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- BY -

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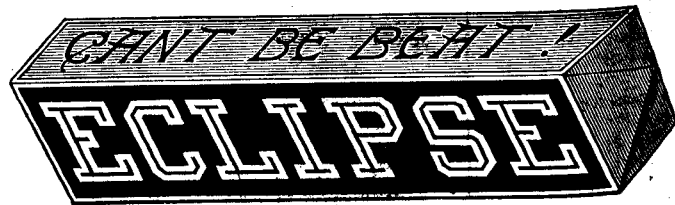
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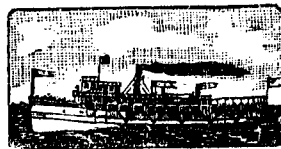
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The Railway and Steamboat Times, December 11th, 1893, says: "Science has only begun. Many things uncovered up to the present date, one in particular being a cure for baldness or falling hair."

I assert positively that I possess the cure, and guarantee to produce an entire new growth of hair. Any person (extreme old age excepted) can be treated at

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EDITED BY J. W. BENGOUGH

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No. 1075

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No. 1.



COCK-A-DOODLE-DOO!
ONTARIO'S GAME BIRD ON TOP OF THE HEAP.

VOLUME FORTY-TWO.



ROUBLES, they say, never come singly. Other things, too, have the gregarious habit, as, for example, great events. Here as an illustration of this truth we have a new Royal Baby, a new French President a new Mowat Administration, a new Dominion Day Anniversary, and a New Volume of GRIP all starting off practically at the same moment! And each of them, let us hope, destined to prove a blessing to this poor old world. If Sir Oliver has a right to the title of "Grand Old Man" (which, without special permission of Gladstone, he allowed his friends to apply to him in the late campaign,) then GRIP, with some show of reason, may lay claim to the name of "Grand Old Raven." He went into "power" just a year later than the Ontario premier, and like the latter, has been sustained by an appreciative public ever since—if we take no account of the six months leave of absence which he took from July to December 1893. Whatever question there may be as to Sir Oliver's record, few indeed will be found to dispute that GRIP has been throughout his long career a wise and faithful adviser of Her Majesty. The opening of another volume of his useful work, therefore, is an event which Canadians of all classes do well to celebrate, as they did throughout the Dominion last Monday. This generous appreciation from ocean to ocean in his native land—not to mention the occasional flattering notices he receives from good judges of journalistic merit abroad—is both gratifying and encouraging to GRIP, and so, once more polishing up his golden motto, "With malice toward none and with charity for all," he goes forth with high faith into Volume XLII.

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OUR NATIONAL "SPORT."

A GOOD deal could be said on behalf of a proposal to do away with Lacrosse, and substitute Prize Fighting as the Canadian National Game. If it was Lacrosse the Shamrocks and Capitals were playing at Ottawa on Saturday 23rd ult., then GRIP votes for Prize Fighting as both more scientific and more edifying. The Governor General was present at this notable match, and must have been profoundly impressed by the spectacle of manhood he witnessed. From the fact that he left, as we read, "in apparent disgust," it is quite likely that he *was* impressed. The Countess, unfortunately, missed this lovely function, but his Excellency might send her a few descriptive newspaper cuttings. The following passages from the Montreal Star's account might be found suitable:

"When the sixth game opened an uneasy feeling that had prevailed among the supporters of the Capital team from the moment the boys in green commenced to show their superiority, developed into sort of

THIRST FOR BLOOD.

Every piece of clever play by Shamrock men was hissed and many uncomplimentary remarks were passed. Language that the vilest of men might well blush at was used." * * * * *

"It now became evident that serious trouble was brewing for the visitors. As they passed from the field to their dressing room under the grand stand they were hissed and hooted to the echo. When they got inside they found that matters were indeed assuming a serious aspect. Their water was gone and the liniment used for rubbing down had been stolen. Then when further investigation was made it was discovered that five of the lacrosses brought for emergencies had disappeared." * * * * * When Kelly started after the rubber, to relieve Neville, who was having a struggle with James, Powers followed him up and as Kelly went to take the ball, he deliberately hit him over the face with his lacrosse, tearing all the skin from his forehead down. Then some one yelled 'Kill him.' Powers started to close in on Kelly, but paid dearly for it, for the next instant he was on his back, writhing in pain from a stinging blow under the ear. The

deed was done. It was all that the vicious supporters wanted. A Capital man had been "laid out," but they did not consider for a moment that it was the result of his own freshness. They had been waiting for blood all afternoon and now the opportunity presented itself and the blood-thirsty mob of three thousand or more lost no time in clambering over the fences and surrounding the visitors. Poor Kelly was in dangerous quarters. He was alone and at the mercy of an unruly mob. But he stood his ground like a man. Then a general fight ensued. The crowd could not all fight twelve defenceless men, so started to fight among themselves. Faces were battered. Hats were smashed. Collars torn off and coats destroyed. In the midst of the battle the Chief of Police, two sergeants and fifteen men arrived on the scene."

And a good deal more to the same effect!

FABLES FOR THE TIMES.

III.—REGULATING THE REPTILES.

WHEN the Animal Kingdom was organized on the plan of the Human Nation, the question arose as to how to deal with the Poisonous Serpent section of the Community. Some of the Level-headed Beasts and Birds urged that an Edict should be passed Prohibiting Fangs and Poison-Bags, but this was over-ruled as Quixotic and Unstatesmanlike. At length it was Decided that the only feasible System was that of Regulation and Control, and accordingly a Proclamation was issued in which the Snakes were licensed to do Business in accordance with their Nature, subject to certain explicit Rules and Limitations. The Rabbits were sworn in as special Constables to see that these Regulations were strictly Enforced. The Result of the System was—well, much the Same as that which has attended the Attempt to regulate the Liquor traffic in highly civilized Human Communities.

MORAL—In the case of Poisonous Reptiles or a Reptilian Traffic, Regulation does not Regulate.

FINE prospects for the pea crop in the new Legislature—P.P.A., P.I., and Proh.



PARDONABLE CURIOSITY.

O'KEEFE—"Sure, now, I'd give a good dale to know whether or not that's any body in particular!"

THE DISAPPOINTING DUDE.



WAS a sultry day in summer, So-
something in the shade,—
Just the sort of afternoon to pass in
some dark, sheltered glade;—
But 'twas my ill-luck to be that day in
perhaps the stuffiest spot
That is known to civilization when
the weather's over-hot—
A frowsy, grimy railway car, with
faulty ventilation
That seemed to gather dust and flies
and heat at every station—
Half filled with weary-looking folk
who sat in one's and two's,
Too listless now to talk or read—too
comfortless to snooze.
A lady in blue spectacles, with her
little pale-faced daughter,
A fat man down beside the tank that

bore the words—"Ice Water?"

(Although its contents to the taste were innocent of ice,
And even to the thirstiest throat were very far from nice)
A travelling man with collar off and in his stocking feet;
A spinster with a busy fan that fought the wooing heat;
A done-out looking woman with despairing, sunken eyes,
And a poor sick baby on her lap, and flies and flies—and flies.
Now, it takes but very little under such like circumstances,
To awaken human interest in the shape of lazy glances,
And the thrill that ran throughout that car may perhaps be understood
When there entered at a stopping place a full-fledged, living Dude.
A tall and fair young man he was, with a natty tennis coat,
And a collar stiff and tall enough to cut his dainty throat,
And cuffs down to his knuckles, and trousers creased and wide,
And gaiters on his boot tops and necktie neatly tied,
And bangs upon his forehead, and cane of monstrous size,
And a pince-nez on his tilted nose to help his languid eyes.
With a silken pocket handkerchief he dusted off the seat
In front of me, and then sat down composed and cool and neat;
And as he sat I sized him up by way of mere diversion,
My thoughts, that is, went rambling on a trifling excursion;
But there was little food for thought—he was an empty noodle,
With sense enough, I reckoned, for an ordinary poodle—
He might, perhaps, have money—but he was void of brains,
And as far as heart and character, it needed little pains
To come to the conclusion he didn't know their meaning—
Thus ran my mental summary,—when I observed him leaning
Across the aisle where sat the tired, despairing-looking woman,
And in his eyes beneath the glass, I saw a glance most human,
And suddenly he rose and said "Madam, I see you're weary,
Let me take baby, won't you?" His voice was low and cheery,
And his manner was so winning that the woman looked her blessing,
As he took the sick child from her with a movement most caressing.
"You have twavelled quite a distance?" "Yes, from Omaha," she
said—
"My husband—" but he stopped her, for the story he had read
In the small pathetic bit of crepe she fondled in her hand,
And her voice so choked and husky—"Yes," he said, "I understand;
And you can't afford to twavel in the sleepaw. Going far?"
"I am going to Quebec, sir, where all my people are."
He heard with gentle sympathy, then said—"Now take a west,
"I'll nurse the baby for you, and I'll do my very best."
The woman murmured thanks and then, done out for want of sleep,
She dropped into unconsciousness while he with feeling deep
Moved to his seat across the aisle and held the fevered child;
While I—I felt rebuked, ashamed—and no one present smiled.
But presently a lady rose and came and asked the Dude
To let her take the baby. "I feel I really should
Have offered long ago," she said, "but let me share the duty.
Poor little thing, she's very sick, poor weary, wasted beauty,"
And having given up his charge the Dude addressed us all—
"My friends," said he, "this is a case that seems for help to call,
The sleepaw is the place where this poor woman ought to go,
And I think we ought to give some slight assistance, don't you know?"
"Right!" cried the fat man, springing up, "we'll take up a collection,
That is, I guess, the proper thing to do in this connection,
And, as I wear a good sized hat, I'll pass it round myself,
And give you everyone a chance to spare a little pelf."
So saying up the aisle he rolled, turning from right to left
And bringing to the Dude a hat of formidable heft,
Half full of silver dollars, coppers, quarters, bills and dimes,
(Notwithstanding that the country was suffering from hard times)
And when the woman woke, the Dude, to her tear-told delight
Made her the presentation, and then in form polite
Escorted her and baby to the sleeper in the rear,—

While I, and several others aboard that stuffy car,
Sat and reviewed our verdict about that swell young man,
And this is how, I reckon, our final judgement ran:
'Tis never safe to judge alone by outward dress and style,
A man may have a noble heart tho' his clothes are poor and vile;
And, on the other hand 'twould seem this incident made good—
A man may be a Christian though he dresses like a Dude!

J. W. B.

SOUND ON GEOGRAPHY.

FROM a Canadian point of view Prendergast's head is level on at least one point. His geographical education does not seem to have been neglected as much as that of most citizens of the Republic across the line. They had him up in Court the other day to test his sanity, the examination being conducted by the Judge. The Chicago Times says:—

In many of his answers Prendergast displayed what seemed to be greatunning and a striking ability to make nice distinctions. At other times he rambled. When the court asked him when he came to America he replied: "To the United States at the age of 5 years." And to the court's inquiry why he made a distinction between America and the United States he replied: "The United States is simply a part of America."

This was probably news to most Chicago people!

THE WRONG WORD.

IN the course of an editorial on the political situation, the Mail says: "Good results, after all, will follow the decent campaign." This adjective is manifestly a misprint for "recent." In view of the Massey Hall meeting and the style of argument used by certain editors and orators, the campaign could be called anything but decent.



A DOUSLE FAILURE.

REV. MR. MILDMAN—"Here's an interesting account of Mr. Madill, the chief of the P.P.A. It appears he entered Knox College, but left before passing his examination; and then went over from the Presbyterian Church to the Congregational."

REV. DR. MCJAGGERS—"Humph! Pretty far short of the Apostolic standard—neither finished his course nor kept the faith!"



THE PATRON HOLDS THE KEY!

THE PARTY LEADERS—"IF YOU DON'T SEE WHAT YOU WANT, ASK FOR IT!"

WILLIE WANTOKNOW AND HIS PA.

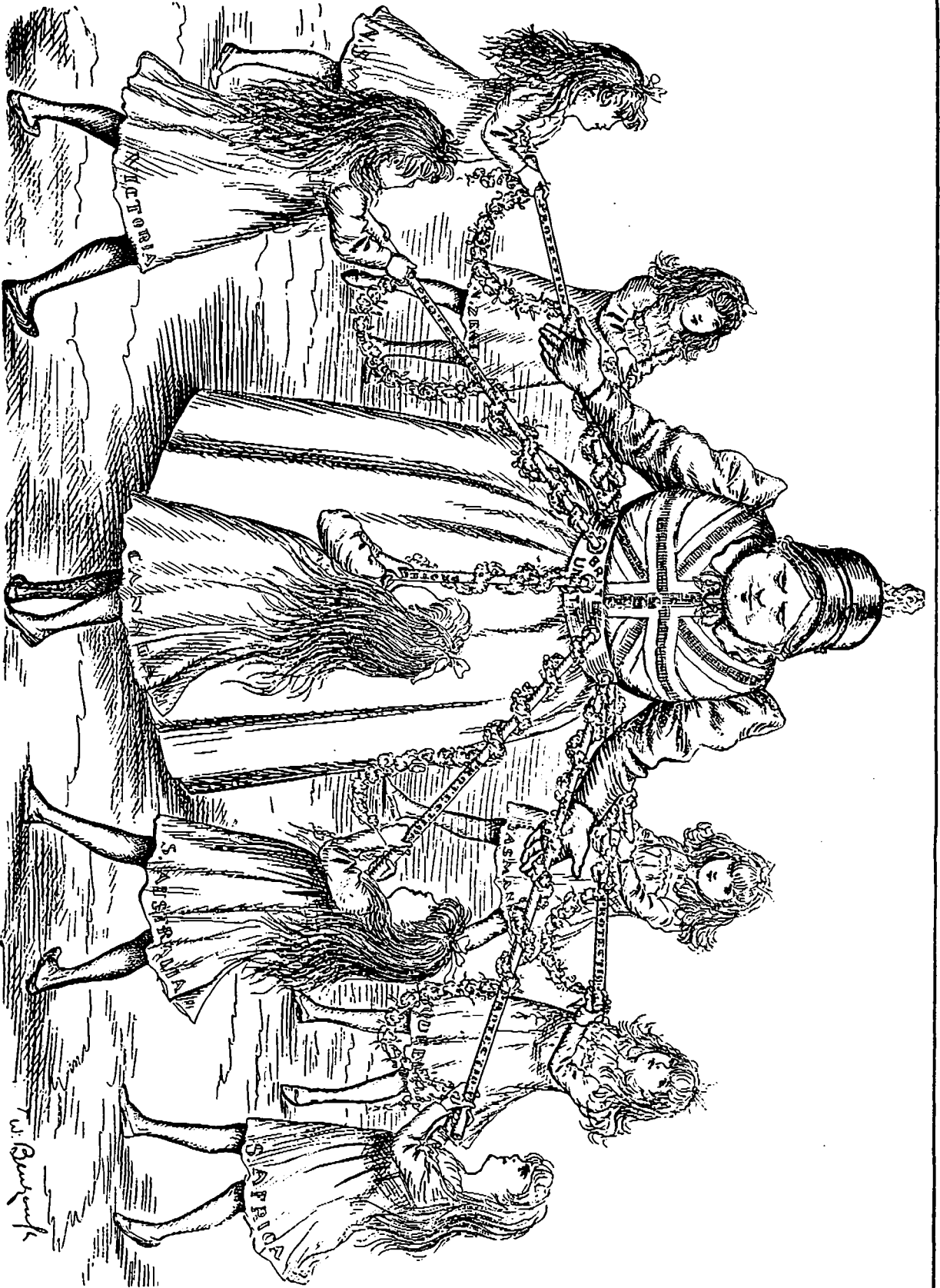
WILLIE.—"Say, paw, what's plumbing inspectors?"
 PAW.—"Plumbing inspectors, my son, are officials appointed by the city in the interest of the public health, to see that the plumbing in the houses of the city is in accordance with sanitary laws."
 WILLIE.—"Are they the same as apple inspectors and milk inspectors?"
 PAW.—"No; I am not speaking of plums, but of plumbing. Don't you know what plumbing is?"
 WILLIE.—"No; do the inspectors?"
 PAW.—"I am not very sure on that point, but they are at least supposed to."
 WILLIE.—"Do they get paid, paw?"
 PAW.—"You bet they do; and they do not forget salary day, either."
 WILLIE.—"Are they just common men, or can they see through things that nobody else can see through?"
 PAW.—"I am not aware that they differ materially from ordinary human beings as to powers of vision."
 WILLIE.—"Well, are they mind-readers or anything like that?"
 PAW.—"Not that I am aware of, my son. Why do you ask?"
 WILLIE.—"'Cause I was wondering how they would know whether plumbing was done right or not when they don't inspect it till after it is all done."
 PAW.—"But they are supposed to see it done, you know."
 WILLIE.—"Well, that's just where the city gets fooled then. Our next door neighbor Mr. Jonson has been getting his plumbing and sewerage done, hasn't he, paw?"
 PAW.—"Yes, my son, he has."

WILLIE.—"Well, I never saw any inspector around when the men were here working, but one came when the job was over and the place all filled in again, and he just looked round and said it was all right. That's why I thought inspectors must be mind-readers. But it doesn't matter much, does it, paw?"
 PAW.—"Oh, no. If the plumbing isn't right they'll soon find it out by diptheria or something, and then they can have it done over again, you know."
 WILLIE.—"But what's the good of the inspectors, then, paw?"
 PAW.—"I don't know, my son, I don't know."

EXPLANATION.

FURIOUS indignation is being expressed by the London *Advertiser* and other Liberal papers because the Conservative election officials in many places administered the oath to Methodist ministers—the well-known evangelist, Mr. Hunter, among others. Of course, swearing a man is regarded as a nasty way of insinuating that he is a loose and unreliable character, but we cannot think that in the instances referred to any such insult to the cloth was intended. We feel sure that the Conservative scrutineers merely wished to give these gentlemen an opportunity to kiss the good book, a privilege it was thought they would be sure to appreciate as an act of devotion.

"Pshaw!" snorted Snodgrass, "What is there about this York-Teck baby more than any other baby?"
 "Well, replied Middleton, "don't you think he displayed a good deal of long-headedness in getting born into that family? I tell you, Snodgrass, he's the makings of a pretty smart boy!"



RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO THE INTERCOLONIAL CONFERENCE.

THE MOTHER COUNTRY—"This is all very nice and affectionate, my children, but how can we 'get together' while your love-wreaths are twined round iron bars?"

GRIP'S CALENDAR.



SOCIETY NOTE.—The city dog-catcher is enjoying a vacation in Europe. He is expected to return to his duties about the fifteenth of November.

SIR H. LANGEVIN and Sir A. Caron may be very crooked politicians, but the House of Commons evidently consider their bare word of more weight than Mr. J. D. Edgar's affidavit.

SUSANNAH AT OTTAWA.

OTTAWA, July 1st, '94.

LAST week was a curious kind of a one. There was a quivering uncertainty around everything. Monday folks got ready to vote and bet straw hats, neckties, light drinking truck about different men what was running. Tuesday, they drove here and there, perspired, drug folks to the voting places and yelled with the ones who felt good or went home 'cause they were so done out, after the ball was over, so to speak. Wednesday the trains brought the Ottawa folks back. Some were singing one way and some another. Thursday the Colonial fuss had to be tended to, so the House adjourned. Friday they started, to begin, to fix, to get ready to go to work and did a spell at it, and then adjourned again till Tuesday, so the Dominion could have her birthday celebrated by a general laziness as usual. And they go on drawing eight dollars a day, which is all right and—eight dollars just the same.

This Colonial business was quite fashionable. Most everybody got invitations to go into the Senate and see them kind of drop the handkerchief, and set the thing going. The queer thing is most of the crowd was wimmen. Now ain't that curious—that we women is more sot for Colonial trade and brotherly kindness business than the men, and they know more about it too. But anyway the gelleries looked dreadful pretty with good clothes. In the evening there was a grand banquet, where the men folks got together and raced each other for indysepey and loyalty-business. That's one of the things I've got agin men - is those dinners and smoking muddles they have. They go and eat more'n they ought to, drink more'n's good for 'em, say things they'd hate to have to live up to, an' go home an' tell their wimmen

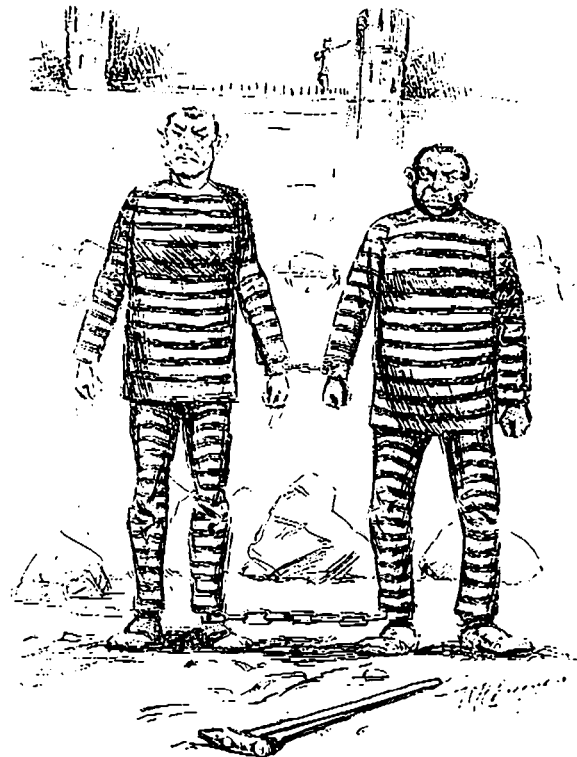
folks what a big time they had. Sometimes ef they're special good natured, they let us come and watch 'em. I scorn such left-handed politeness. It's a pretty mean way to test their heaven acknowledged superior creations, this askin' 'em in for dessert kind of like children.

The day of the 'lections I was up in Toronto. I got there in the peaceful, early morning time. I guess I knew my name and my politics, but most other things was tangled up past getting at, and all because of a top birth in a sleeping-car. Talk of swinging in a hammock, or getting dizzy on a merry-go-round; my land! they're nothing, and the man what's always tinkering at some iron affair, soon's you get your eyes closed, he's a nuisance. More'n that, I don't believe they run right at night; they must stop between stations. I never remember so many's there were that night.

When the news began sifting into the city at night the streets were jammed full and it was dreadful pleasant to get a place at a window so's to look out and see various politicians kicking up didoes on the white canvas opposite, and figtes and facts, too. Some of 'em were encouraging and some hadn't much to stand on but their truthfulness.

Seems to me there's a dreadful lot of working in 'lections that aint sensible. This waiting to be drove after is pretty mean. If a man can go down to his business in a car, why can't he go and vote with no more style about him, and if he drives to his office, well, drive to vote, too. Voting seems to be a kind of a favor to the man that's running, 'stead of a dreadful privilege that ought to be seen about particular.

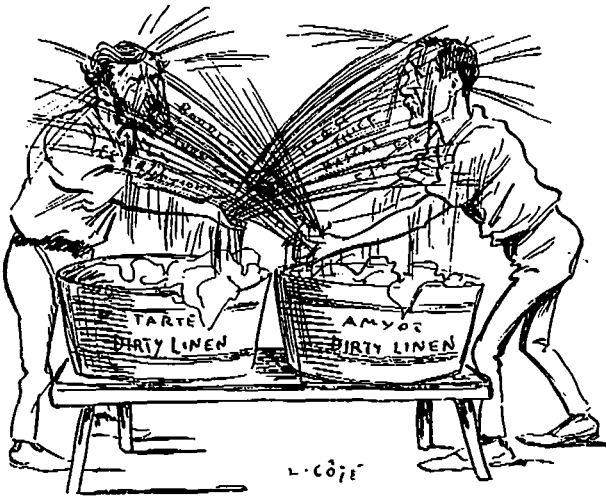
Colonel Amyot is a man down here in Parliament with a fair mustache. He's sot agin Sunday Observance and



AN UNFORTUNATE ATTACHMENT.

MCGORLEY—"Taint the bein' locked up dthat I moind. But the disgrace av bein' chained up wid a black nagur is more nor me feelin's can shtand, entoirely."

JOHNSING—"Ise sorry now dat I stole dat watch. Ef I'd a knowed dat dey'd a-chained me long wid a common white trash Irishman, I wouldn't a done it!"



TARTE-AMYOT;

In commemoration of a late parliamentary episode.

talks about paragraphs and sub-sections in the Bible. He's kinder on certain in his temper and has been on steady in his politics. Well, he's been having a fuss with Mr. Tarté. Seems' if Mr. Tarté was shifty, too, but if he's seen the error of his ways, that's to his credit. I s'pose there aint any two men in the whole concern who could give each other so much information as them two. They know it all; know where the skeletons is and whose got the key of the cupboard. But then, they shouldn't be so sassy about dragging in big sums of money and missing horses. Such goings on go agin the dignity of Parliament, and reprimanding newspapers and toting witnesses up to the brass bar won't even it up.

The way some folks stop cars is queer. There's a good deal said about women waving their umbrils, but if you've got one it's as good a way as any. Some men folks most turn their backs on the car and wink with their off eye. That makes the car men mad. Yesterday we was whizzing down to Rockcliffe and a man stopped on the sidewalk and went through some sign business that might mean most anything, and didn't seem to be done special for the men on the car.

"D'ye vant this car?" the motor-man yelled out, kinder going slow. The on certain looking men nodded and got on, and the motor-men growled out that "Some folks take you fur a mind-reader."

I guess he's right, and if mind-reading goes with these places I think their wages ought to be riz.

SUSANNAH.

THE SUNDAY CAR QUESTION.

THE following correspondence was probably intended for an esteemed one-cent morning contemporary of ours, but in the absense of explicit information on the point we think it our duty to give it the benefit of a more than local circulation.

Mr. Editor,

SIR,—I want to thank you for your noble efforts to secure for the down-trodden citizens of Toronto the boon and blessing of Sunday cars, though I have no hope personally to enjoy the same, as I have but a few more days to live. I die a victim to the tyranny of the majority here, as forced confinement to an unhealthy house on Sundays has shattered a once powerful constitution.

Yours etc.,

INVALID.

To the Editor,

DEAR SIR,—Your devotion to the cause of the toiling and sweltering masses deserves all praise, and I for one

wish you to know that your good work in trying to get us Sunday cars is appreciated. I am looking earnestly and hopefully for the Sunday when I can take my family for a belt-line ride, sitting like free citizens with our feet up on the dashboard and each of us reading the *Sunday World*, printed, published, and sold to us on Sunday, as the name implies, and not on Saturday night as at present. Go on with your noble work.

Yours,
LIBERTY.

Mr. Editor,

SIR,—As a scientific man I wish to draw your attention to an important fact which has a direct bearing on the Sunday car question, but which, strangely enough, you have heretofore overlooked. Have you noticed, sir, the alarming prevalence of deafness in the rising generation of Toronto? No doubt you have. You are also undoubtedly aware of the demonstrated fact of science that the *disuse* of an organ tends to the elimination thereof. What can be clearer, then, than the inference that the cars of Toronto people are going out of use because of our oppressively quiet Sundays? Unless we are to become a community of deaf persons we *must have Sunday cars*. Nothing else that I can think of will avert the terrible catastrophe which threatens us.

Yours,

PHILO JINKINS, F.R.S., A.SS.

Dear Mr. Editor,

I am afraid most of the really religious people of Toronto misunderstand your motives in agitating for Sunday cars, and consequently do not appreciate them. I am an exception to this rule. I want Sunday cars in order that I may go to church, and that is what you want them for chiefly, I am sure. As it is, I never go to church, as it is against my principles to walk there. By way of protest against the present tyrannous arrangement, I spend the greater part of each Sunday just strolling round, and it gives me a peculiar pleasure to walk past the door of every church I come to. But, sir, the strain on my religion is getting serious. I can feel my piety gradually giving way, and I'm afraid if we don't get the Sunday cars soon, I will never use them for church-going purposes when we *do* get them. So I say, hurry up with your agitation!

Yours truly,

CHRISTIAN CITIZEN.

P. I. SUN!

THE *Sun* (organ of the P. I.) resents the classification of the party papers. It refers to the leading measures advocated by the Patrons and says the Patrons who betray the trust imposed in them and obey the party whip will be disowned by the Order and handed over to the enemy.—*Despatch*.

In other words this P. I. Sun is Rough on Rats.

THE COW AND THE DOG-IN-THE-MANGER.



DO YOU SEE THE OAT?



THE FATEFUL PREPOSITION.

(A SUMMER ROMANCE.)

HE (*ending a painful scene*)—"Then we part forever— notwithstanding that our engagement was announced in *Saturday Night* and is known all over!"

SHE—"Yes; it was all over about us, and now it is all over between us!"

GRANDFATHER HEMPSEED'S EXPERIENCE.

Worthy Mister Editor.

IF you look in your books you will see my name as a subscriber ever since GRIP first began to caw. I always sit out on the stoop on fine Sundays and peruse your valuable periodical, and in wintry weather tuck myself up in my armchair and laugh at your pictures, and how you can get the likenesses of them great men I can't think, unless they sit for you, or you snap shot them through a keyhole, but if it was not for GRIP we would not know out here on the farms that John Thompson is growing paunchier every day and Prof. Foster thinner, until, poor man, he will go out like a snuff some day and leave not a trace behind, as the playactor says. He looks in your khartouns as if he was pining away because he was not benighted with the rest of the gang. Thanks be! my legs are pretty good for my time of life, but when I come to the city about a new cart harness or the like of that I sometimes take a ride in a street car so as I can rub shoulders with the swell city aristocrasey, and have something to brag about when I get back to the farm. I was taking a five cent tour in one of them 'tother day and the seats had all filled up when a young woman came in and gazed malevolently around. She was so like a British-Guiana parakeet in a blaze of colours that, - knowing Toronto is such a pious town, - I whispered to a man next me who looked like a dry-goods clerk, "Say friend, is that young 'ooman dressed orthodox?" and he murmured back, "Hush! materials fust-rate, her folks must be welltodoo." Meantime the young 'ooman glared in everybody's face with a haughty expression until a gentleman rose and gave her his seat and she flops into it with a thud and never so much as thank'ee. Then she took out a little vial of scented waters which she poured on the corner of her handkerchief and passed it over her eyebrows and down the centre of her nose. Would you believe it? but her next freak was to produce a little looking-glass and carefully inspect the result. Then she took a round of gazing at everybody again. Next she did something with long pins under her hat. Afterwards she smelled at a bottle of salts which smelt very loud indeed. Then she took a small three-cornered letter from her port-

monnaie and having read it leisurely, closed the purse up again with a snap. Her next proceeding was to turn suddenly with an imperious gesture to the man next her and hand him five cents, which he meekly passed to the conductor of the vehicle, who from his looks I took to be also the President of the line. By this time everybody was looking askint at her, which I could see by her face gratified her much. Finally she fixed her eyes on a hobbledehoy opposite until he blushed and wriggled on his pedestal. My heart overflowed with compassion to see one so young so afflicted. It was clear to me she was out of her mind, so in my most grandfatherly way and in a voice broken by emotion I thus addressed her: "Young 'ooman," says I "it grieves me to see you in this condition. Medical attendance may do much. Your parents——" but here she turned on me like a Royal Bengal She Tigress and shrieked "Sirrrrr!" Just then the Conductor-President remarked "Old gent, you have been drinking. Get out o' this," and hustled me off the steps.

Mister GRIP, I look on this as a personal injury and I want you to lay before your half million of readers the true facts of the case, for if Deacon Wiggin gets hold of a wrong story there is no knowing what mischief that evil-minded old man might do against me. My gran'daughter tells me that is the way that all fashionable young women behave since Emancipation came in. I don't know I'm sure, but the old modest way was good enough for me.

GRANDFATHER.

R. S. C.

FRIEND GRIP,—That was an excellent cartoon you had the other day of Principal Grant with Oliver Mowat on his back. Can't you instruct your artist to produce a companion picture—"Principal Grant kindly trots the Royal Society of Canada (English section) around." It would be equally suggestive to those who know.

SENEX.

THE trials and retrials of Carter Harrison's murderer have ended in his being resentenced to be hanged. The execution is set for the 13th inst. This will end the whole Prendergastly farce.

SINCE our first page cartoon was drawn the figuring of the experts leaves the Government without a majority of straight pledged supporters.

HEAVY bread is very unhealthy, says an eminent medical authority. Our baker seems to think so, too, unless our private scale is out of order.

THE Fourth of July was celebrated this year in an unusually striking manner.



AT HANLAN'S POINT.

TRAVELLED VISITOR—"I suppose this is regarded as quite a watering place by your Toronto people?"

NATIVE—"Er—hardly. The knowing ones take as little of the water as possible."

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There is no end of speculation says the N. Y. "Mercury," as to whether President Harper, of the Mutual Reserve Fund Life, will consent to his name being brought before the forthcoming Republican Convention as a possible nominee for the Governorship of the State of New York. Very strong influence is being brought to bear upon him in that direction; while many of his warmest friends are quite as desirous that he should be left out of the whirlpool of politics, at least for the present. One thing the members of the Mutual Reserve may rest assured of is, that President Harper will undertake no additional responsibility without first feeling satisfied that his doing so will in no way be detrimental to the progress of the association. In the prosperity of which his heart is centered, and at the helm of which he hopes to continue so long as blessed with health and strength to direct its destinies.

Meantime the Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association booms prosperously onward. Its last monthly bulletin reports new business received during May amounting to \$6,181,455, being an increase of \$1,617,270 over the same month of last year. The total business received for 1894 already reaches \$31,888,265, being an increase of \$7,697,070 over the corresponding period of 1893. The total death claims paid since January 1, 1894, reach to \$1,252,300.19, making in all, since date of organization in 1891, nearly \$19,000,000.

WOULDN'T this be a good time for those who have not paid for GRIP for 1894 to do so? We have sent them the paper for six months at considerable cost for paper, printing and engraving. It would be a great accommodation for us, and we trust an easement of their own consciences, if they would now enclose us a couple of dollars. These are hard times, and a newspaper cannot be run without cash. We would like still to add a large number of new names at \$1 for the remainder of the year. Our contemporaries say GRIP is better than ever. Try a half year's subscription and see. Won't our friends recommend it wherever they can?

MR. A. ANDERSON, of this city, who is making a business trip to the towns along the Canadian Pacific Railway between Toronto and Victoria, B.C., is authorized to represent GRIP and to take subscriptions and grant receipts in our name. We trust he will receive a cordial reception from GRIP's friends and be able to add many new names to our list.

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 - No. 5—Gent's rolled gold watch charms, latest styles, 50 cents each.
 - No. 6—Ladies' 14kt gold filled fob chains with pendant charm attachment, newest patterns, \$1.50 each.
 - No. 7—Ladies' rolled gold broaches, beautifully designed, 50 cents each.
 - No. 8—Ladies' solid gold front lace pins, 50 cents per pair.
 - No. 9—"Baby" pins with solid gold fronts, 25 cents each.
 - No. 10—"Baby" solid gold pins set with one real diamond, \$1 each.
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Printed forms of tender containing full particulars may be obtained from the Department at Ottawa and at the following Militia Stores, viz.: The offices of the Superintendent of Stores at London, Toronto, Kingston, Montreal, Quebec, Halifax, N.S., St. John, N.B., and Winnipeg, Man.
Every article of Clothing, Store Supplies and Necessaries to be furnished, as well as the material therein, must be of Canadian manufacture, and similar in all respects to the sealed patterns, which can be seen at the Militia Stores at Ottawa. This does not apply to material for saddlery.

No tender will be received unless made on a printed form furnished by the Department, nor will a tender be considered if the printed form is altered in any manner whatever.

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted cheque on a Canadian Chartered Bank for an amount equal to ten per cent. of the total value of the articles tendered for, which will be forfeited if the party making the tender declines to sign a contract when called upon to do so. If the tender be not accepted the cheque will be returned.

The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.
A. BENOIT, Capt.,
Secretary.
Department of Militia and Defence,
Ottawa, 2nd. June, 1894.

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