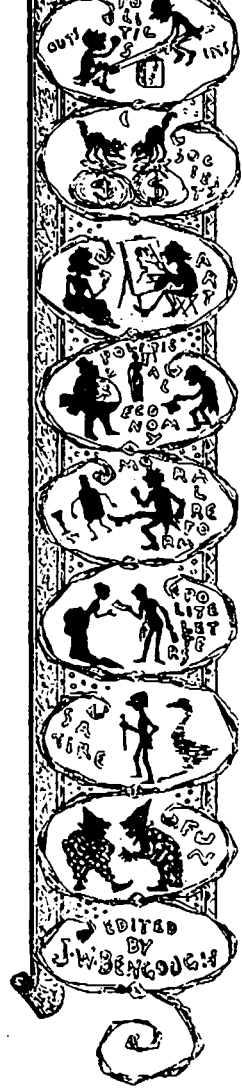


# THE GRIFFIN

FOUNDED  
INDEPENDENT  
JOURNAL  
OF HUMOR  
AND CARICATURE



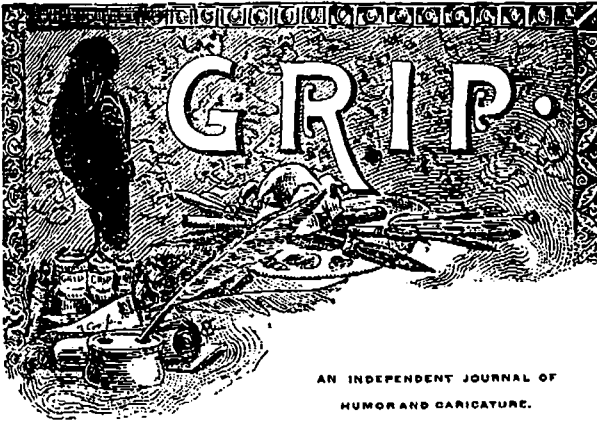
### IN FOR A DRENCHING.

E. B.—"I had no idea, Laurier, that it was going to storm like this!!"  
 W. L.—"Nor I. I supposed it was only a passing breeze."

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Comments on the Cartoons.



THE ROARING FARCE.—After an all-night debate the Grand Orange Lodge in session at Goderich, passed, by a slim majority, a series of resolutions in which the action of the Protestant members of Parliament (especially those of them who were Orangemen) in voting against O'Brien's resolution, was condemned. The clause in brackets was subsequently omitted, out of deference to the lacerated feelings of worthy Brothers Sir John, Howell, Rykert, Haggert, *et al.* Beyond this verbal condemnation—which was thus afterwards robbed of its sting—the Grand Lodge voted \$1,000 to the funds of the Citizens' Committee, and—that was all. It made no emphatic declaration in favor of the disallowance

of the Bill, and it uttered no advice to its members to hereafter repudiate the leadership of politicians who had betrayed and disgraced the Order. The outcome was plainly a triumph for the Tory machine, which was represented in the Lodge by a strong delegation. The very fact of the debate lasting all night proves that the supreme object in view was to shield the Government. On grounds of Orange principle alone, there was no occasion for any debate whatever. It now remains for the rank and file to administer the rebuke which the political managers in the Grand Lodge deserve, and if they fail to do it they become parties to their own degradation. The hullabaloo at Goderich was the old minstrel farce in which the well-padded comedian is severely pounded (upon the pad) with a split club, the result being a terrific racket—and that only.

IN FOR A DRENCHING.—Day by day the storm of public indignation against the Jesuit Act grows fiercer. From all parts of the Province come reports of meetings of citizens, lodges, conferences, etc. etc., at which resolutions are passed expressing unqualified condemnation of the action of the Parliamentary majority. The leaders of the Grit party probably begin to apprehend now that all this public turmoil means something. They find that the people will not accept their pettifoggling plea of Provincial Rights as a justification for their betrayal of the general interests of the Dominion, and that they are "in for it" when next they face the country.



HE "Culross Poet" is probably known by reputation to our cultured readers. Like Homer, Shakespeare, and a few other bards of good standing, he is enveloped in some obscurity as to his personality. We do not know precisely what town or village claims him for a citizen—but most likely he lives somewhere in the township whose name he has made immortal. It is enough to be sure that he is one of our native poets, and while he continues to enjoy the divine afflatus, we see no reason to despair of Canadian Literature. These remarks are by way of preface to the following little gem which the Poet has "written for the Toronto GRIP." Aside from its intrinsic literary merit, the verse has an historic value for the future biographer, in throwing some light on the political leanings of the distinguished author:

SIR JOHN'S EPITAPH.

Here lies Sir John, Premier of late,  
He died and went to Heaven's gate;  
Gabriel met him with a club,  
And knocked him back to Beelzebub.

SPEAKING of Sir John reminds us that that very great statesman was last week invested with the honorary degree of LL.D. by the University of Toronto. Thus is political virtue rewarded. In some countries, Universities entrusted with the power of decorating people with alphabetical baubles are not very particular as to the selections they make. They have been known to thus honor men who had shown a bad political example to the youth of the country by popularizing bribery, corruption, gerrymandering, etc., and in one or two instances statesmen who have even truckled to the Jesuits have received degrees. We are glad to observe that our Canadian University displays no such laxity, and reserves its honors exclusively for those who have been a benefit and a blessing to the commonwealth.

HON. OLIVER MOWAT and Mr. Meredith were also decorated on the same occasion for eminent services to the country. The LL.D. in Mr. Mowat's case signifies that he is an adept at Doctoring the Laws and Languages of the Eastern Ontario schools.

"WHY should we give a cent at all? Vote it down!" This is what Ald. Denison is reported to have said upon the motion of Ald. Fleming to send \$5,000 to the Johnstown sufferers. The words are simply brutal, and disgrace both their author and the Council in which he sits. The people of the United States are well able—and more than willing—to accord all necessary assistance to their afflicted fellow-citizens without outside help, true

enough ; but that is no reason why we, their kinsmen, should not take advantage of every opportunity of showing our good feeling toward them in a practical way. Perhaps it is this sentiment that the Denison chiefly opposes. If so, we can tell him that "loyalty" which takes such a form is the meanest sort of treason. The amount of money to be voted is of no consequence, but the spirit of international sympathy and brotherhood is something the people of Canada hold precious—ininitely more so than the species of "patriotism" evinced in the above speech. By-the-way, what a pity it is that this sort of "loyalty" is not confined to one member of that fearfully military family !

\* \* \*

**D**R. HENDERSON, the retiring President of the Ontario Medical Association, went for the "quacks" with peculiar vigor in his opening address at the late convention. The term, as understood by the learned gentleman and his fellow members, seems to embrace all practitioners who believe in printers' ink beyond the limits of the modest medical card in the newspaper. Fellows who run up a big advertising account, and especially those who publish pictures of their happily-cured patients, and elaborate descriptions of their "cases," are simply unspeakable, and are fit subjects for lynching, in the orthodox medical opinion. But does it necessarily follow that a doctor who advertises is a fraud? Isn't it, after all, merely a fine point of ethics? And isn't the professional view which now prevails pretty hard on the poor newspaper man?

\* \* \*

**H**AVE you noticed an unusually blithe, chirpy, honey-moony air about Mr. Bernhard Gillam's last cartoon in *New York Judge*? Yes? Know the reason? A short time ago he flung down his pencil, put on his Sunday clothes, executed a light fantastic figure expressive of unutterable bliss, and went off and got married. The lady by whose co-operation this "idea" was happily worked out, and who now fills the capacious heart of the young cartoonist, was Miss Arkell, daughter of the well-known publisher. Having possessed himself of this prize, Gillam of course skipped for Canada, taking in Toronto, Montreal, Quebec, etc. He returned, however, to New York, where he resumed his pencil with the results you've noticed. GRIP extends his felicitations,

and wishes long life and happiness to his brother brush and his fair partner.



\* \* \*

**U**JUS ANIMAM is a pretty tall solo for the average tenor to tackle. This is what we thought the other evening when our promising young vocalist, Mr. Dent, made an effort at it. It was by no means a failure, either, but the high C is something which must be wooed long and lovingly before it is surely captured. This was at the concert of

the Torrington Orchestra, which was, on the whole, very pleasing and successful. Miss Burdette seems to be growing in popular favor. A little more soul ; a trifle of additional *verve* ; just a slight bit of *abandon*, or a little increase of *elan*—if you catch our meaning—would improve the work of this pretty young lady. Mr. Tor-

ington covered himself with glory on the occasion, not only by the conducting, but by the peremptory way in which he choked off the *encore* fiend, who was out in force, as usual.

\* \* \*

**D**OMINION DAY is, of course, a distinctively Canadian affair, and a grand celebration of it furnishes a proper occasion for the display of specifically Canadian sentiment. Toronto is to mark the date this year with something unusually striking, and the Canadianism of our citizens is beginning to come out strongly in view thereof. At the preliminary meeting the other day, for example, there were present Ex-Ald. Steiner, representing the German Society ; Mr. Burns, Emerald Association ; and Mr. Lewis, St. David's (Welsh), Society. No doubt the Scotch, French, Danish, Scandinavian, Italian, Russian and African Societies will be heard from in due time, and a real Canadian atmosphere is sure to surround the affair. It may be mentioned in passing that Mr. E. E. Sheppard was on hand to represent a foreign organization known as the Canadian Legion, but this will not seriously interfere with the national character of the celebration.

\* \* \*

**D**R. MGLYNN was greeted by a magnificent audience notwithstanding the rain and mud, and received an ovation of which any man might be proud. And never was an audience more richly repaid for braving dirty weather. For nearly three hours they sat enraptured under the spell of the noble priest's eloquence, and it is safe to say that he won the hearts if he did not convince the judgment of all. He had a glorious theme—the brotherhood of man—and he treated it as only a true Catholic—that is, a lover of his race—can. In Dr. McGlynn the best traditions of Irish eloquence survive. His next visit to Toronto will be anticipated with unmixed pleasure.

**OUT OF SLUMBER.**

**A**s a fawn he was browsing in soft trellis'd nook,  
Bed of ferns ; as a red speckl'd trout in the brook ;  
At the sweet honeysuckle a bee did he light ;  
As Narcissus, Adonis with Venus in sight—  
Rap-a-Tap.

'Tis the voice of the brewer, awaken'd at dawn,  
By the clumsy hand-maiden—once more as a fawn,  
With suspicions of Keats ; yet again and he strives  
With the labors of Hercules—Hydra—nine lives—  
Rap-a-Tap.

"Very well ! Gettin' up !" on his side doth he roll,  
Not so pleasant his dreams, now again he's a mole ;  
Lost his eyes ; his car tickets : is glued to the scat ;  
He has just missed his train ; has forgotten the meat—  
Rap-a-Tap.

Try again ! Up to Morpheus tenders his care,  
"Will not shave before breakfast !"—abundance of hair ;  
It is filling his mouth, it is cramming his ears,  
Groweth down through his scalp—Red Indians—Hell—fears—  
Rap-a-Tap.

Then away with suspense, flings himself out of bed ;  
Then up high with the window, then out with his head,  
There are men at the door with wheelbarrow and nails,  
They are numbering his house, and the soul's echo wails—  
Rap-a-Tap.

Then good-bye to sweet slumber, all private repose—  
He is branded a number which nobody knows ;  
All his letters re-stamped ; when proclaiming a feast  
He's to bid all his friends to the sign of the Beast—  
Rap-a-Tap. H. A. L.



### HE WAS MODERATE.

STERN PARENT (to suitor who has asked for his daughter's hand)  
 —“Young man, can you support a family?”  
 YOUNG MAN (meekly)—“Er—I only wanted Sarah”

### UNCLE JOHN TO HIS BOY.

HE EXPLAINS HONORARY DEGREES AND OTHER  
 DESERVED TRIBUTES.

“MY dear Uncle John,” said the boy, looking up from the newspaper, “I see that the College of Cavoorters has been conferring honorary degrees on a whole lot of people in town. What are ‘honorary degrees,’ please? and what good does it do to get them? and what does it mean by ‘conferring’ them? and why do they confer them? and—”

“Sh! Steady! One at a time is good fishing, my boy! Here, hand me my pipe, and, while I draw at it, you draw at me.

“Question No. 1 is on the paper. Let us consider it: ‘What are Honorary Degrees?’ Honorary degrees, my boy, are various kinds of taffy they keep in a liquid form at the colleges. They are always on tap, but it is only at the full of the moon, during certain years, that the stuff is allowed to flow out.

“Now for No. 2: ‘What good does it do to get them?’ It does the taffy good, my boy. Unless drawn occasionally, everybody would forget there was such stuff made, and probably go on forgetting until they forgot about the makers. This would be bad for business. It would hurt the trade of the colleges, and men who hadn’t tasted any Honorary Degree taffy would not advertise the colleges for nothing, or send their boys there to board. Then, you know, this free taffy is relished by most persons, and it does them good to get it. It fattens and puffs them out, and makes their names longer to write and sometimes sweeter to pronounce. For instance, ‘John Smith, LL.D.’ looks nicer in print than ‘J. Smith;’ and ‘Doctor Jabberjaw’ sounds more euphonious and elegant than ‘Lyer Jabberjaw.’ Oh, it does good, my boy—it really does good.

“As to question No. 3: To ‘confer’ is to give away free, gratis, for nix. Some people have to buy degrees; not many years ago, my boy, you could get an M.D. over the border for a few dollars; while D.Ds and LL.Ds, and Ph.Ds, and so on, were purchasable *pro ratio*—which means for the most they would bring. Free degrees, to be sure, are very inviting. But yet I believe the best way would be to have them for sale at the grocery stores, and then everybody would have a chance to enjoy them. As it is now, a man has got to be

a pretty well-known politician and lawyer, or a painstaking member of Conference, with influence on the Stationing Committee, or a first-class party wire-puller, or the head of some big secret society, or a titled personage with already more degrees than he can conveniently carry round in his trunk, in order to stand a show for this college taffy.

“And now, my boy, to reply to question No. 4: ‘Why do they confer them?’ Well, the fact is, it would require time to fill out a long and sensible answer to this. But just think of the fun they have, not to mention the fun you and I and the rest of us have when we read all about it.”

“Thank you, dear Uncle John, for telling me all this,” said the boy with a sweet, sad smile. “But, say, Uncle John, do you know I don’t think I’d care to be at one of these Honorary Degree Taffy Pulls?”

“Quite right, my boy! Nor I either. When you are old enough to feel like taking some degrees, be ambitious enough to earn them or sensible enough to decline them as a present. There is lots of fun about the free-gratis-for-nothing business; but, after all, it is not chiefly for fun we are living, my boy! Now, turn over to the local page, and read me the Births, Deaths and Marriages.”

### MY BIKE.

WHEN I perchance a header take,  
 And one of the commandments break,  
 What cleaves the air right in my wake?  
 My bike.

When I sit on the road so hard  
 That all my teeth are sorely jarred;  
 What is quite often bent and marred?  
 My bike.

What makes my head go round and round,  
 What often makes me wildly pound  
 A large dint in the stony ground?  
 My bike.

The druggist he grows fat and gay  
 By making sales of arnica,  
 To that young man, who loves, they say,  
 His bike.

The wheel is now his joy and pride;  
 He don’t fall—much; and woe betide  
 The cynic who would dare deride  
 The bike.

E. A. C.



### HIS “OUTING.”

JAWKINS—“Hello, Charley, what are you doing—moving?”  
 SLIMSEY—“Just commenced my vacation, old man.”  
 JAWKINS—“Your vacation? Rather early, isn’t it?”  
 SLIMSEY—“Well, yes, perhaps; but I’m vacating at the request of my landlady, don’t you know.”



### A KICKER COME TO JUDGMENT.

(Vide John Sheridan's letter in World of Saturday, June 1.)

SHERIDAN.—“That license-commission system must be abolished. I'm going to fight you and the Party till it is done.”

O. M.—“Don't, John; please don't. I'll abolish it; I'll do anything rather than have you scatter those pamphlets among the farmers!”

#### MINISTER BOWELL'S REFLECTIONS.

“Oh, for a lodge in some vast wilderness,  
Some calm retreat where haply I might dodge  
The storm of contumely and bitterness.  
Oh, no!—I do not mean an Orange lodge!

Hard is the politician's lot of late,  
To mingle oil and water—weave a rope  
Of shifting sand—to make assimilate  
The followers of King William and the Pope.

When the Regina scaffold we had reared,  
We thought our cause cemented by Riel's blood,  
But, from a quarter which we little feared,  
We now await the dull and sickening thud.

Among the French who yet for vengeance cry,  
Riel's restless spirit still goes marching on,  
While those who shed his blood to pacify  
Kick in their turn and execrate Sir John.

Ungrateful wretches! How could they expect  
That we would alienate the Papist vote?  
For had we dared the Jesuit Bill reject,  
'Twould simply be to cut the Party's throat.

Fools! they've the offices—what more'd they want?  
The contracts, land grants, spoils in every form,  
And yet the idiots needs must rave and rant,  
And raise about my ears this cursed storm.

Well, let them put us out, and soon they'll find  
The new rule more distasteful than the old,  
The Grits no less than us to Rome inclined,  
And Orange spoilsmen shivering in the cold.

This cant of loyalty is well enough  
To pull the wool over the public eye,  
We politicians discount all that stuff,  
Though oft we use it as a telling cry.

“God save the Queen” means simply “God save me,  
The Party and my chance a place to win.”  
These kickers are but human, just as we,  
I guess we'll have to take Clarke Wallace in.

PHILLIPS THOMPSON.

#### THE SAME OLD TROUBLE.

“HELLO, Jenkins. Why do you look so doleful?  
What's gone wrong?”

“Nothin' much. Got fired from the *Daily Paralyzer*  
a few weeks ago. You know I was night foreman there.  
Advertisers kept kicking like steers all the time, and the  
boss got mad.”

“What about?”

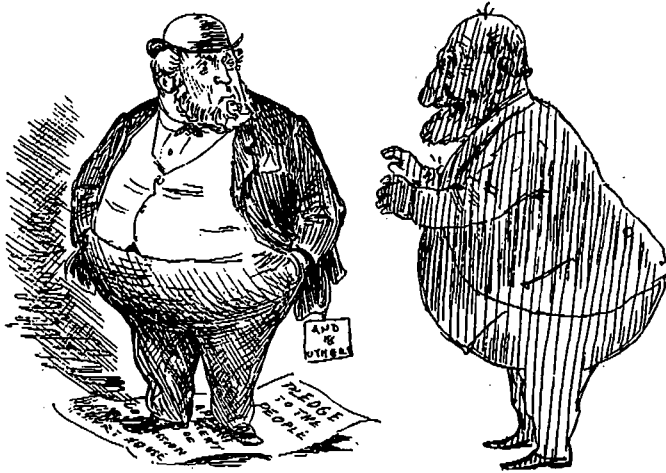
“Oh, because I couldn't put every fellow's ad. at the  
head of the column. So I had to leave.”

“Yes—and what are you driving at now?”

“Well, I've gone into real estate.”

“Ah! allow me to congratulate you. You'll make  
your pile in a year or two, and retire as a bloated plutocrat.”

“Humph! I don't know. I'm in just the same old  
trouble. I'm getting up a plan, and for the life me I  
can't fix it so as to give every purchaser a corner lot.  
This is a cruel world.”



### A VOICE FROM SPIRIT LAND.

GHOST OF BOSS TWEED.—“Never mind, John, you and your eighteen colleagues have my approving smile. I call it a good joke to get the people to vote the money on condition of your appointing commissioners to superintend the building of the new court-house, and then to turn round and refuse to appoint 'em. Just what I would have done. Have it built under the committee, John, and whatever pickings there may be, you understand, needn't be squandered on outsiders. I'm proud of you and the rest of the boys; you're aldermen after my own heart—if you only know enough now to make proper use of the opportunity you have provided.”

### THE TIN OF BEEF.

(A Fragment of a Departmental Tragedy.)

SCENE—OTTAWA: Sir John seated in his office.

Sir J. A. M. Now am I safe! Quebec, with greedy maw,  
Hath gulped the sop which I did throw to her;  
Four hundred thousand dollars. A goodly sum.  
Alas, that it should be thrown to those Jesuits!  
Full well I ween to what foul use 'twill go.  
A truce to fears;—Avaunt! after me the deluge!  
As good King Hezekiah saith: “In my time peace.”  
But hark! methinks I hear a step upon the stairs!  
How shall I school my countenance that none may guess  
Which way my thought did run? I'll blandly smile, I wot!

[Smiles.]

Enter the Min. of the Int. in undignified haste; his hair on end,  
and his eyes “dreadfully staring.”

M. of I. Oh! Sir John, Sir John, a dire calamity;  
A dread misfortune hath befallen us!  
A tin of beef—heed well my words—a tin  
Of beef, prepared, and costing twenty cents,  
From out our Departmental stores is filched!

Sir J. A. M. Zounds! Stolen? When and where?

M. of I. At Wabigoon, but three short years ago, 'twas eaten;  
But by whom, no man can tell!

Sir J. A. M. Is there no clue?

M. of I. Yea, we've a clue: near by to Wabigoon  
Was found the empty tin!

Sir J. A. M. Is there a mark on that?

M. of I. In sweet sooth is there! Large and goodly characters

Proclaim the well-known firm, Armour & Co.

Sir J. A. M. Fellow-sharer in the glory and the honor  
Which office doth bring us, as well as dear partner  
In that sweet *et cetera*—

[A great sigh escapes the speaker.]

M. of I. Why that sigh, Sir John?

Dost thou begrudge me a share of th' *et-cetera*?

Sir J. A. M. Nay, nay; I sighed o'er Canada's great loss.

A tin of beef is gone! A plan we must concoct

Whereby that monstrous disaster we may mend.

Reflect one moment: we are the custodians

Of the nation's wealth. Upon us falls the task—

(Which we most meekly do accept)—to see that wealth

Which this good people, with so lavish hand,

Confides to us, disbursed in prudent fashion.

Prithee, what hast thou done in this beef business?

M. of I. From my office hath streamed forth fool-  
scap by the quire.

Envelopes in bundles, and red-tape by the mile.

And yet the hungry thief who stole the nation's beef  
Remains at large, and my vengeful hands yet clutch  
thin air!

Sir J. A. M. Ah, well-a-day! Oft on the righteous  
trouble falls!

Wisely hast thou acted; continue in thy course:

Write more and more, 'twill give employment to thy  
clerks.

Remember our duty to the nation; and when  
Comes the time to send in thine accounts, act sagely:  
Take thy bill and quickly write in lieu of quires, reams.  
Touching envelopes,—for each bundle write a gross;  
And in the red-tape item, for miles write leagues.  
So shall the beef, without a special tax be paid for;  
And so, too, shall swell the margin which yields for us  
Our sweet *et cetera*.

M. of I. O, Chief, level's thy head!

With gladsome heart will I thy word obey:

Thou, from my soul, a ponderous load hast lifted;

Well hast thou earned my thanks! But woe await the  
wretch

Who this our beef has crookedly purloined!

Farewell, my Chief, thou friend of th' Inquisition!

[Exit.]

E. W. L.

### HE WANTED TO LEARN FARMING.

JOHN McGRUBBER was a hard-working Canadian farmer living in one of the rear concessions of Eramosa township. Owing to the heavy taxes imposed by the N.P. and the low prices of grain, John had found it difficult to make ends meet for the last few years, and the question of ways and means was becoming a serious one.

“Marthy,” said he to his wife one evening, “Jake Butterfield wuz a tellin me that they wuz darned fools in England which would actilly pay money to be larnt farmin' and do a hired man's work into the bargain. Them English fellers has more money nor they knows what to do with, and lots of 'em takes to farmin' jist fur fun, like.”

“Yer don't say, John,” replied Martha, looking up from her sewing. “Now it *would* be real nice if we could get one of 'em to help work the farm an' pay for doin' it, wouldn't it?”

“Yes,” replied John. “I've been thinkin' over it. Guess I'll go to town to-morrow and git Lawyer Flyman to write out an advertisement an' send it to the English papers. I s'pose it wouldn't be no use expectin' the London *Times* or *Spectator* or any of them high-toned papers to trade it out in apples or 'taters, would it? They allus must have cash—so Jake says, and they allus charge like thunder, too—'bout ten times as much as our papers. Well, I guess it's worth trying.”



MODERN BUSINESS PRINCIPLES.

A SIGN OF THE TIMES.

So the advertisements were duly despatched, and in a few weeks afterwards a reply was received from an English gentleman of position who was desirous that his son should become thoroughly instructed in Canadian agriculture, and agreed to pay a premium of fifty pounds to Mr. McGrubber as a consideration for said instruction. This amount—minus a handsome fee to Lawyer Flyman, who drew up a contract of seventeen pages embodying the agreement, containing all sorts of conditions, provisoes and stipulations—was received in advance, to the great delight of the McGrubbers, who were thereby enabled to stave off the inevitable mortgage for another season.

One fine Spring morning, the neophyte, Mr. Augustus Swellsby, arrived at the farmhouse. He was a slim young man of about twenty, elegantly attired in a fashionable London suit, which rather incongruously terminated in a pair of heavy top-boots into which he had tucked his pants in cow-boy fashion. He glanced at the farm-house with a rather disappointed air.

"Ah, Mr. McGrubber, I presume," said he. "Happy to make your acquaintance. So—ah, this is the farm? But I thought you lived in a log house. Don't you all have log houses in the backwoods?"

"Backwoods! This ain't the backwoods—an' log houses is gettin' mighty skerce in these parts," was the reply.

I have hired a man to bring my trunks from the station. I had to pay him a pound; they will be heah directly."

"Hired a man an' paid him a pound! Gracious, man, ef you'd a said so I'd have druv down an' brought up your trunk fur nothin'."

"Ah, but I have eighteen trunks."

"Great Scott! Whoever heard of a feller travellin' with eighteen trunks! What yer got into 'em? an' where d'yer reckon to put 'em? Guess they'll have to go inter the barn."

Just then the teamster drove up and unloaded in the midst of the astounded McGrubber family and a number of the neighbors who had seen the load passing and followed it up. There were wooden trunks, leather trunks, tin cases and bundles of wraps and overcoats strapped together, hat boxes, gun cases, fishing rods, etc.

"Careful, fellah," said Swellsby. "That's my double-barrelled gun. Now hand me my fishing rods. Aw, by the way, I suppose there's good fishing in the neighborhood—plenty of trout?"

"Well, I dunno. They say they used to be trout in Snyder's Creek about three mile from here, but I can't say for sure. I guess the saw-mill kinder spoiled the fishin'," replied McGrubber.

"Aw, what a beastly law! And I've just bought five pounds' worth of beautiful flies, you know. But I suppose you've lots of game about?"

"What kind of game? They wuz some fellers out from Toronto last fall lookin' for game, an' I believe they did git a few squirrels or somethin', but there ain't been no partridge nor pigeons nor nothin' worth shootin' fur a dozen years or more."

An expression of blank astonishment and dismay came over the features of the Englishman.

"And do you mean to tell me," he said, "that here in Canada you have no bears or deer or wolves—aw—no game at all, you know?"

"Game—haw, haw," said Bill Smithers, the hired man on an adjacent farm. "Oh, yes, I reckon you can git all the game yer want, an' more too. There was a couple of sports from Buffalo or somewheres over here last township



DON'T YOU SEE?

POLICEMAN—"Ha! you fraud! How can you read a paper if you are blind, as you pretend?"

MENDICANT—"Blind? Oh, no, thank heaven, my eyesight is first-rate. It's my dog that's blind."

show, an' they started a skin game at the corners. Cleaned me out of twenty-two dollars and a half in about fourteen York minutes. Oh, yes, lots of fellers kin show yer a game."

"But really—aw—you know, if there is no fishing and no shooting—aw—how do you amuse yourselves? I intended to have risen early before the labors of the day to have some fishing."

"You'd have to git up about midnight then," said McGrubber, "for work begins at half past four an' I calculate to call you jest about that time to tend to the stock. You've half-a-dozen cows to milk afore six."

Augustus nearly fainted. "But really, you know, I—I—nevah milked a cow in my life. I don't intend to do—aw—rough manual labor. Just to—aw—get an insight into the principles of farming, you know."

"Yer don't, heh? Well, what in thunder did yer come here for? Look here, my friend, ef you larn farmin' with me you got to git up at four, feed the stock, do the chores, put in a good day's ploughin'—an' all the time you'll have to yourself is after sundown, an' then I reckon you won't feel much like fishin' or shootin' or any of that nonsense. Guess you'd better raffle off them guns and fishin' rods and books and things—you'll have no use for 'em here."

"But—but—I never heard of such a thing, you know! I want to join a good cricket club and follow the 'ounds sometimes, and belong to a circulating library and all that. You don't expect a fellah to work all day. I might as well be a common mechanic, by Jove."

"Haw, haw. Git onto the dude!" yelled Bill Smithers.

"Reckon he thought this country was chuck full of Injuns and buffaloes," said another.

"I shall not remain here," said Swellsby, indignantly. "Couldn't think of it, you know. I came to learn to be a gentleman farmer. Fellah, replace my luggage and dwive me back to the station. Of course you'll return the fifty pounds premium?"

"Oh, no, not much," said McGrubber. "Take right aholt an' larn farmin' ef yon want—but they ain't nothin' in the 'greement about givin' back the money."

And he didn't.



## A ROMANCE OF IRISH AGITATION.



"Shure there was beautiful disthress at Ballyruccion. Divil a shroke of work would the bhoys do 'till they got their cabins rint free. Bedad, they shrung up the Constabulary and let the loight through ivery spalpeen that came near the place wid dacent clothes on his back, all but Mr. O'Dinnymight, M.P., for shure he sympathized wid them. 'Me bhoys,' says he, 'me heart bleeds for yez! It's mesilf 'll be aafter sendin' an ultimatum to your thafe of a landlord that'll make him shake in his brogues.'"



"But, begor, the cratur carried it too far, and brought throuble on them, for he scared the land grabbin' thafe till he made them a prisint av his fields and houses and divil a grievance had they left. Och thin, its ruined they were entoirely! Work and prosperity stared them in the face. It's killin' O'Dinnymight they were aafter. Faix, Barney Mulligan stamped his fut through him and hung him on a bough, and the bhoys set foire to Ballyruccion and imigrated in search of grievances."—*London Fun*.

## KEEPING AN EYE ON US.

ACCORDING to GRIP, that clever illustrated paper of Toronto, the late session of the Canadian Parliament would indicate that the Dominion Government, Opposition, and Governor-General, are in the hands of the Jesuits. That is the way it appears to observers on this side of the line. But we are looking to the outcome of the Jesuit suit against the *Toronto Mail*, for the more important indication as to whether justice and Canadian jurors are also in the same facile hands.—*America, Chicago*.

## SHORT BUT TIMELY.

YOUNG PENWIPER (after a raid upon nature for material)—"I say, Blottingpad, I've got an article into print at last."

BLOTTINGPAD—"Well done, old boy! What is it about?"

PENWIPER—"It's short, just one sentence. 'Two dollars and costs or twenty days.'"

THE Secretary of the Interior—The Housekeeper.





THE ROARING FARCE AT GODERICH.



### THEOLOGICAL.

(SCENE—Near General Assembly meeting place.)

FIRST DELEGATE—"I've been waiting half an hour for you, McSmithers. What makes you so late?"

SECOND DO. (*consulting his watch*)—"Dear me, I've been going by this watch, and I find it's ever so much out. I shall never have faith in it again."

FIRST DO.—"It's not so much a question of faith as of good works, I should say."

### SCOTTIE AIRLIE.

BACKBAYONT, May 18, '89.

*An' a strong east wind blawin'.*

DEAR MAISTER GRIP,—Oor Wully is a schulemaister here, ye ken, an' bein' anxious to gang to a funeral about twenty mile frae here, he gae me chairge o' the schule till he wad come back. Sac I got the keys an' a pair o' tawse, lang an' braid, weel birsled at the ends, an' calkilated to gar the fingers o' transgressors for oors. When I had opened the door an' let them a' in, an' was just gaun awa to steek my een an' say the prayer, the awfu'est reeshle cam to the door that ever ye heard. Me! I couldna think what it was. However, doon I staps oot o' the dask an' opens the door; an' there, to my great astonishment, stood a great, fat, freckly-faced fisher-wife, wi' her coats kilted, a muckle apron round her sides, an' her shortgoon sleeves rowed up to her shooter heads. In her hand she carried a flannen cloot dreepin' wi' watter, a lump o' soap an' a muckle coorse towel.

"Is oor Jock here?" she demandit, like a drum-major.

"Yes," says I, for I happened to ken the laddie.

"Eh! that's an' awfu' laddie! Do you think I could get him to wash his face afore he gaed to the schule? No him!"

An' wi' that she maiches in past me into the schule.

"Come here, ye blackgaird," she cried, as her e'e lichter on her son creepin' in below the desk oot o' sicht. "Oh, ye needna think I dinna see ye. I'll learn ye, my gentleman, to come here to the schule wi' a face like as ye had been soopin' the lum. Steek that door!" she cried to me, an' instantly I claps tae the door an' sets ma back up against it, an' then the awfu'est chase began. A fox-hunt was naething till it. The laddie crap in below the dask an' the mither dived doon after

him, but he was oot at the front row o' seats afore she could get up again, an' when she cam up to catch him, he was aff across the flure like a moose we' a cat after 't. A' the schule by this time was in a perfect roar o' delight, an' 'deed I maun confess I didna enjoy the game that ill mysel. Hooever, I tried to keep up a show o' authority by holdin' up my hand an' solemnly cryin' oot, "Silence!"

Jock's mither by this time had thrown doon baith cloots an' soap on the flure, an', makin' a bee-line for the laddie's head, tried to clutch him by the hair, but, like Joseph's coat when Mrs. Potiphar glammed haud o't, he left it in her hand an' cam off scot free.

"Ye red-headed deevil! oot o' this schule I'll nae gang till I get that black face o' yours washen. Comin' here like a perfect sweep, affrontin' yer decent mither. Come 'ere, see!"

But Jock stubbornly stood at bay on the tap o' a desk, at the far end o' the schule.

"Jock, like a dear," said the despairin' woman, changin' her tactics, "if ye'll come an' let me just wash your face, noo, I'll gie ye a bawbee to buy sugar-bools wi', an' I'll let your faither tak' ye for a sail in his boat."

"No, I'll no," says Jock, soor cneuch.

"What's that ye say? Will ye daur say 'no' tae yer mither? D'ye no ken the Fifth Commandment says to honor yer faither an' mither, that thy days may be lang in the land which—my fegs, lad! when the deil taks ye an' pits ye in the muckle roorin' fire, you'll be wussin' your mither was only there to wash yer face. Come here, I tell ye!"

Jock, hooever, never moved a'e stap, an' the woman, in a tearin' rage, made a'e sprang up on tap o' the desks after him, an' I solemnly declare to ye that the picter o' that fat woman davein' here an' there on tap o' the schule desks was mair than flesh an' bluid could stand, an' I sae far forgot my posection as to lauch. It was a fatal mistake. For the meenit my reesibilities ga'e way, I lost a' control o' the bairns, an' the way they lauched, an' roored, an' eggit on the disobedient scoundrel in his rebellion against parental authority was simply disgraceful. Fortune favored the mither, though, for Jock, wha had just left his purshooer wi' a handfu' o' red hair in her hand, somehow slippin' an' fell doon head first atween twa desks, an', wi' a shout o' triumph, she instantly descended on him, haulin' him up by the leg o' the breeks, an' finally collarin' him by the cuff o' the neck. Then she dragged him, kickin' like a steer, to the middle of the flure. But, unfortunately for the puir woman, she stappit on the soap she had thrown doon at first, an' doon she cam on the braid o' her back, wi' a thud that shook the schule-hoose. But she hung on to Jock a' the same, an', though he struggled sair, he couldna get free, an' at last, amid great splutterin', an' screamin', an' kickin', Mrs. Buchanan washed an' dried her son's face.

"Noo!" she cried triumphantly, settin' him free wi' a face shinin' like a nor'-west moon; but the incarnate wretch, ye'll no hinder him to get doon on his stummock and rub his new-washed face on the dirty flure, in defiance an' determination to hae his ain way. Back an' forrit, an' up an' doon he rubbit it, till it was waur than ever. But when I saw his mither makin' ready to tak' anither plunge after him, I opened the door, an' oot he flew, an' she after him; an' when I got the door steekit I resumed my prayer, managin' to get in twa-rec hints edgewise aboot respect to parents, an' sic like. The day's experience I maun keep till anither time, but I'll no forget it in a hurry.

Yours truly,

HUGH AIRLIE.

Mrs. B.—“The Browning cult has rather subsided in your city, has it not?”

Mrs. L. (from Chicago)—“Yes, indeed! Now that we have got on to his curves it is scarcely an exaggeration to say that Browning is already in the soup.”—*Life*.

“James,” said the village jeweler, “are there any weddings to take place in the neighborhood soon?”

“There are two to come off next week,” said the clerk.

And the jeweler sat down at once and wrote an order for two dozen pickle casters, with privilege of exchanging twenty-two of them for something else within thirty days—*Chicago Tribune*.

### THE GLORY OF GILMORE.

GILMORE and his band, his cannons, his anvils, his big chorus and his star vocalists have captured the city. The four great concerts, to be given on Thursday and Friday of this week, afternoon and evening, are the single—or rather quadruple—subject of town gossip. Everybody is going, excepting the police, who will remain on the streets to see that the deserted shops and residences are not carried off. The expense of a big thing like this is something fabulous, but the attraction is overwhelming and irresistible, and hence we predict a successful financial outcome to the daring enterprise of the Philharmonic Society. Gilmore is no stranger in Toronto, and those who have heard his band once are not likely to let any subsequent opportunity pass by unimproved.

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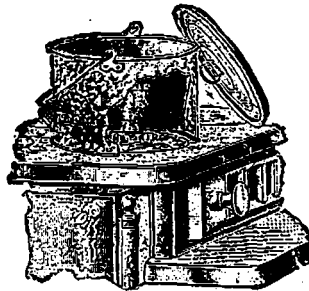
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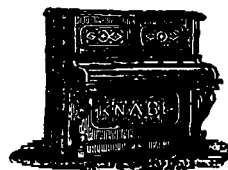
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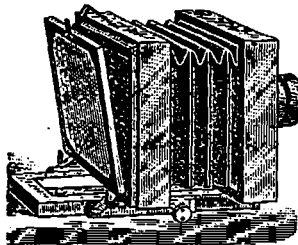
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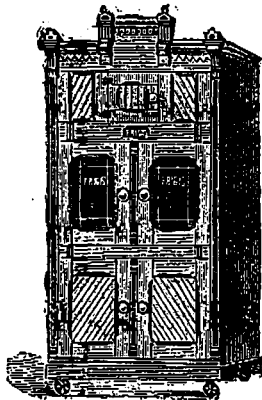
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**Union Bank of Canada**

**DIVIDEND NO. 45.**

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of three per cent. on the capital stock of this institution has been declared for the current half year, and that the same will be payable at the bank and its branches on and after

**Tuesday, the 2nd day of July next**

The transfer books will be closed from the 17th to the 30th June, both days inclusive.

The annual general meeting of the shareholders of the bank will be held at the banking house, Quebec, on

**Monday, the 15th day of July next.**

The chair will be taken at 12 o'clock noon. By order of the board.

E. E. WEBB, Cashier.  
Quebec, 22nd May, 1889.



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### TENDERS

## FOR COAL.

The undersigned will receive tenders to be addressed to them at their office in the Parliament Buildings, Toronto, and marked "TENDERS FOR COAL," up to noon of

Saturday, the 22nd Day of June, 1889,

for the delivery of the following quantities of coal in the sheds of the Institutions below named, on or before the

### 15th DAY OF AUGUST NEXT,

except as regards the coal for the Central Prison, viz.:

#### ASYLUM FOR INSANE, TORONTO.

Hard coal, 950 tons large egg size, 100 tons stove size, 75 tons nut size; soft coal, 450 tons.

#### CENTRAL PRISON, TORONTO.

Soft coal, 800 tons select lump, to be delivered in lots of 160 tons during October, November, December and January next; hard coal, 40 tons, small egg size.

#### REFORMATORY FOR FEMALES, TORONTO.

Hard coal, 400 tons large egg size, 125 tons stove size, 10 tons nut size (in bags during winter); soft coal, 15 tons.

#### ASYLUM FOR THE INSANE, LONDON.

Hard coal, 2,585 tons large egg size, 50 tons chestnut size; soft coal, 150 tons for grates.

#### ASYLUM FOR THE INSANE, KINGSTON.

Main Building—Hard coal, 1,800 tons large egg size, 140 tons small egg size, 20 tons stove size, 20 tons chestnut size; 70 tons Lehigh coal, large egg size, for gas making. Regopolis branch—Hard coal, 230 tons small egg size.

#### ASYLUM FOR THE INSANE, HAMILTON.

Main Building—Hard coal, 2,400 tons egg size, 216 tons stove size, 85 tons nut size; soft coal, 80 tons for grates. Pumping house in Queen street—Hard coal, 100 tons egg size, 3 tons nut size.

#### ASYLUM FOR IDIOTS, ORILLIA.

Hard coal, 900 tons large egg size, 100 tons stove size

#### INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF AND DUMB, BELLEVILLE.

Hard coal, 650 tons large egg size, 35 tons small egg size, 30 tons chestnut size.

#### INSTITUTION FOR THE BLIND, BRANTFORD.

Hard coal, 400 tons egg size, 125 tons stove size, 10 tons chestnut size.

The hard coal to be Pittsburg, Scranton, Lackawanna or Loyal Stock. Tenderers are to name the mine or mines from which they propose to supply the coal and to designate the quality of the same, and if required will have to produce satisfactory evidence that the coal delivered is true to name.

Delivery is to be effected in a manner satisfactory to the authorities of the respective institutions.

Tenders will be received for the whole quantity above specified, or for the quantities required in each of the institutions. An accepted cheque for \$500, payable to the order of the Treasurer of the Province of Ontario, must accompany each tender as a guarantee of its bona fides, and two sufficient sureties will be required for the due fulfilment of each contract. Specifications and forms and conditions of tenders are to be obtained from the Bursars of the respective institutions.

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

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Parliament Buildings, Toronto, May 31, 1889.

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