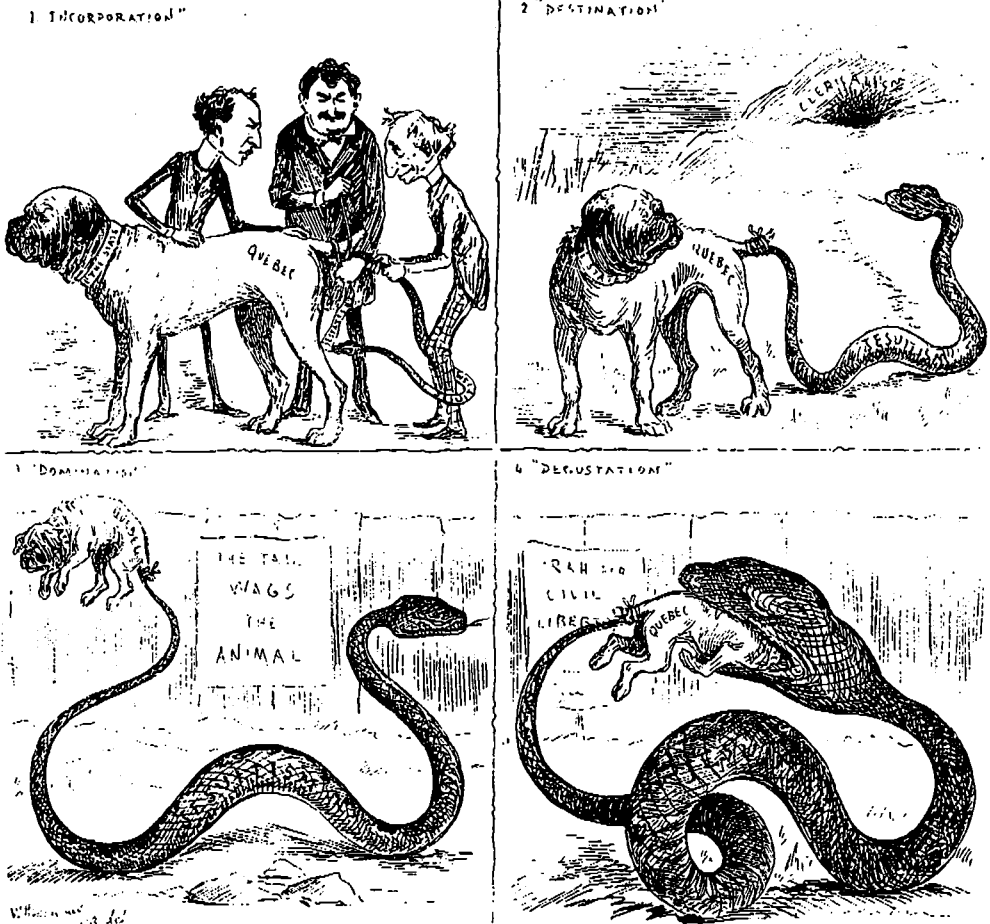


THE GRIP

FOUNDED 1857
AN INDEPENDENT JOURNAL OF HUMOR AND CARICATURE



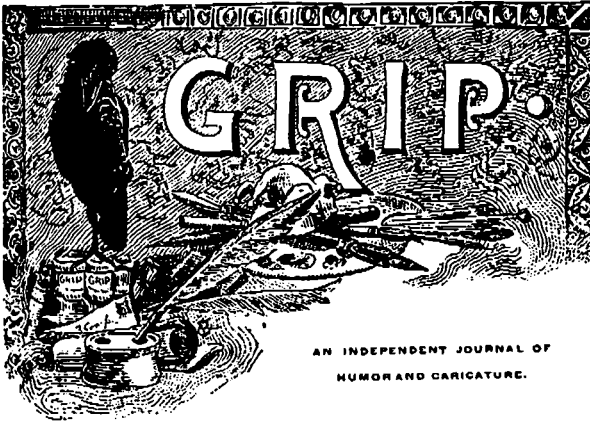
CHURCH AND STATE.—A DRAMA IN FOUR ACTS.

SHOWING IN DE-TAIL THE RESULTS LIKELY TO ARISE FROM JESUIT INCORPORATION.

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GRIP PRINTING AND PUBLISHING CO.

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Comments on the Cartoon.



HIGHLY SATISFACTORY ALL ROUND.—The vote on Col. O'Brien's resolution was remarkable in many ways, but in one respect it has proved unique—it has given entire satisfaction to all three of the parties involved. The organs of the Grits are jubilating over the magnificent endorsement of the "Liberal doctrine of Provincial Rights," which was given when the whole House, less thirteen, voted against the disallowance of the Quebec Act. The Tory organs are equally happy, because they see in the vote a highly flattering expression of confidence in the Government. Just think of it: the whole Grit contingent in Parliament, with the paltry exception of six, rising and declaring that the affairs of the country were perfectly safe

in the keeping of the grand old chieftain! Truly, this was a triumph. Then, as to the third party in the affair—the Ultramontane intriguer—he also feels entirely satisfied, for the reason that both factions have really grovelled before him and given him all he asked for. He, indeed, has swallowed the succulent oyster; and can afford to be generous enough to allow the leaders in both political camps to enjoy the shells!

THE FOUR-ACT DRAMA.—It is perhaps superfluous to add anything by way of comment to this instructive series of sketches. The design speaks for itself, and depicts somewhat graphically the four acts in the drama of Jesuit aggression as they are likely to develop if Canadian public opinion does not sternly interfere now and settle the matter once for all. It must never be forgotten

that the avowed end and aim of Jesuitism will only be accomplished when the Church has swallowed the State. If the teachings of the Order mean anything at all, they mean this; and, in the Province of Quebec, the process has gone at least as far as "Domination," for the tail certainly wags the animal in that neighborhood.



SIR HECTOR LANGEVIN has, for the second time, received a valuable present from persons who have a direct interest in influencing him, as the head of an important Department of the Government, to act in a way unfair to the country. In accepting presents at all while a Minister of the Crown, he has, as he well knows, been guilty of an act which, in any other country, would ensure his prompt dismissal

from the public service, as a man unworthy of public confidence. In Canada, we have so far lost the sense of decency as to regard such an offence as venal; and, indeed, to judge by the general silence of press and people, it may be questioned whether it is regarded as an offence at all. This accepting of bribes—for it is nothing less—has become quite the fashion with the present Government, the bad precedent having been set by Sir John Macdonald some years ago. Other ministers besides Langevin have followed suit, and there is no reason to suppose they will not continue to do so in the future.

* * *

THE public will be glad to learn that the Paris Bourse was firmer yesterday. Hopes are now entertained of his complete recovery.

* * *



IT would appear that the name and fame of our Premier has reached the uttermost ends of the earth, for we find the distinguished gentleman thus summed up in a late issue of the Sydney, Australia, *Bulletin* :—

Ever since he became known to politics, Sir John Macdonald has been going to do something immense and important, and he has always been going to start upon it to-morrow. He is now getting old and shaky, and he still intends to do something about the middle of next week that will cause the world to sit down and scream on its axis, and he is resolved to make the whole earth howl in the early part of the month after next. But some day the poor old man will die out with his life's work just about to be commenced, and then an inscription will be put on his tombstone, stating that he might have begun to be a great man if he had lived till to-morrow.

* * *

THURSDAY of last week will probably be marked as a blue-letter day in Scott Act annals. Public opinion, impelled by disgust at the inefficiency of a law which the authorities persistently refused to make efficient, arose with the besom of its indignation and swept the Act out of every county in which a contest was held. It would be a mistake to suppose that this indicates a reaction of public opinion in favor of the liquor traffic; the Province of Ontario contains more Prohibitionists to-day than ever before, but they see that an unenforced Scott Act is simply a misrepresentation of their ideas.

WHAT is wanted now is an amendment to the Constitution giving the Provinces the right to legislate on the liquor traffic, and then a straight campaign for Provincial Prohibition, with a Government that believes in the principle behind the law. The amount of energy which has been put into Scott Act contests would more than suffice to secure this. And when Ontario had declared for Prohibition, the other Provinces would quickly fall into line.

ECHOES FROM OTTAWA.

OUR CORRESPONDENT GOES IN FOR PEN PICTURES.

DEAR GRIP,—A sick headache one day, the millinery openings another day, a very nasty drizzle with sloppy sidewalk accompaniment on a third day; and last, but by no means least, the failure of my dressmaker to execute a commission on time, are the apologies I beg herewith to offer your own dear self and your anxious constituents for failure to report more fully and promptly since my first letter, which, let me here just say, was printed pretty accurately and seemed to read all right. Without further ado, then, you will have my budget.

PEN PICTURES.

Sitting in the gallery and simply noting—or, rather *merely* noting, for I am on business bent, unlike a great many of my sex who attend for what reason beyond “simply” noting, I shall never attempt to define—the different styles of the occupants of the desks is rather entertaining, if not positively elevating and instructive occupation. Let me try in my own crude way to give you a few little pen pictures, with letter-press prosing, not so much for their intrinsic value, as a slight token of esteem for the subjects, and of the fact that once upon a time I was mad enough to fancy I ought to learn painting and etching. I got over my insanity; but it grieves me to have to say that several of my young lady companions in dementia are still unaware of the fact that every woman is not a born artist, and that fame and money in the profession are not lying around the community in great chunks, as it were.

But, now, what do you think of this for Sir John?

I fancy I have hit him off as nearly as the *Globe* has killed him off, or as that *Empire* bust depicts him. I got Sir John down first, because I regard him as the handsomest man in the House, on the principle, “Handsome is that handsome does.” He has treated me handsomely ever since I came here, and my only fear is that Lady Macdonald may become jealous. I would not have that happen for the world. Of course, if it did happen,



it would be for the *World*. That nasty, gossiping little paper would make a great sensation over it. But that is not what I mean—I mean for the globe—pshaw, no! What I *do* want to say is “for the earth!”—on Sir John’s account. As for Lady M., why—well, I never could care much for these supernaturally clever women, who govern their husbands while their husbands govern the State. What I want, when I get a husband is to net one like big Mr. Herman H. Cook, who both in style and shape and size realizes my ideal of the man who is bound to fight his way through the world like Pat played the fiddle—“be main stringth.” Does this little etch look anything like the burly lumberman from Simcoe, whose

very presence, if not his eloquence, makes the House instinctively look out for thunderbolts when he rises.



another hero, but of a different type. He could not stand up *a la* Sullivan before Mr. Cook, but yet he has, metaphorically speaking, knocked the giant out of time on more than one occasion. He did it, and can do it with his little head yet. This is a playful remark which I overheard a gentleman friend and reporter make and then complain that the night editor cut the thing out of his despatch.

Mr. McCarthy is not conspicuous by reason of his physical ponderosity, but when it comes to talking it appears to most everybody that he knows a great deal and how to say it. Mr. McCarthy is a *protégé* of Sir John; so that, the latter being the Father of Confederation, it is not *inapropos* that the subject of our sketch should be the Father of Imperial Federation. He makes a model parent, too. The young man is also the father of several powerfully built bills. But they are nearly all, I think, dead, and the heart-broken author of their being is getting nicely over it. How will this inkograph of our distinguished young friend take? There are some strongly-marked lines about his face which ought to be brought out. *En passant* I might say there are no hard lines about his political position or opportunity for Government pap.

I must not take my characters in anything like standing order. So, as I see the solid and substantial shape of Mr. James Trow coming into the chamber, I hasten to catch a few stray outlines of his honest and resolute visage. Mr. Trow is not a strikingly handsome man, but what critics may think he lacks in looks he amply atones for in other things. Do not exactly follow out my sketch, which is necessarily imperfect. It is hard to catch Mr. Trow in profile. In fact it is hard to catch him in anything, although he manages to involve himself in numbers of them in the interest of his party, of which he is a whip. He is always on the move, so far as his pedal locomotion is concerned, but his frown never moves.



I have endeavored to picture “his coal-brow firmly knitted” in moderate tones, so to speak.

And now, the next face which I shall transfix, is that of the handsomest, most polished, most

But, stop. More anon. Ever of thee, ANNA NYAS.

TRYING TO PLEASE.

OUR Premier, Sir John, now so fond of the French, is afraid that his Scottish name may give offence. So, to please one and all, from greatest to least, He'll be known, in Quebec, as Sir Johnny Baptiste.

A. K. T.



BETRAYED!

MISS RICHES—"Then you really love me for myself, Count?"

COUNT SEEDI—"Lofa you! Ah, eef you coulda buta knowa how—"

BOBBY (under the sofa)—"Chestnuts!"

COUNT SEEDI (forgetting himself for the moment)—"Thisa way! Tena centa pinta!"

CALDER, THE TAILOR.

MAISTER GRIP,—I'm thinkin' ye'll no' fin' mony men here-awa hauf sae weel qualifeed tae gie ye soun' opeenions anent public affairs as I am, on account o' the fac' that I'm weel acquaintit wi' the Primeer himsel', an' often hae brief but pintit conversations wi' him on vera momentous subjects, for ye maun ken I mak' a' his claes, an' hac dunc sae for the maitter o' achteen or twenty years, an' ye'll un'erstaun that gin ye hae the leeberty o' pookin' a man's coat tail, pu'in doon his vest, an' grippin' him by the belly-ban' o' his breeks, it gies ye a degrec o' familiarity no' tae be expectit in the case o' men that are no' merchant tailors by profession, like me.

Weel, ye ken, jist last Setterday the Primeer ca'd at my shop, an' says he, "Maister Calder, I'm wantin' a new coat." "That's richt, Maister Mowat," says I, "ye ken whaur tae come for a guid bawbee's worth. Dae ye min'," says I, "the new shuit I made for ye whan ye gaed awa' doon tae Quebec aboot Confederation?" "I do," says he.

Then I proceedit tae tak his meesure, an' I remarkit till him that the cares o' offish didna mak' him onysma'er either roun' the breest or far'er doon; "for," says I, "ye're hauf an inch bigger boukit noo nor ye were when the Hoose open't."

The Primeer gied a wec lauch.

"It's an unco peety aboot this Jesuite business," says I. "It is," says he. An' says I agair, "Ye've had a fecht aboot the taivcrn leeshences an' French schules," says I. "Yes," says he.

"Noo, Maister Mowat," says I, "what'll I line your coat wi' this time?" "That," says he, an' he pintit tae as bonnie a swatch o' bricht green stuff as ye e'er saw. "Vera weel," says I. "Good day," says the Primeer. "Good day, sir," says I, an' he was awa'.

Noo, Maister GRIP, gin I was only a common man like the lave o' my race, I micht be able tae see no' vera

muckle in the remarks o' the Primeer upo' this occasion, but as I am a man o' jidgment and purspicacity, I can read intween the lines, sae tae speak, an' I gaitter frac this interview the followin' conclusions, that is tae say: Imprimis, firstly—That we'll hae nae general election this year. 2nd—That Mr. Meredith's nose maun bide oot o' jint a wee langer. 3rd—That a Lancashire man 'll get the Toronto Registrarship, but it'll no' be Mr. John 'Allam. 4th—That things 'll gang on jist as usual. An' 5th—That gin they're no' a' we micht like, they micht be faur waur.

I'm aften brocht intae contac' wi' ither great men, an' gin ye like, I'll gie ye, frae time tae time, the result o' sic interviews as I hae wi' them, whan they're aff duty, as it were, an' whan they feel that they are addressin' a person wha is their equal, an' mair nor their equal in every respect, an' wha's opeenion is accountit vailuable as that o' a jidge, tho' no' o' a jury.

JOHN CALDER.

MISUNDERSTOOD.

THE RECORD OF A LEAP YEAR EXUBERANCE.

HALF friends, half lovers long we'd been
At party, ball and dinner,
And I'd resolved, time and again,
To woo her and to win her;
This night she told my fortune there
In window nook secluded,
Curtained from off the ball-room's glare
And of its throng denuded.

"A maiden"—thus my fortune fair—
"Who loves thee well and dearly,
And dark her eyes, and brown her hair—
A modest maiden, clearly;
Of wealth and beauty both a store,
Accomplishments in plenty;
Her age, methinks, a trifle more—
Yes, something over twenty."

She paused. Her parted lips between,
Her pearly teeth were showing,
And on her tender cheeks the sheen
Of blushes warm was glowing;
"Sweetheart," I cried, "I'll tell the rest."—
The leap year custom guessing—
And caught her quickly to my breast
With lover-like caressing.

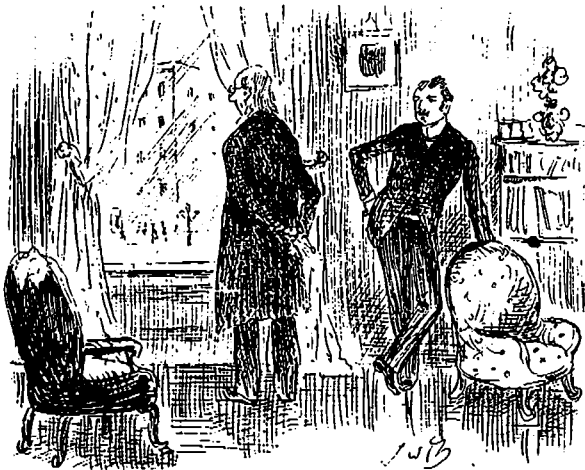
"You are my fortune's maid, my dear,"
In tender voice I told her,
"I love you and your place is here,
Your head upon my shoulder;"
She nestled, seeming quite content,
My circling arms unbidden
Above her blusing face I bent,
And kissed her lips unhidden

She raised her dreamy eyes and caught
The look of love that greeted,
And in their depths I read, methought,
The answer I'd entreated;
"My sweet," I cried, "from out the rut
Of love, I learned to woo you;"
Then: "Jack, I can't be yours, dear, but
I'll be a sister to you."

W. C. N.

THE MEANEST MAN.

THE meanest man has been found again. A neighbor kindly gave him a cast-off suit of clothes which were somewhat too big for him, and now he invites himself to dinner at his benefactor's house every second day, in order, as he says, that he may get "the value out of them clothes," which he is determined shall fit him if he has to eat his friend out of house and home.



THE RULING PASSION.

UNCLE CLEARWATER (*noted temperance apostle, on a visit to his nephew; looking out of parlor window*)—"What a fine building that is across the way."

NEPHEW—"Yes; but the owner built it out of the blood, the aches and groans of his fellow-men, out of the grief of crying children, and the woe of wailing women."

UNCLE C.—"Ah! a rum-seller, of course! Yes, yes!"

NEPHEW—"Oh, no; he's a dentist."

THE HUMORIST AT THE BREAKFAST TABLE.



"TALKING about this Jesuits' Estates Bill, now, did it ever occur to you that the political situation is one of innocuous *Jesuitude*? Catch on?"

"We do," said the law student. "Next. Sir John is afraid to exercise the veto power because of the votaries of Rome—*votaries*—*voter-ies*—see? Not highly brilliant, but it goes. And permit

me further to remark that the truckling of the partics to French Jesuit dictation is gall and wormwood to many of the Orangemen. 'Wormwood?' said I, nay, not so. The worm-would turn if trodden on, as they have been by the Gaul." (Groans.)

"It's mechty hard for a politeecian to ken what to do the noo," continued the Scotchman. "Doon in Quebec the Catholics are in a great majority—in fac' it's the Popular religion, as you mecht say. Mon, I'm afraid I'm gettin' a'thegither corrupted by bad company, to be makin' feckless jokes like you."

"You'll do—you are progressing. But to change the subject, what is the difference between Talmage, who you know gesticulates considerably in his discourses, and a noted Ritualist preacher who recently visited Toronto?"

"Something about a *cannon*, I'll bet," put in Smart Aleck.

"No, sir, you're way off your base. That canon joke has been exploded. The answer runs as thus: Because Talmage knocks much, and the other—"Knox-Little," exclaimed the company simultaneously.

"Signs of Spring—I hear a hand-organ on the street. The merry Italian exile Mozartfully rendering the strains of Handel, reminds me of the voice of the sluggard. Why? Because I hear him *come-playin'*. (Solemn silence.)

"Why thus gloomful, my friends? Is't not the gleeful

spring tide, when the birdlets warble in the forest, and the politicians wobble on the fence? If I have said anything to hurt your feelings, please don't apologize. In the meantime kindly pass me them buckwheat cakes and syrup, and give me a chance to catch up."

"By the way, why is—"

At this point Smart Aleck ostentatiously thrust a large piece of cheese, accompanied by a dough-nut, upon my plate. As these articles, in the symbolical language of the hashery, signify "cheese it," and "do not," and as there seemed to be a general movement of the boarders towards the door, I accepted the suggestion and reserved my observations for a future occasion. The capacity of some people for assimilating home-made humor is limited.

FRIENDS OF FREEDOM!

THE following slogan, written by Evan McColl in 1858, fits the present situation so accurately that we make no apology for reprinting it:

FRIENDS of Freedom, tried and true,
All who would the Right pursue,
Up! there's work enough to do!

By the light of Rome aflame
Nero fiddled: To our shame
We have rulers much the same.

Little as some traitors reckon
There's a foot upon our neck—
A base yoke that we must break.

Need I tell you how or when?
Now's the time if you are men,
Now or never! Choose ye, then.

On the standard you must rear,
Trace these words, distinct and clear,
No dictators for us here!

Down with every pap-fed knave,
Men who for a bribe or "shave"
Glad would dance on Freedom's grave.

Up and at them! Give no rest,
If no other may seem best
Smoke the vermin in their nest!

Thus and thus alone will ye
Be absolved from infamy,
Ever great or ever free!

DEACON PUNKIN ON THE JESUITS' BILL.

"WHAT I can't see into nohow," said Deacon Punkin, "is this Jew suits' Bill comin' to \$400,000. 'All the Jew suits in the kentry ain't wuth that money.'"

W. MCG.



THEY'RE BOTH IN THE SOUP!



THE UNLUCKY NUMBER.

McCARTHY—"Charlton, how do you feel about the fact that there were just *thirteen* of us in favor of O'Brien's motion? Are you at all superstitious?"

CHARLTON—"Don't know that I am; and yet I feel certain that one of us will die—before the Jesuit Society becomes a loyal and beneficent institution."

TO THE LITERARY FROGS WHO TRY TO BLOW EACH OTHER INTO BULLS.

I SING a simple lay, perhaps satiric,
Who runs may read and inwardly digest;
Though had this pen but turn'd off something lyric
In praise of brother rhymers, it were best;
Yet 'tis a change to get a measure pyrrhic
Amid politer strains that are address'd
To one another by admiring dabblers
Who pose as poets; but are mostly scribblers.

Self-praise 'tis said is small recommendation,
Dame Etiquette proclaims it rather rude;
But how one loves to hear the adulation
Of some dear friend's loud utter'd platitude,
And to return with fulsome admiration
Sweet compliments unbound by latitude;
In short, a mutual puff gives so much pleasure
That next to scandal 'tis the art we treasure.

Not only social—let the truth be told
In spite of angry quibbles it may awake;
But in the literary flock—that fold
Of bleating lambs who such sweet pleasure take
In gamboling with Nature till they're sold;
O! self-adoring critics! ne'er forsake
Your noble selves; but give to one another
The cup of balm, and in sweet taffy smother.

To-day Euphemia writes a criticism
Of some new volume publish'd by Eugene,
Perhaps some worn-out plagiarism,
Or things described that he has never seen;
To-morrow, innocent of witticism
Eugene will pen, as sure as grass is green,
A sky-high pan of Euphemia's volume
And chant her praises by the ill-paid column.

Ab uno disce omnes. That's a sample
Of how some little poetlings are nursed.
Deny it—many a true and sad example
I can exhume and prove that art is curs'd
By mutual puffing; if this be not ample,
Strong draughts of truth shall slake their heated thirst.
Perhaps in these remarks is found a quantum,
Though I have verse and chapter if you want 'em.

The fool's ambition is to bind in leather
The brains he blows out on a page of print;
And sometimes two will suicide together
Relieved by woodcut or by mezzotint;
But of a hundred authors who will weather
The storm of, say, ten years, and show the glint
Of genius—from books of all the ages
Time, the true critic, keeps but several pages.

Who puffed up Shakespeare, Milton and the rest
Of our time-honor'd sons of English song;
They did not form a band in motley dress'd
And ask for admiration from the throng;
But loving wisdom—put it to the test
Wrote to support the right, subdue the wrong
And left it unto future acclamation
To make them heroes of their loving nation.

Some heroes are self-made; by mutual banding,
And constant blowing with a trumpet tone
They claim all wisdom for their understanding,
And ask us to believe all Art their own;
Believing thus their little works they're handing
Along the steps of Time to Fame's great throne.
Forgetful that oblivious pitchy portals
Close on the great majority of mortals.

QUITE CAPABLE.

MR. FIRST BOARDER—"How is the butter tonight? Pretty good?"

MR. SECOND DITTO (*solemnly*)—"It is of age, let it speak for itself." X.

SOMEWHAT CHESTNUTTY.

DE ANTIQUUS—"Isn't it wonderful how old some of the expressions in common use are? The saying that a man 'doesn't know enough to go in when it rains,' was first used by Strabo."

DE CRITICUS—"Strabo. Pshaw! It's older than that. The inhabitants of the world were destroyed at the time of Noah because they 'didn't know enough to go in when it rained.'" X.



CULTIVATING THE CANADIAN UPAS TREE.

THE WEEK AFTER.

CHEERFUL FRIEND—"Ah, Scrip, my boy, I see your new book came out last week."
SCRIP (*aspiring author, mournfully*)—"Yes."
CHEERFUL FRIEND—"Why, what's the matter? Was it badly received?"
SCRIP (*more mournfully*)—"Yes."
CHEERFUL FRIEND—"Damned with faint praise, eh?"
SCRIP—"Oh, no. Damned outright without the praise."

HIS OWN MEDICINE.

THAT was a terrible affair at Guelph, last night, Smith?"
 "That so? I didn't hear about it."
 "Don't you read the papers?"
 "Never."
 "Why?"
 "I'm a journalist."

SOLEMN-N TRUTH.

BREDDERN, we kin despise Solomon all we like, an' sneer at his wealth an' glory, but at de same time dere are not one of us in a hunnerd dat wouldn't ha' changed places wid dat pusson ef he could, quicker'n you could wink."

THE WRONG PLACE.

STRANGER (*at the door of a house*)—"I must apologize for disturbing you. Does Mr. Smith live here?"
OCCUPANT—"No sir; Mr. Smythe lives here."
STRANGER—"Ah! beg pardon, sir."

HIS TOUGH LUCK.

THERE was a reception at the Skewers' just before Lent, and romantic Miss Gushington met Mr. Billsby.
 "What do you think of love, Mr. Billsby?" Miss Gushington asked.
 "I only had one experience of it, and that resulted unsatisfactorily. I don't think much of it."
 "Poor fellow! Did the lady die?"
 "No."
 "You don't mean to say she jilted you?"
 "No."
 "Well, what did she do, then?"
 "Married me."

NO WONDER.

(Waiter has just brought a glass o' water.)

DE FAIM—"Do you call that turbid liquid water?"
WAITER—"Yessir! As pure as Adam got in Eden."
DE FAIM—"Well, it is no wonder our first father took to eating apples."
 X.

A MEAN ADVANTAGE.

JONES was at one end of the room and Smith at the other. Brown and Robinson were engaged in a dispute in the middle of the room, when Jones yelled out: "I say, Smith, why are you and I like Brown and Robinson?" "Give us something easy," replied Smith. "Well, because there is a disagreement between us," was the retort.



THE COURT WILL GO INTO MOURNING.

THE CZAR (*observing the destruction of one of his royal residences by a bomb-factionally*)—"That reminds me of a statue of Minerva."
FIRST GROOM OF THE IRON SHIRT—"And why so, your Supreme Czarness?"
THE CZAR—"Well, you see, it is a bust of Pallas."

AND HE WAS IN LUCK AT THAT.

DEVOTED WIFE—"Have you had any return from those verses you sent to GRIP, George?"
GEORGE—"No, dear—nothing but the manuscript."

THE FIRST MISUNDERSTANDING.

YOUNG HUSBAND (*at the dinner table, reflectively*)—"Ah, who can solve the mysteries of the great unknown?"
YOUNG WIFE (*hysterically*)—"There, now. I knew you would insult the first hash I ever made."

A DIFFERENCE.

I HEAR Jennings blew his brains out in New York the other day," remarked one young man to another.
 "He didn't."
 "Why, it was in all the papers."
 "Can't help it. He didn't."
 "Are you sure?"
 "Certain."
 "What did he do, then?"
 "Blew the top of his head off. You can't fool me on Jennings."

NOTHING HALF WAY ABOUT HIM.

BROWN—"It's too bad about Jorgson drinking so. He's not half a bad fellow."
JONES—"No. He's a whole one."

WE have heard of people who have done the Continent, but we don't recall anybody just now who has ever Dundee. Laughing gas for this joke will be supplied on application to the business office.



THE STREETS OF TORONTO.

THE SQUIBOGRAPH.

WHEN Mr. P. Kus stepped into our office the other day, his customary smile faded from his sleek face like the glow of sunset from a desert waste, as we pointed to the Squibograph and told him to take it away, for it was a fraud, and to take himself away with it, for he was an impostor.

"Why, what's the matter?" he enquired in a tone as soft and exasperating as the tread of a muddy boot on a housewife's new carpet. "Won't it work?"

"Work," said we, "we have been laboring with that thing for a week, trying to get something out of it about the ' Jesuits' Estates Bill,' and we couldn't get it to move a cog."

"Shall I try it?" he mildly asked.

We gave our consent with a haughty gesture, and he went to work.

In a few minutes he placed this on our desk:—

(With apologies to many authors. SCENE—Parliament House, Ottawa.)

Tory Whip—"Great are the Jesuits!"

Tory Party—"Many their votes!"

Grit Whip—"Great is their influence!"

Grit Party—"Then who for motives

Will seek in their eyes if they help us to office?"

Tory Party—"Not we!"

Grit Party—"Nor we!"

Party Leaders—"Then let each member of Parliament doff his Hat to the potentate over the sea,
And let us all sing with hysterical glee,
While the vote of the Jesuit, solemn and stolid,
We're sure we will win for the future all solid!"

(The House then divides, and O'Brien's motion is defeated.)

Toronto Mail—"A plague o' both your parties! Braggarts!
Time-servers, cowards, who vote by the book of arithmetic!"

O'Brien—"O Liberty! with profitless endeavor
Have I pursued thee many a weary hour;
But thou ne'er swell'st the victor's strain,
nor ever
Didst breathe thy soul in forms of human
power!"

Orangemen—"Now down with our leaders,
And down with their ways,
A horrible rumpus
We're now going to raise.
On those who've betrayed us
Our vengeance we'll wreak,
And make them all hustle
To — i.e., Salt Creek."

Grits and Tories—"Ratz!"

Mackenzie Bowell—"That's
The utterest kind of abominable rot
They're talking just now, for I know the whole lot
Of those fellows, and know just about what they want,
And know what they mean by this deluge of rant.
It's just a trim office that each has his eye on—
Which I'll give—then my lambs will lie down with
the lion."

Both Parties—"Our land is great and glorious,
And justice reigns victorious,
And if folks get uproarious,
We'll simply be ignore-ous."

Jesuits—"Ha! Ha! Ha!
You and we
Will make things boom
For the Holy See!"

Voice from out the distance, probably GRIP'S—

"Slowly comes an angry people, as a lion, drawing
nigher,
Glares at one, who nods and winks behind a slowly
dying fire."



SPRING HAS COME.



EMULATION.

THE CURATE—"What do you think, Mr. Cupon; our mutual friend Titeboy has agreed to give a tenth of his income to the church, hereafter!"

MR. CUPON (*a self-made man*)—"What? Titeboy has? I'm as well off as he is, and I ain't goin' to let no such feller get ahead of me in good works. I'll give a *twentieth* of mine!"

LOFTY SCORN.

OLD CROWS (*to sporting youths armed with the muzzle-loading back-action shot gun*)—"Blaze away, boys, blaze away, it's sport to you and it isn't death to us."

A PREVARICATOR.

DUDESON says he can now say with truth that he owes no man anything, but this doesn't alter the fact that he has been owing his washerwoman since last June.

COMPARISONS ARE ODIOUS.

THE latest conundrum is, Why is limburger cheese like an infantry soldier? Because it belongs to the rank and vile.

RHYMES FOR THE "TIMES."

THE Thunderer took his blunderbuss,
And swore an oath infernal,
To make an end of all this fuss,
Likewise an end of Parnell.

He brought his weapon into court,
This stupid-headed bigot,
And there discharged a false report
(T'was loaded by one Pigott.)

The weapon kicked, the Thunderer
Fell flat, the only victim,
Re-christened as the Blunderer,
By universal dictum.

W. McG.

Why should Mark Antony have foreseen his defeat by Octavius? Because it was Actiumatic (axiomatic).

THE REWARD OF VIRTUE.

SAID Mr. Foster to the brewer,
"My blessings on such men as you are,
Who would remove from this fair land
The liquor curse I oft have banned.
For, though you love not temperance laws,
And always speak against the cause,
Let deeds, not words, your zeal exhibit,
Till naught is left us to prohibit.
Send all your swill to foreign States,
And take this rebate from the rates."

A BAD CASE.

"NO, sir, you will never get anything out of me for that stuff, James, you can take my word for it."
"Yes, confound it! but that's just what I don't want to take."

A MODERN MIRACLE PLAY.

A PARABLE WITH VARIATIONS.

WE are going to Jericho!
Sir John and unwary co-
Partners have led us astray.
And in my opinion
This luckless Dominion
Has fallen among thieves on the way.

'Tis a grand panorama,
An old monkish drama,
(Samaritan lacking I own.)
The priest is the bandit,
As I understand it,
Sir John is the Leave-it alone.

The victim goes under,
The priest has the plunder:
"Have mercy," the sufferer cries.
But Mercier hears not
Sir John interferes not
The Jesuit bolts with the prize.

W. McG.

STUBBS TO THE RESCUE.

IT was at a private theatrical, and the gas suddenly went out to see a man. Immediately all was confusion, when above the uproar rose Jones' muffled voice, "Say, gentlemen, where is Stubbs?" "Oh, never mind Stubbs," answered a chorus of voices, "every man for himself." "Well, but, gentlemen," continued Jones, "Stubbs is the shining light of this company; why not make use of him now?" Stubbs was observed to tighten his belt and quicken his speed perceptibly.

SOMETHING TO SLEEP ON.

JOHNNY GOKER proposes, in view of the prevailing fashion of presenting guests with something to sleep on, when breaking up, to give each \$4-a-week dude a present of a two-inch plank on leaving the house.

MUSIC should be written on toned note paper.

MRS. BINKS—"I hear a great deal of Cæsar, dear. Who is he?"

MR. BINKS—"Smith's big dog."

THE reason why most of us weary sojourners in this vale of tears are so hard up is not that we spend too much money, but that we don't get enough to spend.

THE late lamented party who remarked that there's no such word as fail in youth's bright lexicon, never, probably, in his younger days, undertook to run a society paper in Toronto.

THE agents for dime-museum freaks should go to Duval county, Fla., where it is reported that the officers elected will be half white and half colored.—*N. O. Picayune.*

THE PREMIUM PLATE.—A very large number of old subscribers are sending for the "Horse Fair." This picture, as is universally the case with premiums, was intended to stimulate new subscriptions. We have, however, arranged to accommodate present subscribers by giving the picture to all who pay to the end of 1889, and enclose 25 cents for expenses. This will give to all the average footing of new subscribers. But many send the 25 cents and forget the other part of the condition. Be kind enough to read our offer at the foot of the advertisement.

TO THE DEAF.—A person cured of Deafness and noises in the head of 23 years' standing by a simple remedy, will send a description of it free to any person who applies to Nicholson, 177 McDougal Street, New York.

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.

"I 'STUMPED' all through the late campaign," said the one-legged man. "And I," said the one-armed politician, "made a few 'off-hand' speeches."—*Norristown Herald.*

EVAN M'COLL.

CANADA'S "good grey poet," Evan McColl—a new edition of whose works, complete to the present year, has just been published—honored GRIP'S sanctum with a brief visit the other day. It is a benediction to meet this sterling patriot, who, with the weight of eighty-five laborious years upon his shoulders, is as bright and active as many men of thirty. His fine intellect—and how fine it is can best be judged by a perusal of the work just referred to—is to-day in full vigor, and never was he more full of enthusiasm for the sacred cause of Liberty than now. Though of Scottish birth, Mr. McColl has every claim to count himself a Canadian, the greater part of his long life having been spent in this land, whose natural beauties and national interests have furnished the main inspiration for his muse. And he is a citizen we may all be proud of—a good man, as well as a genuine poet. Perhaps in no way could this appreciation be shown more suitably or more acceptably to himself than in a wide demand for his book, and it is well worthy a place in every Canadian home. Copies may be had through any bookseller, or by addressing the author himself at Kingston, Ont. The price is \$1.25.

"It is a fact that many of the best proprietary medicines of the day," said the late Dr. J. G. Holland, in Scribner's Magazine, "are more successful than many physicians, and most of them were first discovered or used in actual medical practice. When, however, any shrewd person, knowing their virtue and foreseeing their popularity, secures and advertises them, in the opinion of the bigoted, all virtue went

out of them." Failure of eyesight, fickle appetite, headache, extreme wakefulness, frequent desire to urinate, especially at night, gradual failure of strength and dropsical swelling,—these are symptoms of kidney disease. If you neglect the symptoms, you will eventually have Bright's Disease. Warner's Safe Cure is the only specific which has ever been discovered for this disease. The late Dr. Dio Lewis, over his own signature, said: "If I found myself the victim of a serious kidney trouble, I would use Warner's Safe Cure."

COLD blustering weather is bad for chapped hands. Dyer's Cucumber and Rose Jelly will cure them immediately; try it. Druggists keep it. Wm. A. Dyer & Co., Montreal.

FOOD FOR REFLECTION.

The New York World of February 9th, says:

"The question as to how much of what they pretend to know doctors really know, is a very interesting one.

"They possess exceptionally great facilities for humbugging, and the presumption is that they are not proof in most cases, at all times at least, against temptation to make use of them. Their profession comes as near being an esoteric one as any that is acknowledged to be respectable. But the revelation as to their views in the Robinson arsenical poisoning cases in Boston is startling.

"There were five deaths from the drug, and the doctors in their certificates attributed them respectively to pneumonia, typhoid fever, meningitis, bowel disease, and Bright's disease of the kidneys. The truth would have never been known but for suspicions with which the doctors had nothing to do. There is food here for reflection—and for doctors."

The above criticism is fully warranted by the startling ignorance shown by the attending physicians in the Somerville Cases.

Too often it happens that fatal results follow an improper course of treatment—the physician treats the patient for consumption, general debility, or for nervous disorders, whilst the real disease, which is slowly destroying the kidneys and filling the system with a poison quite as deadly as arsenic, is altogether overlooked, or does not attract attention until too late.

Physicians too often treat the symptoms of the disease instead of the disease itself.

It is well established that four-fifths of the ordinary ills of humanity are the results of disease in the kidneys which will yield to the curative properties of Warner's Safe Cure, if timely used, and to it alone. What is apparently a disease in the other organs is more oftentimes a mere symptom of kidney disease, which should be quickly eradicated by Warner's Safe Cure before it secures too firm a hold on those organs.

NOTWITHSTANDING the superior conducting quality of steel, a man of steel is not regarded a desirable conductor.—*Burlington Free-Press.*

THE poetess who sings that she was "Kissed by the Waves," probably fell overboard near a mouth of the river.—*Binghampton Republican.*

WHEN a young miss owns Daisy for a name, she wishes at sixteen to be called Miss Smith. If she is unmarried at thirty, she prefers to be called Daisy.—*Cartoon.*

TEACHER—"Willie, what is the capital of Canada?"

WILLIE—"The money taken there by United States financiers and boodlers."—*Life.*

MR. KEELY has gone to prison for contempt. That's further than his motor ever went, and it is in greater contempt than Keely could possibly get.—*Washington Post.*

CONCERNING the Western drama, "Queen of the Plains," now at the Toronto Opera House, the New York Journal says: "Queen of the Plains" is drawing crowded houses at the Windsor, and Kate Pursell can justly be said to have made a hit with it. It is one of the few Western dramas that seems to meet all requirements, and the strong situations, uproarious comedy, and handsome stage settings, have surely "caught on."

A BOSTON woman who bought a carpet ten days ago in Chicago, sent it back yesterday. The pattern was so loud it woke up the baby.—*Life.*

YOUNG MOTHER—"Horrors, Jane, the baby is trying to swallow a pin!"

NURSE—"It's all right, mum, it's a safety-pin."—*Philadelphia Record.*

CONSUMPTION CURED.

AN old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this receipt, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper. W. A. NOYES, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

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A LITTLE LATE.

WAITER (returning to guest).—"Beef is off, sir—cutlets off, and pudding is off—will you have—"
GUEST.—"No—I will be off myself."



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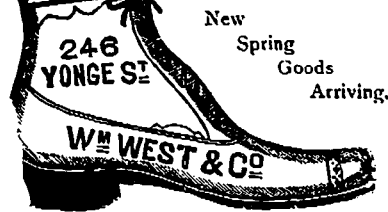


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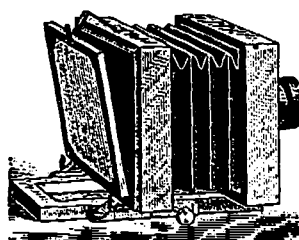


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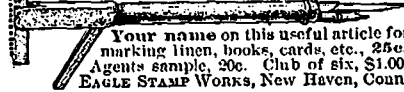
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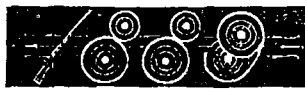
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