life, the immortal Ajax!"

That settled it. Mrs. R., who is no classic or student of mythology, promptly replied in cold, measured tone :

"Rattler, I wouldn't be such a fool! Ajacks, indeed? Yes, I'd see Ajack-ass if I went up!"

THE YOUTH THAT DARED TO SAY "NO!"

THE red wines sparkle and dimple and smile,
Will their beckoning beauty the youth beguile?
Has he strength to resist the tempter's wile?

Heav'n save him!

He is asked to drink by a lady fair,
Whose eyes appeal like the voice of prayer:
Just Heaven! will the prince of the powers of air
Enslave him?

Look once again at that youth's fine face,
Can temptation the lines of its firmness erase?
Can you any signs of weakening trace?
Or yielding?

No! deaf as the rocks of his native land
Are his ears to the sound of those accents bland,
Oh, surely his virtue some angel hand
Is shielding!

"No madam," he said, "if I didn't decline
To taste one drop of your ruby-red wine,
I'd rush through ruin to Hell's confine,
None swifter!

But if you have any real old rye,
Or a nip of Camlachie's pure white-eye,
To remind me of Scotland, I'd like to try
One snifter!"

X.



"A LIFE ON THE T. S. R.!"

SKETCHES taken—not in a violent storm at sea—but in a voyage per Street Railway 'bus on the leading thoroughfare of the Queen City. Taken from life—as the passengers themselves very nearly were, too.

MARRIAGE A' LA MODE.

(With apologies to the memory of the immortal Hogarth for purloining his legend.)



TRAVELLING towards in a street-car a few days ago, I found myself surrounded by a bevy of most prepossessing damsels, all in a high state of excitement. They chattered, their eyes glistened, they could hardly sit still for impatience. What was more curious still, frequent references were made to a "he" and a "she." Puzzled, I threw sideways an enquiring glance at the conductor—the only other male present. "Weddin' on this

mornin', sir; there have been car-loads of 'em." This solved the problem at once.

If any one thing more than another sets the feminine heart in a flutter, it is a wedding. Forgive me, fair reader, for that word "flutter." 'Tis a Longfellowian phrase; be his the blame. A Spring bonnet is a proverbial stirrer-up of the gentler emotions—sometimes even of the rougher ones, if the bonnet happens to be on some other and rival head. A baby, a dear baby, is another. A fancy-dress ball is a third. Three pounds of candies between two, when the three happen to be

fresh and the two young, may be classed as a fourth excitement—if, that is, there are no male eyes about, say on such an occasion as a picnic where there are two women too few! But nothing, nothing in this terraqueous globe is equal to a wedding for throwing half a town into excitement.

Which enjoys the spectacle most, the critical "friends" or the criticised bride, certainly no man can tell. What would happen if bride and bridegroom changed places, if five or six hundred searching eyes pulled to

pieces the material of the man's frock, the dimensions and sit of his bustle, the drape of his veil, his piping, his tulle, his guipure, his ruching, his lace, his everything down to the clocks on his stockings, what would ultimately happen, I say, it would be rash to prophesy, but most probably the total extinction of all marriages whatsoever.

The novelists are unquestionably wise in writing "Finis" just after the wedding climax, for the couple that have riveted the attention of the feminine world (and perhaps a section of the masculine) up to that enchanting point, undergo a total eclipse immediately after the carriages have rolled away from the church door. They are dismissed to the limbo of the married and settled, and society has no longer any use for them for romantic purposes. To be sure, a pale halo—the fading light of

the honeymoon—surrounds the bride for the first few Sundays after her return from the tour, but it soon wears away, and she ceases—much to her satisfaction, if she is a sensible girl—to be cynosure. But, while a "happy couple" are a diminishing quantity when viewed from the standpoint of the giddy throng of wedding-goers—which standpoint is the church steps, as the carriages are disappearing down the street—the real romance and joy of life is just opening before the united ones themselves. They are embarked upon the river of life now, with Love at the helm and the light of hope dancing on the horizon before them, and the bliss of it is something which the single can never know!



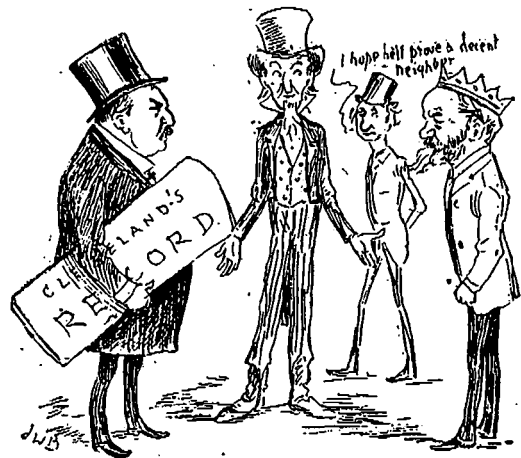
SOME SENTIMENTAL SILLINESS.

MY lady love sat by the side of a stream,
Which mirrored my lady love fair,
The moments slipped by on the wings of a dream
Afloat in the somnolent air;
Her eyes were cast down over something I'd said.
A blush was astir on her cheek,
I knew that the thought in her silly young head
Was "Why in the world don't he speak?"

I spoke.

A silly young couple, contented to dream,
Contented to whisper and kiss,
Sat cooing soft vows by the murmuring stream
Prospecting a love-mine of bliss,
Her silly young eyes were aglow with her love,
Her head on my shoulder was placed,
A bird trilled a song in a tree up above
As I sat with my arm round her waist.

CECIL STREET.



HARRISON'S ENTREE—CLEVELAND'S MARCH FOURTH.

UNCLE SAM.—"Well, *au revoir*, Grover; and now see here, Benjamin, if you can go out at the end of your term with as proud a record and as good a name, I'll mark you down amongst my successful Presidents."



SIR ADOLPH'S HIGH HORSE.

WHEN Riel made his row
And our boys went to the front,
The York and Simcoe volunteers
Bore some of battle's brunt;
They marched through snow and slush,
And gloriously they fit,
But the scurvy, scurvy Government
Never paid them for their kit.

At last the war was o'er
And home the heroes came,
'Mid public demonstrations
That signalized their fame;
Their uniforms were ragged,
And not for parlors fit—
And each man carried with him
His still-unpaid-for kit.

Then to Sir Adolph Caron
The Minister of War,
The York and Simcoe fellows
Did send a fervent prayer;
And o'er and o'er they sent it,
While years did come and fit—
"Sir Adolph, do the decent thing,
And pay us for our kit!"

With asking, praying, pleading,
At length their throats were hoarse,
While Caron, never heeding,
Bestrode his "lofty horse;"
At last, through Mr. Mulock,
(A pestilential Grit.)
Sir Adolph took a tumble,

And, seeing that his small-minded discrimination against this battalion was going to get him into hot water, came hastily down from his official high horse and tremblingly promised to pay them for the kit!

IN THE READING-ROOM.

CLOGGS—"Magazines are mighty poor reading, aren't they?"

STOGGS—"Well, you see it's only second-class matter can go through the mails that way." MC.

THEY HAD THE TATERS.

OLD BIBLE CLASS TEACHER (*who has a great desire to impress on the class his extended knowledge*)—"It is a much disputed point as to what this passage means, for commentators differ. You who are fortunate enough to have a good commentator at home might turn it up and read for yourselves."

LITTLE DAUGHTER OF THE GREENGROCER—"Please, sir, we have lots of taters at home, but I don't know whether they are common taters or not."

JESUITICAL.

IT is now alleged that Mr. Foster's design in granting a drawback to the brewers and distillers is a part of his prohibition policy. If he can only get all the liquor in the country exported, the great curse will be removed. Deep man, Foster!

COOL.

(*Mr. Konseet has been tooting his own horn all evening.*)

MISS WEERY—"Ah! it must be nice to be clever."
MR. KONSEET—"Yes, you have no idea."

THE DECAY OF LETTERS.

"ALIAS!" sighed the poet, as he gazed in chastened sorrow on his returned MSS. "How the literary taste of the age has declined!" (*for the fifth time, with thanks.*) MC.



TOO BIG A QUESTION FOR PARTYISM.

MR. GOLDWIN SMITH INTRODUCES SOME GENTLEMEN LIKELY TO BE OVERLOOKED IN THE "RED PARLOR."

"THERE can be little doubt that the incoming Congress will ratify what the outgoing Congress has done (in passing a resolution in favor of Commercial Union) and that the question is about to present itself in a practical form to the Canadian people. By the people it ought to be settled, and not by the 'Red Parlor.' Let the manufacturers be heard, but let the farmer, the lumberman, the miner and the shipowner be heard also. . . . What we now ask is not that the American overture shall be accepted, but that it shall be fairly considered in the interest of our whole people. . . . Let the Government reflect on the responsibility which it is incurring before it commands its retainers by a blind party vote to shut against all the great natural industries and interests of this country the door of better markets and double wealth which begins to be opened to them by the adoption of Mr. Hitt's resolution."—*Goldwin Smith in the Mail, 4th inst.*



MERCIER TRANSFERRING THE CROWN.

TINPANNING.

I OFTEN wonder why people get so enthusiastic about tobogganing. The idea of trying to enjoy sliding down a manufactured slope on a cushioned thing with a turned-up snout that makes it look as if it despised itself, seems very absurd to me. When I want to get thoroughly exhilarated and want to feel the tingle of health and animal spirits right out to the last stitch of my woolen mits, I go to some steep, rough and natural hill and slide down it on the first thing that comes handy. A piece of board, a slab of wood, a tin pan, in fact, almost anything will do, for I am now such an adept at sticking to things in violent motion that I can maintain my seat on anything from a bucking broncho to a catapult; but before I got so accomplished I used to have some thrilling experiences. I remember the first time I went down a hill on a tin pan. The hill was about as slippery as the place wherein the wicked stand and about as rough and steep as a restaurant bill. Getting myself firmly seated and having a good hold on the rim of my impromptu toboggan, I jerked myself to the edge of the slope, and then with my legs held up stiffly before me I shot out into space. After the first wild spurt the pan and I struck the hill about every fifteen feet for about forty yards, and then we parted company. The rest of the trip was one of the most uncomfortable things I ever experienced, for I continued to strike the hill at regular intervals without the protecting presence of anything excepting my clothes.

I can now coast with a pan with safety and pleasure, and though I like something of this sort as a Winter amusement, yet I wouldn't advise anyone, excepting a person having a strong constitution, to try it. Tobogganing is an effeminate sport compared with tinpanning, and a tinpanner's scorn for a tobogganer is fiercer than I can

express. If you have never tried tinpanning and have a good strong constitution, I advise you to try it the very first time you get a chance; but it will, perhaps, be as well for you not to take too rough a hill to begin with. You must expect a few mishaps, but persevere. The fun you will have and the exhilaration you will feel will repay you fully.

P. Kus.

THE PIBROCH.

I HEARD the fell blast in the calm air of night
And the slumbering echoes awoke in affright,
It filled all the vale with its blood-curdling yell,
As if blown from the heart of the nethermost hell.
And weird were the dreams to the sleepers it brought,
Of the red, gory field where the battle was fought,
Of the carnage-soaked soil of the flat stubble plain
Where waved in its glory so lately the grain,
Of the victors who shouted, the vanquished who fled,
And the eagles' wild screams over dying and dead.
Nor night's peace alone that fierce note of despair
Destroyed, for at morn it again rent the air.
O, those wild shrieks of horror, can nothing allay?
Must the foul fiends of darkness hold revel all day?
Must their pitiless throats still o'erride public weal?
O who will respond to their frantic appeal?
O who will forsake his pork-steaks or fish chowder
To be spitted by bayonets and become food for powder?
—Yet I heeded the summons, it told not of sabres,
But simply the threshers had come to my neighbor's.

WILLIAM MCGILL.

SALT WITHOUT SAVOUR.

BLOGGS—"Anything fresh in *Lippincott's* to-day?"
SROGGS—"Yes, a new story by Edgar Saltus."
BLOGGS—"H'm—Saltus—his writings are more of the pickled order, and pretty unsavory, at that."



LATEST HAVANA FASHION.

THE BASHFUL M.L.A.

MY DEAR GRIP,—I represent a rural constituency and, although I have sat in the House during two sessions, I can't get the hang of putting questions, and I hate to ask anybody. I am well nigh bursting, however, to ask a few posers, and as all the intelligent voters in my riding read GRIP, I would be glad if you would give me just a little space for some questions which I certainly intend asking when I get a little better acquainted with parliamentary routine.

1st. What is the amount of "recoup" the Government has received from the school-book publishers for renewed plates, as promised by an honorable minister two years ago?

2nd. What are the duties performed by a certain "Deputy Minister" who is in receipt of \$3,000 a year?

3rd. What is the true inwardness of the Municipal Commission, and why has all the money paid been handed to only one of the two commissioners?

4th. Whether this paid commissioner will be the new Minister of Mines, in acknowledgment of his profound knowledge of minerals?

5th. Is it true that the successful candidate for the most recent professorship had his papers in the hands of the Minister of Education before the advertisement appeared?

6th. How long it is proposed to let the Insurance Department be subjected to mis-rule?

7th. Whether the "drinks" supplied from the sub-chambers of the House are sold on license or given away—in either case, by whom?

8th. Why so many volumes may be found in private houses all over this Province, and stamped, "Legislative Library, Ontario?"

9th. Why the Government don't pass a bill for ballot in electing Separate School Trustees, now that the Archbishop is out of the way?

10th. How long it will probably be before the Government's eyes are opened to the true inwardness of Central Prison management?

11th. Whether certain asylums (and their heads) don't require to be overhauled?

12th. Why the Opposition does not take hold of such questions, which those behind the scenes declare to be great scandals?

This isn't half of my budget, but it will prove to my constituents that I am, yours truly,

WIDE A. WAKE.

THE EAGLE'S OPINION.

THE Birds and Beasts of prey having assembled for their usual meal, the king of the latter, presuming on his station, offered a plate of very spare ribs to the king of the former; whereupon the Bird of Liberty enlightened the world in general and the British Lion in particular, on the subject of Pauper Emigration.

My friend, you mistake my meaning quite,
And also the strength of my appetite.
I asked you in the politest tones,
To pass the *meat*, not this dish of bones.

I love to pick bones myself it is true,
But not those already picked by you.
Don't think because I am lank and spare,
That my daily food is such poor fare.

Go, bury them in your own back yard,
And bring me a better lot, old pard;
Or in the slop basin they go, my friend,
Where I flung the tea leaves you used to send.

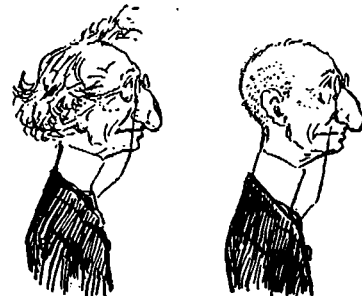
Can I feed my young, those tender things,
My bank directors and railway kings,
My thriving brood of millionaires,
On the garbage flung from your back stairs?

Nay friend, I want muscle, heart and will,
The zeal that climbs life's steepest hill,
The patience that meekly bears the goad,
Though flesh may faint and fall on the road.

Toil-blinded spirits with sluggish brains,
That hear not the sound of their muffled chains,
O, these are the kind of slaves I crave
For this land of the free and home of the brave.

When they fly from the wolves of hunger and cold
I shelter such sheep in this western fold.
Their fleece of gold I quickly seize,
And harry them down into wrecks like these.

WILLIAM MCGILL.

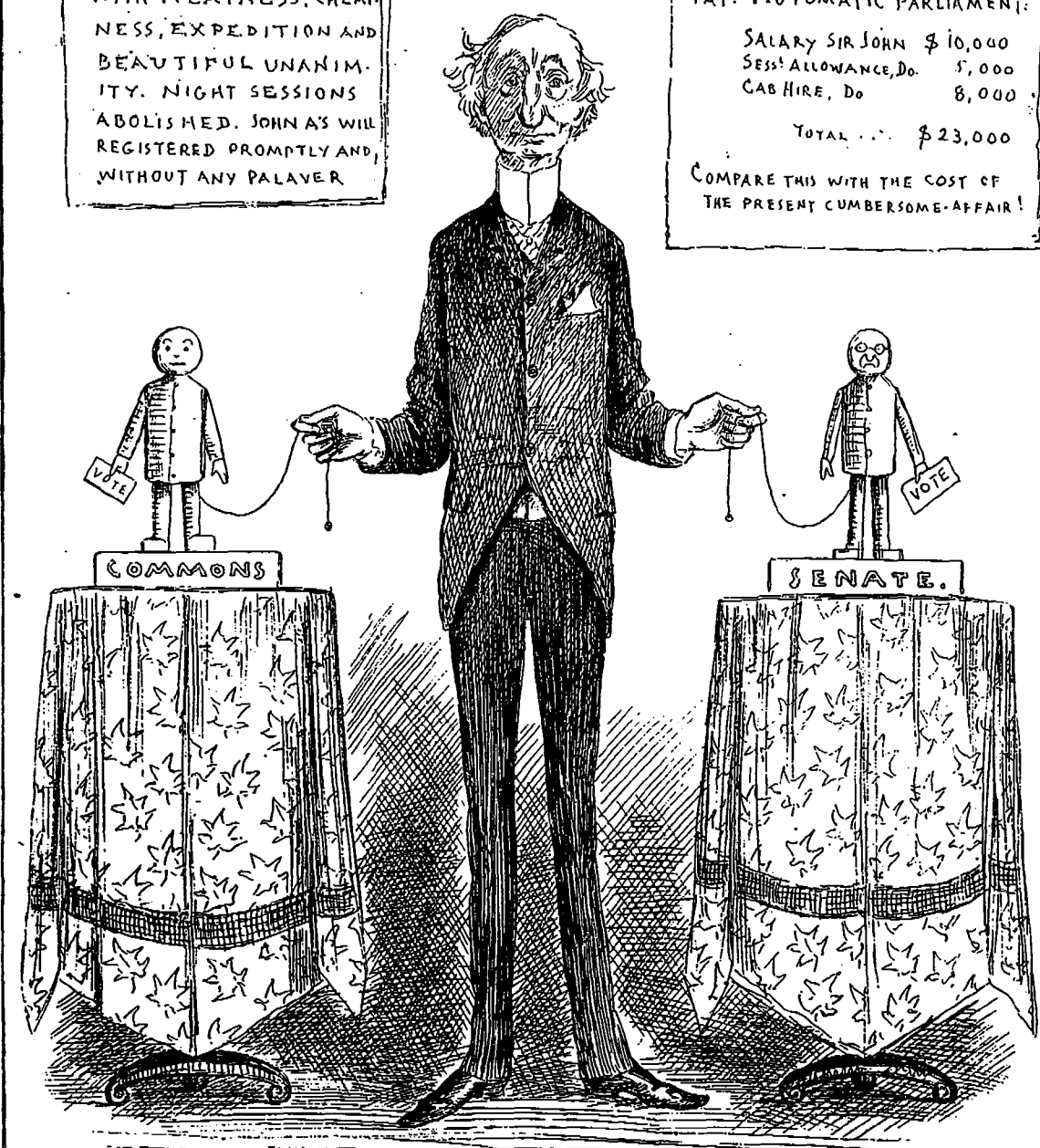


BEFORE—AND—AFTER

SIR JOHN'S late visit to the House of Commons' barber-shop.

THE PUBLIC BUSINESS EXECUTED WITH NEATNESS, CHEAPNESS, EXPEDITION AND BEAUTIFUL UNANIMITY. NIGHT SESSIONS ABOLISHED. JOHN AS WILL REGISTERED PROMPTLY AND, WITHOUT ANY PALAVER.

COST OF GRIP'S PROPOSED PAT. AUTOMATIC PARLIAMENT:
 SALARY SIR JOHN \$ 10,000
 SESS' ALLOWANCE, Do. 5,000
 CAB HIRE, Do. 8,000
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 COMPARE THIS WITH THE COST OF THE PRESENT CUMBERSOME-AFFAIR!



J.W. Benson

**THE ONE-MAN POWER;
 OR, A SUGGESTED AUTOMATIC PARLIAMENT.**

Senator Abbott has presented a motion providing for an enquiry into the expenses of legislation, to ascertain if they can not be reduced. Of course they can! Since the chief function of both House and Senate is to register the will of Sir John, why couldn't both chambers be abolished and their place supplied by automatic figures which could be worked by a string, as above? This would not only ensure a vast saving of money, but also of time, temper and wind!

"It's a beautiful day for a walk" she said, looking out of the window.
 "Indeed it is," he said, doing likewise.
 "Would you like to take a walk?" she continued
 "Above all things."
 "Then why don't you?"—*Harper's Bazar.*

THE PREMIUM PLATE.—A very large number of old subscribers are sending for the "Horse Fair." This picture, as is universally the case with premiums, was intended to stimulate new subscriptions. We have, however, arranged to accommodate present subscribers by giving the picture to all who pay to the end of 1889, and enclose 25 cents for expenses. This will give to all the average footing of new subscribers. But many send the 25 cents and forget the other part of the condition. Be kind enough to read our offer at the foot of the advertisement on this page.

CUSTOMER—(in "hand-me-down" store): "This suit is all full of creases and wrinkles. It looks as if it had been slept in."

DEALER—"Dot vas our ladest improved tourist suit, mister; noddings like it in Viladelphia. Dot suit make all your vriends dink you shust return vrom a tervelve months tour off Europe. No extra sharge vor dose wrinkles. Dey goes mit de suit.—*Philadelphia Record.*

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this receipt, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper. W. A. NOYES, 149 *Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

It was well enough, Mr. Richelieu, to say in your unprogressive time: "The pen is mightier than the sword;" but now we remark that the typewriter is more puissant than the Gatling gun.—*Puck.*

ORIENTAL ACTINA.—The only Catarrh remedy ever offered to the public on fifteen days' trial. Actina is not a medicine or a disgusting lotion, but a self-generating vapor, easily and pleasantly applied at all hours, times and places. A written guarantee given with each instrument. Illustrated Book and Journal sent free. W. T. Baer & Co., 155 Queen Street West, Toronto.

CHICAGO WIFE—"John, I think we ought to have our own private carriage. Why do you always compel me to ride in a hansom?"

HUSBAND—(insinuatingly): Because I like you to have a carriage that corresponds with you, my dear.—*Burlington Free Press.*

Speaking of stock books, the pedigrees of male sheep should be kept on the rampage.—*Drake's Magazine.*

DAUGHTER—"Mamma, Mr. Blank proposed to me last night."

MOTHER—"Did you accept him, daughter?"

DAUGHTER—"Yes, mamma."

MOTHER—"Has he any money, daughter?"

DAUGHTER—"Only \$1,500 a year, mamma."

MOTHER—"Well, daughter, handle him carefully till spring. Possibly you can pick up something during the winter.—*Spectator.*

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. 25c. a bottle.

MAMMA-IN-LAW (*astonished*)—"Why, Alice! I have not seen George kiss you so much for years."

Alice—"You see, we made a little osculatory bet on the election."

GEORGE—"And I lost."—*America.*

CUSTOMER—"You say only one-half cent is made on this sugar?"

PROPRIETOR—"Yes." "And it is absolutely pure?" "Yes." "How can you afford it?" "Ain't enough profit to pay for the sand."—*Time.*

MEDICATED ELECTRIC BELT.—Medicated for all diseases of the blood and nervous system. Can be worn night or day without inconvenience. Hundreds of testimonials. Correspondence strictly confidential. Consultation and electrical treatment free. Cures guaranteed. Illustrated Book and Journal sent free. Medicated Electric Belt Co., 155 Queen St. West, Toronto.

Two pronounced Celts, who were apparently old acquaintances, met in Scollay square the other day, and after the usual preliminary greetings were given, one said: "By the way, Dan, did you know that _____ is dead?"

"Dead?" returned the other; "arrah, long life to the poor man, when did he die?"—*Boston Budget.*

TO THE DEAF.—A person cured of Deafness and noises in the head of 23 years' standing by a simple remedy, will send a description of it free to any person who applies to Nicholson, 177 McDougall Street, New York.

"Yes, Uncle Cicero, I've got a job for you, but it consists in sawing that pile of wood out there. I've nothing for you indoors."

"Wall, sah, I'se berry sorry, but I'll have to decline, sah. I can't afford to have the passing public think I bet on 'lection. It would hurt my reputation, sah. Good-day, sah!"—*New York World.*

Would not be without it. This is what every lady says about Dyer's Cucumber and Rose Jelly, for curing chapped hands. Druggists keep it. W. A. Dyer & Co., Montreal.

This is what the Albany *Argus* says of the play that will be presented at the Toronto this week:—"The strong domestic melo-drama, 'Stricken Blind,' which has been rechristened 'Queen's Evidence,' was given its first interpretation by a new company at Jacobs & Proctor's theatre last evening. The play is a powerful one, and it greatly delighted the patrons of the house."

"THE HORSE FAIR."

By ROSA BONHEUR.



THIS wonderful picture is one of the most remarkable art productions of the age. The figures are all life size, the canvas covering one entire end of the gallery where it is exhibited. The scene represents a number of horses being driven, and for vigor of action and grace of motion has never been equalled. In the whole work the pose is as life-like, and the drawing is so true, that you can scarcely persuade yourself the scene is not real. Not only has this picture been exhibited in all the principal cities of Europe, but it has also been in the possession of two noted American millionaires. For years A. T. Stewart cherished it as the principal picture in his gallery, and upon the sale of his collection it was bought by Cornelius Vanderbilt for \$50,000 and presented by him to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, where it is daily surrounded by groups of admirers. We are now handling a magnificent reproduction of this picture, printed on heavy plate paper, 34 inches long by 20 wide, which embraces not only all the beauty of a fine steel engraving, but enriches and intensifies the effect by combining a number of other tones and tints so as to give the finest result yet attained by any known process. As a noted critic has said of it, you may gaze at this picture a hundred times a day and each time see some new beauty to please you, and some unexpected point of strength to excite your admiration.

A copy of the above superb engraving will be given, as a premium, to every new subscriber to GRIP for a year at \$2 cash. Further, we will give a copy of the picture, post-paid, to any of our present subscribers who sends us a new name with the cash, \$2. Or, we will send the picture to any present subscriber who, before July 1, pays in full to December 31, 1889, and encloses 25 cents extra for tubing, postage, etc. Non-subscribers may secure a copy of this engraving, post-paid, for the sum of \$1, cash.

LOST! LOST! \$500 Reward.

The above reward will be given to those telling correctly where in the Bible the word LOST is first mentioned. First correct answer \$50, second \$25, third \$10; next 10, each \$5; next 20, each \$2.50; next 35, each \$1. For the middle correct answer, counting from first to last, \$25; next following, \$15; next, \$10; next 5, each \$5; next 10, each \$2.50; next 20, each \$1. For the last correct answer received \$50; second last, \$25; third, \$10; next 3, each \$5; next 10, each, \$2.50; next 25, each \$1. Everyone competing must send 25 cents in silver for twenty-five handsome imported visiting or calling cards. This offer is made for the purpose of introducing our goods and securing agents. All answers must be received by June 30, 1889. A complete novel will be given to everyone mentioning this paper. Address, BANNER PUBLISHING CO., Toronto, Ont.



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Herman Bringhoff, jewelry engraver, Newark, N. J., writes: "Costiveness, induced by my sedentary habits of life, became chronic. Ayer's Pills afforded me speedy relief. Their occasional use has since kept me all right."

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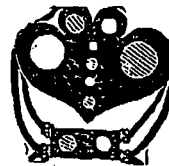
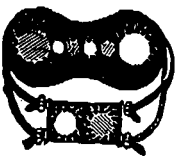
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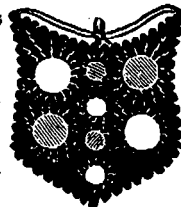
"Your Belt and Suspensory have cured me of impotency," writes G. A. "I would not be without your Belt and Suspensory for \$50," writes J. McG. "For general debility your Belt and Suspensory are cheap at any price," says S. M. C. These letters are on file. Mr. McClinchy, Thessalon, cured of rheumatism in back and legs; very bad case; laid up a long time. Many more such testimonials on file.

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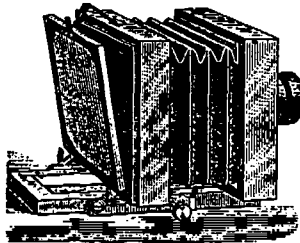


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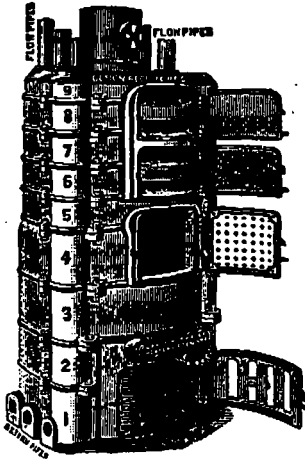
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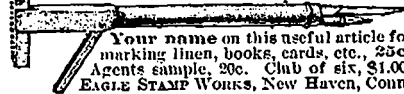
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guesses, \$25 each. For the next 100 best guesses, \$10 each. For the 400 next best, \$5 each. For the 800 next best, \$2.50 each. For the 2,000 next best, \$1 each. For the 5,000 next best, \$1 each.

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