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BY HIS NEPHEW

Colonel J. PENNINGTON MACPHERSON, M.A., A.D.C.



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of his early years has been contributed by the surviving members of the family of the late Colonel Donald Macpherson, a retired British officer and relative, at whose house Sir John's parents were received on their arrival in Canada. Owing to the author's close connection and intimacy with his uncle he is in a position to give many interesting facts which no other writer could, and much fuller information regarding the events with which Sir John was so closely connected. These facts clearly prove that Col. Macpherson's Life of Sir John A. Macdonald will not only be authentic and complete but most interesting as well. No truer lover of Sir John than his nephew could be found, and those who, like him, revere the memory of "Canada's Grand Old Man" can feel satisfied that full justice will be done the departed statesman in this record of his life and labours.

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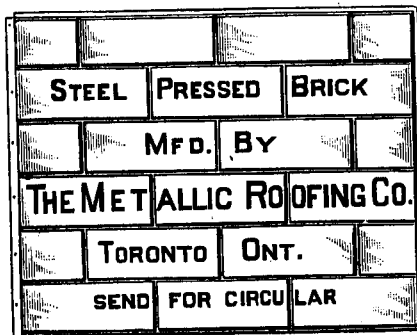
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GRIP



VOL. XXXVII.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 12, 1891.

No. 11.
Whole No. 951.



CAUSE AND EFFECT.

JOHN BULL—"WHY, BLESS MY SOUL, MISS CANADA, YOU HAVEN'T GROWN HARDLY A BIT FOR THE PAST TEN YEARS! AND I'LL TELL YOU WHAT'S THE MATTER. IT'S THAT POISON YOU KEEP TAKING. THROW IT AWAY, IF YOU DON'T WANT TO BE STURTED!"



PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

BY THE

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President
Manager

J. V. WRIGHT.
T. G. WILSON.

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1. Any person who regularly removes from the Post Office a periodical publication addressed to him, by so doing makes himself in law a subscriber to the paper, and is responsible to the publisher for its price until such time as all arrears are paid.

2. Refusing to take the paper from the Post Office, or requesting the Postmaster to return it, or notifying the publishers to discontinue sending it, does not stop the liability of the person who has been regularly receiving it, but this liability continues until all arrears are paid.

Artist and Editor
Associate Editor

J. W. BENGOUGH.
PHILLIPS THOMPSON.

COMMENTS ON THE CARTOONS.



"NO FALSE ALARM."—Premier Abbott would appear to be striking out into startlingly original lines as leader of the Conservative Party. Here he has been and taken the *Globe's* editor into his confidence, and entrusted him with a profound Cabinet secret, and that, too, without marking the same "private." What else are we to conclude from the following double-leaded announcement made a few days ago in the chief column of that newspaper: "The agents and heeleders of the Conservative party are flocking to the capital, there to plan for a redistribution of the constituencies and to perfect preparations for an early appeal to the people. This is no false alarm. We speak with knowledge

of the plans and movements of the Conservative forces. A redistribution measure will be introduced during the present Parliamentary session, and the Abbott Government will go to the country just as soon as the voters' lists are completed and their plans are ripe for the appeal. It is probable that the election will come on during the latter part of December or early in January."

CAUSE AND EFFECT.—As was noted in our last number, the census just taken reveals the humiliating fact that for the ten years just ended the Dominion of Canada has not grown in population by half a million, whereas the natural increase should have amounted

to more than that figure. Those who really believed that the trade policy inaugurated in 1878 would transform farming villages into manufacturing towns, and draw capital and labor from the ends of the earth, find themselves at last rudely disillusioned by cold official facts. This revelation does not come in the form of blue-ruin speeches by Grit orators, but from the lips of the N.P. Government itself. And notwithstanding the frantic efforts of Protectionists to explain the situation by declaring that there must be a mistake in the count, or that the census of 1881 was monstrously exaggerated, the effect which we all deplore is plainly traceable to an adequate cause—the "National Policy" itself. It is said that the use of intoxicants will stunt the growth of a child, and it is beyond all question that the stimulant put into the hands of Miss Canada in '78 has had this effect. Protection has been a good thing—and will continue to be a good thing—for a certain number of gentlemen engaged in certain industries, but it makes the country a cheap one to work in and a dear one to live in for artizans, while it imposes the heaviest burdens upon the farmer, lumberman and fisherman, who, if common sense ruled our councils, ought in Canada to be the most lightly taxed of our citizens. The fact is, this stimulant is a rank poison, and if we don't give it up right away, and take steps to get the baleful effects of it out of our system, we are doomed. Fools and boodlers may continue to shout for the great N.P., but natural law will vindicate itself and overwhelm the puny forces that seek to set it at naught.



NOTHING gives GRIP greater pleasure than to extend the hand of brotherly help to a clergyman groping in the dark. Such appears to be the pathetic condition of Rev. Dr. Stafford at present. He is calling for light on the Single Tax. "The original founders of a city," he says, "have rights in the future of that city which a gospel of justice is bound to respect." This notwithstanding that land values increase only because population increases. "How

far their rights extend, I am seeking help to understand," he touchingly exclaims.

* * *

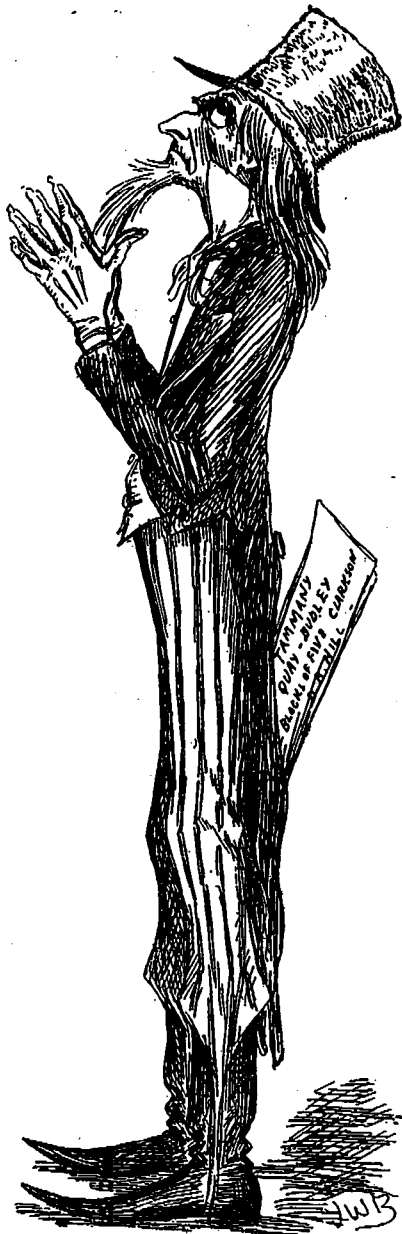
WE reply that these rights extend to the full enjoyment of the use of the land they are in possession of, on the simple condition of paying its annual rental value to the public till; and the full enjoyment of all the results of their labor in whatever form, without any diminution by taxation, direct or indirect. But the Doctor's account of the origin of a city is comical. "How did that centre come to be a desirable place?" he asks. "Because," he replies, "some men risked their time and strength and money in founding factories, building wharves, and establishing lines of steamboats and railways." If the rev. gentleman will make some further enquiries he will discover that these enterprising pioneers didn't "risk" anything until there were enough people there to make it pretty safe.

* * *

IN his speech on the census the other day, Sir Richard Cartwright had a great deal to say about this decade and the last decade, and the coming decade and the other decade. With the melancholy figures of the census before us, we would suggest that whenever this word is used in connection with the subject of Canadian population it be spelled *decayed*.

* * *

BUT the great question is, what are we going to do about this state of things revealed by the census? Not many of us, we fear, will be able to console ourselves as the *World* does, by steadfastly regarding the fact that the Japan and China mails are now successfully carried



VERY SHOCKING !!

UNCLE SAM GREATLY DISTRESSED AND HORRIFIED AT THE REVELATIONS OF POLITICAL CORRUPTION IN CANADA.

across the continent by the C.P.R. Indeed, perhaps not many of us can clearly see just what good that admirable achievement is going to do the people at large, or what bearing it has on the point at issue anyhow. The position is just this—under Protection we are going back. It is a failure as well as a demoralizing fraud. Shall we try something else, and if so, what?

MR. FOSTER sharply rebuked Cartwright for speaking of the Conservative journals which figure in the public accounts as bribed organs and paid liars. He suggested that it would be only decent for Sir Richard to find out whether or not these journalists gave value in the way of advertising space, etc., for the money paid them

before indulging in such wholesale denunciation. Mr. Foster was right. We would hate to believe that there is any reasonable ground for suspecting that nearly one half the journalists of Canada are knaves and boodlers. Let us know the truth. This can easily be got at if some member will move for the returns and have them referred to the Public Accounts Committee.

* * *

WE learn from a friend who has just returned from a visit to the Old Country, that Mr. J. C. Forbes is getting along gallantly with his portrait of the Grand Old Man. The work is nearly finished, and is, our informant assures us, a splendid likeness. It only requires a few finishing touches, but to supply these Mr. Forbes requires a sitting from his distinguished subject, and it is something he cannot manage to get. Mr. Gladstone, it appears, has taken a comprehensive dislike to artists of all sorts and degrees, so far as portraiture of himself is concerned, whether in stone or on canvas. The consequence is that the painter in this case is obliged to resort to such snapshot glances as he can get at his great subject. He was commissioned, it will be remembered, by the Liberal Association, and this apparently without the consent of the G.O.M. To make a striking success under the circumstances will of course add to Mr. Forbes' glory.

* * *

THE exodus is going on at an alarming rate. McGreevey and Pacaud, and now Senecal, gone. If all our boodlers follow suit, the population of the Dominion at the next census will be down to 3,000,000. The best thing we can do is to lock the rest of them up.

SOMEWHAT MIXED.

MRS. URLIBURD—"You are very late to day, Mrs. Soapwell!"

WASH LADY—"That's so. I couldn't come afore because my husband was awful sick with indigestion of the lungs, and doctor says he is *asmodicky*, but I have brought some *consecrated* lye, and the clothes will be *finished* inside of a hour."



"HE PROTESTED HIS INNOCENCE TO THE LAST."

**CONDITIONAL.**

BINKS—"Miss Bloomer—Rosa—may I row you through life."
MISS BLOOMER—"Yes—if you allow me to do the steering."

PENELOPE'S POETRY.

PENELOPE declined to go on the usual sail that morning. One or two of the boys (there were only three at the hotel) looked a little disappointed when she said this, for Penelope was perhaps the prettiest girl at the place; but they knew her to be a girl of decision, so they said nothing. Penelope arrayed herself with great care, however. "I am sure one cannot write poetry when they look frowsy," she said to herself, "and I am bound to make a success of it. They have all told me I could write poetry if I tried, and I am going to do it. I guess a girl who has graduated can write poetry." So she put on her most bewitching Tam-O-Shanter (she thought her yachting cap too stiff to write poetry in) her free and easy flannel gown and her russet shoes. Then she went out on the rocks to a lonely place, carrying with her a new pad of paper, a new pencil that Jack had sharpened for her the evening before, her parasol and a little basket containing her lunch.

When she had seated herself in a shady nook she tore off the top sheet of paper (it was a little soiled and therefore unfit for poetry) and cast about her for an idea. After a while an idea came to her. It was "love." She remembered that other poets had written about "love," but she was certain she must know as much about it as they did, for she was a woman while they were only men. She had read Poe's Essay and she knew that to be really successful, she must have a refrain, so she chose "Love my Love." It sounded all right and she was sure that no other poet had ever thought of it—it was so simple. It took her a long time to make a start, however. She didn't know whether she would better begin with the sky, the sea, the trees or the flowers. Finally she decided on the sea, and boldly put her pencil to the paper:

Thou'rt far away on the deep blue sea,
Love, my love.

This didn't seem bad, even though the sea wasn't blue around there. Then she repeated the word "sea" to herself a number of times thinking meanwhile of a rhyme for it. Suddenly "me" occurred to her. "Why, of course," she said, "that's easy enough. I'll have to put

it after a proposition—to me—back to me—come back to me—pshaw! It's easier than I thought. Why, the rhyme suggests the ideas. I always had an idea that one had to think of the idea first." Then she completed the stanza in this way:

Thou'rt far away on the deep blue sea,
Love, my love.
Ah! when will you come back to me?
O my love.

"I guess that I can prove to papa that my education was not thrown away," she thought. "Now, what next?" It was easier this time even than before. She was improving with practice and she wrote:

I see your face in the azure sky,
Love, my love.
Ah! my love, would that I could fly,
O my love.

The trees and the flowers were more easily handled still, being smaller:

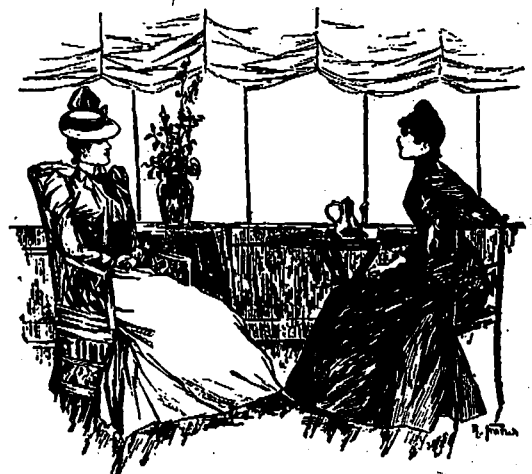
I think of you when I see the flowers,
Love my love.
And remember happier, brighter hours,
O my love.

I hear your voice in the whispering trees,
Love, my love.
O my love, thou'rt like all these,
O my love.

"There," she said triumphantly. "It's finished." She had a slight fear that there ought to be some kind of an ending to the poem, but she was tired, and "after all" she thought "something has to be left to the imagination in every poem." So she went home and went to bed for the rest of the afternoon.

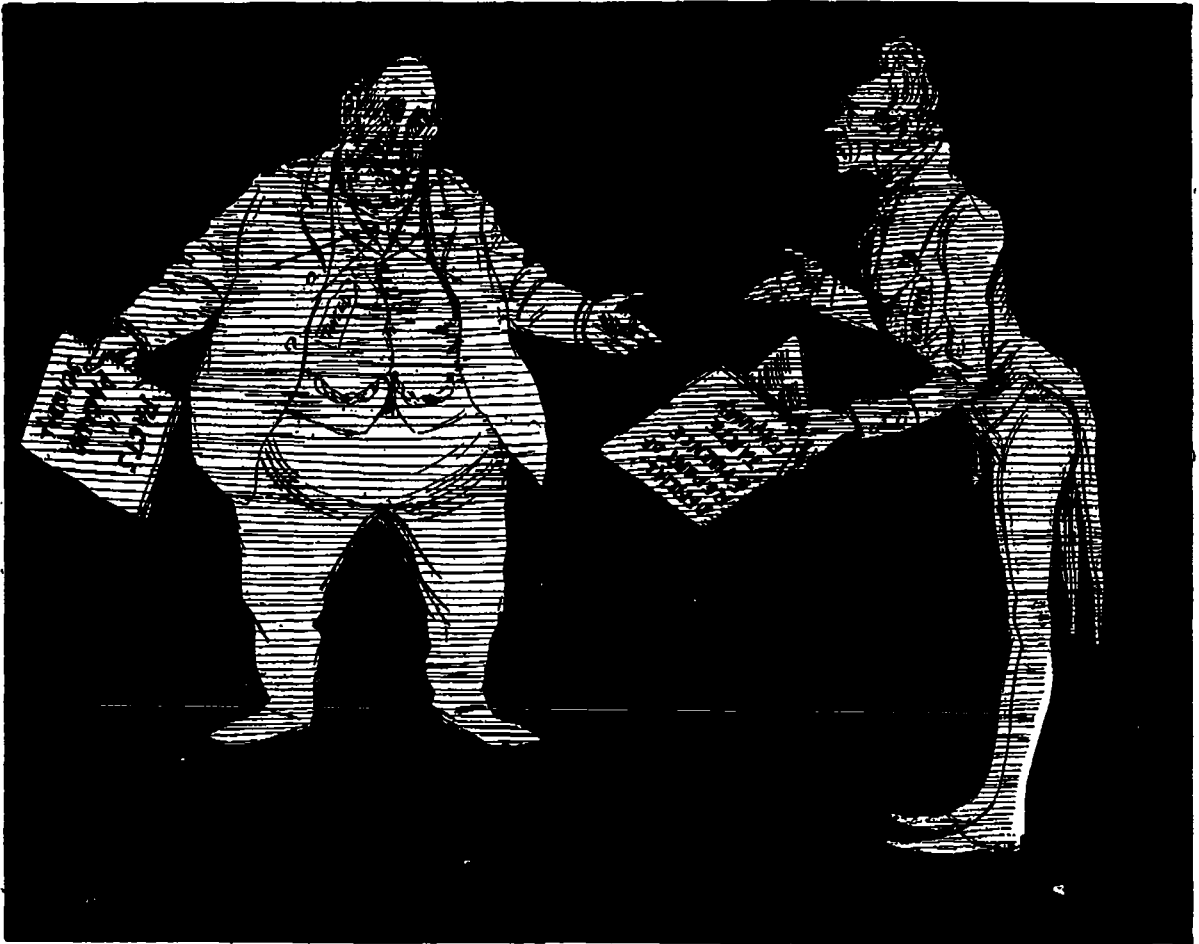
That evening she read her poem to Jack. "I wasn't out on the deep blue sea this afternoon," he said gloomily, "I was downstairs playing pool with the other fellows. We let the girls go out alone." "But I didn't mean you at all?" said Penelope quickly. "You didn't, eh?" he asked. Then he was silent for a moment. Presently he said in a cool, forced voice, "Miss Peachblow, of course after this we must consider our engagement at an end. Good evening." And he walked off. Then Penelope went up to her room again and had a good cry.

Tom Hall, in *The Jury*.

**HER FORETHOUGHT.**

HER FRIEND—"You know Tom didn't mean to propose to you."

SHE—"I know he didn't. That's the very reason I had the photograph in the room."



OUR SHADY REPUTATION.

SHADE OF WALPOLE—"Tweed, old man, we're not in it any longer. This makes me green with envy!"

SHADE OF TWEED—"Me too; but let us console ourselves, Sir Robert, that they've only improved on our distinguished example."

CHATTER

JACK—"Maude is a very sharp girl."

CHAPPIE—"Yes, bah Jove! The last time I met her she cut me."

* * *

MR. VERIGOOD—"I'm very careful how I spend my time."

MR. VERIPERT—"When that is all a man has to spend he cannot be too careful."

* * *

MISS CHAFFIN—"You are such an antiquarian that I daresay you will add an old maid to your collection one of these days, and marry."

JAQUES—"No. They are not rare enough to be valuable."

* * *

MR. BOOMER—"I am so weary to-night."

MRS. BOOMER—"What have you been doing?"

MR. BOOMER—"Getting unsolicited testimonials for the new soap I am putting on the market."

* * *

THE ANGEL—"Making bread is very hard work."

THE BRUTE—"The bread convinces me of that."

MR. BROWNSTONE—"I see the doctor's carriage is at Mrs. Inane's door."

MRS. BROWNSTONE—"Dear me! Her little dog must be ill again. What a lot of affliction she is having."

* * *

JASPAR—"What are you doing, nowadays?"

JUMPUPPE—"I'm paying a great deal of attention to financial matters. Can you lend me a V?"

* * *

HE—"What would you do if you were suddenly to become an heiress?"

SHE—"I'd do Europe."

* * *

CICELY—"I believe he loves me."

DELIA—"I'm sure he does. I heard him talking of the amount of your estate last night."

* * *

SHE—"We are going to have a little picnic out in the country next week, and I want you to come along."

HE (*gushingly*)—"How kind of you to remember me I am more delighted than I can say."

SHE—"I trust you will not find the baskets heavy."

P. McARTHUR



"CALLING" IN VAIN.

MR. EASY—"Isn't Mr. Slowpay a little deaf?"

MR. HARDUP—"I can easily believe it, as I've been calling for more than a year for some money he owes me."

LETTERS TO ABSTRACT NOUNS.

To Militarism:

DEAR SIR,—Permit me to assure you, to begin with, of my distinguished disapproval. I do so most cordially, for there are few abstract nouns that I have less sympathy with. I look upon you as an anachronism in these days of enlightenment, and I regard it as a reproach to civilization that you are still swaggering around on the earth with all your useless and hurtful belongings. By a severe stretch of charity, I might possibly admit that there is some little excuse for your existence perhaps, in Europe, where civilization has been so far something of a failure; and that there are spots here and there in the remoter parts of the continent of Africa and in sundry islands of the Southern seas, not yet Christianized, where your presence might not appear to be so offensive to common sense; but here in America you are simply a laughing stock. If it were not that you are also an injurious nuisance I would not think it worth my while to bother with you at all. You are represented in this country by a lot of bombastic swaggering brigadiers, who, having no *raison d'être* in the nature of the case, feel it incumbent upon them if possible to supply themselves with one. Now, there would be no earthly use for blustering military men, of course, if there was no possibility of international strife, and there can be no possibility of such strife in the case of Canada unless bad feeling can be in some way worked up and kept up with our only neighbors—the United States. *Ergo*, the one purpose in life of the swaggering Colonel, who would present some excuse for his existence here, is to see to it that our relations with the Republic are never allowed to become so cordial as they naturally would become. There are several directions in which he can work to this end. He can (and does), for example, support the policy of Protection, which is an admirable contrivance for the perpetuation of a lot of little aggravations along the border, which serve to keep the imaginary boundary line forcibly in mind—

to the injury of the people on both sides of it, and the ultimate benefit of nobody. He supports this fiscal policy not as fiscal, but purely from the military point of men, and altogether in the name of the Old Flag. He is tremendously, overpoweringly, ludicrously "loyal," it need not be said. He is so loyal, in fact, that the best of British Premiers, Liberal or Conservative, is an open rebel by comparison. It is because he is so willing to fight and die for the old flag—and so anxious to have an opportunity—that he devotes himself to a policy well calculated to make Canada a burden instead of a blessing to the Empire. Then again, he devotes himself greatly to reminiscences, literary and oratorical, of the incidents of the war of 1812, and his bosom swells with what he calls patriotism as he reviews the regiments of little school boys with their wooden guns. All this delights his military soul, because it may be offensive to any hated Yankees, who happen to be about. He is in a chronic thirst for Yankee gore, and seems to think this evidence of his patriotism ought to commend him to his countrymen. It is impossible to say just how our fire eating colonels would conduct themselves if it ever did come to the fight they so much hanker for. If their bravery in time of war were not of better quality than their taste and manners in time of peace they would shed no great lustre on their cause.

Now, I don't conceal from you that I have a yearning desire to turn the hose on your representative, for I earnestly desire to squelch you. If you give a hatchet or a jack-knife to a small boy, and let him loose, you may safely count on having your wood-work damaged more or less; and if a young country is equipped with a lot of military accoutrements, what more natural than that it should try and find a quarrel whereon to try their quality? Whatever you are, Militarism, in any other land on earth, you can never be anything other than a curse in Canada.

Yours etc., JUNIUS, JR.

ETON AND WINDSOR.

SOME Scottish friends of ours, to wit, a genial Government official of this city and his wife were lately on a visit to the Old Country. While there, in company with a party of Canadian acquaintances whom they met abroad, they one day visited the residence of our sovereign lady, the Queen, at Windsor, intending afterwards to cross the river and inspect the Eton schools. Before calling at the humble abode of Her Majesty, the party partook of lunch, fearing, no doubt, that the dishes would have been cleared away at the castle, and not caring to put the royal folks to trouble on their account. Having been in due course received,—it happened, by the way, that our Gracious Sovereign was away from home—the visitors enjoyed an inspection of the premises, the jubilee presents, etc., with all of which they were duly impressed. "And now," said one of the party, "what about Eton?" "Oh, dear, don't mention it!" replied the Toronto lady. "I couldn't eat any more just now on any consideration." There was a laugh all round, of course, at Madam's expense, and it was not much diminished in volume when she added, addressing her good man. "Oh, I see the unconscious pun. But no; I don't think I care for Eton now; I am too full of Windsor!"

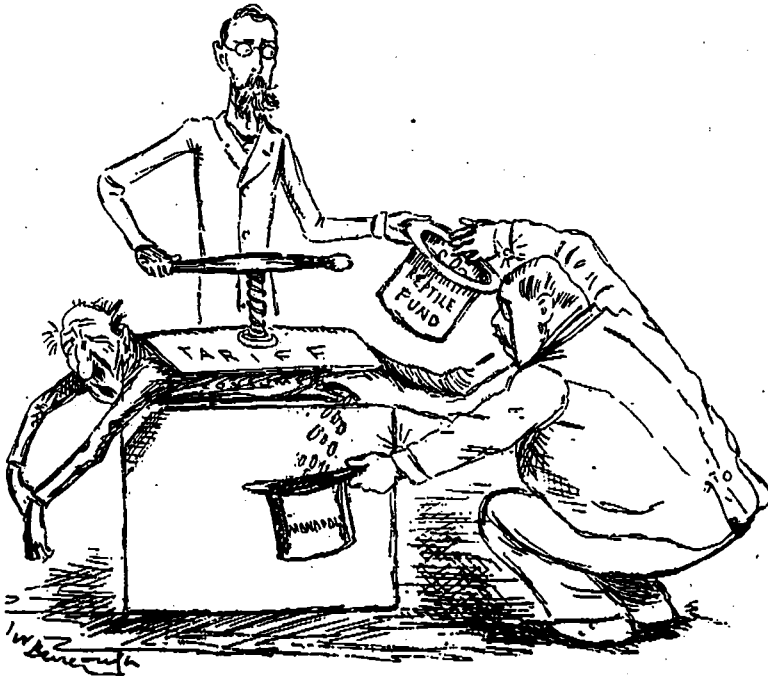
FRESH AIR FUND.

PREVIOUSLY acknowledged \$24.18; Geo. Howitt, Pasadena, Cal., \$1.00; Anonymous, Vernon, B.C., \$1.00; A Friend, Brampton, 50c. Total \$26.68.



“THIS IS NO FALSE ALARM.”

BIG INJUN FARRER (*the guide*)—“TELL YOU WHAT, GOIN’ TO HAVE BIG GENERAL ‘LECTION STORM PRETTY QUICK. SURE SIGN WHEN TORY BIRDS FLOCK TO OTTAWA. BEST TO GET YOUR CAMP FIXED UP RIGHT AWAY!!”



HOW IT WORKS.

The Consumer is squeezed for the benefit of the Monopolist, who in turn is squeezed for the benefit of the election fund. This is the model on which McGreevy, Senecal and all the other rascals based their stealing schemes.

OUR ANTIQUARIAN PUTS HIS FOOT IN IT.

DEAR MR. GRIP,—It is my habit, as you know, to investigate patent medicines with a view to the extermination of nostrum vendors in general. It was in the pursuit of this laudable mission that I was reading an advertisement the other day, when I came upon what struck me as a heartrending case of destitution. A victim of one of these quacks declared over her own signature that she was now in such a condition that she "could not get enough to eat." Ah! I soliloquized, this unfortunate person has spent her all upon these arrant pretenders, and has thus reduced herself to penury. She is, in fact, in imminent danger of starvation, if I understand her meaning aright. It is my plain duty as a practical philanthopist, to go to the relief of this unhappy fellow-being at once; I can attend to the case of the bolus-selling miscreant who has wrought the ruin later on. In fact the exposure of this poor woman's case will do much to bring about the fitting punishment, if properly worked. So I proceeded without delay to the office of the quack, who gladly furnished me with the address, thinking, no doubt, that I only wanted to get confirmation of the testimonial to the merits of his nostrum.

After a vigilant search I found myself, at last, before a pretty house, with every sign of well-to-do-ness about it. I rang (somewhat timidly, I confess,) the door was opened by a trim little maid with a pretty lace pancake cap on her head—(oh, if these silly young things only knew how pretty they look in these caps!)—but I degress—far be it from your old friend the Antiquarian to look at pretty parlor maids—artful set! Well—as I said—where *was* I? Oh—at the pret—the parlor maid—dear—dear! "Can you direct me to Mrs. Harrowell—a person who—" "O yes, sir, she's at home—What name, sir?" Such a smirk, too, as the ninny had! I tried to frown and handed

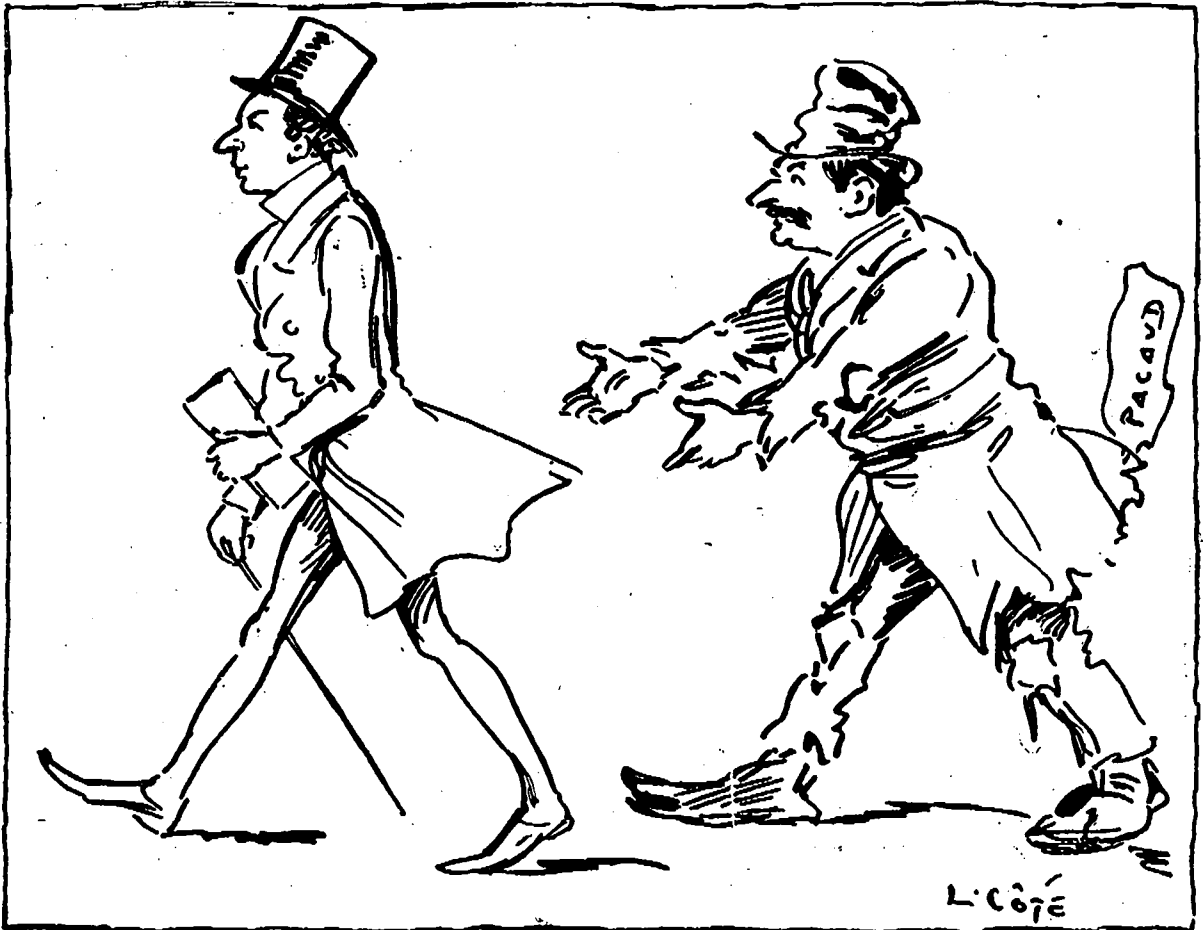
her my card—pondering on the shocking frivolity of her manner with a starving fellow creature in the house. She then led the way to a cosy drawing room where I waited for a few minutes. Presently the door opened and a remarkably fine looking lady entered. I tell you, old chum, she was a woman impossible to help looking at—at least if I were other than you know me to be—impervious to female charms. Let me see—where was I—the lady—ha, I know! After she had bowed, and I had, with much gravity, returned her pleasant salutation, I said, "I have here, Madam, the name and address of a poor starving creature who is so-pressed for food that she is forced to fly to the medium of a public newspaper for relief (I here quoted the words 'why, now I cannot get enough to eat, etc., etc.')"—"You probably, Madam, know this person; perhaps she formerly lived here—was a valued servant—a—a—" Now what do you think happened at this juncture? This handsome, buxom, fresh-colored widow (I learned afterwards she was a widow) sank into a rocking chair and rocking herself to and fro—literally *screeched* with laughter! I was petrified, my friend, dazed, dumb, speechless! My predominating idea being that she was a raving lunatic and

would presently jump up and bury a carving knife to the hilt in your Antiquarian's breast. At last she gasped—"Oh, I see it all (gasp)—how funny—(gasp)—I never thought of it before—(gasp)—pray excuse me—" (gasp, gurgle and a pause—then she got some breath. "This is how it is. A few months ago I was somewhat out of sorts and I took a bottle of 'Boodler's Nervetonic' and it has done me so much good that I really *do* feel as if I never *could* get enough to eat! I just feel like eating *all* the time and I'm getting quite plump." This with a deprecatory glance. A light dawned upon me. Why, what a besotted old noodle I must look! "Madam," I stammered, "I—I—really I—don't know—how—(hem) to apologise—my object—my *object* I say, was to help a poor starving woman and to stay the tide of Patent Drug selling—and—and to shame our city into better enquiry—as to the state of—of things—lying at our very door—starvation er—er—" "I understand," she said, with a charming smile. "You are too good. Now *pray* stay and lunch with me (you see I'm getting *hungry* again!) You really *must not* go back without luncheon." And will you believe it, friend GRIP, I actually followed her into a small dining room where a table was tastefully laid, and I never enjoyed a luncheon so much in my life! Mrs. Harrowell is not only a magnificent woman but she has a *mind* (almost equal to my own). Her conversational powers somewhat remind me of my poor lost Jemina Jerusha's although of a different stamp. Well—well—such a mistake won't ever take *me* again in a hurry.

Yours as ever,

THE ANTIQUARIAN.

P.S.—I am going to spend to-morrow evening with Mrs. Harrowell—Further acquaintance enhances her attractions. Dear—dear—is it possible that twenty-five years have elapsed since that estimable woman Jemina



GIVING HIM THE SHAKE.

MERCIER—"But, don't you remember me, Laurier? I helped you in Quebec in the last election."

LAURIER—"All very good; but I can't have anything to say to you until you've cleaned yourself up a bit." [*Passes on.*]

Jerusha left me the prey of housekeepers and all the other ills that beset a lonely man—well—well—no matter—she is better off where she is—whilst I— — but enough, let it end here.

LOVE BESIDE THE SEA.

SCENE—*A Seaside Hotel.*

MAUD—"Heigho! Is'n't everthing dull? Only two men in the place, and I am engaged to one and you to the other."

ETHEL—"Yes. And I have been engaged to Harry two weeks. I have almost made up my mind that I shall have to break with him to-night."

MAUD—"Have you, really?"

ETHEL—"Really and truly."

MAUD—"Then, I'll tell you how we can have a little excitement."

ETHEL—"How?"

MAUD—"You always spend the evening with Harry in the parlor."

ETHEL—"And you with Jack on the piazza."

MAUD—"Exactly. Now, at nine o'clock I'll break with Jack and you break with Harry at the same time."

ETHEL—"Yes."

MAUD—"I'll see that Harry leaves his hat in the parlor,

and when he leaves me he'll have to go in to get it. See that you have Jack dismissed by that time and I'll speak to him as he passes me on the piazza."

ETHEL—"And?"

MAUD—"And each of us will make the fellow she is talking to propose."

ETHEL—"Glorious! But it is only five o'clock yet. We have four hours to wait. O, how slow the time will pass till then; but it will be fun, won't it?"

P. MCARTHUR.

SUGGESTION FROM A CIVIL SERVANT.

PREMIER ABBOTT announces that the Government will appoint a Royal Commission to investigate and reform the Civil Service. Would it not be a good thing if he also appointed a Commission of Civil Servants to investigate and reform the Government?

The example might be followed with good results by the Governments of Ontario and Quebec.

LIFE is a drama, and the American heiress is anxious to play the *title* role.

"THIS suspense is terrible," remarked the horse-thief who was being interviewed by Judge Lynch.



A MOET POINT.

HE—"My dear, don't you think it is bad form for a woman to drink champagne?"

SHE—"It may be bad form but I'm sure it's good taste."

THE CHOICE OF TRADES.

THE "Second Reader," in use in the Public Schools, contains much interesting and instructive matter of literary excellence. But in some respects it might be improved and made a little more true to life. There is a little poem, for instance, on "The Choice of Trades," which represents the youthful Canadian "ambitioning"—there ought to be such a verb, if their isn't—to be a farmer, blacksmith, carpenter, or some such ordinary and plebian vocation when he attains manhood. The first two stanzas run thus:

When I'm a man
I'll be a farmer if I can;
I'll plow the ground, and the seed I'll sow,
I'll reap the grain, and the grass I'll mow,
I'll bind the sheaves, and I'll make the hay,
And pitch it up in the mow away—
When I'm a man.

When I'm a man
I'll be a carpenter if I can;
I'll plane like this, and I'll hammer so,
And this is the way my saw shall go;
I'll make bird-houses and boxes and boats,
And a ship that shall race every vessel that floats—
When I'm a man.

Now we submit that this sort of thing doesn't at all represent the aspirations and ideas of the average Canadian youth. He doesn't want to be a farmer, mechanic, or anything of that sort which entails hard work and poor pay. Not he. What he's after is a soft snap of some kind. He wants to be a lawyer, preacher, doctor, or

official of some kind; or, failing that, to be a book agent, clerk, speculator, or politician—any sort of business in which he can keep his hands clean and soft, wear good clothes, and have a higher social position than the "mere mechanic," even though it entails a constant struggle to keep up appearances.

When our Public School pupils contrast the ideas of the very old fashioned youngster, who is represented as wanting to do something useful, with the *fin de siècle* notions of his elder brothers and other half-grown youths of his acquaintance, who are studying law, clerking in dry goods stores, or striving in some other way, by hook or by crook, to push themselves into the overcrowded ranks of the "genteel" occupations, he will be apt to lose faith in the Second Reader. It might be advisable, therefore, to substitute something like the following, which expresses far more correctly the real ambitions of nine out of ten Canadian school boys so far as they have considered the subject.

When I'm a man
I'll be a lawyer if I can;
I'll quibble and blather and rant and jaw,
And let on I know a whole heap of law;
I'll figure up costs with the greatest of ease,
And make folks pay for each time I sneeze—
When I'm a man.

When I'm a man
I'll be a doctor if I can;
I'll try and invent some nostrum, which
Will humbug the public and make me rich;
I'll make my patients believe they're sick,
And you bet I won't cure 'em up too quick—
When I'm a man.

When I'm a man
I'll be a lar downer if I can;
I'll buy and sell at a profit great,
And make my pile out of real estate;
I'm not going to do any work, that's flat,
For I know a trick that's worth two of that—
When I'm a man.

When I'm a man
I'll be a canvasser if I can;
With a fine prospectus I'll tramp the town,
And hunt unwilling subscribers down,
And bore them to death with a flood of guff
Till they weaken and pony up the stuff—
When I'm a man.

Now that is much more in accordance with actual everyday experiences than the goody-goody rhymes of the book. Nobody wants to do anything really useful these days who can possibly help it, and there's no use trying to fool the kids.

DIDN'T LIKE WATER.

PLUGWINCH—"What splendid peaches! Finest I've seen this season."

BOOZEY—"Come away. It makes me fairly sick to look at them."

PLUGWINCH—"You don't say! Don't you like peaches?"

BOOZEY—"Why, yes. They fairly make my mouth water, and if there is anything I detest it is the taste of water."

A SIR-PRIZE.

WHEN Smithers acquired a title,
The handle of "Sir" to his name,
Which the Government gave in requital
Of an old party hoodling claim,
He pretended he never had sought it,
Though 'neath such affectation there lies
Some truth—though the fellow had bought it,
To him it was "quite a sir-prize."

BACK FROM THE COUNTRY.

I'M glad to get back to the city,
I'm tired of rural delights,
With nothing to do in the daytime,
And nowhere to go to of nights.
In a hammock I've swung reading novels,
Till it tired me more than enough,
And I fished all day long in the mill-pond
And caught nothing you'll own it was rough.

I'm heartily sick of the diet
You get when you board at a farm
Salt pork's very well on occasion,
But monotony ceases to charm;
Weak tea, heavy bread and potatoes,
Which furnish the usual menu,
May be relished by strong constitutions,
But I think it is somewhat too-too.

Well, now we've got back to the city,
There's a chance to get something to eat:
Fresh eggs, unskimmed milk, and good butter
And some kind of half-decent meat.
Won't I lay in a good hearty dinner
To make up for rough country fare?
I fancy I'm looking much thinner
Than before I obtained change of air.

The heat it was something surprising,
For the sun, in the absence of shade,
Kept it hot from the time of his rising
Till his exit at evening he made.
We were bothered with flies and mosquitoes;
The bedrooms excluded fresh air,
When I thought of our cool spacious mansion,
I'd get up at midnight to swear.

So I'm glad we are back in Toronto;
Now isn't a fellow a fool
To go off and roast in the country,
When the city is pleasantly cool?
But of course you must be in the fashion,
And when Smith goes and Tomkins and Brown,
You'd surely lose caste if you ventured
To pass the vacation in town.

AN ACT FOR THE SUPPRESSION OF
GOVERNMENT SCANDALS.

WHEREAS, it is expedient to allay the agitation existing in the Dominion of Canada in reference to certain alleged acts of corruption, bribery, malfeasance in office and dereliction of duty on the part of certain Ministers of the Crown, Members of Parliament and Employees of the Civil Service;

And *Whereas* the said alleged acts either never did happen, or were not as bad as they might have been;

And *Whereas*, the said Ministers of the Crown, members of Parliament and Civil Service Employees consider that they have a perfect right to have done all and sundry the acts charged, and in fact, have done and may do, just as they please to do, and some of them did not do the said acts, and others did the same in a moment of weakness, and will never do so again;

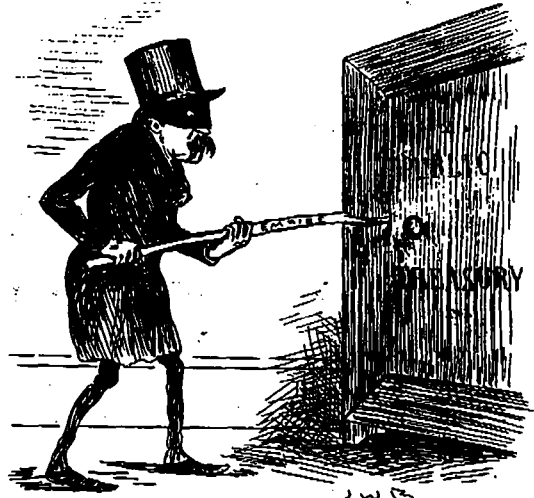
And *Whereas*, amateurs should not be amenable to the same laws, rules and regulations, as professional operators;

And *Whereas*, the times are hard, and there is not quite enough to go around, and it is a tough job to make ends meet, and it is desirable to lay aside something for one's old age.

Therefore, Her Majesty, by and with the advice and consent of Messrs. Langevin, McGreevey, *et al*, declares and enacts as follows:

(1) This Act shall be known as The Act for the Suppression of Government Scandals.

(2) All Acts or portions of Acts inconsistent with this Act or any portion thereof are hereby repealed.



“MIGHTIER THAN THE SWORD.”

(Hamilton Herald).

“The Empire is simply a jimmy in the hands of those who want to break into the public treasury.”

(3) From and after the passing of this Act all Ministers of the Crown, having under their departmental charge the letting of contracts for the execution of Public Works, shall be entitled to receive from the contractors performing such works, a commission not exceeding ten per cent. of the contract price of such works, and when the exigencies of the case require it the contract price may be figured up, or the specification be figured down, so as to enable the contractor to do the fair thing. Provided always that the said commission shall in all cases be termed as “for charitable purposes” or “for political purposes.”

(4) From and after the passing of this Act any Member of Parliament is and shall be relieved from all responsibility arising out of the Independence of Parliament Act, or otherwise, in the matter of laying by a little something for his old age.

(5) From and after the passing of this Act, all officials of the Civil Service, whether temporary or permanent, are, and shall be at liberty to lend their names to other employees for the purpose of adding to the emoluments of their offices, all acts and regulations of the service to the contrary notwithstanding. Any civil servant or employee may, at his discretion, if he thinks there is nothing wrong in it, accept from contractors under the Government, any steam yacht, brass dog, gold mounted harness, diamond ring, or any other article whatsoever, it being understood that the same is merely a token of friendship in good faith.

(6) The provisions of this Act shall be retroactive, in so far that they shall apply to any and all transactions where there is a reasonable doubt as to whether the person or persons involved should have been sent to the penitentiary, or otherwise, during the fifteen years preceeding the passage of this Act.

PEOPLE who want cheap lots needn't expect to get them at Deer Park, eh?

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

VISITORS to the Exhibition should not fail to see R. H. Lear & Co.'s display of gas and electric fixtures, first gallery, Main Building. This firm makes a speciality of these goods. Their show-rooms are at 19 and 21 Richmond Street West, Toronto.

WHERE DID YOU GET THAT HAT?

It is one of Grothe & Co.'s Plug Hat Cigars. Cannot be beat. Try one. L. O. GROTHE & Co., Montreal.

OF SPECIAL INTEREST TO LADIES.

MESRS. ROBERT WALKER & SONS have a splendid display of new fall goods. Such a varied, extensive and well-selected assortment of the latest novelties has rarely if ever been offered to the public. Mr. Herbert Walker has just returned from a trip to Europe, where he has made unusually large purchases for the coming season. His excellent judgment and thorough knowledge of the requirements and conditions of the market enable the firm to offer unusual advantages to customers. The display of mantles, comprising extensive lines of new and fashionable designs, presents a bewildering variety; every lady can be sure of having a large range of becoming styles to select from at the most reasonable prices. In novelty dress-goods the selection is equally varied and attractive. No purchaser can be sure of having familiarized herself with the latest and most fashionable styles accessible without a visit to this establishment. A special feature which has been found of great convenience to many out of town customers is the mail order department, by means of which those living at a distance can have the same advantages of selection as are afforded by inspection of the stock, samples being forwarded to those desiring them. The firm is showing commendable enterprise in introducing all modern improvements in business methods, resulting in saving time and trouble to the public, and is bound to maintain its old-time prestige. Their efforts have hitherto been rewarded by the appreciation of the best class of customers, and the success of the fall opening is auspicious of a vastly extended business in the future. Robert Walker & Sons' great dry goods house is an institution of which Torontonians may be proud.

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.

HAVE YOU TRIED

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

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

THAT it is prepared from pure pearl barley, easily digested, highly nutritious, and sold everywhere at 25 cents per package. W. A. Dyer & Co., Montreal.

EMERSONIA DORCHESTER—"Olivia Holmes is not the *recherche* girl I thought she was."

RUSSELLINIA WALDO—"What has occurred?"

EMERSONIA DORCHESTER—"I noticed today that she was wearing her winter spectacles."—*Jewellers' Circular*.

OH, WHAT A DELICIOUS CIGAR!

Yes, it is an Invincible, one of the best made. Try it. L. O. GROTHE & Co., Montreal.

CARL—"Poor Jinks reminds me of the moon."

HENRI—"How so?"

CARL—"When he spends his last quarter he gets full."—*Yankee Blade*.

DR. T. A. SLOCUM'S

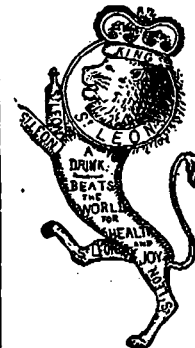
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**Burdock
BLOOD
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Impure Blood,
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Liver Complaint,
Biliousness,
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Scrofula.

St. Leon Water SAFE AS MILK



And must be used freely for a spell, especially in chronic cases, as no good can result until the vital obstructions, putrid waste and blood poisons are removed.

Drink, drink, drink, from early morn till night, especially on retiring; dose, one cup or goblet every hour or at proper intervals, to regulate.

Try St. Leon cold, hot or mixed with milk; also take some warm injections of this water; are highly beneficial.

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IN TEN YEARS.

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Every Bottle

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SUFFER NO LONGER

Rheumatism

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OR ANY OTHER PAIN.

ST. JACOBS OIL



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ALL DRUGGISTS

DIAMOND VERA-CURA

FOR
DYSPEPSIA
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Stomach Troubles,
INDIGESTION,
Nausea, Sour Stomach,
Giddiness, Heartburn, Constipation, Fullness, Food Rising, Disagreeable Taste, Nervousness.

At Druggists and Dealers, or sent by mail on receipt of 25 cts. (5 boxes \$1.00) in stamps.

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Armour's

Extract of BEEF.

The best and most economical "Stock" for Soups, Etc.

One pound equals forty-five pounds of prime lean Beef.

Send to us for our book of receipts, showing use of ARMOUR'S EXTRACT in Soups and Sauces.

ARMOUR & CO., Chicago.

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Produces a delightfully Cooling and Invigorating Sparkling Aerated Water.

THE BEST REMEDY FOR BILIOUSNESS, INDIGESTION, SEA SICKNESS, ETC.

W. G. DUNN & CO London, England, and Hamilton, Canada. PRICE 50c. PER BOTTLE.

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Steamer Modjeska.

Leave Hamilton—7.45 a.m., 2.15 p.m.
Arrive Toronto—10.30 a.m., 4.45 p.m.
Leave Toronto—11.00 a.m., 5.15 p.m.
Arrive Hamilton—1.30 p.m., 8.00 p.m.

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SCULPTOR, formerly of London, England,
Under Royal European Patronage. Portrait-Busts,
Statuettes and Monuments. Bronze, Marble, Terra
Cotta. STUDIO, New Building 3, Lombard St., Toronto.



IN THE PROVINCES.

"Look here, waiter, there's a chicken in my egg."
WAITER—"Hush-h-h! sur, doan't 'ee say nothin' about it, else they'll charge 'ee with a fowl on yer bill!"—Pick-me-up.

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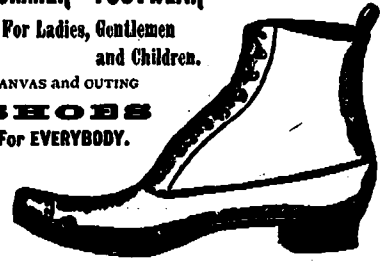
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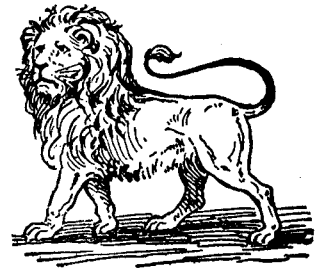
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