

# GRIP

EDITED BY J. H. BINGOUGH

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 The gravest fish is the Oyster.  
 The gravest man is the fool.

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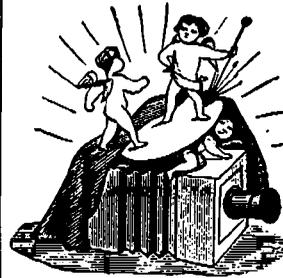
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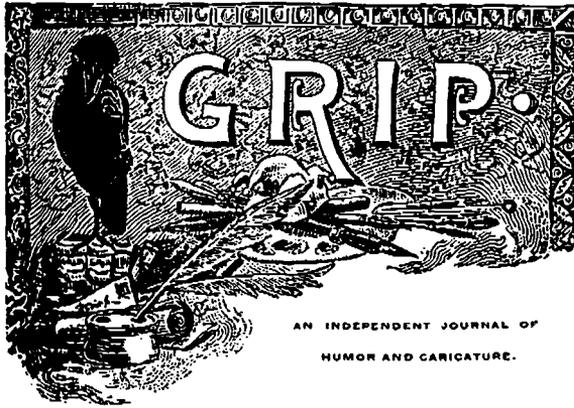
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**PUBLISHERS' NOTES.**

**JUBILEE JOLLITIES**—No. 2 of Grip's Own Library—is just ready. It has pictures on nearly every page, and every picture is either original or has been specially reproduced for this publication. Every one who sees it is buying a copy. Only 10 cents, at all bookstores, or send the price direct to the office and we will mail a copy promptly.

**Comments on the Cartoons.**



**THE MONKEY IN REVOLT.**—Manitoba's demand to be set free from the monopoly claimed and exercised by the C.P.R., under which (by an unquestionably illegal reading of the contract) all provincial charters for competing railways are disallowed by the Government, has been rejected by Parliament. The Government's policy was sustained by a majority of forty-eight, after a debate in which the weight of argument was, in our opinion, in support of the motion introduced by Mr. Watson. The answer upon which the Government relied was that it would be contrary to the public interests to permit Manitoba to build competing railways and thereby reduce the earnings of the C.P.R., in which a vast pile of public money has been invested. It is presumed that the interests of the C.P.R. are dear to the Governmental heart because that corporation is a heavy debtor to the Dominion, but it is certainly a poor look-out for the Prairie Province if she is really expected to grin and bear monopoly until those tens of millions have been got out of her. It means a century and a quarter of disallowance, at least. And yet, it is hard to feel any sympathy for people who will deliberately vote for a policy of disallowance and then turn around and complain of it. Does Manitoba pretend that she had any reason to expect a change of policy on Sir John Macdonald's part when she elected a solid delegation to support him at the last election? She certainly had no promise of any such thing from any person in authority.

**THE CLERK OF THE CROWN IN CHANCERY.**—Instead of dismissing the party by the name of Pope for conduct unbecoming a civil servant in connection with the gazetting of members, the Government, apparently lost to all shame, have actually increased the proved partizan's salary. This is one of the most scandalous affairs that has yet happened, even at Ottawa. If anything approaching it occurred at Washington, what homilies we would hear about the "rottenness of Democratic institutions." A government of ordinary respectability would not thus plainly put a premium on official rascality, but this government has unquestionably done so with the consent of a like-minded majority.

**"THE DUEL IN THE SNOW."**—With the *Dublin Freeman* of May 7th is given a supplementary cartoon entitled "The Duel in the Snow," which can hardly fail to be of interest to Canadians on account of the climatic and meteorological information it contains. The figures represented are those of Mr. O'Brien and Lord Lansdowne, the former in heroic attitude, with a sword in hand, marked "public opinion," standing before the covering form of Lansdowne who stretches his clasped hands towards his assailant as if imploring mercy. The attitudes are faithfully copied in our reproduction on page 12. The snow, however, is the main feature of the picture. Out of respect for the snow we feel compelled to alter the "dialogue" which, in the original, runs as follows:—

"Lansdowne—I give in. That weapon you have such a command of is too strong for mine.—&c., &c., &c., &c."

"William O'Brien—I'd follow you to the ends of the earth and back again to protect the just rights of the humblest creature in Ireland."

Considering three feet of snow on the 7th of May, with its accompanying low temperature, we think the words *we* have supplied for Lansdowne much more appropriate. But what are we to think of the intelligence of the *Weekly Freeman's* editor? This is a pretty return to make to Canada for her Home Rule resolution! And yet the snow is about the truest part of the picture.

**BEER BLOCKS THE WAY.**—This excellent illustration of the state of the temperance cause in England is the work of the famous Sambourne, of *Punch*. The figures in the background are those of prominent temperance workers of the old land. They are as follows, commencing at the upper left corner:—Top row, J. H. Raper, J. Malins, Miss Sarah Robinson, Robt. Rae, F. Smith, Superintendent Foster; second row, Rev. G. Garrett, Miss Agnes Weston, Rev. Canon Farrar, Sir W. Lawson, Dr. R. W. Richardson, the late S. Morley, M.P., W. J. Palmer, J.P., Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, S. A. Blackwood, and the Bishop of London. The massive figure of Beer, the personification of Beer, fills the foreground. The picture was drawn for that most excellent journal, *The British Workman*.



**WELCOME TO SIR A. CAMPBELL.**

WITH cordial hand we shake your own  
And bid you welcome to our town,  
Our head official swell—  
'Twill be your duty here, great sir,  
To do nothing in particular—  
We trust you'll do it well!

If women were admitted to the franchise there would be a good deal more bustle about our elections.

**THE "WORLD'S WARNING."**

A COMEDY.

**FIRST FARMER.**—Tell ye what it is, its no use raisin' anything these days—What's the use o' toilin' an' moilin' day out an' day in, an' can't raise enough to pay off the interest on yer mortgage. My missis talks o' goin' into the city and keepin' a boardin' 'ouse.

**SECOND FARMER.**—Dead aye—a body's juist atween the deil an' the deep sea. Gin a body cud only get a decent price for what they dae raise, but ye see its just the auld law o' supply an' demand. Its demand we want—mair demand.

**THIRD FARMER.**—Thruc for yez! Sure its only the bit an' the sup we can get for all our slavin'—an' its better we'd be on the ould sod entirely. Whisper, cudn't we be afther arganizin' a plan uv Campaign so as compil the devils to pay a daysent price for their praities an' theic whate.

[Enter Erastus Wiman and Butterworth.]

**WIMAN.**—Friends—Canadians—countrymen, lend me your ears,  
As I have lent you mine for some time past,  
Listening unto your plaints of poverty  
In that for your good produce you've no market.  
No market means no money, and no money  
Means nary purchase when you go to town.  
As thrives the farmer so the country thrives,  
And as I wish to see my country thrive  
(For 'tis my country still, though I like you  
Found prices for my values far too small,  
So lit on likelier soil.) I come to you  
Showing you where a market wide awaits you—  
A market wider than the world e'er saw.  
Millions of hungry Yanks to eat your produce;  
Millions of dollars to pay you therefor.  
They in return just ask to send their products  
By reciprocity into your markets,  
Arts, manufactures, which will also help  
In that 'twill stimulate fresh competition,  
Resulting in cheap goods for the consumer.

[Enter "World."]

**WORLD.**—Don't you believe him—he is stuffing you.  
Wiman and Butterworth mean annexation,  
And annexation means, this glorious Canada  
Will be no more than just an added star  
Upon their impudent flag, an' extra stripe  
On Uncle Sam's long lanky pantaloons.  
You stick to John A. and his big N.P.,  
And if you *do* but barely get a living,  
Anything's better than to list to Wiman.  
Oh he's a cute one! oh! his plans are deep!  
That man intends one day to own New York,  
And so wants to live cheaply, saving much  
Toward that end—by cheapening his living  
By introduction of Canadian butter,  
Eggs, bread and vegetables, and dear knows what.  
Now don't you do it! *he* don't care for you,  
Not one red cent—he wants to ruin our trades,  
And flood our markets with cheap Yankee goods,  
So when he owns New York he'll buy up Canada  
For an old song. You hold on to your wheat,  
Or sell it even for five cents a bushel,  
Rather than trade it for a Yankee dollar.  
A Yankee dollar is like devil's gold,  
'Twill turn to worthless copper in your pockets.  
Grub, toil, and starve, let the farm go for the mortgage,  
Think not of old age, you may never see it,  
But never, never, never try to buy  
Freedom from debt, or ease, or comfort,  
Through means of Wiman's Reciprocity.

**A BIT OF THE SOCIAL HISTORY OF THE  
PENCHERMANS.**

To people who enjoy the advantage of knowing Mr. Pencherman, M.P., I have no doubt it would seem incredible to hear that in the very remote past I was not a leader of society in Rural Dell. Force of prejudice, not lack of personal merit, made certain proud spirits who had dealt at father's corner grocery remain long blind to the many and varied gifts that fit me for that responsible position and entitle me and mine to be looked on as one

of the F.F.'s (first families) of the place. I would not refer to these matters, but at times, when puffed up with the glory of the many grand people I am introduced to as the wife of a member of Parliament, and my many social successes and triumphs, I feel it necessary to curb the pride that wells up within me, for occasionally happy fortune spares me the fiercer check-rein of the presence of my relations who, not having achieved a similar position, will not allow me to imagine myself an aristocrat, though they are such rigid upholders of family ties; this and a desire to be an example to other aspiring women are the reasons that tempt me for a moment to lift the veil from a period in my life that a person of less assured position might blush to remember, viz., when the Highhollow people didn't go out of their way to pay me any attentions, and Highhollow was not so far away from Rural Dell but that people exchanged calls sometimes—in fact it was only the other side of the town, the side that thought itself aristocratic. Poor old H.H., we thought their pretensions absurd when they didn't include us in their invitations, but one has to live in a Canadian town to appreciate the difficulty of getting your foot into society if you are not born to it, or happen to be a stranger from nobody knows where. I know it so well that now I am firmly planted there myself, I can tell you that except when I give a purely political party on Lucius' account, it is not every one that can get a card to Mrs. Pencherman's select "At Homes." Of course the F.F.'s of the Dominion are not always of aristocratic origin; if we were fortunate enough to have a few half-pay officers' families and two distant cousins of some decayed titled people, it didn't signify to me much if they had ancestors or not (though no one knows how much I should like to have had some of my own), what I wanted was to have the acquaintance of the *best in my own town and time*, and being a woman of character I naturally felt myself the equal, if not the superior, of anybody, and I more than suspected that the persons who acted in such an airfied manner weren't all they were cracked up to be. I waited until we were pretty well off before I made any great efforts, but I was always polite, when opportunity offered, to the Highhollow people, and sent my children to the same schools as they did theirs, so that the young people grew quite intimate, and I constantly impressed on Molly and Jane the desire to copy their playmates' company manners, and to be goodnatured and share their sweets with them. Of course when Lucius got elected that was a great help, but for the sake of the uninitiated I may say that the wife of the member before L. never took much of a position; she did drop the letter "h" so, she couldn't get over being English, and then, poor thing, she had never been to boarding-school. As soon as we were a political family I took to giving big parties, and invited every one whether we were on calling terms or not. Lucius was rather against it, and said we ought to wait until they asked me first.

"Not a bit of it," I replied. "That would be letting them think we felt they were better than us. I am going to make the aristocrats sorry when they eat our nice suppers they hadn't been asked long ago." So he said, "Do as you like, my dear, but I kind of hate to have folks come to our house just for their suppers." "Lucius," I answered, "ladies and gentlemen sounds genteeler than folks. Don't you remember how you took to mother's pumpkin pies before you saw what a good-looking girl I was? Let them come for their suppers, and we'll show them how elegant we are ourselves." I said this with some misgivings, for I have always a feeling

that notwithstanding the kindest heart in the world, the suave manners of the member for Rural Dell are but a veneer that the too honest man beneath rubs off at awkward moments with a liability to let all sorts of cats out of family bags. But I had my way, and persevered with wonderful results, and can proudly say that to-day I lead society in Rural Dell, and give the best entertainments, am frequently asked to head subscriptions and be a lady patroness when one is required to lend the weight of purse and influence. I might go into greater detail, but I find after all I have forgotten if I ever struggled for a position, though I do remember being very active in church matters, and forming desirable acquaintances at sewing societies and thanksgiving teas, and how history does repeat itself. I have to be most particular in crushing the advances of pushing people one meets at these semi-public gatherings, though I am obliged to be polite to more people than suits my exclusive nature, for fear of losing votes for my husband.

J. M. LOES.



#### A POINTER FOR HENRY GEORGE.

Here's a perfect antidote to Poverty—the three T's: Toil, Thrift, and Temperance! Specific compounded by W. R. Huntington, D. D.

#### POINTERS IN MYTHOLOGY.

(FROM THE BACK OF GRIP'S NEW DICTIONARY).

**BRIAREUS.** Seems to have introduced the use of the briar-root pipe into Greece. He had a hundred hands; but fortunately for the men of that time, poker-playing was then an unknown art.

**ORION.** Thought by some to be identical with the piper that played before Moses,—cf. Petzholdt, Anson, Epigr., V., 323. Supposed to have emigrated to Ireland, and to have founded the illustrious house of the O'Ryans.

**ARGUS.** Used to make it a practice to write stupid letters to all the newspapers of the prehistoric age,—sometimes signed them "Veritas," and "Constant Reader."

**CENTAURS.** A kind of mounted police. Commonly called "cents," in the mythical age. Compare our use of the word "cop," a contraction of "copper." Both these names were originally bestowed as an indication of value.

**DELPHI.** Famous for its crockery and porcelain.

**PROCRUSTES.** A baker, who refused to employ union men.

**IO.** Changed into a cow,—hence Io, the cow. Nowadays a man says Io the pump, for it is largely to the pump that we owe the modern milk supply.

**PRIAM.** The first housebreaker.

**CALLIOPE.** An ancient *prima donna* who made a great reputation as a whistle on a tug. She afterwards joined a circus.

W. J. H.

#### A MEDICAL PHENOMENON.

"HELLOA, Wigglesworth!" exclaimed an Austin man, meeting an acquaintance on the avenue; "you are as grey as a rat. What's the matter with you?"

"It's terrible, isn't it? Last night I experienced a severe fright, and my hair turned to its present silvery hue immediately."

A few days after this the Austin man again encountered Wigglesworth wearing beautiful, resplendent, coal black locks.

"Why, Wigglesworth, what's the meaning of this? The last time we met your hair was snow white, now it is dark as the raven wing."

"Yes; you see my hair turned grey from sudden fright. Yesterday, a man paid me ten dollars he had been owing me for a long time, and the pleasurable emotions were so violent that they turned it back again to its original color."—*Texas Siftings.*

#### TORONTO'S FAME.

"I have just returned from abroad; and while away I often heard of Toronto—of its instincts for order and peace," etc., etc.—*Sir A. Canebell's speech on reception.*

"BEGORRA, ye've got the wrong word," says O'Brien, "If its inshtinct for 'peace' they shpoke av, they're lyin'! Look at Lalor's shop windys—remember the mob Wid their brickbats,—its inshtinct for 'pieces,' be gob!"

#### LORD LAWDEDAW ON THE TRUE BASIS OF THE COLONIAL CONNEXION.

Aw—I obsehve undah the above heading a wemahk-able sensible ahticle in last Saturday's *World*. It is, aw—anent the connexion with the—aw—Mother Country, and the wintah of the ahticle shews—aw—cleahly that the twue bond of connexion is not commauce—aw—sentiment naw anything in fact that we have hithehto supposed it to be. The—aw—bond is—aw—a *human* bond. Aw—that is to say, that the pwopah spheah of Canadians is to bwreed and waise *men* law wah puhposes. That is—aw—in the case of Bwитай engaging in war, instead of Canada supplying her share of money—she could supply—aw—*men*. Now it stwikes me this is an excellent pwoposition. Bwитай has, befaw now, as this wintah twitely wemahks, hired faweign mehcnawies to win her battles. Now why not make mehcnawies of her own sons? Aw—there is sound political economy in this—aw—idea. In the fhst place it must be plain to the most supehficial obsehveh, that when Canadians get thowoughly inbued with the idea that they are being raised as soldiers faw the use of Bwитай—aw—it will at once put an end to this absuhd cwaze faw highah education. A fellow who feels that he is being waised and fed and taken care of genewally—as food for cannon or a target for the most impwoved style of wufe, is not likely to be very ambitious faw higher education. Again—we are continually hearing of ovehcwowed pwofessions—well, a dwaft on! Canada

faw mehcnawies, would welieve the plethawa there. Then—aw—what I consider maw impawtent, it would have the—aw—effect of vacating many impawtent public offices which could be filled by young Englishmen who find it extwemely difficult to suppawt a position becoming their station in England. Aw—the *World* in its advocacy of Canadian independence has always been a sowce of gweat annoyance to me, and I hail with pleaswah this sign of a healthiah sentiment. Nothing will dispel or destroy the idea of Canadian independence or Canadian individuality so much as the knowledge of the fact that they are paid mehcnawies of England, that fwom henc-fwath—aw—Canadians are the coin in which Canada will pay her share of the war expenses of the Mothah Country. Aw—I would suggest that the Ministah of Education insist on the militawy school dwill being kept up wewularly and that the boys, pwevius to dwilling, be told plainly what they are dwilling faw,—aw—instilling into their young minds, what a glorious destiny is befaw them,—aw—the pwivilege of being common soldiehs in command of English officahs, the being able to look forwahd to the glorious day when they will stand up to shoot and be shot faw the glory of England and the establishment of what the *World* calls “twue basis of colonial connexion.” The bweeding of horses faw the ahmy having been such a success there is no weason to suppose that—aw—the bweeding of men for the like purpose, should not be equally successful.

LAWDEDAW.



BLAKE'S REVENGE.

Blake—Well, seeing you got into the pot of your own free will, and refused to get out when you had a chance, I don't see why I shouldn't let you stew in your own juice.

SHE—“And do you love me, George?” He (a medical student)—“Yes; from my sixth left rib.” She—“Sir?” He—“I mean, my dear, from the bottom of my heart.”—*Quiz.*

HERR KRUPP has been a wonderfully successful man, but his day of prosperity is about over. He has announced that he will start a daily newspaper for the benefit of his 20,000 workmen. He may sustain himself for a while by taking their subscriptions to his paper from their wages.—*Dallas News.*

HARD ON THE BIRDS.

THE jubilant notes of the poets at the approach of spring are as sweet and varied as the liquid syllables of the returning birds.—*The Week.*

AFTER such an expression of opinion, it is surely the basest hypocrisy for our contemporary to complain at being deluged with doggerel at the opening of each vernal season.

A SKETCH FROM NATURE.

As Araminta Van Goldstein read the following lines to herself the other evening, when the twilight coaxed the feline inmates of the adjoining villas into the Van Goldstein garden—

“In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love,” she became reflective.

“Why did not the noble bard include the young women, I wonder?” she said to her maid, who was busily engaged holding the *Edition-de-luxe* before her beloved mistress.

“Guess he didn't know enuff,” answered Estelle, with a critical wink of the left eye, “and you may bet the young man thinks more of a base-ball match than a love match this spring, Miss, tra-la. And I love to see a hot drop curve myself,” as she jumped to her feet and pitched the book gracefully across the room, where it landed on the curled up form of Araminta's toy terrier, who rolled over in his *siesta* and died without a murmur. He was not discovered to be defunct until the next morning when his disconsolate companion, the Maltese cat, dragged Araminta from her perfumed couch to the side of the deceased canine, where they mingled tears together on the Persian rug. Araminta thought of Alphonso De Browne that evening and sent her maid to his boarding-house with this note:—

“My ownest own, come to me at once. I long to pinch your dear old nose again. Nature is so beautiful, I cannot enjoy it alone, and Pa and Ma are both out. Your ownest owner, FONZY'S MINTA.”

In his ecstasy of joy at receiving such an unlooked for summons, Alphonso kissed Estelle and gave her a severe hugging and a packet of cigarettes, promising to be over the back-garden wall within five minutes and asking as a special favor that the bull-dog should be chained up, Estelle promised, begged a match and retired.

Alphonso seized his hat and mouth organ, brushed his hair and boots with one brush hurriedly and departed. Araminta was waiting for him at the bottom of the kitchen garden, when he lightly vaulted over the fence and fell through a cucumber frame, on which his lady-love was sitting. Araminta quoted a suitable line from Hamlet, “What's cucumber to him or he to cucumber that he should leap for her,” as she assisted him to rise.

“Fonzy,” said the beautiful girl, “time is short. Pa and ma will soon be back from meeting. Let us retire behind the summer house.”

And behind the summer house they retired. Scarcely had they seated themselves on the edge of the fountain than a little bird, that had been peeping at the happy lovers over the top of its little nest, fell flutteringly to the earth. Warm-hearted Araminta rushed to the scene of the accident and picked up the little unfledged biped. Tying a string to its left leg, she lightly swung the newly hatched songster into the air towards its nest. The bird flew over the budding chestnut and fell on the other side dead. Araminta had overshot her mark. Seeing that al

help was now in vain, the happy couple resumed their seat behind the summer-house.

Araminta proceeded to recite verses from Seranu's Birthday Book for many hours until the delicate fragrance of a consuming Havana cigar seemed to tickle her sensitive nose.

"Fonzy," she said, interrupting herself, "are you smoking?" Receiving no reply, the heiress of Van Goldstein looked around, but Alphonso was gone. Araminta looked into the basin of the fountain, but he was not there.

Again the perfume of the weed wafted over her nose and she followed it up. It led to the summer-house and as she entered she saw her Alphonso sitting with his arm around her maid Estelle, who was trying to light a cigarette from his cigar stub. Indignation arose within Araminta; but curiosity proved stronger. She crouched beside the arbutus and listened. She heard nothing but the frantic inhalations of the maid, endeavoring to steal fire. At last a wild shriek rent the air and Estelle fell dead, as a solitary curl of smoke issued from her expiring lungs and filled the summer-house with a peculiar odor.

"Revenge is sweet," shouted Araminta, as she stamped on the corpse of her handmaiden. Alphonso picked up the still smouldering cigarette and examined it carefully. Horror-stricken, he tore his hair, and exclaimed in remorseful tones, "I have murdered her,"—*It was Cubels*. Araminta threw her arms around his neck and said, "Dearest, I forgive you," and they flung the body of Estelle into the basin of the fountain, where it served the animal wants of the fishes for many days. P. QUILL.



"HAVE you read Rider Haggard's latest book, yet?" Bingley was overheard asking Miss Pompon. "Not yet, Mr. Bingley," replied the young lady, "but I thought his *Ben Hur* was just too lovely for anything!" and this is fame.

WHEN heard from last, Mr. Donnelly was still struggling to rip open the canvas bag of mystery which time has enveloped what we call Shakespeare, and which hides the true Bacon beneath. The honorable Ignatius has for some time been hurling the immense powers of his volcanic intellect into the solution of a mighty problem, and he has been phenomenally successful in proving himself a ham.

MR. THOS. O'HAGAN'S volume of poems under the pretty title "A Gate of Flowers," has left the hand of the printer in a most presentable shape. The contents do honor to the author's poetic talent and fine literary instinct, and will, we doubt not, be read with pleasure by all who appreciate good work in the domain of poesy. In a "raw, rough and democratic" country like Canada, the genuine poet should be sure of a hearty welcome, however modest his offering, and Mr. O'Hagan's claim to a kindly hearing has long since been acknowledged.

### THE CHORAL CONCERT.



THE Choral Society's closing concert was given at the Pavilion on Tuesday evening of last week. Our swallow-tail representative was on hand, and submits the following:—"Paradise and the Peri," by Schumann, was the work selected. It is a romantic novel in three volumes, not quite so sensational as "She," but rather more incredible. A class of grown-up girls and boys on the front seats, (names, Miss Ryan, Boston; Miss Martin, New York; Mr. Geo. Warrenrath, New York;

Mr. Warrington, Mrs. Bradley, Miss Hillary, Miss Berryman and Miss Dick, Toronto), took turn about in reading this story to the audience, and they did it very well, excepting that you couldn't tell what they were saying, as a general thing. The reading was accompanied by splendid orchestration, however, and this enabled the audience to endure what would otherwise have bored them to death. Occasionally, the multitude of blushing damsels and black coated young gentlemen banked up behind the orchestra would rise and demand fair play in a stentorian tone of voice, being plainly encouraged to make these demonstrations by Mr. Fisher, who ably conducted the whole affair. I think it's a pity that Mr. Schumann bothered with any words at all, since he had no intention of giving the vocalists anything but recitative, than which nothing can be more tiresome when extended over a whole evening. I refrain from passing any opinion upon the vocalization of the soloists as they had no singing to do. The chorus acquitted themselves very creditably, and the orchestra was unusually good, as it should have been, seeing that it embraced the Mendelssohn Quintette Club of Boston. Mr. John Marquardt, of the club, performed a violin solo—a fantasia by Ernst—in a manner which sustained his great reputation."

### MORE QUERIES.

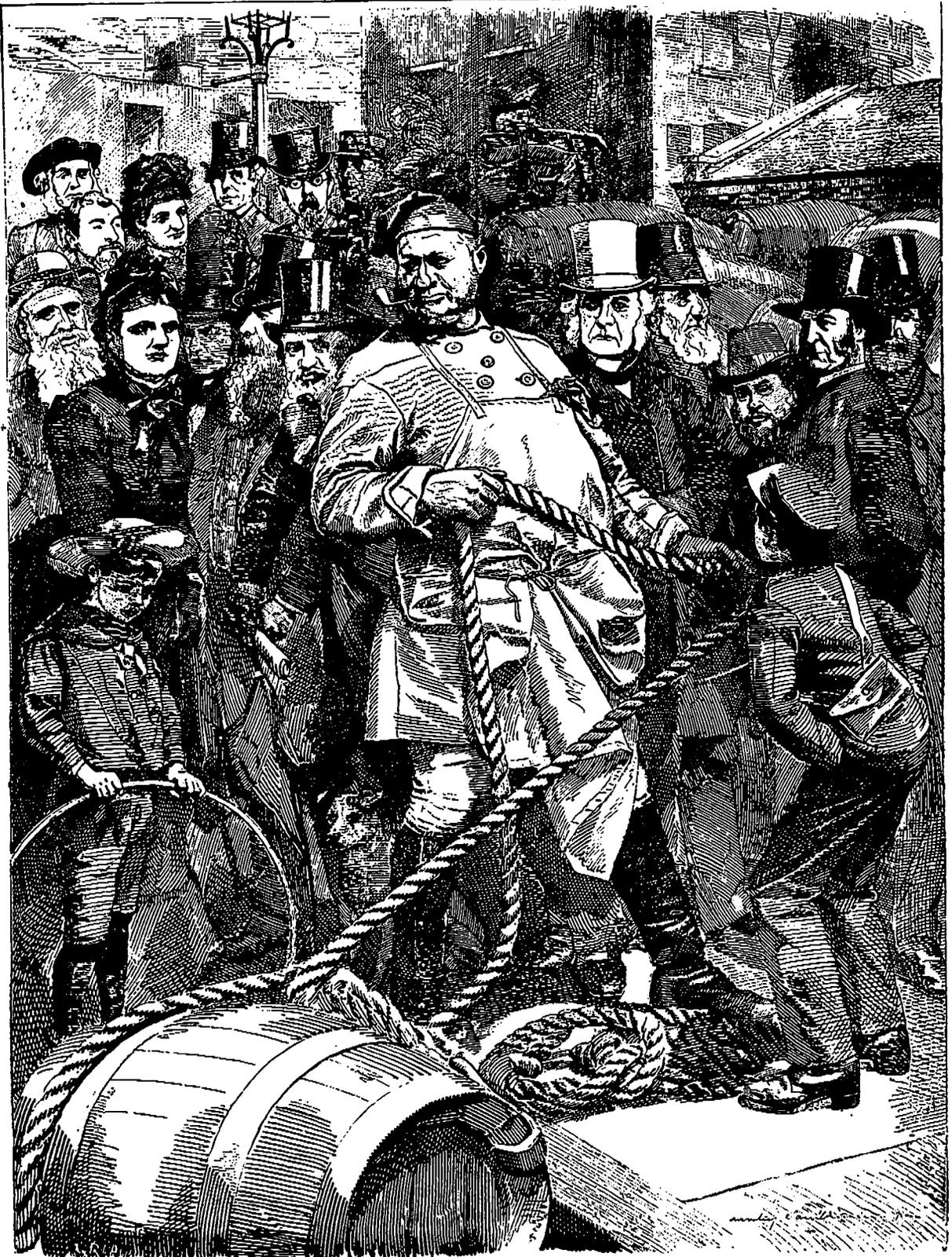
THERE is a great deal of nonsense talked about the "ties of blood" between Great Britain and Canada, and the existence of these ties is spoken of as a reason why we should take an unfriendly attitude toward the United States. As a question of fact, is the average native-born Canadian related more nearly to Great Britain than to the States? Has not almost every Canadian a greater number of close relatives in the States than in Britain? Are there not nearly 1,100,000 native-born Canadians living in the States? And are not an immense number of the stay-at-home Canadians descended from Americans?—*Globe*, 21/5/87.

And are not an immense number of Americans descended from Ancient Britons? And are we not all descended from Adam?

### SOUND.

THE *Mail* is fixing itself more firmly every day in the confidence of the intelligent public. Its opinions are not only sound politically and morally, but are expressed in language at once forcible and judicious. The following paragraph is quoted as a sample:—

B' ABHAIST do charaid air taobh eile a chuain mhoir a bhi 'g radh oach 'b urrainn do fhuir Ghaidheal orain Ghaidhlig a leughadh gun nidheirp a thoirt air an seinn.



BEER BLOCKS THE WAY!

(DRAWN FOR THE "BRITISH WORKMAN" BY LINLEY SAMBOURNE.)



### THE MONKEY IN REVOLT.

Sir John.—SET YOU FREE? IMPOSSIBLE! THE THING'S ABSURD! DON'T YOU KNOW THAT WE LOOK TO YOU TO COLLECT THE COPPERS TO PAY BACK THE MONEY INVESTED IN THE ORGAN?

### HINTS FOR FARMERS.

#### HOW TO WEAN THE CALF.

ONE of the most important agricultural duties at this season of the year is weaning the calves. This delicate operation requires experience—second-hand experience is much preferable. The writer of this article got his bran new, but would advise all aspirants for the position of calf caterer to halt in their mad career and be content with the enchantment distance lends to the view. I worked at the farming trade all one summer, and know every branch of the art. Weaning a calf is one of the largest branches. I once supposed that it required large quantities of the "milk of human kindness" to wean an infant bovine, but subsequent investigations have proved to me that sour milk answers the purpose better. This is how I became acquainted with the fact—and the calf:—

Shortly after my arrival on the farm one of the barnyard bovines presented her master with a baby ox, a pretty little red and white creature with gazelle-like, innocent eyes, and it immediately elicited my sympathy and watchful care. For two weeks it was never from its mother's side. Then the farmer intimated that the time had arrived to wean it. He enclosed it in a small field where the grass was growing profusely, and brought a pail of milk for it to imbibe.

I never yet learned whether it was a case of malice aforethought or a sense of self-preservation that inspired the farmer to delegate me as tutor to that calf. But as it was such a docile little creature I felt no fear as to the ultimate success of my undertaking. The little animal stood looking at us wonderingly with its soft, patient eyes awaiting our approach. When within a few feet of my gazelle a paroxysm of fear seemed to strike him forcibly and he started off across the field with a white flag of truce flying. I followed, and after circling around for half an hour we corralled him in a fence corner. The pail was then placed before him, but the little creature didn't appear to be hungry; it seemed suspicious of the pail. I spoke soothingly. This calmed his fears. I then gently but firmly pushed his head downward until his nose touched the milk. Great Cæsar! what a prodigious bellow escaped that beast. With one bound the docile, innocent little gazelle landed me on the ground and soaked me from head to foot with milk. In doing so the pail bail became caught on the calf's neck and he went sailing off around the field with his tin-pail muzzle. Occasionally he would run foul of a stump, when a sound like the wail of a hand-organ in a thunder storm was borne to us upon the breeze. You could no more approach the gazelle than you could a will-o'-the-wisp. He would jump, and bellow, cavort and tear around as though there was a full head of steam on and the safety-valve was tied down. Finally he turned a somersault over a stone. This disengaged the pail, and with one more heartrending bellow he started at a Flying Dutchman gait for the next township.

When the calf was recovered the farmer initiated me into the mysteries. I learned that the proper way was, first to catch the calf; get his neck in chancery between your legs; place the pail of milk in front of you; insert one finger into the calf's mouth and gently lead his head down to the milk. Your sleeves should be rolled up; in fact it is just as well not to wear much clothing when you undertake this exercise. Neither is it considered the proper thing to wear gloves during the operation, unless it be a pair made from quarter-inch boiler-plate. I never knew a calf to amputate anyone's finger, where the fingers were properly fastened on.

SAM STUBBS.

### A BASEBALL MATCH.



Now smiling nature yields,  
For June hath wooed and won;  
Through all the pleasant fields  
Hath summer's fragrance gone,—  
Through all the wolds and wealds,  
By the Don.

Two ball nines in a lot  
Have played and howled since noon;,  
And the brooklet hath forgot  
Its drowsy, babbling rune,  
All in the blazing hot Afternoon.

Two youthful ball nines,—one  
The "Morning Stars," who hope

With the "Lilies of the Valley"  
Successfully to cope,—  
"To knock der tar outer der bloomin' chumps,"  
Is their lowly hope.

For the "Morning Stars" despise  
The "Lilies of the Valley,"  
(Nine bootblacks in disguise,  
Who hail from Hoodlum Alley,  
And applaud the Stars' muffed flies  
Sarcastically.)

In private life the Stars  
Peddle the daily "papes,"  
Except the battery, who  
Pose, with grand-stand scrapes,  
With two-color caps, and belts,  
In professional shapes.

"Butch Tinker ter der bat,"  
"Pete Hooligan on deck!"  
"Hey, umpire, hey, how's dat?"  
"Johnsing, I'll break yo' neck—"  
Catcher and umpire chat  
Till one's a wreck.

Butch Tinker pounds the ball,  
And starts for first, and lo!  
Wildly shout they all,  
And howl at the short-stop to throw,  
Go it!" they shriek and bawl,—  
"Yer GOT to go!"

And several hundred friends  
Of each contending one,  
Take a hand in, to see  
That justice shall be done.  
At length the fracas ends—  
The game goes on.

And they yell like frenzied wights,  
Throughout the afternoon,—  
Like fiends at their dark rites;  
And so the game goes on,  
With intermittent fights,  
By the Don.

And now past five it's got,  
They have howled and played since noon;  
And the brooklet hath forgot  
Its drowsy, babbling rune,  
All in the blazing hot  
Afternoon.

W. J. H.

AROMA is a settlement in New Guinea. The name is derived from fried missionary.

FRIEND (to young artist)—"By jove, Charley, that's a glorious painting! What is it, a sunset?" Young artist (faintly)—"No, it's a sunrise."

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Tickets at BARLOW CUMBERLAND, 72 Yonge St., A. F. WEBSTER, 56 Yonge St., R. H. FORBES, 24 King St. East, and all offices of the Canadian Pacific Railway.



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DIVIDEND NO. 40.

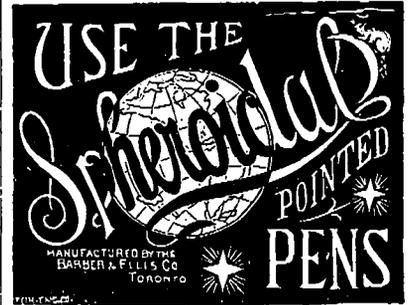
Notice is hereby given that a Dividend of Three and One-Half per cent. on the capital stock of this Institution has been declared for the current half-year, being at the rate of Seven per cent. per annum, and that the same will be payable at the Bank and its Branches on and after SATURDAY, the 2nd day of July next.

The Transfer Books will be closed from the 17th of June to the 20th of June, both days inclusive.

The Annual General Meeting of the Shareholders of the Bank will be held at the Banking House, in Toronto, on TUESDAY, the 17th day of July next. The chair will be taken at twelve o' clock noon.

By order of the Board,  
B. E. WALKER, General Manager.

TORONTO, May 23rd, 1887.



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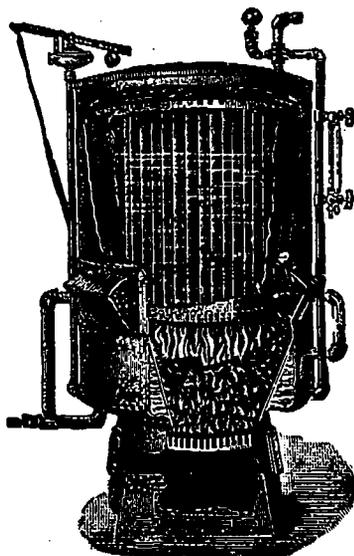
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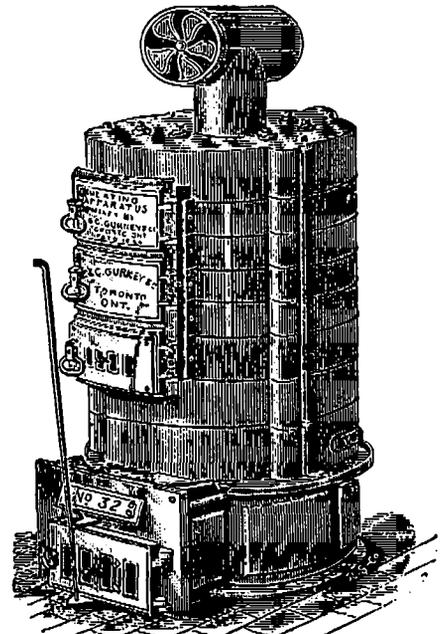
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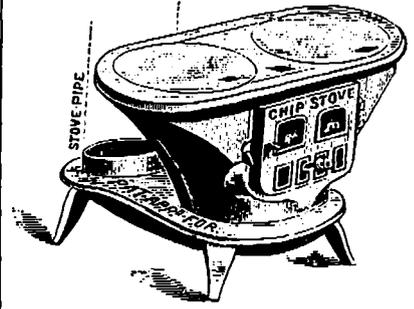
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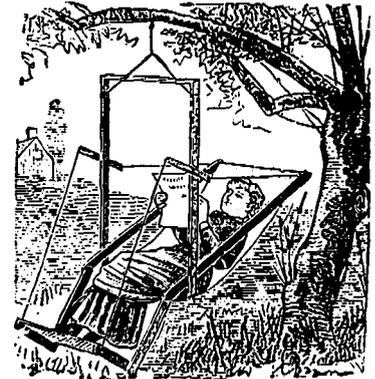


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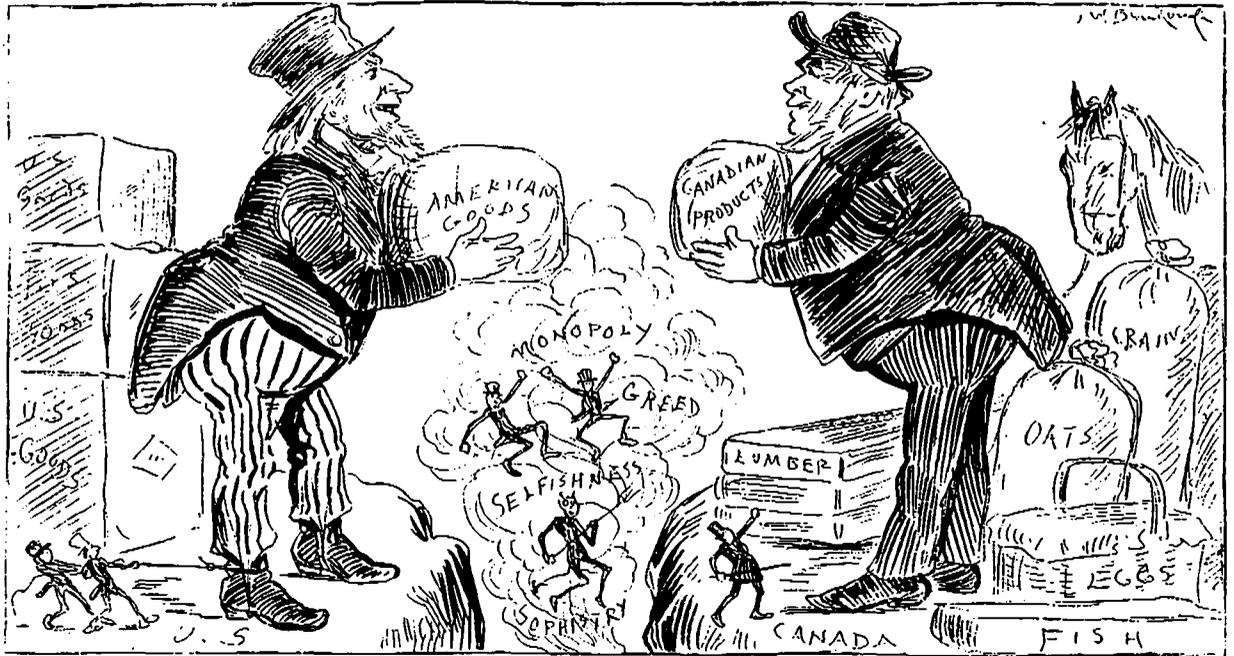


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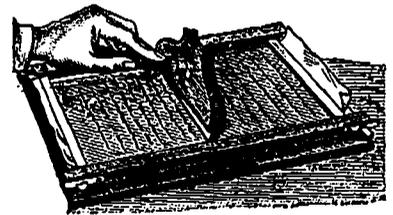
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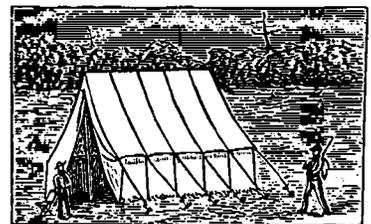
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