



AJAX MCGLYNN DEFYING THE VATICAN LIGHTNING.

"Conscious with intense clearness, even with a perfect conviction of the rectitude of my course, all their efforts, all their suspensions, all their excommunications, seem to me as the idle patter of the rain drops upon the roof."—*Dr. McGlynn's Speech.*

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

—W. Miller

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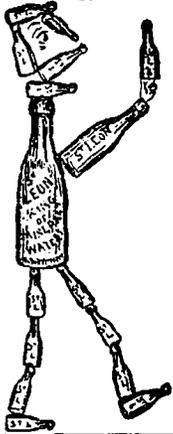
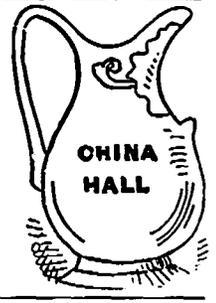
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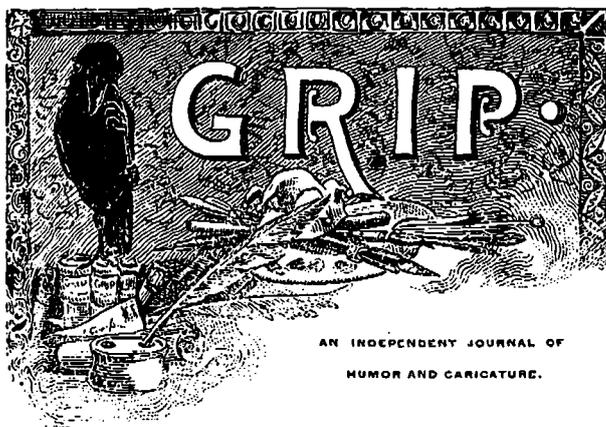
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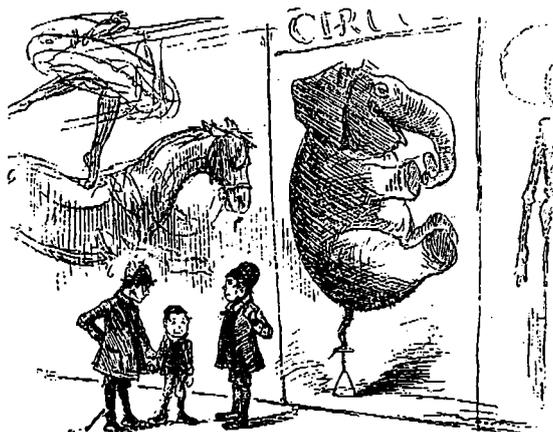
A LOGICAL DEDUCTION—The proposition that all the members of the human family are equally entitled to the benefits of the land of this earth as clearly as to those of the air, water, or other natural elements, is self-evident. Nothing in the way of reason can be adduced in support of the opposite contention—that those benefits were intended to be the absolute possession of a limited number of the earth's inhabitants. If all the human race with the exception of one single individual were admitted to their full rights in this respect, that one individual would have a grievance no more valid than that which the vast majority of mankind now have. That land is as essential as air to human sustenance, proves that it was intended for all, and it is easily capable of demonstration that the poverty and suffering which keeps pace with the advance of civilization, is the outcome of this unnatural condition of things under which the majority are excluded from participation in the bounties of nature. The wrong would be righted if those who possess the land were obliged—as they ought to be—to yield a fair share of its benefits to their fellow mortals through the medium of taxation. In other words, all taxes should be levied on land values, instead of being divided as at present and levied chiefly on improvements. The injustice and absurdity of the doctrine of private ownership of land, has been well illustrated by Spencer, Mill, and other great thinkers. Our cartoon is one of Spencer's ideas put in pictorial shape. *Ownership* carries with it the power of prohibiting trespass, and if the whole earth belongs to a few millions of landlords, each one of those landlords has the right to prohibit trespass if he sees fit. It follows then that if the landlords acted in unison they could, under existing laws, evict the majority of the human race into the sea (which, for a wonder, nobody claims to own), or, what would amount to the same thing, off this

planet altogether. Now, it is clear that there is something wrong about a basis of society from which this result could be logically deduced.

AJAX MCGLYNN.—The case of Rev. Dr. McGlynn, of New York, has attracted so much attention in Canada, that GRIP needs to make no apology for giving it prominence in a cartoon. In this matter Dr. McGlynn represents an important principle. He has been excommunicated from the Roman Catholic Church, not because he has violated any of his vows as a priest, or transgressed in any way against the laws of the Church—but because he has refused to “condemn in writing” a certain doctrine of political economy which he believes to be the truth, and a truth, moreover, which is perfectly consistent with Christianity as taught in the Roman Catholic communion. In withstanding the fiat of Rome, Dr. McGlynn denies the right of the Pope to the political allegiance of Roman Catholics. He is willing to submit to the sovereign pontiff in all spiritual things, but, as an American citizen, and in matters pertaining altogether to politics, he repudiates all interference of Pope, bishop, or propaganda. This is sound doctrine, and it is hard to see why Protestant, and even Agnostic papers should (as most of those in New York do) condemn its representative. Gladstone, and other eminent writers have declared that, in view of the Pope's pretensions to political as well as spiritual allegiance, it was impossible for Roman Catholics to be loyal to non-Catholic governments. Dr. McGlynn, and the thousands of ardent Catholics who are supporting him, are giving the world a practical demonstration of the fact that Rome's political pretensions are not recognized.

SALISBURY'S MACHINE.—The noble marquis has at last completed his machine for securing the smooth government of Ireland. It is called the Coercion Bill, and appears to be based on the principles of the iron lawn-roller. A certain degree of smoothness does usually result from the use of a lawn-roller, but the effect is not always admirable, viewed from the standpoint of the grasshoppers and other occupants of the lawn that have had to submit to the smoothing process. In like manner a majority of the Irish people may deprecate the Marquis' method of smoothing the affairs of the Emerald Isle.

A GREAT STATESMAN'S FEARS DISPELLED.—Hon. Mackenzie Bowell recently expressed himself strongly against commercial union, chiefly on the ground that Canada's revenue would be fatally reduced by the proposed arrangement. It appears, upon a little investigation of the question, that Canada's revenue would be materially increased, and we must presume therefore that the distinguished statesman's fears will be allayed when he examines our cartoon. Under commercial union the customs and revenue receipts of both Canada and the United States would be pooled, and a division made on the basis of population. By deducting the revenue now collected as between the two countries, which would then be wiped out, the approximate figures can be seen, and they demonstrate that Canada's income would be greater than it is at present.



FAITH.

Jimmy McGinnis (referring to circus poster)—Do you believe dat, Mikey?

Mikey Malone—'Course I do. I don't b'lieve there's nothin' wot a el'fant can't do. —N. Y. Life.

WHAT is slang? The carnival of language

The Waxe Boys Thegither.

NSCRIPTION TO MY OLD COMPANION, ALEXANDER B. BARR.

COME sit ye doon, auld crony dear,
Sae many years hae passed,
Our locks they hae grown thin and grey,
Since we saw each ither last ;
And I can see, my frien, like me,
That ye've had stormy weather,
In sailing o'er life's troubled sea,
Snce we were boys thegither.

Tho' changes hae come o'er us baith,
And youth's wild dreams are o'er,
I hope ye're constant tae the faith
Which thrilled our hearts of yore,
When mony a weary gate we gaed,
To break oppression's tether,
And mony a heavy heart we had,
When we were boys thegither.

For we felt the degrading weight,
Where no mere workman can—
No matter howsoe'er upright—
Still feel himself a man ;
Well might we say, that every day
Our blood did boil within us,
Yea, at the inhumanity
Of those that were abune us.

We daily saw, beyond dispute,
The overwhelming load
Coarsening the man into the brute
Or the insensate clod ;
The spiritual life within,
How it did blight and wither !
Until the victim fled to gin,
Or tint heart a'thegither.

And oft we've asked the heavens abune,
“ Were men but born to toil ?
To keep up in their sensual sin
Such families as A — ;
Our women be transformed to hacks,
Wi' poverty-pinched features,
And shameless burdens on their backs,
For sic unmanly creatures.

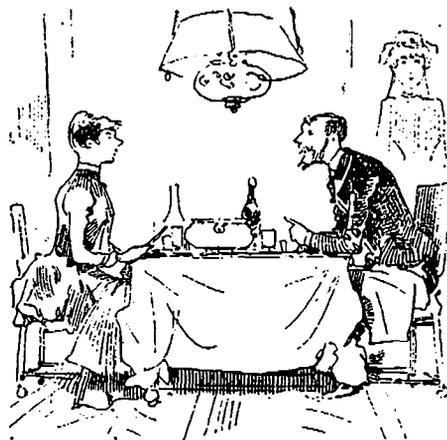
“ And young and old, alas ! alas !
Be doomed to endless toil,
To feed, clothe and how to a class
So infamously vile.”
Then bonnie Scotland's no for me !
Tho' dear beyond expression !
And nocht could hae forced us to flee
Save legalized oppression.

Then hoo the bonnie broomy braes,
Pled wi' us no tac gang ;
And dear auld minstrels, wi' their lays,
That we had lo'ed sae lang.
Benlmond looked sae sad and wae,
As laith frae us to sever ;
And ev'ry bank, and burn, and brae,
Where we were boys thegither.

And Cartha and the Vale o' Gryffe,
That always seemed oor ain ;
And friens, dearer far than life,
We'd never see again.
Scotland was dear to you and me,
But liberty was dearer !
Close to our hearts tho' she might be,
Yet liberty lay nearer.

And Canada would gladly be
A home for the oppressed,
Save for the kites and parasites
That batten on her breast.
And with a heavy heart one sees—
Despite o' good men's striving—
So many old iniquities
In our new hame surviving.

ALEXANDER McLACHLAN.



SHE ISN'T A "CRANK."

He—I notice that a good many people are giving up the use of wine and liquor from religious motives—Paul's advice, you know, about our "weak brother."

She—Such cranks ! I will continue to use it until Fashion says it isn't the correct thing.

TORONTO AS A WATERING PLACE.

TORONTO is one of the finest watering places in the world, and it's about time that the world should know it. We submit a sample of the way in which the sublime fact should be written up.

The city of Toronto (commonly called T'ronto) is situated on the classic shores or banks of the world-famed river Don. The local poet thus apostrophizes it :

O River Don ! O River Don !
The faires: on which the sun has shone !

Allowing a little for poetic exaggeration, his words are not wide of the mark. Studding the bank of the river like gems are celebrated castles and fortresses. Two of these deserve special mention. One, built in the purest style of Italian architecture, is called (facetiously, of course) the Jail. The other is called (also facetiously) the Smallpox Hospital. Both of these haughty fortresses are owned by proprietors whose exclusive tastes debar the public from full enjoyment of the exquisite grounds encircling the mansions, but the favored few generally make long stays there.

Passing rapidly down the Don we come to the Toronto Bay, in which, facing directly the city of Toronto is the far-famed Island, known throughout the civilized world as *The Island*. The site of *The Island* is composed of fine and delicious sand which is worth going miles to see, Space is wanting to dilate upon all the beauties of the place. Suffice it to say, that for perambulators, brass bands, babies and bad cigars, it beats creation.

Then there is the celebrated illuminated clock of St. James' Cathedral, which has only two peculiarities—one, that sometimes it fails to be illuminated, and sometimes it fails to go. You would probably say that it was on strike if it were not that that is just the time when it doesn't strike.

But chiefest glory is the Queen's Park. Visitors will observe with curiosity huge stones lying gracefully around upon the verdant turf. Upon these stones have been discovered junic inscriptions of great antiquity, some of which read—Bullock's Blood Bitters—Gin's Cheap Shirts, and Jimmie's \$3.50 pants. These inscriptions

are well worthy of inspection. On Sunday the scene in the park is peculiarly impressive, a scene that throws Athens under Pericles into the cold shades of oblivion. Eloquence, learning, enthusiasm and zeal are concentrated there. The visitor will be at one moment enthralled by wild, weird, but withal thrilling music of the Salvation Army—and he will listen to two giants of intellect debating some abstruse point of doctrine—in another corner of the park he will hang upon the utterances of temperance orators who dispense pledges and cold water free gratis.

Add to all these the delightful temperature. Toronto has always been celebrated for its high tone, and as far as the temperature is concerned it deserves it. Its tone is very high. When other cities are freezing with the thermometer at 80° in the shade, Toronto is comfortably warm (not hot, you know) with it at 90° or 100°. What more would you want?

TORONTO'S LITTLE LIST.

Will you give me your attention while I give a gentle hint
Of things that won't be miss'd, which ought not to exist;
I have often seen them mentioned here and there in daily print,
But never in a list—no, never in a list.
There's the dead cat decomposing in an alley-way near by,
Which is most unpleasant to the nose and ghastly to the eye,
And the late lamented feline has a most unhappy knack
Of placing its defunctitude across the beaten track,
And grinning at you horribly as round its corpse you twist.
It never would be miss'd—most certainly not miss'd.

There's that hole upon the sidewalk into which you always tread,
It never would be miss'd; it never would be miss'd;
Though you would miss the tumble that inverts you on your head.
We'll put that on the list—Toronto's nuisance list.
There's the plank that's always rickety and makes you ricket, too,
With a most absurd suspicion that you may be going through;
And when you do get over it your walking stick, you'll find,
Has got into the crack and so it always sticks behind;
For such absurdities as these on all our streets exist,
And never would be miss'd—or hardly ever miss'd.

There's the building stock of lumber, lime, sand, gravel, stone and brick,
They're all upon the list—upon the nuisance list;
For often on the pavement they are scattered wide and thick;
They never would be miss'd, I think we may insist.
There's the artizan upon a strike, who sprawls about the street,
And obstructs the busy passenger by spreading out his feet;
You can watch him on the passers-by dispense his ribald wit,
And only take his stinking pipe from out his mouth to spit;
Of course he isn't lazy—he's the new economist—
But he never would be missed—most surely never miss'd.

There's the idiot who purchases or rents a canvas tent,
He's down upon the list—upon the nuisance list—
And camps upon the Island, where he gives his folly bent;
He never would be missed and never should exist,
For he makes himself a nuisance in a dozen different ways,
And drives all decent people from the quarter where he stays;
But why his row and ribaldry should be allowed to reign
Until respectability no longer can remain,
Is one of those anomalies all people should resist,
And never would be miss'd, most certainly not miss'd.

There's the noise of morning milk-bells, dangling out of tune and harsh,
That's first upon the list—the early morning list;
And the bull-frog that has wandered from his residential marsh,
He never would be miss'd—never would be miss'd;
There's the cat that never sleepeth, but with nightly caterwauls
Over garden fences leapeth, likewise over garden walls;
And the watch-dog who imagines that his duty is to bark
From the rising of the moon until the rising of the lark;
I would like to have it stopp'd, although I am no dogmatist,
For it never would be miss'd—never would be miss'd.

By nature I am quiet and I love the ways of peace,
That's why I made this list—this very little list;
I hate all row and riot and wish the noise to cease,
It never would be miss'd—oh! never would be miss'd.
But I heard Toronto was a place of extra moral laws,
Though I fear its marble facing covers many hidden flaws,
Still if one could obtain one night quite innocent of noise,
One wouldn't wonder why he hates outside nocturnal joys,
The only wonder now is, how we manage to exist
With such things upon the list—such things upon the list.
P. QUILL.

WHEN a tramp is fortunate enough to get hold of the upper portion of a roasted fowl he generally makes a clean breast of it.—*Texas Siftings.*



IN THE WOODS.

OUR artist assures me that this is one of the fantastic sprites that wait attendance on the Spirit of Summer to do his bidding through the woodland. His home is in the woods. He knows all the ways of the birds, and often acts as consulting architect when they are nest-building. All the burrowing animals are very friendly with him, and at his approach they do not scurry to their holes, as when mortal footsteps come near them. They are proud to have him come among them. The rabbits sit erect on their haunches, prick up their ears, salute, and receive him with all honor. The chipmunk chatters joyously from his place high up in the tree when the little old man passes beneath on one of the many overgrown pathways through the forest, and drops a brown fir-cone to attract his attention.

He begins his rounds while the silent workings of the dawns are busiest, when the lawns are dewy, and half-awakened birds pipe drowsily. He has so many duties to attend to that he is stirring all the day. He is Deputy-Superintendent of wasps' nests, for instance, and has to be very careful about arranging them nicely in old stumps on which he knows that people will seat themselves unthinkingly; for he is elfishly fond of playing pranks on picnic parties. It is he, too, in the hot noon-time,—when one small cloud is creeping across the blue, who rouses up the locust to

“Suddenly unclasp
His peace-destroying, scissor-grinding rasp.”

He likes children, though; and when they hear a faint breath of music dying away down some woodland alley, they know he is passing in the distance. When our artist caught him in the attitude pictured above, he was voicing one of those evasive wood-calls that he is skilled in, to

lure a party of yellow-haired children to a beautiful hidden glade, where large butterflies hover lazily, and wild flowers nod and blow.

When September comes I am going to persuade our artist to get after him again, and sketch him in the act of swinging his censer, whose smoke is the haze of autumn. Or perhaps our artist may come upon him while he is spilling all the flaming crimson and gold that blazon the uplands like an illuminated medieval missal, when wild birds are flying south.

TRISTRAM S.

OUT ON THE FARM.



I'm a merry old yokel,
And out on the farm
I hustle the hired man,
Josh Brown;
I'm as spry and as wily
As any bold pirate
Who e'er took in boarders
From town.

Just now I'm purusing
The *Weekly Hoehandle*—
I can read without specs yet
Quite well.
I'm known as the Deacon,
And I never yet blew out
The gas in a city
Hotel.

But I'll be gol-swizzled
If I can get onto
What struck that fool artist
From town,
To show me arrayed in
A gay Mother Hubbard—
A gaudy and sinful
Long gown.

I'm no dude, let me tell you,
To fix myself up in
Operatic and pictur-
Esque suits;
The broad sunlit landscape
I ornament mostly
With my jean pants tucked into
My boots.

A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

MONTREAL.

THE century was in the nineties; and the thermometer had climbed up there, too. Montreal was hot. A certain high civic dignitary in his office mopped his manly brow with a *Bleu* bandanna; he was seated in his shirt sleeves at his desk. The warm wind bore in the noise of the streets and quays through the open window, stirred the files of papers, and passed out, leaving the room more fevered still.

The High Constable—for he it was—leaned back in his chair, blew a summer cloud of cigarette smoke, and watched it faintly circling up to the fly-marked ceiling. It was evident that the High Constable reflected; one might see a mighty brain at work; for he was bald. You might suppose he was untracking in thought the coils and windings of some dark tragedy. But no; a more difficult problem sought solution at his hands—how to escape the flaming dog-days. The memory of the cooling waters of blue Ontario increased his longing—some pretext of business, or the rate-payers would raise trouble about paying his expenses.

He rises and paces the matted floor; suddenly a brilliant thought strikes him. "It shall be done!" he

exclaims. He extracts with unfaltering hand a time-stained, travel-worn document from its pigeon-hole; he anxiously inspects its condition, and then breathes more freely. It would outlast his time, and after him, the deluge.

Quickly the High Constable summoned his faithful follower, and handed him the paper. In answer to the look of inquiry, he slapped his martial breast and orated in large tones: "Yes! the honor of the braves of the 65th is safe. It is my care. I go to avenge the insult to the *grande nation*. Make ready! I leave to-morrow."

The High Constable immersed himself in his duster, and flapped his way to the editorial rooms of *Le Crie du Peuple*. The evening edition announced in circus poster type "Revanche"; "*A bas la sanguinari secte l'Orangiste*." The tail of this kite was a local in-humbler guise to the effect that *Le brigand She-par* had not escaped. He shall expiate in the Montreal Bastille his foul attempts to sully the honor of a chivalrous people. The flag shall be avenged! . . . The patriotic High Constable leaves in the morning for Toronto. *Allez! Brave! Allez! les coeurs Francais vous accompagnent dans cette mission heroique!*

On the morrow the High Constable receives an ovation from his compatriots as he steps on board the Corsican for Toronto. Bravos and waving of cambrics by fair hands encourage him. Overcome with emotion, he seeks the cool cabin.

TORONTO.

The well-known military air of the High Constable creates a furore on King Street. He approaches his hotel. A tall gaunt man wearing a mousthace and a chin tuft, whose raven hair is now besprinkled with gray, is tearing along the street. The High Constable salutes him and enquires after the health of the respected *M. le Redacteur*, and entreats him to care for himself.

"*Bo jo! Bo jo!*" returned the *News'* man affably. "The usual business, eh?" "Quite ze same," answered the High Constable, a two by nine smile playing over his features. "I now go to ask ze fat alderman to-to-vat you call it again? *Merci*—oui to *se reverser*, back ze warrant. "May his shadow never grow less! It is a harmless amusement," remarked the editor. "Ta, ta!"

A citizen of the Queen City seeing the meeting disperse and no arrest, inquired of the High Constable why he didn't take his man when he had him. The High Constable regards him with astonishment. "Arrest *M. le Redacteur? Sacre nom de guerre!* Vat for does I come here to? *To act as one policeman, think you?*"

The fat alderman declined, and after a pleasant visit the high dignitary returned.

THE RETURN.

The High Constable is once more at his office. "Michael," says he, "have ze goodness to replace this with ze great care. Ah! some more times to visit Toronto, and I speak ze language Anglais perfect!"

Mike, his devoted follower, returns the warrant, and mutters fervently in a rich Parisian accent born of Cork: "Holy murther! but its a great schame!"

QUITE AP-PARENT.

"A subscription of \$500 is being raised amongst the friends of Parent, the defaulting cashier of the Hochelaga Bank, to pay his counsel's fees."—*Montreal news in "Mail."*

How lovely it is thus to see the Fifth Commandment fulfilled. "Honor to Parents" it is clear has duly been instilled.



A REVISION.

The Bereaved Mr. Biggs—Er—Jimpson, if you wouldn't mind, I'd—ahem—I'd like you to just chip off that last part. Er—I'm going to be married next month.

"TRACED."

COUNTY CONSTABLE HODGE, of Middlesex, deserves great credit for his recovery of several horses and rigs stolen by a certain notorious horse-thief. The newspaper account says that the devoted officer travelled five or six hundred miles in his mission, and that "about twenty-five miles the other side of Perth he got the first traces of the missing property." The securing of the traces of course led to the finding of the rest of the harness, and ultimately to the rigs and horseflesh.

OLD GARDEN BEACH ;

OR, THE SEA-SIDE MISERIES OF A RISING ARISTOCRAT.

THIS year Mrs. Spunkit said she *would* go to the sea-side. Her dear friend, Mrs. Boodle, went last year, and has been casting it up to her ever since. "Don't you remember, Mrs. Spunkit, last summer when we were at Old Garden—. But oh! I forgot; *you* did not go. Liked staying in the city better, no doubt"; or, "My dear Mrs. Spunkit, you really should make Mr. Spunkit take you and the family to Old Garden. It is just lovely, and what's the use of life if you don't enjoy it?" So Mrs. Spunkit said she could stand it no longer. She'd go to Old Garden, if she had to leave the house rent and all the bills unpaid. She'd go if it burst the firm of Spunkit & Coddlem higher than a kite. Mr. Spunkit accordingly, like a wise man, accepted the situation. It was useless to contend with fate, for Mrs. Spunkit, when once aroused, was all the three weird sisters in one.

Quarters were engaged at the Old Garden House, at \$12 apiece each, from Mr. and Mrs. Spunkit down to baby Spunkit, two years old. The saratogas were packed till the

zinc bands threatened to rend asunder; the roomy brick house in Bernly street was closed, and the twelve members of the Spunkit family boarded a Pullman for the land of the free.

When they arrived bag and baggage at Old Garden House, it was full from attic to cellar. The proprietor had not been able to resist pressure, and, on the principle of "first come, first served," had let all the apartments, even those engaged by the Spunkit family. "There, I told you so," said Mrs. Spunkit, as she cast her wrathful countenance upon her weak and humble spouse. "That's the way you men manage. If you'd let me write to the proprietor as I wanted to! But no, you must do that yourself. Now see what a mess you've made of it." Tears were visible beneath the dark lashes, so Mr. Spunkit merely replied, "Don't dear, don't. I did everything that was necessary. You know I could not help the man letting the rooms." "No, of course not; you can't help anything. Mr. Spunkit, you're the most helpless man to be father of nine children, and head of the firm of Spunkit & Coddlem, that I ever saw. Now, if——" What else Mrs. Spunkit would have said cannot be recorded, for at that moment her dear friend, Mrs. Boodle appeared on the verandah of the hotel, and rushed down to the carriage. "So glad you've come," thought she didn't look exactly glad, either.

"Now, where are you going? Got rooms here, of course? No; that's too bad. The proprietor has let them. What a shame!" Mrs. Boodle, however, looked much relieved, and recommended the Spunkits to a nice boarding house down on the beach. Thither trending, they engaged three rooms in the attic, the only ones vacant, and proceeded to make themselves at home. The sun had been pouring down all day on the roof, and the rooms were like ovens. They were small, and, when their trunks were brought up, overcrowded. But this was the sea-side, and, though Mrs. Spunkit thought full often of the cool and roomy mansion in Bernly street, with all its comforts, yet she was getting even with Mrs. Boodle, and would not complain. They were devoured with mosquitoes by night, and overrun with excursionists by day. But what matter? They were being fashionable. All the circle of her friends would say, "Mrs. Spunkit has gone to the sea-side," and she would rise several steps in the social scale.

However, she had not reached Mrs. Boodle yet. She made several visits to the Old Garden House, and found that resplendent lady always on the verandah. Mrs. Spunkit noticed that her dear friend never invited her to her room, but she supposed that was because it was on the third or fourth flat. Mrs. Boodle always spoke as if she put up at the Old Garden House, and pitied her dear friend that she had been crowded out. What was Mrs. Spunkit's surprise to learn from a published list of the guests at the different houses, that Mrs. Boodle was really living at the Hut House, a third-class hotel some distance down the beach, and that she had only reported herself on the verandah of the Old Garden House to appear fashionable. "Ah!" thought Mrs. Spunkit, "I'm even with her this time." Two weeks of misery

and reckless expense passed by, and Mrs. Spunkit and Mrs. Boodle happened to meet at the station, returning home by the same train. Mr. and Mrs. Spunkit, the nurse, and nine little Spunkits were standing on the platform, when Mr. and Mrs. Boodle drove up in the "Old Garden House" bus. Mrs. Spunkit noticed that Mrs. Boodle's saratoga was covered with labels, "Old Garden House." What could it mean? Mrs. Spunkit has since learned that Mrs. Boodle moved up to the "Old Garden House," the day before she came away, so as to get a fashionable send off; and after doing it cheaply during all her visit at the Hut, to deceive her friends by her trunks and boxes into supposing that she had been swelling it at the "Old Garden."

Mrs. Spunkit thinks that next year she will be wise and stay at home.

A POEM OF POLITICAL ECONOMY.

CAPITAL, LAND and LABOR
Were triplets at their birth,
And started out together
To cultivate the earth;

Quoth they, "We'll work together,
And all the WEALTH we make
Will be divided fairly,
And each a third will take.

"Capital's share is *Interest*,
Land's share we'll know as *Rent*,
While Labor's we'll call *wages*,
And each will be content."

The business grew and prospered,
And wealth was made *galore*,
But, lo! while LAND waxed wealthy
The other two grew poor.

And it was seen, most strangely,
That with the rise of *Rent*,
Both *Interest* and *Wages*
Lower and lower went!

"There's something wrong, dear brother."
The others said to Land,
"There's something crooked somewhere
We'd like to understand.

"While you are fat and jolly,
And from all care are free,
We, though we do our portion
Are pressed by poverty."

Said Land, "My dearest brothers,
The facts are as you state—
While *capital* and *wages* fall
Rent grows at inverse rate.

"And why?—the thing is simple,
And very plain to see:—
For all your raw material
You've got to come to *me*.

"And I (through 'private ownership')
Am thus empowered to say,
As much as I see fit to ask
You both have got to pay.

"We're on a different footing,
As you may now perceive,
You've got to have *my* help, you know,
Or, simply, you can't live.

"And since (through 'private ownership')
I ask more than my share,
It follows that my partners
Are left a little bare!"

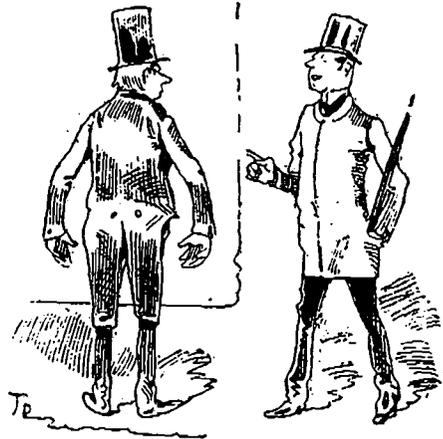
"Most excellently reasoned,"
Said Labor, "clear as day!"
"The very thing," said Capital,
"That I was going to say."

"Well, now," said Labor thoughtfully,
"I think I see the chip
That spoils our dish of porridge—
It's 'private ownership.'

"We'll just dissolve this little firm
And form again with two
Called Capital & Labor—
Both workers—that will do.

"And Land (or raw material)
Since it by Heaven is sent
We'll treat as common property
By wiping out all *rent*."

"Then while the wealth producing
Will go on as before,
The workers will enjoy it,
And neither will be poor."



A NEW IDEA.

Jiggles—Hello! dress coat so early in the day? What's up?
Been cut all night?

Jinks—No; the hot weather, you know. I only wish there was
more of it cut away!

A PROPOSAL.

RESPECTED Major Dugas! Gallant comrades of the Sixty-Fifth. Esteemed contemporary Sheppard! GRIP is inspired with a glorious idea in the line of peace on earth and good will among men! Listen! Why can't this difficulty of yours be finally and honorably set at rest by Arbitration? Hey? What's the matter with Arbitration? If high and mighty Powers of earth act upon this plan to adjust their disputes, it ought not to be beneath the dignity of soldiers however distinguished and editors of whatever enormous circulation. Let all the facts and circumstances of the case as it stands between you be submitted to a commission of three reputable citizens, one to be selected by Dugas, one by Sheppard, and these two to select a third; their decision to be final and binding, whatever it may be. What say you, gentlemen? Let us have an end to this inter-Provincial unpleasantness, with its possibilities of future bitterness.

It is a mistake to suppose that Death is always busy, for when an Algerian ruler dies, Death takes a Dey off.



Drawn from Designs by Henry George

A LOGICAL DEDUCTION.



NOT PERSONAL.

Mr. Brown (who has accidentally discovered Miss Dreamleigh again)—Come now, Miss Dreamleigh—Maud—confess that you were thinking of me!

Miss D.—Well, I don't know, Mr. Brown. I was just thinking about one of the characters in this novel who's a most unmitigated bore.

GOOD !!

THE following sentences by "A McGlynn Catholic" in the *Mail* of July 20 are magnificent:—

"You say:—'Dr. McGlynn knew when he joined the Church that obedience in all things was his primary duty.' If this means that every Roman Catholic priest agrees to do in politics as well as religion what his superiors order him to do, then the priest who takes orders first and the oath of allegiance to the United States afterwards is a perjurer. If it means this, every priest holds himself at liberty to play the traitor and to coerce his flock to do the same at the bidding of the puppet of a foreigner, who asserts his right to temporal authority. This may be your opinion, Mr. Editor, but I for one do not see how, if you hold it, you can refrain from devoting every column at your disposal to a demand that such a menace to our freedom shall not be allowed longer to exist. If this is your opinion, you and those who think with you must rejoice that the greatest and most beloved of American priests, Dr. McGlynn, declares this doctrine to be contrary to the law of the Church. * * * * * His appeal is not from the Church to the world, as you seem to think, but from the Pope to the Church, which makes the Pope."

A BUSINESS CALAMITY.

[The Sac City, Iowa, *Sun* advertises the local jail to rent.]

SAC CITY, Iowa, is some distance from Toronto, but that is no reason why we should not feel for its citizens when they are overtaken by a calamity of this kind. They are our neighbors, although we may never have

seen their faces or heard their names, and we do extend to them our fraternal sympathy in this misfortune. Upon enquiry we find that the jail building, which now stands empty and desolate, with the melancholy legend "To Let" nailed upon its oaken door, cost the people of Sac City a lot of money. This capital is now lost, unless a lessee can be found. But in addition to this, the people lose the services of an able and efficient jailer, an intelligent turnkey and several other officers more or less connected with the legitimate industry of jailing; they also lose the wealth created by the average staff of prisoners—some twenty-five or thereabouts—who were noted for their industry and strict attention to business. To a small place like Sac City this loss must be very serious, and an expression of condolence from a great place like Toronto, which has never known the misfortune of an empty jail, cannot but be gratefully received. The consideration that the Sac City people brought this business disaster upon themselves, should not prevent us from extending to them our condolence. It is true, with their eyes wide open, they voted for Prohibition of the liquor traffic, and it so happened

that they were in the majority. The law was accordingly enacted. But the Sac City people never for a moment dreamed that they were bringing financial ruin upon their jail industry. They trusted in the wisdom of *savants* like those who compose the Liberal Temperance Union, and believed that "Prohibition does not prohibit." They now find by bitter experience that they were mistaken, and they are entitled to all the sympathy usually bestowed upon people who have met with "didn't know it was loaded" accidents.

A CLEVER CUSTOMER.

FACETIOUS BARBER (to customer)—Your hair, sir, reminds me of the great George Washington.

Customer—Why so?

Facetious Barber—Because it can't lie.

Customer—Ah! upright hair, I presume.—*The Bailie.*

A FEW FAIRLY FUNNY FACTS.

"THIS is an everlasting job, and I'll hold it awlways," as the shoemaker remarked to his wife, Peggy. This was the only time he was ever known to wax funny.

The brickmaker wants the earth; that's his s-tile.

Mist that rises in the morning is generally mis't about noon.

Hanlan's Island is justly compared to a lion's den, because it's the home of the rower.

If having one wife is called living in the State of Matrimony, what state is a man in when he has two of them? Why, big Me., of course.

THE DOMINION AND INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION, TORONTO.

The Dominion Exhibition for the present year is to be held at Toronto, from the 5th to the 17th of September next, in conjunction with the great Industrial Fair, and these two exhibitions combined in one will, without doubt, be the grandest affair of the kind we have yet had in Canada. The Prizes offered amount to the large sum of \$30,000. The Toronto people are making great preparations for the show, and although their exhibition grounds and buildings are already the best and most extensive in the country, yet they are adding \$40,000 worth of additional buildings this year. With a view of securing the show of live stock the first week as well as the second, large special prizes are offered for horses, cattle, sheep and pigs, to be shown during the first week of the exhibition in addition to the regular prizes to be awarded the second week. A large number of superior special attractions are being secured for the exhibition, and they will be distributed throughout the whole time, so that the show the first week will be equally as attractive as during the second. Cheap railway rates and excursions will also be given during the whole time of the exhibition, so that everyone will be afforded an equal opportunity of visiting this great show. Entries in all departments, except for fruit and grain, have to be made before the 13th of August, and any intending exhibitors who have not yet obtained a copy of the prize list should lose no time in doing so. They can be obtained from the Secretaries of all Agricultural Societies and Mechanics' Institutes, or by dropping a post-card to Mr. Hill, the Secretary at Toronto. We may add here that the Grip Printing and Publishing Company are preparing a special issue, entitled "The Exhibition Illustrated," of which 10,000 copies at least, and perhaps many thousands more, will be printed and circulated in Toronto and the surrounding cities, towns and villages in Ontario. A few advertising spaces are still open, and live advertisers will readily see that this will be one of the best mediums ever offered them to bring their goods to the notice of the Canadian public. Advertising rates on application to Grip Office, Toronto.

HAVE gained 20 pounds in weight. See St. Leon Water Co. advertisement.

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.

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AWAKE, O HAPPY NATION!

Jubilee Song and Chorus.

WORDS BY Henry Rose.

MUSIC BY J. M. Coward.

- Solo and Chorus (complete), - 40 cts.
- Voice Parts, - 6 cts.
- Concert Edn., - 10 cts.
- Anthem or Four-Part Song, - 10 cts.
- Anthem for Male Voices, - 10 cts.

May be obtained of all music dealers, or mailed on receipt of marked price by

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Canadian Art Association,

349 1/2 QUEEN ST. W., TORONTO.

Having secured the services of Mr. J. H. Cline, Artist, as Manager, assisted by some of the leading artists of Ontario, we can confidently say that our house is second to none. Prices ranging from \$3.00 to \$100. Portraits in water colors, ink and pastel. Our \$20 life-size bust crayon portrait in solid 6 inch frame has no equal in the Dominion. Orders by mail promptly filled. Enlargements for artists.

J. H. CLINE,
Manager.

Medical.

DR. KEANE, SURGEON,
Diseases of the Skin,

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85 AND 87 KING ST. EAST.

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1887
- TORONTO -
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\$30,000 IN PRIZES.

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A Grand Programme of Special Attractions is being Prepared.

Return tickets at single fare and cheap excursions on all railways during the full time of the Exhibition.

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All the prominent Building and Park Lots on the plateau surrounding the harbor.

Hill-side Park Lots.

Water Lots suited for manufacturing purposes.

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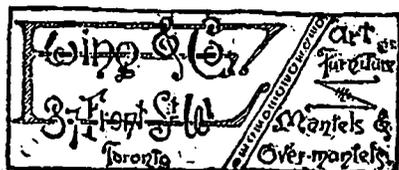


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GENTLEMEN requiring nobby stylish good-fitting, well-made clothing to order will find all the newest materials for the Spring Season, and two first-class cutters at **PETLEYS'**, 128 to 132 King St. East.

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Fine Art Tailoring a Specialty.

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PORTRAITS in Oil or Crayon at reasonable prices. Good work and satisfaction given. Photographs enlarged in Oil or Crayon, for size 8x10, \$1.50. Send order to **JAMES DANDIE,** Artist, 274 YONGE ST.

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The most simple and perfect tailor system of cutting. Also the best Folding Wire Dress Form for draping, etc., at lowest prices. **MISS CHUBB,** 179 King St. West.

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—this preparation is a real beef food, not like Liebig's and other fluid beefs, mere stimulants and meat flav-
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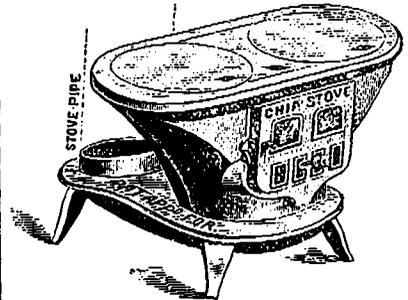
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Picnic Parties, Lawn Parties, Camping out, Boat Excursions, Etc.
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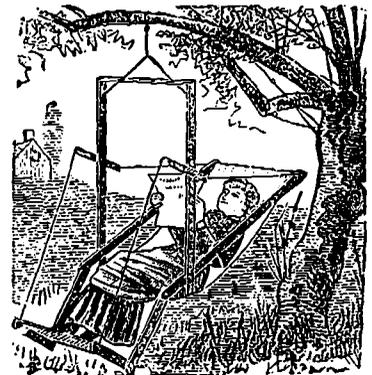
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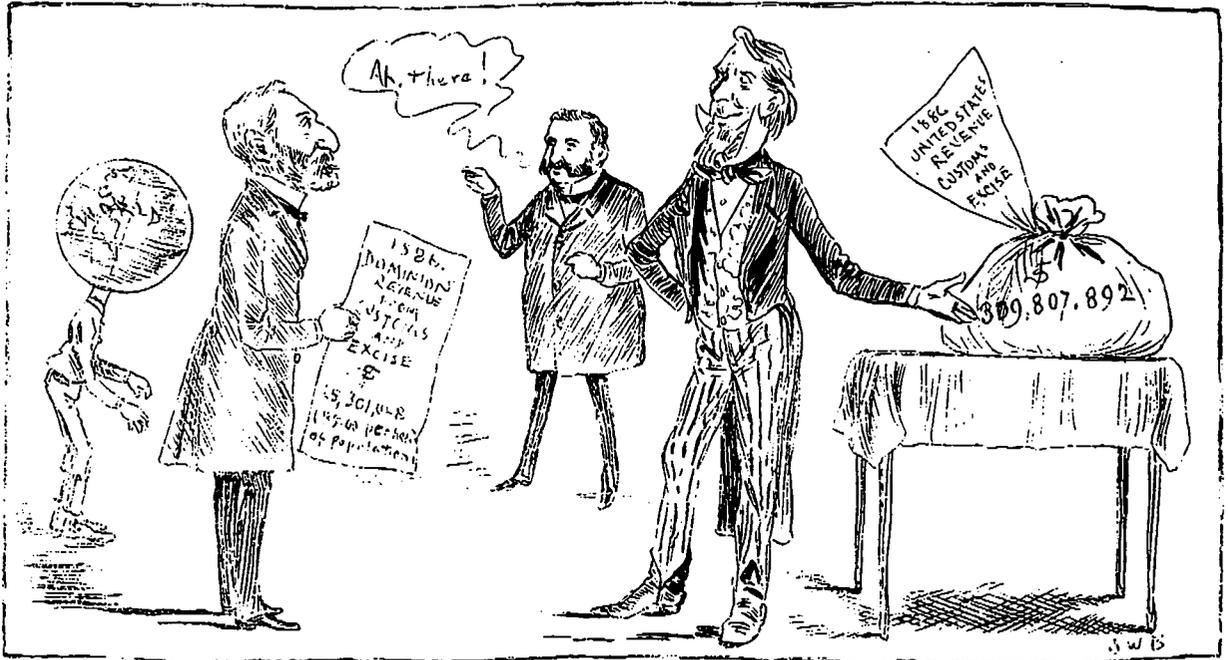


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"When I ate, my food was like a lump of lead in my stomach. I took Burdock Blood Bitters. The more I took, the more it helped me, I am like a new man now," says Ezra Babcock, Cloyne P.O., Township Barrie, Ont.

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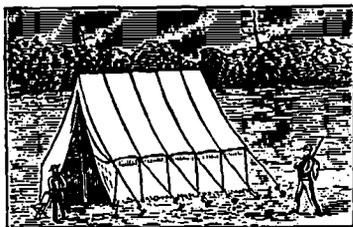
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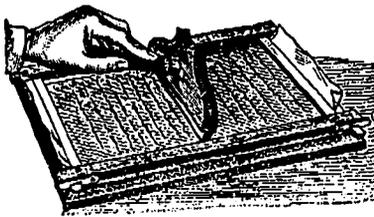
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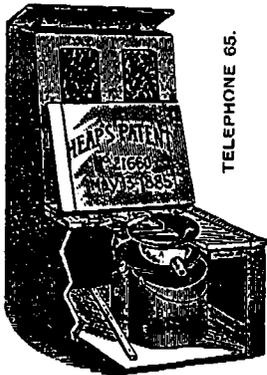
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