

# THE GLOBE

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INDEPENDENT  
JOURNAL  
OF HUMOR  
AND CARICATURE



J.W. Benough

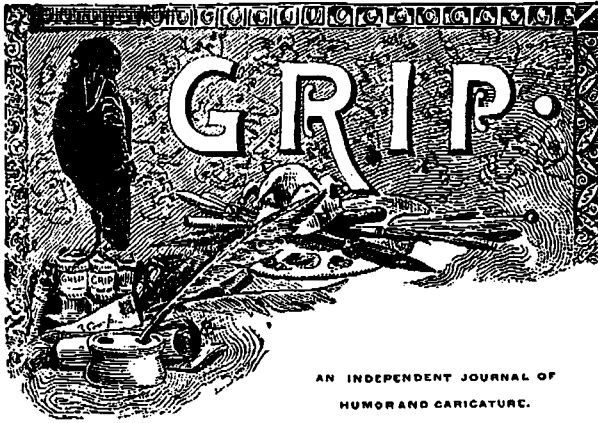
### TO SHOOT, OR NOT TO SHOOT?

THE "GLOBE" MAN.—"Don't shoot, Greenway! For goodness sake, don't shoot! If you miss the apple you'll kill the boy!"

GREENWAY.—"Yes; but William Tell didn't miss the apple, you know!"

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Comments on the Cartoons.



SOME "INDUSTRIAL" EXHIBITS.—The Exhibition now in progress undoubtedly gives a good idea of the manufacturing, agricultural and artistic activity of the people of this Province, but the word "Industrial" has a wider meaning which the display, it seems to us, does not fully bring out. That word suggests the whole labor question, and if a collection of articles illustrating that question as it now stands in Canada could be brought together in a department, it could not but prove both interesting

and instructive. As a hint to the managers for a future occasion, we have shown something of what could be done in the direction indicated. The thoughtful observer could hardly inspect these exhibits without having it impressed upon him that there is something vastly wrong in the present social system, under which rewards seem to be given in inverse ratio to the amount of service rendered. He would probably discover at length that the bottom cause of this paradox was monopoly—first, the monopoly of the raw material of nature, out of which, by the application of labor, wealth is produced; and next, the broad or minor monopolies established by law under the operation of a "protective" tariff. It would be a vast benefit to the

country if the eyes of the people could be opened to these facts. An Industrial Exposition which does not expose the fraud which is being practiced on Industry, is certainly defective.

TO SHOOT OR NOT TO SHOOT.—Mr. Greenway, Premier of Manitoba, having announced his intention of doing away with the French official language and Separate schools, is admonished by the *Globe* to be very careful in his movements. Supposing that it is within the constitutional powers of the Local Government to abolish these admitted evils, is it safe to make the attempt? Failure will result not only in the strengthening of the institutions themselves, but in the certain defeat of the Government and the relapse of the Province into the hands of the wicked Tories. Mr. Greenway is called upon to give this profound consideration, and he may be trusted we think to do so. He is probably no fonder of the cold shades of opposition than any other politician.



ARELY has the poverty of invention and execrable taste which is responsible for the clumsy and uncouth names inflicted upon many Canadian places been manifested to a greater degree than in christening a new village and post-office on the Credit Valley branch of the C.P.R. by the hideous name of "Terracottaville." It is simply an out-

rage. If it was desired to indicate the nature of the prevailing industry, why not call it "Terracotta" or "Terracot," without the addition of the snobbish "ville," which is an abomination? The Government ought to insist upon the post-office being re-christened by some more euphonious and seemly name than the barbarous "Terracottaville."

\* \* \*

THE *World* assumes to lecture GRIP, in its usual bumptious and insolent strain, in connection with our comments on Prof. Hill's Protectionist drivel at the A.A.A.S. Convention. GRIP always feels honored by the abuse of the *World*, and would be deeply humiliated if at any time it should unfortunately incur the praise of that venal and unscrupulous paper. We need not look further than the *World* office for an exemplification of the selfish inconsistency of Protectionism. Labor, being the one commodity which is not, and in the nature of things cannot be, "protected" by a tariff on imports, endeavors to protect itself by organization. Were there an iota of principle or consistency about the Tariff Protectionists, they would, of course, see the necessity and the justice of the attempt, and give it every encouragement. But from Carnegie down to the *World*, no sooner do these philanthropic and patriotic high tariff men feel their own interests touched, if ever so slightly, by the non-protected laborers' attempts at self-protection, than they fling their lofty professions to the winds, and shout lustily for the right "to manage their own business in their own way." Why, the conceited and impudent little humbug is to-day boycotted by the laboring classes of this city, in whose interests it professes to propound its Protectionist rubbish!

\* \* \*

WE have neither time, space nor inclination to accept the *World's* challenge and enter upon a wordy discussion as to the respective progress made by Free Trade and Protectionist countries. Such a controversy would settle nothing, inasmuch as tariff laws are only one

out of many factors affecting national prosperity. This fact is too often forgotten by both Protectionists and Free Traders. And hence nine tenths of the current newspaper talk on both sides, based on such comparisons as our contemporary makes, is utterly wide of the mark. The signs which indicate national prosperity or stagnation in the great majority of cases are due to causes which have no more connection with fiscal duties or their absence than the man in the moon.

\* \* \*

"Let's talk of graves, and worms, and epitaphs."

THE National Undertakers' Association hold their annual convention in this city, beginning on the 1st of October. It goes without saying that they have many matters of grave importance to consider. No doubt their deliberations will be re-hearsed in the daily press. Naturally the *morning* sittings will be especially fraught with interest and gloom. The gathering will somewhat resemble a party convention in its studied avoidance of all live issues and burning questions—such as cremation, for instance. GRIP welcomes the body with a friendly croak, and trusts that they will always be animated by the *esprit de corps*, so to speak, which has prompted their organization.

\* \* \*



N OBODY can conjecture where the craze for automatic machines on the "drop a nickel in the slot" principle will stop. They are being adapted to every conceivable purpose, and pretty soon, in some of the English and American cities, the wayfarer will be enabled to supply every ordinary want, except, perhaps, getting a bed to sleep in, by means of the little machines which confront him at every corner. In some of the

Western cities they are utilizing them for the sale of neat little bottles of liquor, so as to defeat the Sunday closing law. Before long the real estate men will doubtless adopt them, and the passer-by in suburban regions will be confronted by a machine bearing the legend:

"Drop a dollar in the slot,  
And get your deed for vacant lot."

The principal drawback to the universal adoption of the automatic machine is that about half the time it doesn't work.

\* \* \*

IT is now the turn of the Tories to assume airs of outraged political virtue and roll up their eyes in holy horror at the corruption of their opponents. The election of Mr. Colter, M.P., for Haldimand has been set aside on the ground of bribery by agents. The Grits, of course, are deprecatingly putting forward the usual plea in such cases familiar to readers of Capt. Marryat—"it was a very little one." The voidance of several successive elections for Haldimand owing to widespread corruption, indicates the need for more stringent penalties. How would it do, seeing that the prospect of being unseated has but slight terrors for candidates, to try disfranchising a constituency which is carried by corrupt influences two or three times in succession? If Haldimand were deprived of a representative for the next parliamentary term it would probably have a much more deterrent effect than proceeding against members elected by purchased votes.



**DESIGN FOR A HAT—WARRANTED AN  
EFFECTIVE BUOY-CATCHER.**

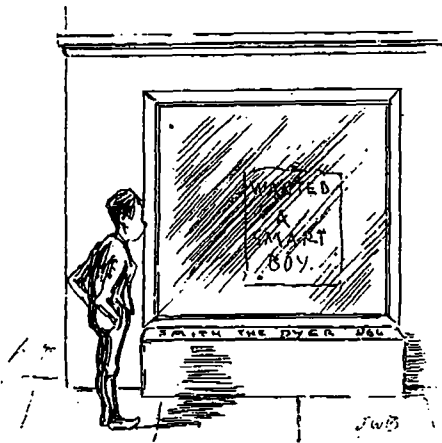
**THE YANKEE MANIAC.**

I DO admire my Yankee coz'—  
My Yankee cozess, too.  
I'm pleased with everything he does,  
And likewise what she do:  
I like the gin'ral Yankee style  
In managin' a biz.  
And, oh! I love a Yankee "smile"  
When taken with a "fizz."  
I like the way he slings his slang—  
"By gosh," "Gol darn," "You bet,"  
And seems to me he has "the hang"  
Of sportin' on his debt.  
I like the way the Yankees dress,  
The way they smoke and eat,  
And I admire the slight distress  
It gives 'em when they cheat.  
I like their names of places, too,  
They seem to bring good luck:  
Therefore, in cases not a few,  
We've made 'em pure Canuck.\*  
I like the Yankee Gov' ment plan,  
Where votes is worth a figger,  
And every chap is called a man  
Exceptin' he's a nigger.  
I've only got one fault to find  
(I know the statement's risky.)  
Ten cents is high, it strikes my mind,  
For just one drink of whisky.

\*It is evident that our poet here refers to our insensate adoption of such topographics as Chautauqua and Long Branch. Perhaps, also, he had in his mind the attempts of some good people in this city to substitute the vulgar Broadway for our beautiful and historic "Spadina avenue."



**THE SHEPHERDESS.**  
STAGE AND REAL.



"DYER NECESSITY."

## LITERAL.

SMITHSON—"Our mutual friend Jinkson is in town. Have you met him?"

DOBSON—"Oh yes; I fell in with him at the foot of Yonge street."

SMITHSON—"You did! Phew! How in the deuce did you ever get your clothes deodorized?"

## THE OLD TORY'S LAMENT.

WELL, things is changed and no mistake.  
I sometimes think I dream;  
Are people crazy all around?  
For that's the way they seem:  
I've been a Tory sixty years,  
And never turned my coat,  
And rally each election day  
To give my little vote.

But half my neighbors, Tories too,  
Who swore by old Sir John,  
And at the Grits till all was blue,  
Clear back on him have gone;  
They talk about some Jesuit Bill  
That soured them on him quite,  
And want to bust the Government  
As high as any kite.

It's all a pesky Grit device,  
Whatever you may say,  
Put up by Mowat and the *Globe*  
In their durned sneaky way;  
We've always licked 'em every time,  
The measly, scheming crew,  
A Grit will lie and steal and sich,  
For 'tis his natur' to.

But I declare it makes me mad  
And stirs up all my bile,  
To see fool Tories helpin' 'em,  
For that a saint would rile;  
And all because Sir John was smart  
And headed off the Grits,  
That's what they say, by buying up  
The French and Jesuits.

Of course he would, and what of that?  
That isn't nothing new,  
He's worked the thing for twenty years—  
No other plan would do.  
Was he a-goin' to be beat  
And let the Grits come in?  
Not much, I guess—the Old Man knows  
Too much to let 'em win.

Now, darn my skin, ef I kin see  
What all the row's about.  
The Grits, of course, must kick and howl  
And sling their mud about;  
But here McCarthy and Jim Hughes,  
An' parsons by the score,  
As used to vote our ticket straight,  
Begin to rave and roar.

I'd like to thump the pesky lot,  
The fools and traitors all,  
Who spout this anti-Jesuit rot  
In every cross-road's hall.  
They're Grits—yes, every mother's son—  
Just sneaking, turncoat Grits,  
But they can't euchre old Sir John,  
He'll give the rascals fits!

## ANYTHING TO GET RID OF HIM.

RONDEAU—"I have an 'Ode to the Moon.'  
EDITOR (*waving him off*)—"Well, you had better go up and show it to her. She would appreciate it if anyone would."

## THE ELIXIR OF LIFE.

MRS. JACK WALLOPER (*who lives in a "shady" neighborhood*)—Says she knows all about the elixir of life. Her husband has acquainted her with it. *He licks her* pretty often. [N.B.—The contributor of this simulation of a joke has been removed to the gaol by his friends, the lunatic asylum being full.—ED.]

## TO DAVID BOYLE.

SOME people delve the rocky soil for gold,  
Or ransack earth for oil or precious stones,  
Thy humbler quest is for dead Indian's bones,  
Relics of Iroquois or Mohawk bold;  
Pipes, tomahawks and beads, and such-like truck,  
Great store of ossuary wealth is thine,  
Invader of the fifth concession line,  
Who deem'st to strike an Indian tomb good luck,  
A gentleman and *sculler* art thou sure,  
Although thou findest skulls of Indian braves,  
After much digging for forgotten graves  
From all *skull-diggery* thy course is pure.  
Keep right ahead—you've but to persevere—  
We'll start that Museum within a year.

## A MISLEADING ANNOUNCEMENT.

HE entered the second-hand bookstore on Yonge street with an expression of lively curiosity on his face and approximated the salesman.

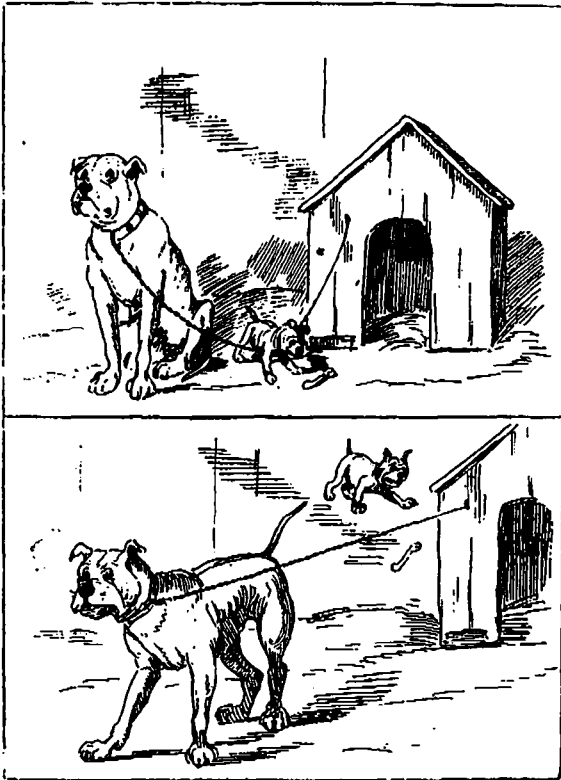
"I observed, as I was passing," he began, "a sign in your window stating, 'Old Books Rebound.' Now is that a fact?"

"Certainly, sir," said the salesman.

"Permit me to take exception to the statement. I cannot believe that age imparts any appreciable degree of resilience to printed volumes. In fact I am prepared to demonstrate by actual experiment that it does not."

So saying he reached for a volume of Shakespeare considerably the worse for wear and whanged it down with considerable violence upon the floor. He followed it up with a couple of blue-books and an old copy of Caesar's Commentaries. "Now, you see, old books don't rebound worth a cent. Always stick to facts."

And he was gone before the flabbergasted salesman could think of any swear words which seemed in any degree adequate to the occasion.



AN UNEXPECTED RISE.

## LA DUCHESSE DE PARAPLUIE.

A FRENCH ROMANCE.

## CHAP. I.

"SHE is charming—adorable. She shall be mine. I tell you, *mon ami*, that without her I shall be desolated!"

"Ah, bah!"

"Cynic! Hast thou then never loved?"

"Yes—fifty times, at least."

This conversation took place between two of the *jeunesse dorée* in the Bois de Boulogne, while watching the magnificent equipage of the Duchesse de Parapluie, the charming owner of which had smiled graciously upon them. Henri Culdesac was the heir of one of the noblest families of Normandy, whose *chateau* of Kobonconque had been erected during the reign of Henri Quatre. He had come to Paris to complete his education, and there made the acquaintance of Count Raoul Victor Marie Joseph de la Conciergerie. He had some more names, but did not often use them. Count Raoul was a man of the world. At twenty-five years of age he could make love in six languages, had fought fourteen duels, spent three fortunes at the gaming table and was tired of living.

"Ah, bah!" repeated Count Raoul.

"But I love her to distraction."

"She is fifty-three years old."

"*N'importe.*"

"And she has already murdered two husbands."

"What has that to do with it when one loves?"

"Ah, bah! You do make me *fatigué*. But I had forgotten something."

"What—to pay a debt?"

"No, I have to fight a duel. Excuse me. But I shall kill him. *Au revoir.*"

And Count Raoul lounged languidly from the scene.

## CHAP. II.

Henri Culdesac sank into a seat and remained in a state of dejection for over an hour.

Then he suddenly sprang to his feet and hailed a passing *fiacre*. Taking several gold pieces from his pocket he flung them to the driver.

"Where shall I drive, monsieur?" asked the latter.

"*Au diable!*" he responded gloomily.

"*Mais oui!*" replied the driver, as he whipped up his horses.

Hardly had they started before a man habited as an *ouvrier* emerged from the shrubbery, where he had been concealed, and hailed another *fiacre*.

"Your charge is——"

"Two francs an hour," replied the *cocher*.

"*Eh bien.* I will give you ten francs an hour. Follow that *fiacre*. Do not lose sight of it for an instant. *Marche donc!*"

It was the famous Lecoq, the detective!

## CHAP. III.

The salon of the Duchesse de Parapluie, in the Faubourg St. Germain, was in full blast. A highly aristocratic company had assembled, including Max O'Rell, Gen. Boulanger, Sarah Bernhardt, and a distinguished foreigner from America known as "Le Faiquer." The hostess, arrayed in a dazzling *parure* of diamonds and some other clothing hardly worth mentioning, was the focus of masculine admiration. Round her hovered, as the moths round the electric light, several warm, not to say perspiring, admirers, who endeavored to enliven the conversation by brilliant epigrams and *bon mots* carefully prepared for the occasion.

"Mons. Villeneuve is not here to-night," said Max O'Rell.

"No," replied Count Raoul, giving him the cue agreed on, "his *gout* detains him."

"*Eh bien. Chacun à son goût,*" promptly replied the great humorist, whereat the audience indulged in well-bred hilarity. The correspondent of the New York *Herald* rushed off and hailed a passing *fiacre*.

"To the telegraph office, quick!" he said, tossing the driver a gold piece.

Meanwhile the party had sat down to baccarat and *euchre à chemin de fer*. Upon the board was heaped a glittering pile of I.O.U.s and bonds of the Panama Canal Company. The choicest brands of wines and liquor circulated absolutely free of charge. The proud families of the Faubourg St. Germain may not always pay their debts, but they would scorn to make a sordid profit out of their guests.

"Whither do you go, *mon ami*?" said the Duchesse to Count Raoul, as he rose from the table, where he had staked his last Napoleon and won a fortune of 3,000,000 francs, and languidly lit a cigarette with a 1,000 franc bill.

"Count Raoul yawned. "This thing is monotonous. I go to—to——"

"Speak!" she said, as the working of her mobile features betrayed the intensity of her feelings.

"I go," he said deliberately, "to hail a passing *fiacre.*"

"Ah, stay," she pleaded, twining her jeweled, aristo-



### MISPLACED RESPONSIBILITY.

ENRAGED GROCER—"You young rascal, what do you mean by breaking my window?"

YOUNG RASCAL—"P-please, thir, it—it wathn't my fault! Jimmy Brown moved hith head!"

cratic fingers about his left coat-tail, but with a quick, elusive gesture he slipped out of the garment and was gone.

Diane de Parapluie stood for an instant as though thunderstruck, and then, in an agony of wounded pride, rent the garment into a thousand pieces. Her marvellous self-control soon re-asserted itself, as, with a radiant smile on her countenance, she rejoined her guests.

### CHAPTER IV.

"No, Henri Culdesac," said Diane de Parapluie, as he knelt at her feet in the gorgeously furnished boudoir. "No, I do not love you. But I will marry you just because I do not love you. I may be frivolous. I did kill my two husbands, and I am enlisted in a conspiracy to make Gen. Boulanger dictator, but I am incapable of deception unless it is absolutely necessary. Therefore I repeat that I do not love you, and if I marry you it is precisely on that account."

"But I don't understand," said Henri.

"It is not necessary that you should," replied the Duchesse, folding him in her practised embrace.

Woman is a paradox—*voilà tout*.

Just then a man habited in the garb of an *ouvrier* slipped from beneath the sofa unseen and glided from the apartment. He hailed a passing *fiacre*. Needless to remark it was Lecocq, the detective.

As nothing ever came of it, he probably failed to obtain a clue.

### A COLORADO LEGEND.

ONCE on a time, as legends say,  
An acre of potatoes lay  
Perspiring in the sun's warm ray.  
I put it thus to indicate  
The greater part was animate.  
For beetles occupied the scene,  
Like Pharaoh's kine, though far from lean.  
The brown had eaten up the green,  
And clustering on each blighted top,  
Seemed part and parcel of the crop.

Theirs was an easy life and blest,  
Their lot enjoying food and rest.

When hunger waged it was so handy  
To masticate their *locus standi*  
Then pick their teeth and take a walk,  
And loaf about from stalk to stalk.  
Such was the happy life they led.  
"O, this is grand," the young ones said,  
"There's nothing in the world so fine  
As life on a potato vine."

Then spake an ancient beetle who  
Had overheard the thoughtless crew,  
(No wiser hardshell could be found  
In all the teeming millions round.)  
Said he—"You know not what you speak,  
Just wait until you've lived a week  
And seen vicissitudes like me,  
And that will damp your silly glee."

Up came a storm with thunder crash  
And soul-affrighting lightning flash,  
And body-soaking water splash.  
"O Goodness me," the beetles small  
In terror cried, "'twill drown us all."  
"Tut, silly fools," the hardshell cried,  
Swimming serenely down the tide  
That hemmed the plants on every side.  
"This bluster soon will pass away,  
And you may then resume your play."  
And so it was, the storm blew o'er  
And all was merry as before.

But Farmer Bumpkin passing by  
Observed his crop with woful eye.  
"I'll hev to Paris Green," said he,  
"Or not a spud they'll leave to me."  
And so he speedily began  
To irrigate with watering can  
The long, straight rows of sprightly tops,  
Besprinkling each with potent drops.  
The little beetles felt delight  
At such a shower, so calm and slight.  
"No fear-inspiring deluge wild,  
That leaves you all with mud defiled,  
And every ridge a wave-washed dyke:  
This is the kind of rain we like,  
That gently falls, and though so brief,  
Imparts fresh greenness to the leaf."

"Beware," thus spoke the patriarch,  
"If you love life my caution mark,  
Touch not the leaves nor stalks that show  
A speck of green, but go below,  
And topsy-turvy eat your dinner,  
Or else you die, as I'm a sinner."  
"Just listen," cried the little beetles,  
"What! leave the very best of victuals,  
To grind our teeth on mud-splashed stems:  
Such action common sense condemns,  
Let him eat rubbish if he will,  
And upside down absorb his fill,  
We'll seek the highest herbage still,  
Resigning filth to dotards mean,  
We're not so green to shun the green."

So when the farmer came next day  
He found the beetles dead as clay.  
"Aha," he grinned, well pleased to find  
The insects had so promptly dined  
On *pomme-de-terres*, forbidden fruit.



"AFTER THE UPROAR WAS OVER."



### HIS WEEK POINT.

CHAIRMAN OF SWEATING COMMITTEE.—“And what is your average weekly emolument?”

WITNESS.—“Eh?”

CHAIRMAN.—“Tut, tut! What do you get on Saturdays?”

WITNESS.—“Drunk!”

Quite undeterred by poison put  
Upon it to secure their fall  
And rid this garden of them all.  
“I rather guessed they'd hev to go  
At last, but what is this?” his hoe  
An earth-stained, lower leaf had bent.  
And showed a beetle there intent  
On mastication—venerable  
His form, the patriarch of this fable.  
“Ho, ho, old crafty hardshell, you  
Decline to taste my seasoned stew,  
Yet will your wit not serve you much.”  
He spake, and with relentless clutch  
Dragged forth his victim, whom he laid  
With care upon the shining blade.  
And of him an example made.

A fable should at bottom line.  
Bear fruit like a potato vine.  
And so in point of fact does mine.  
Thrust deep the fork of calm reflection  
And lo, a speedy resurrection  
Of mora's trite in large selection.  
Not always that which seems the worst  
Proves in the end the greater curse.  
Even wisdom sometimes fails to save.  
And youth and age both find a grave.  
And so on, near *ad infinitum*.  
But further I forbear to write 'em.

WILLIAM MCGILL.

### ONLY AN ENGINEER.

“THEY met by chance the usual way.” It was at the Thousand Islands, or rather one of them.

She was an American belle of some nineteen or twenty summers, with a fondness for moonlight strolls and verandah flirtation.

He was the stalwart engineer of a lake steamer, plying to the Islands, and wore an official uniform with the word “engineer” conspicuously emblazoned upon his cap. But as it happened the letters were temporarily concealed by the strap sometimes used for securing the cap on the head, which had slipped over the inscription. So all that could be inferred from his official attire was, that he held a position of some sort on the boat.

They fell into converse about the weather or the boat, or some ordinary topic, and finally strolled off together

along the shore, conversing of the beauties of the spot, and giving utterance to such poetic and sentimental thoughts as naturally suggest themselves to two persons of opposite sexes on such occasions. She quoted Browning—he expressed his warm admiration for that poet, and his thorough appreciation of his sublime and soul-inspiring ideas.

“There is a subtle introspectiveness—a deep and profound significance which the ordinary mind might fail to grasp in the writings of Browning!” she said.

“There is indeed,” he replied. “It seems to thrill the finer chords of being, and sort of lift us, as it were, out of the sordid realities of life.”

“Do you not think that it requires a scene like this,” she went on to say, “to enable us to realize in its fulness the rapt ecstasy of the poet in feeling his soul permeated by the effluent and gracious harmonies of nature?”

He remarked that it frequently occurred to him in that light, and much more to the same effect.

“How delightful,” said the maiden, sinking gracefully upon a flowery bank, “were it to linger here for ever in soul communion with some one drawn close by common sympathies and mutual recognition of those grand truths which are revealed only to those of rarest insight, and make existence a joyous dream.”

“Yes, indeed,” said he, seating himself beside her, and carelessly throwing his cap down on the grass. The action slightly displaced the strap and exposed to full view the word.

“ENGINEER.”

She saw it, and her manner changed instantly. He read coldness and disdain upon her scornful brow. She rose hastily, and said, “Excuse me, but I think I must go back directly to the hotel. Ma will wonder what has become of me.” And without waiting for his escort or pausing to take leave, she quitted the scene abruptly. The idyl was over. He was only an engineer.



JOHN THOMAS LUMKIN, AS HE APPEARED ON HIS ARRIVAL IN TORONTO.



J. THOMAS LUMKIN, AFTER THREE MONTHS' STUDENTSHIP AT THE TORONTO COLLEGE OF MUSIC.



PAUPERISM.

THE SHADOW CAST BY MONOPOLY.

## NOT TO BE SAT ON.

"DON'T believe that the Single Tax  
Can ever accomplish much improvement,  
Incentive to action I fear it lacks,  
And I take no stock in the so-called movement.

"It ought to be sat on right away,"  
So he seated himself with a pompous air,  
But sprang up again in wild dismay  
And rent the welkin with yell and swear.

The practical joker whispered low,  
"The movement energy hardly lacks;  
The point is obvious—never go  
And sit down hard upon single tacks."

## ORIGIN OF MODERN POPULAR PHRASES.

"IT IS A COLD DAY WHEN I GET LEFT."

USED by Napoleon in the Russian campaign. Napoleon spoke literally, for the weather out there was inclined to be chilly, and our hero appears to have got left in several places. Modern usage of the phrase is, however, at once of less restricted and more metaphysical character. You can apply it to almost any event in the large and neatly printed catalogue of human woes. When a man misses any thing it is right to remark that he has got left. This, of course, may not apply to the train, for in that instance the train may get left, if the walking is good and the man in a hurry.

"PLEASE KEEP OFF THE GRASS."

More mystery exists about the authorship of this catchy little expression than we have time or room to explain. Good authority dates its birth about the Middle Ages, shortly after grass was discovered. Others again affirm that it preceded this period and was contemporaneous with the syllogism, "Come off the roof!" However this may be, it is morally certain that the sentient injunction was coined at a time when people were in the habit of walking about, either on the grass or on some other analogous production. What its primary object was can only be surmised, or words to that effect. Nothing, either in profane or milder history, reveals it. We can only hope it bears no sinister significance, because we respect it and love it for its beauty and purity and utility. Whatever reference it may bear to human action we may all hope it will be enforced as to cows on our cherished boulevards, and as to those who go about in the dewy morn and whose untanned shoes we have to pay for.

"NOW IS THE TIME TO SUBSCRIBE."

Faust started his first newspaper with this as a party shibboleth. He had at first thought of securing the older and more suggestive motto, "The subject who is truly loyal, etc., etc." But the other village paper spoiled that one in large irregular type, and would not sell out to the Professor. Faust, however, had no reason to regret his choice, for the phrase under his skilful and devoted management became exceedingly popular, so much so that when his patent had lapsed it became availed of by most well-regulated newspapers, and is to this very day a standard and solid journalistic maxim, second only in interest and business significance to that other old-established and cheerful legend: "Bills printed while you wait."

"WE ARE THE PEOPLE."

This elegant and neatly arranged combination originated with Julius Caesar, who is known to have invented many other pet phrases and things at odd moments between conquests. He used to carry a reporter's note-book and jot down particular little ideas and sayings occurring to him in the course of his business career. The discovery of one of these note-books the other day, in a very select portion of Roman ruins, which had for a considerable time been held for speculation, revealed the interesting and important scientific truth as to the coinage of this brilliant motto. It may possibly detract somewhat from the merit of the motto to have it known that the genial Julius was in a beer saloon at the time he got onto the phrase, and that several other of the boys were there too, having a little time. At that time they really were "the people," although since then it has fallen to the lot of some others of us to fill the position off and on, and most generally when off. It is to be hoped that this little truism will not be allowed to fall into desuetude, but will be retained in its pristine purity and self-evident realism for quite a while yet.

T. T.

## A FIGHT IN THE DARK.

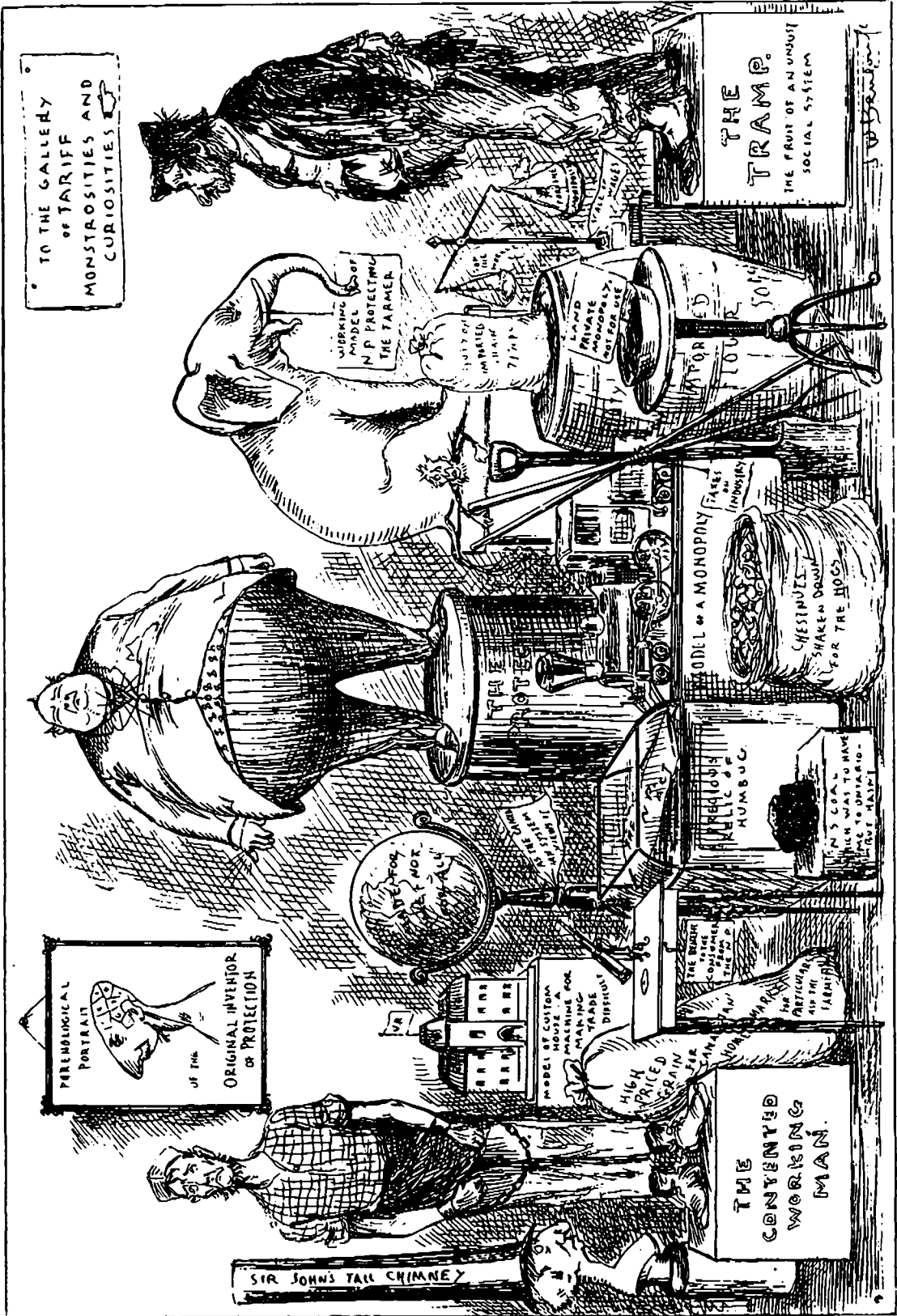
THE foe came in the stilly night,  
My lamp was burning dim,  
I nerved myself for bitterest fight  
And swiftly went for him.  
He through my open window came,  
With soft and noiseless tread,  
I dashed at him with eyes of flame,  
And strove to lay him dead.

He spoke me not, but seemed to hum  
Some weird, blood-thirsty song,  
Full ten times worse than beat of drum,  
Or sound of savage gong.  
I struck, he slipped aside, and then  
My weapon beat the air,  
I struck again, I fell: no pen  
Can write my fierce despair!

I rose again, he waited near,  
I thought I saw him smile,  
I "bade farewell to every fear,"  
For he roused my deadly bile.  
The thought of blood was in my mind,  
Revenge thrilled every vein,  
But I battled with a fate unkind,  
And I ground my teeth in pain.

Avant! I cried; begone, foul fiend!  
Depart! come here no more!  
But he came upon me like the wind,  
And smote me hard and sore:  
I well nigh wept with angry pain,  
I swore deep in my woe,  
When away went my enemy again,  
He was a mos-qui-to!





SOME EXHIBITS THAT OUGHT TO FIND A PLACE IN AN "INDUSTRIAL SHOW."

## HOW IS IT PRONOUNCED?

TO-DAY I met a tearful dude,  
Oh, wasn't he a beauty!  
As pretty as a picture on  
A box of Tutti-Frutti!

"Why weep ye on the street, fair youth?  
What seek ye on the street?  
And hast thou lost some jewel rare—  
A keepsake from thy sweet?"

"Aye, I have lost a treasure rare!  
With grief I'm almost dumb;  
'Tis no mere bauble from my fair—  
I've—lost—my—chewing-gum!"

I offered him a ginger-snap  
And taffy-candy, but he  
Remained disconsolate, and wailed,  
"I want my Tutti-Frutti!"

## VERY EXCLUSIVE.

MRS. UPPERTEHN—"We will invite the Tennizens,  
the Rightouts, the Lards—"

MR. UPPERTEHN (*indignantly*)—"The Lards! The  
devil!"

MRS. UPPERTEHN—"I don't think we had better  
ask him. He is not in our set."

## QUERY?

JAWKINS—"So they've commuted Mrs. Maybrick's  
sentence, and I notice that the authorities say they  
will not listen to any petitions asking for mitigation of  
the life-sentence. She's in for the rest of her days, sure  
enough."

PUNNERMAN—"Probably: though—er—she May-  
brick out, you know!"

## AN EXPENSIVE LUXURY.

FIRST CHAPPIE—"So you are engaged to Nettie  
Vere de Vere. How do you get along, old man?"

SECOND CHAPPIE—"Well, you see, she's so fond of  
eau de cologne, jockey club and so on, that 'pon my hon-  
nah, I find it quite an affair of *dollars and cents*, don't-  
cherknow."

## A HISTORIC FEUD.

TEACHER—"English literature class stand up. The  
lesson for to-day is Shakespeare's play of Romeo  
and Juliet. Where is the scene laid?"

FIRST BOY—"Verona, sir."

TEACHER—"Right. What were the two noble houses  
of Verona that had a deadly feud between them?"

FIRST BOY—"Montague and—and—I can't think of  
the other."

PUPIL (*whose father is a Grit heeler*).—"I know, sir."

TEACHER—"Well."

PUPIL—"The feud was atween Montague and Colter."

## A RIFT WITHIN THE LUTE.

"DEAR, dear Clarence," said Amelia Jane, "how  
kind, how thoughtful of you. This ring is really  
very pretty and nice, but as you only got it on approba-  
tion perhaps you could exchange it for one not quite so  
thick and a trifle flatter." "Ah, yes, just so. In that  
case you would regard it as a flatter-ring testimonial."

Engagement cancelled on the spot, and now they meet  
as strangers, and he puts \$3 weekly in the saving's bank  
instead of buying ice cream and caramels.

## RED RUBE, THE ROUGH:

OR, THE TERROR OF TECUMSETH TOWNSHIP.

ONCE upon a time.

There is no time like the old time,  
When you and I were young,  
When the buds of April blossomed  
And the birds of spring-time sung.

This time we are talking about there was a purple haze  
on the sunset; it looked as if the glorious orb of day was  
going to bed full.

The stage coach is creeping slowly up the canon.

The sleeping passengers have no thought of danger.  
All they do know is that the mules will not balk. They  
have no dread of the awful consequences which will follow  
a refractory mule's actions. They go on slumbering as  
peacefully as babes on the kitchen floor when the cradle  
is broken.

But, stop. A dark figure suddenly approaches out of  
the gloom.

It is Red Rube, the Rough.

"I want a ride," exclaims the man.

"Alright, sir. Whar you bound for?"

"I'm bound for the next town."

"Good nuff. Get aboard."

Night fell softly.

The stars wakened up and rubbed their eyes and  
blinked at the sleeping earth.

The mother moon smiled in quiet approval.

And the quietest passenger on board the stage that  
night was Red Rube the Rough.

T. T.

## PREPARING FOR THE WORST.

IN anticipation of the time which may be rapidly ap-  
proaching, unless things take a turn, when every  
citizen of Ontario will be expected to know French as  
well as English, GRIP ventures to try his hand at humor  
in that language, just to see how it will go. It's just as  
well to get used to things gradually, and if these few  
specimens of Gallic *jeux d'esprit* do not amuse our readers  
they will at least serve as a warning of what they may  
expect as a regular thing in the future if they don't wake  
up in time to the threatened danger.

DUVAL—"Bon jour, mon ami. Comment ça va?"

SACREBLEU—"Bon jour, votre mème. Dites-moi avez  
vous lu les œuvres de Montaigne?"

DUVAL—"Oh, non; pas si bete! J'ai fait mieux."

SACREBLEU—"Ah! Et comment?"

DUVAL—"J'ai lu les œuvres de M. Drumont et comme  
vous savez il est *ultra-montane!*"

JACQUES—"Ou est votre fils?"

ALPHONSE—"Il demeure a Paris," (Ont).

JACQUES—"Encore?"

ALPHONSE—"Oui. Il est bien *paressoux*. Naturelle-  
ment il aime la vie Parisienne."

GAVROCHE—"Voici le *dude*. Il va se marier a Madam-  
oiselle X."

PIERRE—"Eh bien! Il lui s'attachera toujours. Cela  
va vans dire."

GAVROCHE—"Et pourquoi?"

PIERRE—"N'est il pas un *gommeux?*"

## A BOOTIFUL POEM.

HER manner was so pensive,  
So sober was her air,  
That I began to wonder  
What grief she had to bear.

She was not dressed in mourning,  
But in the latest style;  
She wore a Paris costume,  
But she did not wear a smile.

She looked quite chic and dainty;  
Her hands were neatly gloved;  
But, somehow, she looked just as if  
She never had been loved.

And so at last I asked her if  
She'd lost her next of kin.  
"Oh, no!" she sighed, "it's only  
These boots I'm breaking in."

—Sommerville Journal.

MANY a sufferer from Neuralgia, Dyspepsia, Loss of Appetite, General Debility, etc., will be glad to find that Dyer's Quinine and Iron Wine is strongly recommended for such cases. It is easily assimilated, prepared with great care, and is an admirable tonic. W. A. Dyer & Co., Montreal.

THE greatest art of an able man is to know how to conceal his ability.—*La Rochefoucauld*. Judged by this test what a number of able men we must have in Canadian politics, eh?

## NOT THE SAME.

LISPING WILLIE.—"Mithter Smiff, me Papa sendth you thith five dollath he ow'th you."

MR. SMITH.—"Ah, that's a good boy, Willie. Tell Papa he's a trump."

PAPA (*in the gloaming*).—"Well, Willie, what did Mr. Smith say?"

LISPING WILLIE.—"He collared the 'V,' and thaid I wath a good boy and you wath a chump."

(*Notice of funeral hereafter.*—Puck.)

"EXHIBITION."—Ladies and Gentlemen visiting the city during Exhibition week, if you want some choice pictures at moderate prices, for your homes; paints, brushes, palettes, canvas, or other artists' materials for members of your families, plaques—opal, or tiles, for decorating; bamboo easels, photograph holders, etc., call at The Golden Easel, 316 Yonge street.

CITY DAME (*who has bought a little farm*)—"Mary, all those fresh eggs are soft; go out in the barn and see if some of the chickens haven't laid some hard-boiled eggs; I'm going to make a salad."

MARY—"Yes, mum."—*Time*.

## ANOTHER SORT OF THING.

MISS ARABELLA LEIPYER—"I do not mind your poverty, George. Until your fortunes mend, I could be happy in your wealth of affection, and in some vine-clad cottage—"

MR. WARDOFF—"Pardon me, dear; you know I am only a poor city clerk, and cottages are out of the question. Do you think you could be happy in a third-floor-back furnished room, with a sewing-machine buzzing overhead and some fiend below cooking cabbage?"

MISS ARABELLA—"May be, George, ear, we'd better wait, after all."—*Puck*.

## A PROFESSIONAL PANIC.

"You don't mean to say you are going to leave the stage, Miss Montmorency?" said one leading lady to the other on Union Square.

"Yes, indeed. It's no use; I've stood bad engagements, and losing business on the road, without a murmur. I've paid as high as a hundred dollars to have my diamonds stolen, and for two divorces in one year, and still didn't complain. But this Brown-Sequard rejuvenating business lets me out."

"But I don't understand."

"Why, haven't you read the cablegrams? Lotta's going to be rejuvenated, and Maggie Mitchell and Lydia Thompson—what chance is there going to be for 'rising young artists' then?"

"Great heavens! And I've just ordered nineteen new dresses for 'The Dude's Revenge!'"

"It's simply awfully. I tell you, when the Bernhardt comes over here again, just hypodermed full of that tiger cat of hers, it's going to be a cold evening for the emotional stand-bys. I'm going to elope with a millionaire's son, and retire. That's what!"—*Derrick Dodd, in Puck*.

## 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.

## THE CHEWERS THAT CHEW.

CHEWING, forever chewing!

Sometimes I think I dream.

And in visions wild am reviewing

This never-ending stream

Of chewers, that chew forever—

On pavement, and pier, and stair.

In trains and crossing the river—

These chewers, that everywhere

Still chew, and continue chewing.

Till I'm weary of moving jaws.

Of the grind that is still renewing

With never a stop nor pause.

Oh, were I a robber fearless.

A brigand of outlawed birth.

This chewing gum, called the "Peerless,"

I'd hustle from off the earth!

I'd clutch, as my dearest booty,

Wherever the prize might be.

This horrible tutti frutti.

And dump it into the sea!

—M. S. B., in Puck.

AND now a diamond trust is reported. What have the hotel clerks done to deserve this?—*Philadelphia Call*. Don't you worry about the hotel clerks. They couldn't get up any diamond trust and leave them out.

THE art of putting the right men in the right places is first in the science of government; but that of finding places for the discontented is the most difficult.—*Talleyrand*. And Boss Talleyrand never lived in Ottawa, either.

## DOWN ON THE ISMS.

INDIANA GIRL—"No; I don't believe in these isms. I once knew a man who was sent to prison for devoting his time to one of them."

BOSTON GIRL—"What terrible laws you must have out in Indiana! What was the ism?"

INDIANA GIRL—"Incendiarism, I believe."—*Judge*.

THE summer boarder now returns  
In most unhappy pickle,  
His beardless throat with dryness burns,  
He hasn't e'en a nickel.

DRS. R. & E. W. HUNTER (of Chicago and New York), the well-known specialists in throat and lung diseases, have opened a branch office for Canada at 73 Bay St., Toronto. Dr. Robert Hunter is here in person, and during his stay can be consulted on consumption, catarrh, bronchitis and asthma. Their treatment is by medicated air applied directly to the tubes and cells of the lungs. A pamphlet, giving all particulars, will be sent on application.

## CHICAGO POLICE MOTTO.

COUNT that day lost whose low-descending sun  
Views at thy hand no new "suspect" in-  
run.—*Puck*.

JUST at present many doctors are in a Brown-Sequard study.

HAD the King of Italy monkeyed with Edison's telephone instead of his phonograph the chances are that we should be short on the count. Just imagine him calling up the royal hand organ grinder and hearing a woman five miles away shout, "Well, I tried it on last night and it is entirely too short in the basque." And then comes the roar of a butcher: "Can't fill that order 'smorning; we're all out of pigs' feet."—*New York Herald*.

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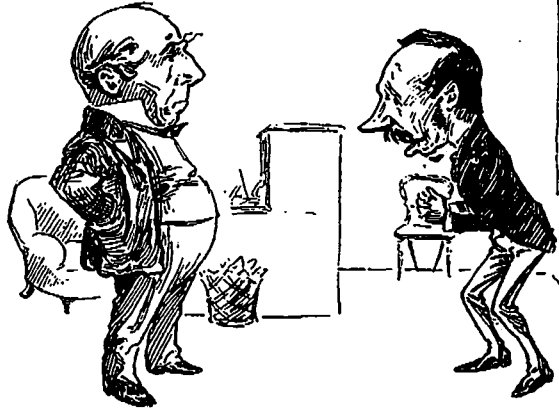
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"Oh, no! at PERKINS' STUDIO, 293 Yonge Street."  
"Yes, I believe PERKINS does produce about the best work in Toronto."



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### SOCIAL CONTRASTS—I.

Here he is, the humble clerkling, grovelling before "the Guv'nor," and begging and praying, with tears in his eyes, to be forgiven for being two minutes late in the morning.  
(See page 190.)



Read what Miss Gracie Emmett, the leading star in Mugg's Landing, says:

Buffalo, N.Y., August 17, 1889.  
DR. B. COOKE, 88 Peter Street, Toronto, Ont.  
Dear Sir—It is unnecessary for me to mention the great benefit I derived from your treatment, suffice to say I am entirely cured of Catarrh and Chronic Headache of long standing. I cheerfully recommend your treatment to all, especially to the dramatic profession. I am glad to learn you are now in Toronto, my favorite city of Canada, and trust you may do the people of that city as much good as you have done me. Respectfully yours,  
GRACIE ENNETT,  
Starring as Little Mugg in Mugg's Landing.  
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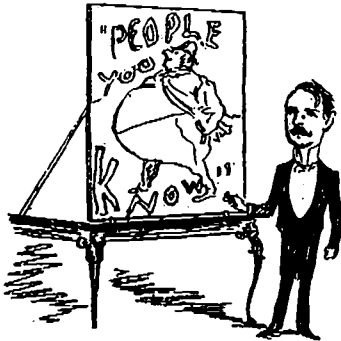
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Port Arthur, Ont. ....	Friday,	"	13
Rat Portage, Ont. ....	Monday,	"	16
Winnipeg, Man. ....	Thursday,	"	19
Portage-la-Prairie, Man. ....	Friday,	"	20
Kamloops, B.C. ....	Wednesday,	"	25
Vancouver, B.C. ....	Friday,	"	27
Victoria, B.C. ....	Monday,	"	30
Nanaimo, B.C. ....	Wednesday,	Oct.	2
Wellington, B.C. ....	Thursday,	"	3
Victoria, B.C. ....	Friday,	"	4
Vancouver, B.C. ....	Monday,	"	7
New Westminster, B.C. ....	Tuesday,	"	8
Yale, N.W.T. ....	Friday,	"	11
Calgary, N.W.T. ....	Monday,	"	14
Medicine Hat, N.W.T. ....	Tuesday,	"	15
Lethbridge, N.W.T. ....	Thursday,	"	17
Fort McLeod, N.W.T. ....	Friday,	"	18
Lethbridge, N.W.T. ....	Saturday,	"	19
Moose Jaw, N.W.T. ....	Wednesday,	"	23
Regina, N.W.T. ....	Friday,	"	25
Qu'Appelle, N.W.T. ....	Monday,	"	28
Broadview, N.W.T. ....	Tuesday,	"	29
Moosomin, N.W.T. ....	Wednesday,	"	30
Brandon, Man. ....	Thursday,	"	31
Portage-la-Prairie, Man. ....	Friday,	Nov.	1
Minnedosa, Man. ....	Monday,	"	4
Winnipeg, Man. ....	Wednesday,	"	6
Morris, Man. ....	Friday,	"	8
Manitou, Man. ....	Monday,	"	11
Morden, Man. ....	Tuesday,	"	12
Gretna, Man. ....	Wednesday,	"	13
Emerson, Man. ....	Thursday,	"	14
Bracebridge, Ont. ....	Tuesday,	"	19
Gravenhurst, Ont. ....	Wednesday,	"	20
Barrie, Ont. ....	Thursday,	"	21
Newmarket, Ont. ....	Friday,	"	22

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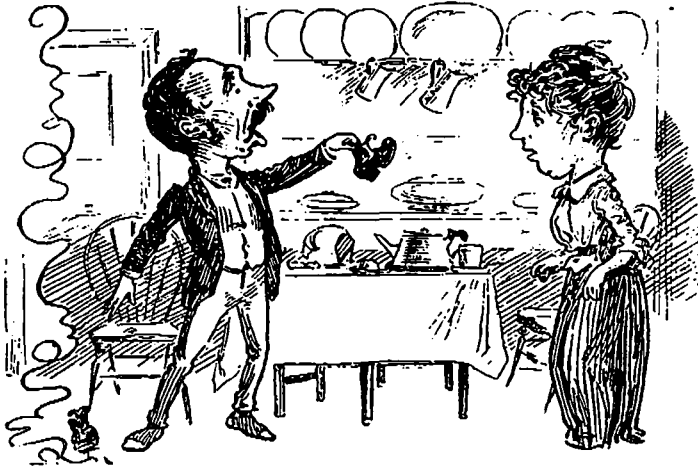
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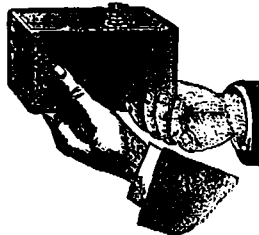
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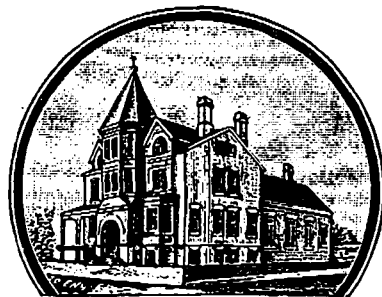
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