

# \* GRIP \*

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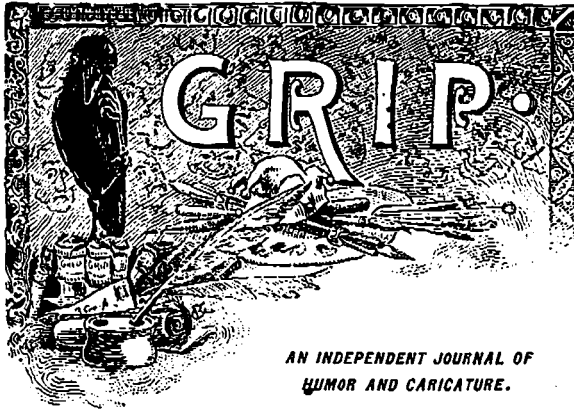
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**Announcement of Prize Competition is deferred until a later Issue.**



## THE SITUATION.

"A Liberal Party controlled by Ultramontanes, seeking to oust a Tory Administration controlled by the broader-minded Gallicans—such is the present situation in Dominion politics."—*The Mail*.



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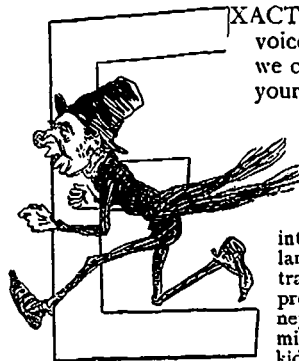
Comments on the Cartoons.



**S**PECTACULAR JIM-JAMS. Sedate citizens, who have paused to give careful and critical examination to the big pictorial posters which have been ornamenting our city bill boards for the past fortnight, have been known to pass on declaring that no such animals ever have existed or ever could exist as the impossible monsters depicted in connection with the spectacular play of "The Twelve Temptations." As few of these matter-of-fact critics have ever gone through an attack of *delirium tremens*, they are not competent to give an opinion on the point, for the showman has honestly written at the bottom of the picture that it is a representation of that not unknown

complaint. GRIP, who is able like the wise man of the poet, to find sermons in stones, books in the running brooks and parables in posters, see in this outlandish picture a delineation of things as they are, or are likely soon to be, in Dominion politics. He has accordingly made a rough copy from the bill-board to point the moral. The nondescript shapes that are now making our statesmen uneasy are no mere creations of a fevered imagination, however, but the portentous questions which are presenting themselves for settlement—questions which involve the elements of language, race and religion, and are therefore particularly terror-inspiring to practical politicians whose one object in life is to quietly enjoy the good things of office.

THE SITUATION.—For the time being there is a lull in the official language fight. The compromise resolution, which apparently leaves the matter to be decided by the electors of the North-West Territories through their next Assembly, was passed by a good majority, and Mr. McCarthy gives notice that he will renew the struggle at the earliest opportunity and, in fact, "devote the rest of his political life" to the cause of a single official language. If Parliament really meant to leave the Territories free to "regulate the proceedings of the Assembly and the manner of recording and publishing such proceedings," it is hard to see why, in the meantime, it should be unwilling to remove the edict imposing official French up there. If the people want both languages they could easily replace French in case it were now abolished. It was clear all through the debate, and is plainly indicated in this illogical conclusion, that the party leaders were chiefly concerned to keep the French vote safe; and it was equally clear that the French contingent in the House were fighting more in their capacity as churchmen than as Frenchmen. The French language, and the civil rights and liberties of French-Canadians, are in no danger whatever, either in the North-West or elsewhere in the Dominion. The attack is only upon the official use of the language where such use is not necessary. The Church, no doubt, sets great store by the official language, but it must be remembered that, as members of the Canadian Parliament, neither Frenchmen nor Englishmen are supposed to know any Church, and certainly not to support extraordinary claims on the part of any Church. It is only too manifest, however, that the Church of Rome absolutely controls the Catholic members of the House, and that their vote in turn as absolutely controls both the Parties.



**E**XACTLY so, brother *World*. You voice our opinions so well that we cannot do better than quote your paragraph entire:

It is announced that Lieut. Stairs, the Canadian who accompanied Stanley, has in his possession a specimen of the dwarf tribes of Africa, and it is added: "Mr. Stairs

intends to take his captive to England, where he will doubtless attract great attention as the first representative of these tribes to journey so far north." Now, who commissioned Lieut. Stairs to go on a kidnapping expedition? Has that poor African no rights in the pre-

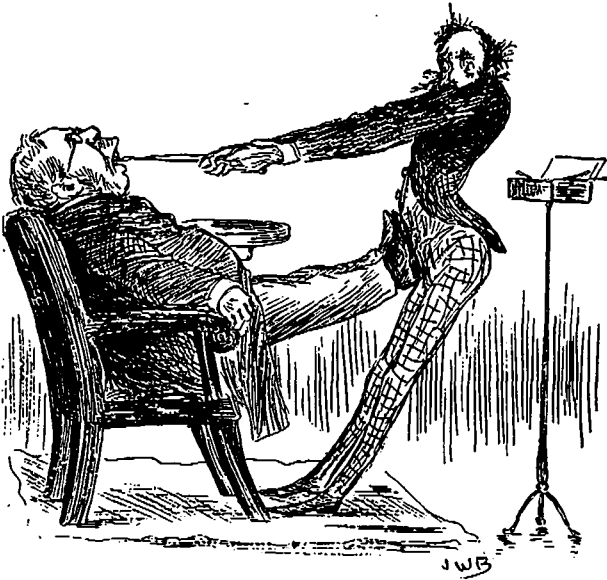
mises? His capture was a most unmitigated outrage, without one palliating circumstance, and none the less so because the subject was a poor, ignorant, helpless African.

\* \* \*

**T**HE fact is there are a good many points about this whole Stanley business which will not bear the light of investigation. While the ostensible object of the expedition was a noble one, and its carrying out was attended by many acts of heroic endurance, there was unquestionably a lot of unnecessary murdering and pillaging done. We do not see that this act of Lieut. Stairs in possessing himself of a "captive" is any better morally than the customary acts of the African slave stealers, of whom we hear so much.

\* \* \*

**T**HE Czar of Russia has received a threatening letter from a woman, and, according to the cable dispatch, every effort is being made to discover and arrest the writer of it. It is to be hoped the police will be successful, and when the daring criminal is caught we may safely trust that the punishment will be made to fit the crime, by having this woman stripped and flogged to death in the presence of all the men in the prison. This horrible business of sending threatening letters to the Czar must be stamped out. The poor dear wretch is kept in a constant state of terror, which makes it impossible for him to enjoy life as a dweller in a palace ought.



### POLITICAL DENTISTRY.

WYOMING, February 26th.—A convention of the supporters of Canada's New Party, in the County of Lambton, was held here this afternoon, representatives from the East and West Ridings being in attendance. It was decided that Mr. Charles Colter, dentist, of Petrolia, be the candidate of the New Party for the West Riding, and Mr. Samuel Barnes, of Warwick Township, for the East Riding, at the next general election of the local legislature. In the evening a public meeting, slimly attended, was addressed by Principal Austin, of St. Thomas; also by the candidates named, and one or two others.

MR. MOWAT is rather a decent sort of citizen, but still he has some bad political stumps in his head which ought to be extracted. This professional gentleman, if elected, will, no doubt, be glad to give his services to that end.

And what has he done to deserve such unfeeling treatment? What can this wicked woman have against him, for instance? In all probability he has done nothing beyond having her father, brothers, husband and sons sent to Siberian prisons for life for suspected political opinions, and perhaps having a few of them butchered by Cossacks out there. Surely a Czar can do a little thing like that, or what's the use of his being a Czar? This depraved writer of threatening letters probably doesn't understand that the murderous savage rules by divine right.

OCCASIONALLY it happens by accident that bits of refreshing candor slip into the Party papers. For example, the other day the *Globe's* Ottawa correspondent, who speaks with editorial authority, made a neat little break. Commenting upon the proceedings in Parliament he said: "The distribution of public buildings has become a part of the organized machinery of the Tory party, and they are allotted not according to local needs, but with the sole view of making votes for the Government." Then he adds, with fine frankness: "We have pretty nearly exhausted the resources of political corruption." Wonder how Laurier likes that confession? The moral would seem to be that mere correspondents should not be allowed to monkey with the editorial *We*.

IT is evident that as long as Sir John Macdonald remains at the head of the Dominion Government

the authority of Parliament will remain simply a pleasing fiction. We occasionally hear about the "sacred rights" of the people's representatives, and the more or less awful dignity which hedges them when assembled within the chambers of the Commons; and now and then the awfulness of the dignity is made manifest when a stranger in the gallery so far forgets himself as to interrupt a debate. It is all the merest jest to Sir John, however. He habitually acts as if there was no Parliament—as indeed there isn't, in any proper sense, when he can count for certain upon the vote of a majority to sustain anything he may see fit to do. Amongst the rights of the House one of the most profoundly sacred is that of controlling the expenditure of money. According to our Constitution not a copper of the public funds can be spent without the sanction of both branches of Parliament previously obtained. We have a current instance of how much regard Sir John has for this time-honored rule.

LAST session the Government asked for a large appropriation for some fake railway scheme in New Brunswick. The Commons voted it through, of course, but, wonderful to tell, the Senate rejected it, on the ground that the requisite information about the railway in question was not at hand. Mr. Abbott, the Government representative in the Senate, in reply to a question, stated specifically that no money would be spent on the railway until the appropriation passed the Senate. When the House had risen, what did Sir John do? Why, he went right on and spent over \$22,000 on the project, getting the money in a virtually fraudulent manner by means of Governor-General's warrants. You see, there were constituencies down there whose vote he wanted, and he couldn't afford to wait for the sanction of Parliament. He knew his perfectly unjustifiable conduct would be promptly condoned by his slavish followers, and in this he was right. They have the same amount of respect



Painter Sherwood prosecuting his studies on "Color in Nature" in the Noble Ward.



### SPRING STYLES.

FAIR SHOPPIST.—“But haven't you anything between the extremes? I don't at all like either of them.”

MILLINER.—“Oh, certainly, madam; but only for the *middle classes*—”

FAIR SHOPPIST.—“Then, I'll take one of them, whichever you advise.”

for themselves that Sir John entertains for them, to wit, none.

\* \* \*

IF the cartoon we published last week conveyed the impression that the result of the late conference with the railway managers was to render the advocates of the viaduct hopeless, it conveyed more than we intended. The defenders of the city's rights and interests are as full of fight as ever, and the prospects of getting the viaduct ultimately are still bright. The city is not in the helpless attitude pictured in the minds of the railway magnates. On the contrary it is in a legal position to compel the railways, if it sees fit, to build the viaduct entirely at their own cost, and that with glad and thankful hearts.

### ADVERTISEMENTS v. LITERATURE.

OXLY.—“I wonder that you writers do not take to writing advertisements when you are pressed for money.”

PROXLY.—“We do sometimes, but there isn't any more money in it than in ordinary literature.”

OXLY.—“Oh, you must be mistaken. I heard an editor say lately that all the advertisements that appear in his paper are worth twenty-five cents per line”

### A VICTIM OF DESTINY.

HE had excellent health,  
An' lashins av wealth;  
An' all that a man cud desire;  
They'd filled him wid knowledge  
At school an' at college,  
An' they put an his letthers “Esquire.”  
Ye'd t'ink it was clear  
That a splendid career  
Awaited him—jist wan an' twinty,  
But be Fate's starn decree  
Sure that niver cud be,  
Fur his name it was Dinnis McGinty.

He was handsome an' tall,  
An' at party or ball  
The colleens said, “Ain't he a daisy?”  
An' you wud have said  
That the bye cud have wed  
A belle av society aisly.  
But fwhin he'd propose  
They'd turn up their nose—  
An' av he thried wan he thried twinty—  
“Is it wed yees? Oh, no!  
‘T wud be fallin' too low  
To become Mrs. Dinnis McGinty.”

Me shtory's not long,  
Fur he quickly wint wrong  
An' tuk to nefarious courses;  
Dhrank fwiskey all day,  
Lost his boodle at play,  
Or dhrivin' around wid fast horses.  
Thin how cud he fail  
To ind up in jail,  
Fur the heart av the world, always flinty  
Wud be ruthless indade  
To a felly in nade  
Wid a name such as Dinnis McGinty.

There's many worse min  
Such as cudn't begin  
Wid him to compare in ability,  
From nothin' will rise  
An' win many a prize  
While houldin' their own wid facility,  
Poor Dinnis he had  
To go to the bad,  
He can offer excuses in plinty.  
'Tis entoirly in vain  
The strife to maintain  
Fwhin a man is called Dinnis McGinty.

### ECHOES FROM OTTAWA.

*By our Own Sweet Reporter.*

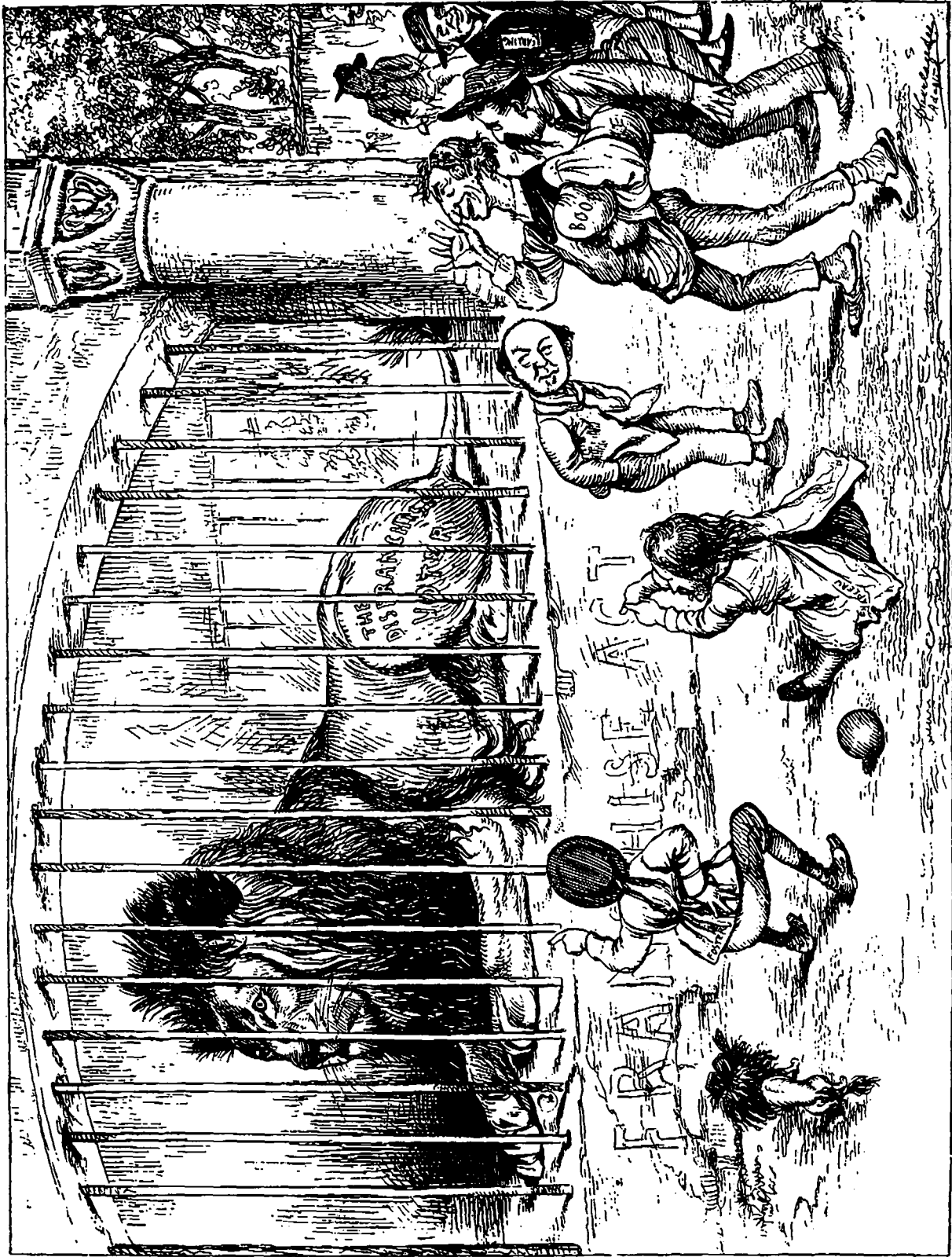
A VENTURISOME YOUNG MAN'S JOKE—HOW A FAIR CORRESPONDENT CAN SAVE THE COUNTRY—A STRONG APPEAL TO THE PEOPLE—GRATIFYING TARIFF CHANGES OUTLINED.

Ottawa, March 6th.

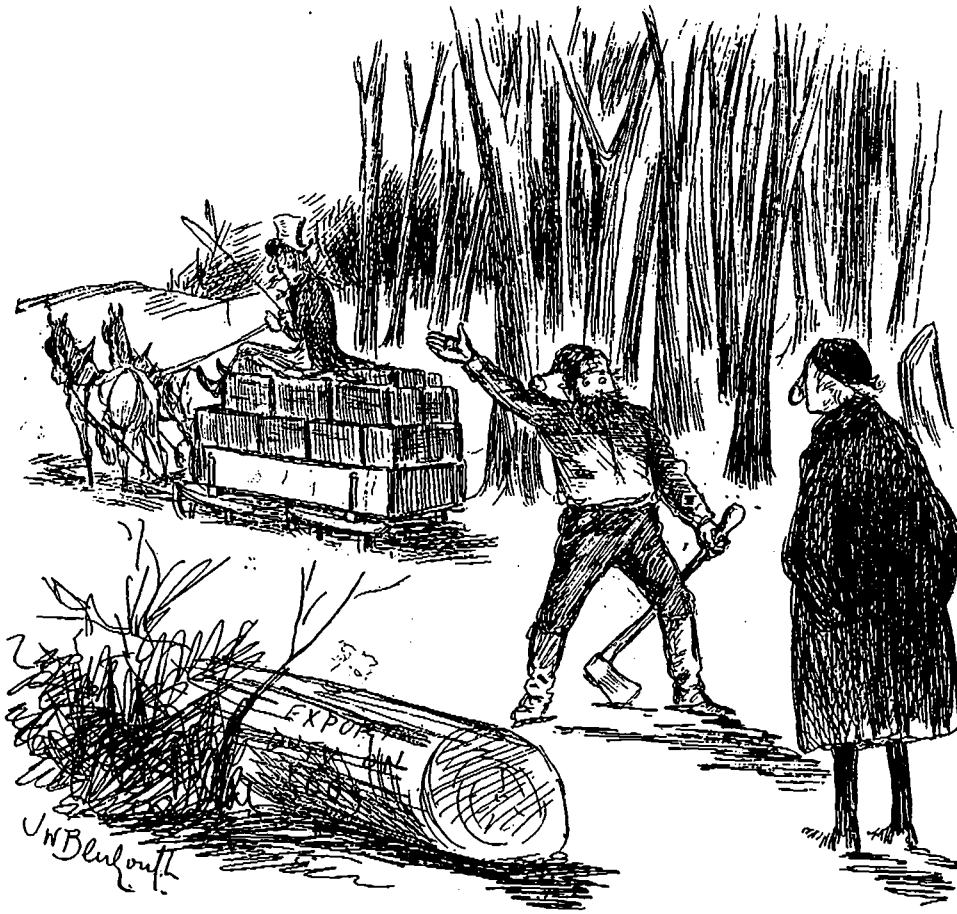
Y DEAREST GRIP:—I am in a most angelic mood this afternoon. I feel almost like hugging some one! But don't, for the world dare to breathe or hint of such an inclination! You don't know how frightfully audacious some of the elderly members are, more especially the dear old men with bright eyes and bald on the heads. I could start right now and tell you—but no matter. You'd just



laugh yourself into a catnip fit if I did.



THE HEROIC BOYS AND THE LION.



### AN ICE POINT OF POLICY.

CANADIAN LUMBERMAN—"Sir John, what are you thinking of? Don't you see that Yankee carrying away Canadian ice? What's the matter with clapping an export duty on it for our protection, same as you did with the saw logs? 'Twould be the same sort of sense, you know!"

Owen and I have just had the loveliest little talk in a quiet and business-like way, and I think I ought to record the most important features of the conversation. In the first place, then, Owen started out with the unblushing declaration that he had fallen in love with my new bonnet. That was what he meant to convey, I think, at any rate. The precise words he used were: "Miss Anna, I'm clean gone on that fly head-gear of yours. She's a cracker!" It was nice for Owen to so compliment me; but I do wish he employed more studied and euphonious language. Parliamentary associations, I sadly fear, are spoiling my friend Owen. To please the tantalizing boy I went and got the ducky-duck and put it on in several ways as he suggested, but without entirely pleasing him. "I'll give you a pointer on that tile, Miss Anna," at last he observed quite gravely. "Yank all the flim-flam and things off for'ard and chuck 'em aft. What's under the front of the bonnet naturally is pretty enough for me!"

What did I say? I was just too indignant for anything at his impudence. But I gave the saucy fellow a box on the ear that made my fingers tingle.

Finally we got talking about our literary labors. "Miss Anna," said Owen, in a serious tone. "I'm onto a fake that would boost you along in your work!"

I suppressed my indignation at the horrid undictionaried terms and calmly waited.

"Get hooked! Great scheme! Be worth big money to you!"

"Get *what*?" I enquired, with a puzzled look on my face.

"Hitched I say! Egg on that mash of yours up country to come to time with his little marriage license!"

If Owen Maloney could have been killed by the angry gleam of a pair of flashing brown eyes, I should at this moment be writing the obituary instead of the impertinence of a well-known Parliamentary reporter.

"You great, big, awkward, mean, contemptible, ungentlemanly, heartless,"—I went on piling up adjectives stronger and stronger, as the cool effrontery of the young man dawned upon my agitated mind in its different aspects—"bold, bad, cowardly, insulting——!"

I had to pause at last in a sheer surfeit of rage. But I could stamp my foot—and I just did, mind you, again and again! Then I stopped, and took a steady look at my shameless tormentor. And what do you think? He was white with anguish and embarrassment? He was ready to drop on his knees and implore my pardon for his unseemly words? No, *indeed*! The young villian was simply regarding me with a broad grin, while he held up a deprecatory hand.

"Choke it! Let up!" he exclaimed. "No offence meant—only a little gag. You see, if you get married, you'll take on a lively gait in your letters—an Anna-mated style, as it were.

At this moment Owen's sister entered, and hearing her wicked brother's remark, laughed heartily. And I—well, GRIP dear, of course it wasn't showing the proper spirit of resentment of masculine impertinence, but for the life of me I couldn't help it! I laughed, too.

We all then proceeded to talk soberly and plainly on the political outlook, which appears, from all I can learn—from Owen you know—to be very gloomy indeed. For whom? In what way? How? Why? do you ask. Well, GRIP, that is just what I am trying to comprehend so as to explain fully to you. But dear, oh, dear! Was ever anything so bewildering and puzzling



NORAH.

and real, downright headache making, as trying to find out who's who and what's what in politics!

I declare, if it were not for Owen's solemn assurances that if I leave the Capital most of the leading and handsome members will leave, too, and "let the old Dominion slide to the blanketty bow-wows"—Owen's parliamentary words—I should at once resolve to stop work and go back home to ma. But, my good friend and adviser insists that it is my duty to stay here and save the country. So I

guess I'd better stay. I would not like to have anything happen to the country on my account. It would begin to happen right here in Ottawa first, Owen says. And that new dress of mine not yet sent up from Miss de Fitte's! Oh, I *must* remain!

Owen goes on to assure me that I need not "rattle" myself—goodness, what an expression!—in saving the country. If I only go out and around enough, he thinks it will serve to make most of the working members of Parliament reconciled to their hard lot. And he advises me to "lay in" more photographs and not be "chumpish in shoving 'em out." Did you ever! Positively, I blush at repeating his unrefined (I was going to call it unregenerate) talk. I *do* hope Owen will eventually be saved from sinking into actual slang!

How we talked and discussed and debated and planned that afternoon, all in the interest of dear Canada, whose impending dreadful fate, as things now are, Owen so graphically foreshadowed! My great regret was that the Cabinet Ministers were not present to hear and consult us. On mentioning this, Owen quietly observed: "I fancy I can fix that for you. Just you and Norah jabber together while I give the Government the condensed milk version of our twaddle in a special for GRIP. Is it a go?"

How overjoyed I was at the dear fellow's kindness and self-sacrifice in proposing this, I need not say to you! So while Norah and I talked of the forthcoming fancy dress ball, Owen sat and wrote the following pages. I have not had time to read them over, but I am sure they are quite nice and correct, and will help to avert the doom of Canada. It is simply frightful to talk about "the doom" of Canada, isn't it?

DIREFUL DOOM, OR DANDY DESTINY—WHICH?

Your correspondent is in a position to say that it appears around here as if something was going to drop mighty soon, and rend our glorious Province and whole Confederation from limb to limb!

Are we not being ground down under the iron hoof of the despot—with eggs at twenty-two cents per doz.? Why do we find the multitudes groaning under the burden of an advance in the price of diamonds and job-printing, instead of clamouring for more savings banks? How comes it that millions of poor persons in the once fair city of Toronto find themselves obliged to rattle unsuccess-

fully with an appalling base-ball problem? Sound in clarion notes that shall re-echo over the broad and remote prairie lands which Toronto real estate men are nobly staking out into eligible building lots, where does Sir John Macdonald stand on the French question?—or is he still only lying? Whisper to me privately, what are Blake's politics since you last heard of him? Gentlemen, fellow-electors, brother conspirators, why is it that a whole Empire has failed to chase Ned Farrar under a barn? Aha! methinks I hear a voice cry: "Ned is no feeder at but a food furnisher for the public Kribs!" In the face of all that I have thus pointed out as endangering the unity and anatomy of this well-known and highly esteemed Dominion, can you refuse to take stock of the blood on our national moon? Having thus received the Government into my confidence, at their own urgent request, I now bid them act! Let them go on—cautiously, of course, but yet with a perceptible motion. That will satisfy me—just now—for the present—meantime—*en passant*—until I—er—join the eighty-seven applicants for the vacant Simcoe shrievalty. Until that fateful moment, Sir Oliver, you may hold office undisturbed and with my approval. But, I warn you, the only man I, or any of us, will make way for in the scramble for this Barrie berth, is the present genial-tempered and efficient Deputy, or rather Sheriff *pro tem.*, the party by the name of Smith. I have done!

POSTSCRIPT.

I have a sweet little poem ready on Dr. Montague's victory, but I have been induced to keep it over till another time. They say the Doctor could not stand poetry right on top of the articles in the Conservative papers.

By-bye, dear. Yours lovingly,

ANNA NYAS.

CUSTOMS



THE N.P. (NATIONAL PRY) SYSTEM.

SCENE—Customs landing, Windsor.

CUSTOMS OFFICER (seizing lady passenger just arrived from Detroit)—"Now then, ma'am, open that satchel. (PASSENGER, who is hysterically inclined, opens her mouth to scream, when the eagle-eyed official discovers that she has a new set of false teeth.) Aha! new set of teeth, hey? Hand 'em right over, missus, or pay the duty on the importation!"





**INADEQUATE.**

MULROONY—"Fwhat do you t'ink av me mootache, Morty?"  
 MORIARTY—"I t'ink it looks loike wasteful exthravagance, so I do."  
 MULROONY—"In fwhat sinse?"  
 MORIARTY—"Be usin' the whole av yer lip for only wan moo-tache loike that!"

**PARLIAMENTARY PORTRAITURE.**

TAking the *Globe* as our great ensample in portraiture, we are happy to present all gentle GRIP-pists with a few thumbnail sketches of Parliamentarians—members and officials. It is quite unnecessary to vouch for the accuracy of the likenesses, because the typography will enable any one to tell who's who, and, anyhow, should the proper distinction fail to be made, our sketches, like those of our *confreere*, possess this great merit, that "you pays your money and you takes your choice," and one is quite as good as another at best.

Our first picture presents the lineaments of the greatest statesman in our Provincial Legislature. He was born in New York, it is said, and nobody will deny that New York is the greatest State in the Union. May he be spared long to advocate justice to the old settlers, and ample appropriations for colonization roads.



Number two is only an official, but an eminently useful one. Few salaried personages are more worthy of an advance in annual emoluments. His case is now under consideration by the Hon. A. M., but as he is of Quaker origin, and as Quakers possess no political influence worth speaking of, it is not likely he will get a "rise."



Our next sketch is that of a

man who, having failed to earn a livelihood for himself in Ontario, has been farming for a number of years in Montana, but who always "bobs up serenely" when the House meets, to perform very onerous duties such as few are qualified for, unless they have mixed in "society," you know. As an adjunct of the House he is



invaluable, and for the credit of the Province the Government ought to import a good many more of him.

The Member for the finest constituency in Ontario is the subject of number four. He is a self-made man, and comports himself accordingly. The pages of the House have much regard for him. He frequently addresses them as "You young devils," and they seem to like it. He never speaks "on the floor," not, perhaps, because he can't, but probably owing to his having to occupy so much of his time in thinking.



Everybody must recognize our next. This gentleman often wonders himself how in thunder he ever got here. Those who know him best are similarly puzzled, and the longer one is acquainted with him the more the wonder grows. He has been nominated for another term. As an entertaining speaker at tea-meetings he is a great success, and



he gives upwards of \$50 a year in prizes at township shows for the best pair of knitted mitts, best pair of men's socks, best ten pounds of butter, best log-cabin quilt, best rag-mat, best embroidery, best ten turnips, best crochet, best ten varieties of apples, and so on.

Number six is a proxy member, that is to say, he wouldn't be here only for his wife. She is a great favorite in the county which as he says he "has the honor to represent." She is very charitable, and is a busy worker in the cause of Missions. He would willingly resign, but she won't let him. She contends that her influence as the wife of a Member is much greater than if she were known only as the wife of a village storekeeper.



In sketch the seventh we perceive the brightest page in the House. He is only fourteen years of age, yet he can read in the third book, knows most of the multiplication table, and writes a fair fist. So clever is he that his parents have to take him away from school for two or three months every year to act as a page and earn \$50, or so, in getting



drinks (of water) for Members, carrying books and posting letters for them, etc.

**HE WAS A DUDE.**

HOFF—"I hear that Litewaite is your boon companion now."

SCHOFF—"Litewaite? Bah!"

HOFF—"Exactly. Your bah-boon companion." \*







THE GENEROUS MENDICANT.

MERCIER—"Accept this little gift, dear compatriot, as a slight token of my gratitude. Not a word, pray. I have nothing, and therefore will never miss it."

## "AT HOME."

MR. GEORGE SINGLETON,  
MRS. MARTIN-MONROE,

AT HOME,

Thursday, Feb. 20th,

FROM FIVE TO SEVEN O'CLOCK.

THIS, and an hour of leisure sent me strutting up St. George Street in the pleasant twilight time. On either side the street is lined with beautiful houses; I paused before one almost palatial. Mrs. Martin-Monroe is a friend of mine; that is to say, I have had the felicity of conversing with her several times. On the first occasion she assured me that Mrs. P. Rushton-Smith sang abominably, and that her voice was totally unfitted for a drawing-room. She seemed to think it shameful that some one did not remonstrate with the ambitious songstress. On the second occasion I remember her to have said that Mr. Rutherford Gordon was a contemptible toady. These confidences made me deem myself as one of her elect. I entered the house and was shortly presented in becomingly sonorous tones by the gentleman

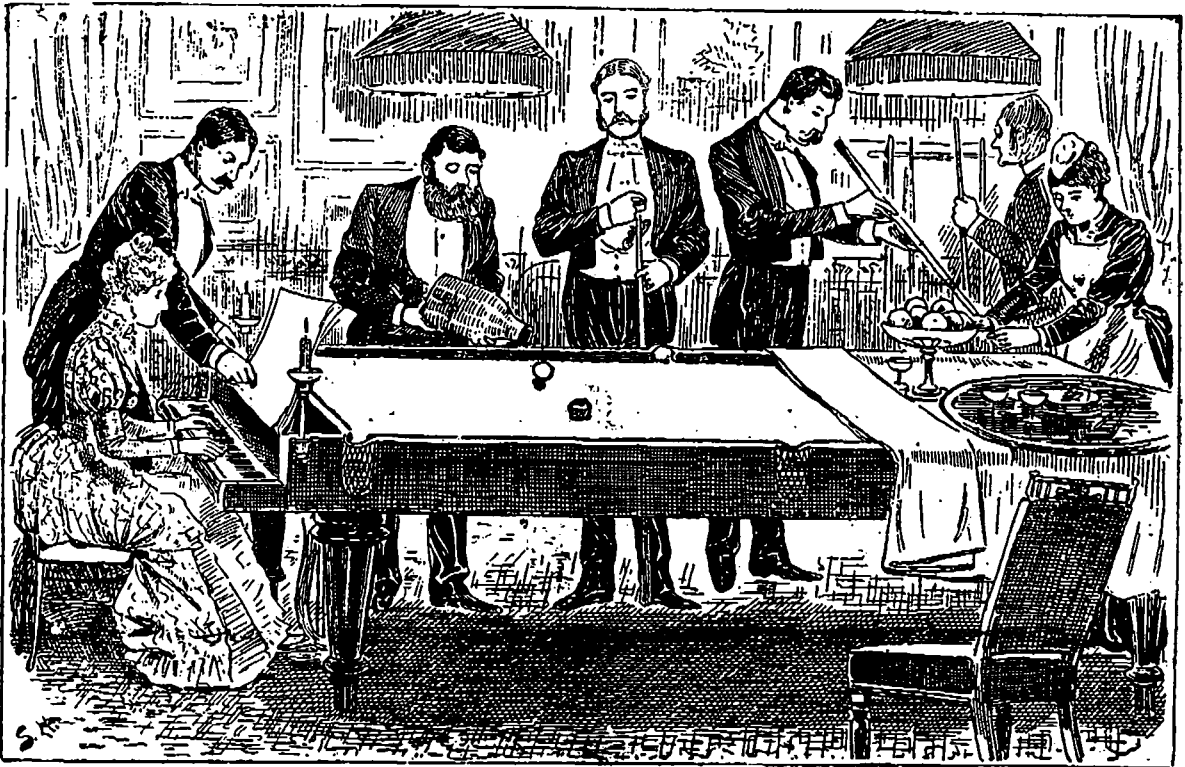
at the door. The rooms were well filled; flowers were scattered everywhere; splendid India-rubber plant adorned the distant recess, standing out from the back-ground of soft cream curtain. Our fair hostess was radiant among her guests. I stepped forward of, course and touched her hand, exquisitely gloved. There was the casual glance, the cold but gracious smile, and I had almost passed. Suddenly, with a quick turn of the neck, her fingers tightened about mine, "I am so *very* glad you came,"—just a murmur, but enough. I was pleased, flattered. I began to admire the large white bird perched on the turban of the young lady to my right. She had a lovely complexion, a thin nose, a short chin and small dark eyes. She was eating an ice while she chatted to an elongated male with a moustache and a collar. At this precise moment she

was saying, "Is she clevah? I have a horrah of clevah giahls; they seem so queeah."

The name "Mr. Rutherford-Gordon" resounded through the room. Standing behind our hostess. I watched this contemptible toady. He approached, he bowed before her, he had almost passed, ah! suddenly the turn of the neck, the murmur, "I am so *very* glad you came." I fancied I could feel the fingers tighten. How I loathed the large white bird.

The music again burst forth, partially drowning the buzz and hum of the voices. I looked about for some acquaintance and seeing but one lady known to me started out to gain her side. At the same time a man from an equally distant point moved forward with the same intent. It was a race, and my opponent won. The blaze of light dazzled me, the string band in the vestibule was driving me wild. The refreshment room might be an escape. For this I must needs have a companion. Gazing about, my eyes fell upon Mrs. P. Rushton-Smith. Our fair hostess, yea, verily, was addressing her to this effect—"You sing *so* charmingly; I think your voice is especially adapted for the drawing-room. Now, if you would only favor us this afternoon."

"My dear Mrs. Monroe, I could not think of it, my ears are enraptured with your divine music. Where did you get your musicians?"



## CUE-RIOUS.

"PROFESSOR VILLIERS STANFORD takes the character of the piano away. He says it is one of the most clumsy and intractable pieces of movable furniture."—*Court Journal*.

Quite so; but we have invented, and are going to patent, our Dining-Billiard-Grand-Piano-Combination-Table.—No home should be without it. When the cloth is removed the ladies can have music while the gentlemen play a quiet game—no separation. Please order early, as we anticipate an enormous sale.—*Funny Folks*.

Proceeding thither I begged Mrs. P. Rushton-Smith to have something to eat. "Yes," she whispered, taking my arm with alacrity, "anything to get away from these awful discordant sounds. How can she allow Mozart to be so murdered?"

After toil and perseverance we reached our destination, but I could procure no chair and was forced to leave the lady leaning wearily against the wall. In a few minutes I returned with full hands. The stout old gentleman, whom I had observed, through the lifted *portière* ever since my arrival, administering to his carnal being without cessation, now fixed his eye steadily upon me and remarked slowly, "I cannot understand how people can occupy this room for such a length of time. Don't they know others must enter?"

"Monster, may you consume even unto death!" This exclamation on my part was, of course, mental.

Mrs. P. Rushton-Smith and I conversed in a low key, intensely interested—while I listened to the animated discourse of the young gentleman beside me. His forelock was blonde and long. He clutched it, having finished his "trifle," and cried, "Well now, Miss Durham, the only question which troubles me concerning my literary career is this: Am I justified in writing for hard cash?"

The girl whom he addressed surveyed him gravely, calmly, "Well, Mr. Costigan, there is precedent. Scot and Balzac and other great writers have——"

"Yes, yes—you are right—still, although my journal presses me to accept——"

"For what journal do you write?"

"Oh! many—that is—several."

"Indeed, do tell me! I would so like to see something of yours."

"Well—a—*Saturday Night*——"

"Oh! Do you write for *Saturday Night*?"

"Well—a—I did, that is—a—I am going to."

At this juncture I was seized with such an uncontrollable spasm that to my companion's enquiry, "Did you see the University fire?" I responded, "Yes—I had an orchestra chair."

"And," she continued, as we reëntered the reception-room, "did you observe the fantastic effect of the birds fluttering midst the flame and smoke?"

"Yes—they looked—a—awfully—a—pretty." Ye gods and little microbes! Is inanity so contagious? Overcome with consternation I fled the premises.

I find to-day I have but one overshoe and somebody else's hat.

E.A.D.

## A COMPROMISE.

PERHAPS never before in the Canadian Parliament was a Minister of the Crown convicted of such a scandalous piece of misrepresentation and so swiftly and crushingly exposed.—*Corr. Globe*.

Let us excuse young Mr. Tupper for inadvertently omitting a trifling item of \$325,000. Probably he overlooked GRIP's little bill, which is still unsettled for advertising the ministry. Hand us over the amount in discrepancy, Mr. Foster, and we will call it square.



THEATRICAL business has been brisk of late, good audiences being the rule at all the city houses.

For the current week Manager Frank presents the well-known sensational actor, Mr. Joseph Dowling, in "Nobody's Claim." Mr. Dowling is supported by Miss Sadie

Hassan and a capable company. Former visits have made the merits of both piece and performers familiar to the theatregoers of Toronto.

THE McDowell Comedy Co. opened the week at the Grand with four pleasant performances. Miss Kate Claxton now entertains the patrons of the house with that interesting youngster, "Bootles' Baby."

The annual concert of the Foresters (Thursday evening, 6th) was as usual a great success in the matter of attendance. The programme, which was under the management of Mr. Harry Blight, was also excellent—but too long, too long. There were eighteen numbers, half a dozen of which were encored! The artists were: Mrs. Gertrude Luther of N.Y.; Mrs. McKelcan, Hamilton; Miss Alexander, elocutionist; Mr. Chas. E. Stevens, of Detroit, tenor; Mr. Geo. Fox, violinist; Mr. Blight, and Mr. Jas. Fax, comique. Mr. Stevens is one of the best tenors Toronto has yet heard. All the "talent" on the occasion did well, however. Mr. Fax made a great hit with a local topical song, especially with one verse in which the Esplanade difficulty was alluded to as follows:

Down on the Esplanade below  
Our property so fine,  
I mean the lots the city owns  
Out to the Windmill line,  
Has caught the greedy optic  
Of the grasping C.P.R.  
Just one expropriation gulp,  
And you'll wonder where they are!  
For you can't get 'em,  
No, you can't get 'em, etc.

THE Swedish Ladies' Concert Company, with Mr. Melvin R. Day, elocutionist, are announced to give three performances at the Pavilion, commencing Friday evening, 14th. Having heard these artists in Winnipeg, on a recent occasion, we can confidently assure our music lovers of a genuine treat. Mr. Day is also particularly clever in his line.

### 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. Send by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

### ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

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AN overdrawn account—The sensational newspaper report.—*Life*.

REV. W. E. Gifford, of Bothwell, was cured of Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint by three bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters, previously his life was almost burdensome with suffering.

EDITOR—"I really don't know whether you intended this article to be funny or otherwise."

AUTHUR (*inspired*)—"Can't you use it in your puzzle department?"—*Puck*.

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ANNIE HEATH, of Portland, states that her face was disfigured by eruptions, but she regained her former pure complexion by using Burdock Blood Bitters.

ALL THE DIFFERENCE.—SMITH (*to journeyman*)—"Come, Franz, don't hit the anvil so hard; 'taint a pianner, you know."—*Fliegende Blätter*.

ONCE used always used, can truly be said of Dyer's Arnicated Tooth Paste. A splendid dentrifice, highly aromatic. Try it. Druggists keep it. W. A. Dyer & Co., Montreal.

AFTER SCHOOL HOURS.—"Well, did you get a good place in class to-day?"  
"Yes, mother, I got near the fire."—*Le Patriote*.

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.

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"Oh, yes, sir; but then he always gets very cross if we don't serve him at once."

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 St., 2 doors north of King. Manufacturing to order, and a large stock of unset diamonds.



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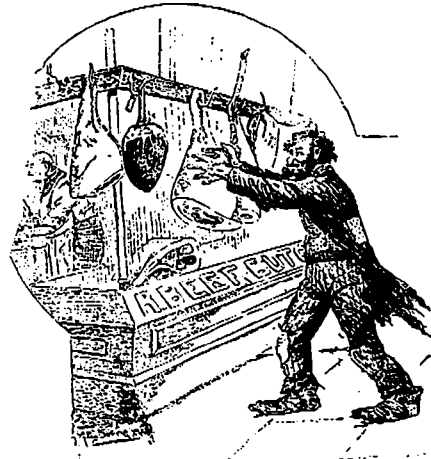
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Boggs—"Fitting clothes, I should say."  
—Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.



### GEMS FROM THE POETS.

"A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,  
Seeing, shall take heart again."—Longfellow.



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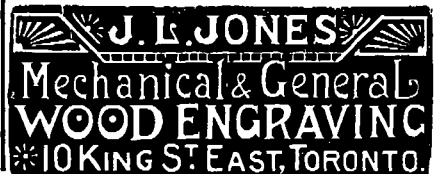
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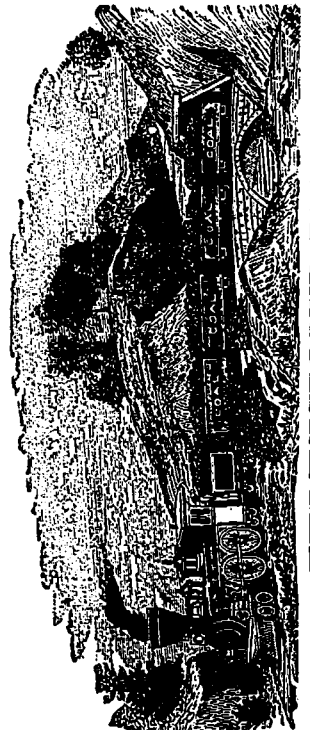
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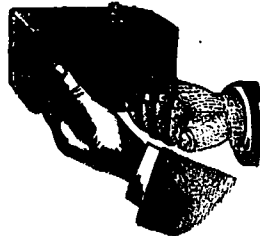
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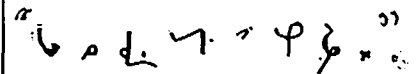
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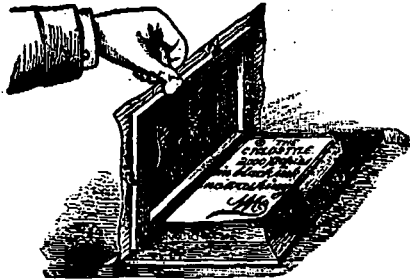
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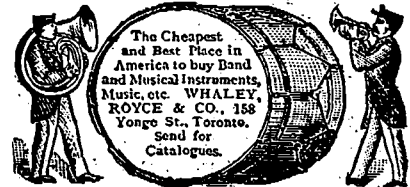
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