

"Yet doth he give us bold advertisement."-SHAKESPEARE.







CONDUCTORIAL COSTUME.

Respectfully suggested to Prof. Torrington for his next appearance with the Philharmonic Society,

BRITISH HUMORISTS OF THE DAY.

M. William Archer, the dramatic critic, in delivering judgment on Mr. Sydney Grundy's latest play, "The New Woman," has some interesting things to say of the living humorists of the old land. We quote:

Mr. Grundy has the art of so devising his dialogue as to make his characters say amusing things without being positively witty; he arranges for them such openings as they cannot possibly miss. Very seldom does one of his personages give forth an epigram, a simile, or any sort of witticism, so to speak, unprovoked; it is generally the clash of two minds that produces the scintillation. It will probably be found that the majority of Mr. Grundy's good things take the form of tolorably obvious repartees—obvious to the person making them, but showing all the more ingenuity on Mr. Grundy's part, since he did not merely avail himself of the opportunity but invented it.

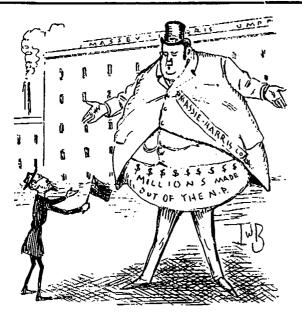
Take these scraps of dialogue (quoted from rough notes) as specimens: "Lady W. 'I've only one objection to new things—they're generally so old.' Miss Vivash. 'Not the New Woman !' Lady W. 'No, she's generally middle-aged." Again : "Miss Vivash. 'You can't deny that Woman has arrived and Man departed?' Lady W. (looking at her) 'I don't wonder at it.'" Yet again : "Lady W. 'Were you the only competitor for the Newdigate, Gerald?' Gerald. 'Oh, no! there were a dozen or so.' Lady W. 'Dear me!' Gerald. 'Does that surprise you?' Lady W. 'I shouldn't have thought it possible that Oxford could produce eleven worse poets.'" These sayings are certainly not miraculously witty; perhaps, as you read them in cold blood, you may think them poor enough. But in their context, and delivered by skilful actors, they are extremely amusing without seeming artificial or overstrained. In other words, Mr. Grundy's wit is dramatic, not fantastic or epigrammatic ; and that I take to be its chief merit. Let me illustrate my point with a few comparisons. Here is the sort of thing which we accepted as wit twenty years ago, in the "comedies" of H. J. Byron: "A. 'Look at old So-

and-So. He's eighty and looks fifty. Yet he eats only one lean chop a day. *Toujours perdrix*, as the French say.' *B*. 'Come you said one first, and now you say two. . . . We've established baths in the town.' A. ' Baths are excellent things. Mens sana in corpore sano, as the Romans say.' B. 'Oh, but we've women's baths, too.'" Perhaps the rising generation will scarcely believe that this is a fair specimen of Byron's dialogue; but let them read his master-piece Our Boys, and they will find that this is the staple form of facetiousness of a playwright who used to be acclaimed in his day as a master of "epigram." James Albery, a writer of very different calibre, had a strain of poetic imagination in his wit that is foreign to Mr. Grundy's more matter-of-fact talent. He abounded not so much in epigrams, perhaps, as in conceits. Witness this from Apple Blossoms : "Tom. 'Yes, I'm rich. I wouldn't take worlds for you, though I might go out and pick a dozen on any starlight night.' *Jennic.* 'Ah, Tom ! stars do nicely to speckle one's talk with, don't they?'" Mr. Grundy is never tempted to "speckle his talk" in this epigrams as Albery's "He fills his place as gravel fills a well "-a saying almost worthy to become proverbial. Mr. Gilbert's style of dialogue is too well known to require des-cription. This admirrble humorist has not Mr. Grundy's knack of so adjusting and concentrating commonplace talk as to give it an air of wit. It is always by his daring and paradoxical departures from possible conversation that Mr. Gilbert makes us laugh. His literary power is no less manifest in his prose dialogue than in his verses, but it is fantastic, not truly dramatic. Take, for instance, this little passage from Engaged, where Cheviot Hill returns to Be-



LIBERTY LIGHTING TORONTO.

With GRIP's hearty endorsation of the *World's* contention that the civic authorities should own and control the electric light plant, and every other municipal franchise.



THE OLD FLAG ISN'T IN IT NOW.

FOSTER—" Laws a Massey-Harris! I hear that you are contemplating the removal of your establishment to the States! Surely this cannot be true? Have we not protected you against the Yankees, and given you a chance to " combine," and made you rich, all on account of the grand old flag? Surely you would never be so disloyal as to—"

MASSEY-HARRIS Co., (a corporation without a soul)— "Loyalty be hanged ! Take off the duties on raw material or we leave forthwith. Business is business—keep your loyaltygammon to catch fools at election time."

linda Treherne and Minnie Symperson, after his fruitless journey to the Border to learn which one of them he has married. They expatiate on the social gifts of Belvawney, who has been entertaining them in Cheviot's absence : "Minnie. 'His conjuring tricks are wonderful!' Ch. 'Confound his conjuring tricks is a wonderful!' Ch. 'Confound his conjuring tricks !' Min. 'Have you seen him bring a live hen, two hair-brushes, and a pound and a half of fresh butter out of his pocket handkerchief?' Ch. 'No, I have not had that advantage.' Miss T. ''It is a thrilling sight.' Ch. 'So I should be disposed to imagine ! Pretty goings on in my absence ! You seem to forget that you two girls are engaged to be married to me !' Miss T. 'Ah, Cheviot ! do not judge us harshly. We love you with a reckless fervour that thrills us to the very marrow - don't we, darling? But the hours crept heavily without you, and when, to lighten the gloom in which we were plunged, the kindly creature swallowed a live rabbit and brought it out smothered in onions, from his left boot, we could not choose but smile. The good soul has promised to teach me the trick.'" Engaged, to be sure, is a farce, and cannot properly be compared with a serious comedy like The New IVoman; but all Mr. Gilbert's lighter dialogue partakes of the same characteristics.

Mr. Henry Arthur Jones' dialogue, clever as it often is, lacks the crispness of Mr. Grundy's, and is more allusive and rhetorical. It has more color, perhaps, but not so much sparkle. Mr. Pinero, in his lighter plays, has something of James Albery's fantasy, with an abounding quaintness which is peculiarly his own. Seldom trenching on Mr. Gilbert's topsy-turvydom, he yet loves to choose the delightfully incongruous metaphor, the exquisitely unexpected word. In brief, he is more of a humorist than Mr. Grundy. And the same quality of humor appears even in his more serious dialogue. Perhaps we may say that Mr. Pinero's touch is lighter and more graceful, Mr. Grundy's firmer and more trenchant; that the one has more inspiration, the other

more ingenuity. It is neither my wish nor my intention to suggest any superiority in one writer over the other. They have both distinguished merits.

THE COLONEL'S RETURN.

RIP extends the right hand of welcome to our distinguished citizen, Col. Denison, on his return home from the old country. We trust the Colonel has not allowed any thoughts of neglected business here to interfere with his pleasure abroad. The work has gone on just as well in his absence, and so far as that is concerned he might have made his stay in England permanent. We couldn't afford to have him stay away always, however, for other reasons. We need him here at the head of the cavalry to keep the ferocious Yankees at bay. He gets back just in time to head off the blood-thirsty Higgins who opened his mouth at Ogdensburg the other day and threatened to swallow the Dominion. But Higgins quickly simmered down, it will be observed, as soon as Col. Denison's home-coming was announced.



"ON SUFFERANCE."

"EQUITY, therefore, does not permit property in land." For if one portion of the earth's surface may justly become the possession of an individual, and may be held by him for his sole use and benefit, as a thing to which he has an exclusive right, then other portions of the earth's surface may be so held, and our planet may thus lapse altogether into private hands. Observe now the dilemma to which this leads. Supposing the entire habitable globe to be so inclosed, it follows that if the landowners have a valid right to its surface. Hence such can exist on the earth by sufferance only. They are all trespassers. Save by permission of the lords of the soil, they can have no room for the soles of their feet."—Herbert Spencer.

"Without the payment of the cental value to the community.



MISS AGRICULTURE, THE ELECTRIC GIRL.

This Interest is more than equal to all the Manufacturing Interests of the country combined; they are all as light as feathers in her hands, and yet she gets next to no attention from the Government.

PHRENOLOGY.

THERE is an article in a recent number of the *Pall Mall Gazette* which ought to make interesting reading for Professors of the Science of Phrenology. The writer passes no opinion on the learned gentlemen who make a living by furnishing charts of their customers' heads, but he characterizes the "science" itself as a humbug. Amongst other things he says:

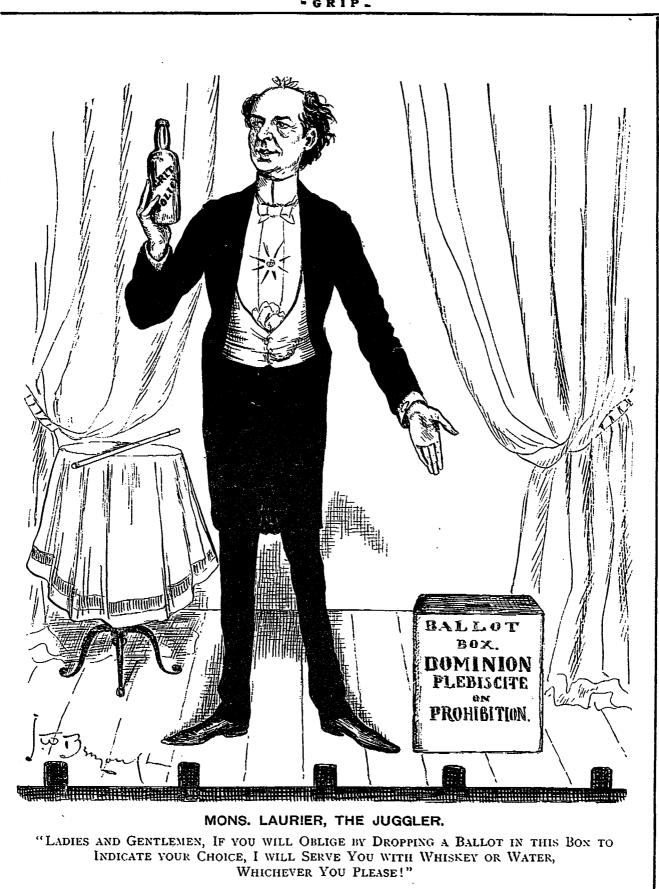
"Phrenology places the perceptive organs immediately above the eyebrows, and points to the frontal projection, so marked in many heads, as indications of development. It is, however, painfully disheartening to the phrenological student to discover, as he may do by dividing a skull, that there is no brain, but only mucus, against these suggestive bumps, and that the brain lies more than half an inch back, behind a second and inner formation of bone. So much for the 'perceptive bumps.'

"In the second place, Phrenology takes cognizance only of the top, front, rear, and sides of the head, but wholly ignores the organs which rest upon the base of the cranium. Let the reader imagine a skull severed by a horizontal circular line drawn from the brow, above the opening of the ears, to the back of the head : if the upper portion be removed, it will be seen that in the cup thus exposed, above the roof of the mouth, are some of the largest and most important of all the 'bumps.' Phrenology being unable to reach these (excepting after death), simply passes them by in silence, which is often an easy way of getting over an insuperable difficulty.

"The phrenologist resembles the celebrated character who attempted to judge of the contents of a wine-cellar by sniffing at its keyhole. He has been likened by Oliver Wendell Holmes to one who, fumbling about the outside of a locked iron safe, should assume to say what is within. 'Beneath this point,' cries the 'prof ssor,' touching a particular spot on the polished surface, 'lies a bag of gold, to the right rests a bundle of musty deeds, and here my fingers tingle over a jewel-casket.' Yet who knows but the safe may be as empty as the science of Phrenology itself?"

Mr. GRIP'S private opinion is that this writer is not far out in his view of the Phrenology business.

Miss Golightly is greatly offended at you, Mr. Jobbles." "Offended, is she? Why, I only called her a blooming maiden." "That's just it. She indignantly denies that she has the slightest intention of wearing bloomers."





SOMETHING ACCOMPLISHED, SOMETHING DONE.

HE-"Mabel, I claim your promise. You said you would let me hope if I gave proof of my manhood by doing something in the world. SHE—"Well; what have you accomplished? He.—"You mock me! Surely you are aware that my

dog there took first prize in his class at the Exhibition?

THE MESSENGER.

(WITH HUMBLEST APOLOGIES TO MISS PROCTOR.)

I had a message to send her, To her whom my soul loves best, But the boy I engaged to take it, Was remarkably fond of rest.

He paused in the park that morning To lie on the grass and snore Till a thunder-storm aroused him, And the rain began to pour.

He paused in a porch for shelter, Till he saw the bright sun shine, He paused to watch a dog-fight, He paused, at his home to dine.

Then he heard a strain of music That seemed to his ears so sweet, That he followed the organ-grinder Through many a square and street.

Where else he paused or rested, I know not, but this I know, He was virtuously indignant When I said he was slightly slow.

I've another message to send her, But this time, I'll go bail I'll hire no boy to take it, But trust it to the mail.

THE MARCH OF PROTECTION.

HE noble and humanitarian policy of Protection goes on its conquering way. The State of Maine has just declared by an overwhelming vote against the destruction of the American workingman by the removal of taxation; the colony of Victoria, Australia, has risen in its might and annihilated the absurd Free Traders who contend that artificial restrictions do not help trade; and here comes a report that in distant Morocco, "an Imperial tax of £5 is now demanded for free passage on the principal



THE BRAVE GARRISON MEND-ING THE BREECHES IN THE FORT.

roads," a measure which cannot fail to make the country prosperous. We haven't yet heard from Central Africa, but we have no doubt that the Protective system is in operation there, too. It is just about up to the level of a cannibal civilization.

GLORIOUS WAR I

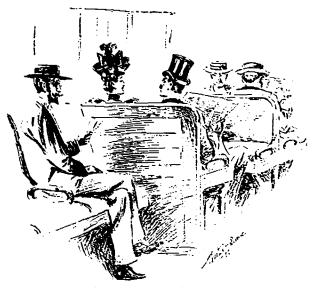
R. School Trustee Hambly of this city gives his dis-IN tinguished approval to War, as an admirable means of "keeping down the population." That is why he voted in favor of the school-boy demonstration with wooden guns in the Queen's Park on the anniversary of the Battle of Queenston Heights! Bravo, Hambly! By all means, yes, let us have war in Canada. Our population is increasing so rapidly that before long we may have as many as four people to the square mile !



A NOVEL SITUATION.

JACK, (who has taken his cousin and two of her frinds to the picnic)-They say the three-volume novel is going out. I wish to gracious it were gone !"

H. F. D.



COULDN'T STAND IT.

ACTRESS-"How did Yowler do in *Virginius* last night? Have you heard?"

ACTOR—" I'm told he was so bad that one of the steampipes burst and hissed him off the stage."

SUSANNAH IN TOWN-

VIII.

THERE seems to be two kinds of people what go to fairs and most everything else too. One kind has seen all you kin bring on-seen it and it don't amount to nothing, and the other kind they go 'round soppin' up information an' they get laughed at. 'Taint likely any one body's seen all there is to see, but there's lots o' folks that 'pear to have taken in all they've got minds to understand, an' I'd hate to let on I wuz one of 'em ef I wuz some folks.

My, what sights o' things I did see up there. I've been goin' reg'lar fur a good few years, an' I do hev a good time.

There was a woman makin' bullion work up in the big building, an' I stopped to talk with her. She said she most couldn't keep from laughin' the way the people called it bead work an' insel an' all them things what it ain't. I wuz real glad I knowed it wuz bullion-jest happened so, for Mary Tibbets what used to live near us, she come to Toronto to get her livin' doin' it, an' she made a hat-band with it tur her pa an' sent the name of it in the letter, so we all learned off him what it wuz called. It's pretty fine stuff an' awful tedious stringin' the little springy things on your needle, but I tell you the men folks what wear soldier's caps an' fancy collars an' pinnies, an' free mason's fixin's they shine like a golden sunset, as they say in books.

Another woman was sewin' gloves. It wuz more ticklisher work than the other, fur the little strips of kid had to go jest so. She had little pinchers to keep the edges even, an' her machine seemed to be layin' over on its side, but I guess it wuz on purpose. Some folks don't seem to have no sense, an' the way the mob mussed up those gloves with their dirty hands wuz a caution. The gloves wuz pale blue an' a dreadful delicate pink, an' I wouldn't be afraid to bet that among the visitin' folks there wasn't a pair of real clean hands in the buildin'—that is, anywhere further than ten feet from the front door. It wuz terr'ble dusty, an' 'twusn't crowdin' anybody's godliness agin the wall ef they were dirty there. No one what wuz more substantial than a shaddery ghost could keep clean.

I wuz out 'mong the cattle considerable. They made a good showin', an' I learned off some o' their names, so's I'd know cows as wuz cows when I heerd of 'em. The one's I used to milk an' climb fences from wuzn't none o' these fancy work stock. They got called Blackie an' Brindle an' Spot an' Cherry, an' I guess they wuz pretty common cows. The dogs is always dreadful interestin'. There wuz a

The dogs is always dreadful interestin'. There wuz a bull dog with a cage thing in front of him, so's he couldn't grab you, an' there wuz little pet pussy-cats of doggies in cages so you couldn't grab them. The rest wuz more or less loose. The Russian wolf-hounds wuz fine. They've got Roman noses like the Polish Jew in a piece Mr. Irving played here last winter. I know that nose fur I used to see it every time I wuz alone in the dark fur quite a spell.

Speakin' o' play actors minds me that I saw Sol Smith Russel there in that very show. He wuz comin' down from the top flat an' I wuz a goin' up, an' I stopped right still an' got a good look at him in his everyday clothes. My, he's a real born actor ain't he? Ef he feels bad you feel bad, ef he's down trodden, your dander's on the rise, an' when he gits married you feel glad fur him, poor thing. He's a reg'lar preacher - he is - an' his sermon's is sugar-coated.

It's a pretty good place to stay at—that fair is. You've got lots to see, an' good places to rest when you're tired, an' real good vittles. I don't know what more a body could want. Ef any one does think o' anything an' it's in reason, Mr. Hill 'll git it by next year of they'll let him know. But my, it's a big fair fur plain bodies that don't travel an' we mostly don't.

SUSANNAH.

MICROBE POISONING.

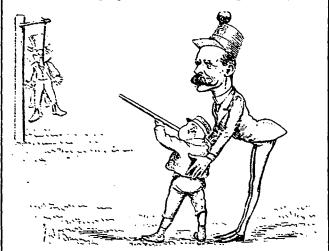
IFE would be tolerable if it were not for microbes.

Scientists may enjoy them and gloat over their infinite variety and the unlimited explorations they promise them in the still great undiscovered microscopic world, but it can hardly be said that everyone can rejoice in their unearthing.

There seems no way for us now to achieve perfect health and happiness, until some one invents a glass-case for us to walk under, and all our clothes and food are subjected to antiseptic treatment. It remains, while we await these preventives being patented, for a *New York Herald* young man to add the last drop to our apprehensions on this score.

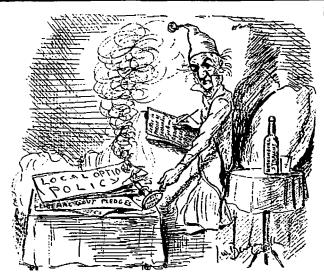
This enterprising newspaper reporter has discovered in Buenos Ayres, a Professor Beaurigard, who despatched his triends to another world, b; means of cholera and yellow fever bacilli, introduced into ice which was served to his guests at little dinners he was famous for.

The professor was an artist in his way. He never invited more than three people, at a time declaring that a quartet



"TEACHING THE YOUNG IDEA HOW TO SHOOT." [The School Board at its last meeting approved of the plan to celebrate the coming anniversary of the Battle of Queenston Heights by a military demonstration by the School boys in Queen's Park.]

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GLADSTONE HAS '' RETIRED,"

But he still manages to do a good deal of mischief by making a public declaration against the policy of Local Option to which the Liberal Government is committed.

was the perfect number for a dinner party, and he made their last dinner an enjoyable one : they had dainty dishes, sparkling conversation, and their favorite wines, and everything of the best : it was merely the cooling ice that was fatal to them, and that only when it thawed out. Of course he manufactured it himself. His butler deposed that "Beaurigard always provided the ice from his 'chemist room,' and only insisted on using it when he had a little dinner on," with the usual result that his three guests were always shortly after his entertainments stricken with cholera or yellow fever. Beaurigard was an ingenious poisoner and one would say no death could be bad enough for such a fiend, only he scaped his punishment when convicted by killing himself with other poison that he had carefully hidden in a capsule in a hollow tooth.

The story, if full of horrible suggestions, has its compensations for Canadians, and is a distinct warning to Torontonians to use the bay ice in preference to any chemically made stuff.

To those nervously inclined, we would suggest that Buenos Ayres is some distance off, and that by a curious coincidence the paper that told the story had just announced the closing of its great Ice Charity for New York. Who knows, too, but it may be the means of building up a great ice industry for us. Canadians being noted for the purity of their products, we feel that here is a great field for enterprising capitalists; if we could only be sure of having a good, cold New York winter in Ontario, its success would be assured.

J. M. Loes.

A CONVERSION.

A LDERMAN John Shaw announces that he has become a convert to the doctrine of Municipal Control of Civic Franchises and the abolition of the middle-man (or corporation). Good for John! It is a sound faith, and GRP hopes the doughty alderman will be able to do something to lead other members of the Council to the light the civic electric light. It is a silly policy for any corporation to give away its own sources of wealth, and no justification of the silliness is attempted beyond the allegation that under civic control there would be a lot of stealing. This is not flattering to the alderman as a body, and self respect if nothing else should make them solid for civic control.

QUEEN'S ENGLISH.

EDITOR OF GRIP. SIR-

N OT long ago the Winnipeg Tribune published an editorial strongly advocating a reform in the spelling of the English language. Although I heartily disapproved of the article, being fully persuaded in my own mind that the establishment of phonetic spelling will most effectually murder all the beauties of our mother tongue, yet my good nature is mightier than my judgment. Therefore, taking it for granted that the Tribune desires more uniformity in the spelling of English words, Lforward you the following lines, wherein I fondly hope I have taken a step in the direction pointed out by our popular Winnipeg paper.

A FIGN SIGN OF A LALFABLE CALF.

A painter once painted a pretty sign ; It stood o'er a doorstep and looked mighty fign ; But stare as we might, It puzzled us quight, To see wings of a kight Attached to a calf, (Wings long as a scalf) Which made us all lalf, Out of Babylon to meet winged kign :--For calf and long wings form an odd combign !

E.W.L.

THOSE pesky Japs are getting too checky altogether. They are now heading for the sacred capital of China, determined to have a Peek-in without waiting for an invitation.

PRELIMINARY ARRANGEMENTS-

MANAGER.—" Well, have you the programme all fixed for to-night's concert?"

ASSISTANT,---- "Tht programme 's all right ; but there 's another row in the company."

MANAGER. - "What are they quarreling about now."

ASSISTANT.—" About whose turn it is to be too ill to appear."

VIOLENT EXERCISE.

WALKER.—" You're not as stout as you used to be, old man."

WHEELER. - " No; since I started to ride a bicycle I've fallen off a good deal."



THE EASTERN SLAUGHTER.

SCHOOL TRUSTEE HAMBLY—" Permit me to congratulate you, Ah Sin, on China's recent defeats. The war is keeping down your population beautifully*; you ought to be grateful. Shake !"

[But the benighted heathen doesn't seem to see it.]

* *Vide* report of last School Board meeting at which Mr. H. declared his approval of war for this reason.

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JUST A WORD.

JUST A WORD. Within the last two months accounts have been sent to those who read GRIP very week but have not paid for it. A large number owe for longer or shorter periods previous to the suspension of GRIP in July 1893, as well as for the pre-sent year. We want all these old arrears to be wiped off. The list came into our hands when GRIP was revived and we paid hard cash for it, which we would like to get back. We know times are hard, but they are hard for us as well as for you, and as "mony littles mak'a muckle," the small sums you owe aggre-rate a large amount. Come, now, you won't miss the small sum, while it will help to replenish our coffers and make us happy. Look at your sddress label, and if you are not clear on GRIP's books let him hear from you by next mail. **

As a fin hear from you by next mail. ** REFERRING: to the attractive exhibit of Electro-Medical appliances made by Professor Vernoy at the Industrial Ex-ibition the Globe pays the following well deserved tribute to this pioneer of Medical Electricity: "Prof. Vernoy had discovered a system of electro treat ment following natural laws years before most of his contemporaries, and finding the existing batteries inadequate carry-ing out this system he invented and pa-tented a battery which forms a principal part of the exhibit. These batteries, used in homes throughout Ontario for many diseases that are by physician' regarded as incurable, have brought Prof. Vernoy iame and placed him at the head of a Great curative establishment. This con-sited at first of the well-known building on the east side of Jarvis Street. An-other was added on the west side as the sanatorium, and still more recently a hird building has been secured for the maternity department. Daring the dull best of all advertisements — the cures made upon the friends of the patients. That this is so shows on what an endur-ing has is the Vernoy institutions are built. The professorbelieves in his work, and the cures of all sorts of diseases. even to supposedly incureble cases of hig disease, that have been made, justify his own and his patients belief in electro-medical treatment." * *

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"BIZ"

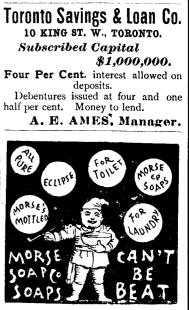


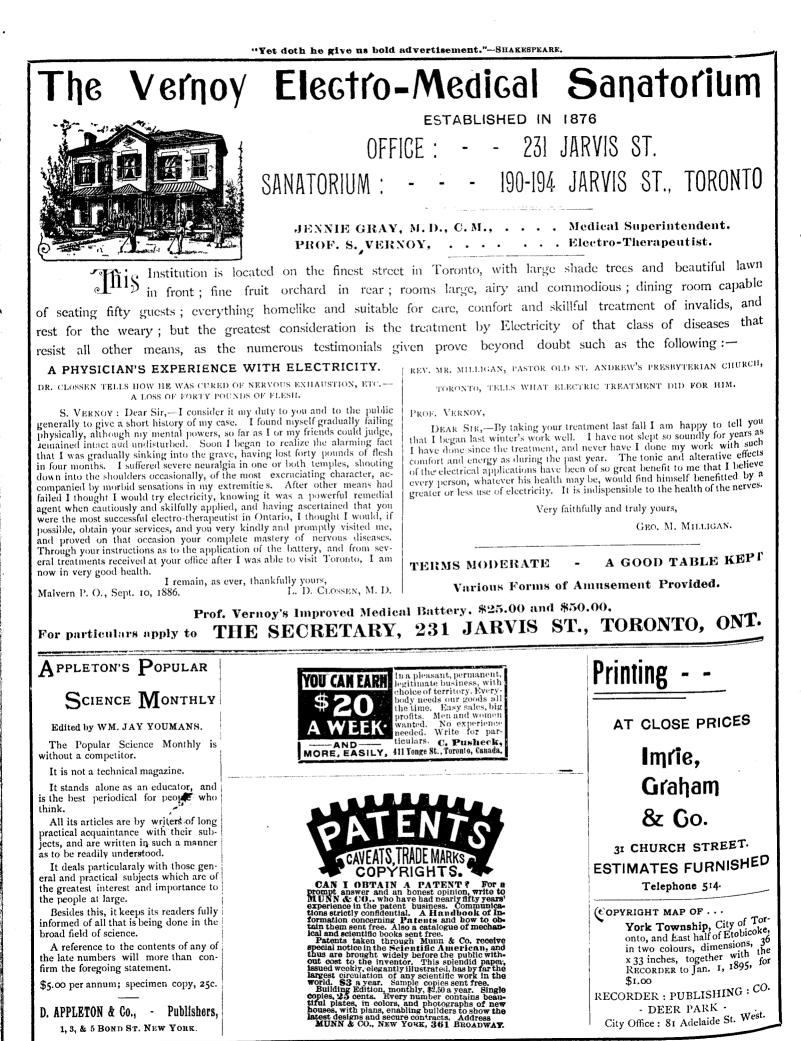


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