



# GRIP



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### POLITICAL BOTANY.

LITTLE OLIVER—"Oh, what a lovely Liberal mushroom!"

MRS. ONTARIO—"Leave that alone! It's not a Liberal mushroom, but an Ultramontane Toadstool, you stupid!"

# GRIP

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Artist and Editor  
Associate Editor

J. W. BENGOUGH,  
PHILLIPS THOMPSON.



## Comments

ON THE

## Cartoons.

SELECTING A SUCCESSOR.—IN a recent speech at Kingston Sir John A. Macdonald once more reminded his faithful followers that he is beginning to feel the weight of years, and must, before long, resign the leadership of the Conservative

party into more vigorous hands. This has set everybody to speculating as to who Sir John's successor is to be, and where he is to come from. Nobody seems able to give even a reasonable guess at the riddle. Sir Charles Tupper cannot be taken into consideration, because he is not much younger than Sir John himself, and for other reasons is not available; and the Cabinet circle, which ought to contain the coming man if he exists anywhere, may be searched in vain for a possible chieftain. It is quite likely that the question of a successor is giving Sir John not a little anxious thought these days, as he gazes reflectively over the ocean from his watering-place cottage. Perhaps some such picture as we present this week comes before his mental eye, and as he passes in review the material at hand for the work of leadership and dismisses one after another of the distinguished

individuals with a decisive shake of the head, he may feel like quoting the words of that other redoubtable Sir John—"If I be not ashamed of my soldiers, I am a soused gurnet!"

POLITICAL BOTANY.—Mr. Mowat has caused a commotion amongst the old-line Liberals of Quebec, and an unpleasant sensation in the breasts of many of his Ontario followers by sending another message of congratulation to Mr. Mercier on the great victory achieved by the latter gentleman in the late Provincial election. Mr. Mowat calls it a Liberal victory, because he is under the impression that Mr. Mercier is a Liberal leading a Liberal party. This appears to be an error on the part of our young and unsophisticated Local Premier. We have it on the authority of men and papers whose Liberalism is above suspicion that Mr. Mercier, whatever he may once have been, is no more like a genuine Liberal now than a toadstool is like a mushroom. The Quebec leader is a practical statesman of the Sir John school, with just one end in view—that of keeping in office (for the good of the people, of course.) It so happens that for some time past the doctrines of Liberalism have not been adapted to this end, and the clever Mercier has gently but firmly dropped them overboard. He may still be a true Liberal in his mind, of course, but the sort of politics he has had on tap for a good while back tastes like the real Ultramontane vintage. The metaphors are a trifle mixed in these remarks, we are aware, but the meaning, we hope, is at least as plain as the evidence of Mercier's orthodoxy which has satisfied Mr. Mowat.

ARISTOCRATIC and military class feeling has come to the rescue of the justly disgraced Gen. Middleton. But for the ill-advised attempt of a few of his fool-friends to rehabilitate the convicted fur-looter by a farewell banquet, a further reference to the matter might seem unduly vindictive. The militia swaggerers and swell-heads and the despicable toadies and lickspittles who are always ready to rush to the defence of a "gentleman," when the latter is detected in some particularly ungentlemanly act, have only themselves to blame if the memory of a transaction which cannot be forgotten too soon is unnecessarily perpetuated. The *Toronto World* is, of course, among the foremost wielders of the whitewash brush—which is only natural, as it invariably and instinctively manages to get on the wrong side of every question.

IT is hardly worth while noticing any inconsistency on the part of Prof. Goldwin Smith, whose life has been one long series of inconsistencies. In the case of any man with a reputation for knowing his own mind, his presence as the apologist of a military pillager, after having repeatedly written down militarism in the strongest terms, would seem just a trifle inconsistent. But the time is past when the Professor's versatility and rapid shifting of position can excite surprise or even any considerable interest. In his day, Prof. Smith has done good service to the cause of public morality and genuine liberalism. It is to be regretted that just now the maintenance of upper class ascendancy appears to override every other consideration with him.

T. C. PATTESON, postmaster, was also at the whitewashing banquet. The next subordinate whom he may detect stealing money letters will have Patteson rather at a disadvantage should he think of quoting his attendance to do honor to Middleton as a plea for equally favorable consideration. How can ordinary mortals be supposed to discriminate between these nice shades of criminality?

THERE was one man whose presence at the farewell feed was strictly in accordance with the fitness of things. What more natural than that Christopher W. Bunting, convicted briber, should sympathize with Sir Fred Middleton, convicted plunderer?



THE VERSATILE ACTING-MAYOR OF MONTREAL.

THE Industrial Exhibition, which opens on the 6th of September promises to surpass all previous displays. There will be all the standard features and many novelties. The Industrial has a record of unbroken successes to show, and becomes more popular every year. Practical and thrifty people appreciate the advantage of seeing a large and varied assortment of machines and all sorts of articles of consumption with the latest improvements as a guide to future purchases—and as for those who seek amusements and spectacular displays they are always satisfied. The talk about the failure of the Carnival being likely to react on the Exhibition is all rubbish, in which nobody but an idiot or a Torontophobist would take any stock. The Carnival promoters were amateurs, while Manager Hill understands the show business thoroughly. To predict the failure of the Industrial because of the unfortunate Carnival fizzle is about as absurd as to anticipate the breakdown of Booth or Irving in a play because some stage-struck aspirant got rattled in trying to play Hamlet.

\* \* \*

THE strong disposition lately shown by the people and legislators of the United States to put a stop to land-grabbing by foreign aristocrats and syndicates is likely to result in increased attention being directed to Canada as a field for such operatives. A scheme for acquiring all the phosphate lands in Canada is just now being promoted in England, and a long list of dukes and moneyed magnates is given as the principal parties inter-

A DISENCHANTMENT.

I SAW her dainty profile  
And straightway lost my heart.  
And to meet the peerless charmer  
Made use of every art.



My efforts were rewarded  
And I met her face to face,  
And now I'm wandering off to die  
In some secluded place.

—Munsey's Weekly.

P. McARTHUR.

ested. Some short-sighted folks are actually rejoicing at the prospect of "Canada's interests being developed"—to increase the profits of the predatory class in England, who having stolen the people's land at home and exploited the British workman until the cities are crowded with paupers, are now casting greedy eyes in this direction. Well, if the Canadian people are idiots enough to allow foreign land-grabbers, with or without handles to their names, to levy tribute on their industry, when they could so easily stop the process by a change in the law, confiscating for public purposes the annual rental value of the soil, they deserve nothing better.

SO THEY DO.

POMPO—"Carlyle said that before me, eh? Well, that goes to show that great minds run in the same channel?"

CAUSTO—"Not necessarily. Simple thoughts like that occur to almost everybody."



"SHE!"

CENSUS-TAKER—"I want to see the head of the house."

MALE VOICE FROM WITHIN—"H'm! h'm—ahem!"

FEMALE AT DOOR (to owner of voice)—"You keep that cradle goin', James! (To Census Taker) Now, then, go on with your questions mister!"

TOO LIMITED TO SUIT HIM.

BILDERSNICK—"What do you think of Ald. Gillespie's civic reform scheme, by which the city will have eight aldermen at large?"

PIGSNUFFLE—"It may be all right as far as it goes, but if you want real civic reform why leave so many aldermen at large? Lock 'em all up, I say."



FOR SHE'S "A JOLLY GOOD FELLOW."

## PIGSNUFFLE'S FONETIK FILOSOPHI.

"THIS is a snap," sez the reel estait ajent az he pre-pairs tu gorble his viktum. The allegater wen he opens hiz jaws mite sa the saim.

The subjeck wich is trooly loyal tew the cheef majis-trait jenerally expecks a offis—ef he hazn't i already.

"Munny maiks thee mayer tew go."

Owe no!

Nawt so!

Hear it wurks thee other way

Fore it makes ower mayer tew stay.

Eh?

This noo skeme ov theosofy is likeli tew bee populer, az it furnishes the laitest eggskuse for stayin erway frum church.

I hav gnown a feller git a grate reputashun as a moosical critik bekaws he had kaught onto the frase "stackarto movement."

They kin talk awl thay pleeze erbout thee growin intel-lergents uv thee aije and sech, but I fale tew recawl thee okcasion wen enny man got elekcted tew parlimunt fer hiz knowlidge ov politercal ekonomy.

Its a cirprize tew me that none of them abel edditurs wich haz bean trien tew witewash C. Rikert and Jeneral Middeltown haz started the theary that theyre stealins waz drawed to em by personal magnitizm az it ware.

Befour yew kall a man a phaker just wate an see how hiz skeam pans out. Thee stait uv the Toronto reel estait markit this phall will determine wether severil 1000 persons ar wealthy an enterprisin sitizens ov wrenmarkible foursite, or chumps wich dident gno enuff tew go in wen it raned.

The talentid gent wich has succeded in reckinsilin relijon an siense will now pleeze tri an maik the diference between Grit an Toree prinsiples obvius tew the nakid I.

Thare waz onct a man wich traveled with a majic lan-tern an charged 10\$ per evenin. After a wile he kalled it a steeriopctikan xibition an they gave him 25\$ without a grone.

The "lecksikun uv yewth" mite be a interestin wurk, but it wudent bee no good fur practickle bizness pur-pusses on ercount uv sum cerius omisshuns.

Wen yew kant think uv enny other argewment agenst a thing kall it an "ernomelly." Thare aint no repli tew that.

It kant bee trew wat sum Frenchman sed abowt lang-widge bein given us tew conseel ower thawts. Yew kant maik me beleeve that Jay Alfeous Livingston, fer instance, haz enny thawts tew conseel.

## THE POOR WORKINGMAN AND THE INFLUENTIAL DOCTOR.

CITY ENGINEER (*to foreman of a gang of street laborers*)—"Well, Wilson, how's the job coming on?"

FOREMAN—"Not so bad, considering, sir. It's hard to keep the men at it steady this weather. Dan Murphy was drunk yesterday, and he's not fit for much to-day."

CITY ENGINEER—"Drunk, was he? Then he's got to go! We've no room for drunkards on corporation work. We can get plenty of sober men to take their places. Lay him off at once and let him draw what's coming to him, and we'll put another man in his place."

FOREMAN—"Well, I wouldn't be too hard on him, sir. It's the first time. I talked to him like a Dutch unclé when he showed up this morning, and he felt pretty mean over it, and says he's sworn off. Better give him another chance."

CITY ENGINEER—"Oh, nonsense! If we don't make an example of him all the others will be going on the spec. No, no. I'll have no drunkards about. The men must understand if they can't keep sober they will be discharged. Give him his walking ticket at once."

ALD. MOSES (*at City Council*)—"The Local Board of Health have recommended the dismissal of the Medical Health officer on account of an unfortunate failing which has seriously impaired his usefulness. We shouldn't be too hard on him. Let's temper justice with mercy, and give him another chance."

ALD. GOWANLOCK—"Chance? Why, he's had chances again and again for the past five years. (Cries of "Shame!") If he were a workingman, now—"

ALD. CARLYLE (*St. Thomas*)—"Workingman? But you see he isn't a workingman. He's a perfect gentle-man."

ALD. SHAW—"And a good member of the Conserva-tive Party."

ALD. GILLESPIE—"And a descendant of the U.E. Loyalists."

ALD. BOUSTEAD—"And moves in the best society."

Motion to give the doctor another chance carried by overwhelming majority.

## MORAL.

If you have a political pull and social influence you can get drunk as often as you please with impunity.

THE GREAT MOGUL.

THE play is over. Sound the loud cymbals! Let there be Light! John Ross Robertson has succeeded to the throne of HIRAM ABIFF the Ancient. Now Hiram was renowned in days gone by for being a clever old man. He was an artificer in wood and stone, and he built a big log shanty for Solomon the Wise. Hiram was no fool, and he made himself famous among the citizens of Tyre and the adjacent townships. All of which is historical fact. Now, just consider the veritable and only John Ross Robertson—for there is only one such noble representative of the species—and behold the worthy successor to Col. HIRAM ABIFF! John Ross knows something—at least he imagines he does know a thing or two—about cedar blocks and asphalt pavement. He has laid foundation stones of churches and big shanties. John is no slouch. He understands *finesse* to a knock-down, and he has by certain peculiarities made himself known among the citizens of Toronto and district. He has a slight knowledge of “tesselated tiles,” but it is quite theoretical. The remark “tesselated tiles” does not refer to the white or black “plugs” which His Mightiness disports on King Street, but simply to a kind of pavement used by the Ancients. This newly-fledged G.M., which may mean Great Mogul or anything, has a Great Head! He has risen “like a feather’d mercury,” and now is seated in the chair as Most Worshipful G. M. of the Ancient Free and Accepted Masons of Canada. Hooray! He is now a very prominent figure. There is nothing majestic about him, but still he’ll pass. He is well known among the Hoosier Brethren in Western villages, where his twangy style of oratory, and the funny stories told about the mystical signs and shibboleths of ancient Judaism had a better effect on his audience than anything set forth in Mark Twain’s well-known “Tramp Abroad.” John Ross doesn’t take very well among the city artificers, but oh, my! when he’s in the rural districts he’s immense. He is the Great Sir Oracle then, sure, and he just knows how to work the oracles. He is an honorable man, and the Brethren who were at Kingston have shown their appreciation of his talents by the *almost* unanimous vote given in his favor. Now let us all wish John Ross long life, and what pleasure he can obtain—outside of any mercenary motive—during his term of office in the East. Trusting that he will be in charity with all men, especially the mayor and aldermen of the city of Toronto.

JAH.

A REMINDER OF THE WASH-TUB.

SOAP AGENT.—“I believe I have the honor of addressing Mrs. John W. Mackay, formerly of California.”

MRS. MACKAY.—“That is my name. Will you please state your business quickly, as I have an appointment with Her Grace the Duchess of Digglesbury almost immediately.”

SOAP AGENT.—“The firm which I have the honor to represent are introducing a new brand of soap, a sample of which I have much pleasure to present to you. We wish to get the testimonials of people of prominence as to its efficacy, especially for laundry purposes, and—”

MRS. MACKAY.—“Oh, you vile, infamous wretch! You or’nary galoot! You contemptible, wall-eyed scaliwag! This is a studied insult. What do you suppose I know about soap? Vamose the ranch right away! Thomas, just give this lop-eared snoozer the grand bounce if he don’t git as quick as if a mule had kicked him! Soap! Oh, this is too much! Will these outrageous insults never cease?” (*Goes off in hysterics.*)



A MIDNIGHT SOLILOQUY.

“The man who wrote Ex (*hic*) sheshshior must ‘a lived in one o’ thesh con (*hic*) founded flats.”—*Pick-me-up.*

HE WAS CULTIVATED.

BAGSHOT.—“Ah, there goes Himpecune, the author. Unprepossessing as he looks, he is one of the most cultivated men I ever met.”

JARGLES.—“Cultivated—you bet. His brow is furrowed, his aspect is seedy, and he is famous for his serial (cereal) productions.”

MR. JOHN CAMERON can’t get back to the London *Advertiser* too soon. A journal which refers to Liberati as a great player on the “coronet,” and to Miss Dorothy Tennant as the “financee” of Stanley, requires the immediate attention of a man of erudition.

It is stated that no Tory has been elected in South Wentworth for sixty-three years. South Wentworth, though the most no torious riding in Ontario, cannot claim to be the banner Grit stronghold. The North riding fills the bill in that respect. That’s where the *Dundas Banner* is published.



### MIRACULOUS.

(A shower has just passed and the ropes have stretched.)  
 MR. BARNACLE PILLAR—"Ugh! Who'd t'ought dis t'ing ud hole watah lak dis!"—*Light.*

### A GOOD BOY'S LETTER.

DEAR MA,—I am quite well with a cold and hopes it leaves you the same, which the catechism tells us is for our good. It is great fun boarding in the country for me and another boy stoned some ducks and broke one of their legs. I have swapped my old nife with the blade broke with a boy for a new nife with 2 blades and a corkscrew, and made him pay boot because he was a stranger and smaller nor me. Dear Ma missus Jolt told another lady that she had hugged my pa often and would like to hug him some more and that she was sorry that she is not my ma. She says that you was a ugly toad which was very wicked for her to say. She has a yaller



### GOOD PRACTICE.

JONES—"Why, Brown, what in the world are you doing?"  
 BROWN—"My dear fellow. I'm going into business as an insurance agent, and I am developing my cheek."—*Munsey's Weekly.*

dog which is a tarrier called Growly and me and Benny tied a lobster cann to his tale and it jumped through a pain of glass in a winder and it was great fun. I see James a kissing Mary like anything and she give me a apel not to tell nobody which I did not tell because it would be mene. Benny has a little sister which it is great fun to pul her hare and make her squeel and her close is short down to her knees.

Benny tumbled out of the boat and was nearly drowned and we was all very glad but the doctor seemed disapinted that he was not ded. Dear ma I have spended all the ½ dollar that you gave to me on to works of carity but missis Jolt got 12 cents out of me to send to the Carry Boo injuns to buy tracks. I wish the mishnury will convert them soon and not need no more of my pokit money for to buy tracks with. Please send me some more. Benny steals eggs off of the hens roost and pricks a hole in them with a pin and sucks out their insides and it is grate fun from your loving son DOLFY. P.S.—Benny has falled thro the greenhouse roof and cut his trousers and the docter had to pull it out with pinchers and put sticking plaster on to it.

### NOT WHOLLY IN VAIN.

HOW true and consolatory is the thought that nothing in existence is wholly without some useful purpose. This aphorism has been doubted in the case of the wingless nocturnal visitant whose name has become a synonym for quiet persistency, and



also as regards the Carnival, which, as some of our citizens may remember, broke out somewhat intermittently as to time and location in this neighborhood during the early days of the month. It is stated that there was a procession at the wind-up with allegorical designs or tableaux. This is doubted by some authorities, but it is only doing justice to the memory of the promoters to say that the weight of evidence goes to establish conclusively the

fact that there was such a procession, despite the rumors to the contrary which have gained ground.

One of the scenes in the gorgeous pageant which glode through some of the leading thoroughfares at the midnight hour represented Elaine, one of the heroines of Baron Tennyson's "Idyls of the King" in a condition of deadness, lying in state and surrounded by the sorrowing mourners. Among the spectators who lingered to garner in the recondite ethical teachings with which these symbolic legendary representations were fraught were a father and his daughter of fourteen years or thereabouts. Evidently unfamiliar with the writings of the poet laureate, the information which the parent imparted to the enquiring mind of his child was obviously of a second-hand character, or derived from his inner consciousness.



**AN IRREVERENT COMPARISON.**

DAUGHTER—" But I don't care to marry yet; I want to learn a lot more first."

MOTHER—" That isn't at all necessary. Men don't care for learned, clever wives."

DAUGHTER—" Oh, you always think that all men are like pa."—*Pick-me-up.*

"And who is that, father?" asked the young girl, as the funereal scene hove in sight, the figures on the float wobbling with the jolting over the pavement in a manner calculated to convey the impression that the *dramatis personæ* had been imbibing to freely.

"That, my child? That is Elaine—allegorical representation, you know—Tennyson's Elaine—Idyls of the King."

"Elaine? And she's dead, isn't she? And what did she die of?"

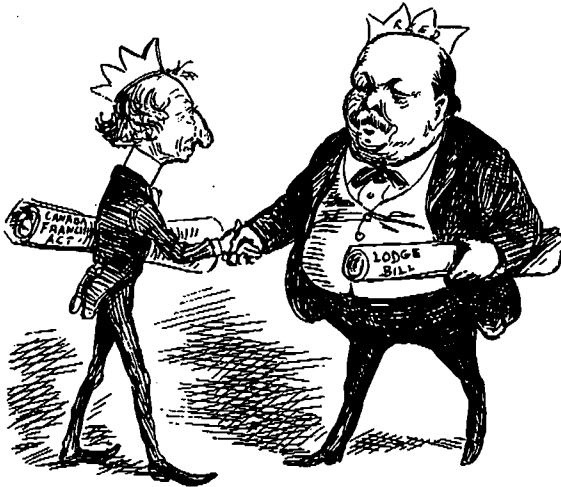
"She died of eating green apples. There is a true and touching moral lesson in this emblematic scene which I hope you will take to heart."

And if one child shall have been saved by the truth thus implanted in the youthful mind from the pernicious practice of eating green apples, who shall say that the Carnival has been in vain?

**A SUGGESTION FOR MANAGER HILL.**

AMONG other attractions at the Industrial Exhibition is to be a grand International Dog Show. This will be of great interest to sports and dog fanciers, but what do the farmers, the bone and sinew—beg pardon—

what do the farmers, as a rule, care about dogs? So long as a dog is big and courageous enough to keep a tramp at bay, that's all the use the agriculturist has for him, and he don't care two cents about his breed or the fine points as to shape, color and general get-up which determine the decisions of judges. By the way, why not make this feature of the show of practical benefit and lively interest to the farmers, the horny-handed—excuse us again, please—the farming community, by having special prizes for "tramp" dogs? An exciting competition could be got up in the horse ring to test their qualifications of speed and tenacity. It might perhaps be difficult to procure real tramps who would fill the bill and allow themselves for a consideration to be hunted down amid the plaudits of the thronging myriads, but this difficulty would not be insuperable. Just as the volunteers practice on a mechanical running man, the dogs could be started after an artificial running tramp costumed to suit the character. That would catch the ruralist in great shape, wouldn't it? As an exciting and entirely novel and unique display it ought to receive Manager Hill's favorable consideration, and result in a batch of extra tickets being forwarded to GRIP office, simply as a token that the suggestion is appreciated.



### ARCADES AMBO !

SPEAKER REED (of U.S. Congress)—“Thanks for your example, Sir John, but I guess we've rather improved on it.”

SIR JOHN—“Yes; I think that for despotism, partizanship and general gall your Force Bill beats even my Franchise Act !”

### ALL DEPENDS ON THE NAME.

A FABLE.

ONCE upon a time a Poor and Ragged Vagrant approached a portly and prosperous Citizen and asked for Alms. The Rich Man, having relieved his Necessities, asked the Vagrant how he became so poor. “Are you not able to work?” he said. “Alas, Boss,” replied the Vagrant, “you behold in me a Victim of Social Prejudice. They point the Finger of Scorn at me and no Man will employ me.” “Why so?” enquired the Rich Man, whose Curiosity was now fairly aroused. “What have you done?” “Nothing,” replied the Vagrant, “but I am cruelly persecuted for my honest Opinions. I am an Infidel and a Socialist.” And he wept bitterly. The Rich Man was touched by his Distress. “My Friend,” said he, “I will let you into a Secret which may be of Benefit to you. I share your unpopular Opinions, but I call myself a Theosophist and



IS MR. CARLING AWARE OF THIS?

a Nationalist, and, as the People do not know the Meaning of those Terms, I am Rich and Respectable.”

MORAL.

When the recent Col. Shakespeare hinted that there was Nothing in a Name he did not know what he was talking about.

### A PRACTICAL IMPOSSIBILITY.

HE had a brilliant scheme by which He said he one day would grow rich, And meanwhile borrowed day by day Small sums, but ne'er was known to pay. At length a friend, whose purse he drained, Asked that the thing should be explained. “Oh,” said the schemer, “there's no doubt That it will splendidly pan out; From beet root sugar can be made If men of wealth will only aid.” “Pshaw!” said the other, “most absurd, Ridiculous, upon my word. It can't be done—your cake is dough, As all your creditors well know, In vain they seek, when you they meet, To get the sugar from a beet !”

### CONSOLATION FOR STAY-AT-HOMES.



AMBLING by the breezy lakeside, summer tourists freely roam, By necessities of business I'm compelled to stay at home.

I cannot join the gladsome throng in summer trips afar, It's just as much as I can do to take a High Park car, Or on a sweltering afternoon to seek the Island's shore, And try and make myself believe I wish for nothing more, When I'm lying in my attic on these sultry summer nights, I think, “Well, here, at any rate, are no mosquito bites, Whereas, if I were camping by some far Muskoka lake, With the buzzing noxious insect I'd be kept all night awake.” My quarters may be humble, but they're just as good as those Where the hapless summer boarder wrestles with nocturnal foes. And then, moreover, my abode is reasonably cheap, Whereas the price of summer board might make the angels weep.

And when the vivid lightning flash illumines all the gloom, And overhead in bursts I hear the rolling thunder boom, And rain comes down in torrents till the gutters overflow, I gaily chuckle to myself and laugh aloud “Ho! ho!” And think, as I imagine the discomforts of their plight, “Oh, ain't those fellows catching it who're camping out to-night?”

As I sip the cooling lager in some down-town hostelry It strikes me that Toronto is quite good enough for me. For in those backwoods regions in the hottest of the year You get naught but fiery whiskey or the flattest, muddiest beer. So those who have to stay at home may consolation find, The pleasures of a summer trip are mostly in your mind.

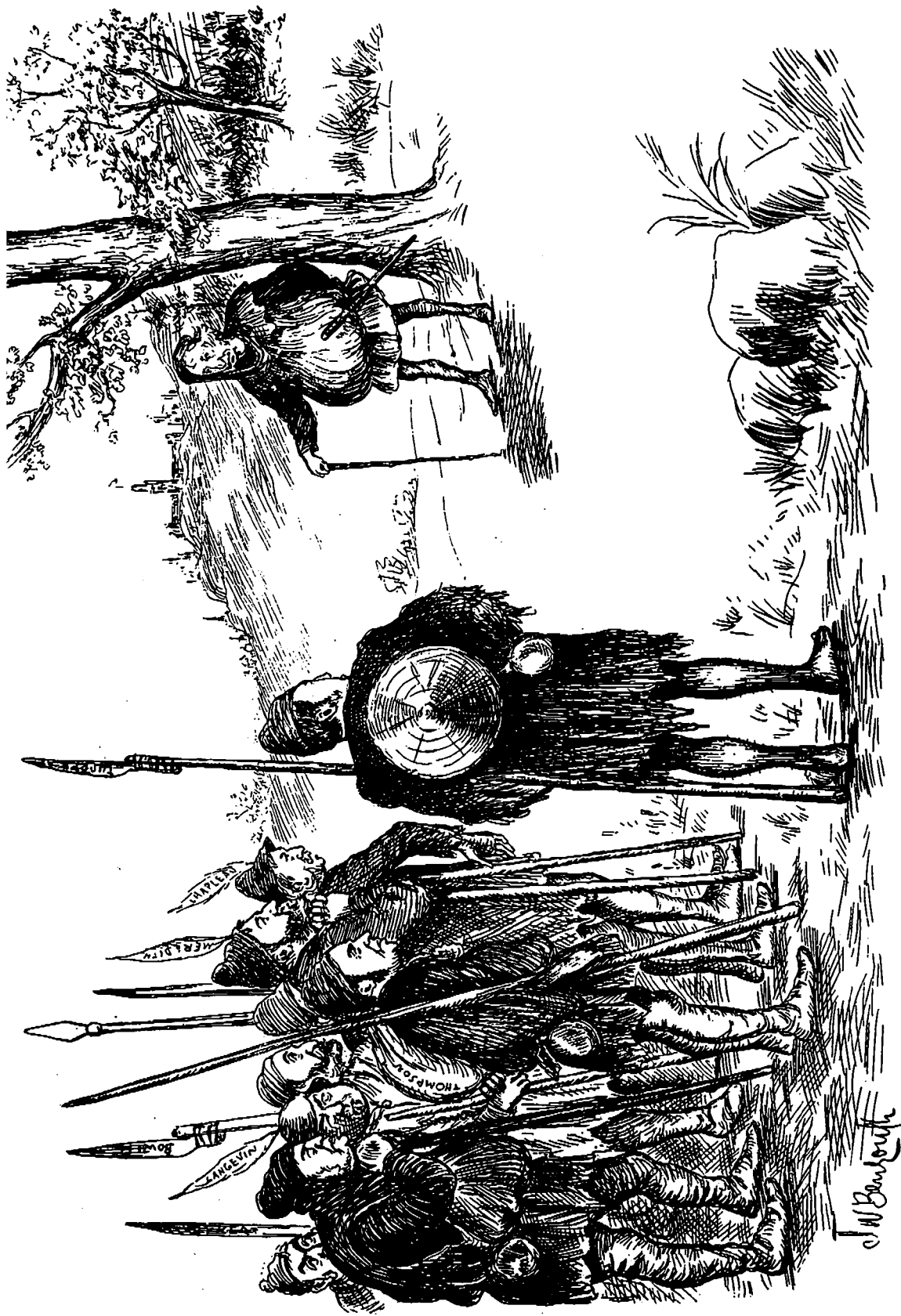
### A HORSE-CHESTNUT.

“MORNING, Wilkins. Fine day for the race.”  
“What—oh, no, you don't catch me with no such chestnut as that !”

“Call that a chestnut ?”

“Course I do—a horse-chestnut.”





SIR JOHN (FALSTAFF) LOOKING FOR A SUCCESSOR.

Sir J.—“If I be not ashamed of my soldiers I am a soused gurnet!”

J. M. Benbow



### FOOD FOR THE MIND.

HE (*literary*)—"How do you like Rice and Besant?"  
SHE (*worldly*)—"I never tasted it—but I like rice and curry!"  
—Funny Folks.

### HOW HE WAS "VINDICATED."

THE other evening a very pleasant and *recherché* little affair came off at the establishment of Mr. Mike Guffin, York Street, popularly known as the "Bummer's Roost," the occasion being the return to Toronto, after a two years' absence in Kingston, of Mr. Henry Muggins, generally known by the more familiar appellation of "Hank the Tough." It was Mr. Muggins' misfortune some time since to incur the enmity of some narrow-minded and vindictive persons, owing to the circumstance that a watch and pocket-book bearing a resemblance to those alleged to have been lost by a stranger from Hamilton were found in his possession, and the harsh and illiberal treatment he received at the hands of a judge, actuated by a very manifest bias against gentlemen of Mr. Muggins' stamp, caused great indignation among his numerous friends. Accordingly, it was resolved on his return to manifest their unswerving belief in his rectitude of character, and to testify their entire want of confidence in the judicial system, by tendering Mr. Muggins a grand banquet. The company which assembled in the spacious kitchen of the Bummer's Roost was a thoroughly representative one, including the eminent Professor De Jones, tonsorial artist, selected for the position of chairman on account of his lingual powers: P. Wratz, Larry the Kid, Shorty O'Toole, Snoozer Mike, Bill Budger, One-Eyed Bob, Dick the Clyfaker, Dago Pete, Tomkins, *alias* the Dude, Hinglish 'Arry—and many others. The *menu* included fried liver, bolonies, crackers and cheese, tripe and peanuts, with the usual beverages.

Professor De Jones said that they were there to vindicate, in the most emphatic way, the guest of the evening from the aspersions cast on him by a gang of malevolent persecutors. (Cries of "beer! beer!") He had pleasure in standing by a brave man. ("You bet he is. D'ye mind how he slugged the cop.") They could attach no sort of importance to the verdict of the court. ("Course we don't—courts be blowed!") Judges were a pernicky lot anyhow—actuated by a mean prejudice—he rejoiced that this gathering had cleared the character of Mr. Muggins, or, if he might call him so, "Hank the Tough," from the dastardly slanders of his adversaries. ("You bet—he's a daisy.")

Mr. Muggins, who was received with enthusiastic shouts of welcome and cries of "Here's a lookin' at yer, Hank," "Toot yer bazoo, old man," etc., said that he warn't no speaker, but by jiminy it was pretty nigh worth putting in two years at Kingston to get such a welcome from the gang. With regard to the kind of unfortunate circumstance attending his absence it wasn't his purpose to enter into any explanation. As to the charge against him the presence of the crowd that had met to do him honor was sufficient to show what they thought of its gravity. (Applause.) He had been grossly misrepresented by the press—(groans for the press)—and a judge and jury had attempted to ruin his character. If he had made mistakes they were of the head and not of the heart. Anyway the fellow that made all the trouble about his blooming old watch and a few cases was from Hamilton, and this public spirited Toronto gang would recognize that a man from Hamilton was fair game. He decidedly refused to accept the verdict of the court.

At this juncture of the proceedings a fight between Shorty O'Toole and Hinglish 'Arry temporarily interrupted the flow of oratory. The affair was in other respects a grand success and ought to reinstate Mr. Muggins in the good opinion of the public as completely as Gen. Middleton has been vindicated by the dinner eaten in his honor and Charley Rykert vindicated by the vote of the Lincoln electors. It is to be regretted, however, that there are still some bitterly censorious and prejudiced persons who cling to the opinion that Mr. Muggins is not altogether a trustworthy person, as his application to be appointed nightwatchman to a Bank has been very positively refused.

### YANKEE MEANNESS.

TELEGRAM EDITOR—"I've always said that the Yankees were the meanest nation on earth and this Chapeau business proves it."

WADSNICK—"How so? I don't quite see."

TELEGRAM EDITOR—"Don't see! Why, what could be plainer? Here was Chapeau, a Canadian, that had a chance to be the first man electrocuted for murder but the Governor of New York has just commuted the sentence. They do hate to see Canadians take the lead in anything."



### A NEW TERROR.

Probable effect of the Greek knot if it continues to grow at the present alarming rate.



**BOSTON GIRL**—"I understand that a lot of noted New Yorkers have been presented at court in London."

**CHICAGO GIRL**—"Indeed! What offence were they charged with?"

#### ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

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

**FLAPPER**—"I feel sorry for that poor immigrant over there. He wants to get a ticket for some place out West, but his English is so bad that no one can understand him."

**FLIPPER**—"It seems a pity that he can't Express himself, doesn't it?"—*The Fester.*

THE agony of Dyspepsia is immediately relieved by using Dyer's Quinine Wine. Perfectly harmless, easily assimilated and highly recommended by prominent physicians. Druggists keep it. W. A. Dyer & Co., Montreal.

**MRS. MCCRACKLE**—"That new clock is gaining half an hour a day."

**MCCRACKLE**—"Good enough! It will soon make enough time to pay for itself."—*Judge.*

**CABINET Photos** \$2.00 per dozen at the Perkins' studio, 293 Yonge Street. One extra photo mounted on fancy mount with each dozen. Cloudy weather as well as sunshine. J. J. Millikin, successor to T. E. Perkins, 293 Yonge Street.

**GUSHLEY**—"A man who is disappointed now a days can not throw away his life in battle, as jilted heroes did in the past."

**RUSHAY**—"That is true; but what is the matter with getting a position as a baseball umpire?"—*Chatter.*

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"Yes, it is said to be."  
"Well, then, I would like to marry necessity."

"Why?"  
"Because I would not have a mother-in-law. Necessity knows no law, you know."  
—*Munsey's Weekly.*

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**TEACHER**—"What is there remarkable about the Tower of Pisa?"

**PUPIL**—"It is mortgaged."

**TEACHER**—"How do you make that out?"

**PUPIL**—"I heard it had a lien on it."—*Munsey's Weekly.*

**MONEY** is the root of all evil. It might also be observed in this connection that it is a root which you have to grub pretty hard to get.

**MAN** wants but little here below,  
For years we've heard the poets sing;  
But from plain prose of life we know  
He wants a little of everything.

**N. MURRAY**, Book, News and Advertising Agent; agent for GRIP Publishing Co., Toronto. Publisher of the *Illustrated Guide to Montreal*, price 15 cents. 118 Windsor Street, Montreal, P.O. box 713.

THE man who takes up the reins of government generally finds that his team is composed of kickers, unless he lets them run the coach.—*Puck.*

In buying Diamonds and Fine Watches, this issue of GRIP invites its readers to call on the well-known firm of D. H. Cunningham, 77 Yonge Street, 2 doors north of King. Manufacturing to order, and a large stock of unset diamonds.

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So oft with shut-up peepers?  
Because, of course, a train of thought  
Runs easiest on the sleepers.

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BLOOD  
BITTERS**

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Daily (except Saturday and Sunday) at 11 p.m.

Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, Express at 10.25 a.m.

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Saturday at 12.05 p.m.

**Muskoka Wharf to Toronto from Lakes Muskoka, Rosseau and Joseph.**

Daily (except Sundays) at 2.15 p.m.; arrive Toronto 8 p.m.

Monday, Wednesday and Friday, 12.25 p.m.; arrive Toronto 4.30 p.m.

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PARLOR CARS on day train. SLEEPING CAR (to be left off at Gravenhurst) on 11 p.m. train.

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During July and August passengers can leave Toronto on SATURDAYS AT 5.10 P.M., reaching Penetang at 10.45 p.m., and leave Penetang on MONDAY MORNING, at 5.15 A.M., reaching Toronto at 9.40 a.m., and Hamilton at 11 a.m.

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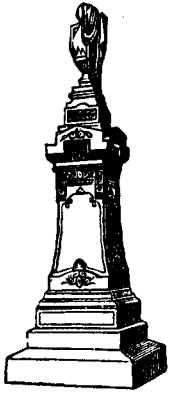
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The death claims in the General Section of the United Kingdom Temperance and General Provident Institution in 1889 were \$350,250 against \$47,240 the table expectation, or 78 per cent. of actual to expected claims. In the Temperance Section the actual death claims were \$219,370, against \$379,580 expected, or 57 per cent.—*Insurance and Finance Chronicle, July 1st, '90.*

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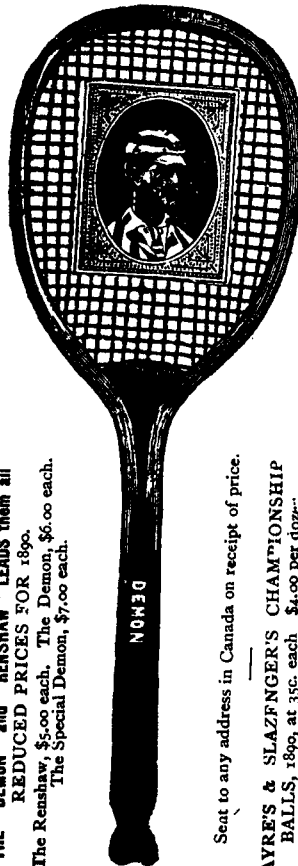
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NOTE.—Particulars as to localities and descriptions of limits, area, etc., and terms and conditions of sale will be furnished on application, personally or by letter, to the Department of Crown Lands, or to Wm. Margach, Crown Timber Agent, Rat Portage, for Rainy River Berths; or Hugh Munroe, Crown Timber Agent, Port Arthur, for Thunder Bay Berths.

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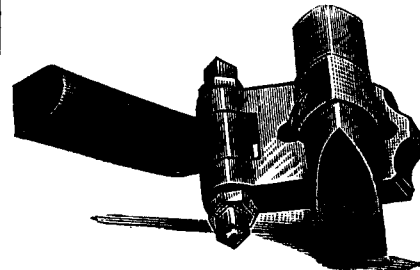
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