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VOL. XXXVIII.—No. 9.

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 27, 1892.

No. 976.

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SIR RICHARD CARTWRIGHT is at once the strength and weakness of the Liberal party. He is the best debater at present in Parliament, possessing ample powers of expression for the ample information with which his mind is stored. He is a ripe scholar, and a man of high personal character. But he is not and never has been a popular man. His soul (which may perhaps be genial if it could be got at) is enclosed in a triple steel of aristocratic reserve, and he ignores altogether the little things in which men like Laurier manifest their kindness, and through which they win the love of those with whom they come in contact. Moreover, Sir Richard is a good hater, and when the circumstances seem to justify it, (which is frequently,) he does not hesitate to scarify his opponents with the bitter invectives of which he is a consummate master. Everybody admires the gifts of Sir Richard, but very few like the Knight himself. As for the Tories, it is not too much to say they hate him most cordially; but the rank and file of the Liberal party also regard him with feelings far from affection. It is not uncommon, indeed, to hear good Grits declare that they despair of ever getting into office so long as Sir Richard holds a leading position in the party

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Mar 6 - 110
Mar 8 - 112
Mar 10 - 114
Mar 12 - 116

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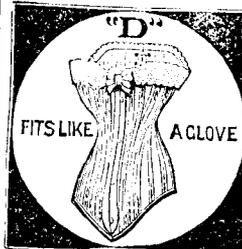
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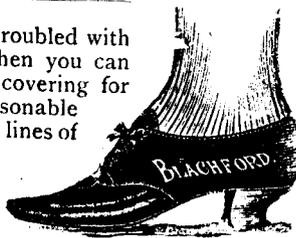
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GRIP



VOL XXXVIII.

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 27, 1892.

No. 9.
Whole No. 976.



JONAH I



TORONTO, SATURDAY, FEB. 27, 1892.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

HUMOR COMPETITION.

\$60 in Cash Prizes to be Given.

With a view to encouraging the humorous pens of the Dominion (and there are many of them as yet unknown to Fame), GRIP has decided to offer the following Prizes:

For the best short humorous article, a prize of \$30 cash will be given. For the next best, a prize of \$20 cash, and for the third in order of merit, a prize of \$10 cash.

The conditions of the competition are:

1st. No article to contain more than 750 or less than 300 words.

2nd. None but original articles will be entered in the competition.

Articles may be in the form of prose or verse, stories, character sketches, satirical skits, or in any other literary form whatever.

3rd. Articles will be judged not so much for literary merit as for the merit of the humorous idea involved.

4th. All articles submitted to be marked "competition," and to be the property of the Grip Printing and Publishing Company.

5th. Mr. J. W. Bengough, Mr. Phillips Thompson and Mr. J. V. Wright will act as judges in the competition.

6th. It is not necessary for any competitor to subscribe for GRIP, nor to send money for any purpose whatever.

7th. The authors of all articles which are, on a preliminary examination, considered meritorious enough to be placed in competition, will receive a copy of GRIP gratis for four weeks from receipt of article.

8th. All articles to be sent in by March 1, 1892, when the competition will be closed.

9th. There is no limit to the number of articles that may be sent in by any competitor.

The result of the competition and the successful articles will be published in GRIP as soon afterwards as possible. The best of the non-successful ones will also appear.

COMMENTS ON THE CARTOONS.



THE TRIUMPHAL PROGRESS OF PROTECTION.—There is an old saying which runs, "Experience keeps a dear school, but fools will learn in no other." We do not wish to be understood as even inferentially applying this hard word to the farmers of Canada, though we called up the quotation by way of introduction to a few remarks on the results of the bye-elections. It is true our farmers have been

attending the school in question for some thirteen years past, but they have evidently learned nothing, and so cannot be described as fools, for, as the proverb implies, such would have profited by the tuition. They went into the N.P. scheme, it will be remembered, because they took stock in the promise held out to them of a home market to be provided by the rise here, there and everywhere of flourishing manufacturing towns. Their fears of higher prices for manufactured goods were in the meanwhile set at rest by the statement that com-

petition in the home market would keep prices down to a reasonable level, and such things as possible trusts and combines were waved aside as the product of overheated imaginations. Well, the scheme went into operation, and in its thirteen years it has produced a few very rich men—who don't happen to be in the farming business, by the way. The tall chimneys have not materialized; the home market is not at home; manufactured goods have become dearer; wages have remained as before, if not lower; prices of farm products have not gone up; and instead of the new towns and villages that were to be, our population is virtually smaller than it was in 1882. The fellows who opposed the sophistries on which the N.P. was built waited patiently to see the effects, and when they saw them they turned to the farmers and said, "Didn't we tell you so?" Then they revived the tune they had harped upon, that it was more freedom the farmer needed, not more restriction; a wider market, not a narrower one. And the farmer, with his depleted pocket and his mortgaged farm—what did he say? After this long course at Dame Experience's school, what did he do when he got a chance to express himself? Do? Why, he voted to keep the N.P. in operation!

JONAH.—There's a Jonah on board the Grit boat—so thousands of the Grits declare. Otherwise how is it possible to account for the hurricane that has been blowing of late in the town and country constituencies? The country is seething with anger at the boodling operations (according to the Grit press), and demanding freer trade relations with the States (also according to ditto), and yet the Grit candidates are being overwhelmed right and left. It is a clear case of Jonah. But who is the Jonah? It can't be Sir R. Cartwright—and it certainly isn't Laurier. The mystery is profound.



HERE may have been legal flaws enough in the evidence given before the Commissioners in the Baie des Chaleurs matter to justify Judge Jette in reporting in what we may call a Mercierful manner, but the conviction of the Count as a boodler does not rest at all on this particular case. Enough has come out in other directions to more than do the business.

MEANWHILE, Mercier is playing the picturesque role in the melodrama with a genius worthy of Fechter. What could be more exquisite in its way than his impassioned utterance—"I am a child of the people, a child of the soil, and never while there is blood in me will I fail to shed it in defence of my country and my race!" It is well that he addresses an audience of poets who are in no danger of misunderstanding figurative language of this sort. Otherwise, they might gather from the sanguinary talk that the Count had made arrangements to have it out with Angers with bare knuckles, under the Marquis of Queensbury rules.

"I AM a child of the soil!" True, O stagey Honoré; but you have managed to get so much of the soil

A COSTLY SUPERSTITION.



DIRECT TAXATION.

FARMER—"What! pay a hundred dollars in cash straight out of my pocket? Never! I'll fight first!"



INDIRECT TAXATION.

"But, I'll tell you what, mister, you can take two hundred if you don't let me see you do it!"

on your hands that they are no longer clean enough to manage the affairs of State.

* * *

WILL the erudite editor of the *World* be kind enough to elucidate the following specimen of English, for the benefit of the boys in the third form of the Collegiate. It is from the leading article in his issue of the 19th :

Capitalists and corporations do no missionary work. They primarily and solely seek their own benefit. But there is no reason why, there is on the contrary every reason why, their activity in their own behalf should be attended by advantage to the citizens individually and to the city as a corporation.

"There is no reason why, there is on the contrary every reason why" our contemporary should oblige in this way.

* * *

THE esteemed minister of St. Andrew's sends us the following :

DEAR GRIP,—I noticed with great surprise in last week's issue of GRIP a demand that Principal Grant should "rise and explain" the vote which you imagine he gave at the recent bye-election in Kingston. I had hoped that a week's reflection would induce you to "explain" how you had been so far left to yourself as to make such a demand of any Canadian voter. I do not like the system of voting by ballot; but we have it, and one object of it is supposed to be to protect citizens from any terrorism which is sought to be exercised in regard to the giving of their votes. *N'est-ce-pas?*

I always read GRIP with interest, often with admiration, and I am sorry when the bird sings out of tune.

Yours truly, D. J. MACDONNELL.

Yes; it was undoubtedly an error—that paragraph Even Ravens occasionally sing out of tune, though their voices are ordinarily sweet and true. We only wish Mr. Macdonnell to note that it was not a matter of our own "imagining." We said "it was so reported," and as it is not uncommon for voters to tell how they cast their ballots, we assumed that Principal Grant was, himself, the original authority for the statement. This assumption was perhaps unwarranted, and once more we admit the error committed in basing any remarks upon it.

* * *

TO set this whole matter right, we now say Principal Grant need not trouble himself to explain anything about it. If he voted to keep Abbott & Co. in office he may have the sweet consciousness that he stood true to the grand old flag; if he voted the other way, he may rest easy in the sense of duty well done; if he didn't vote at all, his reasons for abstaining were, no doubt, sufficient unto himself. Here endeth the chapter.

THE remarkable development of photography entitles the present age to be called the cam-era.



THE REPUBLICAN HAT;

OR, GOOD NEWS FOR HARRISON.

BLAINE—"No, Benjamin, I'm not in it!"

OUR OUIJA.

DO you know what a "ouija" is, reader? For the benefit of those who do not it may be necessary to explain that it is a sort of patent household oracle—an improvement on the planchette, which had such a run some years since—only that it works by indicating the letters of the alphabet, spelling out the answers instead of writing them. One or two persons put their hands on the machine to supply the requisite magnetism but are not supposed to guide it—you press the button, so to speak, and the invisible thought force or sub-consciousness, or whatever you like to call it, does the rest. It is either a toy, a fad, or a psychological study as you choose to consider it.

GRIP worked the oracle the other evening for the pur-

pose of obtaining light on the political situation and the following was the result:

"Hello, Ouija! Are you there Moriarty?"

"I can't be on hand to-night."

"No? Why not?"

"Because the hand is on me. Tumble?"

"Very good, Ouija. Can you answer us a few questions about politics?"

"Fire ahead."

"Will the Abbott Government be sustained?"

"That depends."

"Upon what?"

The machine, after a pause, vibrated in a thoughtful and reflective manner for a few minutes and then moving toward the letter "S" drew the indicator across it in a vertical direction thusly—

\$.

"Just so, Ouija. You evidently have considerable insight into the true inwardness of political life. Now tell us candidly what you think of the Government, especially the Ontario members."

"They are notable men."

"That is not very clear. Ought there to be a hyphen between 'not' and 'able'?"

"Fix it to suit yourself. I'm not posted on punctuation."

"But do you wish to say that they are 'notable' or 'not able'?"

"They seem to be able to keep the Grits out, anyway."

"Will Cartwright ever be in office?"

"I hope not for his own sake. It would make him perfectly miserable if he had nothing to complain of."

"What do you think of the N.P.?"

"It means 'No Prosperity.'"

"Is there any real difference between Grits and Tories?"

"Yes, certainly. The words are spelled differently."

"Is that all?"

"Why, no. The Tories dare to do wrong, and the Grits are scared to do right. Tories are mostly rascals—Grits principally fools. Tories are in—Grits

are out, because the people prefer rascals with some nerve and pluck to weak-kneed chumps."

"You are cynical, Ouija."

"Well, so was Diogenes and Goldwin Smith and the editor of the Bobcaygeon *Independent*. I'm not a man or a woman either thank goodness; and can afford to speak my mind. That's where I've got the advantage of you. Ha, ha!"

"Since you are in that fortunate position tell us frankly what you think of annexation."

"What all sensible people think and comparatively few dare say—that it would be the best thing possible for Canada. For that very reason it will be a long time before it is accomplished."

"How so?"

"Why, because the people always prefer the interests

of the rulers and privileged classes to their own. If they didn't they wouldn't be loyal."

"To change the subject, what do you think of Mayor Fleming?"

"Da—"

"Don't say any more please. Bear in mind that GRIP is a family paper."

"Then it's no use for me to try to express any opinion."

"About the City Council?"

"It's the worst Council Toronto ever had. I never knew one which wasn't. At the same time it's quite as good a Council as the people deserve."

"Will the Local Opposition succeed in turning out Mowat?"

"Rats!"

"What do you suppose is the motive which took the Canadian ministers to Washington?"

"I don't suppose—I know."

"Well, what was it then?"

"Loco-motive. Excuse me. I'm not usually addicted to gags of this sort, but there's something in the thought-atmosphere of this office which affects me."

"Good bye for the present."

"So long. Come again when you want more information."

[COMPETITION.]

TOO MUCH STYLE.

WHEN I was down in Punkinville
A-livin' on my farm,
I used to be so happy like,
And never did no harm.
But Sary Jane she brought me here,
And it riles me like you see,
For livin' in this great big house,
Ain't jest the thing for me.
But if I was in Punkinville
You'd see how I would smile,
I am so pesky tired
Of this puttin' on of style.



If Jane had lived—my wife, you see—
Things mightn't be the same,
She was so kinder thoughtful like;
I've got myself to blame
I know right well, but here I am,
And s'pose I've got to stay,
Though I sometimes say to Sary Jane,
I'll go and run away.

But if I was in Punkinville
You'd see how I would smile,
I am so pesky tired

Of this puttin' on of style.

They seem to think I'm shattered like,

But if they'd let me go
And hitch the waggon to old grey,
I'd show them what I know.

But here I have to set behind
And let that feller drive,
Till sometimes I begin to think
I ain't more'n half alive.

But if I was in Punkinville
You'd see how I would smile,
I am so pesky tired
Of this puttin' on of style.

And when I lived down on the farm
I used to eat right well,
But now 'tain't more nor once a month
I get a hungry spell.

For that chap is always watchin'
If I try to eat a bit,
And looks as if he thought I was
A kind of lunatic.

But if I was in Punkinville
You'd see how I would smile,
I am so pesky tired
Of this puttin' on of style.

And then they dress me up so fine,
I don't know what to do;
I'd rather wear my own old clothes,
These things are awful new.
But Sary Jane she scolds me so,
I have to mind her some,
But I know I would be happier
In the clothes that poor Jane spun.
But if I was in Punkinville
You'd see how I would smile,
I am so pesky tired
Of this puttin' on of style.

One day I talked to Sary Jane
Quite serious like, she said
She'd take me down to Punkinville
To rest when I am dead.
It makes me kinder happy like,
I don't feel quite so bad,
For when I think of dyin'
It kinder makes me glad.
And Sary Jane has promised me
(P raps this will make you smile)
To say upon my tombstone
That I died of too much style.

WELLAND, ONT.

MRS. J. ELLIOTT LENNON.

VULGARITY REBUKED.

MR. CHIPPER (at restaurant)—"Here's quite a variety! Have some 'bear' meat for a change?"

MISS TUTWILER (coldly)—"I cannot tolerate such vulgarity. We always have our meat 'dressed' at home."

A NEW PREVENTIVE.

ALL sick at home with chills to-day
Except sis' Sally Blake."
And how does she escape them, pray?
"Too lazy, sir, to shake."

JOHN B. TABB.

NOTICE
FOOT PASSENGER
ONLY.



LEG-ISLATION.

What is he to do?—Pick-me-up.

It is suggested that women would make good soldiers because they are accustomed to face powder.



SEARCHING FOR HIS CASE.

MR. BOGRAM'S VALENTINE.

"AH, this is Valentine's Day, I believe," said Mr. Bogram, as he seated himself at the breakfast table. "So it is. It used to be a great day when we were boys, didn't it? Ah, what a pity these good old customs are dying out."

"I don't think so," said Mrs. Bogram. "It's just as well. It's a foolish piece of extravagance, sending valentines that cost money, and as for what they call comic valentines, those wretched hideous caricatures, I think it's disgraceful that they allow them to be sold at all, insulting people in that fashion."

"Ah, that's just where the fun comes in, my dear," said Mr. Bogram. "Boys will be boys, you know. I remember when all the boys in the school agreed that they would each send the school-teacher the very ugliest one they could find. Well, he got about two dozen that day. He was boarding at our place at that time. He was an awfully conceited fellow, and fancied all the girls in the village were dead in love with him, and you ought to have seen the airs he put on, and how he smirked and grinned when he got the letters. Thought, of course, they were handsome ones from some of the girls he had mashed. And you never saw a man so taken down in your life as he was when he opened them one after the other and took out the most villainous daubs you can imagine, representing him as a monkey, a pig, an ass and so on. My, but he was mad! It took some of the conceit out of him, I guess. He couldn't prove anything on me or any of the rest, and we didn't give ourselves away, but I remember the very first chance he got he gave me a terrible licking, but we made it so hot for him that he resigned soon afterwards."

"And there was old man Binks that always made such a fuss when any of us boys took a few apples. We sent him one, one year, and registered it too, so that he thought he was getting a money letter, and hung round the post office to see him get it. Jehoshaphat! Didn't

he rip and tear and accuse the post master of knowing all about it, and threaten to prosecute whoever sent it? Oh, those were the times. We used to have lots of fun them days. It's too bad to see these time-honored observances discontinued."

Just then the postman rang the door bell and the hired girl entered with a letter for Mr. Bogram.

"Wonder who it can be from," said the latter. "It's not the plumber writing about his bill again, surely, nor it's not from any of Jim's folks—not the hand writing, let's see. Well, by jinks, I wonder what infernal sneaking scoundrel has done this. Look at it! Did you ever hear of anything more infamous in your life. A picture of a convict and doggerel inquiring as to how long I've been out of jail, with the remark subjoined that the sooner I'm sent back the better. Why, it's libellous, and I tell you if I can find out the low-

lived, mean-spirited, malicious snake-in-the-grass that dared to send it, I'll prosecute him criminally, if it takes the last cent I can raise and have him punished to the full extent of the law. I'll show him who ought to be sent to jail!"

"But I thought you said you liked to see these good old customs kept up," said Mrs. Bogram, quietly.

"Good old customs! I said nothing of the kind. A joke's a joke—but this is a downright, venomous, beastly insult, and I'm surprised, Mrs. Bogram, that you can sit there smiling and making remarks, intended, I suppose, to be witty, at a time when the honor of your husband and family is at stake. I'll have the detectives put on the track at once. This thing of insulting respectable citizens must be stopped."

"AT OUR TIME OF LIFE."

IT sends a chill—or rather say a shock
Through all the winding harp-strings of the heart,
When first our friend—perchance our enemy
Doth let into the silver web of speech,
Those swiftly gleaming words,
Flashing a light upon our road of life
To show the golden gate forever closed.
Oh, cruel friend, thy words for evermore
Will poison all our joys and blight our hopes,
Even in the spring time when the glorious sun
Deals with us as with trees, and sends the blood
In quicker, sweeter circles through the veins
To make us leap and dance for very joy;
Dance just for life as do the dull mute beasts
And sing for love as do the full-voiced birds.
We may not be as bees or birds or trees;
No more for us the honey, song or sheaves,
And oft methinks 'twere better far to—die
"At our time of life."

D. F. T.

THE Provincial legislators are like trees—they leave in the spring.



THE TRIUMPHAL PROGRESS OF PROTECTION.



MAGNANIMITY.

MANAGER (*excitedly*)—"One of the greatest politicians of the country is in the audience to-night."

TRAGEDIAN (*calmly*)—"Well, I daresay his money is as good as that of any other man. Permit him to remain."

COLUMBUS EXPOSED.

THEY were sitting round on the boxes and barrels in the grocery store talking politics and the weather, and spitting in the direction of the stove, when somebody made a remark about the World's Fair at Chicago.

"I allow," said Jake Cobbledick, "that it's goin' to be the biggest show ever was."

"Likely some better'n the Industrial Exhibition down to Toronto," said Hank Peterson; "but I tell ye she was jest a corker. They ain't no flies onto them Toronto Exhibitions."

"Oh come off," said Jake, "Toronto ain't in it with Chicago."

Jake was the oracle of the crowd, and regarded with due deference by the *habitués* on account of his superior command of slang. He was the first man in Squiggle-chunk to introduce the expression "not in it," and his reputation had been enhanced accordingly.

"No, Toronto ain't in it" he repeated. "She'll be a back number after Chicago, you bet."

"But say, what's this man Columbus got to do with the World's Fair, anyway? I kinder thought he was dead," said Tom Wintermute

"Why, uv course, yer derved idyit. Died afore you was born. More'n a hundred year ago. An' they's havin' this here show to sorter celebrate the discovery of America," replied Jake.

"Huh," said Uncle Todgers. "There warn't nothin' in that at all to make such a fuss about. Tell ye, boys, it beats all how some fellers git up a big reputation out of nothin'. I've often noticed it. What did this here man Columbus do anyway? Oh, it jest makes me tired."

"Well, I guess ef he hadn't discovered America you 'n me wouldn't be here old man," replied Hank Peterson.

"Oh, that be darned. Ef he hadn't have done it some other feller would. It's all poppycock this talk about what a great man old Columbus was. Don't tell me, 'cause I know what I'm talkin' about. I been a sailor myself thirty year since—or mebby thirty-two—an' I tell ye any man could have done it. Jest look at the map. Ye see America runs clear way down all the way from the North Pole to pretty nigh the South Pole—so all he had to do was jest to start sailing West an' keep on an' he was bound to strike land somewhere's. Couldn't help it. Ef it had been a little island jest a few miles long they might talk. Or s'posin' he'd have said, 'I'm goin' to sail right straight to Noo York harbor' and done that it would have been somethin' to blow about. But America! Why, any durn fool that knowed the first thing 'bout navigation couldn't help but git to America."

"Oh, yer think you know it all," said Jake; "but if it wasn't a big thing what are they makin' this fuss about it for?"

"That's jest what I wanter know. Columbus didn't know much. Did he discover Noo York when he was about it? Or Philadelpy, or Boston, or Chicago, or Canada? Not much. He jest ran into

a island in the West Indies and sailed right back agin an' raised a big hurrah about it, an' after all it wan't nothin' of any account. Got to be a mighty big man on the head of it, though. Stood in with the newspaper fellers I guess, an' got them to write him up. That's always the way uv it. They was thousands uv men jest as good sailors as him that nobody never heard of. It's always been my opinion that this hull business of discoverin' America was a big advertisin' dodge an' nothin' else."

"Well, all samee I'm goin' ter take in that World's Fair if it takes a leg," said Jake—and the crowd drifted out into the night.

TWO DOUBTFUL PHRASES.

JOHNNY—"Pa, what is the meaning of 'redeem'?"

PA—"Redeem? Oh, it signifies to buy back again."

JOHNNY—"Well, this paper says, 'Lennox is redeemed.' How much did it cost them to buy it back, Pa? And is that why they call them the bye-elections?"

PA—"You ask too many questions, my son. You'll know all about these things when you grow up."



THE MINISTERIAL MECCA.

1ST GAMIN—"Cricky! where's all the preachers goin'? Guess there must be a revival somewhere!"

2ND DO.—"Naw! They're headin' for the *Mail* office with letters to the editor on some p'int of doctring that you couldn't hardly see with the naked eye."

ANECDOTES OF CELEBRATED CANADIANS.

(BY OUR OWN RACONTEUR.)

HON. EDWARD BLAKE was once singing Irish comic songs in a congenial circle of choice spirits at the Reform Club, where his rollicking wit has often set the table in a roar, when a dun who had been pestering him for some time, by some means obtained admission. Mr. Blake was in the middle of his favorite ditty, the "Irish Christening," to which few men can do equal justice when he perceived the approach of the enemy and rightly divined that his intention was to demand instantaneous payment in presence of the company. Mr. Blake's haughty temperment recoiled from the indignity which his ready wit enabled him to avoid. He improvised an additional verse to the song which contained the following broad hint to the persistent creditor :

Indade not a cint can I pay, sorr,
 Not to-day sorr—go away, sorr
 Do you think this intrusion fair play, sorr?
 Clear out av you value your skin
 At fightin' begob I'm a daisy,
 I cud faze ye, just as aisy
 To timpt me I think ye'd be crazy
 Now don't thry yer nonsense agin.

The objectionable visitor wisely took the hint and retired without further trouble, and the company were none the wiser until Mr. Blake, thinking the joke too good to keep, divulged it some time afterwards.

NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN was once approached by the agent of a patent hair restorer, who, after some conversation, asked as a favor, that he would give the agent a certificate for the nostrum. Mr. D. was at first inclined to treat the proposal as a joke, but the hair restorer man persisted. "But sure a certificate from me would do you more harm than good," said the brilliant Irishman, pointing to his glittering scalp. "Not at all, my dear sir. I want you to certify that you never used it."

THE writings of Mr. R. W. Phipps are a great deal in demand by publishers, but he is apt to set a higher price

upon his productions than newspapers are accustomed to pay. James Gordon Bennett of the *Herald* once requested him to write an article on forestry, expressing his willingness to pay \$50 for a summary of the principles of that science. Mr. Phipps replied that he wanted a hundred, and got an answer to the effect that the *Herald* did not want a lengthy treatise—in fact, Mr. Phipps might make it as short as he liked, whereupon, the latter agreed to the terms. A day or two afterwards the *Herald* received the following article :—

THE PRINCIPLES OF FORESTRY

By R. W. Phipps

Plant trees—don't cut them down.

He got his money, but the *Herald* has not asked him for any more forestry articles.

HON. J. HAGGART is not as well versed in modern economic science as he might be. He was asked the other day what he thought of the Single Tax. "I'm dead against it" he replied emphatically, "And why so?" replied the questioner. "Well, it isn't just; celibacy is no crime and a man has a perfect right to remain single if he wants to without being taxed for it."

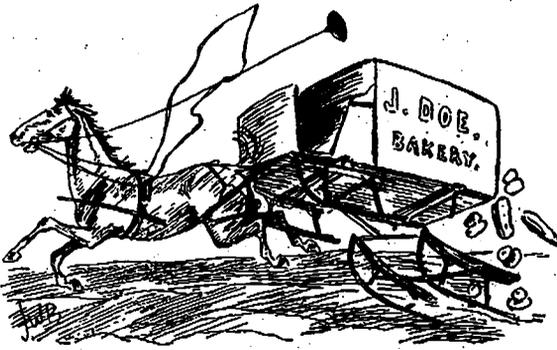
UNAPPRECIATED.

I KNELT before my charmer's feet
 And asked her to be mine;
 I called her darling, angel, sweet,
 I praised her eyes divine,
 I proffered of my passion proof,
 But all unmoved she sat,
 And answered, "Oh, come off the roof!
 Your talking through your hat."

EFFECTS OF OVER-EXERTION.

DUDEKIN — "Why, Cholly, you appear quite exhausted; what's the matter?"

CHOLLY—"Ah! deah chappie! Yesterday I saw some ladies ahead of me. I 'struck' an attitude, and haven't g-got over it yet."



A CONSEQUENCE OF LIGHT WEIGHT.

THEOLOGICAL INCOMPATIBILITY.

PETER MCPETERS loved Janet McFee,
A pale and poetical sort of a lass.
But there was a bar to their union, you see.
Two barriers, in fact, that neither could pass.

For Peter belonged to the old Scottish kirk,
And tenaciously clung to John Calvin's philosophy;
While Janet abode in the fantastic murk
Of that Asian mystery—Buddhistic Theosophy.

The courtship was hardly the regular thing,
Not marked by the usual billing and cooing:
It had a distinct theological ring,
With its arguing, explaining, combatting, reviewing,

Said Peter, "Dear Janet, 'twere foolish to wed,
If the yoke is to be, as the book says, unequal;
Take these works I have brought you; when these you have read,
I'll look for a more satisfactory sequel."

"And Peter," said Janet, "you likewise take these—
The works of Blavatsky, Olcott, and Besant;
Just study them calmly and thoughtfully, please,
And they'll make the thing clear, as I certainly can't."

So with mutual professions no labor to shirk
To get at the truth, whate'er it might be,
Janet buried herself in the creed of the Kirk,
And Peter plunged into deep Theoso-pee.

With joy on his features—the joy of new light—
Peter hastened at length to announce his decision;
And to tell how the teachings of Calvin took flight
When the truth of Theosophy burst on his vision.

Janet didn't enthuse when the statement he made—
But to hide her distress she did vainly endeavor—
"And I've been converted to Calvin," she said,
"So the yoke remains, Peter, unequal as ever!"

J. W. B.

AN ALLEGORICAL STATUE OF CANADA.

Mr. Hamilton McCarthy, the well-known sculptor of this city, proposes to show at the Chicago World's Fair an allegorical statue of Canada of colossal size. The figure will be that of a maiden standing in a dignified position and suggesting the idea that she is gazing into the future with rapt pleasure. The features are full of confident strength. She contemplates her vast possessions, and the cross which she bears in her right hand is the symbol of the noble faith which sustains her. Her left hand rests upon an anchor emblematic of hope, and upon an oar, suggestive of her commercial marine. There are also emblems of products of the mine, forest, farm and workshop, and all her industrial developments. Disposed in folds about this trophy is the British flag. The height of this statue will not be less than nine feet, and it will be constructed of adamantine.—*Empire*.

NOW look here, Ham, you haven't struck it right. The conception is very fine, but if there is to be anything emblematic about your statue, you're away off. To be true to nature the figure should assume a crouching or grovelling position, with the head partly turned round,

suggesting the idea that she is glancing back at the past full of reverence for outworn institutions and mediæval formulas. The features should indicate submissiveness and stolid resignation. Manacles upon her limbs and a heavy burden upon her shoulders might represent the cause of her humiliating posture. Her right hand should clasp a little tin god representing the breed of scurvy Tory and Grit politicians whom she idolizes, while her left rests upon the figure of a pot-bellied monopolist. A tattered Old Flag might appropriately form her only garment, the ragged condition of which would symbolize the poverty to which she had been reduced by the loyalty shouters.

A FALSE ALARM.

I HAD called on the editor of the *World* the other day, to try and stave him off regarding my delinquent subscription, and, having finally persuaded him in my favor, was about to leave, when a hollow cough, and the sound of dragging footsteps outside, caused me to pause a moment to see who was entering. The door opened. A tall, decrepit specimen of humanity, with a gaunt, sallow face, eyes glaring wildly from the depths of their sunken sockets, trembling knees, and in all presenting a perfect picture of shipwrecked manhood, entered. In his arms he bore vast rolls of paper, and behind his ink-bespattered ear hung a long-used pen. He threw himself into the editor's chair and gave a groan of the most ineffable misery, and then a death-rattled sigh.

"Great heavens!" I cried, "is the man dying? Call a doctor!"

Without further ado I sprang to the telephone, gave a furious ring, and was just proceeding with a gigantic "Hello!" when the editor grabbed my arm, exclaiming: "Are you crazy? That bell isn't made of rock. What's the matter with you?"

"Matter!" I cried. "Matter! Look at that collapsed specimen of humankind and ask 'What's the matter? He's dying! Can't you see? 'He's dying!'"

This last was fairly shrieked, and at a very short distance from the telephone, which had not been rung off.

"Dying?" And the editor, putting his hands to his portly sides (he was an exception to the general rule of editors in this respect), bursts into a hilarious laugh, while the "Central," startled from a doze by my unexpected information, screamed back in an exalted and enraged tone, "Let the old fool die!"

But I did not pay any attention to this in my excitement. I was puzzled and enraged.

"Explain yourself!" I cried to the editor. "Has the man fever, diphtheria, or—withdrawing as I asked it—grip? Tell me!"

Again the editor laughed.

"Answer my question," I cried in a frenzy, "or I'll—"

"Calm yourself," broke in the editor, "calm yourself. This gentleman is a reporter on my staff. He is suffering from none of the afflictions you mention, and will be as healthy as ever in a few days. He has been for the last three weeks writing up the city restaurants and boarding wherever meal-time overtook him. That's all."

And I slunk.

A. L. McNAB.

"WHERE the Grits Stand" is the heading of a paragraph in last Thursday's *Empire*. Judging from the bye-elections they don't stand to any extent. On the contrary they fall.

MRS. O'MULLIGAN'S FIVE O'CLOCK TAY.

OCH! Sure did yez hear av the illigant party
 We had at O'Mulligan's Wednesday night?
 You might thravel tin mile, an' not see so much shtyle,
 Begor, the costumes was a bewtiful sight.
 'Tis a credit to thim, they are now in the shwim,
 An' have got to adopt all the fads av the day,
 The scene was resplendent, wid beauty transcendent,
 At Mrs. O'Mulligan's five o'clock tay.

Paddy Rewski was sint a polite invitation,
 But divil a line did he sind in reply,
 An' Ald. Bell, who was axed there as well,
 Said he'd "pravius engagemints," but that's all me eye.
 He'll find his mishtake, thus to give us the shake,
 An' Paddy lost *prestige* be shtayin' away,
 Some wan else got the chance to play for the dance
 At Mrs. O'Mulligan's five o'clock tay.

'Twas full eight o'clock fwhin the party assimbled,
 For sure all the byes had to clane up an' dress,
 The two Miss O'Gradys an' some other ladies
 Wore *ravissant* gowns, as ye'll see by the press.
 Miss Nora Gilhooly was mashed an yours thruly,
 She come rather late an' had not long to shtay,
 (She's livin' at sarvice, away up on Jarvis),
 At Mrs. O'Mulligan's five o'clock tay.

"Shoot the tay," says Tom Murphy, "an' bring on the fwhiskey,"
 The spalpeen, do ye moind, had been boozin' since noon.
 "You're not over polite," says McFadden, "to-night,"
 Thin Tom hot him a clout wid a china spittoon,
 An' two or three more, as he lay on the floor,
 Rowled up their coat-sleeves an' wint into the fray,
 Poor Daisy O'Nale was knocked into a pail
 At Mrs. O'Mulligan's five o'clock tay.

An' thin the proceedin's grew lively an' various,
 The whole *tout ensemble* occasioned delight,
 I'd best cut it short, for you'll find the report
 Adornin' the columns av *Saturday Night*.
 Bill Brown an' O'Mulligan wint an' got full agin,
 We kep' up the racket till early next day,
 The *jeunesse dorée* had no end av a spree
 At Mrs. O'Mulligan's five o'clock tay.

SAMJONES' SAYINGS.

MRS. Humphrey war-red on orthodox theology—said
 'Els-mere delusion—and that made David Grieve.

PEOPLE talk about the widespread immorality of this
 continent. It will never be much better until it becomes
 ethically (a thickly) populated country.

CHRISTIAN Science is making some progress. I'm told
 that it was started by a Mrs. Eddy, in which case it must
 certainly be an edifying doctrine.

I SEE that Mr. Achillie Carrier has be nominated as
 Grit candidaté for Gaspé, which portends a cold day for
 the party. A chill carrier would naturally impart a cool-
 ness into the contest.

THE road to the inn often makes inroads on the con-
 stitution.

"WHO shall decide when doctors disagree?" What's
 a coroner's jury for, I'd like to know?

LORD BROUGHAM was a successful politician in his
 day—generally elected by sweeping majorities.

It is reported that the Canadian Government has been requested
 to frame regulations for the inspection of American pork in transit
 through Canada.—*Ottawa Despatch to Empire.*

Good scheme—certainly frame the regulations. It
 prevents them getting all soiled and crimped up. And
 when the government are about it, they might as well
 have them glazed to keep the flies off—and besides, it'll
 make another contract for some hungry supporter.



A SNAP-SHOT.

(St. Lawrence Hall, Montreal.)

THE PROTESTANT HORSE.

OUR Sammy Hughes
 He did abuse
 Poor Barron, and did kill;
 But in the House,
 Mute as a mouse,
 Will be our Sarguel still.

R. W. P.

JOKELETS.

"TRUTH is stranger than fiction." Well, we should
 rather think so. It's a total stranger to a great
 many editors.

A HYPOCHONDRIAC may be said to resemble a drunkard
 because he is always full of sham-pain.

"SINCE you press me I will accept," as the girl said
 to her lovèr.

TORONTO water seems to resemble somewhat the
 quality of mercy.

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

THE SPEECH FROM THE THRONE.

ABOUT the time that Governor Stanley met the Parliament of
 British America, Governor Morison greeted the members of the
 British America Assurance Company. The Hansard report of what
 occurred will be found in this issue of GRIP, and will interest all
 who enjoy figurative language. The fire department of the business,
 it will be seen, has suffered a slight scorching, but the marine de-
 partment has nobly ridden the waves and carried a good profit into
 port. If the people of Canada could have the same Assurance that
 their affairs are as prudently and honestly managed as those of the
 British America people, Governor Stanley might be as popular as
 Gov. Morison is. GRIP is going to put the latter dignitary into his
 Gallery of Notables next week.

AVOID harsh purgatives if troubled with Constipation, choose
 rather the mild natural action of Burdock Blood Bitters, which regu-
 late the Liver and Bowels.

"I FIND nothing equal to Burdock Blood Bitters for the cure of
 Costiveness and General Debility. A trial convinces the afflicted."
 JNO. G. MCKAY, Scotsville, C. B.

LIVE men wanted on salary who won't lose their heads while making big money. For full particulars address Brown Brothers Company, Toronto.

THE DOCTORS CONFER ANOTHER FAVOR.

FIRST three months free of charge. On account of the large number of invalids who have been unable, owing to the rush, to consult the staff of eminent physicians and surgeons, now permanently located at No. 272 Jarvis street (near Gerrard) before January 1st, these eminent doctors have kindly extended the time for giving their services free to March 1st, therefore all invalids who call upon them before March 1st will receive services for the first three months free of charge. The only favor de-ired is a recommendation from those whom they cure. The object in pursuing this course is to become rapidly and personally acquainted with the sick and afflicted.

The doctors treat every variety of disease and deformity and will perform all surgical operations free this month, viz.: The removal of cancers, tumors, cataract, polypi, etc. All diseases of the eye, ear, throat, lungs, heart, stomach, liver, kidneys, bladder and all female difficulties arising from whatever cause, nervous prostration, failing vitality and all diseases originating from impure blood are treated with the greatest success.

Catarrh in all its various forms cured by their new method, which consists in breaking up the cold-catching tendency, to which every person suffering from catarrh is susceptible.

Invalids will please not take offence if they are rejected as incurable. The physicians will examine you thoroughly free of charge, and if incurable they will positively tell you so. Also caution you against spending more money for useless medicine.

Remember the date and go early, as their offices are crowded daily. Hours from 9 a.m. to 5, and from 7 to 8 p.m. Sundays from 2 to 4 p.m.

WHAT a commodity! is the exclamation of everybody who uses our kindling wood. Sent to any address, six crates for a dollar. Pay on delivery. Send post card. Harvie & Co. 20 Sheppard street, or telephone 1570.

By looking at the quotations of the Virginia tobacco markets it will be found that the highest price paid for "fillers"—which is the tobacco which forms the body of the plug—very closely corresponds with the invoiced price of tobacco leaf imported into Ontario. As over four-fifths of all the leaf tobacco imported into the Province is for "Myrtle Navy" stock, this fact is official proof of the claim that the "Myrtle Navy" is made of the finest Virginia leaf.

WE understand that R. H. Lear & Co., of the well known gas and electric fixture emporium, are holding a special discount sale to clear a purchase of over \$9,000 bought at a low figure. Get their quotations. They are still at the old stand, 19 and 21 Richmond St. West.

DEAFNESS ABSOLUTELY CURED.—A gentleman who cured himself of Deafness and Noises in the Head of fourteen years' standing by a new method, will be pleased to send full particulars free. Address HERBERT CLIFTON, 8 Shepherd's Place, Kennington Park, London, S.E., Eng.

PEOPLE make a sad mistake in neglecting Constipation. Employ Burdock Blood Bitters, the natural and most effective cure, and Constipation disappears.

"NONE but the brave deserve the fare," as the mouse observed venturing far into the trap. "Farewell," said the trap, as it shut the mouse in.

A PEG-TOP

Is a first-class cigar and made of good tobacco. Try it—it will please. L. O. GROTHE & Co., Montreal.

FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS

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

WHAT IS SAID IN FAVOR OF DYER'S IMPROVED FOOD FOR INFANTS.

THE Matron of the Protestant Infants' Home, 508 Guy Street, Montreal, says: "We have used Dyer's Improved Infants' Food for the babies and have found it to agree with them, and have much pleasure in recommending it." W. A. Dyer & Co., Montreal.

CAR CONDUCTOR (*taking the money*)—"All fares, please. Where did you git up?"

PASSENGER—"On the step, in course! D'ye think I come here by the 'orse's 'ead?"

DR. T. A. SLOCUM'S

OXYGENIZED EMULSION OF PURE COD LIVER OIL. If you have Bronchitis—Use it. For sale by all druggists. 35 cents a bottle.

"A FRIEND recommended B.B.B. to me as a cure for Constipation, and three bottles entirely cured me."—Mrs. George Flewelling, St. John, N.B.

JOHNSTON'S FLUID BEEF



Supplies all the elements of Prime Beef needed to form "Flesh," "Muscle," and "Bone"

1,900,000 BOTTLES SOLD IN CANADA IN TEN YEARS. A CURE IN Every Bottle

ST. JACOBS OIL CONQUERS PAIN. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS

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Assurance Company

ANNUAL REPORT, 1891

The fifty-eight annual meeting of the shareholders of this company was held in the company's office, corner of Front and Scott streets, Toronto, on Wednesday, February 17th, the governor, Mr. John Morison, occupying the chair.

Amongst the stockholders present were:—Messrs. Augustus Myers, John Y. Reid, J. K. Niven, H. L. Hime, H. M. Pellatt, Dr. H. Robertson, Thomas Long, J. Morison, jun., J. Jackes, William Adamson, W. H. Banks, John A. Phippen, Robert Thompson, W. S. Lee, John Beatty, T. H. Purdom, Dr. Clark and George Musson.

Mr. W. H. Banks, assistant secretary, read the following report:—

The directors have the honor of submitting the 58th annual statement, exhibiting the financial position of the affairs of the company, accompanied by the balance sheet for the year ending December 31, 1891, duly audited.

The last twelve months have been marked by an unusually large number of fires, both in Canada and the United States, in which this company has suffered in common with others. The aggregate loss in these countries has been estimated at over one hundred and thirty-seven million dollars (\$137,000,000), a far greater waste ratio than has occurred in any one year in the past twenty years. You will notice, however, that the marine branch has been profitable, both in Canada and the United States.

The directors look with confidence for a more satisfactory business for the year just entered upon on account of increased rates having been established in many parts of the country.

The directors cannot close this report without placing on record their deep sense of the loss this company has sustained in the death of John Leys, Esq., who for several years has so worthily filled the office of deputy governor, and whose mature judgment was of great value to the company, and to extend to mourning relatives and friends their heartfelt sympathy.

Your directors desire to bear testimony to the very efficient manner in which the agents, special agents and other officers of the company have discharged their respective duties.

All of which is respectfully submitted.

JOHN MORISON, Governor.

TORONTO, ONT., February 17, 1892.

STATEMENT OF ASSETS AND LIABILITIES.

FOR THE YEAR ENDING DECEMBER 31, 1891

Assets.	
U.S. Government and State bonds....	\$490,037 50
Bonds, debentures and other dividend paying investments.....	279,534 83
Real Estate.....	150,000 00
Office furniture, business maps, etc.....	26,086 55
Agents' balances.....	87,226 22
Cash in bank.....	33,848 28
Cash in office.....	1 15
Interest due and accrued.....	9,572 39
	<u>\$1,076,306 92</u>
Liabilities.	
Capital stock.....	\$500,000 00
Losses under adjustment—	
Fire.....	\$117,936 30
Marine.....	1,795 24
	<u>119,731 54</u>

Dividend No. 95—Balance....	3,868 12
Dividend No. 96—Balance....	17,500 00
	<u>21,368 12</u>
Balance.....	435,267 26
	<u>\$1,076,306 92</u>
Profit and Loss.	
Fire losses, paid.....	\$475,934 83
" unpaid.....	117,936 30
Marine losses, paid.....	31,036 62
" unpaid.....	1,795 24
Commission and all other charges.....	241,229 15
Government and local taxes.....	20,869 49
Taxes on building, etc.....	7,687 83
Depreciation in investments.....	17,656 30
	<u>\$914,145 76</u>

Fire premiums.....	\$760,342 49
Less reinsurances.....	48,635 32
	<u>\$711,707 17</u>
Marine premiums.....	86,609 47
Less reinsurances.....	33,258 93
	<u>53,350 54</u>
Interest.....	33,914 87
Rent account.....	5,044 25
Balance.....	110,098 93
	<u>\$914,145 76</u>

Surplus Fund.	
Dividend No. 95.....	\$17,500 00
" 96.....	17,500 00
Profit and loss.....	110,098 93
Balance.....	435,267 26
	<u>\$580,366 19</u>
Balance from last statement.....	580,366 19
	<u>\$580,366 19</u>

	<u>\$580,366 19</u>
Reinsurance Liability.	
Balance at credit of surplus fund.....	\$435,267 26
Reserve to reinsure outstanding risks....	382,474 95
	<u>\$52,792 31</u>

To the Governor and Directors of the British America Assurance Company:

GENTLEMEN,—We, the undersigned, having examined the securities and vouchers and audited the books of the British America Assurance Company, Toronto, certify that we have found them correct, and that the annexed balance sheet is a statement of the company's affairs to December 31, 1891.

R. R. CATHRON,
HENRY M. PELLATT, } Auditors.

TORONTO, ONT., February 12, 1892.

(1) Moved by J. Morison, seconded by J. Y. Reid, That the report now read be adopted and printed for distribution among the shareholders.

(2) Moved by H. M. Pellatt, seconded by J. K. Niven, That the thanks of the shareholders are due and hereby tendered to the governor, deputy-governor and the directors of this company for their attention to the interests of the company during the past year.

(3) Moved by Dr. D. Clark, seconded by A. Myers, that Messrs. Pellatt, Hime and Niven be appointed scrutineers for taking the ballot for directors to serve during the ensuing year, and that the poll be closed as soon as five minutes shall have elapsed without a vote being taken.

The following is the scrutineers' report: We, the undersigned scrutineers appointed at the annual meeting of the British America Assurance Company, on February 17, 1892, declare the following gentlemen duly elected directors for the ensuing year:

JOHN MORRISON,
JOHN Y. REID,
THOMAS LONG,
HUGH ROBERTSON, M.D.,
AUGUSTUS MYERS,
G. M. KINGHORN,
T. H. PURDOM,
JOHN M. WHITON,
JOHN MORISON, jun.,
H. M. PELLATT, } Scrutineers.
H. L. HIME,
J. K. NIVEN,

At a subsequent meeting of the board Mr. John Morison was unanimously re-elected governor and Mr. John Y. Reid deputy governor for the ensuing year.

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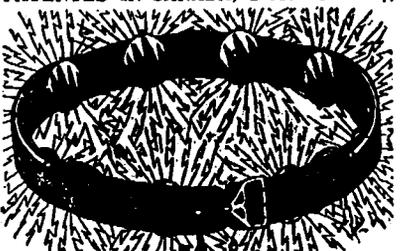
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