

VOL. XXXVII.-No. 19.

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TORONTO, NOVEMBER 7, 1891.

No. 960



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matter. 1. Any person who regularly removes from the Post Office a pariodical pub-lication addressed to him. by so doing makes himself in law a subscriber to the paper, and is responsible to the publisher for its price until such time as all arrears are paid. 2. Refusing to take the paper from the Post Office, or requesting the Post-master to return it, or notifying the publishers to discontinue sending it, does not stop the liability of the person who has been regularly receiving it, but this liability continues until all arrears are paid.

Artist and Editor Associate Editor	•	-		-	- J. W. BENGOUCH. PHILLIPS THOMPSON.
	 		 	_	

COMMENTS ON THE CARTOONS.



BONNIE PRINCE CHAPLEAU! - Mr. Chapleau may possibly have an idea that he is at present playing an heroic part, and the handful of friends who surround him may share in the delusion. To the rest of the people of Canada the exhi-bition he is making of himself is simply pitiful and contemptible His Bowery-stage rantings about the "Rights of Quebec" are perfectly understood. By the rights of Quebec he means his own per-sonal "right" to be put in charge of the portfolio of Railways and Canals, so that by the patronage appertaining thereto he may reach the height of his ambition, which is to be a powerful political Boss. If the thought of serving the country as

Minister of Railways ever occurs to his mind, he takes pains to conceal it. Nothing comes out in his mind, he takes pains to conceal it. Nothing comes out in his frenzied harangues but the idea of "patronage," which, considering his record, is a word synonymous with plunder. His theatrical emotion is certainly sublime, but it is the sublimity of impudence. We are only aston-ished that he has found any partizans who call themselves Conser-vatives, and more then actionized that emoty them are the next. vatives, and more than astonished that amongst them are the proprietors of the Montreal Gazette, gentlemen who have heretofore been regarded as respectable. Premier Abbott has done well to set Chapleau at defiance, and firmly refuse to give him the coveted chance for a further display of maladministration. He would do better still to eject him neck and crop from the Cabinet, if he has not already done so by accepting his resignation. We have had too ... much of the Chapleau brand of statesman in Dominion politics.

"HE'S ALL RIGHT" !---It may console Mr. Abbott in his tribulations to know that the Dominion Opposition leaders also have a Chapleau to deal with-only his name is Mercier, and he is in every

waya much more dangerous individual. So great is the distrust of the Quebec Premier throughout the country, that the salvation of the Liberals in the next general election depends on their cutting connection with him, and this is something they seem unable or unwilling to do. To throw him over means, as they believe, to lose Quebec in the election ; to retain him as an ally may mean a worse calamity ing on such fare that he has grown very great indeed,—so great that he appears to carry the Liberal leaders

in his coat-pockets.



The Hamilton ERY good idea! Times suggests that Mr. Mowat should secure a small appropriation from his breeches pocket and send to New York for a few copies of Henry George's latest work on "The Condition of Labor-a Reply to the Encyclical Letter of Pope Leo XIII"- one for himself, and the others for the members of his Cabinet. There is no question that a careful reading of this book, which is as brilliant as anything Mr. George has ever written, would

do Mr. Mowat a world of good as a Christian apologist, if not as a practical statesman. Truth to te'l, both he and his colleagues (in company with Canadian statesmen in general) have lots to learn about political economy, and Henry George is the very man who can teach them what they ought to know. It is not necessary, however, to send to New York for the book. It can be had for forty cents at any of our newsdealers. Get one, Mr. Atty.-Gen., by all means !

THE World had an article the other day even more muddle-headed than usual on Economics. About the only thing that was made clear in it was that the World has no use for "the man of one idea." It is quite true that many members of this genus are common nuisances, especially those of them whose one idea is of no intrinsic value anyway. There is only one character who tries our patience more than the one-idead crank, and that is the editor who has no idea at all. He of the World is a case in point.

`HE amusement reporter attached to our esteemed contemporary's staff, however, apparently has more ideas than he knows what to do with. As for example, when he says of Miss Fay's spiritualistic seance at the Grand-"The performance as a whole was satisfactory, and the audience went away quite satisfied that most of the tricks were genuine." It would be interesting to have the young man explain the nature of those "tricks" that were not "genuine." Perhaps they were mere deceptions, hey?

THE N.Y. Voice has raised a terrific rumpus among the Church-people of the States by a series of articles under the caption of "The Ungodly League of the Church and the Saloon." It has logic, too, on its side. The Church conventions and conferences having passed resolutions declaring that "the liquor traffic is a crime against humanity, and cannot be licensed without sin" the Voice deduces that every Church member who votes for any political party that is not opposed to licensing the traffic is a sharer in the guilt denounced, and the Church which tolerates such a member is practically in alliance with the saloon system. Additional force is





JUST WHERE THE "WITNESS" IS MISTAKEN.

"The Ottawa Government seems to be very unstable."-Montreal Witness, Oct. 24th.

given to the contention, by the fact that there are enough Church members in the country to outlaw the traffic forthwith by simply casting their ballots for the Prohibition Party.

REV. DR. FUNK, who edits the *Voice*, may be right on this question. We see no way of getting round his position in view of the Church resolutions referred to. But we beg leave to call his attention to the "Ungodly League of the Church and Landlordism," which apparently has his approval. Land "ownership" is essentially opposed to the spirit of Christianity, and the system, as it now exists, is a ten times greater crime against humanity than the liquor traffic. It is the parent of the penury and suffering which in turn breed drunkenness and every other form of vice. How can Dr. Funk go on supporting a party which has nothing to say against this mountainous inquity, beside which the liquor traffic is a mole hill.

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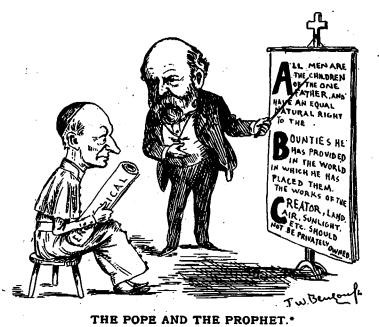
PERHAPS our valued friend, Col Denison, has been too busy of late with the Court of Revision to read the remarks of the *Catholic Record*, of London, on the late celebration of the Battle of Queenston Heights. Or, perhaps, he doesn't "take in" the *Record*. We think it a kindness to give him the opportunity of seeing at least a few extracts from the article, as it may have some personal interest for him. M OST of our people, we surmise, will question the advisability of reviving the memories of these struggles of bygone days; they should be left to the past, and to history, where they belong. The marshalling of large numbers of schoolboys, arrayed in all the glory of wooden guns, marching and drilling like soldiers, and fired with military ardor by such hot-house warriors as Col. Denison, is as laughable as it is nonsensical. In these days what we should cultivate are peace and plenty and happiness and the onward march of progress in all those achievements which make a people truly great and noble. Were we to pay more attention to these things and less to Denisonian Rule Brit nniaism, Canada would become a country far more inviting to her own children as well as to outsiders. When we look the solid facts straight in the face we find that the Toronto warrior's caramels become olives—for in fifteen years from date a large percentage of his youthful heroes will owe allegiance to the Stars and Stripes. Much mischief, we doubt not, will accrue from the anties of Col. Denison. He appears to be perpetually spoiling for a fight in time of peace. It would appear, indeed, as if he had a cut-away coat made of Union Jacks, and this garment he trials after him on the streets of Foronto, daring somebody to tread upon it. These little demonstrations are not calculated to create a friendly feeling towards us on the part of Uncle Sam ; and as we cannot see any glory to be achieved for Canada by their continuance, it would, it seems to us, be better policy to turn our attention to something more practical and sensible.

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QUITE A MISTAKE.

The trouble with people who can talk, is that they are apt to talk too much.—Ram's Horn.

NOT at all. The fellows who talk too much are nearly always those who can't talk worth a cent. If you doubt this statement, attend a meeting of the City Council, or a sitting of the Ontario Legislature.



HENRY GEORGE TEACHING HIS HOLINESS THE A B C OF POLITICAL ECONOMY.

*See Henry George's "Open letter to Pope Leo XIII. in reply to the late Encyclical," just published.

HIS HATED RIVAL. CHAPTER I.

"NO, Algernon, I can never be yours."

¹V The speaker was a young girl of some twentyeight summers, whose *distingue* features and haughty mein, bespoke her patrician blood. At her feet knelt a youth who, in the intensity of his passion, had recklessly forgotten that he was making his pants bag at the knees, as he poured forth his ardent entreaties to the wealthy heiress of Sir Hoggery Grabsneak.

"Oh, say not thus, Matilda. Do not blight with cold rejection the passion I have so long and carefully nurtured. Do not trample on the love which I have borne you! I had ventured to hope that I was not altogether distasteful to you."

"Oh, Algernon, it is not exactly that, but—"

"Ah, proud girl, I see how it is. You love another! I have a rival in Clarence Duvernay, whose superficial professions have estranged your fickle heart."

"Leave me, Mr. Slimkins, this instant," said the proud beauty.

"Yes, I will go, but, mark me, I will be revenged. Let Clarence Duvernay look to himself, for Algernon Slimkins never forgives !"

CHAPTER II.

Long and deeply did Algernon Slimkins brood over his Scheme of Vengeance. The reader may perhaps have noticed that a satisfactory, safe and reliable scheme of vengeance is a very difficult thing to obtain these days. His first impulse was to crush his hated rival like a worm, but a little reflection convinced him that it was not feasible, for three reasons:

(1) It is bad form to crush anybody like a worm.

(2) It is contrary to law, and entails disagreeable consequences.

(3) Clarence being the bigger man, would probably crush him

He thought seriously of advertising and offering a reward for suggestions, and won dered why some enterprising fake journalist had never sought to extend his circulation by giving a series of prizes for the best Scheme of Vengeance suited to the exigencies of modern society. He thought of several mean things to say about Duvernay at the Club but decided that revenge of this sort would be altogether futile and inadequate. He kept on thinking, but to no purpose-the unwonted exercise was making him pale and haggard. Finally, it came to him like a flash as he was reading the Mail. He saw it before him in faint outline, as it were. He took a day off to think it out, with the aid of several brandy-and-sodas and numerous cigars, and at even-tide emerged from seclusion paler and more haggard than ever, but radiant with the hope of achieving his fell purpose. The Scheme of Vengeance was complete.

CHAPTER III.

"Matilda," said Sir Hoggery Grabsneak, in the tone of authority, still affected by some parents of the old school, "Is that young jackanapes. Duvernay, still hanging around after you?"

"Now, look-a-here, Matilda, I won't have it," said the baronet, wrathfully. "He's no good, and if I catch him about I'll—I'll—It's no use crying. If you'd any respect for yourself—any sense of what is due to me, you'd send him about his business."

"But—but—why, pa—what has he done?" asked the maiden tearfully.

"Look here, child," said the irate parent, producing a copy of the *Mail.* "Here's his name among the candidates for alderman, 'Clarence Duvernay, 269.' And listen to this, foolish girl, and blush for the low and degrading associations you have formed."

"BATHURST ST." writes---I enclose you twenty-nine more coupons for Clarence Duvernay, the friend of the workingman. He will get the solid vote of the labor organizations. I bet you the boys 'll all turn in and hustle for Clarence on election day. He's a daisy, don't you forget it.

"No daughter of mine shall ever demean herself by marrying such a plebian, who appears to glory in his shame. If you do, you won't get a cent of my money !"

A day or two afterwards, Algernon Slimkins received a dainty little note, as follows :---

DEAR ALGY,—Can you forgive me? If so, come back and let the past be forgotten. MATILDA.

DUET.

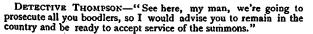
BY MERCIER AND ABBOTT.

W E would resign most willingly. And give the people a chance to show That they don't approve Ot the boodlers who've Dealt our characters such a blow; But then, you see, That couldn't be— There's the loaves and fishes, don't you know ! DEAR FRIEND GRIP: --Well, well, what next? I tell you, old boy, I've heard a thing to day (in a letter from England), which fairly made my hair curl—at least it would have curled had there been more of it (ah ! me --why do we get bald?). I've lived in seclusion for so long, that it seems I'm behind the times. Now what do you think the Prohibitionists are doing? Inducing the fair sex to smoke in order that they may sit with their gentlemen companions after dinner, and thus prevent the excessive wine-drinking so often indulged in ! This is a sharp remedy—eh, old chap? Then they say, too, that even doctors prescribe tobacco (disguised in a Latin dress), as a combined tonic and nerve soother.

And who do you think is the prime mover in this? Why, the well-known tobacconist-Pipus Bowler-one of those fellows one reads about, you know, who went to London "without a shilling in his pocket" (they always say that), and swept the floors and ran errands at the big cigar factory of Siggar, Rett & Co. It seems that during his sweepings the fact was revealed to him that a certain brand of tobacco-mixed with London smoke and dust -emitted a most delightful fragrance, and its astringence became tempered, as it were. Well, this astute youth gradually rose in the firm-drew a fair salary-married, and lived a sober, domestic life-but never losing sight of kis discovery. At last he perfected his scheme, after years of experimenting on his mother-in-law ! En passant, I would say that the reason he selected his mother-in-law for experimentizing, was on the principle that if the smoking agreed with her it would agree with anyone, she being a somewhat difficult subject! The long and short of it is, that, being now sure of his ground, Mr. Pipus Bowler retired from the firm (which presented him with an Octuple Plated Leadline Watch and Chain) and is now actually Knighted, and is invited everywhere ! They say, too, that he draws a large extra income through exhibiting his mother-in-law under a glass case-again acting on a wise principle—inasmuch as people who live in glass houses are not wise to throw stones. It seems that the old lady is now such a confirmed smokeress (ha! ha!



HOW NOT TO DO IT.





=GRIP===

that's a well coined word, isn't it?) that she is rarely seen without a pipe or a cigarette between her lips. She gets tired, however, of being on exhibition, and frequently visits her wrath upon her inoffensive son-in-law, on one occasion guiding a plate so effectually in his direction, that Sir Pipus' nose was somewhat shaken from its equilibrium ! The glass case is, therefore, a safeguard, and also prevents the estimable lady from getting dusty (or *rusty*).

Sir Pipus Bowler is regarded now by the Temperance Bands as a sort of Apostle. My correspondent encloses a poem, which he says covers nearly all the blank walls in London the big. He permits me to send it to you for publication. Ever yours, friend GRIP,

THE ANTIQUARIAN.

A TOBACCONEAN RHYME. Come, listen all ye partizans Of Total Prohibition

To how Sir Pipus Bowler Improves the world's condition, By introducing "Baccy" Of such delicate description, That medicos (in Latin) Put it into a prescription Shudden not, we straight local dem

Shudder not, ye straight laced dames, Nor talk of "Woman's Mission," And never think that all the world Is steering for perdition—

Sir Pipus B. will tell you That to smoke is "*chic*" and healthy, That his cigarettes are "Poems."

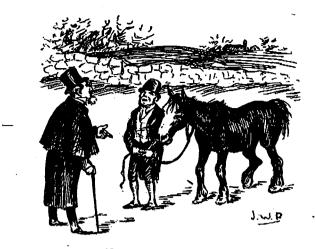
That his cigarettes are "Poems," Sought alike by fair and wealthy.

No more the men will sit and drink— (Sans dames) When dinner's over— No more the ladies yawn and wait

For husband—brother—lover— Because Sir Pipus Bowler

Has made a brilliant stroke

By which the *wine* is lessened, For the LADIES STAY AND SMOKE !!! ≡GRIP≡



NATURAL ENOUGH.

AMERICAN TOURIST (who has heard much of Irish repartee, and wishes to know for himself)-" That's a queer sort of a horse, stranger. Rather uncommon to see a black horse with a white face, ain't it?"

PAT-" Oh, I dunno, your honor. Sure, I'm thinkin' you wud have a white face yourself av you had a rope around your neck !"

HOW SHE DOES IT.

'HE wonderful manifestations at the seance given last Thursday evening, at the Grand Opera, by Miss Annie Eva Fay, are very easily accounted for. So much so, in fact, that they can be accounted for in about a dozen different ways, all equally intelligible and satisfactory to the inquiring mind. Every body who was there, of course, knows perfectly well how the thing was done, but for the benefit of those who were absent, GRIP furnishes the following explanations freely given on the spot by intelligent observers. Any reader who cannot find one to suit his views, must be hard to please :-

"The whole matter has long ago been settled by science. The manifestations are entirely caused by the odic force."

"It's the devil, that's what it is. If a few drops of holy water were sprinkled over that cabinet, she couldn't do a thing."

"Of course it is done by the spirits. Don't the communications prove that?"

"It is simply animal magnetism. The alleged medium draws upon the vital forces of the audience, and becomes a reservoir of magnetic power, which impinges upon the instruments and produces the phenomena."

"Hypnotism and nothing else. There s nothing done on the stage. It is all in the minds of the audience. Tney are hypnotized into believing they see something wonderful."

"It must be trickery and imposture. She has two pairs of arms, and while one pair are tied she works with the other."

"She is evidently an electrical expert. It's done by some new application of the principles of electricity, and it isn't half as wonderful as the telephone, anyway.

"It is not disembodied spirits, but the elementalsshe attracts them and subjects them to her will, polarizing the thought-forces and the emanations of the aura of those present. Don't you see how tired it makes her?"

"The explanation is very simple. She works in the fourth dimension of space."

GRIP, while disposed to agree with the above to some

extent, is disposed to believe that, in the words of Lord Dundreary, "it is one of those things that no fellow can find out."

VERY SICKLE-Y.

BLITTERS-"There seems to be a very morbid taste among theatre-goers now-a-days. In this new play of Bernhardt's she goes mad, and cuts her husband's throat with a sickle."

PODSON-" Horrible! I should think that it would make the audience feel sickly."

THE "GOOD OLD DAYS."

AS RECALLED BY THE "OLDEST INHABITANT" IN 1940.

HE good old days have passed away, We never more shall see The happy times we used to have In the Nineteenth Century. For men were true and honest then,

Not sordid, base and mean, We'll never have such pleasant days As those which I have seen.

They say 'twas a slow-going age, That steam is out of date, And electricity's played out

By what they've learned of late : But these new-fashioned flying ships

And Keeley motor trains, They've quite unsettled everything

And muddled my poor brains.

They've got to talking with the folks Upon the planet Mars, And soon by ether-motive force

They're going to reach the stars. We get across the Continent

In less than half a day All very fine-it don't suit me-I like the good old way.

The old steam cars were good enough, Laugh at them as ye will,

The telegraphs we used to have

Just seemed to fill the bill.

These new inventions may suit some, Who fresh excitement seek,

And want to fly all round the world 'Bout every other week.

We've got a woman president, We've squelched the millionaires, After a costly civil war

We've straightened up affairs.

Poor folks, I guess, are better off But yet it seems to me

Things ain't as healthy as they were In the Nineteenth Century.

There's no men now like those we had Some fifty years ago-Kind-hearted, noble, generous folks, Although you call them slow. Our politics were honest then, And Christian sould be the slow. And Christians could agree We had no scandals, rows or fights In the Nineteenth Century.

AN AID TO ECONOMY.

R. YOUNGHUSBAND—"My dear, I think I shall join the class that Mr. Houston is organizing for economic study."

MRS. Y .--- "Oh how nice ! You know I've been telling you, love, that we really must economize and begin to save money."



BONNIE PRINCE CHAPLEAU!

THE NEW PRETENDER RAISES THE STANDARD OF REVOLT.



SUPPOSED TO BE LAYING FOR A PARTY BY THE NAME OF CHAPLEAU.

MR. BLOOMINGNOZE PUFFER HAS A INTERVU WITH THE PREMYER.

HE OFFERS HIMSELF AS NEW BLOOD TO THE CABBYNET.

PUFFERSVILLE, Oct. 30, '91.

To Editor of GRIP,-

THE new Premyer having telegrafed me to come to his assistence in the rekonstruksun of his Cabbynet, I left at once for the Capitel with a glad hart. I hed been acting as judge at the Baby Show at our township fare in Puffersville, & as 27 mothers of the handsomest children proposed to form a komitee of the whole and wait upon me, I left *sine die*, so to speak.

The new Premyer greeted me with grate affekshun, and at wunse proceeded to unbuzum his trubles and his sorros. "I understand," sed he, with emoshin, "you were a frequent confidenshal adviser of Sir John, and often kounselled with him in his krises." I bowed modustly as I answered, "Sir John seemed to rely very much on my advice, and promised me—"

on my advice, and promised me—" "Just so, just so," sed Mr. Abbott, "well, we hev hed the devil's own time here this session, Mr. Puffer. It's ben a fite for life, with a narrowing majority, agenst them disloyell Grits. They fite like starved lions for their prey. And then the rank and file of our follering is so unsertain."

What is the cheef diffikulty in engineering the ship of State?" I enquired.

"I don't kno, friend Puffer," sed he, wiping the tears

from his eyes, "they are so many and so grate-they are all chief diffuculties. There's the investigation diffikulty -why, the hull Cabbynet seems bilt of rotten timber. Three departments so badly damaged that we must dismiss the ministers as dishonest or retain them as incap-There's the offis diffikulty-they wont half go ables. round. There's the fite among ourselves between Sir Hec tor's party and Chapleau's-worse a thousand times than the fite with the Grits. Had I knone, friend Puffer, that the old ship of State was so rotten and worm-eaten, and manned by such a mutinis krew, I should never hev entrusted my pelitikel reputashun to a voyege in it. Trubble-why, Job's were nowhares. He never had to fite Grits by day and Tories by night, and run the gauntlet of offis-seekers all the time. I tell you it's more than mortel kan bare," & he sobbed as tho' his hart wuz broke.

I wuz deeply affekted. I roze & embrased him. I assured him Canada was safe as yet—that Puffersville was still solid for the Old Flag & the Old Party, and that if need be I would enter—

"Yes, yes, my loyell friend, I know you wood die for your country & would sacrifice your last relation for the Old Party. But how am I to rekonstrukt the Cabbynet? I must get some new blood into the Cabbynet, but there's the diffikulty. If I selekt one I offend 20. Whom shall I appint?"

"I kin sympathize," I sed. "I have been judge at a Baby Show, & 27 women are waiting and watching for me-only one, my friend."

The hour had kum. I aruz and sed: "When, in a grate krisis like this, one's country calls with loud and clear aksents, I esteem it a privilege & a duty to sakrifize my salune bizness in Puffersville & rush to the defense of the Old Flag, the Old Party, the Old Policy. I will enter_____"

The effeck was magikel. He arose with a surprized look upon his face as tho' the noos wuz too good to believe. I reassured him that he had hurd me aright. I wuz willing—tho' my salune brot in \$10,000 in klean kash last year. I would sacrifize my salune, resign my claim as Past Master, and dedikate myself to the Old Flag, *the* Old—

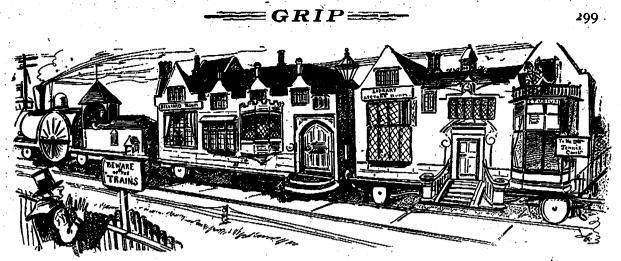
Here Mr. Abbott fainted. The effek of too sudden disklosures of good news is often overpowering. His countenance wore a ghastly smile, and as his lips moved we herd him repeating: "How are they increased that trublite me"—a plain allusion, I thought, to the growing numbers of the Grits. When he kum too he still wore a pale and Haggart face, and I went on to remark : "Sir John often promised me a Sennatorship as soon as a sertain vakancy occurred, but as he generilly selekted the liveliest old fossil in the hull kolleksin for me to foller, I never aktually hev ben Sennator, but only Sennator *in prospekto*.

J pointed out to the Premyer that since Karling's defeat in London the liquor interests hed not been properly represented in the Cabbynet—that I could carry Puffersville with a big majority—that I hed done work for the Party in the bak townships in meny a elekshun, and with the grate moral support I should bring in the Party cood squelch the disloyell Grits &----

Mr. Abbott hed fainted agen, and I left for home. Look out for the next Gazette & you will see Gazetted

HON. BLOOMINGNOZE PUFFER,

Puffersville.



AN ENGLISH GUESS AT IT.

"A palatial car has just been built for the Canadian Pacific Railway. One of the most striking novelties consists of six bay windows." -Pall Mall Gazette.

OUR OWN ARCHITECTURAL ARTIST, WHO IS FIRST COUSIN TO "THE INNOCENT," WANTS TO KNOW, YOU KNOW, IF THE CANADIAN PACIFIC TRAIN LOOKS AT ALL LIKE THE ABOVE.—Funny Folks.

VAGUE-AIRIES OF THE DAY.

THE insinuations of "Don" and others, to the effect that seeing there is so much boodling and corruption going on in politics, it is altogether probable that the Mowat administration is as bad as the rest, coupled with their failure to make any specific charge of wrongdoing, recall the following lines from one of James Russell Lowell's satires, which might have been written for the occasion :—

> Now, to begin at the begininn', An' come precisely to the pint, I think the country's underpinnin', To some consid'ble outer jint.

I ain't agoin' to try your patience By sayin' whose done this or that, I don't make no insinuations, 1 jest let on I smell a rat.

That is, I mean, it seems to me so, But—ef the public think I'm wrong, I won't deny but what I be so— An' fact it don't smell very strong.

A DIFFICULT TASK.

BUMSTEAD — "Why thus studious, Plugwinch? What have you on your alleged mind?"

PLUGWINCH—"I am wrestling with a great problem, old man. I am trying to think of some citizen that hasn't been proposed as mayor, and it's a hard job, I tell you."

NOBODY SLEPT THAT NIGHT.

POLICE CENSUS TAKER—"Fill up this form with the number of people who slept in this house last night."

HOUSEHOLDER—"That's easy done. Not a soul here had a wink of sleep last night, on account of the everlasting barking which those fiends of dogs kept up."

CANADIAN LITERATURE.—The importance of encouraging a native literature is hardly recognized as it ought to be by the people of "this Canada of ours." A great philosopher once said with much truth, "Let me make the ballads of a nation——"

THE ASTRONOMER'S DAUGHTER.

MY love she is the daughter of A very learned person, A most morose, hard-hearted cove-I never knew a worse 'un.

His mind is fixed upon the stars, Tho' he's not heavenly-minded— But to such earthly things as love He's got completely blinded.

I'm scared to ask him for her hand, Although I love her dearly; And that she feels the same for me She's often shown most clearly.

So we've made up to run away, Ha ! ha ! old man, we'll beat yer ! To-night just after dark, my love, I planet for to meteor !

HE—"You needn't wait up for me to-night, my dear." . SHE—"Perhaps I needn't; but I intend to just the same."



A "FELT" SLIPPER.



UNREASONABLE WOMAN !

WIFE-"I don't care what you say. You are not good to me. You do not treat me even the same as you do your friends." HUSBAND-"How can I? You don't drink."

THE CANADIAN CRANK IN UTOPIA.

TOPIA was a happy and contented country. Peace and prosperity reigned within its borders. Labor troubles were unheard of; there were no paurers; "a fair day's pay for a fair day's work," was a maxim which had always been in practical operation, and everybody worked, excepting those who were, by reason of physical or mental infirmity incapaciated, and these, being proper subjects of charity, were taken care of in public institutions, which were models of cleanliness and comfort. Millionaires were unknown as well as paupers, and the simple explanation was, that there were no such things ag private monopolies in existence. No man got more wealth than he earned, that is, gave full value for-but every man got all of that. The people of Utopia, notwithstanding their ideal condition of happiness, were only human beings. They were men and women of like passions with the people of other countries, in which social and polit-ical unrest were chronic. The difference was accounted for by the social system under which they lived. The corner stones of that system were Justice and Freedom. JUSTICE, in Utopia, recognized that men are endowed

JUSTICE, in Utopia, recognized that men are endowed with certain inalienable *rights*, and that these are not fit objects of taxation The natural right of man to himself, to what he can produce by his own efforts, to access to the raw material necessary to production—these were all vindicated practically. Taxation in Utopia was levied entirely on *privileges*—or rather on the one universal privilege of private possession and use of the land. All natural monopolies, such as railways, telegraphs, tele phones, postal routes, postoffices, etc., were controlled by the Government for the general good.

FREEDOM was vindicated in Utopia by the absence of all rates, tolls and restrictions of any kind on legitimate trade. Illigitimate trade was totally prohibited.

The public treasury was always overflowing, of course, since it received the whole of the annual ground rent of the country, though equally of course, no complaints were ever heard of taxation, for the simple reason that nobody was really *taxed*. Out of this unfailing surplus many comforts and conveniences were provided for the community, such as free street cars, free libraries, parks, music halls, etc., etc. Is it any wonder that Utopia was a happy land, to which the oppressed people of other countries flocked? And to which, by the way, they were all and always welcomed with open arms, because. under the conditions just specified, every new worker added to the sum total of wealth and comfort. Amongst the emigrants there at length arrived a crank from Canada, named George Henry. He was a political economist (or rather set up for such), and he lost no time in commencing an agitation for what he called his "theory." Briefly stated, his proposition was as follows: That the order of things existing in Utopia should be entirely overthrown, and a new order established, under which the ground rent should go into the pockets of private owners, to be known as Landlords; and the natural monopolies above specified should pass into the possession of syndi-This he claimed would have the desirable effect cates. of making millionaires of some of these Utopians, and then, out of their abundance, these fortunate individuals could, if so disposed, minister to the needs of the needy. The public revenue, instead of being supplied as heretofore by a single "tax" on land value was to be raised by taxes direct and indirect on labor products, such as food, clothing, dwellings, salaries, stocks of goods, etc., etc. The indirect taxes were to be raised by a "tariff"; by which was meant an impost upon goods brought in from abroad, a portion of which impost would go into the public till, and a larger portion into the pocket of the native manufacturer, who would thus be "protected. The direct taxes were to be imposed on houses, salaries, and business stocks, upon a valuation guessed at by assessors, or accepted upon the statements of the taxed parties. This, Mr. Henry claimed, would give a great impetus to the fine art of lying, a thing which every community ought to encourage.

GRIP

Need it be said the level-headed people of Utopia laughed at this silly crank and his vagaries? When he wildly asserted that the system he advocated was in actual operation in Canada, the country he had come rrom, some said he must be a liar; others, more courteous, replied that, if such were the fact, the people of Canada were a lot of persons who could not be fittingly characterized in polite language.



THE DANGER PAST.

SCRAGGLES-" I say, pard, we needn't hide no longer." WRAGGLES-" Why? how's that?"

SCRAGGLES-" I see by the papers that the police have a theory as to how the burglary was done and who done it."

CHATTER.

ETHEL-" Jack was my first love." MAUD-" Your first ! I didn't think him so old."

TASPAR-"Why did Diogenes hunt for an honest man."

JUMPUPPE-"He probably wanted to start a freak museum." 2.4

> I ONCE ambitious was and brave And of success had learned to taste ; But now I feel no urging spur, I've many a forward step retraced ; For when I lovely Phyllis met, The goddess of admiring men, She turned my head and bade me go, And I have backward walked since then. *

CYNIC-" Do you find that cigarettes affect your brain?"

CHAPPIE—" Bah Jove, if they do anything they improve it."

CYNIC-" O certainly, if they affect it all. That is what I meant."

> "NEVER sit we down and say There's nothing left but sorrow, The world has sure one sucker more From whom we yet may borrow."

JACK-"Her countenance fell when I told her what I thought of her."

MAUD-" What ! Did all her paint drop off?"

MRS. WONDERWHY-" Mrs. Newgold is said to be very proud of her ancestors."

MRS. SNEERE-"Yes. They were made under her personal supervision."



A MAN OF LITERAL HONOR.

MISS MAUD-" Your stay is always so very short, and you never even take a chair when you call."

MR. MASHERLY-" Well, you know, you said I was to con-sider myself as having a standing invitation to come here-and I don't want to presume beyond the terms."



"HIGH " ART.

SANSO-" I don't quite see it. What is there sublime about it ?

ELD.-" The price, my dear sir. Just think ; the publisher paid ten dollars a line for it !

"BETSY and I are out,"	
But why, pray, do you frown, Is it wrong that Betsy and I	
Is it wrong that Betsy and I	
Should come out to see the town ?	
* * *	

DUDES are so fragile it is no wonder they are often broke.

SPACER-" To day is the twenty-fifth anniversary of my birthday."

EDITOR-" Indeed? I wish you many happy returns: of the day. May you live to be as old as your own jokes."

> HE used to work his little farm Did the simple-minded granger, But now he summer boarders keeps, And works the simple stranger.

ETHEL-"It is nice to have a collegian for a lover." MAUD-"Why?"

ETHEL-" He has so many pretty similes on hand. Now Jack Sopho compares me to some beauty of ancient Greece."

MAUD-" Some ancient beauty of Greece you mean, dear, don't you."

WHEN Greek mythology I read

I very often wish That I could hear those Grecians tell

Some yarns of catching fish.

MANAGING EDITOR-" That new editorial writer we have hired is a jewel." Assistant—" In what way?"

MANAGING EDITOR-" When I ask him to write an editorial on a subject, he always writes on both sides and lets me take my choice."

DR. HARVEY'S SOUTHERN RED PINE for coughs and colds is the most reliable and perfect cough medicine in the market. For sale everywhere.

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HUMBLE CITIZEN-"See here, barber; you've cut off a piece of my ear." TONSORIAL ARTIST-"'Yes; they seemed

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to me a trifle large."-Boston Courier.

DR. T. A. SLOCUM'S

OXYGENIZED EMULSION OF PURE COD LIVER OIL. If you have a Wasting away of Flesh. Use it. For sale by all druggists. 35 cents a bottle.

YOUNG Myzer is quite liberal with his newly wedded wife.

He supplies her with the loveliest steamprinted cheques in blank.

The only little drawback to their happy married life

Is his failure to deposit any money in the bank. -Puck.

SHE-" Why, Charlie, where have you been? I've been waiting an age for you." HE-" Oh, but then your age is such a brief time, you know." She is more than ever of the opinion that Charley is such a dear fellow. -Boston Transcript.

HAVE YOU TRIED

A RIALTO Cigar? If not, get one at once; they are first-class. L. O. GROTHE & Co., Montreal.

"WHAT is that terrible noise?" asked one Russian nobleman of another. "It sounds as if some one was riveting a boiler." "Yes," was the reply; "the Czar's valet is getting him ready for bed."—Washington Star.

COLLEGE PRESIDENT-" All the boys have

attended prayers regularly this week?" PROFESSOR-""Not one has missed for two weeks."

PRESIDENT - "Humph! Som mischief is brewing."-Good News. Some infernal

BEEFLAT-" That man actually murdered

the song, don't you think so?" VAN HORN—"No; I didn't notice that the sound was deadened at all."-Puck.

DYSPEPSIA presents itself in many disagreeable forms, but oftener in severe distress of the stomach soon after eating. Many experience sourness of the stomoch, a sense of fulness, headache and dizziness. Paine's Celery Compound gives relief and rest.

THE SMOKER.

'TIS only when I'm feeling bad, And desperate I get That I disgrace myself and whiff A nauscous cigarette.

When I am trying to be a swell And dollars plenty are Sometimes I fall from grace and smoke A costly, vile cigar.

But when at home I'm at my ease And happiness is ripe, I sit me down and revel in

> The luxury of a pipe. -N.Y. Herald.

ANYONE furnishing their homes and requiring anything in the way of gas or electric fix-tures and globes should call on R. H. Lear & Co., 19 and 21 Richmond Street West. This firm is headquarters for goods in these lines. We would advise you to go direct to them and get their quotations.

GRACE-" Don't go, Harry. HARRY-" I must, love; it is after ten." GRACE-" Indeed it isn't; it's only half after." And Harry stayed.

≈GRIP ₩

FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for children teething. It southes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhœa. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

THE first kiss and the last Are the only ones worth noting, -When love's begun and past-When grief gives place to doting, The first kiss and the last-What need of others adding? The first kiss and the last

The rest are merely padding ! —New York Telegram.

DISBASES that were thought to be incurable a few years ago, are readily cured to day by Paine's Celery Compound.

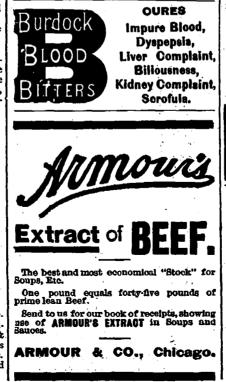
"WERE the boys early on hand?" "No. Late and on foot."

THE Superioress of the House of Bethlehem, Ottawa, says of Dyer's Improved Food for In-fants: "We have made use of Dyer's Improved Food for Infants, and certify that it has been a most beneficial nourishment to the infants under our charge."

CHOLLY-"Awfully frank old chap, your governor."

PENELOPE —" Indeed?" CHOLLY—" Yaas. Told me I was a fool when I asked him if I might marry you.

Thought he ought to have a better opinion of his daughter, though, don't you know.





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THE HEINIZMAN & CO. PLANO Is the Most Reliable Manufactured.

	NEW GOODS							
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	JOHN KAY, SON & CO.							
r to	Have now their FALL IMPORTATIONS in stock. In every department							
Cover	will be found the Newest Novelties produced this							
from	season, and first-rate value.							
	in the Oarpet Department. Templeton's Victorian and Royal Axministers, Aristo and Patent Axministers. Wiltons. In all grades for drawing, dining and bed rooms, also halls and stairs, all with handsome borders. Brussels. A great variety from the largest and most noted manufacturers. They would invite special attention to the choice lot of best Brussels (bought a bargain), selling at \$1.10, cash. Judging from the present rate of sales, a speedy clearance is at hand.							
of Laughs	Velvet Carpets. Always a good selection at low prices. Tapestry Carpets. A constant demand for all the various qualities. In a few days they will be able to announce the arrival of a job lot (of over 6,000 yards) of 10-Wire Tapestrys (Wilton backs), the best goods made, to be sold at 70c. cash; regular price 85c. All-wool Carpets. The best English goods—Brussels patterns at the same old price. Union Carpets. The best Philadelphia makeremarkable goods for the money,							
Full o	Garpet Squares. Woven in one piece—all sizes, in Templeton's Parquette, Axminster, Wilton, Daghestan and Brussels. Oriental Squares and Rugs. A nameless variety. Japan Carpets and Rugs. Hand-made. They expect to have the large purchase made in Japan by Mr. Kay soon. All sizes, up to 12 x 15 feet.							
8	Squares. Of all wool Kensington, Anglo Indian, Damascus and Union, from 2½ x 3 to 4 x 5 yards square; there is an in- creasing demand for these durable and artistic goods. Church Carpets. In Brussels and All-Wool; a large stock always on hand. These goods are known throughout the Dominion.							
will	Agents for Nairn's Linoleums and Oilcloths. The quality of these goods is known throughout this planet. Sole Agents for Staines' Inlaid Tile Linoleum. The colors go right through to the back. They claim it to be the floor covering of the near future.							
for '92	 Matting, Mats, etc. Agents for the Famed Aurora Sweeper. The Ourtain Department has never been so well supplied as at present with goods of artistic designs and coloring. Several cases arrived direct from St. Gall, Switzerland, containing an exceedingly fine lot of Swiss Curtain in Irish Point, Brussels, Cluny, Tamboured Lace and Muslin in curtains and by the yard. 							
	Turcoman Curtains. A job lot of odd pairs in all sizes up to 6.0 x 12.0 feet; handsome patterns, rich goods; moderate in price. See them. An Endless Variety of Piece Goods for Furniture Covering, Draping, Curtains, Door Hangings, etc., etc. Draping							
unac	Silks, plain, figured and printed in Oriental designs, etc. Table and Piano Covers. A good selection in stock, and can be made to order any size.							
Almanac								
	Liberty's Cretonnes and Muslins. Great Novelties in Window Shades							
Grip s	Have received five Cases of Screens ordered by Mr. Kay while in "Japan							
	JOHN KAY, SON & CO.							
	34 King Street West							

Grip's Almanae for '82 will Beat all its Predecessors Hollov

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Grip's Almanac for 92 will be Wholly Original.

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