

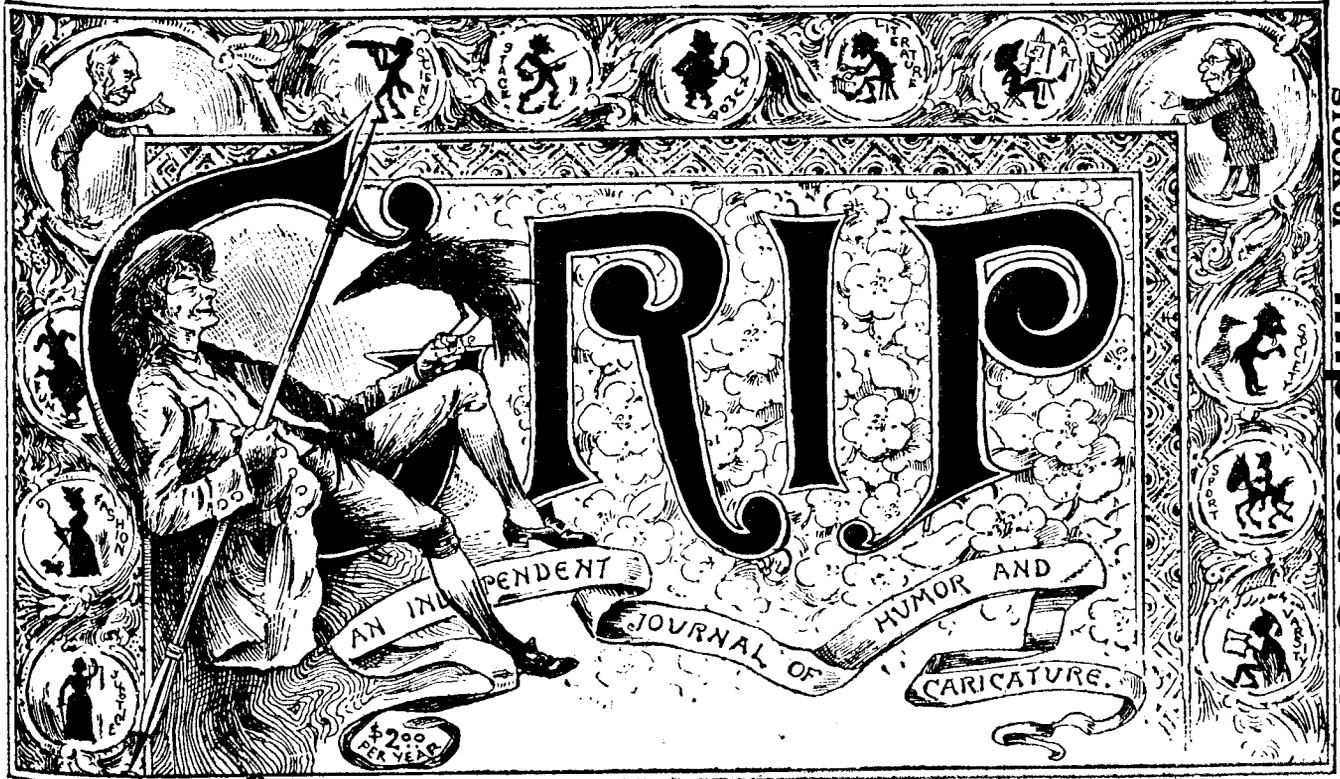
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VOL. XL.—No. 5.

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 4, 1893.

No. 1025.

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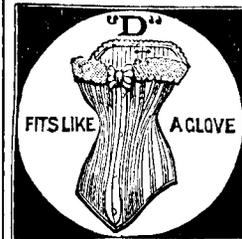
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GRIP

VOL. XL.

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 4, 1893.

No. 5.
Whole No. 1025.



RENOUNCING HIS IDOL.

MEDICINE MAN SMITH—"Hold impious renegade! Touch the sacred image and thy destruction will surely follow!"

SOB. WHITE—"Yah! Yah! Dats's all foolishness, Massa Stanley dun tole me dat idol's no good. Me gwinter knock the stuffin' outen it Sabby!"



The greatest beast is the Gaa; the greatest bird is the Owl;
The greatest fish is the Oyster; the greatest man is the Fool.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEEK

BY THE

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T. G. WILSON, Manager.

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TORONTO, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1903.



THE election campaign for the Toronto vacancy in the Local Legislature is now fairly opened, all the candidates being in the field. Dr. Ryerson, the Tory candidate, had an eminent uncle and possesses a good-sized bank account and a fund of unimpeachable loyalty. Dr. Ogden is a hard-shell Grit, with a record of twenty-two years' service on the School Board, and Phillips Thompson, the nominee of the Progressive party, is an advocate of several social and industrial reforms which usually do

not get much of a hearing at election times. The Grits made a serious mistake in not nominating Mr. George G. S. Lindsey, who had a strong support in the party convention, and would have made a much better run than Dr. Ogden is likely to do.

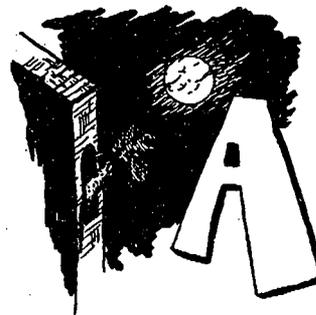
DOCTORS RYERSON and Ogden can both claim the much-appreciated Labor vote, which ought always to be spelled with a capital "L" at election times, on the ground that they are staunch Trade Unionists. There is no closer trade organization anywhere than the Medical Association, nor one that pursues "scabs" more relentlessly. They have the advantage, indeed, over the ordinary trade unionist in this respect, that the officers of the law act as their walking delegates, and repress the non-union practitioner by means of fine and imprisonment, instead of incurring these penalties themselves, as the members of less favored organizations sometimes do when they attempt to coerce and intimidate outsiders. Year by year the law has been made more stringent in the interests of the orthodox school of practitioners. It might be well to consider how far those interests coincide with those of the public before strengthening the numbers of the medical profession in the House.

THE Dominion Parliament was opened at Ottawa on the 26th ult. The speech read by the Governor-General contained about seven hundred words. That was all it did contain.

THE *Empire* for once has scored a telling point against the Grits, in connection with the contemplated deal by which the Cape Breton coal mines are to be handed over to an American syndicate with extensive franchise privileges. As it is a Grit Government which contemplates this shameful surrender of the rights of the public, the *Empire* is warm in its denunciation of the scheme. Its condemnation of the monopoly would be more effective if it had not championed every similar project contemplated or effected by its own political friends.

PETITIONS are being largely signed for presentation to the Ontario Legislature for the adoption of the Initiative and Referendum, by which important measures can be adopted by direct popular vote. The great benefit of this system is that it enables questions to be decided on their intrinsic merits instead of being regarded with an eye to their effect upon the fortunes of political leaders and parties. It will, therefore, take a very strong effort on the part of its advocates to get it beyond the serious consideration stage which so generally proves fatal to radical reforms.

GRIP can appreciate a good thing, whether it agrees with his own views or not, so we print in this issue a poem from a valued Montreal contributor on the mayoralty contest in that city, though entirely contrary to our ideas of the merits of the struggle. It is no doubt desirable that a mayor should speak good English, but after all, that is a secondary matter as compared with courage and determination in standing up for popular rights against powerful and sinister influences. Some very brave champions of liberty have been but poor grammarians. Thoreau never said a finer thing than in allusion to Capt. John Brown's educational deficiencies, "He would have left a Greek accent slanting the wrong way and righted up a falling man." A plucky resistance to a grasping corporation ought to cover much worse sins than Jimmy McShane's verbal eccentricities.



TOGETHER too much importance is being attached to Dalton McCarthy's Stayner speech, probably because in these days the Opposition is disposed to be thankful for small mercies. It is a good sign, of course, to see any partisan adopt a tone of independent criticism rather than servile submission, but one, two or even half-a-dozen such deliverances do not indicate a coming political landslide or general overturn. Much of the effect of the Stayner speech is spoiled by the admission that it is the outcome of pique because he was overlooked in the reconstruction of the Cabinet and slated in the Government organ, rather than the prompting of principle. The country hardly holds McCarthy at his own valuation. The people have very little to expect in the way of a genuine advance movement from any corporation lawyer, accustomed all his life to plead for special privileges to big monopolies and override the rights of plain citizens.

A STAUNCH Home Ruler—A mother-in-law.



THE TROUBLESOME ELEMENTAL.

BY A THEOSOPHIC ADEPT.

I'M fond of going out by night
To roam about in astral light.
Most adepts do—since they with ease
Can leave the body when they please.

The elementals are our slaves,
And when his hand the adept waves
And speaks the word of power, they
Ought to implicitly obey.

But lately in the upper spheres
Some of these spirits, it appears,
As here on earth is oft the case,
Are apt to get above their place.

There is one elemental who
I have especially in view;
One night I chained him by my spell,
And for some years he served me well.

I chose him from the other sprites,
To follow me in astral flights,
From all the dangers lurking round
He guarded me like faithful hound.

(The elemental race are shy—
They stand from three to four feet high—
In aspect vapory and slim.
Devoid of either head or limb.)



IN REALMS BEYOND HIM.

SHE—"Have you read 'Pope's Essay on Man,' Mr. Slonessy?"
HE—"No, not yet. But (*brightening up*) I read a mighty good article of his in to-day's paper on Separate Schools, don't you know."

This creature, docile once and meek,
Has latterly developed cheek;
He sometimes won't my calls obey
And takes to vanishing away.

That's not the worst—he won't remain
At all times on the astral plane,
But has a most unpleasant knack
Of following me when I go back.

Now I've no use for him down here,
I cannot send him out for beer;
The neighbors all would stare I know
To see him shovelling off the snow.

I find him standing by my chair
And dogging me round everywhere,
And when I swear and cry "Avant!"
He vibrates—meaning "No, I shan't."

One day last week on seeing it
The servant girl went in a fit.
"A ghost!" she yelled—such utter rot!
That, be most certainly is not.

I tried the difference to explain,
But some deficiency of brain
Prevented her attaining to
A calm and reasonable view.



THERE WERE COMBINES IN THOSE DAYS.

SCHOOL-BOY—"I want five cents to buy a pad to do examples on."

GRAND-PA—"When I was a boy we used slates."

SCHOOL-BOY (*reflectively*)—"I guess maybe the school trustees wot owned the slate factories is dead."

She left. I set him to such chores
As tending fires and scrubbing floors,
But with his uppish airs imbued,
He's careless, indolent and rude.

And then 'tis hard to get a child
To his appearance reconciled,
Though but a misty, formless shade,
He makes the family afraid.

So, though he's really very cheap,
And costs me nothing for his keep,
I wish he'd quit and seek again
The regions of the astral plane.

THERE appears to be no negative side to the assertion that photographs are taken from us before we get them.

A GROCER is known by his dishonest-tea; a coal dealer by his false weights; a printer by his form; a doctor by his patients; a butcher by his chops; a carter by his express ways; and a Grit by his liberal terms.



HIS FIRST EXPERIENCE.

HERBERT—"Great Scott! Maria, what do you suppose ails him?"

MARIA—"Why the poor dear has the wind colic."

HERBERT—"Oh, is that all? Why, I thought by the way he yelled he had swallowed his bottle or something."

STUDIES FROM THE ANTIQUE.



THE museum of the Canadian Institute has recently been enriched by a number of ancient stone carvings collected in various parts of the world by the eminent French antiquarian, Prof. D'Aivebouille, fellow of numerous learned societies, and also of infinite jest. They possess

considerable interest—in fact, if you were to figure up compound interest on the original investment down to date, it would require a globe of solid gold seventeen times as big as the earth to pay it off—which proves that—but hold, if we get onto that question we shall exceed our limits and nobody will read the article.

It need hardly be said that the archaeologists differ widely in their interpretation of the scenes presented. In fact it would be a startling and suspicious symptom if they were found to agree with each other on any point except the desirability of an appropriation by the Government for the prosecution of scientific research—which as they are mighty poor hustlers at elections they are not likely to get, the scientific vote being hardly a recognizable factor.

The first illustration, supposed to have been taken from one of the ruined shrines of Nineveh, was found in the possession of a wandering tribe of Tartars who regarded it with feelings of awe and warbled their little evening hymns to it to an air strikingly resembling "See

the Bogey Man." The Professor being unable to steal it purchased it for a double-barrelled shot-gun and several plugs of tobacco. It dates back to remote antiquity, the latest date assigned to it being the year 2714 before the Christian era. Think of that, my Christian 'earers! It is supposed to represent the triumph of Vanh-oronus, an ancient Assyrian potentate over the people of Khan Abda—though some regard it as a sun myth symbolic of winter lingering in the lap of spring, the latter having completely broken down under his protracted pressure.



The next illustration is believed to have adorned the portico of an ancient Etruscan villa. But as the ancient Etruscan villains are all deceased no very satisfactory evidence is procurable on that point. It came by inheritance into the possession of an impecunious Italian nobleman, who on being assured that it was worthy of Raphael, decided to raffle it. With the hand-organ and monkey procured by the proceeds of his enterprise he was enabled to rise from the ranks of a dissolute and worthless aristocracy and gain an honest living by the exercise of his art. The connoisseurs assign various dates to this elegant specimen of early Etruscan workmanship, and as Prof. Padimurfi, of Milan, has more initials after his name than any of his rivals, we are inclined to accept his authority as conclusive, which places it at 1002 B.C. He is willing as a compromise to throw off the 2 in order to show that he has no hard feelings, but not another solitary figure no matter what happens. Baron Klickenschwitz, of Vienna, his most conspicuous opponent, is equally firm in adhering to 813 B.C., but his offers to split the difference and call it square at 907½ have so far been scouted by the illustrious Padimurfi as unworthy of his reputation. The scene clearly represents a sacrificial offering of some sort, as indicated by the pontifical garb of the central figure and the affrighted aspect of the captive. The inscription, "Orangus," obviously affords little clue to the interpretation.



With regard to the third plate, which is of comparatively modern Japanese production, there is less doubt. As the inscription shows it represents the Tycoon Moh-Att, who flourished in the twelfth century, putting to death the rebel Mi Ers, a well-known historical incident. Moh-Att was the last potentate of the Lib Ral dynasty, and the vigor he showed in repressing insurrection failed to accomplish his purpose, as a few years subsequent to the slaughter of Mi Ers and his followers the Province was captured by Yang Kee.

DID SO THOROUGHLY.



BUTLER—"E was 'ere, sir."

JASPAR—"You dropped something, Thomas."

BUTLER—"What, sir?"

JASPAR—"An 'h."

BUTLER—"Hall right. Hi'll pick hit hup hagain."

AN EXAMPLE TO BRITAIN.

IF our Canadian Ministers are proud
 They're justly so, the fact is now allowed
 They've made the country, for the great N.P.
 Is the sole cause of our prosperity—
 Are we not better off both man and beast?
 Has not the population much increased?
 Is it not natural that now they should
 Desire a larger field for doing good
 And show their loyalty? 'tis very nice
 To hear they're tendering Gladstone good advice—
 The G.O.M. should lend a willing ear
 To men who govern us so wisely here,
 Abandon all ideas of home production
 And rule Great Britain under their instruction.

G. C.

SET RIGHT.

MRS. SANSON—"You are his wife, eh?"
 MRS. BOSSIM (*loftily*)—"He is my husband."



NO RANSOM.

KIDNAPPER—"You made a fine mistake. We'll make no money out of this deal. It was not his wife you kidnapped."

ACCOMPLICE—"Who was it, then?"

KIDNAPPER—"His mother-in-law." [*Both groan dismally.*]

IN THE HONEYMOON.

SHE—"What are you going to do to punish me for having married you?"

HE—"I'm going to smother you with kisses."

SHE—"That is capital punishment."

NOT IF HE KNEW IT.

1ST TRAMP—"Hello, Swipesy! Can you give us a steer where to git a meal?"

2ND TRAMP—"Betcher life! I'll put ye onto a lay-out where ye'll git all you kin hold—pie, cake an' puddin'."

1ST TRAMP—"Yer don't say. Where's that?"

2ND TRAMP—"At the Cookery School on Elm Street."

1ST TRAMP—"No yer don't. Been thar before an' come so blamed nigh croakin' they wan't no fun in it. No more Cookery School grub for me if I know it."



A RUM SORT OF HEATER.

SOAK JR.—"My fingers are so cold, papa."

OLD SOAK—"Well, put them up to my face, dear, and warm them."

A MOVING STRAIN.

PROFESSOR OF MUSIC (*enthusiastically*)—"Ah you should hear my new pupil Miss Oldmaid. Her phrasing is faultless, her time perfect, her execution—"

PROSAIC LANDLORD—"Great Scott, man! I know all about it. Two families have left my houses and another has given me notice. Her execution is terrible."



IT PAYS.

SOSO—"Does it pay to raise chickens?"

FARMER—"Well, I make mine shell out."



A COLD WEATHER INCIDENT.

CARETAKER OF BACHELOR'S ROOMS—"Av you plase, sor, the little joog in the room beyant is burrst wid the frasht."

BACHELOR—"Burst! Why, man, alcohol doesn't freeze. Where are the fragments?"

CARETAKER—"Av you plase, s. r., I thought they wor no use, so I ate them."

QUITE THE REVERSE.

"WHAT are you reading, Matilda?"

"One of Tolstoi's books."

"A story with a moral, I suppose?"

"Oh, no, Susie. It's just the other way. It has an immoral."

SCHMELZER'S TROUBLES.



AT you vant now, Chonny?

Or vas dot anoder von of dose humpugs dot you blay py me?" said Schmelzer, as he cut the bad end from a Frankfurter 'sausage' and threw it to Schnider, who lay sleeping on a flour sack.

"You tink dis vas von blay house vere you puy nodings, or dot me vos von millionaire und blay groshery shtore vor fun. Vell, I tink nod. I run me dis groshery shtore vor von cash peeness, so vat you vant now?"

"Have you got any crackers?" asked Johnny, as he helped himself to a handful of raisins.

"Now vot tinks you? Dot I hafe me von peeness, unt keep me nod dose nessisarys,

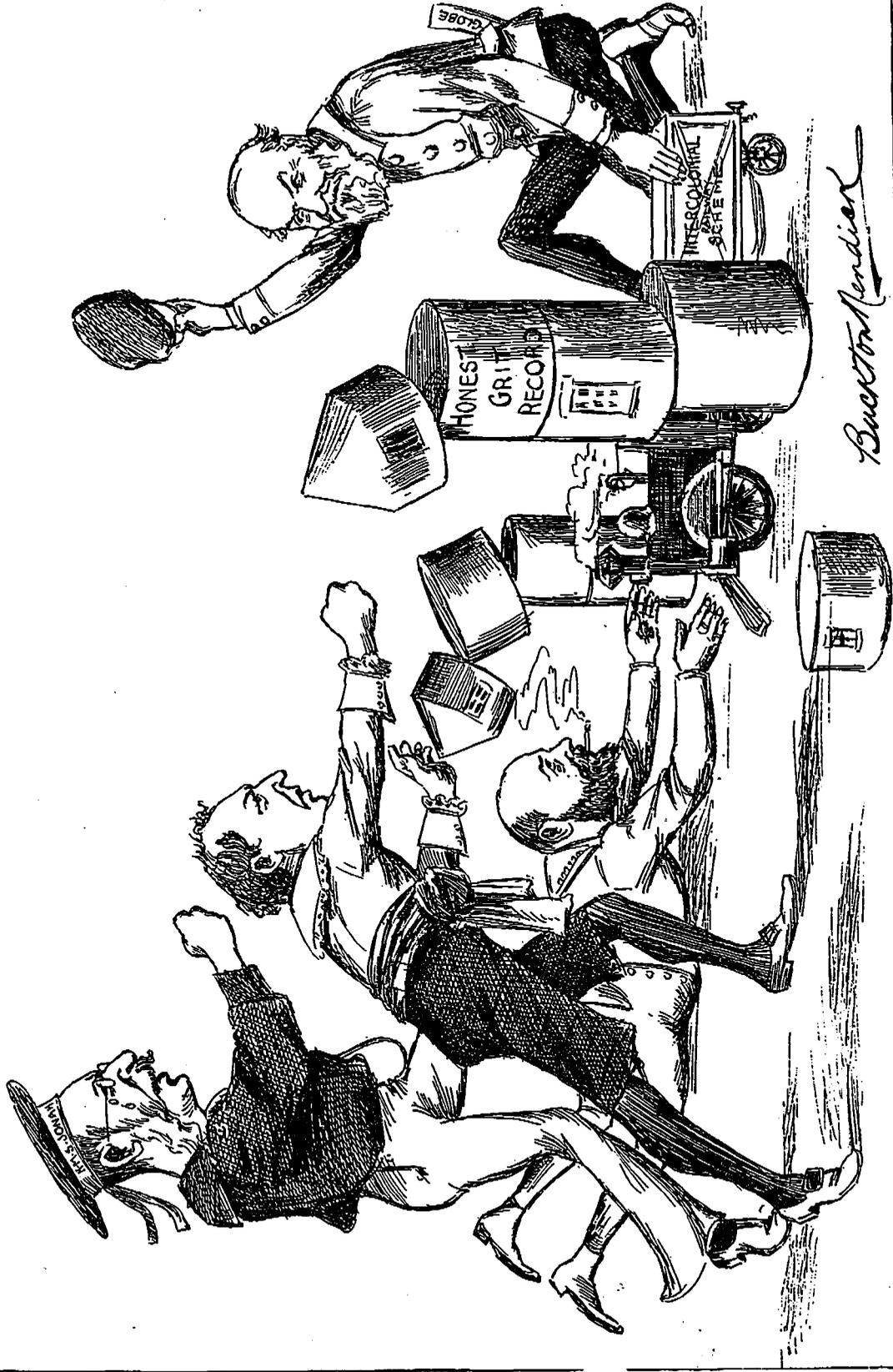
unt efery day dose crackers go down py dot two pounds vat you haf eaten. Now I vas Dutch, maypee. but I vas no tam fool, unt dis vas nod von von-horse groshery shtore dot I keeps me nodings, unt I bets me dot I hafe me nod more troubles mit von vife unt finif shildrens down py dot measles than vat you prings py mine shtore ven you vas here."

"Now dat's all right!" exclaimed Johnny. "If yer wants ter git fresh wid yer old shanty, why, I'll just take me custom ter some other store; see? Youse done nothin' but jump on me for de last tree weeks, jist 'cause some chump put up dem signs w'at said yer best sugar was reduced ter tree pounds fer a nickel."

"Yaw! dot vas so, unt I vish I had me py de neck dose poys vat do dot, I bet me dot py finif minits dey vas some varm like dot summer time ven dot thermometer vas ninety-eight py de shade." And in his excitement Schmelzer threw about two pounds of good limburger cheese at Schnider, then made a grab for Johnny who snatched a handful of smearkase and darted out of the door. "Py chimminy!" exclaimed Schmelzer, "dey tinks dis vas von charidy groshery shtore, unt eferytings vos nodings. Vell, I tink nod, unt py Christmas, ven I catch me dot poy I tinks he vas more scard mit Schmelzer den de debbil vas mit de Salvashun Army."

FRIGHT.

BAD relations—Carb-uucles.



TWAS EVER THUS.

FAUNTLEROY LAURIER—"LOOK-A-HERE NOW, GLOBESY! IF YOU DON'T QUIT KNOCKING DOWN OUR WALL EVERY TIME WE BUILD HER UP, I'LL GIVE YE ONE IN THE NECK."

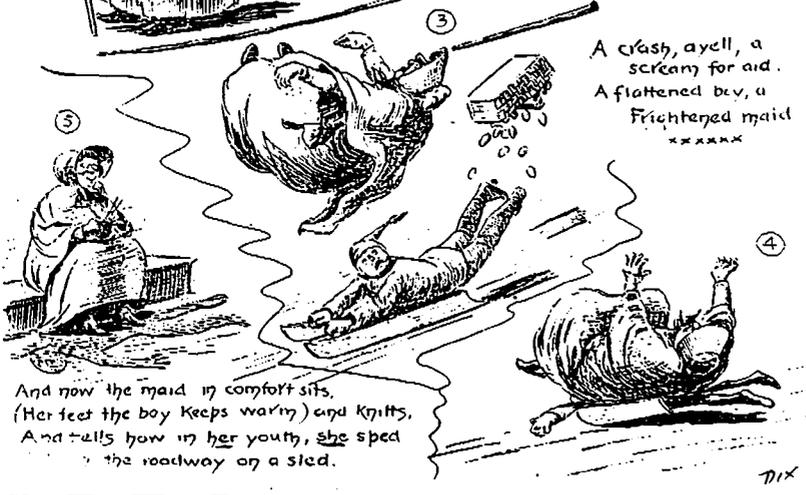
Adown the slippery
Roadway sped
A truant small boy
On his sled



And all unconsciously,
There too,
Jagged on a maid
Of eightytwo



A crash, ayell, a
screamy for aid.
A flattened boy, a
Frightened maid



And now the maid in comfort sits,
(Her feet the boy keeps warm) and knits,
And tells how in her youth, she sped
The roadway on a sled.

IT WAS NEARLY THE SAME.

JINKER.—“The Lord loveth a cheerful giver.

BLINKER.—“Well, I suppose it amounted to about the same thing, but the lords I have met liked a cheerful lender.

CALF LOVE.

OUR earliest love is doubtless fine,
But apt to make us asinine
Whereas experienced love, though tame
Is shrewd and gets there just the same.

SERVE THEM RIGHT.

SMILAX.—“Outlying property in this city is far too heavily assessed.”

BORAX.—“Well, when a real-estate owner out-lies Ananias to boom his goose-pastures, what else can he expect?”

PUT IN PICKLE.

WHEN we view Aristocracy's progeny vast,
And note how corrupt and immoral they be,
We cannot but think that the salt of the earth
Would be better if mixed with the salt of the sea.

AN UNATTAINABLE IDEAL.

MAUD.—“I am afraid you would never love me enough.”

GEORGE.—“How much would you have me love you?”

MAUD.—“As much as you love yourself.”

AGING RAPIDLY.

JACK.—“Ethel seems sweeter and kinder everytime I meet her.”

MAUD.—“Yes, she seems to be aging rapidly.”

CAN'T KEEP A SECRET.

NO woman yet gave charity,
As Scriptural injunctions run,
Because she always tells her left
Hand everything her right has done.

A LAME EXCUSE.

MOTHER-IN-LAW.—“John. You kissed the housemaid when you came home last night.”

JOHN (humbly).—“Well, to tell the truth, I was rather drunk.”

MOTHER-IN-LAW.—“You were not so drunk that you made any attempt to kiss me when you met me in the parlor.”

JOHN.—“The sight of you sobered me.”

THE ONLY ALTERNATIVE.



I'M for temperance, boys, d'ye mind it,
And always stick up for the cause,
Sure I just take the world as I find it
And niver complain of its laws.
Thru, I promised ould Mulligan's
daughter,
(We mean to get hitched, she and I),
But 'twas whin we had good city water,
I'd niver go back to ould Rye.

Sure that promise had niver been broken,
Whatever you fellows may think,
If, to save us when thirsty from chokin'
They'd give us pure water to drink;
But the Council won't do as they ought-er,
Won't furnish a purer supply,
So with Cholera germs in the water,
I had to go back to ould Rye.

Sure they tell us that whiskey is bad, boys.
And faith, I don't doubt it the laste,
But if whiskey's unfit for a lad, boys,
The water would sicken a baste;

You may bet that not once in a quarter
The men who control the supply
Ever taste of this same city water,
And then that they wish 'twere ould Rye.

When the terrible blizzard is raging,
With every fresh blast it appears
As though wind and frost too were waging
A war on our noses and ears.
When we tremble like lambs led to slaughter
For something to warm us we sigh,
Sure we can't stop to boil city water—
We have to fall back on ould Rye.

When the mercury's ninety in summer
We thirst and are ready to sink,
It would help to keep sober the "bummer,"
Had he but pure water to drink.
Sure he knows well that whiskey will slaughter,
But what should he do when he's dhry,
The sewage soup, called city water,
Just sends him straight back to ould Rye

For the whiskey requires no inspection
From wigglers, and pollywogs free,
And it warms up the sate of affection
Far better nor coffee or tea.
Now I'll just take another—a snorter—
For singing has made me feel dhry,
Till they give us good pure city water,
Begorra! I'll stick to ould Rye.

—G. C.

DE LUNATICO INQUIRENDO.



APPLICANT—"Doctor, this man, a relative of mine, is hopelessly imbecile. You can easily convince yourself of that by a brief examination."

DOCTOR—"Ah, sad, sad. But he looks somewhat intelligent. I'll question him. Good morning, sir. What do you think of the future of Canada?"

PATIENT—"Oh, I don't know. Times is a litt'e dull, but I guess things'll come out right after a while."

DOCTOR—"This annexation movement is creating some attention."

PATIENT—"Yes, I suppose so."

DOCTOR—"You are not an annexationist yourself, I presume?"

PATIENT—"Me? I guess not."

DOCTOR—"Perhaps you would prefer Imperial Federation?"

PATIENT—"No, I can't say as I would."

DOCTOR—"Or Canadian Independence?"

PATIENT—"I don't see as that would do us much good."

DOCTOR—"Unrestricted reciprocity, or some readjustment of the tariff would possibly meet your views?"

PATIENT—"Oh, I don't know. I'm not worrying any over the tariff."

DOCTOR—"Ah, you are a staunch supporter of the 'N.P.', then?"

PATIENT—"No. Fact is, I never took much interest in it either one way or other."

DOCTOR—"What! Am I to understand that you have never written any letters to the papers on the future of the country or our tariff system?"

PATIENT—"Never once."
DOCTOR (*shaking his head*)—"Bad, very bad. But no doubt you have some pet scheme for restoring the prosperity of Toronto which completely absorbs your attention?"

PATIENT—"Not a scheme."
DOCTOR—"Is it possible? Then you never advocated bringing water from Lake Simcoe?"

PATIENT—"No."
DOCTOR—"Nor a new drainage system?"

PATIENT—"No."
DOCTOR—"Nor bonusing factories, building a smelting works, putting all taxes on land, or anything of that kind?"

PATIENT—"No. I tell you I've all I can do to tend to my own business."

DOCTOR—"That's quite sufficient, sir. (*To friend*) The subject, I'm sorry to say, sir, is evidently insane. He is unfit to be at large, and must be committed to the asylum without delay."

APPLICANT—"Yes, I suppose that's the only explanation of his singular eccentricity."

DOCTOR—"Yes, unless it be that he is sane while the majority of the community are *non compos*. But majorities rule, you know. I am not without hopes that by keeping him plentifully supplied with daily newspapers and writing materials we may effect a cure."

It may not savor of Baconic philosophy, but is nevertheless true, that there is something decidedly peculiar about swine being killed first and cured afterwards.

A CERTAIN bookseller advertises "that he is to be found at the old stand." A mistake, surely. He means the news-stand.



TOO FUNNY FOR ANYTHING.

MARTHY JANE—"Did ye see Sol Smith Russell when you were in Toronto, Jedediah?"
JEDEDIAH—"Yes, Marthy, I scen him. Funniest feller ye ever heerd in yer life. I declare to gracious 'twas all I could do to keep from laughin' right out afore the folks."



A GENUINE BREAKDOWN.

BRER RASTUS—"You was at de dance last night, Julius. Did you dance any break-downs?"

JULIUS—"Bet yo' life. Broke down de shanty, sah."

THE MONTREAL MAYORALTY.

WHEN asked as to the other candidate Mayor McShane replied—"What other candidates? I am the only candidate I've heard of."—*Vide: Witness.* "What other candidates?" says he. "Which other, don't you mean?" says I. "Shure what or which is one to me. And rules of grammar I defy. For I'm the Mayor of Montreal. Possession's nine points of the law. I'll not retire at all, at all. So let them other ducks withdraw."—*Antidote.*

SO spake the Mayor of Montreal,
As forth he went to stump the town,
"Bring forth Plourde's horse," his lordly call,
"Them other ducks I'll soon ride down."

Chorus—For I'm the Mayor of Montreal,
Possession's nine points of the law,
I'll not retire at all, at all,
So let them other ducks withdraw.

But Rolland, too, has found a steed,
The party horse he well bestrides.
"Allons mes freres, no rights we'll cede,
We'll have our turn whate'er betides."

Chorus—For I'm the Mayor, etc.

The mayor rides slowly down the hill,
His third term baby sits behind,
The Mayor is musing sadly still
Upon that contract he's not signed.

Chorus—For I'm the Mayor, etc.

The electric car he hates to see,
Yet there it flies so gaily past,
And poor man's carriage though it be,
The Mayor breathes curses thick and fast.

Chorus—For I'm the Mayor, etc.

Another car comes clanging by,
Jim tries to sooth Plourde's prancing steed,
But as of old, Plourde's horse will shy,
And once again Plourde may be feed.

Chorus—For I'm the Mayor, etc.

The third term baby in despair
Shouts "Father we'll be in the mud."
Plourde's horse proceeds to wildly rear,
While Jimmy vows he'll have his blood.

Chorus—For I'm the Mayor, etc.

Rolland's French pony's far ahead,
Plourde's horse is off, the Mayor is left.
Alas! the third term baby's dead,
His father's now indeed bereft.

Chorus—For I'm the Mayor, etc.

No more he sings "For I'm the Mayor,"
"Is it them ducks?" no more he'll cry.
At home he'll sit to storm and swear,
To hear "them street cars" clanging by.

A. KEYDON.

THE PRIMEVAL FOREST.

FROM THE INTRODUCTION TO "EVANGELINE" (WITH A FEW COMMON SENSE REMARKS.)

THIS is the forest primeval. The murmuring pines and the hemlocks,
(What in the mischief, I wonder, had trees to complain of in those days?)
Bearded with moss and in garments green, indistinct in the twilight.

(Barbarous lines those were, too, so it's strange that they didn't get shaved off)

Stand like Druids of old, with voices sad and prophetic,
(But they surely would moan a joke off sometimes, I fancy),
Stand like harpers hoar, with beards that rest on their bosoms.
(They were evidently all of the masculine gender.)

Loud from its rocky caverns, the deep-voiced neighboring ocean
(I'll bet they made quite a racket between them, the trees and the ocean),

Speaks, and in accents d'sconsolate answers the wail of the forest.

(Something like cats in the night, when they start up a fence entertainment.)

This is the forest primeval; but where are the hearts that beneath it
Leap like the roe when he hears in the woodland the voice of the huntsman.

(Hearts that would jump several feet must have been inconvenient for comfort.)

GEO. M. L. BROWN.

DOWN ON THE BAY.



ASTE to the ice, girls, and come every boy
too,

Here is fine weather, let's skate while we
may;

Come, hurry up, all the whole gang of you,
Don't be forgetting the half holiday,
Come Bertha, come Jack, come Minnie,
come Mack,

Let's follow the leader right down on the
bay.

Put by dry-as-dust, inky old office books;
Twelve o'clock strikes, boys, and 'tis Saturday.
Snatch a lunch quickly, and don your good
looks,

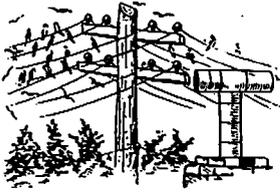
The sky is bright blue, the sleigh-bells are gay,
But you'll not be late to fasten the skate,
Your best girls are waiting you down on the
bay.

Fling down your short-hand, girls, type-writers cover,
Show your trim boots thus for once in a way;
Bob, Fred and Harry—each has a lover—
Look for you now on this bright winter day;
Tall Flo and fair Belle, sweet May and dear Nell,
Will meet with a long-hand squeeze down on the bay.

Come, haste to the tryst, girls, get there in a trice,
Each lad awaits you, his homage to pay;
As gliding, in pairs, across the clear ice,
I guess I'll hear Jess and all of you say:
"Toronto's learn'd Meds, have not got wise heads,
For Love-microbes only live down on the bay."

NORA LAUGHER.

JOKES are like flannels. A man has to be careful
how he gets them off.



WHAT WE MIGHT EXPECT.

F streams no higher than their source can rise
 Why at our city water feel surprise?
 Council or Bay? Whichever is its source
 No purer, better, can it be, of course.
 G. C.

HAMILTON vs. HOGTOWN.

FOR some days detectives have had their attention directed to a person who haunted the purlieus (yes, haunted the purlieus, is the expression), of Toronto's palatial City Hall. The person in question is a low-browed, broken-nosed, strabismus-cyed, hollowed-checked, big-mouthed, round-shouldered, gorilla pawed, bandy-legged, splay-footed fellow, with a cracked voice and a perennially vile odor. If to this description it is added that his clothes, hat and boots are of the seediest appearance and most antique fashion, it would seem a work of supererogation to name the place of his nativity.

All day yesterday Detective Black made a specialty of this person, whom he observed to eye furtively, every one who entered the magnificent main entrance of the aforesaid palatial City Hall, ever and anon, meanwhile, examining a piece of greasy paper when any one approached the magnif—the front door.

With the aid of a powerful field-glass, Black, from his elevated post of observation across the street, was able to discover that the piece of oleaginously saturated paper was a cutting from the *News*, whereon was imprinted certain lines purporting to be a likeness of Mayor Fleming.

Fearing the worst, or more likely not knowing what to make of it, the detective bravely pounced upon this person of villainous mien and general get-up, and conducted him to durance vile. When searched he proved to be a locomotive battery, a peripatetic arsenal, or an animated infernal machine, or something. In each perpendicular portion of his trousers was a lethal weapon; one, a blunderbus, and the other a "bagnet." Up each sleeve were several daggers, stilletos and butcher-knives; in his coat pockets were four hand grenades; in his hat, an English "bull-dog," and seventeen cartridges; and fastened in loops to a belt, which he wore, were three enormous seventeen century horse-pistols. There was also a bowie-knife in the leg of each of his long cow-hide boots.

When grabbed by the stalwart and intrepid North of Ireland "detactiff" he exclaimed with fiendish wrath, "Ah, ha! I shall yet have sweet r-r-revenge, for nothing but the gore of the miscr-r-eant can wipe out the insult—the degrading taunt, as it were, that is now festering in the vitals of my fellow citizens."

On being interrogated on his way to the cells, he acknowledged that he hailed from the neighborhood of Dundas, and that he had been selected by lot at a midnight meeting of conspirators to assassinate Mayor Fleming, of Ontario's Queen City, for referring to Hamilton in his inaugural address as a "suburb" of Toronto.

In pursuance of his murderous intention the misguided wretch hoped to identify his worship by means of the *News* portrait, but, fortunately, failed to do so although the Mayor entered and left the City Hall not fewer than seventeen times that forenoon.

On being reprimanded by the Gallant Colonel at the

Police Court this morning, he (the would be assassin—not the Mayor), promised to return to his native haunts near the Beach forthwith, and to keep away from Hogtown for the period of Bob's mayoralty.

During his brief detention he consumed immense quantities of bread, but absolutely refused to touch a drop of water unless he could be assured that it had been cooked to 212 degrees Fahrenheit. He certainly deserved credit for this resolution.

The daggers, bowie-knives, stilletos, pistols, grenades, and so on, were, of course, confiscated and are now on exhibition with others of that ilk on Court Street.

The Mayor was grateful to the *News* before, but now he is sure it has been the means of saving his life.

AT THE CHURCH FESTIVAL.

CHAIRMAN—"And now, ladies and gentlemen, we shall be favored with a recitation from Prof. Weedlesnick."

PROF.—

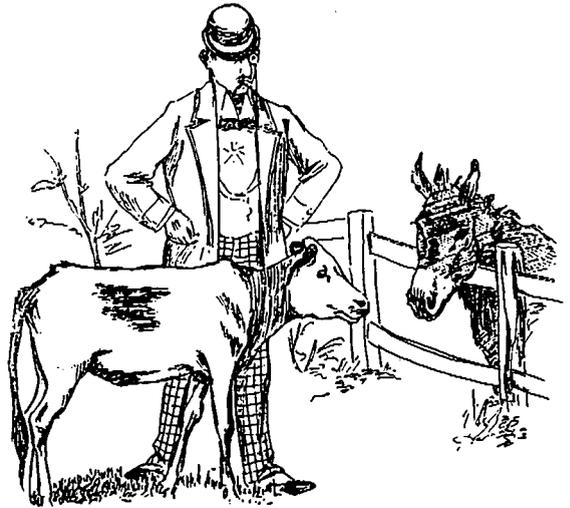
"I had an uncle once, a man
 Of three-score years and ten—"

GRIT IN AUDIENCE—"Here, now, stop that! I protest! We ain't going to have no politics rung in on us that way. This ain't no Ryerson campaign meeting."

THE HYPOCRITICAL GRITS.

GRIT—"But in addition to the magnificent price secured by the Mowat Government for timber limits, they yield a large amount annually in stumpage dues."

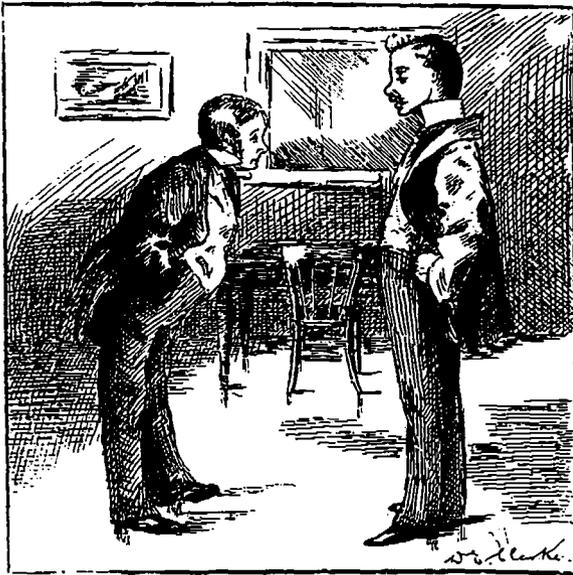
TORY—"That's a bad give-away on your durned rotten old party. What business has Mowat got to make the lumbermen pay a gang of Grit heelers for stumping the country at elections? Why that's the worst corruption I ever did hear of!"



Buxton, Ontario

DIDN'T LIKE HIS COMPANY.

DONKEY—"Say, let's light out of this, Calfy. If anyone comes along they might take us for three of a kind."



SAND.

MATHEMATICUS—"Philosophers say that the whole question of weight has relation to the attraction of the earth, yet no grocer when weighing out a pound of tea thinks of the earth at all."

SARCASTICUS—"But he does when weighing sugar, you bet."

ABSENT-MINDED.

AFTER collection Deacon Brown was asked by Deacon Smith what money he had got for missions, and he absently replied, "There must have been two hundred in the pot."

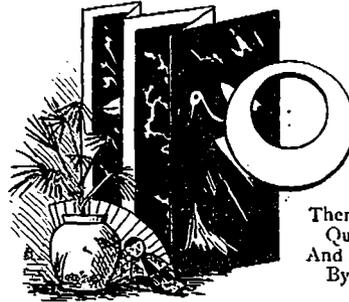
REVERIES OF DISTINGUISHED NOBODIES.

NO. 1.—THE POLITICIAN.

THREE score to-morrow! Well, that's a tolerable good age, and it ain't very likely I'd have hung out so long if I had stuck to the farm. Let me see—just thirty years ago I was brought out to run for the county, and I got in. Yes, I got in, but it cost me fifteen hundred dollars—looked like blue ruin to mortgage the place, but I have made a mighty sight more out of politics than ever I could off the land. The two hundred dollars I spent to fix Smith at the nomination was a good investment—was glad he died, though, before Shreff Brown—a good thing, too, for Jones, although he did wipe off my mortgage to get Brown's place. Robinson never suspected me of writing a different letter to the Prime Minister from the one he read and posted himself in his favor! Bill Jones marrying our Ruth has kept it all in the family too. Getting Noakes into the Diggleby post-office made him and his family all right. Feel proud of how I worked the Methodists and the Presbyterians—wife was one, I was the other, so to speak. Always spoke in high terms of them Catholics, and subscribed for their churches. Gave all the churches \$10 apiece when I made the \$20,000 out of the Dawson timber limits. Sat in the Local House after Confederation. Couldn't make much under Sandfield. Have done well since, both in this House and at Ottawa. Always managed to be on the right side. Have found that the more you ask, the more you can get. When ministers provide places for sons, uncles, nephews and

nieces, why shouldn't we get our share? Jack and Nathan have thus good sits, and I have my eye on the registrarship. Seems to be well understood that all offices shall go to politicians. If I don't succeed as I hope, I must get a special Act passed allowing me to draw \$5,000 a year as Commissioner for something or other. Deserve something good for my unvarying support—never gave an independent vote in my life. Never lost anything by always voting in favor of railways. Always have a pass during the session on the G.T.R. and C.P.R., and charge the country for mileage. Every member does it, even some that teach Sunday school. Don't think it has done me any harm to belong to the A.F. & A.M., A.O.U.W., K. of P., and I.O.O.F. These give one a pull. Have no opinions worth mentioning. Found it didn't pay. Easiest thing in the world to make your constituents believe anything, if you know how. I do. Hope my son Tom will be member some day. Meantime I must get places for cousins Zeke and Sam, and for Lizzie's eldest boy.

THE TABLES TURNED.



"H, my darling Tom," she said,
"Will you marry me?"
But poor Tom he hung his head,
And quite red blushed he.

Then around his tempting waist
Quick her arm she threw,
And her next remark prefaced
By a kiss—by two.

And while tight she held her arm,
"Dearest Tom," said she,
"I'll protect you from all harm
If you'll marry me."

Then up spoke the blushing youth,
"Yes, I do love you,
And I'd marry you, dear Ruth,
If no gum you'd chew."

"If you love me as you say,
(And I hope you do),
Throw your cursed gum away.
Then I'll marry you."

"As I've joined the 'Anti-Chewers,'
Though my love is warm,
Still I fear I can't be yours
If you don't reform."

G. M. L. BROWN.

MEAN OF HIM.

MISS WOULDBE—"I really can't remember such terrible weather since I was a little child."

MR. O'BOY—"Neither can I, Miss Wouldbe. It must be forty or forty-five years since we had anything like it."

WAITING FOR A BID.

SHE—"You always remind me of an auctioneer when you call to spend an evening."

HE—"In what way?"

SHE—"You are always 'Going!' 'Going!' for such a long while before you are 'Gone.'"

DR. HARVEY'S SOUTHERN RED PINE for coughs and colds is the most reliable and perfect cough medicine in the market. For sale everywhere.

MAKES no difference what artificial light you use, gas or electric, R. H. Lear & Co. can meet your wants. Their assortment is well selected. Their terms are special for December. In a word, Large Stock, Designs New, Prices Low. Same old place, 19 and 21 Richmond west.

THE FINAL STAGE.

MARY ANN—"I am afraid, Julius, you are tired holding me on your lap."

JULIUS—"Oh, never mind; sit still. I was tired a while ago, but it doesn't hurt now—I'm numb."

CONVIVIAL ITEM.

MR. GUZZLETON (*going out!*)—"You needn't sit up for me to-night, Maria."

MRS. GUZZLETON—"No, I suppose you can do all the 'setting up' that is needed yourself."—*Texas Siftings.*

A PARADOX.

"I HAVE brought you here to the cemetery to show you a paradox. See that tombstone?"

"Um—yes. It says 'Erected by her loving son-in-law.'"

"Well, it stands upright, and yet it lies on its face at the same time."

WATSON'S Cough Drops are the best in the world for the throat and chest—for the voice unequalled. Try them. R. & T. W. stamped on each drop.

LIKES THE TOWN.

"SATAN," said one of the imps, "are you going to the World's Fair?"

"Yes," returned Satan. "There will be a big gang there, of course, but I always feel at home in Chicago."

FORTUNATE.

I'm seldom in despondency—
My spirits upwards surge;
And, when in an emergency,
I generally emerge.

HE PROBABLY NEEDED IT.

HAVERLY—"How did your boy get on at college?"

AUSTEN—"He took first in Latin and Greek."

HAVERLY—"What are you doing with him now?"

AUSTEN—"Keeping him home for a year or two with a private tutor."

HAVERLY—"What for?"

AUSTEN—"To study English."

TEETHING.

DURING the period of dentition the suffering of infants is something terrible and mothers are put to their wits end to devise some means of alleviating the agony of their children. Dyer's Improved Food for infants is eagerly taken by sick or healthy children. 25 cents per package. Druggists keep it. W. A. Dyer & Co., Montreal.

A REVISED VERSION.

THE melancholy days have come,
The saddest of the year,
When coals at six a lightweight ton
In the furnace disappear.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

AN old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

A CAUTIOUS DRUGGIST.

JUVENILE SODA CLERK—"Dou you live here, mister?"

CUSTOMER—"Yep."

J. S. C.—"Then you'll have to wait until the boss gets back from dinner. I ain't allowed to put up prescriptions 'cept for strangers that's travelin'."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

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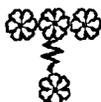
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