

GRIP

EDITED BY J.W. BERGOUGH

GRIP ENDS

LOCIETY

LITERATURE

MUSIC

DRAMA

WISDOM
CONDUCT
THE WISE
OF POLY

PAYABLE
IN
ADVANCE

The gravest beast is
the ASS.
The gravest bird is the
Owl.
The gravest fish is the
Oyster.
The gravest man is
the fool.

W. B. M. K.



J. W. Bergough

POOR BISHOP CLEARY AND HIS GRIEVANCE.

The Bishop—JUST TO THINK (sob-sob) THAT THEY WON'T (sob) LET SEPARATE SCHOOL SUPPORTERS (sob-sob) SEND THEIR CHILDREN TO THE (sob) PUBLIC SCHOOLS FREE (sob-sob) GRATIS AND FOR NOTHING!

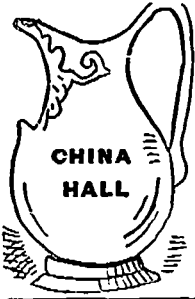
(He weeps bitterly.)

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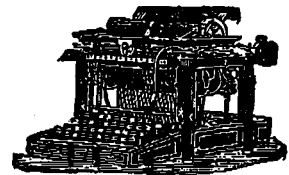
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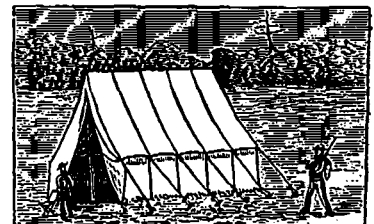


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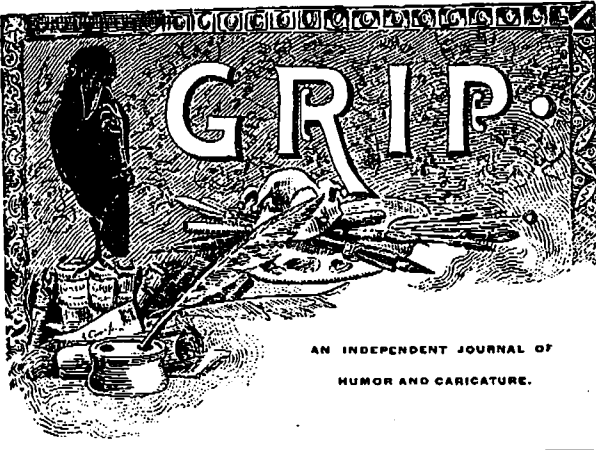
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Comments on the Cartoons.



PROVINCIAL RIGHT IS FEDERAL WRONG.—The Inter-Provincial Conference at Quebec concluded with a social meeting, at which the premiers each and severally expressed the belief that much practical good had resulted from the meeting. Upon many important points the representatives were able to arrive at an unanimous conclusion. It will be some time before a full report of the proceedings is in the possession of the public, but it ought to be a source of pleasure to all to learn that the conference was in some goodly measure a success. And yet to judge by the tone of the straight-out Tory press, there is no ground for congratulation in this. The effort to find a solution of the difficulties which threaten the very existence of the confederation, they narrowly regard as an attempt to overthrow the present Dominion Government. Sir John Macdonald's curt refusal to take part in the conference indicates that this is also his idea. It would be fair to say, in view of this, that in the opinion of Sir John and his Party injustice to the Provinces and Conservative Rule are synonymous terms. The veriest enemy could say nothing more damaging than this.

POOR BISHOP CLEARY AND HIS GRIEVANCE.—It is really too bad about poor Bishop Cleary. GRIP's sympathetic heart is touched at the exhibition of grief now being made by that good ecclesiastic. To think that the Trustees of Kingston should have ejected children from the Public Schools of that city, simply because their parents were paying their taxes for the support of Separate schools. What very unreasonable persons those trustees must be! And yet, when you come to think of it, dear Bishop, there is something to be said on their side of the question. Supposing, now, that the law had

granted Separate Schools to the Free-Thinkers of Kingston, would'nt you and the people of your Church think it pretty cool if those Free-Thinkers insisted on using the Public Schools while they paid their taxes to their own?

A RUM WAY OF LOOKING AT IT.—Some of our esteemed contemporaries have "soured" on Mayor Howland, and amongst the gravest accusations they bring against him is this—that there is more drinking, or at least more arrests for drunkenness, in the city now than before the passage of the Fleming by-law. No doubt, in due course, the mayor will answer for himself, although he has announced his retirement from office. But we are a little puzzled over the logic involved here. Presuming that the mayor is responsible for the Fleming by-law, we scarcely see how a diminution of the saloons can increase the drinking; but assuming that it has had this remarkable effect, what would these journalistic brethren do about it? That is the main question, and it is pretty clear from the style of criticism they indulge in, that what they would recommend is the repeal of the aforesaid by-law. Cutting off saloons, it would appear, increases the traffic. If the Fleming by-law went a step further, and cut them all off, drunkenness would fairly boom, we suppose; and if, after that, the manufacture and sale of the stuff were totally prohibited throughout the Dominion, the liquor dealers would revel in glory. This sounds a little paradoxical, but it is the reasoning of able journalists, and at the risk of all the calamities implied, we would be willing to see the doctrine practically carried out. Let it be done at once. It would entirely please both prohibitionists and liquor dealers, and it isn't every day you can hit upon a scheme which will do that. Our citizens are to have an opportunity of voting on an extension of the Fleming by-law shortly, and we hardly think they will take the Rum view of the subject.

NORQUAY'S CAKE IS DOUGH.—The Red River Valley Railway has had another serious set-back, the contract for its early completion having at the last moment fallen through. There is little prospect, now, of the line being in operation this year, and the farmers and merchants of Manitoba will feel correspondingly depressed. Rumors are again flying about that Norquay's good faith is doubted; that he and the syndicate "understand each other," etc., but nothing has yet appeared to justify these serious insinuations, which are in all probability the offspring of political malevolence.

MAKIN' A PREACHER OF IKE.

I AIN't much at tellin' a story, and I can't talk as glib as I'd like, For I didn't swallow no dictionaries like my college-bred brother—that's Ike.

The old people always had kept me a peggin' away like a mule, While Ike learned his grammar and classics in the big university school,

And crammed his head full of book knowledge, while father paid all of the fees

By the selling of turnips and barley, by the selling of wheat and of peas.

He said I was too muddle-headed to bother with books and the like, But he'd try and do well by the family by makin' a preacher of Ike.

So brother he went to the college, and I slaved away on the farm A-helpin' to pay for his schooling, and things went along like a charm

Till I fell dead in love with my Molly, and thought we would wed in the fall;

Then I found we had nothin' to start with, for the preacher had taken it all.

So I spoke bitter words to the old folks for keepin' me slavin' so long To pay for my brother's book-larnin', though I knew at the time it was wrong;

And I said things that day to the old folks that I shudder to think about now,

And I left 'em alone on the homestead with no one to help 'em to plow.

Then I searched for a place in the city, where I might earn enough to lay by

A little each week, till I'd salted sufficient for Molly and I; So I hunted, and hunted, and hunted, but I couldn't get nothin' to do,

And I'd died if it wasn't for Molly—'twas her cheerfulness carried me through.

Then a letter came down from the old folks that heaped coals of fire on my head,
Sayin' that, as they couldn't give money, I could have half the old farm instead;
But they wanted their boy to come to 'em, and live near, and help 'em to plan,
But instead I sold what they had given, and that's when their troubles began.

Well, Molly and me we got married when the leaves was a-flutterin' down,
And I went into big speculations a-buyin' up lots in the town,
Buildin' houses and rentin' and sellin', and before a three year had gone o'er,
I found I was fast makin' riches, for my money had trebled and more.

One day when I came home to dinner, Moll handed a letter to me,
And when I had read it my eyesight was so dim that I scarcely could see,
For it told me the old folks were beggars and the farm had been taken away;
That the mortgage had eaten and eaten, till it swallowed the hull of the clay.

My father was sick at a neighbor's, and mother she worked by the day;
They was too proud to ask me to help 'em the rest of the mortgage to pay.
Brother Ike he had finished his schoolin', and was preachin' around anywhere—
Why, bless you, he couldn't a kept 'em, for he hadn't a penny to spare.

His work it was work of the spirit, and he gleaned in the harvest of God,
A-pointin' and 'vitin' of sinners to turn from the way that was broad,
While them that had paid for his larnin', by giving him all they had made,
Were paupers, and maybe a-dyin'! then my conscience began to upbraid.

So I started to go to my father, like the Prodigal Son did of old,
Only father had all of the husks now, while I carried all of the gold.
And I found him, but only to hear him say, faintly: "I'm goin' home, Mike,
But I tried to do well by the famby by makin' a preacher of Ike."

My brother stood there at his pillow, and when all was over and done
We knelt, and he prayed such a prayer that the light of a heavenly sun
Seemed to light up my heart with a glory that t never had felt there before,
And a blessing came down while he asked it like it did to Elijah of yore.

So now we are workin' together in a kind of unorthodox way;
Ike goes to the poverty-stricken, and I furnish all of his pay.
He is doin' his duty by father in a line he must certainly like;
As for mother and me, well, we're glad that we helped make a preacher of Ike.
W. H. T.

"I DO wish my face wouldn't get so red. It looks horrid!" exclaimed Miss Frizzie, as she stood before the mirror fixing her hat to go out. "Pshaw!" said her brother Bob, "I should think you ought to like a red face. Isn't that what they mean when they speak of a woman possessing *rare* beauty?"

PRESENCE of mind is a great thing. If that young man who ran away with Mr. Rykert's money had only thought of it he might have explained that it was not a case of boodling, but that he considered himself entitled to the money for his legal services in cashing the draft, and it would have been all right. Mr. Rykert could have done nothing but embrace him and ejaculate, "My boy, you're the makings of a statesman!"



PERISH THE THOUGHT!

Tramp—What! pea-soup! Woman, would you insult me? I'm just out of the Central Prison!

A REAL GHOST.

YOU published a ghost story in your last issue, MR. GRIP, but, as the ghost turned out to be a stray cat, I gather that, like the majority of mankind, you don't believe in ghosts. Now, sir, I *do*. I have had ocular demonstration of their existence. When I was a boy they were my greatest bugbear, and I was very much afraid of them. After father came to live in this country he took up his abode in a somewhat ancient though pleasant old house. Shortly afterward some of the boys in the neighborhood informed me in a smothered whisper that our house was haunted. From that day I never knew an hour's peace of mind while we lived in the old house. I saw ghosts walking across the fields by moonlight; I heard them making strange noises through the house at night, and I lay awake in bed for hours at a time, afraid to go to sleep lest I should miss a number of the concert. One night I heard several panes of glass break in one of the windows; then the ghosts began playing ball with the broken bits, and I was positive I felt one fall on the bed where I was lying. In the morning I inspected the windows; but they were all sound. I informed father of the occurrence and told him I would not sleep alone again. He said he guessed I had heard the dog rattling his chain, and he didn't want any more of my nonsense.

With a load of agony on my mind I went around the house that day. I knew it was only a matter of time when the ghost would confront me in visible form. What

that form would be was something that exercised my mind to a terrible extent. Whether it would be the ghost of my lately deceased maiden aunt come back to make me wash my ears and wipe my boots, or some hydra-headed monster like those which I had seen pictured in Dante's "Inferno" was a matter of small consequence. It would be something horrible at any rate when it came. And it did come, that very night. You may laugh, boys, but had you been in my place then the other corners of your mouths would have twitched. About 12 o'clock, as I lay awake, the window was smashed again and glass began to fly around. I covered my head in the bed-clothes and yelled. Then in a minute everything was still and I ventured to uncover my head. As I did so I became conscious of something being in the room. A strange suffocating feeling came over me. The something took a distinct shape, and I noticed that it was white. I never knew what horror and fright meant until I saw that white object stealthily approaching my bedside. I covered my head in the clothes once more and howled lustily for father to come. Then I felt something touch the clothes and they all commenced floating up towards the ceiling. That was a moment of supreme agony to me, but the agony was a hundred times more supreme when whack! thump! whack! came father's hand on my exposed cuticle, and father's voice—

SAM STUBBS.

JENNY LIND.

THE pure lips are sealed ; she has fallen asleep,
Yet the melody lives in our hearts ;
An echo of seraph-like music above
The power of all mere human arts.

And why ? When she sang in her glorious prime,
She sang in the cause of the Poor,
And the sweet angel Charity caught up the strain
And keeps it alive evermore !

THE FISHERY COMMISSION.

(PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL ADVANCE REPORT OF THE PRELIMINARY MEETING OF COMMISSIONERS.)

[Special to the Globe.]

WASHINGTON, D.C., Nov. 12.

The Commissioners met to-day informally.

President Cleveland took the chair.

Mr. Bayard, on behalf of the United States Government, asked if it was Mr. Chamberlain's intention to sit as British Commissioner.

Mr. Chamberlain said it was ; he had come to America for that purpose.

The President said he was sorry to hear it, and hoped Mr. Chamberlain would reconsider his determination.

Mr. Chamberlain wanted to know why.

Sir Charles Tupper said he ought to know why—everybody else did.

The President said it was only right to let Mr. Chamberlain know how matters stood. If this commission failed, the only thing left would be to put the Retaliation Bill in force against Canada, and that meant disaster to Canada and possibly a rupture with Great Britain.

Mr. Chamberlain said he hoped, however, they would come to a satisfactory agreement.

Mr. Bayard said he didn't see how it could be done if Mr. Chamberlain remained.

Mr. Chamberlain—Why so ? I'm sure I'll do my best.

The President pointed out that there was such a thing in the United States as an Irish vote, and neither of the parties dare disregard it. Mr. Chamberlain had foolishly incurred the hatred of this vote by his late speeches, and it would be cast against any party that signed an agreement with him. If the Democratic Commissioners decided on a satisfactory Fishery Treaty it would be thrown out by the Republican Senate, simply because Mr. Chamberlain's name was to it.

Sir Charles Tupper protested against the interests of Canada being jeopardized for Mr. Chamberlain's sake. Sir Lionel West protested against the interests of Great Britain being similarly jeopardized. The British Government could easily find a representative who had not rendered himself so dangerously obnoxious. Mr. Chamberlain said it hadn't occurred to him in that light before. He thought the only safe course was for him to resign. He would take the matter into earnest consideration.

All—Hear, hear !

The meeting then adjourned to let Mr. Chamberlain make up his mind.

A LITERARY CURIOSITY.

THE writer of the following has succeeded in gathering up in portable form all the chestnuts that have ever been uttered on the subject of "woman." This is a remarkable literary achievement—in its way—and we present it only as such. The "opposite" sex will of course acquit us of any sympathy whatever with the alleged opinions of the author :

WOMAN : HER WILY WAYS.

Lo and behold ! What image is this that gladdeneth our few years and vest front ? What mysterious creature have we here, that warmeth our ears by day and cooleth our feet by night ? Woman ! In this world of troubles, and spring poets, and gas metres, we have but one consolation, one joy, and one dream—woman ! But woman was not always woman. She was once a girl, hence the girl is mother to the woman. The girl is born and then she grows straight ahead—except in Chicago, where she grows straight afoot. She goes to school and learns to chew gum and compare dress, and her education is commenced. As she becomes older (though she never increases in age) she cultivates her taste for ice-cream, and radiates perfume, face-powder, and golden frizzles along her sunny way, and her education is finished.

Woman is a curious being, and the more you know her the more curious she appears. Her sole object in life is to have a dress that has more cloth in it than has her neighbor's on the right, and a bonnet that cost \$3 more than that of her neighbor's on the left. She congregateth at church to study the fashions in that great bazaar. She taketh her husband to the opera because she wishes to see the latest style in that popular millinery establishment, and is afraid to leave him alone at home. She walketh on the street to exhibit her new gown in the great dress parade, and she turneth around to view the dress of every woman that passeth her. And every woman turneth to survey her gown, and thus is woman a great surveyor.

She returneth to her own democile, and walketh slowly past her neighbor's on the left, and if her n. on the l. be not at the window, she declareth to her n. on the r. that her n. on the l. is gadding about the country with that front room boarder ; but if her n. on the l. be at the window, she rusheth in to her and imparteth her belief that her n. on the r. is taking in sewing.

Six times per annum she getteth the parlor mixed with the kitchen, and the bed-chamber mixed with the woodshed, and her husband cometh home enhungered, and he sitteth on the edge of the flour barrel and feedeth and watereth himself from the top of the piano, and she squatteth on the bedstead and eateth from the refrigerator and is happy. But he isn't.

She plotteth numerous little surprises which gladdeneth his heart and addeth length unto his days.

He inviteth friends from foreign parts to sup with him, and when they enter unto the dining hall he findeth that she has thoughtfully added one other woman to the feast. He recognizeth the adder, but the joy cometh too sudden and maketh him sad. Then the other woman sayeth unto him "William, how are you?" And he is. And the o. w. consumeth much of the preserves, and his guests pity him, and consume none. They know that the o.w. has come for a nice little visit to her son-in-law.

At Xmas time she presenteth her husband with a pair of worked slippers, and he worketh to slip them on and is pleased. And on Jan. 3rd he receiveth a bill of those slippers, and he feeleth queer, and sayeth certain words which relieveth him much.

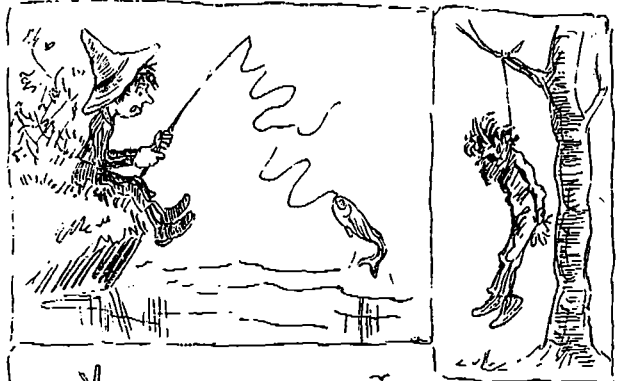
LORE CASE.

HOW TO GET A SWAGGER AIR.

FIRST of all you must learn to despise things and people, especially people, and whatever else you may neglect, sneer plentifully, and do not be afraid of finding fault with any and everything; it is by all means the safest plan to go upon. Once praise a wrong person, or trust to your own intuition to pronounce an opinion in favor of anyone the world has not put the stamp of her acceptance on, you have done for yourself. Your want of tact will be always remembered against you. On the other hand if you should happen to disparage an article or person generally admitted to be beautiful and good, some people may be deceived into thinking it is because you are cultivated to such a superior extent that you are not easily pleased, and thus you'll obtain honor for your contempt. Make a point of never enjoying the small pleasures of life. Wait for a grand occasion. It may never come, but at least you will be prepared for the improbable, which will show your far-sighted-ed-ness. The air of listless expectancy of hope deferred will leave its impress in your character, or on what is more to the point, your countenance. If in following out this line you fail to find anything to amuse, you will at any rate have profound convictions as to what doesn't, and though your daily life may develop into a grand negation you will be spared an ignominious rush after the phantom joys of life. As a matter of course, we do not mean for a moment to infer that you should learn to be happy on the philosopher's crust of the good things necessary to your physical nature. We take it for granted that you are in a comfortable house, have good clothes, and are accustomed to a well served dinner, the natural surroundings of people like yourself. You of course need scarcely be told to show no appreciation of these mere creature comforts, an air of thankfulness would decidedly take from the swagger air you are cultivating, and which should give the impression that you feel the world lies at your feet. If the world you move in shows any disinclination to take that humble position, don't be discouraged, go on trying to see how small you can make it feel by despising it more than ever, and your looking-glass will soon reflect back to your gratified eyes a curling upper lip that will stiffen as you grow older.

This advice is strictly intended for city people. The inhabitants of small towns desiring to carry a swagger air, do better to emigrate from their native place. In small communities the close environments that more intimate social supervision surround one with, make the attempt to soar over the heads of one's acquaintances rather costly. If you wish for nice quiet opportunities for despising your neighbors, you will do so with more entire satisfaction to yourself where people don't know all about your life and antecedents to the time when you become great in your own eyes.

J. M. LOES.



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"THE VALUE OF A LINE."

SOME ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE THEME NOT ALLUDED TO IN MR. HENRY BLACKBURN'S LECTURE.

It is to be hoped that the Inter-Provincial Congress discovered some means whereby an end can be put to the Sheppard case. It has become an inter-provincial nuisance, if anything is.



GETTING THE NEW ORGAN READY.

Manager Creighton—And now, Sir John, it's all ready for the tune-barrel. What airs would you suggest?

Sir John—Oh, just "God Save the Queen." Needn't mind anything else.

Manager Creighton—But how about the exigencies of the future? If Commercial Union falls through and the Retaliation Bill goes into force, and—and—just to suppose a case—Annexation comes up for discussion, you know?

Sir John—You needn't change the tune, you see. That's the beauty of it. We'll call it "America" then.

CLAUDE COURSOL.

THE GREAT CANADIAN NOVEL, BY A HAGGARD WRITER, AUTHOR OF HE-SHE-IT, AND OTHER TALES.

CHAPTER V.

A FAITHLESS LOVER.

(Continued from Grip of October 29th).

WHEN they returned from Niagara, Claude bade good bye to Maud, and started, one May morning, when the sky was flooded with an amber wealth of circumambient sunshine, for Lake Simcoe. "Why did he go?" do you ask, gentle reader. He did not know why. Heroes never know. They walk a-tip-toe on the silver lining of thunder clouds, and cannot give a reason for anything. Why should they? What use otherwise of being a hero?

Perhaps he went to fish. At any rate he found there Tonawanda, a lineal descendant of the Algonquin Maiden. She was fifty times more beautiful than her great grandmother and not half so savage. He fell madly, desperately, deliriously, hyperbolically, metaphysically, superfluously in love with her, at first sight. He became engaged and brought her into Toronto, to visit his mother, in her stately mansion on Beverley Street.

When Maud saw the little game that was going on, she rose equal to the situation. Inviting Tona, one day, to Hanlan's Point she treated her to ice cream, in which she managed to conceal 100 grains of arsenic. That was enough for poor Tonawanda. She never returned to Lake Simcoe. Maud took five rides on the roller coaster, and laughed Aha! Aha! Ahe!!!! Then she went home happy.

CHAPTER VI.

TRUE LOVE.

When Maud met her faithless lover she betrayed no anger. She knew he was quite unworthy of her, that his

love would never impel him to such a daring deed as she had just committed. What then?—he was only a man. She was a guileless, trusting, loving woman.

She met him with a beaming face, as if no iceberg had ever come between them, or as if it had melted in the burning waters of their tropical love.

Soon they were again seated in the swift flying locomotive of an all absorbing passion, or a high pressure steam-boat of consuming love, or a self binding reaping machine of ecstatic joy, or an electric motor of the tramway of bliss. Dear reader, as you have paid your money, you may take your choice of all these beautiful and timely similes.

CHAPTER VII.

COMPLICATIONS.

Well they were married! The chimes rung out their silvery notes on the si-lagree air, and they settled down to matrimonial intoxication. Then came the fiend. Maud met him at a ball at Government House. He was tall, *distingue*, a blonde with silken whiskers, and hands oh! so white. He worked himself into her confidence and gained her love. His profession was that of a dynamiter.

About this time Claude met a fiend—she was a woman, a brunette with pearl teeth and ebony hair, and ivory cheeks decorated with vermilion, and coral lips, and snow drop ears, and wax tapering fingers. No wonder he proved faithless again!

CHAPTER VIII.

A TRAGEDY.

Calm lies the surface of the sea when the tide is heaving beneath. Flowers grow and birds sing, on the crater of the volcano, unconscious of the rumblings in the lurid caverns below.

So passed their double life each happy in the love of another. One day the dynamitar went down to the House and blew up Oliver Mowat, and Christy Fraser and the Government generally. He said it was a pleasing duty he owed to Society. Mowat put him in jail as an anarchist. When Maud heard his sad fate, she confessed the little unkindness done to Tonawanda, and was locked up in the next cell to her lover. Claude, in a spirit of chivalry, went down King St., with a seven shooter, shooting right and left. He killed only three men, but yet they shut him up in the cell on the other side of Maud. The she-fiend proved herself worthy of the next cell, by wrecking a street car. Thus all our heroes and heroines are lodged in the Central Prison, where it will be quite safe to leave them till the next chapter, when we shall want them to complete our CANADIAN NOVEL.

(Concluded next week).

NEXT OF KIN.

WE have often wondered where the chaps who advertise for heirs to fortunes managed to pick up their information, but our mind is clear on this point at last. It seems that in almost every civilized country there is at least one sufficiently idiotic literary person who traces pedigrees and puts them in print.

Two such fellows, Burke and Delrett, do the business for the British nobility, "doncherknow," and no doubt there are others who trace lineages for Hodge, and Podge, and Ramsbotham, and Snooks, and Toodles, in the south, as well as for the Hogs, the Tawpies, the

Muckles, the McSnorers, and the McHaiverals "yont the Tweed."

It is certain at all events that the "long felt wants" of the Sacred Isle have been attended to in this respect, for we have before us a copy of "Irish Pedigrees, or the Origin and Stem of the Irish Nation, by John O'Hart, Q.U.I.," etc.

Of the work in question the *Dublin Medical Press* says, "Mr. O'Hart's genealogical deductions are by no means mere speculations, but rather the records of facts, of which there exists good evidence," and the *Northern Whig* declares that "The author actually traces the genealogy of the Irish race from the creation of man—from Adam to the present day."

We have not room to make many extracts, and though the following quotation is only a foot-note on page 199, still it is enough to show the labor and research expended on the work.

"The Stem of the Hoolahan Family. *O'h-Ualla-chain*: After this family was dispossessed of their territory in Hy-Maine, in Connaught, branches of them settled in Dublin, Galway, Kildare, Kilkenny, King's County, Mayo, Meath, and Westmeath, and assumed one or other of the following surnames: Colaghan, Coolacan, Coolaghan, Halahan, Halegan, Halligan, Holahan, Hohlhane, Holhgane, Holighan, Holland, Holligan, Hoolaghan, Hoolahan, Houlaghan, Houlighane, Houlahan, Howlegan, Hulegan, Huolaghane, Olehan, Oulahan, Oullaghan, Oullahan, Woolahan, and Merry, Merrie, FitzMerry, MacMerry, Nolan (of Connaught), Noland (in England), Proud, Proude, Soople, Suple, Supple, Vain, Vane, Whilton and Wilton.

Further investigation preparatory to the issue of a new edition will no doubt yield Howlagain, Howloncemore, Howlathirdtime, Keeponhowling, Howforever, Howlandforever, Howlandformayorforever, Howlandformayorforeverandadaylonger, O'Bejoyful, O'Makemerry, Mick O'Murray, Bravo, Brave, Strong, Strung, String, O'Donovan Rossa, Brown, Jones, Robinson, and Smith.

Impecunious individuals bearing either or any of these cognomens should keep the weather-eyes open for lapsed properties in the line of the Hoolyhans. Apply at this office for certificates of identity.

AIRLIE AS A VICTIM OF CIRCUMSTANCES.

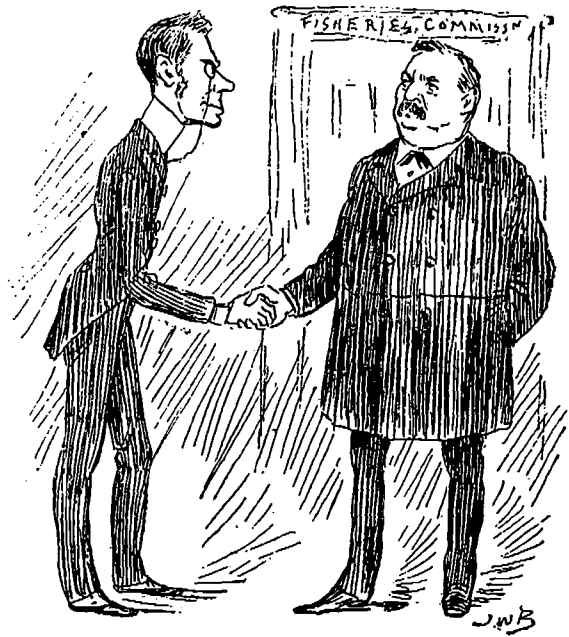
DEAR MAISTER GRIP,—Whaever taks in hand tae deny that man is the victim o' circumstances, just you set him doon as a cuif—a muckle senseless fit-ba', wha gets kicket aboot here an' there, an' up an' doon the world by invisible pooers, noo divine an' noo infernal—an' yet sae fu' o' self-conceit as tae think the hale propellin' pooer lies within himsel'—the pair helpless bag o' wind that he is. Noo, for instance, wad you, Maister Grip—(wad I—or ony ither sensible man) gang deliberately, an' wi' malice aforethocht, ram yer head intill a muckle bason o' aipple jeely? Wad *you* wilfully drook yer haffits in a dollar's worth o' melted sugar at fifteen pund tae the dollar, an' hae the jeely a' rinnin' doon yer back till yer inner duds stuck tae ye like a wafer, an' yer beard presented the appearance o' a bunch o' rats' tails dreepin' seerup, as gin ye were anither Aaron wi' the ointment rinnin' doon? Of coorse, no! An' yet, here's me, a man o' mair than ordinary common sense, was landed by onforeseen circumstances intae that very predicament without ever speerin' ma leave.

Ye see, at breakfast time, Mistress Airlie, she says tae me, says she, "I think I'll go an' see ma mither the day,

an' maybe I micht bide ower nicht for fear the wean micht get cauld; an' I was thinkin' I micht just hand ye in the key at the warehooose on ma way tae the station."

"Very weel" says I, cheerfully, "come hame when ye like, stay a day or twa if yer mither wants ye."

Noo, here I want tae remark hoo the force o' circumstances made me a hypocrite. Sae far frae cheerfully grantin' ma wife's request, the fack is I hated the thocht o' her gaun awa', but since the choice lay atween her gaun awa', an' her mither comin' tae visit her, wi' that quick adaptation tae circumstances that I've aye been remarkable for, I at ance chose the lesser evil, an' as I had tae dae it, I did it cheerfully, as I said afore. Kennin' weel that if ma wife stayed a nicht wi' her mither I wad be sure to sleep in next mornin'. I thocht I wad tak time by the forelock an' soop up the warehooose, so I wad hae a' thing ticht an' tidy in case I did get doon a wee late, an' consequently it was naur aicht o'clock afore I got hame tae ma ain hooose. It was gayen dark, an' as I set ma fit on the doorstap a cauld sweat brak out a'

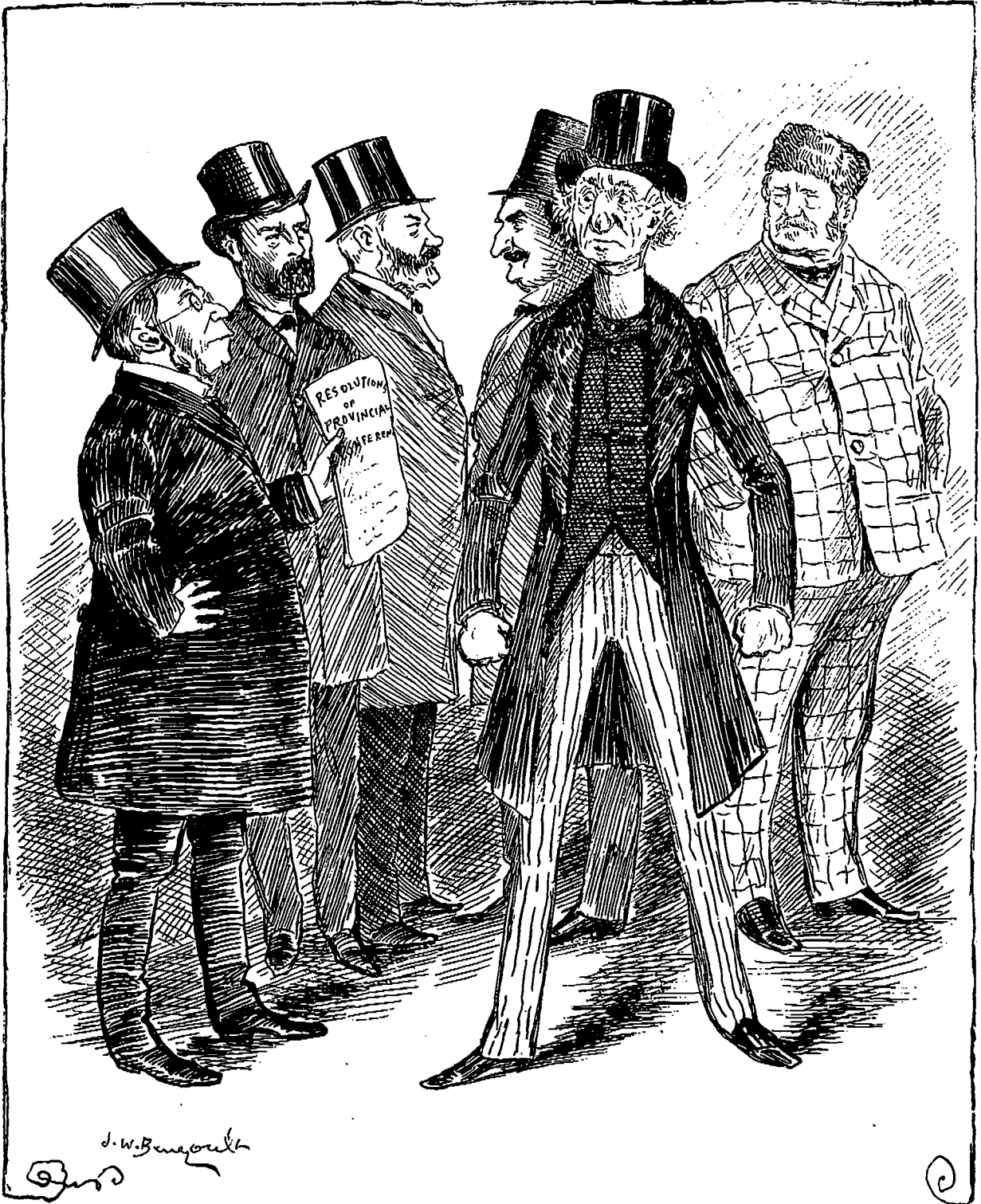


CHAMBERLAIN'S ARRIVAL.

Cleveland—We receive you, Mr. Chamberlain, with all the respect due to your Queen and Empire. If your mission ends in a dead failure you know just where the responsibility rests.

ower me. I had forgotten the key! What I said audibly an' inaudibly I winna here say, for the very gude reason that ye wadna print it, an' gin ye were tae represent ma words in the usual ——— I wad decidedly object, for I think that somehoo taks a' the pith oot o' a gude honest swear.

Tae tramp back twa mile tae the warehooose was oot o' the question; but after a' I was in great luck, for Mistress Airlie I fund had been thochtless enouch tae forget tae lock the dinin' room window sash, an' sae wi' a feelin' o' great delight I clamb up an' jamp inside. Jamp inside, Maister Grip, richt on the oot edge o' a rockin' chair, that landed me on ma back wi' ma head in a basin o' aipple jeely! I thocht I was drooned, een an' nose an' mooth bein' clean filled wi' the juice; an' when I pat up



PROVINCIAL RIGHT IS FEDERAL WRONG.

Sir John—HOW DARE YOU FELLOWS MEET TO CONSPIRE AGAINST ME ?

Mowat—PARDON ME, WE MET SIMPLY TO TAKE MEASURES TO PRESERVE THE RIGHTS OF THE PROVINCES.

Sir John—JUST SO ! THAT'S WHAT I SAY. IT'S THE SAME THING, YOU LITTLE TYRANT !

ma hand there was a slippery weet flannen bag dreepin' aipple juice doon on tap o' me, just whaur Mistress Airlie had hung it tae dreep afore gaun awa' that mornin'. Hoo I scammelt tae ma feet, gude kens—for the hale concern was smashed—(hoo could it be itherwise in the state o' mind I was in)—an' a' the seerup that wasna in ma hair was sailin' ower the carpet, an' I nae sooner got up than I was doon again. I was sittin' there in the dark tryin' tae dicht some o' the seerup oot o' ma een, when I hears Mistress Airlie's tongue gaun at the front door. "Its just the way wi' a' the men," she was sayin', "the meenit a woman leaves the hoose they're aff an' awa' gude kens whaur. I think he micht hae stayed at hame for a'e nicht at least."

"I'm afraid your house has been burglarized, ma'am." I heard a policeman say, "here's a side window open, and I'm sure I hear somebody moving about." An' wi' that, atween me an' the dim licht I saw the policeman's muckle helmet glowrin' in at the window. No wantin' tae be seen in sic a predicament, I crap in below the lounge an' waited for an opportunity tae slip oot o' the window when he wad gae roond tae get in by the door. That opportunity I got next meenit, for the policeman, no daurin' tae face the burglar, ran roon' tae the front door, whaur Mistress Airlie's skirlin' had roosed the neeborhood, an' batterin' in the door wi' an axe made an entrance, fortified wi' anither six able-bodied men armed tae the teeth wi' revolvers, cordwood sticks, fryin'pans and dippers. Twa o' them wha had been at the great battle o' Batoche brocht their Winchester rifles, loaded an' cocked, but heth! I cleared oot o' the dinin' room window again, an' fleein' tae the woodshed tak refuge in an auld ash-barrel, till the stramash wad be ower. Frae that harbor o' refuge I cud hear ma wife lettin' the maist awfu' yells, declarin' that the burglar had murdered me, for there was ma hankerchuf a' bluid, an' there was ma pocket-book a' bluidy lyin' there, an' horror o' horrors! there was bluid on the window sill! An' then, tae ma consternation, I saw through the knot-hole o' the woodshed a torchlicht procession o' lanterns, an' rifles, an' fryin'pans, an' dippers an' brooms silin' doon—followin' bluidy tracks in search o' ma body or the murderer. Quick as thocht I oot o' that barrel, an' bolted the door, just as three reporters arrived poorin' doon o' sweat. What ma next move was tae be I never ance thocht. Only a'e idea possessed me—I wad never be ta'en alive—wi' ma head dreepin' aipple jeely an' ma hands a' bluidin' wi' the broken basin. When, hooever, a rifle-shot cam flashin' through the knot-hole, an' an impident policeman called upon me tae "soorindir," I thocht it was time for me tae tak the floor. Summonin' up a' ma native dignity, an' keepin' oot o' the range o' that knot-hole, I tellt them that I thocht things had come till a bonnie pass, when a man cudna' come doon till his ain woodshed tae get some kindlin' withoot bein' pursued by a' the cops an' war-veterans, an' auld women in the neeborhood. "But yer house has been broken in, Mr. Airlie," says the cop, "we find your window open." "Weel, gin I liked tae come in by the door or window, what's that tae you? When ye get yer summonses the morn's mornin' for breakin' in ma door, ye'll no craw sae crouse, ma birkies." Thae words, Maister Grip, werna' oot o' ma mou', when it was, "Rin! an' deil tak the hindmost" oot o' ma back yard. An' if I *did* say what I shouldna' hae said tae ma wife—an' if naething will convince her that I drank that nicht, that's naebody's business. Yours, stickily,

HUGH AIRLIE.



WARNING TO THE FAIR.

If you happen to be visiting friends at Windsor, Sarnia, or elsewhere along the border, dear young ladies, never wear this style of thing, or the finger of public suspicion will be pointed at you. Everybody will take you for a smuggler!

THE PHILOSOPHY OF IT.

"CAN'T something be done to make those students in the gallery behave themselves?" anxiously inquired a worried visitor at Convocation.

"No; we give them full scope," replied the Professor. "They will never make any noise in the world after they graduate, and it would be cruel to prevent them from attracting public attention while they have the chance."

MR. GLADSTONE is an advanced Darwinian; but has not patience to wait for the slow process of evolution. He declares that he is in favor of boldly sweeping away the law of entail.

MISS ALICE HARRISON'S Musical Comedy Company begin an engagement of one week at Jacobs & Shaw's Opera House Monday night, producing their original musical eccentricity, entitled "Photos," written by the author of "The Mighty Dollar."

MR. E. E. SHEPPARD, the irrepressible, is located in elegant apartments in the Grand Opera House block, from which he is publishing *The Fireside Weekly*, an illustrated family story paper. Early in December he will send forth the first copy of the *Saturday Night*, which is to be a high class social journal.

MR. DAVIN expresses surpris that people should make remarks about his having worn a surplice and read the lessons at St. James Church, Montreal. He says he doesn't set himself up as a specimen of perfect humanity, but on this occasion, when he was invited to take part in the religious services, he accepted readily, as he was "anxious to experience the novel sensation of having a surplus."

TRICKS ON THE STAGE.

A Thrilling Life and Death Struggle.

SOME time ago there was on exhibition, in New York, what was called the "wonderful electrical man!"

That "wonder" now says that he was always *secretly connected with a battery* so arranged as to defeat discovery!

Many "freaks of nature" are only freaks of clever deceptive skill.

Bishop, the mind-reader, so-called, was shown to be only a shrewd student of human nature, whose reading of thought was not phenomenal.

Even so intelligent a man as Robert Dale Owen was for many years fully persuaded that certain alleged spiritual manifestations were genuine, but, in the Katie King case, he eventually found that he had been remorselessly deceived.

When to natural credulity is added a somewhat easily-fired imagination, spectres become facts, and clever tricks realities.

"That man," remarked a prominent physician, the other day to our reporter, "thinks he is sick. He is a 'hypo.' He comes here regularly three times a week for treatment. There is *absolutely nothing the matter with him*, but of course every time he comes I fix him up something."

"And he pays for it?"
 "Yes, \$3.00 a visit. But what I give him has no remedial power whatever. I have to cater to his imaginary ills. He is one of my best friends, and I dare not disappoint his fears."

An even more striking case of professional delusion is related by W. H. Winton, business manager of the Kingston (N.Y.) *Freeman*:

"In 1883, Mr. K. R., of New York (a relative of a late vice-president of the United States), was seriously ill of a very fatal disorder. The best physicians attended him, but, until the last one was tried, he constantly grew worse. This doctor gave him some medicine in a two-ounce bottle. Improving he got another bottle, paying \$2.00 for each. He was getting relief after having used several of these mysterious small bottles.

One day he laid one on his desk in his New York office. In the same office a friend was using a remedy put up in a large bottle. By pure accident it was found out that these two bottles contained exactly the same medicine, the two-ounce vial costing the doctor's patient \$2.00 while his friend paid but \$1.25 for a bottle holding over sixteen ounces of Warner's safe cure. The doctor's services were stopped at once, the man continued treating himself with what his doctor had secretly prescribed—Warner's safe cure, which finally restored him to health from an attack of what his doctors called bright's disease."

If the leading physicians in the land, through fear of the code, will *secretly* prescribe Warner's safe cure in all cases of kidney, liver and general disorder, do they not thereby confess their own inability to cure it, and, by the strongest sort of endorsement, commend that preparation to the public?

We hear it warmly spoken of in every direction, and we have no doubt whatever that it is, all things considered, the very best article of the kind ever known.

A CRUSTY old fellow once asked: "What is the reason that griffins, dragons and devils are the ladies' favorite subjects for embroidery designs?" "It's because they are continually thinking of their husbands," was the ady's quick retort.

A SICK thief should have his disease arrested.—*Epoch*.

You may speak as you will of pedigree generally, but in a sleeping-car it is a man's berth that raises him above his fellows.

LAUNDRYMEN are the most humble and forgiving beings on earth. The more cuffs you give them the more they do for you.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allay all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. 25c. a bottle.

"Do you think Johnnie is contracting bad habits at school?" asked Mrs. Caution of her husband. "No, dear, I don't; I think he is expanding them," was the reply.

FOREWARNED—"My dear little wife, if you intend giving me a Christmas present as a surprise, I must ask you to arrange matters so that I may not have to pay the bill before the first of July."

FIRST AUTHOR—I have just finished a prose poem. Don't say a word. I stole it from the Song of Solomon. Second author—But the theft will be discovered! First Author—Oh, not at all. I am going to send it to a Chicago magazine.

DE PEYSTER (they have been conversing on art topics)—Are you fond of majolica, Mrs. Parveau? Mrs. Parvenu (who has made several bad mistakes since her entrance into society, and is on her guard)—Well—er—that depends entirely on how it is cooked.

MRS. O'HOOLIHAN—Faix, Dennis! An, phat are yez afther doin' now? O'Hoolihan—Begob, Rosy, it's meself as has bought a music-stool for Katie, an' Oi've been wounding the bastely thing up for over an hour, an' not a dhrop of music can Oi get out of it at all, at all!

"I LOVE your daughter, sir, and ask your consent to win her, if I can." "I am sorry; but—" began the old man, when he was hastily interrupted. "And I would like to arrange to press my suit, sir, in the afternoons instead of evenings, until gas becomes a little cheaper." Then the old man bade him God speed.

SMITH: "I say, Dumley, you have had some experience in love affairs, and I want your advice. There is a pretty little widow in Harlem whom I devotedly love. In paying my addresses how often ought I to call upon her?" Dumley: "She is a widow, you say?" Smith: "Yes." Dumley: "Seven nights in the week, my boy, with a Wednesday and Saturday matinee."

RICHLY REWARDED

are those who read this and then act; they will find honorable employment that will not take them from their homes and families. The profits are large and sure for every industrious person; many have made and are now making several hundred dollars a month. It is easy for any one to make \$5 and upwards per day, who is willing to work. Either sex, young or old; capital not needed; we start you. Everything new. No special ability required; you, reader, can do it as well as any one. Write to us at once for full particulars, which we mail free. Address Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine.

Mrs. MUGGERS—Is that Prince Lumtum? Why, he's dressed just like any one else. By-stander—Of course. "Why, I expected to see him rigged out in all sorts of beautiful toggery. I don't see why the papers want to deceive poor folks the way they do and give me this long wait for nothing." "What did the papers say?" "They said that Prince Lumtum and his suit had arrived."

CATARRH.

Catarrhal Deafness and Hay Fever—A New Treatment.

Sufferers are not generally aware that these diseases are contagious or that they are due to living parasites in the lining membrane of the nose and eustachian tubes. Microscopic research has proved this fact, and it is now made easy to cure this curse of our country in one or two simple applications made once in two weeks by the patient at home. Send stamp for circulars describing this new treatment to A. H. Dixon & Son, 303 King St. West, Toronto, Can.

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THE CANADA WIRE MATTRESS CO. TORONTO.

Sold by Furniture Dealers generally throughout Canada.

The Bank of Toronto.

DIVIDEND No. 65.

NOTICE is hereby given that a dividend of four per cent. for the current half year, being at the rate of eight per cent. per annum, upon the paid-up capital of the Bank, has this day been declared, and that the same will be payable at the Bank and its branches on and after THURSDAY, the 1st day of DECEMBER next.

The transfer books will be closed from the 16th to the 30th day of November, both days inclusive. By order of the Board.

D. COULSON, Cashier.

BANK OF TORONTO, Toronto, 26th Oct., 1887.

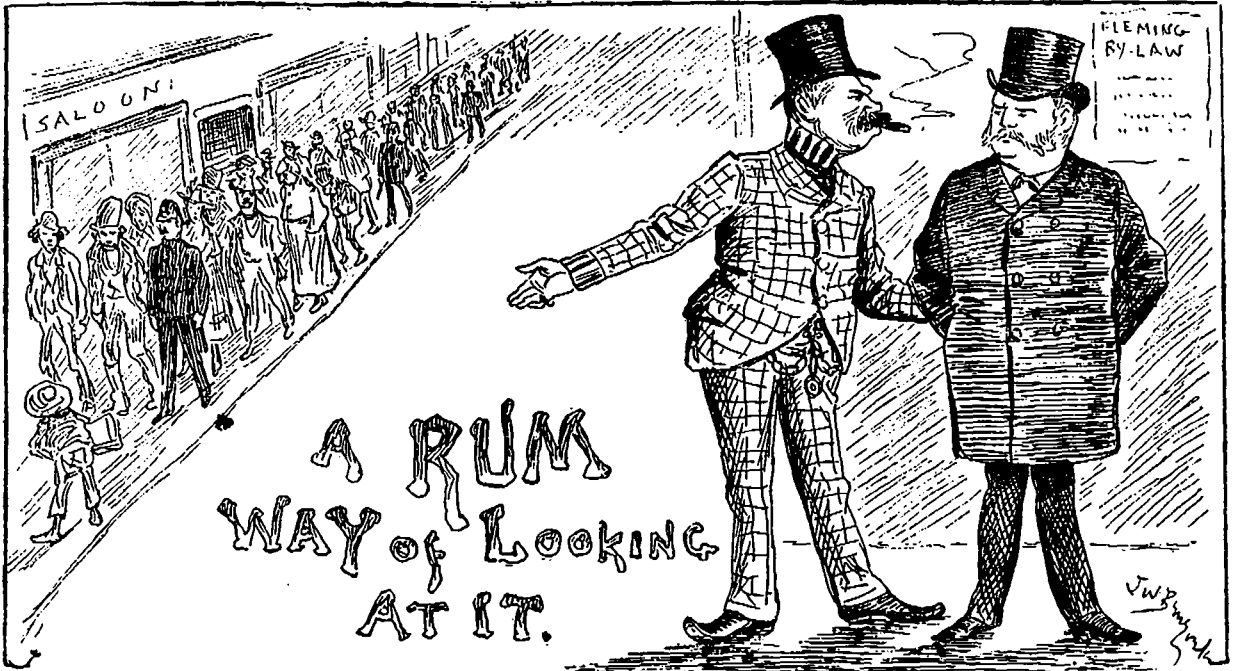
Freehold Loan & Savings Co.

DIVIDEND No. 56.

NOTICE is hereby given that a dividend of five per cent. on the capital stock of the company has been declared for the current half-year, payable on and after Thursday, the first day of December next, at the office of the company, Church Street. The transfer books will be closed from the 17th to the 30th November, inclusive.

S. C. WOOD, Manager.

TORONTO, Oct. 19th, 1887.



High-minded Citizen—THERE, YOU SEE; YOUR TEMPERANCE FANATICISM HAS INCREASED DRUNKENNESS! THIS FLEMING BY-LAW MUST BE REPEALED!

Mayor Howland—INDEED! NOW MY IDEA IS WE HAVEN'T CUT OFF HALF ENOUGH SALOONS YET, AND I TRUST MY SUCCESSOR WILL THINK SO, TOO.

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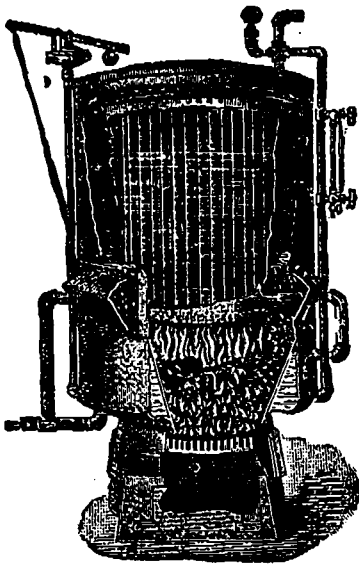
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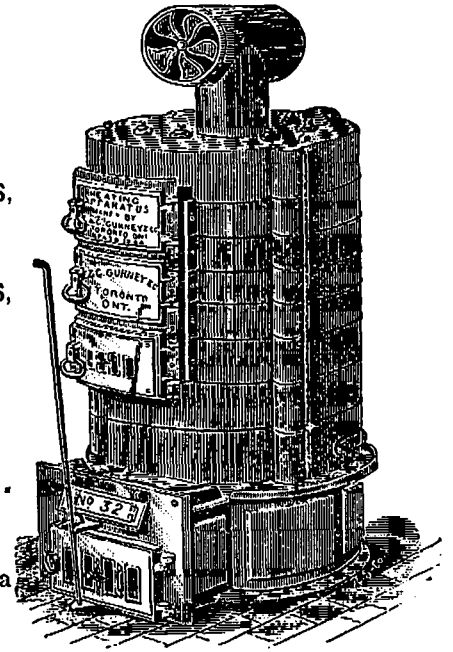
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NORQUAY'S CAKE IS DOUGH!

Hon. John—Now, this is *too* bad. Flattered right out, and I had hoped to give Manitoba *such* a treat for Christmas!



INVARIABLE INDICATIONS.

If you have Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Sick Headache, rising and souring of food, wind in the stomach, a choking or enawing sensation at the pit of the stomach, then you have sure indication of Dyspepsia, which Burdock Blood Bitters will surely cure. It has cured the worst cases on record.

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Treatment by inhalation. Both office and home treatment. Manufactured in Canada by me for over four years. It is genuine, the same as sold in Philadelphia, Chicago and California. Trial treatment free at office. Send for circular. Home treatment for two months, inhaler and all complete, \$12. Office treatment, 32 for \$18. Mark it; no duty! I am now in my new Parlor Office and Laboratory at 41 KING STREET EAST. MRS. C. STEDMAN FIEROE, late from 73 King Street West, Stackhouse's Store.

J. YOUNG, THE LEADING UNDERTAKER, 347 Yonge Street. Telephone 679.

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J. B. CARLILE, Managing Director.

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LACE boots of this style in men's, our own make, from \$2.50 up; in boys' and youths' from \$1.40 up. We know these to be the best wearing boots to be had in the city for the money, away below goods prices. **W. WEST & CO.**

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Business Index.

GRIP endorses the following houses as worthy of the patronage of parties visiting the city or wishing to transact business by mail.

CLAXTON'S Jubilee Bb Cornet reduced from \$22 to \$15, and other Band Instruments 20 per cent. off. Catalogues free. Claxton's Music Store, 197 Yonge Street, Toronto.

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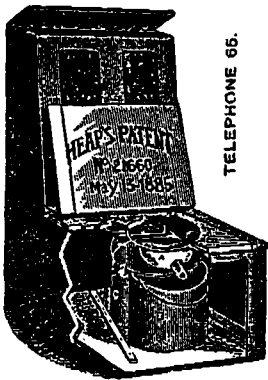
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Persons requiring passports from the Canadian Government should make application to this department for the same, such application to be accompanied by the sum of four dollars in payment of the official fee upon passports as fixed by the Governor in Council.

G. POWELL,
Under Secretary of State.

OTTAWA, 19th Feb., 1886

NOTICE.

YOUNG, middle-aged, or old men who find themselves nervous and exhausted, who are broken down from the effects of abuse or overwork, and in advanced life feel the consequence of youthful excess, send for and read M. V. Lubon's Treatise on Disease of Men. Sealed, 6c. in stamps; unsealed, free. Address, M. V. Lubon, 47 Wellington Street East, Toronto Canada.

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TORONTO, 18th Oct. 1887.

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T. B. PARDEE,
Commissioner.

NOTE.—Particulars as to locality and description of limits, area, etc., and terms and conditions of sale will be furnished on application personally, or by letter to the Department of Crown Lands.

No unauthorized Advertisement of the above will be paid for.