



# GRIP



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## LATEST FROM WASHINGTON!

(By special despatch from our own Ananias.)

WASHINGTON, Sep. 30th.—A committee of Eminent American Statesmen are preparing another Offer of Reciprocity with Canada.

# GRIP

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Artist and Editor  
Associate Editor

J. W. BENGOUGH  
PHILLIPS THOMPSON.



## Comments ON THE Cartoons.

THE UNCRUSHED CONTRIBUTOR.—The McKinley tariff will undoubtedly hit Canada pretty hard, but there is little sympathy here for the Canadian who feels disposed to grovel at the feet of the big Republic and squeal.

Sir John, as usual, catches the feeling of the moment with unerring instinct, when he "stiffens his upper lip" and proclaims that we do not intend to perish from the face of the earth on account of this measure, but to seek for markets for our produce elsewhere. If the Canadian people could only get over the delusion that it pays to support a few special industries at the general expense, (concerns which it is supposed would die without Governmental coddling)—and the twin superstition against direct taxation, we could easily defy all the McKinley Bills on earth by declaring for Free Trade with the world. No sooner would this policy be adopted than Canada would be "deluged with foreign goods." A vast calamity! says the Protectionist, with his crack-brained political economy, which confuses foreign "goods" with foreign "evils." A deluge of good things from abroad—things that we want—would not, however, be regarded by our con-

sumers as an unmitigated disaster, however cheaply they were sent to us. But what about our native industries? Just this—that for every dollar's worth of stuff we got from the foreigner, we would have to send him a dollar's worth of our own produce. It would simply mean that we would devote ourselves to the production of those things we could most advantageously produce, and withdraw our energy and capital from those artificial industries which we are now carrying on under a hot-house system. Would our native manufactures perish, then? It is beyond question that under natural conditions we would have more tall chimneys and higher wages all the year round than we can ever have under the Protective policy. This is far in advance of the thought of the day, of course. We are still in the deep darkness of High Tariff superstition, as are our neighbors in the States.

LATEST FROM WASHINGTON.—The *Globe* created something of a sensation last week by publishing an exclusive despatch from Washington, setting forth that a brand new offer of Reciprocity had been prepared in the U.S. Senate. The despatch proved to be "exclusive" of truth.



Recent investigations by apiculturists it is proved that bees which use their stingers effectively lose them in the act, and invariably die shortly afterwards. It was an oversight on the part of Nature not to make slanderers subject to the same beneficent law.

WE observe that the sum mentioned as the value of the

Street Railway stock and fixtures is \$5,500,000. This figure has a nice round, symmetrical look about it, and will easily cling to the memory of the citizen. By constantly turning it over in his mind he will become accustomed to it, and after awhile he will not be afraid to go right up and pat it on the back. This is why the Street Car Company have casually thrown it out at this early stage of the proceedings—to accustom the public mind to something big. They will be in great luck if they get anything like it, when the fateful day rolls round.

THE Commercial Union Club held its annual meeting last week. The address of the President, Prof. Goldwin Smith, was a piece of polished eloquence, worthy of so good a cause. The Professor is not frightened out of his boots by the McKinley Bill; he has confidence in the common sense of the American people, and entertains hopes of wearing those very boots on the day when the abolition of the Customs line is celebrated. They won't even need repairs in the meantime, either, he believes.

READERS of *Punch* who have of late missed something of the old-time sharpness in the pages of that periodical without knowing why, may observe, on close examination, that Keene is no longer drawing his wonderful pictures of "British People" therein.

SIR JOHN and his Ministers are scattered over the country, some of them making speeches and others presumably pulling wires. All of which portends the springing of the general election, according to some of the knowing ones. But here we have Sir Hector Langevin's personal organ, *La Minerve*, announcing dogmatically that there will be no election until after the census of the population has been taken. This is probably authoritative—and you may spell census in two ways with equal accuracy.

NOW that the Birchall trial is over, what is Justice going to do about the artists who drew and the publishers who printed those "illustrations" from which readers of our daily papers were made to suffer during its progress? The unoffending individuals whose "portraits" were given have ample grounds for actions for libel, but the gentle reader ought to lay a charge of aggravated assault, at the very least.

\* \* \*

CAN'T something be done to protect citizens from those brutes who disgrace the uniform of our justly-admired police force? The exhibition made by the official bully who arrested Paul Patillo on Yonge Street last Friday evening was typical of the class of peelers we have reference to. The prisoner was perfectly sober and seemed disposed to go along quietly. This, however, did not suit the blue-coated ruffian, who repeatedly threw him down, and at least once struck him a cowardly blow in the face. All this was done in the presence of a large crowd of disgusted spectators, and under the immediate patronage of a posse of brother policemen, who were there, no doubt, to see that the ill-used prisoner should not strike back, as he had a right to. These bumptious clowns on the Force are much too fresh, and the Police Commissioners would do well to impress upon them that the citizen, even when under arrest, has some rights which they are bound to respect.

MR. BAKER'S MOSQUITO.

GENTLEMEN, I used to hev' a muskitty here, which was a cur'sosity in his way.

He was a large one of the bull variety, an' he cum fr'm New Jersey, but for intelligence an' savvy I never see his ekal. I first kem across him a-sittin on a log, with one of his legs broke. There was a dead rattlesnake lying near him, an', by the looks er things, I reckon this yere muskitty had on'y jest laid him out. I kinder cottoned on to him jest fer his pluck, an' I left him with my on'y hankercher tied roun' his leg. Well, maybe you won't believe it, but from that day you never see anything so attached es that muskitty was to me. He turned up at the diggins next day an' marched inter my shanty as serene as a British juke.

But he never bit me!

Gents, I have seen that muskitty when he had got shet in by mistake, an' was that thin he wouldn't weigh more'n a pound, an' when I'd come home, sometimes, fr'm a week's prospectin', he'd give me a look es much es to say, "Pard! I like a square shake, I do; this ain't the first time you've shet me in; how do you expect a feller's going to live if you do that? Jest open the door an' let's have a bite er summ'at." And of course I'd let him out, an' he'd hang around till 'long about sundown, an' then he'd go foragin'. But, you bet, he never tuk his hull meal off one man. He know'd well enough what a row the men 'd kick up ef he killed one of 'em. No, siree! He used to lay himself over about forty of 'em, so as they'd all be able to work next day. Well, after a while the men began to get onto his shape, an' they used to lay fer him. First thing I knowed about it, he came a-buzzin' in at the window one night with a double-handful of red hair, which I guess some one in camp hed kinder let go on. 'Nother time some galoot put a bullet thro' his left wing, an' made him fly all lopsided. I fixed him up next night, afore I let him out, with some glue an' a piece of paper, but I could see by the way he gritted his teeth that he meant mischief.

Well, gents, you'll know what I mean when I tell you that the man what fired the gun "myster'ously disappeared." But the boys began to suspicion me. How they first got on to it I don't know, but about fifty of 'em used to git around my door when I'd let him out an' go fer him. Well, he played low 'thout kickin' fer about three nights, an' then he turned rusty an' killed two of 'em.

They must hev provoked him powerful, for he was not a bird to rile easy.

Well, the ornery cusses, seein' that he was too spry for 'em, 'lowed to stack the deck on him. One night the weather kinder froze up, an', forgettin' that he was outside, an' might want to come in kinder hurried like, I went an' shut the winder.

'Long about midnight I was woke up by a rappin' on the glass. Well, I went an' open'd it, an' there was that



'CUTTING OFF HIS NOSE TO SPITE HIS FACE!'

muskitty a-hanging on to the sill as drunk as a lord, an' a-grinnin' an' a-rolling, an' a hiccupin', like all possessed. Well, I got him in an' soused him well with water, an' shoved him under the bed. Where he got the stuff from I never found out, but after that you never see a muskitty go to the dogs faster'n what he did—wouldn't tech nothin' only pure forty-rod, an' I reckon you might a' soused him with water ez often ez you liked, or offered him the ch'icest baby you ever see, but you'd never have cured him of his blamed bad habits.

Well, after about three weeks of it, the end cum.



### AT THE METHODIST CONFERENCE.

REV. MR. X.—“Faugh! Brother Muncher! Using tobacco!  
‘Touch not, taste not the unclean thing.’”

REV. DR. MUNCHER (taking a neat quid of fine-cut)—“But,  
brother X., you remember ‘He that is weak eateth herbs!’”

He'd bin off on a three days' spree, an' hedn't kem home  
once all the time, when one morning I opened the door,  
an' the fust thing I see was my muskitty a-lyin' in front  
of it with his head cut off. Some of the boys done it  
while he was drunk, the mean coyotes!

OWEN A. SMILY.

### QUESTIONS SUGGESTED

BY THE ABLE DESCRIPTIVE REPORTS OF THE BIRCHALL TRIAL

Is Birchall merry and jocose,  
And does he freely laugh and jest,  
Or is he silent and morose,  
By consciousness of crime depressed?  
Does he a nonchalance display  
Quite incompatible with guilt?  
Or do his features' nervous play  
Prove that poor Benwell's blood he spilt?

Is he an artist of much skill,  
Whose pencillings show graphic power?  
Or are they botches, scrawled to fill  
The tedium of an idle hour?  
Does gentlemanly polish show  
In every simple word and act?  
Or is he brusque, uncultured, low,  
A common sort of man, in fact?

And is he tall, or is he short,  
Or only just of medium size?  
And swell apparel does he sport,  
Or rig himself in humbler guise?  
And is he pious and devout,  
And sympathetic in his mood?  
Or quite a careless, hardened lout,  
Impervious to all that's good?

I read the papers and I find  
These questions answered various ways,  
Each one according to his mind,  
Reports some inconsistent phase;  
And if we're to believe them all,  
Constructed on chameleon plan,  
Birchall is what some people call  
A wondrous many-sided man.

### FRANKLAND'S FILOSOFY.

FROM the Toronto World:

“As a cattleman, and one who knows the trade,” said Ald. Frankland yesterday, “I say that this high tariff business was the best thing that could happen our farmers. Why, they have shut out Canadian cattle from Buffalo, a point where in the old days we have shipped thousands and thousands of head. Did it ruin our farmers? No, sir; it turned out to be a blessing. Why, our Canadian cattle trade was diverted to Glasgow, Aberdeen, Dundee, Bristol and Newcastle, and the Ontario farmer is a gainer by from \$2.50 to \$5 a beast over the old figures. Across the sea they take our lean as well as our fat cattle, and if they are too lean to sell on arrival, they let them run the heather and sell them as Scotch cattle. Those people who cry down Canada should be shot.”

Then let the burly alderman be led out and executed as painlessly as possible, for “crying down Canada” by making out its farmers to be a set of pitiable idiots. If we understand the above deliverance at all, Ald. Frankland alleges that the cattle-breeders of this country used to ship thousands and thousands of head to the Buffalo market, and accept for them much smaller prices than could have been secured in the Old Country; but they were without exception so stupid and ignorant that they never discovered the existence of the British market until they were driven to it by the act of the equally foolish Yankees in shutting the gates at Buffalo. Ald. Frankland is a big-hearted fellow with many sterling qualities, but he *can* talk bosh when he feels like it.



“It gives me great pleasure to acknowledge on behalf of the club,” said the President, “the handsome gift of Bro. Samjones. It is ornate without being mercetricious, and displays in its artistic design the same delicacy of touch which characterizes his felicitous wit. May this elegant present inaugurate a yet happier future.” (Applause.)

The gift alluded to was the motto of the club neatly worked in illuminated letter as follows:

“Count that day lost whose low-descending sun  
Hears from thy lips no mirth-producing pun.”

“Samjones, you're a daisy,” said Borax, enthusiastically.

“I'd hard work to finish it in time for the meeting,” said Samjones.

“Is it dry?” enquired Popenjoy.

“Oh, yes, quite dry—quite dry,” repeated Samjones, with an emphasis, the significance of which was obvious.

“I thought so. Then we must wet it,” said Popenjoy. Which was accordingly done.

The Secretary read a letter from G. Mercer Adam asking permission to consult the archives of the club to obtain information for his forthcoming work, “The History of Canadian Humor.”

“As his motives do not appear mercernary,” suggested Baskerville, “I move that his request be granted.”

“Do I understand that this history of Canadian Humor is a forthcoming work?” asked Hellebore.

“So his letter says,” replied the Secretary.

“Then what are his first, second and third coming works?”

At this McGuffy pounded the table so emphatically in a fit of ecstasy that the waiter appeared and began to take

orders for another round. McGuffey's intense appreciativeness cost him just 85 cents.

It was resolved that the Secretary send a reply to Mr. Adam's letters as follows: "We don't care, Adam, if you do."

Just then a visitor sent in his card and was ushered into the apartment—the members rising to their feet to welcome him.

"We have with us to-night, I am proud to say," said the President, "one whose name is or ought to be familiar in our mouths as plug tobacco or tutti-frutti—a humorist of wide repute for his poignant and subtle jestfulness—whose presence is a harbinger of mirth—Mr. Alex. F. Pirie, of Dundas, Ont." (Loud applause.)

Mr. Pirie in response, said: "Gents—This is the proudest moment of my life. I often have proudest moments of my life—I had 'em nearly every day during the late Wentworth campaign. They don't hurt much, and you soon get used to them. I am glad to mingle with you. I can mingle just as easily as most. But I like to do my mingling with a tumbler and a spoon and things. 'Tis well that we should come to know each other. I'm sure this thought will strike you forcibly when you reflect that if we didn't we should never get acquainted. The more people you know the more chance you have to borrow quarters. The moon, I notice, is in its last quarter. How many of human kind are somewhat similar? I repeat I am pleased to be with you on this occasion. I have never experienced more hospitality—except when I was in the Hospital. There are other things I might say to you—if they occurred to me—but I reserve most of my neat and sententious aphorisms for the chased columns of the *True Banner*, the subscription price of which is only \$2 per year invariably in advance, but if not then otherwise to any appreciable extent—which would naturally follow from the more immediate exigencies of the situation. We had two fresh subscribers this month—very much too fresh, in fact, for they wanted to pay in turnips and spring chickens. Shun, I beseech you, the bowl which lures but to destroy. I never partake of the bowl myself. I prefer a glass. And if some gent will kindly sound the tocsin which summons the dispenser of tired nature's sweet restorer—Ah, thank you! And in conclusion I would say that while Farrer holds his seat in the distracted *Globe* shall cherish recollections of this hallowed scene entwine themselves around my heart. 'To be or not to be, that is the question'—Shakespeare. But Shakespeare was wrong. The question now before you is 'What is it to be?'"

#### ENCOURAGING CANADIAN LITERATURE.

DINGLEBAT—"I want to get a good lively novel or two for Sunday reading."

BOOKSELLER—"Here are some of our latest. 'What's the Matter with Hannah?' the last New York sensation, half a dollar. 'Cæsar's Column,' one of the best things out, same price."

DINGLEBAT—"I'll take 'em. Ah, I see you have 'Geoffery Hampstead'—pretty good story that, I believe, and by a Toronto man, too. Very creditable to Canadian literature."

BOOKSELLER—"Have you read it?"

DINGLEBAT—"Well, n-o. But I mean to some day."

BOOKSELLER—"Shall I put it up for you?"

DINGLEBAT—"No, thanks. Not to day, I think. Perhaps I'll be able to borrow a copy, or buy one second-hand after a while. Good morning."



#### "IN THE SAME CONDEMNATION."

KIND LADY—"Little boy, little boy! Surely you wouldn't shoot that poor little innocent bird!"

Boy—"Course I would. Sister Jane wants it for her hat, same as yours!"—(Kind lady submits to the logic of the situation and takes herself off.)

#### GUFFERY BUMSTEAD.

A STORY OF HIGH LIFE IN TORONTO.

BY T. HINSTON STARVIS.

CHAP. V.

Oh, Jean baptiste, pour quoi you grease  
My leetle dog's nose wiz tar?

—Frechette.



THAT day Guffery took Nina Lindon for a drive along the Kingston Road. He found a piquancy in these trips because he was engaged to Margaret Mackintosh. Nina also enjoyed them because she was engaged to Jack Cresswell. This is human nature, but it doesn't generally crop out in so aggravated a form until after marriage. Moreover, it must be remembered that Guffery was of Tartar descent by his mother's side, and could put the two last fingers of his left hand out of joint and back again with the greatest facility. A man who can do this may be capable of anything. His moral principles can be put out of joint as easily as his fingers.

Nina wore a brown veil as a badge of secrecy. All that a woman has to do to conceal her identity is to put a veil on, so that Nina could drive and walk around with Guffery as often as she chose, and nobody ever suspected anything.

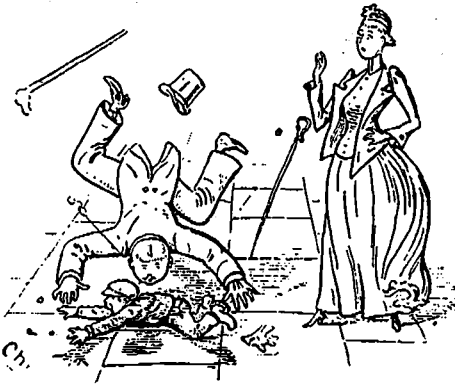
"Suppose Margaret was to wear this veil a few times, Guffery," said Nina.

He became pale with anger, and his face and eyes grew like steel. (So, by the way, did his handling of the funds of the bank, whenever he found time to put in an appearance there. As he was always driving out with the girls when he wasn't yachting or playing billiards, he seldom went to the bank except when he had to steal some money. That's the way banks are run in this country.)

HE TOOK IT PREMATURELY.



SHE—"Have you ever been to Europe, Mr. Blind?"  
 HE—"No; but I intend soon to take a trip."



And he does.

But we digress. Guffery got out of the buggy and killed a barking dog to conceal his emotion. Then he said to Nina, "I drive around with you to make life interesting, but you are a mass of treachery. It's just as well to understand things."

"Quite so," replied Nina. "You are a miserable bank-clerk. I hate and despise you. I am a fool, but you are a bigger one."

"Come driving again to-morrow?" asked Guffery.

"Why, certainly, with pleasure," replied Nina.

And they both felt that they now met upon a lower platform.

CHAP. VI.

Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?  
 —*Iliad.*

When Guffery one day slipped a package of \$50,000 from the bank counter into his inside pocket, the manager of the Boodler's Bank, after turning the thing over in his mind, came to the conclusion that something must be done about it. He, therefore, set Detective Dearborn on the trail of Jack Cresswell, who had taken passage on a stone-hooker to Oswego. Nina was to follow him on the steamer *Eleusianian*.

As Jack was listening to a yarn from one of the sailors, a crash sounded through the vessel as a steamer climbed partly over her. Just then Detective Dearborn swung himself aboard and collared Jack, whispering

"I've got you this time, but whack up with me and I'll let you off."

They struggled and writhed together convulsively on the deck, while the steamer sank with a slow sickening lurch, with Nina and all on board. The detective had never relaxed his iron grip—but his leather grip was irrecoverably gone.

His mad thirst to hold his prey was all owing to the formation of his jaw.

CHAP. VII.

If you was a dog and I was a hog,  
 And I got into your master's yard,  
 And your master was to set you on me,  
 Would you bite me very hard?

—James Gay.

Detective Dearborn's clues having proved deceptive, Jack Cresswell was released and Guffery Bumstead put on his trial. He explained that he did it under the influence of liquor and meant to return the money, but his apology was not accepted. His face grew bitter as he thought of his thieving Tartar uncle. He looked abstractedly around, but there was no chance to abstract anything more. He pulled himself together—he had previously been taken apart when arrested.

Police Magistrate Denison sentenced him to six years in the Penitentiary. He received his sentence looking out at the blue sky and swallows.

"It will be a long time before I have another swallow," he thought.

\* \* \* \* \*

Six years had glided into the past, when Rankin and Margaret Mackintosh went to see John Jackson and his dog swim the whirlpool rapids at Niagara. A hundred thousand people noticed how apparent was the downward slope of the water. This is a peculiar feature not often seen in rapids. The deep irresistible flow of the main current charges into the midst of the battle, but most visitors are more struck by the charges of the hackmen and hotels. The face of the swimmer turned towards them, and Margaret gave a piercing shriek as Guffery Bumstead was overwhelmed in the Bedlam of waters. Bedlam is an appropriate term for Niagara—there are many-hacks there.

The dog was saved.

[THE END.]

DIFFERENT KINDS OF EQUITY.

**SOCIAL REFORMER**—"Yes, my friends, there is a time coming when all the wrongs and abuses of which we now complain will be redressed—when the poor will no longer be oppressed and equity will be realized."

**REAL ESTATE SPECULATOR**—"Hooray! That's the talk. I'm with you there. I'd like nothing better than to realize the equity of my lots at the Junction."

A BUDDING HUMORIST.

**PLUGWINCH**—"Have some of the Johnny-cake Freddy."

**FREDDY (aged four)**—"Yes, thank you, pa. But why do they call it Johnny cake?"

**PLUGWINCH**—"Don't know, my son."

**FREDDY**—"I think it ought to be Tommy-cake—it makes my little 'tomick-ache, if I take too much."

**PLUGWINCH**—"Coming Scott! Is it possible that I am the father of the coming Canadian humorist!"

**CASTING A TRAGEDY.**

**M**ANAGER—"What line of acting does Ranter show a taste for?"  
**ASSISTANT**—"Heavy tragic parts."  
**M**ANAGER—"He'll do for the low comedy parts. What does Futelite think he has a call to act?"  
**ASSISTANT**—"Comedy, sir."  
**M**ANAGER—"Good. Give him the title role."

**A GUESS.**

**U**PSON—"That she should treat you courteously I can understand; but that she should treat you coldly surprises me, for she is simply full of the milk of human kindness."  
**D**OWNES—"Well, it may be that owing to the hot weather she thought she'd treat me to some of the ice cream of it."

**A LUCKY DEFEAT.**

**G**OTTHERE—"How did you happen to get defeated in your riding?"  
**G**OTLEFT—"My opponent is color blind."  
**G**OTTHERE—"What good did that do him?"  
**G**OTLEFT—"Why, when he went around to kiss the babies he was able to kiss both blacks and whites without distinction. The result was that the black voters supported him."

**NOT AT ALL.**

**C**HOLLY—"Strange, ain't it?"  
**C**HAPPIE—"What is?"  
**C**HOLLY—"That Maud should treat me coldly ever since I broke an appointment with her and gave the excessive heat as an excuse."

**RAPID WORK.**

**A**SSISTANT EDITOR—"Do you know, Spacer was telling me that he wrote that big batch of jokes brought in yesterday in less than two hours."  
**E**DITOR—"That's nothing. I rejected them all inside of ten minutes."

**AN OPERATIC WHISPER.**

**M**ANAGER STEPHARD—"What do you mean by putting that cotton in your ears?"  
**C**RITIC—"I can't bear loud singing, and we're going to have some now."  
**M**ANAGER STEPHARD—"How do you know? This is the first time you have seen this opera."  
**C**RITIC—"That's all right, but I have never yet seen a hero and heroine step aside to confer in secret but they almost split the roof with their yelling."

**THE REST FOR THE WEARY.**

**O**H give us a rest," cried the voters in chorus, in response to the frenzy of Candidate Borus, whose weather-worn arguments, anecdotes, jokes, long years ago failed to electrify folks. But in spite of their murmurs he hammered away, while on his grim features a smile seemed to say, "I mean to accede to your earnest request," and so they all slept while he gave them the rest.

WM. MCGILL.



**A DISCIPLE OF BELLAMY.**

**HIS OPINION.**

**G**RIP comes to hand this week as rich in humor and racy in illustration as ever. GRIP is genuinely original, and should find its way to every Canadian fire side. It is worth more than the price of subscription of \$2 per year.—*Carman Standard.*

**HIGHLY IMPROBABLE CIVIC REPORTS.**

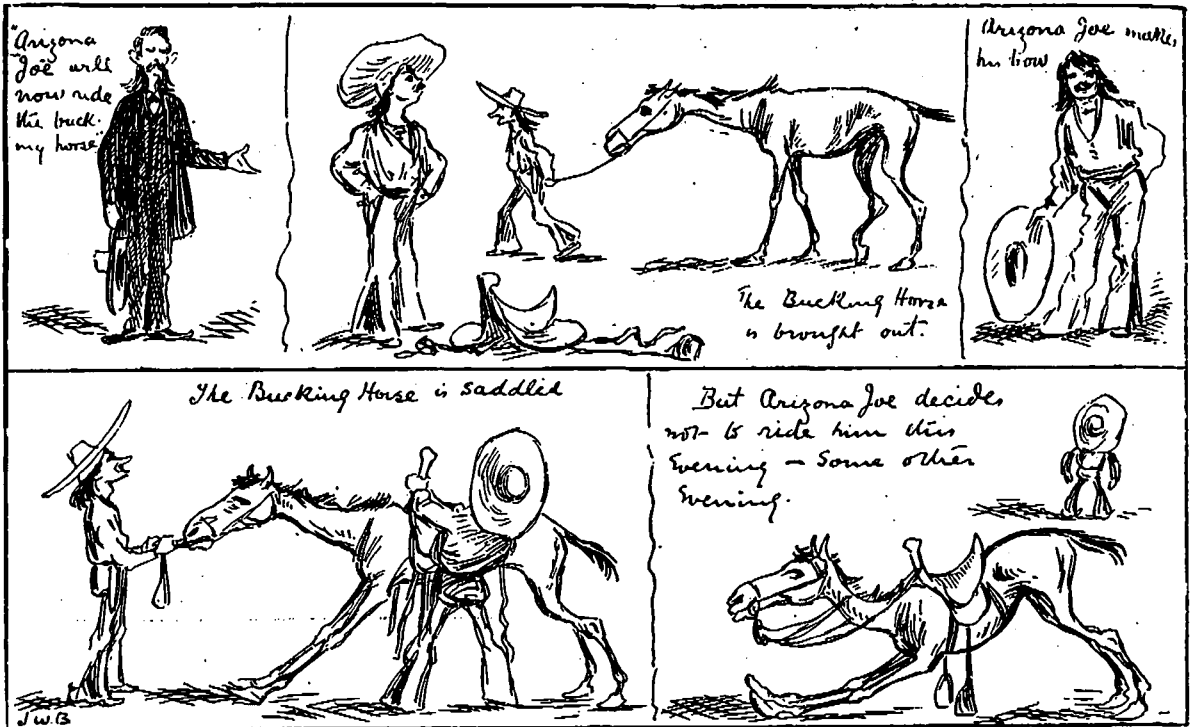
**T**HAT Mr. Mayor Clarke reads the *Telegram* every afternoon, and enjoys the exercise immensely.  
 That Mr. J. Ross Robertson has heard with feelings of unalloyed pleasure that it is Mr. E. F. Clarke's intention to accept still another term in the civic chair.  
 That the new Medical Health Officer is to be appointed solely on the ground of professional skill, and apart altogether from political considerations. And that when he is appointed he will endorse the present policy of allowing cows, pigs, etc., to be kept within the city limits, as conducive to the health and comfort of the citizens generally.

That the Waterworks Department is in highly competent hands, and is managed with economy and efficiency. That those employes of this Department, who were some time ago convicted of winking at crooked practices in connection with coal contracts, etc., have been dismissed, and their places supplied by worthier people.

That Yonge Street is a standing example which pleads eloquently in favor of block-paving as a sightly, sweet-smelling, durable and satisfactory sort of thing for heavy-traffic streets in growing cities.

**THE HUMILITY OF GREATNESS.**

**A**—"Who is that distinguished looking lady over there?"  
**B**—"That is Mrs. Blank, wife of Prof. Blank, the great scientist."  
**A**—"And who is that extinguished looking person in the opposite corner of the room?"  
**B**—"Her husband."



### ARIZONA JOE AND THE BUCKING HORSE.

An Episode of the Industrial Exhibition—A Fact

#### THE DEAR GIRLS.

HE—"Isn't Maud a beautiful peach complexion?"  
SHE—"Yes. Isn't it too bad it always peaches on her and lets everyone know that she paints."

#### OPEN LETTERS TO EMINENT ONES.

To H.R.H. Prince George of Wales:

MAY it please your Royal Highness. Along with all the other members of the Canadian upper classes, I was deeply grieved and enraged at the outrage which was committed upon your Royal Highness by the abandoned newspaper demon in Montreal, who sent abroad the lying despatch in which it was represented that you had thrashed some roughs who had attacked you on a street of that city. You will, I am sure, be glad to learn that we are having the base fellow prosecuted to the full extent of the law. It will also please you to know that by our action and loyal efforts, the world in general has been made aware that this story was wholly without foundation; that you were not attacked by roughs; that you did not thrash them; that no rough even thought of attacking you, and that, in any case, you would never have dreamt of thrashing any rough. That, in fact, under whatever provocation, you could not do such a thing. With assurances of profound loyalty, I beg to subscribe myself your Royal Highness' humble, obedient, grovelling servant,

GRIP.

To Sir John A. Macdonald, G.C.B.:

OLD BOY.—The papers say you are preparing slyly for the general election, which it is your intention to spring upon the country in a low-down, mean fashion, like a thief in the night. I think it my duty to let you know that the country has its eye on you, and will not put up with any such trickery. We demand, sir, that you deal fairly and squarely with the people. A Premier who is confident in the rectitude of his record and the righteousness of his cause could only demean himself by "springing" an election. What possible motive could induce you to dissolve the House before its term had run out, and thus snatch from the hungry maws of certain members the sessional indemnities yet to be theirs? You know your Government has the

confidence of the people, for its economical, prudent and statesmanlike management of public affairs, don't you? Then why think of bringing on the elections prematurely? Sir, we expect you to stand by the regular established constitutional practice, and, having fixed the constituencies to suit your purpose, and made such amendments in the Franchise Act as the exigencies of your party may require, to boldly and manfully await the free voice of the people at the expiration of the natural life of the present Parliament.

I have the honor, etc.,

GRIP.

To Major Billy McKinley, Washington, U.S.:

SIR,—I do myself the honor of addressing a statesman whose name is sure to go bumping down the corridors of Time as the author of one of the most widely cursed and discussed measures ever passed in any Legislative Assembly. You have seen fit to entitle it "A Bill to amend the Tariff law of the United States," and, no doubt, you have your own reasons for not giving it its proper title, which would be—"A Bill to Provide for the Rendering back of the Fat Fried out of Protected Interests to enable us to purchase the Presidency for the Republican Party." That the Bill will prove a good thing for the people of the United States, you sincerely believe; but you make a technical mistake in speaking of the managers of your party as the People. There are a few unconsidered millions who are left out of your count, but who have votes to deposit next November. I have been informed that a secondary philanthropic object of the Bill is to force Canada into Annexation. We are told that you had the advice and assistance of some big men from up this way in fixing the schedule covering Canadian exports, and that you flatter yourself the scheme will work like a charm. Major, you have been cruelly deceived. We haven't the remotest notion of being driven into any political connexion with your folks, by tariffs or anything else, and, in fact, we have made arrangements to do our buying and selling elsewhere until the U.S. has recovered its senses. So if you have gone to the trouble of getting up this Bill on our account, you might just as well repeal it at once, and pay back that fat in some other way—say by putting the contributors of it on the pension-list, since the supply of war veterans seems to have run out.

With distinguished consideration, yours, etc.,

GRIP.





THE UNCRUSHED CONTRIBUTOR.

SIR JOHN—"Don't want any more Canadian Articles? Oh, very well! Don't apologize! There's an active demand for them elsewhere, sir, and if you can stand it I guess we can!"

## MR. SAMJONES RETORTS.



THE veritable Samjones—he of the Toronto Art League—asks space in our columns to hit back at the writer who dares to drag his name into the Joker Club, with its trivialities, in our issue of the 13th. He says :

DEAR GRIP,— I cannot but think “some enemy hath done this.” Some printers *impersonating* me—who, taking my name—in the *vein* wherein he seeks the *ore* he’s *smelting*—as he puts it, in his *tin-pot* style. (As Artemus Ward used to say, this is *ironical*.) But look, for instance, at the work of the fiend, and say honestly is it in my *vein*—it is *vain* to ask, but apart from *vainity* it is not a bit like it. *Listen* to his *harking* back to the flood—to deluge your readers with sodden chestnuts about *Ham*, the *pork* retch-er, but that shall not save his *Bacon*—let him prove his *philosophy* by abandoning such *Hogwash* for something more *litterary*, *etherial*, *poetical*, than

*Origen* and the early fathers—such fathers as some of them were, of most unsavory memory (we should think it would *pater* get father off.) I would *passover* the next batch and say a *Jew* to them all, and *parse* sentence on them as passable sentences, but for the hangman’s nooze he coils around Goldwin Smith, about getting the “hang of matters” and “being suspended.” It is really *Eur-ope* that such lines should pass in this *in-continent* way? I should think *knot*. When my double next calls for ‘arf and ‘arf, give him that *double*, too. Let him make rocky jokes when he comes to the second *pint*, about his pot of luck among the *quartz*. I would *willingly* pay my share to help lay him on his *bitter bier*, however *hale* and *stout* he thinks he is, and until that happy consummation, let him beware meeting the original and genuine professor,

SAM JONES.

## MY LANDLADY’S TONGUE.

SOME evils of life would make anyone fret,  
And some knuckle under, some over them get,  
But I wonder if ever a poet has sung  
To the praise or the length of his landlady’s tongue?

My landlady’s tongue is in splendid condition,  
For latitude, longitude, shape and position,  
It’s as long as a law-suit from Chancery flung,  
A fine institution—my landlady’s tongue.

To Queen’s Park on Sunday our spouters repair,  
To prove this and that, and declaim and declare,  
But the stream of all twaddle, anarchic and young,  
Untapped flows for aye from my landlady’s tongue.

Ye judges of gashes, go look at her mouth,  
It runs due east by north and half west by south,  
And her toothless old gums are like sausages strung,  
For what teeth could exist in such region of tongue?

My landlady’s tongue is perpetual motion,  
Calm and smooth, or convulsed like the waves of the ocean,  
And sneezers of gin, quaffed her dear friends among,  
Have a magic effect on my landlady’s tongue.

GEORGE MOFFAT.

## NOT QUITE BLAINE TO HIM.

“I DON’T exactly see the Behring of this,” as Lord Salisbury observed, while he wrestled with one of Mr. Blaine’s arguments.

## CLASSICAL.

JONES came down town the other day with a bandage over his optic. His eye was bunged right up, his wife having (accidentally) struck him with the broomstick. To anxious enquirers he explained that he had a *mare clausum*. For the benefit of those not up in Latin he rendered it freely as a “closed sec.”

PROVERBIAL FOLLY—The Republican party proposes to go into the November campaign leaning on a Reed.

## A RARE CHANCE FOR YOUNG MEN.

IT is said that one of our wealthy Yonge Street drygoods merchants, whose establishment is not far from the corner of Queen, has promised to deliver a lecture this winter, in which he will explain the process by which he has accumulated a fortune while uniformly selling below cost. Every young man who wishes to get on (to it) ought to secure a seat for the occasion.

## OUR SOCIETY.

“RATHER a good looking young fellow, that coachman,” commented the philosopher, as he stood on the corner of King Street watching one of our fashionable outfits roll by. “His features are almost as refined as those of the lady he is driving.”

“Yes,” assented the Old Inhabitant, “I shouldn’t wonder. You see, her father used to be his father’s hired man a few years ago.”

## HE HIT IT.

“WOULD you,” said the preacher, in his address to young men, “would you attain wealth, with its possibilities of good, and gain the respect of society, and a position of influence, then I will tell you what to do.”

“Invest in land just before a boom, and sell out before the same bursteth!” roared a rude person from the back benches.

## CRITICISM.

“THAT’S a splendid negative of Lawyer Blackstock,” said the art critic, examining the cut in the *Mail*.

“You don’t call it a *negative*, do you? I thought a negative was a photo on glass,” replied Grimshaw.

“So it is. I call this a negative because it is just the opposite of what Blackstock looks like, you know.”

## THE SUMMER REST.

“HOW well our clergyman looked! I think he shows the results of his long summer vacation and his trip across the ocean, don’t you?” said Mr. Grumpleton’s wife, as they left the church last Sunday morning.

“Yes!” replied Grumpleton, sententiously. “The sermon plainly indicated a prolonged absence from books and thought!”

## AN ELASTIC WORD.

IN courting days ’twas deepest bliss  
Upon the lake to go,  
This loving pair, then oft enjoyed  
A most delightful row.

In wedlock bonds they’re linked for life  
This loving pair, and now  
The neighbors say they oft enjoy  
A most delightful row.



LADIES can buy their Toilet Requisites by mail, and secure city selection at less than country prices. The list embraces Perfumes, Powders, Cosmetics, Ladies' and Infants' Brushes, Combs, Infants' Sets, Manicure Sets, Covering Bottles, Fine Soaps, Rubber Goods, also Bath-Room and Sick-Room Supplies. Send for Catalogue and note discounts. Correspondence solicited. All goods guaranteed. Stuart W. Johnston, 287 King Street West, corner John Street, Toronto.

A RURAL schoolmaster, the would-be wisecrack of the neighborhood, was relating in a country store the legend of St. Denis to a group of open-mouthed tillers of the soil.

"But if his hands were tied how could he pick up his head?" asked one doubting Thomas.

"Why, with his teeth, to be sure, numbskull!" was the pedagogue's crushing rejoinder.

To make home attractive patronize the Golden Easel Fine Art Store, 316 Yonge Street. Novelties in picture frames. Choice studies to rent. Artists' materials, etc., etc.

MRS. BROWN—"Simon, they are not satisfied with sanding the sugar and watering the milk. They're adulterating everything."

MR. BROWN—"What have you discovered now, dear?"

MRS. BROWN—"Well, this morning I actually discovered the gas man pouring water into the meter."

#### TO THE DEAF.

A PERSON cured of Deafness and noises in the head of twenty-three years' standing by a Simple Remedy. Will send a description of it FREE to any person who applies to NICHOLSON, 177 MacDougall Street, New York.

"BREAD is the staff of life, you know," said the farmer's wife to the tramp.

"I know it is," answered the tramp, sadly; "and I know I've got too lean on it."

CABINET Photos \$2.00 per dozen at the Perkins studio, 203 Yonge Street. One extra photo mounted on fancy mount with each dozen. Cloudy weather as well as sunshine. J. J. Millikin, successor to T. E. Perkins, 293 Yonge Street.

YOUNG WIFE—"Before we were married, George, you never smoked in my presence."

YOUNG HUSBAND—"I know it, my dear; you never wore curl papers in mine."

FREE.—In order to introduce our Inhalation treatment, we will cure cases of Catarrh, Asthma or Bronchitis free of all charge for recommendations after cure. Call or address Medicated Inhalation Co., 286 Church Street, Toronto.

MRS. MONTERY (to modiste)—"Can you make me a nice ball costume—something that is not worn by everybody—in fact, one that will attract general attention and favorable comment?"

MODISTE—"Such a dress, in an era in which the dressmaker's ingenuity for novelties has already been sorely tasked, is hard to plan. (After a moment's meditation.) Oh, I have a grand idea! I will makemadam one that will partly cover her body above the waist."

[Madam doesn't like the idea and orders a costume of the prevailing style.]

HE prides himself much on his knowledge of nations

Who dwell from Suez to the Sea of Japan; But he can't get off one of our East-side "L" stations,

And find his way round without asking a man. —Puck.

IN buying Diamonds and Fine Watches, this issue of GRIP invites its readers to call on the well-known firm of D. H. Cunningham, 77 Yonge Street, 2 doors north of King. Manufacturing to order, and a large stock of unset diamonds.

OLD SCADDS (wrathfully)—"Why, since you've been to college you've done nothing but distinguish yourself as an all-around 'rake!'"

YOUNG SCADDS—"So did the great Alcibiades."

OLD SCADDS—"Yes; but Alcibiades knew Greek, and you don't."—Puck.

N. MURRAY, Book, News and Advertising Agent; agent for GRIP Publishing Co., Toronto. Publisher of the *Illustrated Guide to Montreal*, price 15 cents. 118 Windsor Street, Montreal, P.O. box 713.

MISS LAURA—"Do you warrant these corsets?"

CLERK—"Usually. Er you are not engaged, are you?"—*Terre Haute Express*.

MAUD—"Did you have a good time at the beach, Alice?"

ALICE—"Didn't I! I was engaged to all three of the young men at the hotel at the same time, and the rest of the girls were perfectly furious."—*Lawrence American*.

WANTED! Boys to sell GRIP Weekly, in every City and Town in Canada. Apply for terms to T. G. Wilson, Manager Grip Co., Toronto.

MAUD—"I see that Miss Lydia, the burlesque actress, lost her diamonds."

GILTEDGE—"Ha! I wonder what she'll do for clothes now!"—*Siftings*.

BENEVOLENT MAN—"You need help again, Uncle Ebony? Well, here's a dollar. I presume you find it difficult to keep the wolf from the door."

UNCLE EBONY—"I ain't 'fraid o' no wolves, sah, I keep fo' dogs."—*Good News*.

"Oh, mommer, mommer!" yelled a little darkey, as he saw the militia on the way to camp, "what's them, sojers?"

"Sojers, chile!" exclaimed the mother; "what yo' talkin' 'bout? Dem haint sojers; dem's de districk malaria."—*Washington Star*.

AT Jacobs & Sparrow's Opera House for week of October 6th, Messrs. Jacobs & Sparrow announce at their popular family theatre The American Stars, a Vaudeville Company that contains the most prominent names of the variety profession. This Company have received the endorsement of both Press and Public wherever they have appeared. There will be the usual Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday matinees. Mr. John A. Toole, the former manager of this theatre, has charge of the management of Our American Stars.

FIRST SPORT—"Were there any striking features about the prize fight last night?"

SECOND SPORT—"You bet. One of the combatants was knocked over the rope half a dozen times."

FOR removing Tan, Sunburn and Freckles nothing is equal to Dyer's Jelly of Cucumber and Roses Try it. Druggists keep it. W. A. Dyer & Co., Montreal.

BROWN—"There goes Mr. Spencer, a well-to-do business man; but I hear he has lately admitted a silent partner to the firm."

WHITE—"Why, he was married last week. This is the first I have heard about his wife being dumb."

#### ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. 25c. a bottle.

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TRAVELER—"How far is it to Cut Creek?"

DUTCHMAN—"Oh, shoost a leedle ways."

TRAVELER (impatiently)—"Is it 5, 6, 7, 8 or 10 miles?"

DUTCHMAN—"I dinks it is."

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 TICKET AGENT—"Oh, about 50."  
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