



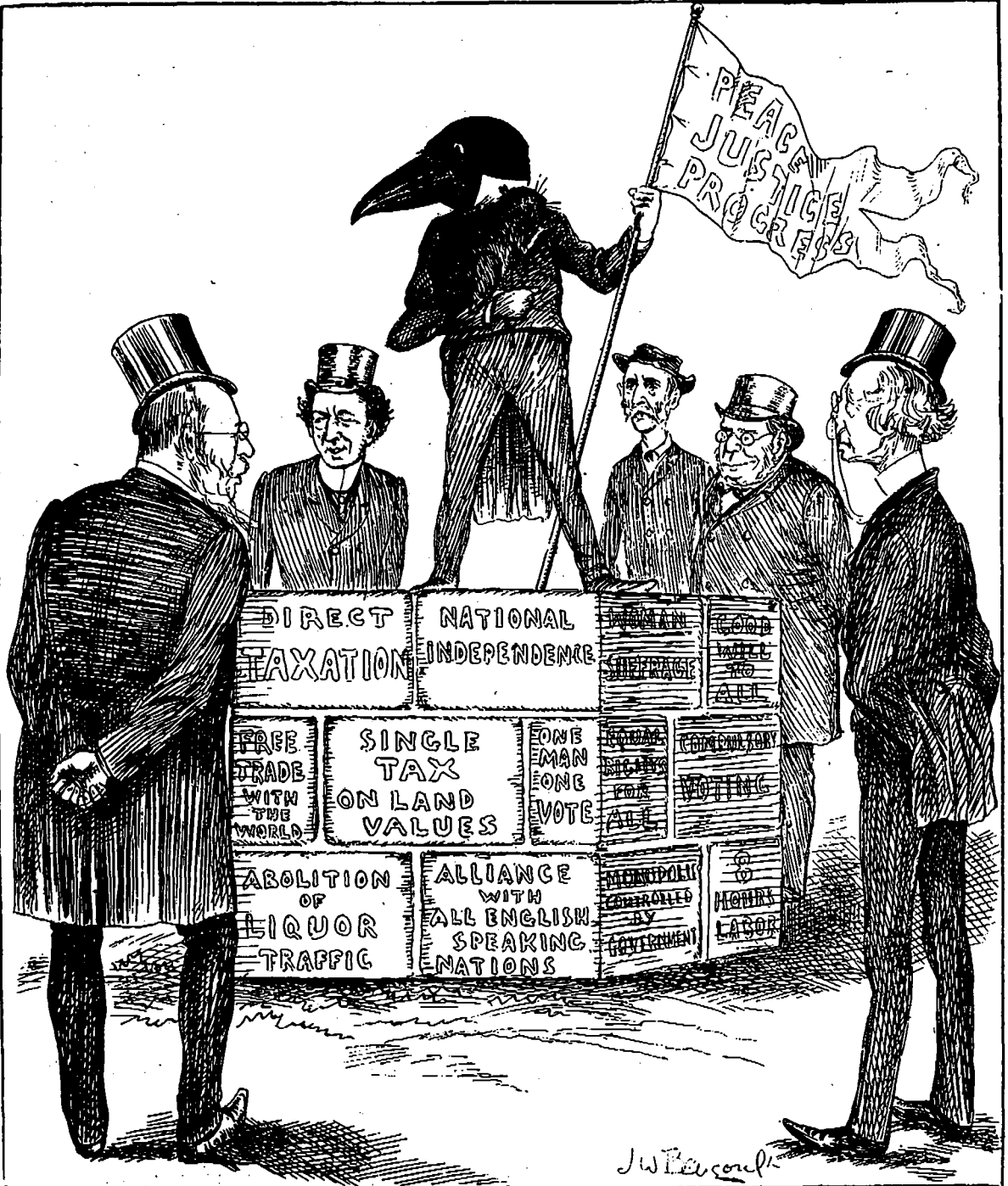
# GRIP



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**GRIP'S SOLID PLATFORM.**

COMMENDED TO THE STUDY OF THE PARTY LEADERS.

# GRIP

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Artist and Editor  
Associate Editor

J. W. BENGOUGH.  
PHILLIPS THOMPSON.



Comments

ON THE  
Cartoons.

WOOD, MAN! SPARE THAT TREE!—The Government of Ontario once more vindicated its claim to be a good old-fashioned Tory administration by defeating Mr. Wood's resolution, which was as follows:

"That in the opinion of this House the system of paying Provincial officers by fees is objectionable in principle, and that the law ought to be so amended as to provide for the remuneration of sheriffs, registrars of deeds, clerks of the peace and county attorneys by salary instead of by fees, and a like change should be made in the mode of remunerating all other Provincial officers now paid by fees to whom the same could be satisfactorily applied."

Mr. Mowat did the best an honest and conscientious man could do to defend a system under which many Provincial officers get salaries twice as large as the Attorney General's for performing duties not one half as onerous, and his party in the House stood by him to a man. All the same, however, the fee system is an anachronism at this late day, and will have to go. The Attorney General and his allies will begin to think so too when the other fellows happen to be enjoying the offices.

GRIP'S SOLID PLATFORM.—Mr. Goldwin Smith's book on "The Canadian Question" has given a fresh impetus to the discussion of the future destiny of the Dominion, and the moment seems opportune for GRIP to set before the public the ideal which, "could love

fulfil its mission," he would bring to realization. This he appropriately does in pictorial form, and it is respectfully submitted to his fellow citizens. It is especially commended to the study of the party leaders, who, of all Canadians, seem to be without any clear views on our subject of our future. Briefly summarized, GRIP's platform contains the following planks—or rather solid, square, granite blocks of political wisdom:

1.—National Independence.

A Republic, maintaining the British system at present in operation, so far as that may be possible under the altered conditions, or may be deemed desirable by the people.

2.—National Relationships.

An offensive and defensive alliance with Great Britain, the United States and every other Anglo-Saxon community. Good will toward all other nations outside of this family circle.

3.—Free Trade with the World.

Absolute, unconditional free trade, involving the abolition of all tariffs, internal revenue laws, taxes, tolls and imposts whatsoever on labor or the products of labor.

4.—Revenue to be obtained by the taxation of Monopoly.

A single tax, and that imposed on the rental value of natural opportunities.

5.—State control of monopolistic business.

Railways, telegraphs, telephones and all other enterprises necessarily monopolistic, to be worked by the Government in the interests of the whole people.

6.—Abolition of the liquor traffic.

The manufacture and sale of intoxicating drink to be absolutely suppressed, as something which experience has proven to be contrary to the well-being of the community.

7.—Woman Suffrage.

The right of all citizens, irrespective of sex, to a voice in the affairs of the nation to be guaranteed.

8.—Manhood Suffrage.

Every citizen, man or woman, of the age of 21, to be entitled to vote, subject only to an educational test, viz.: ability to read and write.

9.—Equal Rights.

In all respects equal rights before the law to all citizens and religious sects. Special privileges to none.

10.—One official language, and that English. One Canadian flag.



THE Grits are going from bad to worse in their outrageous career of treason. Here is the *Globe* boasting, yes openly boasting with brazen effrontery, that it has made arrangements to reach the Pacific Coast one day in advance of all its rivals, by using the Yankee railways a good part of the way! And the disloyal gang of Grit contemporaries not only do not condemn this Benedict Arnold-like proceeding, but actually applaud it as "enterprise which does honor to the Canadian press!" This is simply horrible, but what can we do, brother *Empire*, but stamp on the ground and howl?

REV. J. E. LANCELEY gave a lecture a few evenings since on the Ministry of the Nose. The effort was spoken of as "quaint and delightfully instructive." Couldn't the clever gentleman get up something equally good now on "The Nose of the Ministry?"

SIR JOHN, we're deeply pained to see You're bent on Reciprocitee With that big Yankee nation; But please to clearly understand, 'Gainst goods from our dear Motherland Make no discrimination!



**AN HISTORICAL WARNING.**

TOMMY—"Ma, I'd rather go to the barber shop an' get my hair cut."

MA—"Shut up! I can cut it better than any barber."

TOMMY—"But I don't like it. Our Sunday school teacher told us 'bout Samson gettin' a home-made hair cut, an' how it broke him all up."

Dear Manufacturers, quoth Sir John,  
Negotiations can't go on  
On any such condition,  
Blaine wants pure, square, straight-out free trade,  
And no exceptions can be made—  
That's simply the position.

Exactly so, most dear Old Boy,  
That's why the grand old flag we fly,  
And flap and flaunt it;  
With "British interests," don't you see,  
We block all Reciprocity—  
'Cause we don't want it!

\* \* \*

WE often hear it alleged in essay and sermon that the path of duty is filled with thorns and other uncomfortable things. The career of Mr. Clarke Wallace, M.P., justifies a more cheerful philosophy. His path seems to be pretty well crowded with complimentary presentations and banquets, as testimonials to the ability and rectitude which have marked his character as a public man. Out of his experience a new aphorism may be coined for the encouragement of youth—Do right, and you shall never be in the want of a square meal and a button hole bouquet. And now, to crown his triumph, they talk of making Mr. Wallace a cabinet minister, vice Mackenzie Bowell, to be kicked out.

\* \* \*

THE annual motion against permitting the opium traffic to continue in India came up in the British House of Commons a few days ago and was carried by a vote of 160 to 130; the result being a defeat of the Government. Those of us who feel a proper pride in the majesty of the Empire, as represented by Salisbury & Co., will be glad to note that no official notice is to be taken of this decision as it "did not carry the weight which a division of the full House would carry." No doubt Salisbury's idea is that a "full" house would be sure to vote the other way.

\* \* \*

INTERESTING item from the *Montreal Gazette* (Con.):

The French Government, it is reported, has resolved to relieve Canadian hog products of the prohibition imposed upon those of the United States. The operation of the N.P. has greatly increased the number of hogs raised in Canada. These two conditions should be made to co-operate to Canada's profit.

We hardly expected so candid an admission from the *Gazette* as to the results of the N.P. It is, perhaps, not the most polite way of speaking of the brood of monopolists, but there is enough truth in it to counterbalance the brusqueness.

\* \* \*

THE Chicago *Inter-Ocean* critic seems to have been hit very hard by William Wilfrid Campbell's poem, "The Mother," in the April *Harper's*. A long notice concludes with these words:

The last week was devoted to the study of Homer by the Literary School of Chicago. It was a week well spent, no doubt. Lecturers of high culture and deep reflection spread before the school their choicest thoughts on that first of poets. Homer is worthy of the study of every generation. But the pathetic side of life was beyond his grasp. He was the laureate of man in his child period. This one little poem by William Wilfrid Campbell, which will probably share the common fate of current literature in its precipitate march to the grave, touches a finer chord in the heart than was dreamt of in the poetry of Homer.

**GEORGE E. GILLESPIE,**

ALDERMAN FOR ST. GEORGE'S WARD.

*Died April 11, 1891.*



THE drooping flags half-masted flow,  
Prenuring no feigned grief,  
No formal sorrow—hollow, brief,  
But honest, heartfelt, widespread woe.

No brilliant wit has passed away,  
No tongue of eloquence is stilled,  
But manly Honor, iron-willed—  
GILLESPIE! Our sore need to-day!

Stern? headstrong? stubborn? Even so  
Where to surrender and give way  
Were public interests to betray,  
Alone with Truth, he'd thunder "No!"

But where was ever kindlier heart  
Than beat within Gillespie's breast?  
And thousands whom his hand has blest  
Drop secret tears to-day apart.

Death sought to take him unaware,  
But in the Christian's hope and faith  
His dauntless spirit smiled at Death,  
Nor needed space for anguished prayer.

No more his earnest mind may plan  
Toronto's glory to secure—  
He sleeps, yet will his fame endure  
In golden words—AN HONEST MAN!

J.W.B.

**SATISFACTORILY ACCOUNTED FOR.**

MR. FLIPPY—"Do you know Miss DeNood, Mrs. Jimpsecute?"

MRS. JIMPSECUTE—"Well I am barely acquainted with her. I think I was introduced to her at the Fitz Snoozers ball."

MR. FLIPPY—"Ah, that would account for the bare ness then."

## GENTS' FURNISHINGS.

The head of our firm has just obtained for our exclusive use in Canada the Blaine Suspender. This great American invention combines a hygienic brace, giving a strong stimulus to a jaded financial condition, with a chest protector. Our late financial manager, who suffers from a weak chest, having tried it, says he cannot do without it. Our Mr. Carling, who is now off the road, says his brothers in the States have found it a specific for the complaint known as Carling's Ail. Among other novelties in our gents' furnishing departments are the South Wentworth and Kings Co. ties, the Pan-Anglican Federation ties, the Imperial ties and the Twelve-in-hand (our own make). We have a lot of half-hose-annals opened out on March 5th; an uncomfortably heavy lot of C.P.R. Stockings, and some cheap but effective cuffs for all who have no political influence. Our staple lines of shirts are worth inspection—that known as the Bloody was entirely cleared out by March 5th, but we have others equally good on occasion.

## LADIES' WEAR AND FURS.

In Ladies' wear and fancy goods our new stock is unsurpassed. In trimmings—well, our reputation in the trimming line is too well known to require statement. There is plenty of bustle about our establishment, and our corsets are the best in use. Even our rival's admit that our Stays are remarkable. The B. & C. are nothing to them—either for length or style. We have cloaks for all purposes—some very taking ones for dark figures and for wear in a hunt for Place and Power. The new patent elastic garment—the invention of our senior partner—was tried in all weathers in a recent campaign, and it has worked so well apparently that it is now being patented in the United States. In fur styles we have a good many novelties. We made use of the Beaver extensively in the season just closed; and though Seals are now scarce, our English agent, Mr. Marquis Salisbury, is arranging for a fresh supply for our special use. Trimmed goods, in which the opossum and fox play a prominent part, have sold well with us lately, and we have made large use of circulars lined with ermine.

*The Newest political Shades. Selection of American ideas almost Unrestricted; while we have The Cream of the English Market.*

JOHN A. MACDONALD & CO.,

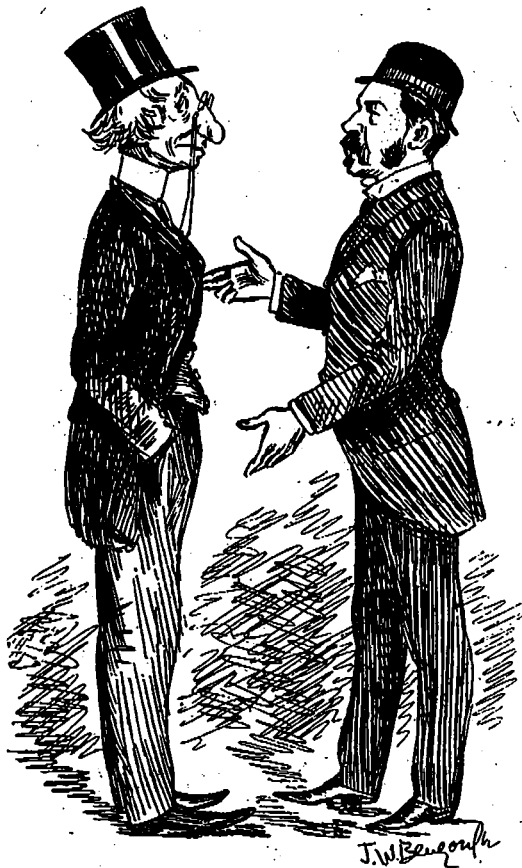
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Very Dry Goods,  
PARLIAMENT HILL, OTTAWA.

## WHEN THEY SHINE.

GOOD OLD PARTY—"Is it true that you small boys like green apples?"  
SMALL BOY—"Yep; but yeh'd orter see us when we get hold of ripe ones."

## A LITTLE LEARNING.

YONGE STREET CONDUCTOR—"What street did you say, ma'am?"  
PASSENGER—"Caesar Street."  
CONDUCTOR—"There ain't no Caesar Street on this route; it's Czar Street, you mean. You've got your geography mixed; it's Rooshian, not Roman."



## THE ONE CONSIDERATION.

\* MCCARTHY—"I hear you purpose paying the expenses of a reference of the Manitoba bills to the Supreme Court. I warn you that if you adopt such a course the people will be much put out!"

SIR JOHN—"That doesn't matter so long as we are not much put out!"

## A SPRING CIRCULAR.

GRIP has been favored with a copy of the spring circular which follows:

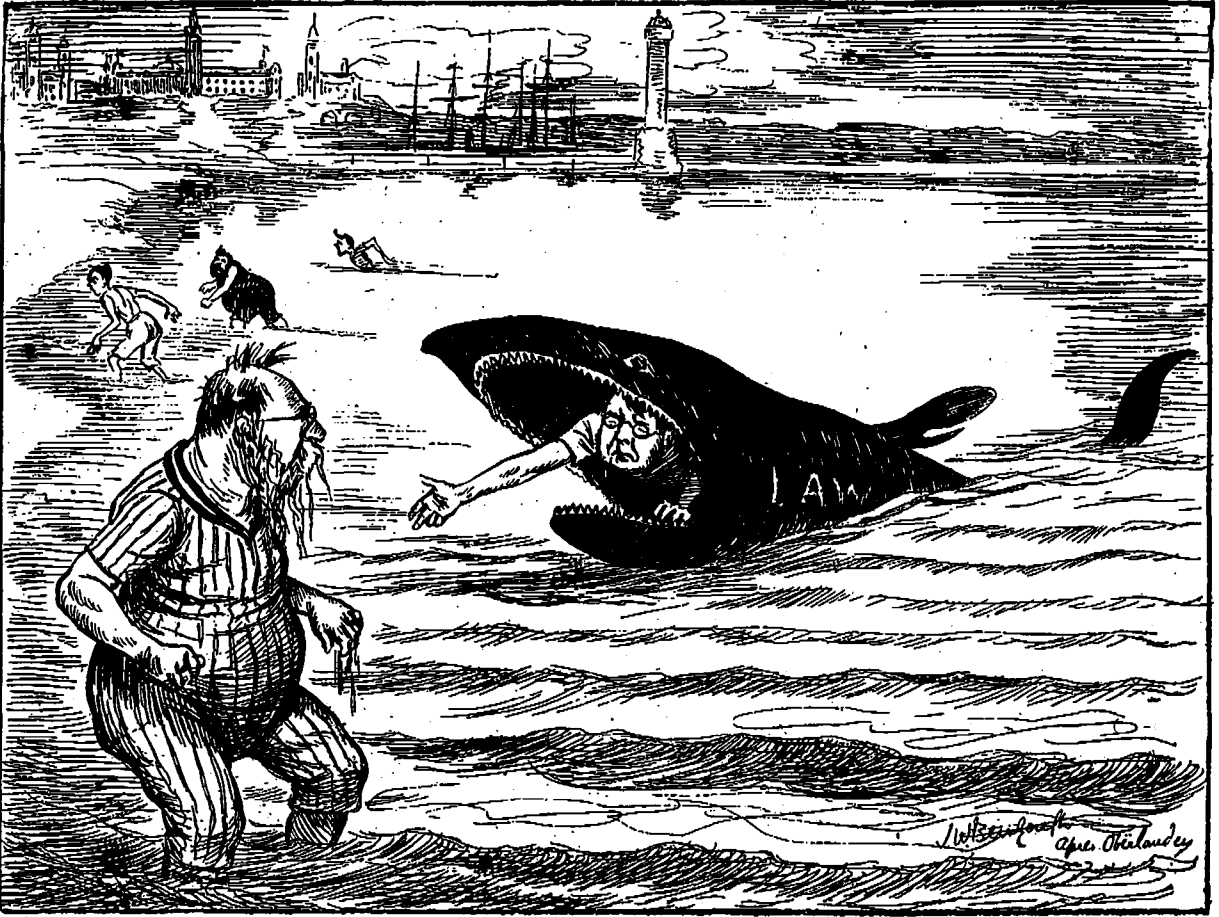
JOHN A. MACDONALD & CO.,

OTTAWA.

In opening out our new stock, we beg to thank our numerous customers and the public for their liberal conservative patronage, and to express our appreciation of the support which has enabled us to distance all competitors. In spite of the keenest competition and all the tricks of the trade adopted by a rival concern whom we will not name, we have had a larger turn-over than all our rivals combined.

Having made unusually heavy importations of foreign goods, we are now preparing to open out our new stock, with the finest assortment of American and English novelties ever shown in this town.

\* They besought the Government to submit the legality and constitutionality of that Act to the courts—they offered to pay the costs if the Government would do this—but the Government declined to accede to the request. I say that this same class of people will feel much hurt and aggravated, much put out, if the same Government, without regard to their sentiments and feelings, are unwise enough, I say, to pay the expenses out of the taxes of the people of this country to test the legality of the bill which has been passed by the Province of Manitoba. (Loud cheers.)—McCarthy at Collingwood.



### BLAKE'S RETIREMENT.

E. B.—“OH, I SAY, CARTWRIGHT, MAKE MY EXCUSES TO THE PARTY, WILL YOU, LIKE A GOOD FELLOW?”

### ST. GEORGE'S DAY.

THE 23rd of April is the anniversary of England's patron saint. It is a little singular that although a patron saint he does not appear to have had any patronymic. His origin is said by Gibbon to have been "obscure," but as this phrase was often used by the journalists of that period in speaking of their rivals of whose circulation and advertising they were jealous, it does not necessarily infer gross misconduct on George's part. Moreover, Mr. Gibbon had a prejudice against saints. George's somewhat singular tastes in the matter of nativity were shown by the fact that he was born in a fuller's shop. Ordinary people would have preferred to make their advent in an emptier shop, but in this respect George exhibited an individuality of character which shortly enabled him to rise above the culpable obscurity which enshrouded his earlier years. "Hoping by strict attention to business to merit a share of public patronage," to quote the circular which he distributed extensively at the time, he went into business on his own account in his native city of Epiphania. Making himself solid with the heelers of his party he secured a contract for furnishing the army with bacon, and as a result speedily achieved wealth. The Grits of that period charged him with corruption, but that may possibly have been a campaign lie. He was notoriously fond of killing dragons with a spear, and

riding over their prostrate bodies; and an instantaneous photograph of him, which has been preserved, depicts George bestriding a white horse rearing on its hind legs after the fashion of King William III's charger at the battle of the Boyne, with a spear in his (George's) hands with which he is endeavoring to penetrate the dragon's scaly armour. He was wont to observe in his lighter moods that he had risen above his original *spear*. George's strong point was not humor, and this is believed to be the nearest approach to a joke that he ever indulged in.

From his fondness for the sport of dragon-slaying, a horrible suspicion obtained currency that he utilized the carcasses of the monsters for filling his pork contracts. The army having a prejudice against dragon meat on account of its toughness and somewhat brimstoned flavor, a prosecution was instituted against George, whereupon he jumped his bail and fled to Egypt. He turned his attention to theology and became an Arian, in which capacity he speedily attained a widespread popularity, and rose to be Archbishop of Alexandria and undertook to boss the whole community. Being a man of modern, progressive views, he saw that all Alexandria wanted to encourage native industry and create a boom in real estate was the imposition of more taxes. Not satisfied with pew rents, collections, marriage fees and the exemption of Church property from taxation, he increased his revenue by



"A SPRING OPENING."

imposing taxes on various productions. The Alexandrians were a people of narrow, sordid and old-fogeyish ideas, and did not realize that the payment of additional taxes was the road to wealth and prosperity, and were ungrateful enough to depose George and put him in jail, where twenty-four days after he was murdered by a mob consisting of the most prominent and influential citizens. If they had lived in these enlightened days they would have hailed George as a benefactor who took the only possible method of establishing national prosperity.

Shortly after his death George was canonized, which, considering that he was an arch-bishop, was a kind of promotion backwards. In recognition of his commercial genius and eminent financial success he was adopted by England as a patron saint, and so far appears to fill the bill satisfactorily. As a type of the self-made man—generally detested during his life and universally respected when his obituary comes to be written—no better example could have been selected.

#### A PERSECUTED ANIMAL.

THERE is a curious animal found still in considerable numbers on the island of Lewis, and in other parts of Scotland, called the Crofter. Its habits are somewhat peculiar. Like our own beaver, it is very industrious, and gathers with infinite pains a few stones, mud and driftwood together wherewith to build its habitation, which is generally found on the sea coast or in some rocky, barren glen. It is omnivorous, fish, flesh of any sort, even the offal left by more dainty creatures, with the stunted vegetation of its native haunt, form its food, to secure which it toils unceasingly. It is quite harmless in its nature, and, unless driven by desperate hunger, rarely attacks deer or other game.

This inoffensive creature is now being harried out of the country by the landed gentry, who, wishing to extend their deer ranges, object to the room occupied by the little heaps of rubbish forming its dens. The process of ruthless extermination is carried on with much barbarity, to expose which is the purport of this paper, so that the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals may take up the matter and urge Parliament to legislate against such shocking and wanton destruction. There

is really no necessity for treating as a ferocious wolf this poor animal, whose chief peculiarity is a tendency to multiply under oppression like the children of Israel, or the trampled worm which, instead of turning, squirms from beneath the dividing heel in a dual form. Doubtless Parliament could be induced to act in this matter if, instead of dwelling upon the cruelty of the landed proprietors, the agitation would take the shape of a protest against the needless waste of good material for healthful sport among the upper classes. Thus these persecuted creatures might secure the protection of the game law, under which they could be hunted only at certain seasons and with certain restrictions. Let the old ones, the sick and feeble, be declared exempt from the chase, then from March to November allow the "Lords of the Isles" to wind the mellow horn and loose the hounds on the track of the strong, young Crofters. So conducted these hunts would provide a maximum of bracing exercise with a minimum of cruelty and a residuum of practical charity such as seldom follows the activity of the tender mercies of the wicked. For the quarry, unless it chose to die game, would be forced to throw the pack off the scent by taking to the water, and crossing to some western land where "a man's a man for a' that," which no longer seems to be the case in the land of Burns.

WILLIAM MCGILL.

#### A HUMANITARIAN.

KELSO (to a friend in street car)—"We must make an aggressive campaign against the barbarous practice of dehorning cattle."

FRIEND—"Yes, it is cruel and brutal in the extreme to mutilate defenceless animals by depriving them of their horns."

INEBRIATE (joining in conversation)—"Shcuse me gen'lmen. Sheems t' me youshe kin' o' men I'd like t' know better. I 'gree zac'ly with you. 's cruel thing to deprive anybody of (hic) horn. Know how 't feelsh m'shelf."



"ONCE A WEEK."

MINISTER—"Is your father a Christian, my boy?"

JOHNNIE—"No sir, but he will be to-morrow. This is on Saturday."

## THE RESOURCEFUL DAUGHTER.



Mr. Bloggs and daughter go into a restaurant for luncheon—

Where some stupid person sits on Mr. Bloggs' shiny plug.

Miss Bloggs proposes an exchange of headgear and all ends happily.

## A DINNER AU CHEVAL.

MOST men appreciate a good horse, though it is not every one who can see all his good points. Like the deeds which good men do, his usefulness often continues after he is dead. *Par exemple*, it is said that horse flesh has of late become such a stable article of diet in Paris that the racy viands are fully installed at most of the leading restaurants, and regularly served throughout the season. Obviously, it is meat that it should be so. The poorer classes have long had choice bits in their mouths, and we are not surprised to see the *elite* come to a stand at last, they being judges. Here, for example, is a favorite *menu*:

CARTE DU JOUR  
FOUR LA  
SALLE A MANGER.  
SOUPS.

Horse-Tail.	Snaffle, <i>a la reine</i> .
ROAST, FRIED, ETC.	
Roast Saddle, after mile heats.	Mustang, curried.
Fried Withers, unstrung, <i>a la Shakespeare</i> .	Sliced Thoroughbred, Pony Sauce.

## ENTREES.

Colt's Head, on a Charger.	Stallion Hash, <i>au detour</i> .
Filet au Filly, garnished with Fetlocks.	

## PATISSERIE.

Blood Pudding, from best-blooded stock.	Sliced Pic-balds. Whip Syllabub.
---	-------------------------------------

## DESSERT.

Arabian, in great variety.

Manifestly, the horse is no longer delegated to an ignoble place before the cart, for both horse and *carte* are now placed before the guests of mine host. This is a signal inn-ovation which must be equally welcomed by all concerned; and, since the French are notably a horse-pitiable people, such kind of butcher's meat ought to go off at a galloping rate with the constant demand. Between the courses and the coursers the correspondence should be perfect, with a fair field and no heel-corks.

CHARLES HALLOCK.

## HIS WORSHIP AT DINNER.

AN interesting society item appeared in the city papers the other day referring to the presence of Mayor Clarke at a dinner party given at the residence of Mr. Eugene O'Keefe in honor of His Grace Archbishop Walsh. The other guests named were leading clergymen and laymen of the Roman Catholic Church in this diocese, Mr. Clarke being the only "dissenter" present. A very pleasant evening was no doubt spent, for Mr. O'Keefe is a genial Irish gentleman, and the Catholic clergy are everywhere noted for their sociability. Naturally enough, however, the general public felt a curiosity to know something of the particulars of the occasion, and this yearning was left entirely unsatisfied in the paragraphs referred to. As usual, GRIP alone was enterprising enough to secure a full report by his special Keyhole Reporter. From this interesting document, which is too long to be given in full, we cull an extract which will prove interesting:

There was no formal speaking after justice had been done to the good things under which the table groaned. When the Pilsener beer and cigars were brought on, the happy company merely indulged in a general conversation, lighted up with occasional corruscations of wit and humor. By way of variety, Mr. O'Keefe delighted his guests with some readings from GRIP, the story about the row in the Orange lodge over the closing of the saloons on next 12th of July being particularly enjoyed. As the laughter which this evoked died away, His Grace, turning to His Worship, said: "By the bye, Mr. Mayor, you are a member of the Orange order, aren't you?" "Not very much," responded Edward, slightly blushing. "Indeed? You quite surprise me—very pleasantly surprise me, I may say. I have seen you so frequently alluded to as an Orangeman that I never for a moment doubted that such was the fact." "Your Grace is perfectly right," said the Vicar General, "Mr. Clarke is an Orangeman. Everybody knows that." "I trust your Grace will not misunderstand me," put in His Worship, "I do not mean to deny that I am connected with the Order in question. At the same time I have answered you truthfully in saying not very much. I mean I am not very much of an Orangeman." "Ah," said the Archbishop, with an air of



### A PITEOUS APPEAL.

"Won't some private speculator please take this gold-mine? The City Council won't work it as a civic department, as they're afraid they can't trust their own honesty!"

relief, "that makes it clearer. But I scarcely grasp what you mean by putting it in that way." "Let me try and explain, then, your Grace," said the Mayor, with a statesmanlike wave of his hand. "When I describe myself as not very much of an Orangeman I wish to indicate an absence of the bigotry which is commonly ascribed to members of that fraternity. I am not a bigot. I love the vote of my Roman Catholic fellow-citizens as much as that of my Orange brethren. In my view it counts for just as much on election day." "Hear, hear!" responded Rev. Father McCann. "It is true," continued the Mayor, "that I hold religious beliefs which are probably not shared by your Grace or many of the gentlemen here present, but there is no connection near or remote, so far as I can see, between religious beliefs and practical politics. Votes are the only things that count, and to get votes is the one purpose of true statesmanship. Do I make myself perfectly understood?" "You state the matter with a candour and translucence which would do honor to a Jesuit Father," said the Archbishop. "But how about the *Orange Sentinel*, a journal of which you are editor and proprietor, as I am informed? I do not read that paper regularly—if you will pardon me for saying so, Mr. Mayor—but I am led to believe that it very frequently prints articles which are far from respectful towards the beliefs of Roman Catholics." "As to the *Sentinel*," said His Worship, placing his finger-tips together and speaking slowly and thoughtfully—"in the first place, I am only the editor nominally; I rarely see what goes into it, and in fact I seldom read it. In the

next place, I am not quite certain in my own mind whether the *Sentinel* belongs to me or to Mr. John Y. Reid; nor am I positively sure that it is not edited by the Roman Catholic foreman who is in my employment. Besides all this, it is only fair that you should bear in mind that religion has really nothing to do with the *Sentinel*. It may be that hard things are said about Roman Catholic ceremonies, etc., but this, you understand, is not because the *Sentinel* objects to anything in particular, but because it is printed for Orange readers, and they expect that sort of thing. If I didn't give it to them (supposing, for the sake of argument, that I am the editor), how could I, as a statesman, get the Orange vote? Will someone kindly tell me that?" "Your argument is simply irresistible, Mr. Mayor," said Mr. O'Keefe warmly. "But won't you have another cigar?" The conversation then drifted gracefully into other channels, and the feast of reason and flow of soul went on.

### TO THE ORIGINAL.

YOUR photo's rather good,  
But I wish it understood,  
Notwithstanding all its life-like "chic" and brightness,  
I really can't agree  
With your friends who claim to see  
In it a really perfect *speaking likeness*.

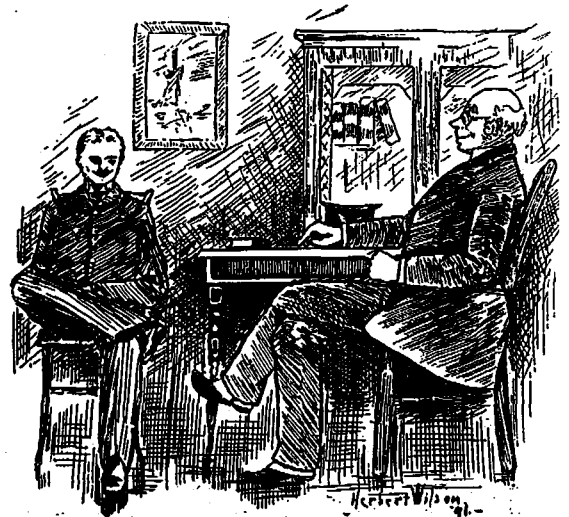
Though I've had it now for weeks,  
To me it never speaks,  
In fact, it seems your foremost trait to lack;  
For I've kissed it every day,  
And I've had my little say,  
But still the stubborn thing will not *talk back*.

MAX.

### THE WAY THEY ANNOUNCE THOSE INTERESTING EVENTS IN MONTREAL.

(From the Witness.)

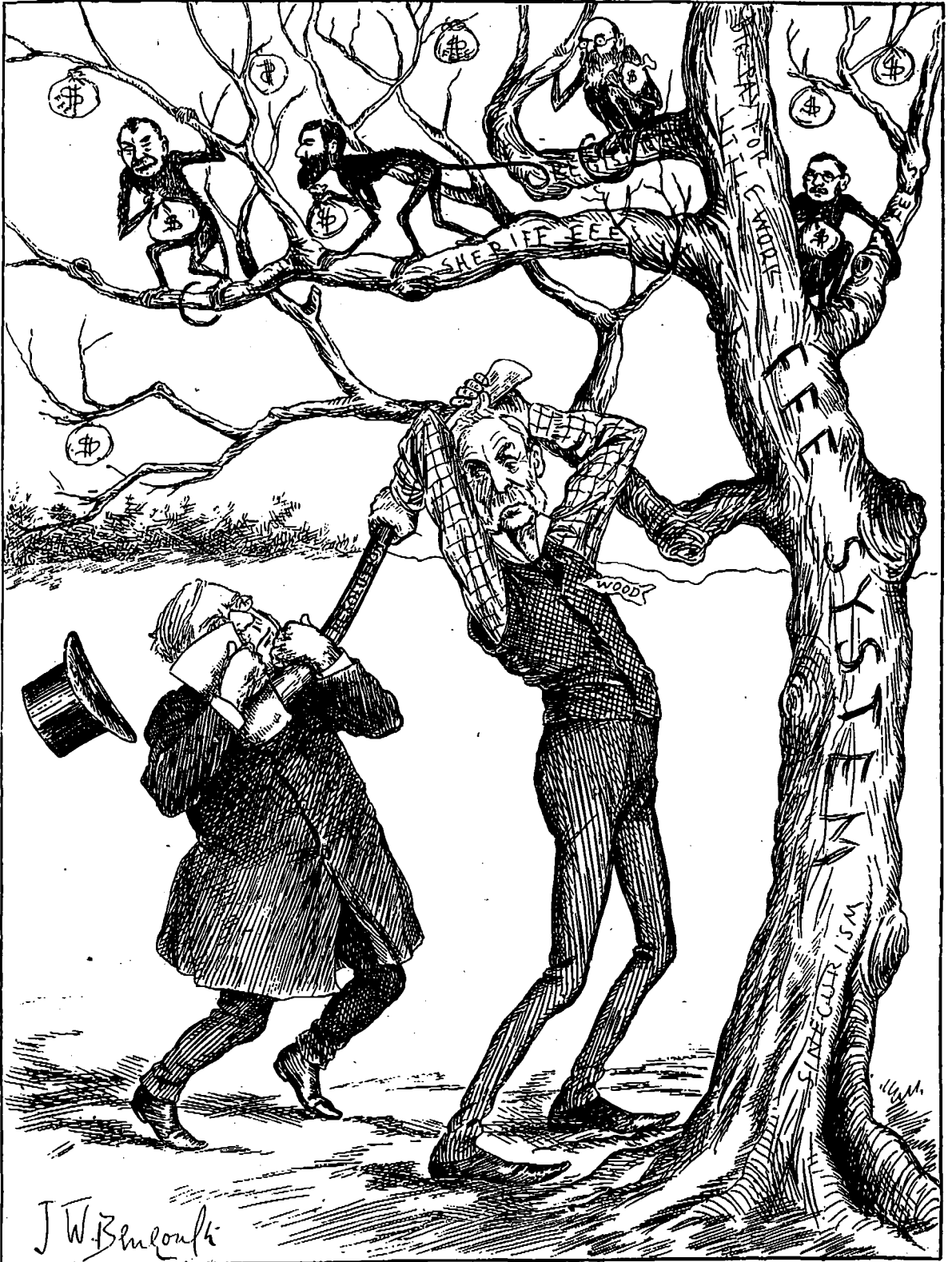
SCOTT—Arrived, at 86 Cadieux Street, on April 10th, Archibald John, son of Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Scott.



### HAPPY RECOLLECTIONS.

MR. TRADDLES (on a visit to his old schoolmaster)—"Yes; the happiest days of my life were those I spent at your Academy—"  
MR. BIRCHER—"Ah? it's kind of you to say so, I'm glad to—"  
MR. TRADDLES (guishing)—"Playing truant nearly every day and going shooting and fishing, you know!"





"WOOD, MAN! SPARE THAT TREE!"

## THEY'D HAD OTHER VISITORS.



HE visitor from Hawcreek had been invited to address the Sunday school.

"I am reminded, children," he said, "of the career of a boy who was once no larger than some of the little fellows I see here before me. He played truant when he was sent to school, went fishing every Sunday, ran away from home before he was ten years old, learned to drink, smoke, chew tobacco, play cards and slip in under the canvas when the circus came around.

He went into bad company, frequented livery stables and low bar rooms, finally became a pickpocket, then a forger, then a horse thief, and one day in a fit of drunken madness he committed a cowardly murder. Children," he continued, impressively, "where do you think that boy is now?"

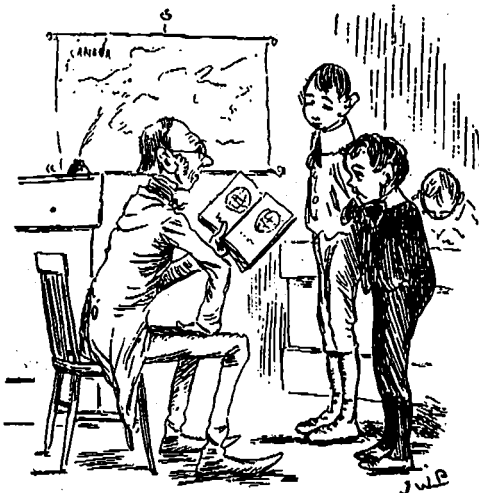
"He stands before us!" guessed the children, with one voice.

## LOOK HARD AT JAFFREY.

"IS the editor in?" asked a serious-looking person, stepping up to the counter of the *World* office.

"Not at this moment," answered the book-keeper. "I expect him in shortly, however, as he went three hours ago to one of the city merchants to see if he couldn't beg an advertisement on the score of patriotism. You see, sir, the city merchants advertise in the *Globe*, *GRIP*, and other largely circulated journals and the *World* gets rather left. The editor has been doing his level best to set the merchants against his esteemed contemporaries by giving them guff about the *World* being their only friend, and the other papers all being the friends of the farmer and consequently the enemies of the merchant. He ought to be back by this time, as it doesn't generally take more than three hours for him to find out that he can't get the ad. Will you take a seat in the room there, sir?"

"Yes, I think I'll wait. I want to see Mr. Maclean particularly," said the serious person, moving slowly to the sanctum and sitting down. He drew a well thumbed copy of the *World* from his pocket, and was soon



CORRECT!

TEACHER—"Freddy, how is the earth divided?"

FREDDY—"Between them that's got it and them that wants it."



"DAVE."

PORT HOPE'S FLYING TAILOR.

immersed in a profound study of some paragraphs on the first page.

Meanwhile the front door opened and the editor shambled in. "Any luck?" asked the book-keeper. "Naw!" responded the editor, "the racket don't seem to catch on with the blamed chumps!"

"There's a serious person waiting to see you," said the book-keeper, and the editor proceeded to the sanctum. He regarded the visitor with suspicion, as though he might possibly be an emissary from the sheriff's office, but he was at once undecieved. "Are you the editor of the *World*?" asked the stranger, rising.

"I have that honor," said Mr. Maclean.

"Then perhaps you'll explain what you mean by this. I've read it, or something like it day after day in the *World*. This: 'Let the public look hard at Mr. Jaffrey as they pass him on the street.' Now, I've done it. I've stared right into his face fifty or sixty times, and what good has it done me? I want to know what you mean by giving this advice?"

"I want to crush Jaffrey and I think his face is enough to condemn him if people only look at him carefully."

"Oh, that's it, eh? Well, tastes differ about faces, I suppose, but for my part I think Jaffrey's is about as pleasant, intelligent and honest a face as I've met to-day. Do you really think there's much in physiognomy?"

"Everything, sir," said Mr. Maclean, earnestly. "A man's face is a sure index to his character, and Jaffrey's is bad, sir, bad!"

"Tastes differ," said the serious person, "as I've already remarked. I don't go very much on physiognomy myself, but if I had your views, and your countenance, I would never advise the readers of my paper to look hard at anybody to draw hasty conclusions. Good day, sir."

And he folded up his paper and departed.



"THE MOST POPULAR CLERGYMAN."

"WHICH STEAMSHIP LINE WOULD YOU PATRONIZE IF YOU WERE IN MY PLACE, BROTHER?"

**THE UNDERTAKER'S BILL.**

PREMIER MOWAT RECEIVES A DEPUTATION FROM THE JOKERS' CLUB.

AT the last regular meeting of the Jokers' Club it was resolved to send a deputation to interview the Provincial Government in connection with the bill now before the Legislature for the establishment of an Undertakers' Guild. The deputation, which consisted of brothers Samjones, Borax and Prendergast, were introduced to the Premier and Messrs. Hardy and Harcourt by Mr. Joseph Tait.

"Bro. Samjones," said Mr. Tait, "will be the principal spokesman on this occasion."

"Yes, Mr. Premier," said Samjones, "I am ready to act as spokesman having the weal of the country in view. But I trust I shall not make you tired —"

"How his tongue does wag-on," interrupted Borax.

"Don't you begin to raise a hub-bub!" retorted Samjones, while the Premier looked rather flabbergasted at this somewhat unaccustomed style of interview.

"Mr. Tait," continued Samjones, "has kindly interested himself in securing us this opportunity of presenting our views on a question which I'm sure you will admit is one of grave importance. I told him that if he could secure us a ministerial *tete-a-tete* so to speak that I would undertake to do the talking. There is surely no one hardy enough (with a glance at Arthur Sturgis) to deny that the measure is one which should—which should—(here the speaker to conceal his embarrassment coughed violently several times.) I was about to say when my remarks were interrupted by a fit of coffin—see? that the details of the undertaker's art are shrouded in mystery. When we consider, Mr. Premier, those whom they inter—resting peacefully 'neath the sod, does it not strike you as an inter—esting question? (Applause.) I believe that in New York fashionable ladies sometimes have their pet dogs buried by undertakers but the consideration of whether a purp—ought to receive funereal honors hardly enters into the purport of my mission."

"Really I do not see that these remarks are at all relevant," said Premier Mowat.

"With all due obsequiousness as befits the subject," continued Samjones, "I would ask Mr. Mowat to hear us to the end. I am neither a public speaker nor a partizan, so listening to me he'll hear no Grit or-a-Tory."

"Perhaps Mr. Samjones will kindly confine his observations to the point," suggested Mr. Harcourt.

"What p'int?" said Borax.

"What p'int? Why the pint of bier I suppose," retorted Samjones. (Applause.)

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Mowat, "I find that I have another appointment in five minutes so I will not detain you further. It might have been desirable had you made your position with regard to the measure somewhat more definite but what you say shall certainly receive our serious—I mean our careful attention.—Good afternoon."

"Good afternoon, sir," said Samjones. "And by the way I might further remark that I ought to have re-heard some of the arguments."

But the Premier and the others had fled.

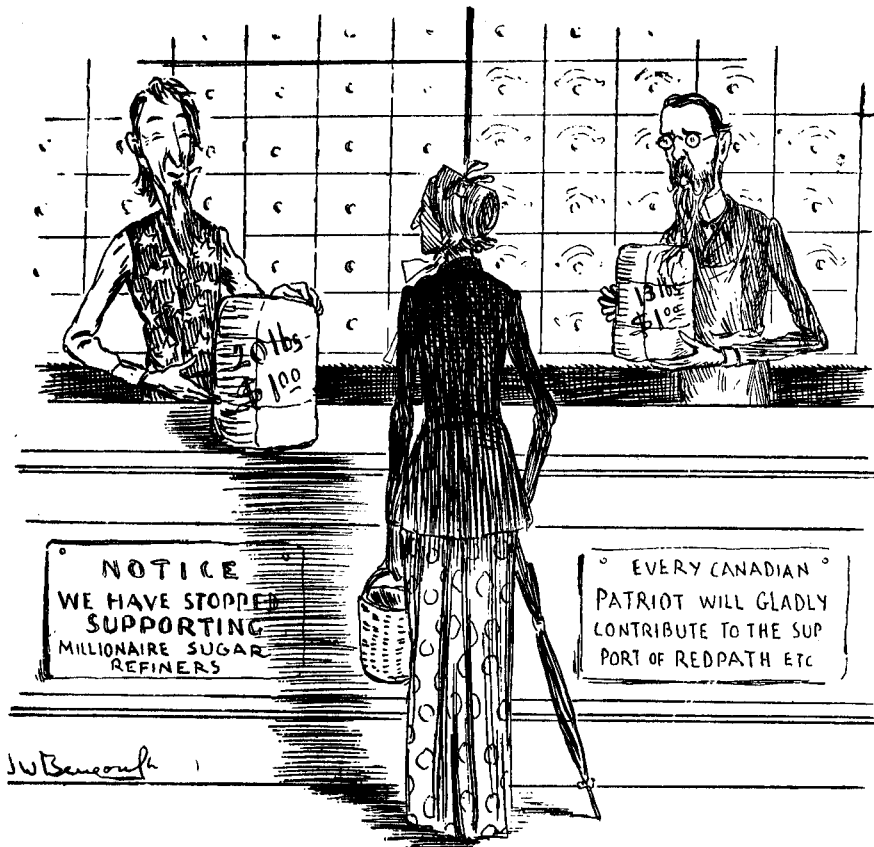
"Really Mr. Tait," said Mowat pausing to wipe his agitated brow from which beads of perspiration exuded. "I—I must say that I have rarely been more embarrassed in the course of my public career. Most extraordinary—remarkable conduct—and I hope never to have occasion to grant another such interview."

"I would remind you that they all have solid votes," replied the peoples' Joseph with the sturdy practical common sense which always characterizes his remarks.

"Ah yes, I suppose so," replied the Premier. "Thank heaven this session won't last a great while longer."

**WE TOOT OUR HORN A LITTLE.**

SINCE the opening of the present year GRIP'S circulation has increased over two thousand, and every week shows a further advance. Enterprising boys in a large number of Canadian towns and cities have discovered that GRIP is a splendid selling article, and we are now represented regularly on the streets of these places. Arrangements are being made for the extension of this enterprise to every English-speaking centre of population in the Dominion, and thus to secure the indefinite expansion of our circulation, which is already the largest of any weekly journal in Canada. The friends of GRIP (and this phrase practically includes the entire population of the country), will be pleased at this report, and our advertisers, especially, may felicitate themselves upon it. We don't often toot our own horn, but under the circumstances it would be inexcusable to leave it untooted.



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PRISCILLA—"Did anything occur yesterday, Elvira?"

ELVIRA—"Why, yes. Mr. Morgan killed a serpent right in our path."

PRISCILLA—"Well, you weren't afraid with him, were you?"

ELVIRA—"No, not that. But you see—it was—a garter snake!"—*Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.*

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SPATTS.—Is it? Gosh darn the McKinley bill, anyhow."

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SECOND SUIT—"Yes, I thought we'd be killt, sure; but we are in better form that ever now."

FIRST SUIT—"Right you are; we'll be out with the boys to-morrow."—*Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.*

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AMY—"Papa, do you know anything of Mr. Rustle, who has called on me once or twice?"

PAPA—"He's a young business man."

AMY—"Ah! I like a man who means business."

### THE HASLAM SOCIETY CONCERT.

HERR ANDREAS DIPPEL, the great tenor of the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, has been engaged by the Haslam Vocal Society to replace Mdlle De Vere at their concert on 30th inst. The New York *Commercial Advertiser* says:—"Herr Dippel gave the audience a surprise in the interpretation of this music which is most exacting—he uses his voice with remarkable ease, obtaining effects of genuine beauty. It is a long time since so satisfactory a tenor has been heard in or near New York." Such an artist as this, combined with Myron W. Whitney, of Boston, the world renowned basso, and Mdlle. Flavie Van Den Hende, the accomplished violoncellist, who won most signal success with Christine Nilsson and Theodore Thomas, gives assurance of this concert being the musical event of the season. The concert takes place at the Pavilion on Thursday evening, 30th. Reserved seats, \$1, may be obtained at Nordheimer's on and after Saturday, 25th.

"WHAT did papa say?"

"He showed me the door."

"And what did you say?"

"I said it was a handsome door, but not what I had come to talk about. That made him laugh, and a minute later you were mine."—*New York Herald.*

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GRACIE (*demurely*)—"O George! This is so sudden. I shall be pleased to be a sister—"

GEORGE—"Stay, spare me that chestnut excuse."

GRACIE (*continuing*)—"in-law to your two little brothers."

Then he strained her to his ready-made vest so forcibly that he broke his watch glass.—*Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.*

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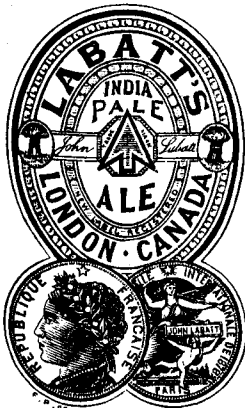
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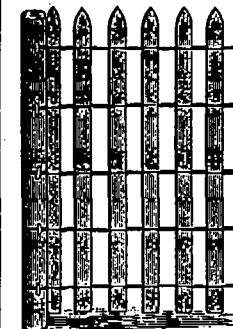
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