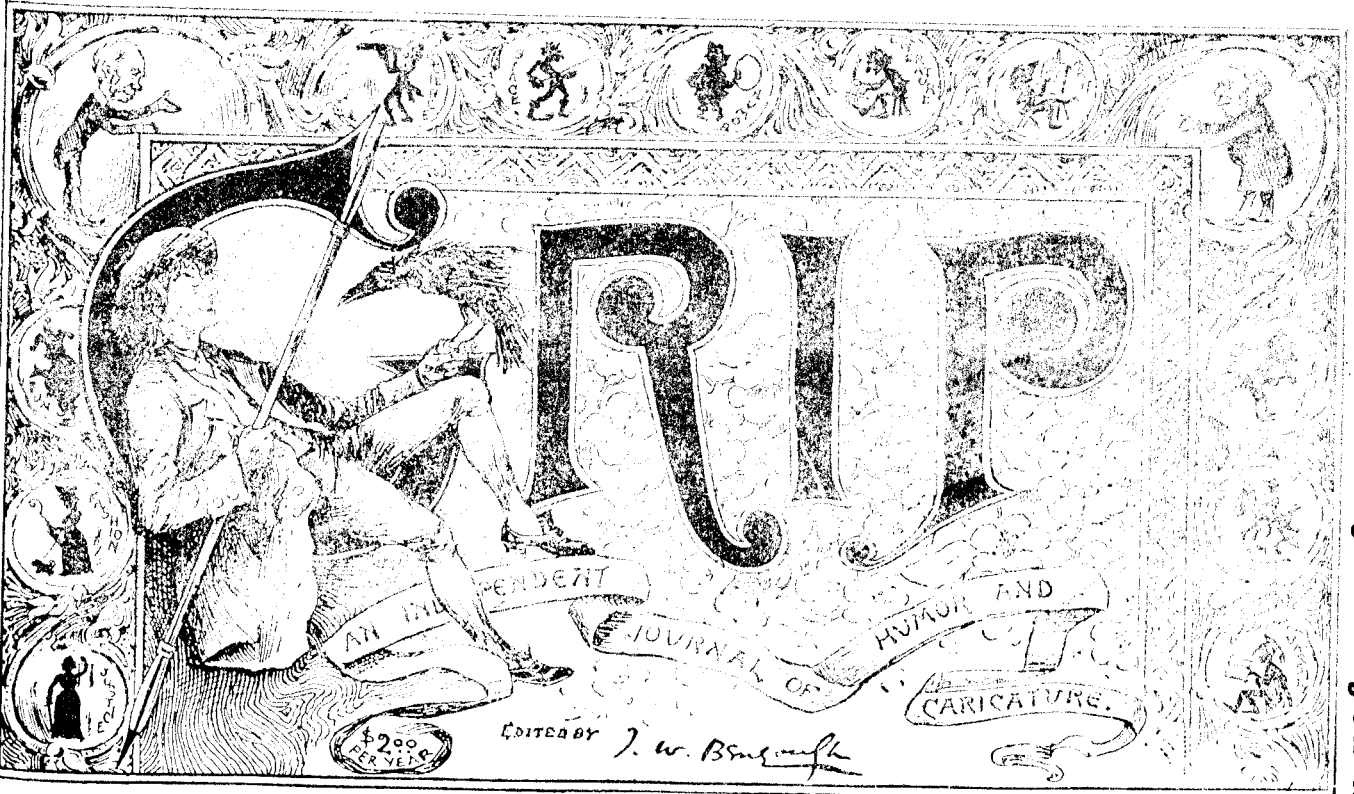


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VOL. XXXVIII.—No. 22.

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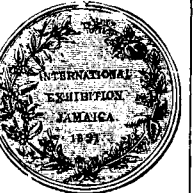
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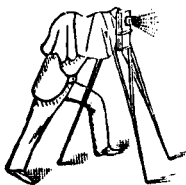
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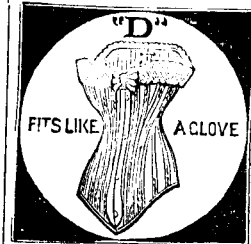
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GRIP

VOL XXXVIII.

TORONTO, MAY 28, 1892.

No. 22.
Whole No. 989.



MINISTERIAL "ADVICE."

SIR JOHN—“Here, Stanley, just dump the rubbish in that waste basket into the fire, and then you can take a day off and go fishing.”



The greatest beast is the Ose; the greatest bird is the Owl;
The greatest fish is the Oyster; the greatest man is the Oot.

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T. G. WILSON, General Manager.

J. W. BENGOUGH - - - - - Editor.
PHILLIPS THOMPSON - - - - - Associate Editor.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, MAY 28, 1892.

COMMENTS ON THE CARTOONS.



A REPTILE THAT MUST BE SLAIN.—Certain members of the Government are now undergoing "trial by newspaper." The *Globe* is publishing from day to day fac-simile reproductions of documents of a decidedly shady character in connection with what is known as the "Reptile Fund." This is,—we may mention for the benefit of Dave Hill and others of our American readers who are tyros in the art of political corruption—a fund contributed by public contractors for the "legal

expenses" of elections on the Ministerial side. The money is first handed to the contractors by certain of the Ministers, or recouped to them in the form of fraudulent "extras" on their contracts, it matters little which. In either case it is virtually stolen from the public till. The term "legal expenses" is a convenient expression which covers the buying of votes, the squaring of newspapers, and all the other acts which are prohibited by the election law. The *Globe* has already published enough correspondence to show that the art of bribery has reached absolute perfection in Canada, and to suggest that the country is in the last stage of rottenness. Something must be done about this Reptile business, and done at once. But what? And who's going to do it? Sir John Thompson and Mr. Abbott made brave promises, but they have proved either unable or unwilling to fulfil them. The Parliamentary Opposition can do no more than expose the facts, as the *Globe* is doing. Our last hope is the people, and it is just a question whether they have enough conscience and public spirit left to save themselves from the oncoming disaster. For, if a thorough and radical reform is not at once inaugurated, disaster is surely coming to this country.

MINISTERIAL ADVICE.—The Constitutional Act of Canada is an Imperial measure, and the Governor-Gen-

eral is an Imperial officer. Inasmuch as the Act guarantees the rights and liberties of the people, it is surely the function of the Queen's representative to see that these rights are vindicated, and to defend them, if necessary, against the encroachment of an evil-minded Government. If this is not the business of the Governor-General, the office is a meaningless anachronism. A wooden figure of Her Majesty might as well be installed at Rideau Hall, instead of a live nobleman. And yet, Lord Stanley seems to hold the view that he has no constitutional function except that of taking the advice of his Cabinet. And so he is calmly looking on while the revelations of rascality are making us the byword of the world, and when the new Gerrymander Act is sent to him in due course, he will, no doubt, consider himself in duty bound to sign it.



OUR stately representative from Centre Toronto, Mr. G. R. R. Cockburn, rather distinguished himself as a political purist in the Mercier matter, but, strange to say, he has held his peace completely in connection with the Edgar charges, and we have not observed that he has had anything to say about the "Reptile Fund" revelations now being made.

It cannot surely be that Mr. Cockburn's moral ethics is lop-sided, and that what is wrong in a Rouge is right in a Bleu. Or is it possible that this gentleman of honest instincts is held back by the consciousness that a portion of the reptile fund was used in his own election? It looks that way, somewhat.

IT is to be feared that the persistent endeavor of our own Lord High Commissioner to obtain favorable trade relations with Spain, will have to be characterized as "dissipated energy." Years ago commissioners were sent from this country to bestow on the haughty but commercially-backward Spaniard the boon of our trade, but somehow or other, the Spaniard wasn't in the business, or it wasn't in him, and we have had to do our trucking without him. Undaunted by the failure of the personal embassy, we have kept our offer open and before him by official post cards and other means, with the hope of enlightening him, that he might see the greater advantage of trading with us than with our Republican neighbor, but apparently in vain. In a recent interview Sir Charles is reported to have said "that the outlook with regard to the Spanish negotiations is likely to remain uncertain for some little while. He says it is impossible at present to predict what aspect matters will ultimately assume." This persistent effort of years to enlarge our trade is no doubt commendable, but is it not obvious that we are wasting energy in trying to trade with people who don't want to trade,—and haven't got snap enough in them to say so at once?

THE Royal Commissioners for the trial of the Caron case have been appointed. They are Mr. Justice Routhier, of the Superior Court of Quebec, and Mr. Justice Tait, of the Superior Court, District of Montreal. If the notorious case of Judge Elliott had not happened, we would have had no doubt as to the certainty of a fair and impartial trial of the matter, but we can no longer take the non-partizanship of our Canadian judges for granted. But, on the other hand, it would not be right to assume that these learned justices will not act with

absolute fairness, notwithstanding that they are introduced to the public by the *Globe* as "comparatively fresh from the political arena, where they were ardent Conservatives."

WE deem it a duty to give the following paragraph from the *Evening News* the benefit of our circulation :

The case of John Milson is indeed a hard one. Milson was an employee in the Grand Trunk shops. While engaged in his work some time ago he was struck in the eye with a piece of steel and the eye had to be removed in consequence. Returning to work as soon as he had recovered, an exactly similar accident destroyed the other eye and left the man completely blind. Milson is now utterly helpless, and his wife and three children have no one to provide for them. This is a case where the charitably-disposed can make no mistake in giving freely of their abundance.

Should any of our readers feel disposed to contribute to the assistance of this unfortunate man and his family, the editor of GRIP will be glad to take charge of the money, and see that it reaches Mr. Milson without delay. Acknowledgment will be made in these columns of all sums received.

THE Ratepayers' Association of this city has been cruelly suspected of being in reality a Landlord's Society, actuated by considerations tinged more or less with selfishness. This impression has been strengthened by the frenzied and ferocious opposition the Association has shown towards the Single Tax—a subject which the members do not seem to comprehend at all. At the last meeting of the Association the constitution and by-laws were up for discussion, and somebody moved that all payers of rates be declared eligible for membership. This was voted down, and it was decided to admit none but freeholders or those who held long leases. Thus the cloven hoof peeped out.

SOMEBODY sends us the following clipping from the *N. Y. Press*, evidently desiring that we should reply to the question :—

TARIFF PICTURES.

You can buy in this city a boy's all wool suit for . . . \$1.20.
The tariff on which if imported would have been . . . 1.24.

Will some of our free trade friends kindly show where the "tax" comes in?

There does not seem to be any direct tax in this particular case, but there may, nevertheless, be an indirect loss to the people of the United States. If, in the absence of the tariff, an equally good boy's suit could have been imported and sold for less than \$1.20, the difference is the measure of the loss. For every such suit imported, an amount of American products of equivalent value would have been exported, and there might have been more profit to the American people in that exchange than there now is in the work of manufacturing boys' all wool suits, and supplying their own home market.

TIRED OF POLITICS.

CONNOISSEUR—"Did you hear the Philharmonics' performance of the 'Redemption' at the Pavilion?"

GRIT—"No, and I think the Philharmonic had better let politics alone. I have had it rubbed in till I'm tired ever since we lost East York, and I'll be essentially jiggered if I'm going to pay money to help along a Tory hurrah."

THE BRIGAND'S BRIDE.

A HIGHLY CONDENSED NOVEL.

CHAP. I.

'JULIA, I love you. Be mine."
"Thanks, George—I think I will."

CHAP. II.

"Aha! how's this? He has robbed me of her affections. But I'll be revenged. George Maltravers shall never live to wed Julia Fothergill—I swear it!"

CHAP. III.

"Morning, Col. Fothergill. By the way, that fellow that is mashed on Julia is no good. He voted six times at last election and forged his uncle's will."

"I'm onto him," said the Colonel grimly.

CHAP. IV.

"So, old man, you spurn me from your door. But no matter! The day will come." And he departed with a calm dignity, which even the Colonel's number thirteen boots could not ruffle.

"This is your work, Ralph Trevelyan. Villain!" shrieked the maiden as she swooned away.

CHAP. V.

Ten long and weary years have elapsed.

"Well, Ralph, I consent. George is probably dead or married. Let us travel in sunny Italy and forget the past."

"'Tis well! Ho, without there, varlet! Take this purse of ducats and secure two (2) cabin passages to Europe *via City of Rome*."

CHAP. VI.

"Aha! Ralph Trevelyan, we meet again!"

"We do. Fool to cross my path! Ralph Trevelyan brooks no rival. Die!"

And he drew a richly chased dagger.

"Not so," cried Maltravers, seizing him in his vice-like grasp.

CHAP. VII.

The brigands swarmed over the rocks at the call of their chief.

"Now, miscreant, you are in my power! I am Contralto, the Brigand King of the Appenines! Confess that 'twas *you* who forged my uncle's will and suppressed my letters to Julia."

"I own up."

"Ha! Remove this objectionable person and hurl him into the crater of Mount Vesuvius." (*Red fire*.)

CHAP. VIII.

"Oh, Julia, does not this moment compensate for the agony of years of separation?"

"Oh, George! Henceforth nothing except the most urgent business can ever part us."

We draw a veil, etc. Does not this teach us that happiness is to be sought subjectively, and that our actions are oft-times attended with results?

THE END.

THE man who married a church choir singer says that they met by chants.

"Ah," said the churchman, as the postman handed him a letter. "An epistle!" "No," said his wife as she opened the envelope and saw a tailor's bill flutter to the floor—"a collect."



MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

SMITH—"That's old Bilks, the eminent lawyer."

JONES—"You must be mistaken. That man is no lawyer. He has his hands in his *own* pockets."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SOLOIST asks what is the most popular refrain of the day. "Ta-ra-boom-de-ay" fills the bill. To refrain from singing it is highly popular.

YOUNG VOTER.—Oh, no, the Whig party is not quite extinct, as you seem to suppose. It has a very able and talented representative in the person of Mr. Joseph Tait, M.P.P.

JINGLESNAP.—You are correct. Lord Brougham (society pronunciation "Broom") inaugurated many sweeping reforms.

CANESUCKER asks "How should a gentleman dress for the races?" Your question is one of profound interest. We have consulted several authorities and they are practically unanimous in the opinion that a gentleman in dressing for the races will first invest himself in his underclothing and linen and then successively don his pants, vest and coat. It would not be *en regle* to reverse this order of procedure. A gentleman, for instance, who should appear with his shirt outside of his coat would forfeit all claim to *savoir faire*, and might be regarded as singular. As to headwear, a handicap, as the name implies, is more convenient than a stovepipe hat. Boots or shoes of some kind are *de rigueur*.

ANTIQUARIAN writes, "I am told that the May pole is not altogether obsolete in some parts of Canada." Why no—the May polls in East York and North Perth are in evidence that the custom still lingers amongst us.

"WAR" POETRY.

The *Mail*, May 14th, quotes the following:

FOR ENGLAND'S SAKE.

Give us war, O Lord,
For England's sake,
War righteous and true,
Our hearts to shake.
We are drinking to the brim
What will poison heart and limb,
And our eyes are growing dim,
For England's sake!

Give us war, O Lord,
For England's sake,
War righteous and true,
Such as our fathers knew,
Our hearts to shake.
Ere the tricks and arts of peace
Make our manliness to cease,
While our world-wide foes increase,
For England's sake!

Give us war, O Lord,
For England's sake,
War righteous and true,
Our hearts to shake,
Faith and loyalty grow cold,
Faction's tongue is waxing bold;
More and more we stake on gold,
For England's sake!

Give us war, O Lord,
For England's sake,
War righteous and true,
Such as our fathers knew,
By which their greatness grew,
Our hearts to shake,
That amid the stress and strain,
And the discipline of pain,
We grow Englishmen again,
For England's sake!

—Paul Cushing, in the *National Observer*.

We propose an amended edition as follows:

FOR BUSINESS' SAKE!

Give us war, he prays,
For England's sake,
"War righteous and true,
Our hearts to shake."
Things are getting sort of slow,
War would make a boom, you know,
Market prices up would go—
For business' sake!

Give us war, he prays,
For England's sake,
Let us wade in blood,
"I would really do us good
Some hearts to break."
Let us butcher fellow men
Like porkers in a pen,
"I would make things boom again,
For business' sake!

Give us war, he prays,
For England's sake,
Our natural thirst for gore
We want to slake!
Let us make more widows, do!
And more helpless orphans, too,
We now have far too few,
For charity's sake!

Give us war, he roars,
For England's sake;
We're such a sordid race;
We degenerate in peace,
And our virtues seem to cease;
We fairly ache
For the bloody stress and strain,
And the discipline of pain
(Tho', of course, *Ill* home remain)
For business' sake!

DEACON STOUT'S REFLECTIONS.

A VOTE that sels fer ten dolls, ain't wuth nuthin' morily, but she counts one all the saim.

They'd ort to put somethin' into the 'Lecture Law fer to stop the ded men from votin'. They ain't got no stake in the country no more, an' it's a frod for 'em to vote.

Ef we had all the disonest pollytishins in striped close a-brakin' stuns on the road, we'd putty soon have all the roads in the country in fust-clas shape.

They say Charity ort to begin at hum, an' so I don't blame the fellers fer puttin' boodle money that's given 'em to buy votes into ther own pockits. It's jest stealin' ennyhow you fix it.

REAL ESTATE ITEM.

"DO you know," said the Sudbury prospector, "why this tract of land resembles one of those automatic machines which have become so common lately?"

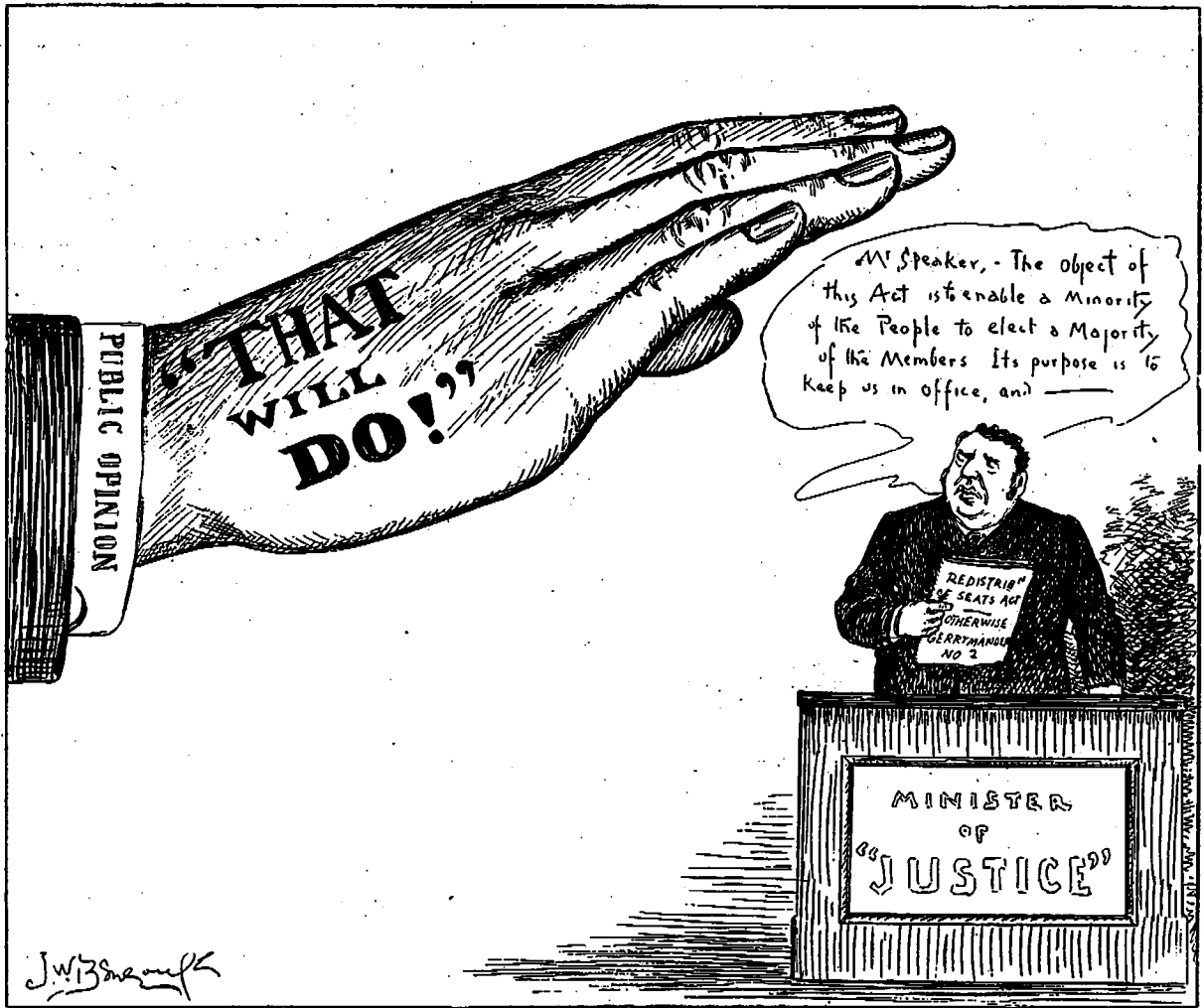
"I have no idea," said his partner.

"Nickel in this lot," was the sententious response, as he scanned the distant horizon through a pocket pistol.



W.C. H.

"HERE'S WHAT MAKES US WEAR OLD CLOTHES."



WANTED—A PEREMPTORY CALL-DOWN.

THE DEACON'S HIRED MAN.

THER'S but few hired men thet do
More'n the'r expected to.

Jim is that way, ennyhow,
(Jim's the man thet I've got now).

I can beat him any day
Bindin' sheaves or pitchin' hay,

But the reason, it would seem,
Is, he don't put on no steam.

An' he doesn't really try,
'Cept the work is eatin' pie.

Yit, I dassn't say a word
For to hustle up my lord.

Things hez got so now-a-days
Thet hired men's got uppish ways.

An' ef you don't mind your eye
They'll git up an' say good-bye.

Thet's the way it is with Jim,
And I ain't got none but him.

Laborin' men is scarce an' few,
So what kin a feller do,

'Cept to put up with ther gall,
An' swear in secret, hang 'em al

When Jim gits a hollerday
He don't wander fur away.
'D ruther fool 'round with the girls,
Then go off a-huntin' squirrels.

An' the wimmin folks they say
They're well pleased he don't go 'way.

Our Sophia she allows
He comes handy round the house.

Fetchin' water from the spring,
Beatin' carpets—anything.

(Jim he really seems quite spry
When Sophia's in his eye).

He seems dredful mashed on her,
An' sticks to her like a burr.

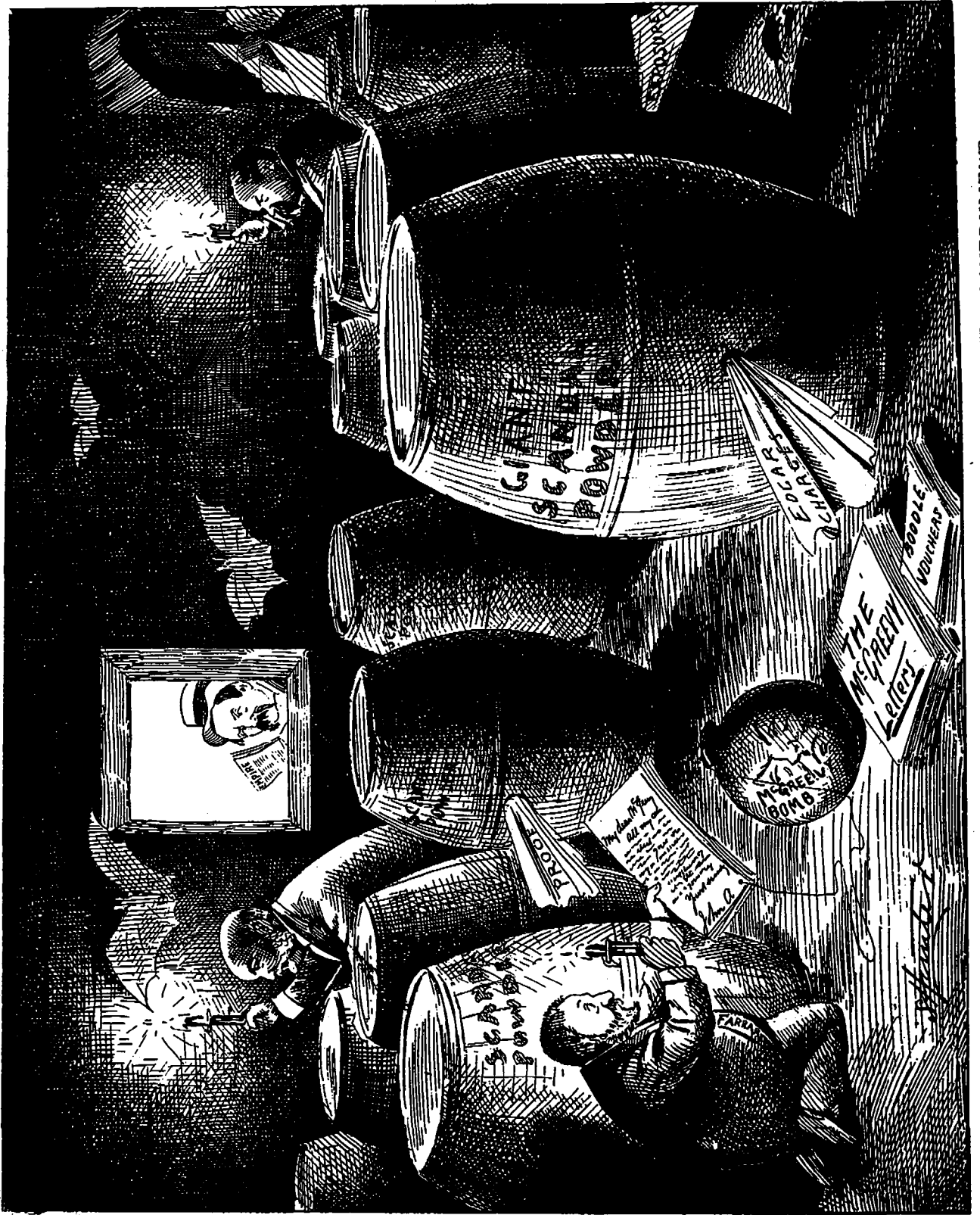
He won't let her rake the yard,
Work like that is far too hard,

So he sez, for such as her,
Blamed if he will see it, ner

Let her go an' milk the cows,
Ner carry stove-wood to the house.

If I thought that our Sophi
An' Jim was sparkin' on the sly,
Blame me if I wouldn't bounce
That big dunderhead at once!

WILLARD E. DERBY.

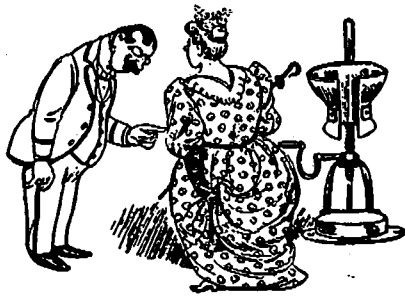


OUR MODERN GUY FAWKES; OR, PREPARING TO HOIST THE GOVERNMENT.



A REPTILE THAT MUST BE SLAIN.

TIGHT-LACING AS A FINE ART.



1



2



3



4



5



6

Pick-me-up.

ABOUT THE ART OF SWIMMING.

I HAD often wished to be a good swimmer. None of your concrete-bottom-bathing-basin-swimmers, but a strong, healthy fellow, capable of swimming five or six miles before breakfast, or of eating breakfast in the water if needs be, while spanking along at the rate of two miles an hour and plenty to spare. I always admire those men. I like to see their broad horny hands fiercely clutching the water like an urchin at a grab bag, or their large aggressive feet spurning back water like the fly-wheel of a Mississippi steamboat, while a happy and peaceful smile lights up their spray-lined faces. I once tried to swim myself. A professor of the art (who, by the way, claimed to have swum around Cape Horn in the teeth of a gale), for a liberal fee was induced to teach me for two weeks, and after dandling me in the water attached to a long irritable rope for several hours a day, and delivering a lecture on swimming of such a length that it wobbled, he felt satisfied that I was able to swim for myself, and I thought so too. Accordingly, I proudly stalked to the beach, followed by an admiring crowd of friends who were willing to back me up with Ministerial coupons against any long-legged water-plodder in the Ottawa valley. I hardly liked the look of the undertaker who followed at a respectful distance, but probably he had been watching the professor's attempts to teach me, and considered himself a connoisseur. I squeezed myself into the dressing-room and clad my limbs in amber-colored garments, so that when I came out I had a holy glare about me which caused my admiring friends to shield their eyes with their hands and gaze fondly upon me. But I was not one bit proud. Oh, no! I stepped boldly forward, planted my two feet firmly upon the rock-bound coast, threw up my arms to heaven and flopped in. I did not think the stones were so close to the sur-

face, although a week or two ago, in attempting the same thing, a friend of mine was badly lacerated about the spinal column. I escaped very well, I thought, and was quite cheerful about it, but my friends were not, for they insisted upon taking me out and repairing my cheek, where I had lost a wad of flesh. Another enterprising friend (?) looked into the water where I had wallowed and declared that I had broken off a piece of rock which had been used for years to fasten a tug-boat. Now, this was hardly fair to my cheek, but, however, nothing daunted, I stepped in again and essayed to stretch myself gracefully along the water and smile grandly and peacefully upon my friends, as I had seen the others do, but when I attempted the peaceful and happy smile I lost my leg grip and socked my large aggressive feet to the bottom, where they clung lovingly. When they hauled me out they told me I could not swim, and I believed them, but after being dingle-dangled in a tank for two weeks with a rope under my arms, like a Thanksgiving turkey, and parting with about twenty dollars of the realm, it was a cruel blow. I did not lose my interest in the art, however, for I cultivated the acquaintance of a man who was really a good swimmer, and he gave me several pointers which were of more use to me than all the wobbly harangues of a lanky professor. I went away on an excursion with this friend last summer, and on the trip up the lakes he drew me to one side and told me he was going to jump overboard, just to show me how the typical man acted when he fancied he was drowning. Sure enough, as the boat was passing through a narrow channel where there were one or two pleasure-boats, my friend stood carelessly against the bulwarks, and when no one in particular was looking he landed overboard like an oyster in a basin of soup. No sooner had he touched the water when a man alongside stood up in his boat,

and frantically waving his arms aloft, while articulating wild and unmeaning things, he endeavored to throw him a boat-cushion and a large and affectionate gaff-hook with a searching point. He did several other insane things, and wound up by upsetting his own boat. My friend, however, took things very calmly after reaching the water, and in answer to the man's pitiful appeals to "catch hold," he rolled over on his back, gave his right leg a toss over the left, cocked his heels up to the weather and did a nice little fancy thing with scalloped edges and a fringed border, like a pin-cushion in a French bazaar. This seemed to puzzle the man, and when my friend scratched his neck with his heel, scooped up about a gallon of water in the small of his back, and acted in sundry other ways like a stormy petrel, he began to smile, and a grin like a ray of sunshine with jagged edges stole away down his face and melted away in a fringe of iron-grey whiskers. B. K.

A SENSATION IN MUDVILLE.

REPORTED BY DEACON PUNKIN.

A FEW days ago Mudville was plunged into a state of the greatest excitement by the report that Isaac Whippletree's house had been burglarized, an' a considerable sum of money taken. Isaac was known to have money in the house, as he is the treasurer of the Patterns of Industry, an' that very night seven noo members had beer inishited, their inishashun fees bein' \$3 50. Isaac reported the sarcumstances to Peter Slack, the county constable, sumthin' as follers:

He went to bed as soon as he got home from the lodge, that is to say about 11 o'clock. The money he had put in his pants' pocket, an' these he flung under the bedstead for greater security. He was soon sound asleep, but about two o'clock was wakened by a noise in the room. He thought at first of gettin' up, strikin' a light, an' sarchin' for the cause of the disturbance, but concluded to wait a while. Mr. Whippletree thinks that the Heslop affair is a solemn lesson to himself and all other natchully foolhardy men, not to let their courage get the better of their discretion. Willin' to profit by it, he lay perfectly still till the noises ceased. Then he got up to investigate. His first impulse was to plunge under the bed after the moneyed garments. Unfortunately Mrs. Whippletree was also astir, she bein' narvous, an' had taken refuge under the bed till her husband finished his explorations. The room bein' pitch dark, they crashed their heads together with sech vi'ence as to knock out both their sets of false teeth, an' skinned themselves badtly on the bed-posts besides. Mr. W. then started to hunt for matches, but was told by his wife as soon as she came to, an' just after he had upset the washstand, that there were none in the room, so he'd have to go down stairs for them. Accordin'ly he started down the stairs, but somehow missed the first step. This wouldn't have mattered so much if he hadn't missed all the others as well. After recoverin' consciousness he managed to crawl to the itchen an' strike a light. Goin' up to his room again he found his pants, but with nothin' in them. Gettin' in them himself he examined the whole house, but found every door properly locked an' bolted. How the thief got in an' out again is the mystery.

Some think he clumb upon the verandah, but there were no tracks, an' the windows were fastened. Others thought he came down the chimney, but as there is only a 7-in. stove pipe hole openin' from it, he couldn't have got more'n one leg down, which couldn't have done much damage.



A SLIP OF THE TONGUE.

PATIENT—"Doctor, you seem to be a long time getting m'cured."

THE DOCTOR (*absent-mindedly*)—"Yes; business is awfully dull."

Peter Slack, the constable, is workin' up the case. He says he knows all the disrepectable characters of the neighborhood, an' if he finds any spendin' money freely he'll arrest them on suspicion. This has caused a sort of blight to fall on the business energies of the place. The taverns are runnin' only on half time.

A good many think that Mrs. Whippletree could clear up the mystery if she liked, an' that is my own idee. She wears the breeches anyway, so I suppose she has a right to put her hands in the pockets.

WILLIAM MCGILL.

THE RIGHT SORT.

IT is refreshing to those who are wearied with the monotonous whine of vilification of everything American from political catch-vote Canadian loyalists, to read the noble words of the Countess of Aberdeen before the Women's Liberal Federation in London.

Speaking of the relations between England and the United States, she says: "We Liberals dream—it is only a dream, to be sure, yet still not unworthy of the dreaming—of the time when the consequences of Great Britain's folly in 1776 will be obliterated by her from history, when Great Britain and America will stand shoulder to shoulder as God's chosen servants in the cause of humanity."

Here is an utterance of patriotism and religion worthy the character and station of this eminent woman, and which ought to commend itself to every right-thinking person the world over. Were the people of this Dominion only imbued with this sentiment of loyalty and love, we should be sickened no longer with the puerilities of our pinchbeck patriots.



TOUCHY.

EDITOR—"Your poetry is not bad in some ways. You have got good sentiment in it, but your feet are—"

POETESS (*wrathfully*)—"No personal remarks, sir. Confine yourself to literary criticism."

TA KILTIES' PARADE.

EH, Janet, wumman, did ye see a' yon bonnie callants that turned oot on parade last Sawbath? I went to see them, and called for Kirshy on the wye. Ye ken her man was yin o' them, forbye he's a Canadian, but he just tell't the offishers his relations were Scotch (meaning his wife, but like a canny man that he is, not telling them a' about it) an' they tookit his word for't, especially as his name wis McEvoy. Well, Kirsty was ben the hoose, dressin' her man—the puir bodie hadna the least idea hod' tae get intill't, altho', mind ye, the wee paper, the *World* gied a grand account o' hoo tae dress yersel; I could jist hae dune it mysel.' Atweel, Danie—that's Kirsty's man's name—says he: "D'ye no think this kilt's ower short; a' body can jist the hale o' my knees, and it could never be laid at my door that I ever exposed mysel' to the public gaze."

"Hoots, man, ye're daft," says Kirsty. "Dae ye no ken the wimmin's jist as fond o' lookin' at a guid leg on a man as ye men fowks are o' sceing a ballet; an' altho' yours are a kin' o' spindly, I'il sort that tae ye, my man."

And I declare, Janet, afore I could dae onything, wi' surprise, Kirsty goes tae the press and gets twa bonnie, big red apples and pops them intae the back o' Danie's checked hose, an' ye wadna believe me, tho' I tell't ye, they looked as big an' brawny as gin he were trainin' for a polisman. They stuck oot sac far, I tell ye, they jist set aff the kilt, tho' they lookit kind o' lumpy. Weel, aifter he wis a' ready, an' Kirsty showed him hoo tae maich, he strutted awa doon the street wi' the twa apples steekin' oot fine at the back, and syne Kirsty pit on her bonnet and cam' awa' wi' me. We jist got up tae the Park in time, for Kirsty took an awfu' time tae pit on her bonnet while I was fidgin.' Weel, when we arrived at the Park I thocht a' the city wis there, but we got a gude view when the bugle begun to blaw an' the sodgers fell in.

"O lassie," says I, "disna this mind ye o' Edinboro', tae see they sodgers an' a' the bonnie people, an' tae hear the soun' o' the pipes."

"Dinna speak o't," says she, an' the tears glistened in her e'en, for Kirsty's father was a sodger in the Camerons and he's awa tae Malta an' I kent puir Kirsty's hairt wisfu'. But I never let on, howsomever. The band was playin' awa' noo, some unchristian piece, French, they tell't me, aboot Tara-ra-boom, whatever that means, instead o' "The girl I left behind me." Weel, I fell intae a kin' o' trance like, an' I wis thinkin' hoo cood the lads attack an enemy wi' sic music as that without a backbone in it—when losh me! my hert gied a stoun' an' I reeled. As I cam' tae oot o' the trance the pipes wis playin' "Bonnie Chairlie's Noo Awa." The laddies braced up an' maiched like reglars.

"Kirsty, is that no grand?" says I.

"Aye," says she, but her proud e'e was on Dan, wha wis jist passin'.

"Preserve us a'," she cried oot, "look at's legs!"

And when I lookit I cudna contain mysel', an' I lauched an' lauched for yin o' the aipples had slippit doon tae near his ankle an' the ither wis roun' at the side o' his leg. A' the wee boys wis hootin' at him: "Hoo's yer legs, mister?" when Kirsty, says she tae me oot loud for the benefit o' the public, "I didna ken," says she, "that mairchin' wud affec his legs sae sair or I wudna hae letten him jine." An' then she gied a look roun' o' righteous indignation, but, wait you, she wisna the only yin whose feelins were ruffled. There wis yin stooda side me I kent weel he wis English, for says he, as the laddies maiched past: "Aw puffect relic of barbarism." Wi' that I turned roon, an' my bluid louped, an' says I: "Aye, an' the canniest men oot the day are Barbarians. I doot," says I, "ye've heard tell o' Bannockburn." Losh, wumman, if ye'd seen him simmer—it wis grand. But I maist forgot to speak o' the kurnell. He's a braw man that. Ye micht ken his brose agrees wi' him, an' when I mairy I'll look for yin like him. What's it they ca' him? Kurnell John Eye, I think, but I needna fash aboot him, for he's mairit already. Syne we saw the laddies dismiss't an' luggin' Danie awa' wi' us we gaed hame tae oor tea at Kirsty's.

EFFIE MACSPORRAN.

LAMENT

OF THE 48TH HIGHLANDER.

I MAIRCH-ED oot yon Sabbath morn,
Paradin' tae the kirk,
The guid book i' ma brave richt haun'
An' at ma knee the dirk.
I tried ma best tae keep ma mind
Frae worldly vanities,
But losh, I couldna think o' ought
But o' ma braw new claes.

When I foregathered i' the kirk
An' sat me doon tae hear
The sairmon that oor chaplain preached,
Nae word o't caught ma ear;
Ma mind to things o' earthly dross
Perpetually strays,
I caught masel' a dizen times
A-thinkin' o' my claes.

The sairvice did me little guid,
I couldna tell the text,
An' when we maiched awa again
I felt ashamed an' vexed.
These kilts, quo' I, are unco fine,
But as the guid book says,
It's vanity o' vanities
To wear sic gorgeous claes.

WHEN is a judge like the Caucasian father of twins?
When he is presented with a pair of white kids.

LAURIER'S REMONSTRANCE

WITH BRO. CHARLTON, IN REGARD TO THE PROHIBITION
PLEBISCITE BILL.

NOW, Charlton, betwixt you and me,
I think you better had withdraw
Your Prohibition bill—you see
It never can become a law.
Lots of our crowd have thirsty throats,
And you'll command no Tory votes.

Now, where's the use, I'd like to know,
Of pushing things to an extreme?
Your prohibition scheme won't go,
You cannot for a moment dream
That all our party will support
A drastic measure of this sort.

Suppose you push it to a vote,
The small minority you'll show
Will give the Tories chance to gloat
And strike our cause a crushing blow;
Don't do it, Charlton, for the sake
Of party interests at stake.

Give it a rest—some other year
You'll have a chance to air your fad;
To let the heartless Tories jeer
At our slim vote would be too bad.
We've stood it off so oft before
It can't be hurt by one year more.

COULDN'T FOOL HIM.

"PINE-APPLES! Pine-apples! Only ten cents,"
called out the fruit peddler in his most stentorian
tones.

"Hold up a minute, Susan," said a passing ruralist
who was taking in the sights of the city. "W- at d'yer
call them fruit, mister?"

"Pine apples. Have one, sir?"

"Pine-apples! Well, by gosh, ef that don't beat all!
Why, yer durned idiot, pine-trees don't bear no apples,
and they wouldn't be no good, neither, ef they did."

"Aw, go chase yourself around the block, hayseed.
Ain't got no time to fool with you. Pine-apples! Pine
apples! ten cents each!"

"Give us one," said a customer.

"Don't ye do it! He's a-foolin' ye, mister. I'm
right from the pine-woods myself and I know what I'm
talkin' about. They ain't no pine-apples. He's tryin'
to swindle the folks, an' orter be arrested."

"You'll be arrested for a lunatic directly," said the
man.

"Come on, Joseph," said his wife. "Tain't none uv
our affair, I reckon, ef these city folks likes to be im-
posed on."

"Yer right, Susan," replied the old man, as they
moved on. "They think they're awful smart and cun-
ning, but they can't fool us, Susan. I never see such a
durned ignorant crowd. Pine apples! Gosh! how the
folks up to home will laugh when they hear about it.
They daresn't try no sech a gum game on in our sec-
tion."

AFTER THE MARCH OUT.

FIRST HIGHLANDER—"Well, by Jove, you know,
if Hi'd 'ave knowed that this 'ere blooming rig was
so sanguinary cold Hi don't think Hi'd 'ave joined."

SECOND HIGHLANDER—"Och, fwhat's the matter wid
you? It's an illigant d'hress intoirely, an' a mon that's
so tinder that he can't shand a little cowlid wud never
make a sofer."



AS GOOD AS HIS WORD.

WIFE—"But, Charles, you promised that when we were married
mother could come to visit us as often as she pleased."

CHARLES—"Quite so; and she has ceased to please."

JUST THE REVERSE.

THE seeds he sowed did not come up
To be the garden's glory;
His labor lost he did bewail,
And yet his melancholy tale
Was not a grew-some story.

"ARE you going to the concert? Miss Clara Attalie
is to sing. You shouldn't miss it."

"Why, is she an extraordinary singer?"

"I don't know, but she's engaged to be married to a
New York millionaire. I wouldn't miss hearing her for
anything!"

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

TO GRIP'S READERS.

WE have completed arrangements with the publishers of *The
Arena* whereby we can offer that Review and GRIP for one year,
together with a copy of *The Arena Portfolio*, for \$5.75. GRIP,
as you know, is \$2.00 a year in advance; of its merits it is un-
necessary for us to say anything. *The Arena* is \$5.00 per annum,
and is fast becoming known as the leading progressive Review of the
world.

The Arena Portfolio contains twenty-four beautifully engraved
portraits of leading representative thinkers in the great intellectual
democracy of the present generation. Each portrait is printed on
the heaviest and most expensive grade of coated plate paper, 8x10
inches, with India tint, thus giving the finest possible effect. The
autograph of the person represented accompanies each portrait.

Herbert Spencer, Darwin, Tolstoi, J. G. Whittier, Oliver Wen-
dell Holmes, Miss Frances E. Willard, are among those who appear
in the Portfolio. The price is \$4.00, and it's cheap at that.

These three—a total value of \$11.00—we offer for \$5.75. It
makes no difference whether you are a subscriber or not, for we will
extend your subscription one year from date of last payment and
send you the others on receipt of the amount named. This is an
unparalleled offer; do not fail to take advantage of it.

FALSE ECONOMY

Is practised by many people, who buy inferior articles of food because cheaper than standard goods. Surely infants are entitled to the best food obtainable. It is a fact that the Gail Borden "Eagle" Brand Condensed Milk is the best infant food. Your grocer and druggist keep it.

DEAFNESS ABSOLUTELY CURED.—A gentleman who cured himself of Deafness and Noises in the Head of fourteen years' standing by a new method, will be pleased to send full particulars free. Address HERBERT CLIFTON, 8 Shepherd's Place, Kennington Park, London, S.E., Eng.

"PAPA," said a dentist's little son, "I must have a new pair of pants; the seat of these is all decayed."

WHAT a commodity! is the exclamation of everybody who uses our kindling wood. Sent to any address, six crates for a dollar. Pay on delivery. Send post card. Harvie & Co., 20 Sheppard street, or telephone 1570.

LIVE men wanted on salary who won't lose their heads while making big money. For full particulars address Brown Brothers Company, Toronto.

CHUMPLE—"I don't know what to do with my boy. I'm afraid he's half a fool. Look at his vacant face."

GREAT ADVERTISER (*absent-mindedly*)—"Vacant? Couldn't you let him out for advertising purposes?"

DR. T. A. SLOCUM'S

OXYGENIZED EMULSION OF PURE COD LIVER OIL. If you have Asthma. Use it. For sale by all druggists. 35 cents a bottle.

FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

HAVE YOU TRIED

A Rialto Cigar? If not, get one at once; they are first-class. L. O. Grothe & Co., Montreal.

FIRST NEIGHBOR (*furiously*)—"Your horrid dog has bitten my old cat!"

SECOND NEIGHBOR—"I'm sorry my dog has bitten your wife!"

We understand that R. H. Lear & Co., of the well known gas and electric fixture emporium, are holding a special discount sale to clear a purchase of over \$9,000 bought at a low figure. Get their quotations. They are still at the old stand, 19 and 21 Richmond St. West.

WHAT IS SAID IN FAVOR OF DYER'S IMPROVED FOOD FOR INFANTS.

THE Matron of the Protestant Infants' Home, 508 Guy Street, Montreal, says: "We have used Dyer's Improved Infants' Food for the babies and have found it to agree with them, and have much pleasure in recommending it." W. A. Dyer & Co., Montreal.

"AND what did he do when you called him a son of a gun?"

"Oh, he just went off."

Few people have any idea of the care with which tobacco has to be attended after it is grown. It will imbibe odors of almost any kind if placed near the source of them. A pig sty, for instance, near the place where the planter stores his crops will impart a peculiar flavor, which no care afterwards will divest it of. Among the many precautions taken to obtain a faultless leaf for the "Myrtle Navy" brand, is to ascertain carefully the methods which every farmer adopts with his crops in the sections of Virginia where the "Myrtle Navy" leaf is grown.

TO GRIP'S BOYS.


We will give to the boy who sells the largest number of GRIPS during the week ending May 28th, a handsome open face silver watch, stern wind and set, and warranted to keep good time. Each week thereafter until further notice we will offer a prize of similar value, varying the prize and the conditions, so that all boys will have an equal chance to become prize winners. At the end of six months, three prizes—a bicycle, gold watch and double-barrelled breech-loading shot gun—will be awarded, for which *all* boys selling GRIP, whether winners of weekly prizes or not, can compete. If any boy thinks he can sell GRIP in his town he should write us at once for our circular with terms, etc. Any of our older readers who will recommend a good live boy will get GRIP free as long as the boy sells papers for us. The Grip Printing & Publishing Company.

WIFE—"I don't know what to do to get the baby to sleep, John."

HUSBAND—"I don't know either, unless you take him to church to hear Mr. Prosey preach."



THERE IS HOPE FOR THE DYSPETIC IN THE USE OF

Diamond  **Vera Cura**

PURIFIES THE BREATH
REGULATES THE BOWELS
NO PURGATIVE A SUBSTITUTE FOR TOBACCO

CURES

Dyspepsia
Sour Stomach
Heartburn
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Food Rising

Bad Breath
Giddiness
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Indigestion
Low Spirits

If your Druggist does not keep it, send 25 cts. for a box, or \$1.00 for five boxes free by Post.

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TORONTO, ONT.

LUBY'S
FOR THE HAIR

Restores the color, strength,
beauty and softness to Gray
Hair and is not a dye.

At all Chemists 50 cts. a Bot.

DUNN'S
FRUIT SALINE

Dunn's Fruit Saline makes a Delicious Cooling Beverage, especially Cleanses the Throat, preventing disease. It imparts Freshness and Vigour, and is a quick relief for Biliouness, Sea-Sickness, etc.

BY ALL CHEMISTS

The Embodiment of Strength

Johnston's Fluid Beef

IMPARTS

ROBUSTNESS,
LUSTINESS,

VIGOR.

An invaluable means of developing firmness of muscle,
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The Transfer Books will be closed from the 17th to the 31st day of May, both days included.

The Annual General Meeting of Shareholders will be held at the Banking House of the institution on Wednesday, the 15th day of June next. The chair to be taken at noon.

By order of the Board,
D. COULSON, General Manager.

The Bank of Toronto,
TORONTO, April 27, 1892.

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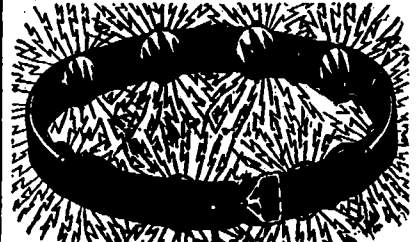
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The annuities will be in the form of certificates signed by the Provincial Treasurer, guaranteeing half-yearly payments at the office of the Provincial Treasurer in Toronto, of sums of \$100, or larger sums, on the 30th day of June and 31st day of December in each year, for forty years from 30th day of June next, the first half-yearly certificates being payable on the 31st December next.

The total amount of annuities to be issued in 1892, and for which tenders are asked, is \$8,000 annually, but tenders will be received for any part of the same not less than \$200 annually.

Tenders will be required to state the capital sum which will be paid for either the whole annuities offered or such portion as may be tendered for.

Tenders will be received up to the 12th day of July next. Notification of allotments will be given to tenderers on or before 18th July, and payments from accepted tenderers will be required to be made within ten days thereafter.

Tenders for the whole amount offered, if preferred, may be upon condition that the annuities be payable in Great Britain in sterling.

The highest or any tender not necessarily accepted, unless otherwise satisfactory.

R. HARCOURT,
Provincial Treasurer.

PROVINCIAL TREASURER'S OFFICE,
TORONTO, May 9, 1892.

NOTE.—Illustration of calculation on interest basis. At the rate of four per cent. per annum (or in strictness 2 per cent. half-yearly) a present payment of \$1,987.25 would represent an annuity of \$100 for forty years, payable half-yearly, while the actual yearly payment for the forty years would be a fraction above 5 per cent. on the principal sum.

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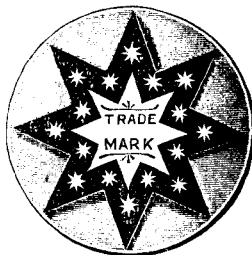
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New Business, 1891	-	2,917,000
Business in Force	-	20,587,000

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