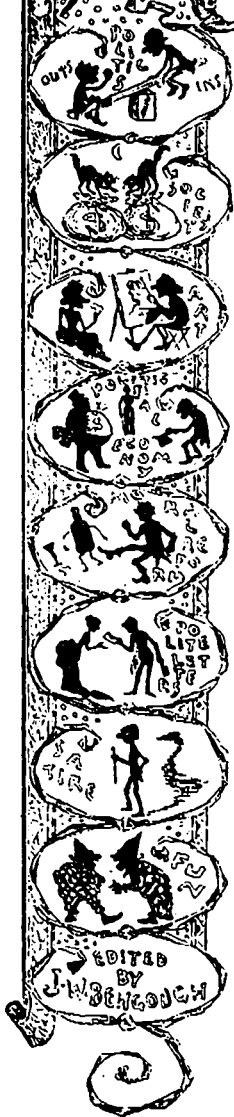


# THE GRIFFIN

FOUNDED

INDEPENDENT JOURNAL OF HUMOR AND CARICATURE



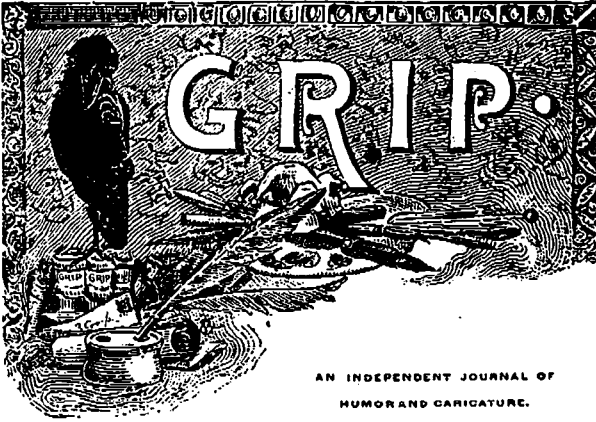
### WE ALL AWAIT HIS REPLY.

MERCIER.—"Supposing my Government passed such an Act as that, on what ground could you advise its disallowance, consistently with your vote on the Jesuit Bill?"

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AN INDEPENDENT JOURNAL OF HUMOR AND CARICATURE.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

BY THE

GRIP PRINTING AND PUBLISHING CO.

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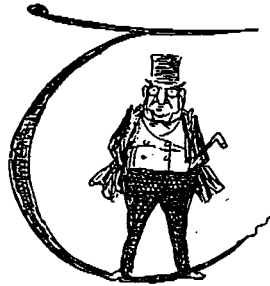
Comments on the Cartoons.



AT THE FEET OF THE GOV. GEN.—The Equal Rights deputation will on Friday wait upon the Governor-General with the big petition urging the disallowance of the Jesuit Bill, and the Governor will respond in the only language permitted him by the constitution—to wit, that he must be guided by the advice of his responsible ministers. Nothing more than this can be calculated upon as the result of the pilgrimage to Quebec, but it marks a new and important stage in the controversy. The responsibility will be squarely at the door of the Cabinet, and it will no doubt be clearer than ever before to the gentlemen composing that body that the 8th of August is to be a fateful day for them. The profound and all-important question before these patriotic statesmen is, What must we do to keep the loaves and fishes? Which means most votes to us, allowance or disallowance? On the one hand, if we disallow the Bill we lose the French vote to a dead certainty; if we allow it to become law on the other hand, we will probably lose a portion of the English vote. But how much? These French fellows, we know, always stick together on a question of this kind, and go as one man; but experience has taught us that there is no such unity in the other camp. The Orange-

men have been on their high horses before, but their threats have always proved empty bluster. They have voted straight, and that is the only thing which concerns us. What reason is there to suppose their present indignation will not vanish before election day? As for the mass of non Orange Protestants, they equally recognize the sacredness of party ties, and will in all likelihood stick to their respective leaders in this case—especially as those leaders are in precisely the same position. We think on the whole it is much safer to please the Frenchmen. "And so," says Mr. McCarthy, "there is mighty little chance of the Act being disallowed."

WE ALL AWAIT HIS REPLY.—Mr. Mercier has not passed an Act to incorporate the Fenians, nor has he introduced one to satisfy an alleged claim of that organization by handing over to its head-centre a half-million of dollars. We simply suppose the case, and would like to know, as a mere matter of theory, on what ground Mr. Blake (and those who voted with him on the Jesuit Bill) could advise the disallowance of either of the measures suggested? The position taken by the eminent constitutional lawyer just named is, if we understand it, that no Provincial Act whatever should be vetoed, though he admits that there is unquestionably a veto-power lodged with the central Government. What is it there for, if not to protect the interests of the Dominion at large? Let some eminent authority answer this question. No argument could be used against a Fenian bill which does not apply with equal force to the Jesuit Bill.



THE *Globe* is still after its hated—far too mild a word, this—rival, the *Mail*, with a rancorous vim which counting-house considerations alone could have engendered. The casual reader might jump to the conclusion that the *Mail* must be supplanting the old journal in the affections of Canadian Liberals, but of course this

would be a mistake. The latest charge brought against the tall-tower paper is that of using words "clearly tantamount to a forsaking of the long pretence that it considers itself Liberal." This is really very shocking, but the shock would be even greater if it were generally known that the *Mail* had ever made any pretences of the kind. What the *Mail* has apparently endeavored to be of late is liberal—with a little "l"—not Liberal with a capital. There is all the difference in the world between these two things.

GRIP extends a friendly claw to the new Archbishop of Toronto, and hopes to find in him a good and gentle neighbor, who will devote his entire attention to the souls of his people, and not allow the bad politicians of the Ontario Cabinet to lead him astray in any way. Archbishop Walsh comes to our city with a high reputation for learning and eloquence, which we hope he may long live to maintain.

OUR ambitious sister, Hamilton, is going to astonish creation this month with her Summer Carnival. For five days the mountain which keeps Hamilton from spreading all over the Western Peninsula is to echo the music of brass bands, the boom of cannon and musketry, the rattle of firecrackers, the shouts of baseballists, the tooting of steamboat whistles, the tramp of processions, and the cheers, laughter and applause of thousands and thousands of visitors from all over the continent. It's going to be a big time, and reflect glory not only on Hamilton, but the whole Province. Go it, sister! We're proud of you!

CAPT. ANDREWS, whose name is a synonym for heroic bravery to all who are familiar with Toronto bay, in the waters of which he has saved the lives of about a score of persons, has written a book on the art of swimming, which he is now offering for sale by personal canvass. The work is finely illustrated throughout, and capitally printed and bound. As to the treatment of the subject, the author's name is guaranty enough that it is thoroughly practical. We are glad to find that the report of Capt. Andrews' total blindness is unfounded. The brave fellow, it is true, is suffering greatly from an affection of the optic nerve, but he has not given up hope of regaining his sight, nor has the skilful physician who has the case in hand.

\* \* \*

IF "Metronome," of *Saturday Night*, will put his excellent suggestion of a great midsummer festival in connection with Dominion Day in the form of a motion, MR. GRIP will be most happy to second it. The scheme looks perfectly practicable. The plan is to have all the crack bands and regiments of the country congregated at Toronto for a short season, the central day of which would be Dominion Day, the attractions to consist of military evolutions, evening band concerts all over the city, a monster children's celebration, fireworks with brigaded band concerts on the water, and, as a climax, a magnificent performance of patriotic music by a chorus of ten thousand children, assisted by the massed bands. This last could be given in some of our romantic ravines, where the singers could be arranged upon a hill-side so as to be seen and heard to advantage, the conducting of the stupendous affair being done by having batons stationed at intervals and worked by electricity.

\* \* \*

THE idea quite fills us with enthusiasm, and we think "Metronome" deserves a medal for the suggestion. "For such a festival," he says, "everything should be out of doors, and everything should be free to all. The establishment of a glow of pride in our nation and its holiday in the young hearts of the choristers is a result that is priceless in its future good and strength." He is right. Let us have it, by all means!

### A SOLILOQUY.

"Christopher Sly! I say, Christopher Sly, what is the matter with thee? Thou lookest like a singed cat."—*Old Play*.

WHAT a fearful fuss they're making,  
What a heap of rubbish raking,  
What a peck of trouble taking  
'Bout the schools.

For a little Frenchy teaching,  
And a little pious preaching,  
But who cares for all the screeching  
Of the fools?

Poor Geordie Ross they blow at,  
And keep pitching into Mowat,  
While I, unscathed—I crow at  
All the fools.

For they're not a bit suspicious  
That I'm at all flagitious  
And have done what's surreptitious  
With the schools.

Though I played the mischief, sartin,  
I wink when danger's dartin'—  
"It's my eye and Peggy Martin,  
O, ye fools!"

Of course the old Archbishop  
Kindly gave a hand to dish up  
The old laws, and new ones fish up  
For the schools.

We were both so much respected  
That our game was not detected,  
Nor our motives once suspected,  
By the fools.

Our reas'ning seemed so patent,  
That even Hardy—blatant—  
Saw nought improper latent  
Re the schools.

Next year I meant to hustle,  
And for Separate High Schools rustle,  
Only for this blessed bustle  
By the fools.

For now they've smelt our *hocus*  
And disarmed our little *foocus*  
And regard it as no *jocus*  
For the schools.

So the Orange crowd now stump us,  
And declare that they will dump us,  
Before they end the rumpus—  
O such fools!

With the bishop here to-day, sir,  
We would exercise full sway, sir,  
Yours, Christopher F. Fraser,  
Shoot the schools!

P.S.—Perhaps before next session  
We shall see a retrogression  
Of the Equal Rights procession  
By the fools.

If not, the priests may scamper  
(From the Boards they're said to hamper—)  
Through the ballot—what a damper  
On our schools.



### "OF TWO EVILS," ETC.

SCENE—Steamer *Cibola*. Sunday school excursion from the *Wild West End* on board.

TIMID PASSENGER—"Captain, it looks cloudy to the north. Do you think we'll have a cyclone?"

THE CAPT.—"Don't know; I hope so; it would be better than this!"

### ACCOUNTED FOR

HAVE you ever noticed that it's always rough when the wind's from the east, and nearly everybody gets sick," said a philosophical passenger to the captain of the *Chicora*. "Yes," replied the gallant officer, and it's natural enough, too; the yeast makes everything rise, you know!"

"MONEY makes the mare go," quoted Larkins. "Yes, and to judge by the high old time Ned Clarke is having in London, the mayor makes the money go," responded old man Grumbleby.



### ON COMPULSION.

DR. GRIMSHAW—"Don't you know, young man, that it's very injurious to blow cigarette smoke down your nose in that way?"

MR. DE ADDLE—"Is it? I know it's vevy disagweeable, and I hate to do it, but all the other fellows do it, doncher know!"

### THAT ALTERED THE CASE.

TOM—"Have you a quarter about you?"

JACK (*decisively*)—"No."

TOM—"Well, I wanted to pay you back that seventy-five cents I borrowed from you some time ago, and a dollar bill is the smallest I have."

JACK (*eagerly*)—"Hold on a minute, and I will look through my pockets."

### FROM BAD TO WORSE.

T WAS a bard by the seaside who told of a belle  
To whom the wild waters were waving farewell,  
But I know a rhymier whose punning far worse is,  
For he talks about reining a sea of bay horses.

### THE FAKIR ENTERS POLITICS.



THAT the Fakir had been taken possession of by a new idea was apparent to every one who observed his jaunty air and overflowing good spirits, as he whirled into the office last week and seated himself on a corner of the editor's table.

"Well, you seem to be mightily tickled about something," said the assistant editor, as he handed the last page of an article to the expectant foreman, who hastily cleared out before the Fakir could borrow any tobacco of him. "Struck something good?"

"You bet I have. Biggest scheme out. I told you I thought of going

into politics. Well, I've done it. I have become a member of the Equal Rights Association. Going to travel through the country and denounce the Jesuit Bill."

"Quite right," said the assistant editor. "But if you expect to make a living that way, I'm afraid you'll be disappointed. There are plenty of good and talented speakers in whom the public have confidence who are willing to give their services without expecting any reward."

The Fakir smiled cynically and shrugged his shoulders by way of indicating his utter disbelief in the possibility of anybody being so stupid as to regard public affairs otherwise than from the standpoint of personal advantage.

"Well," he remarked, "I'll allow that at first sight there don't seem to be much in it. Talk is cheap—blamed cheap—and probably there's more than enough into it now to fill all the offices and capture whatever's going in the way of contracts and pickings, even if we was to bust the Government. That's how it struck me at first. But I'm on a different footing, you see, from the others."

"How so?"

"Why, I stand in with Sir John and the Government. I went into the thing to spoil their little game on an understanding with Sir John. Saw the old man some weeks ago, and got the whole scheme cut and dried. Had it arranged that I was to join and come out strong as a leader in the movement, and make red-hot, blood-and-thunder speeches against the French and the Catholics. Some want to confine this movement to the Jesuits. Whenever any man gets up in the Association and talks about moderation, and treaty rights, and giving the French a fair show, my cue is to shout, 'No, no! This here is a British country. Frenchmen ain't got no rights! There ain't any difference between Jesuits and any other kind of Papists! Down with the whole crowd! Hurrah for Protestant ascendancy!' Well, that kind of talk, you see, disgusts quite a number of people that would otherwise join the Association, and keeps 'em out, and it gives the *Empire* and the other Tory papers a chance to pitch in. At the same time, too, it makes me solid as a rock with the fanatics and fire-eaters, so that if we ever do get into power, my chance of an office is pretty good, while if we don't—which is a blamed sight more likely—Sir John will give me something for helping to smash the movement by overdoing it. So I've a good thing either way. See?"

"And has Sir John promised you office in case you succeed in bringing the Equal Rights movement into contempt?" asked the cashier, incredulously.

"Well—n-o; he didn't exactly promise me. But he was just tickled to death at the idea, and poked me in the ribs as I laid the scheme before him and told him how I was going to rub it into the Frenchmen and Papists. 'That'll do it,' says he, 'and remember, the less you say about the Jesuit Bill and the more about Catholics and the French language in schools, the better. If you carry out your views you'll do a great service to the party, and I will remember it. We'll make it all right with you.' That is pretty nearly as good as a promise, isn't it?"

"Oh, quite as good, certainly," said the dramatic editor, sarcastically. "I really, for my part, don't see why Sir John need be sparing of his promises—he so seldom keeps them."

"I know that's his reputation, but I don't think he'll fool me," said the Fakir. "Oh, the old man was quite in earnest—treated me in the most cordial and friendly

way. And I've made a mighty good beginning, I can tell you. I'm just making a holy show of the Equal Rights business, and giving the party press a chance to call us a lot of bigots and demagogues. He can't overlook my services."

"But," suggested the editor of the Mule and Goat Department, "how do you know that Dalton McCarthy, Jim Hughes and the rest are not working the same racket? Their speeches certainly read like it."

"By thunder! but I never thought about that!" exclaimed the Fakir, excitedly. "Now, perhaps they have got ahead of me! Some of these sneaking, truckling politicians are capable of any sort of meanness and treachery. It is infamous! If I really thought that men could stoop to such baseness, I'd—I'd—" here his emotion overcame him.

"By the way," he resumed, "why shouldn't the Jesuits themselves come down with something handsome? They are wealthy, and we read about their always being ready to spend money freely in influencing public opinion. Who is the boss Jesuit in this country, anyhow? do you know?"

"I really do not," replied the assistant editor.

"No matter. *N'importe*, as we say in Parce. I'll find out, and write him to let him know that if he is buying up prominent and influential citizens at this juncture, I'm in the market. I declare, it makes me tired, all this talk about governments and parties and churches wanting to buy people. Now, I'm always for sale, but it's the hardest work to find a purchaser. So long. See you again and let you know how the good work progresses."

#### NICELY CAPTURED.

A GENTLEMAN in one of the out-lying districts had long been suspecting his milkman of working the pump handle too freely, but had never been able to fasten the charge on the offender. One morning he noticed that the milk was of a better quality than usual and a happy thought struck him. The next time he met his chalk-and-water friend he remarked casually:

"Why did you stop putting water in your milk?"

Before the unsuspecting milkman noticed what he was saying he replied: "Folks were beginning to suspect me of doing it and I had to give it up."

#### THEY WERE ALL IN VIEW.

A GENTLEMAN whom nature had favored with an unusually extensive mouth entered a dentist's office a few days ago to have a decaying tooth cleaned out and filled. The supreme torturer being engaged, the patient was left to the tender mercies of an apprentice. After the usual amount of probing had been done the young man went to report progress to his chief and the following conversation took place:

CHIEF—"Is it a back tooth or a front one that is decayed?"

APPRENTICE—"A front one, sir. The fact is the gentleman has none but front teeth."

CHIEF—"How's that? Has he all his back teeth extracted?"

APPRENTICE—"No, sir. On the contrary he still possesses all his ivories."

CHIEF—"Well, then, what do you mean by saying that he has no back teeth?"

APPRENTICE—"Come and look at the size of his mouth and you will understand."



#### THE DUPE AWAKENS.

HON. EX-GRAND SOVEREIGN BOWELL (to his faithful supporter)  
—"What's making you so restless down there? Be quiet!"

THE ORANGE ORDER—"Begobs! I've just begun to wonder what good this does me!"

MANY men look as if they owned the earth and were dissatisfied with their possessions.



### CONDITIONAL ENLISTMENT.

MEREDITH—"Fall in, Private Hughes!"

PRIVATE HUGHES—"Yes, after you've signed *this*, but not before."

### PURPOSELESS POEMS.

BY THE LYRICAL LUNATIC.

NO. III.—THE SCENES OF MY YOUTH.

THE scenes of my youth I would fondly recall,  
At a charge of one quarter per scene.  
I'm sure you'll admit that the fee is but small,  
But the keepers won't let us climb over the wall,  
Though we vainly petition the Queen.

If I could discover some kind of a plot  
For the story I have to relate—  
But no, for the weather is frigidly hot—  
Enough of that subject, I fear to be shot,  
For it sometimes makes people irate.

Let's begin with McGinnis—since never I knew  
A personage bearing that name,  
He cannot well club me—McGinnis will do.  
He wore a pug nose and a seventeen shoe,  
And his face was the color of flame.

"Oh, come," said McGinnis, "sweet Julia, be mine,  
Oh, fly with me quickly from here."  
"But why?" replied Julia, "the evening is fine,  
So I've put out my washing to dry on the line."  
Then she cunningly wiggled her ear.

But McGinnis persisted for more than a year,  
And kept steadily coming around,  
Till *Saturday Night* said his conduct looked queer,  
And Julia kept pining from anguish and fear,  
Till she weighed only two hundred pound.

"Things can't go on this way," Mayor Clarke would observe,  
"For our taxes are quite high enough;  
I have given the bailiff a warrant to serve,  
From the stern path of duty he never will swerve."  
Said McGinnis, "You're givin' us guff."

"Now, 'guff,'" said Mayor Clarke, "is a phrase I detest.  
It is meaningless—futile—effete.  
I never would use it, not even in jest,  
I shall summon the Council—they ought to know best  
What words may be used on the street."

When the Council assembled in solemn array,  
McGinnis was not to be found.  
But they wrangled all night and a part of next day,  
For Macdonald and Baxter had too much to say,  
And ran the thing into the ground.

Then a gay cavalier from the north of Deer Park  
Aspired to make Julia his own.  
His uncle lives up in the ward of St. Mark,  
And can play the melodeon so well in the dark,  
That the neighbors in agony groan.

There are houses "To Let" by the dozen round there,  
For he tries to sing "Mowat must go."  
'Tis a song without words, a *fortissimo* air,  
A kind of a whoop, and a howl, and a swear,  
Fortuitous, gentle and slow.

So Julia said "No," and the gay cavalier  
(Why shouldn't I own to the truth?)  
Escaped with the plunder, and, when he got clear,  
Avoided the spot, though it chanced to be near,  
Where I witnessed the scenes of my youth.

I witnessed—but ah! I omitted to swear,  
So the court said the will was no good.  
But why? for I certainly must have been there,  
As matters stand now I shall always despair  
Of having the thing understood.

### JOHN CALDER'S EXPERIENCES.

WHAN I gaed doon the stair into the shop the ither  
nicht, aifter my tea, I faun' an ummerell in ae corner,  
as gin some ane had gaen awa an' forgot it; sae says  
I to wee Jock aside me, "Whase nicht this be?" an' says  
he, "It belongs till Mr. Caven." "To wha?" says I.  
"To Mr. Caven, the lang, sorrowfu'-lookin' minister,"  
says he, "up at Knox's College," says he, "for I saw him  
wi' my ain een gaun oot an' lea'in' 't ahint him."

Weel, man, whan Jock tauld me this I was unco sorry  
I'd been oot whan the Principal was in. Hooever, says  
I to mysel, it's a guid sulk anc, an' he'll ca' for 't the  
morn, an' I'll fin' oot what he was wantin the day—an'  
what's mair nor that, says I, in consequence o' the pairt  
he's takin' i' this Jesuit spulzie, I maun pump him weel,  
an', faith, I'm the verra man for that kin' o' thing—I'll  
jist gup the e'en oot o' him without him e'er jaloosin'  
that there's ocht i' the win', for he's a guileless craitur,  
an' I'm aboot as cunning' as an auld fox.

Sure eneuch, he drappit in the next day aboot  
eleeven o'clock, an' says he, "Mr. Calder, I am extremely  
anxious to procure a shuit of clothes, but you  
were out when I called yesterday."

"Ahey," says I, "I was awa at the Ccety Hall payin'  
ma taxes, an' I'm rale sorry you had to ca' again, for it's  
contrar to my practice to pit fowk aboot. Hooever, I'll  
dae the best I can for you unner the circumstances."  
A' this time he never mentioned his ummerell, an', in  
fac', he didna ken he had lost it till I mentioned till him  
whaur we had fau't. Weel, ye see, as I wis streechin'  
the tape roun' his body unner the oxters, says I till him,  
confidential like, "Ye're haein' an unco faucht noo wi'  
thae Jesuit craiturs, are ye no? Man," says I, "gin I  
hed my wull o' them I wud burn them a' at the stake; I  
wud pit the thoom-screws on them; I wud brak them a'  
upo' the wheel; I wud imprison them for life; I wud  
use het pinchers to pu' the flesh frae their banes; I wud  
gie them naething to eat but breed an' watter, an' I wud  
extirpate them at a' hazards."

Ye see, Maister GRIP, whan I get on my heigh horse  
I whiles mak use o' big words sic like's *extirpate* an'  
*hazard*, but as a maitter o' coorse he kent what I wis  
meanin', for Mr. Caven's a gran' scholar.

He smiled a gruesome smile, lookin' doon at me, an'  
says he, "You arc quite enthusiastic, Mr. Calder."

"Ye may weel say that," says I, "an' wha has a bette  
richt? Did I no come frae the lan' whaur the bluid o'  
my forbears ran doon the sleughs fechtin' for leeberty o'  
conscience? Hae I no read a' aboot that Sawtan's limb



### COLD WATER AT THE SEASIDE.

SHE—"You say you would die for me, Mr. Cupid?"

HE—"Die for you? Yes, a thousand deaths! But please don't call me 'Mister.'"

SHE—"Well—George—I do not ask you to die for me, but I will tell you what you can do for me to show your affection."

HE—"Affection? No; love; burning love! What is it, darling? Tell me, and I swear, if it is in my power, to do it or die!"

SHE—"All I ask of you is this—that you never again regard me as anything more than a friend."

ca'ed Clavers, an' anent the martyrdoms o' John Broom, an' John Welch, an' Sandy Peden, an' George Wishart, an' Cargill, an' Baillie, an' Carstairs, an' Renwick, an' Melville, an' mony mair? Man," says I, "noo that ye hae yokit till't, I howp ye'll gang on till ye hae herrit the infernal sconrnels oot o' hoose an' hame. Wull I pit a hip pooch i' your trousers?" says I.

"Oh, no," says he, "I don't use such."

"Noo," says I, as I took the lenth o' his legs frae the hench bane to the heel, "there's the Honorable G. W. Ross, Minister o' Eddication; he ca'ed to see me no lang syne, an' I can gie ye my word o' honor that he's jist as muckle opposed to the papcestral innovations as I am mysel'. I hae 't frae his ain mooth, an' the Primeer, if I'm no mista'en, ettles to dae something that'll gae a wheen o' the soor-dook-an'-watter politeicians girn whan he lays his measures afore the Hoose, an' I ken what I'm speakin' about, for I had twa or three words wi' him afore he gaed hame to Scotlan'."

"I beg to assure you, Mr. Calder," said the Rev. Mr. Caven, "that I fully appreciate the force of the remarks you have so ardently given expression to, and you may rest perfectly satisfied that whatever may happen, the cause of Truth and Justice must ultimately be greatly benefited as a result of this present upheaval of public opinion. Will you kindly have my clothes ready for me a week from to-day, as I am billed for Hamilton and a few other western villages?"

"Ye hae my word for 't, Mr. Caven," says I.

"That is quite sufficient," says he, an' aff he gaed, lea'in' his ummerell wi' me for the second time. It's an awfu' thing to be a great scholar, but nae doobt his heid was fu' o' thochts risin' oot o' the remarks I made till him, an' as you can see yoursel', it's quite plain he intends to play the verra mischief on the plaitform o' Equal Richts.

Yours,  
JOHN CALDER.

P.S.—Wi' my neist letter I'm gaun ta' sen' you my pictur to pit in GRIP, for I hear that anither man o' my name, an' a tailor at that, lceves no far awa, an' I want you to mak a copy o't an' pit it in GRIP, sae that fowk 'll ken I'm no him, espacially as I'm credibly informed that he claims he's me. Gin Ossian, an' Homer, an' Shakespeare, an' Junius had ta'en sic a precaution, there wadna be ony doobt regardin' their identity the day, an' I'm determin't that sae faur as I can help it, the'll be nae room for argle-barglein' wi' respect to my writin's after I'm unner the divvots.—J. C.

### BY A HUSTLER.

THE proverb says in solemn tone  
That no moss is gathered by a rolling stone.  
A rolling stone I fain would be,  
As I don't want moss collecting on me.

M. S. S.

### TEXAS.

"To the soul that sits in shadow  
'Tis, Oh, 'tis an Eldorado."

WHEN I jump from my chair and hiss through my teeth, "I'm going to Texas," my intimate friends neither attempt to dissuade me nor prepare for an affecting farewell. Though my face may wear a scowl more petrifying than that of the woodcut presentment of "Red Eyed Dick the Demon of Cowboy's Canyon," they do not think I am slaughtering imaginary Indians even though they know it is not long since I gave up the idea of dying in my boots in the weird wild West. They simply inquire, "How long have you felt it coming on?" for they know I am suffering from an attack of chronic liver-complaint. In my yearning youth I used, like all boys, to draw an imaginary bead on the leader of a howling horde of redskins whenever I had time to dream, and like all boys I had my longings for lawlessness and buckskin breeches, and Texas was the goal of my ambition.

But as time wore on I discovered that I had a liver. It was one of the most unfortunate discoveries I ever made. Since I have become thoroughly acquainted with this part of my anatomy the poetry and ambition have gradually but surely oozed out of my system. Texas has become to me a place where things "might have been." When I am in my worst spells I think I would like to go there and wrestle with a bucking broncho or be lulled into forgetfulness by being forced to dance a bar-room clog to the music of a long revolver. In fact I always swear I am going to Texas when everything looks blue to me and I myself look yellow; but I don't think I shall ever go unless I get to be a bank cashier or manage to work myself into some position of trust. In my vocabulary, "I'm going to Texas" means that in my opinion living is a prolonged attack of the liver-complaint and the world is an unsugared pill. P. KUS.

"WATER the wild waves saying, sister?" he enquired, and she replied, "As far as I can make out, they are complaining about that pun."



### NO HOME COMFORTS.

MR. KIRBY STONE (*just down from town*)—"And are you enjoying your camping experience, Miss Gusherton?"

MISS G. (*ecstatically*)—"Oh, ever so much! Everything is so lovely and disagreeable, you know!"

### THE NEWSPAPER AND RAG CARPET.

A PAPER lying on a chair,  
Was blown off by a puff of air,  
And fluttered down upon the floor  
On which an old rag carpet lay,  
And never having met before  
Each to the other said "Good day."  
Then spake the carpet: "Learned sage  
Oft have I had a wish to engage  
In conversation with a mind  
Like yours profound, and feel inclined  
To seize this lucky chance, if you  
Will kindly grant an interview.  
For here my lowly duties doom  
Me to seclusion in this room,  
Save when to somewhat recreate me  
They take me up and shake and beat me.  
Such a restricted situation,  
A mind so full of information  
As yours can hardly realise  
Nor guess the ignorance it implies.  
I hope you will not take amiss  
That I improve a chance like this.  
For I have heard you are so wise,  
That naught is done beneath the skies  
Without your knowledge, and your skill  
In magic such that at your will  
He who but lays his eye on you  
Far foreign climes may wander through.  
Like that enchanted carpet, old  
Arabian legends tell of, Gold  
Possesses no such power, if I  
Could hope to gain it, I could die,  
Methinks, in peace though torn in pieces,  
So that when this low drudging ceases,  
I might be sure that I, like you,  
Would form a magic carpet, too.  
Now, honored sir, if you would teach  
How such high fortune I might reach,  
Whatever you may bid me do  
I'll tax my breadths to keep in view."  
And here the carpet ceased and sighed,  
While thus the newspaper replied:  
"My worthy friend, all that you see  
And value in a thing like me  
If you are cotton you may be.  
Yet think not I congratulate you  
Upon the honors which await you.  
I was a door-mat once, like you  
I've felt the tread of boot and shoe.

Know from experience the blows  
That angry wives bestow on those.  
The papers then I thought my betters,  
But now since I have learned my letters,  
My eyes are opened, and I see  
The beauty of humility.  
This learning with its magic power,  
That spans all distance in an hour,  
Confers, I own, distinction great,  
But purchased at too dear a rate,  
If you to mount above your level  
Have dealings with the printer's devil.  
What matters titles and renown.  
The envy of the unthinking clown,  
The talk and wonder of the town,  
When character and self-respect,  
And pride are all completely wrecked?  
I was an honest door mat-once,  
Though but a ragged, home-bred dunce,  
With an unblemished reputation  
For one in such a situation.  
Such was I once; now what am I?  
The cheap purveyor of a lie,  
The trafficker in all the crimes  
And monstrous follies of the times.  
From senate hall to felon's dungeon  
There's not a puddle but I plunge in;  
Promoter of the social scandal,  
In wrecking characters a vandal,  
In all base tricks of this black art  
I have been taught to take a part.  
Far better had I borne the tread  
Of passing feet till my last thread  
Were cut, than such a fate to find,  
To bear the foul print of the mind.  
Degraded thus I feel resigned  
To painful purgatorial fire,  
By which such leaves as we expire,  
If but its breath obliterate  
The stains that blot my present state."  
Much more the paper might have said,  
But at this juncture came a maid,  
And straightway picked it from the floor  
And bore it off and shut the door.  
The carpet never saw it more,  
But thinking all the matter o'er,  
And knowing it was old and rotten  
It blessed its stars it was not cotton.

WILLIAM MCGILL.

### TOO MUCH TO EXPECT.

WE note this interesting item of theatrical news: "John R. Rogers has made a contract with Minnie Palmer, by which, next season, her business will be under the management of W. W. Randall and J. Charles Davis." Theatre goers would be much better pleased to hear that Mr. Rogers had made a contract with this over-puffed "star" by which she would agree to learn the first rudiments of acting. Up to date she has depended upon diamonds exclusively for her success before the footlights.

### LEGAL.

BLAKE—LAW—On July 16, at Murray Bay, William Hume Blake, of Toronto, to Alice Jean Law, of Montreal.

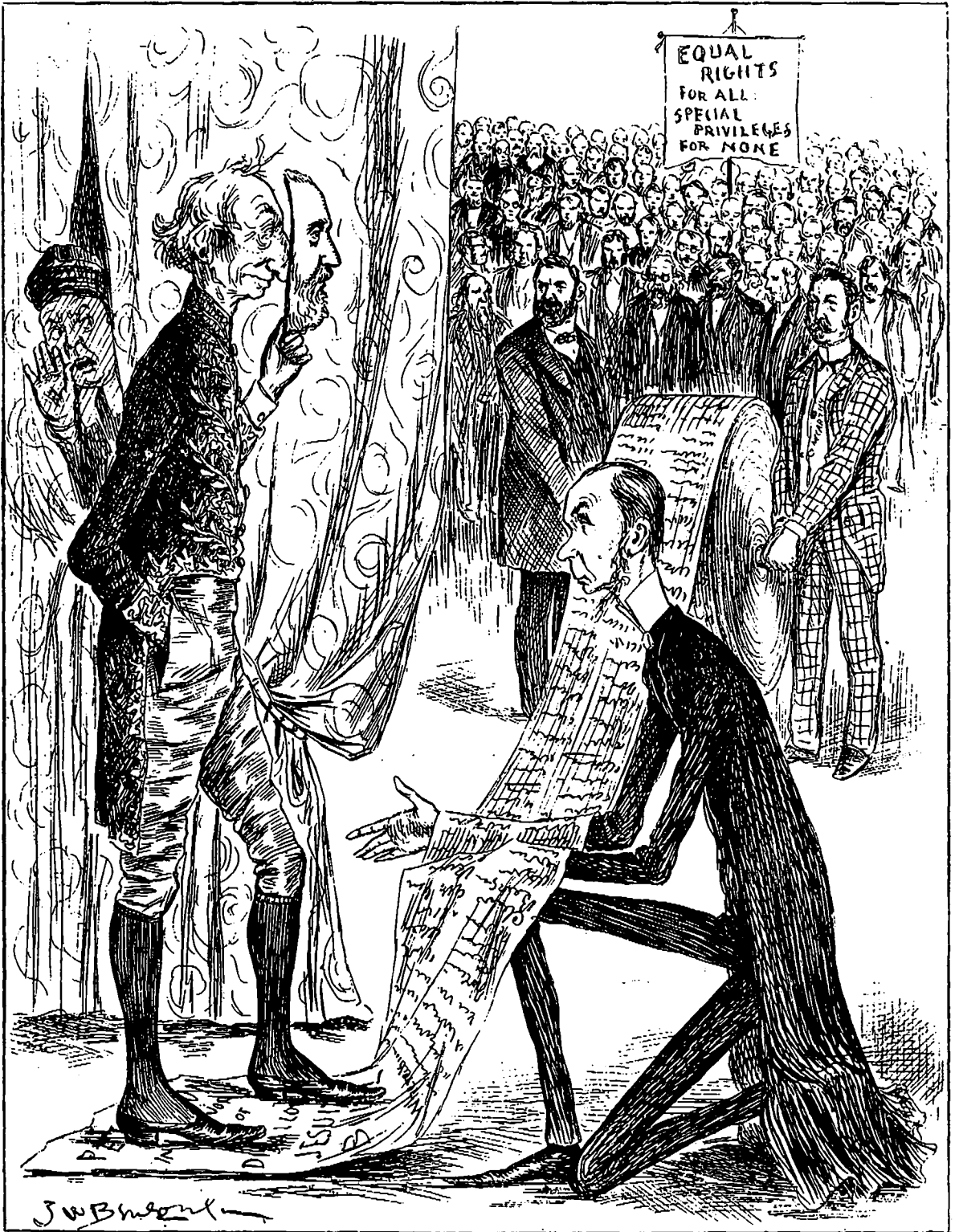
But why a second ceremony? It is well known that Mr. Hume Blake was already "wedded to his profession."

### IN THE RESTAURANT.

DE FAIM—"Bah! This steak tastes of liver."  
WAITER—"No liver has been cooked in any of our frying-pans for over two months."

DE FAIM—"That is not the point. What I want to know is, have the pans been cleaned since they were last used for cooking liver?"





## "AT THE FEET OF THE GOV. GEN."

(THE REPLY INTERPRETED.)

HIS EXCELLENCY (*in Council*).—"Ah, yes; quite so. And all written by hand, you say? Very interesting. 'Equal Rights;' very nice, indeed. But, of course, we can't afford to lose the French vote just to please fellows who will support us anyway. It wouldn't be good politics, you know!"



## CAUTIOUS.

MRS. MAC TAVISH—"Then ye'll be doon tae see us on the Saw-beth?"

MR. MAC TARTAN—"I wull, if I'm spared."

MRS. MAC T.—"Oh, aye; gin ye're deed, we'll no expect ye."

## THE "WORLD" DO MOVE.

PEEPS INTO THE FUTURE BY "GRIP'S" OWN  
CLAIRVOYANT.

(From the Toronto World, Jan. 1890.)

BY reference to our news columns it will be seen that the people of Toronto have voted in favor of Sunday street cars. The *World* takes credit for having started the movement which led to this satisfactory result. It is a decided step in advance, and we congratulate our fellow-citizens upon it. Let the good work go on.

(From the World, 1891.)

Our reporters have been busy during the last few days obtaining the views of representative citizens upon the question of Sunday newspapers. Following are some expressions in addition to those already published:

MR. JIM FAKER—I am decidedly in favor of Sunday papers. Events take place on Sunday as well as every other day, and people want to know about them without having to wait till Monday.

MR. PAT MULROONEY—Every city of any account now has its Sunday papers, and I don't see why Toronto should loiter in the rear. Let us have them by all means.

MR. JAS. MEEKLY—I don't think Sunday papers are really necessary, but it should be left to the decision of the people.

DR. CONSTANTINOPIE—By all means; we ought to have had Sunday papers years ago, and would have had if the parsons hadn't interfered. 'The parsons have too much to say, anyhow. Sunday papers are just what we need and must have.

MR. JOHN PLIABLE—Well, personally I am opposed to Sunday papers; but I suppose they're sure to come, so we might as well have them first as last.

MR. JAKE JINSLING—Put me down in favor of Sunday papers with both feet. We want the base ball news fresh, and don't you forget it. Besides, the workingman only has one day for reading, and that is Sunday. He wants

a paper to read while he is on his way to church in the open car.

MR. WILLIAM LEVELHEAD—Sunday papers have become a curse and disgrace to the cities of the United States, being notorious sewers of scandal and filth. Toronto wants to leave them alone. I'm against the proposal every time.

MR. R. LOOSCHAP—Sunday ideas in Toronto make me tired. There's too much blue in the atmosphere yet, and I think Sunday papers would help to banish the gloom. Put me down in favor of them.

(From the Toronto Sunday World, Jan. 1892.)

It will be noted that the majority in favor of Sunday newspapers in yesterday's voting was even greater than that cast in favor of Sunday cars a couple of years ago. This glorious result the people have the satisfaction of reading in the first number of the *Toronto Sunday World*, which we will endeavor to make as spicy as any of the American Sunday papers. Look out for our next issue, which will contain full particulars of a Disgusting Scandal in High Life, and all the latest police news of the continent.

(From the Toronto World, Jan. 1893.)

There can be little doubt that the citizens of this good and progressive city are in favor of Sunday base ball games. Nearly every gentleman interviewed by our reporters so declares himself. Following are sample replies:

MR. "FATTY" HOGAN—This idea that it is wrong to toss a ball on Sunday is played out. The workingman needs a good game on Sunday to limber him up. Put me down in favor of the movement.

MR. BILLY BOLLIVER—Certainly; by all means! Now that we have cars running to the grounds, and papers to advertise the games, what's the matter with having matches on Sunday. Toronto is getting out of pinafores now, and it's about time we caught up with other civilized cities of the world.

(From the Toronto World, Jan. 1894.)

By the vote of yesterday it is clear that Toronto has got fairly over its puritanical squeamishness of other days. Our clear-headed and broad-minded citizens declared emphatically in favor of Sunday ball games, and the by-law introduced in the City Council last night by Alderman Guzzler, to open the saloons and cigar stores on Sunday, will pass without much opposition.

(From the Toronto World, Jan. 1895.)

We trust every man who has the progress and prosperity of Toronto at heart will go to the polls to-morrow and cast his ballot in favor of the abolition of Sunday church services. These superstitious survivals of the dark ages are out of place in a modern city like ours has become. The cost of keeping them up is money thrown away, but besides this, and most important of all, they interfere with the success of the Sunday ball games and theatrical performances.

## A DEFINITION.

"I HEAR these human critters using the expression 'horse-sense.' Do you happen to know what they mean by it?" said a roadster, addressing a fashionable cob.

"'Horse-sense,'" replied the cob, with considerable emphasis, "is the sense which is not possessed by people who dock their horses' tails, as you see mine."

NEW YORKER—"I congratulate on the latest acquisition to your family. Boy or girl?"

NEBRASKAN—"Girl."

NEW YORKER—"What's her name to be?"

NEBRASKAN—"Well, she howls so much nights we thought we'd call her Cyclonia."

#### DR. HUNTER ON THE EARLY SYMPTOMS OF CONSUMPTION.

You may know that your lungs are becoming diseased by certain symptoms which precede the development of tubercles.

A hacking morning cough is a sign of local irritation in some part of the respiratory passages. The seat of the cough may be in the throat, or *larynx*, or *windpipe*, but wherever it is, it shows that the lungs are in peril, because every breath you draw has a tendency to carry that irritation lower and deeper into the chest. If the cough is the result of a recent cold, it may not be of much consequence, but if it has lasted for months, that shows it to be firmly seated. If it be attended by the expectoration of a thick, bluish-colored, jelly-like mucous in the morning, or after meals, it is caused by chronic inflammation of the mucous membrane. Chronic inflammation thickens this membrane, causes it to secrete the glutinous sputa referred to, and diminishes the calibre of the bronchial tubes. This injures the freedom of respiration, and shortens the breath. Now, if with the hacking cough and expectation you find that your breath is shorter than formerly; if you cannot run upstairs or walk uphill without being more out of breath than usual, you know that your breathing space has become lessened by some cause. No matter what that cause may be, or in what part of the breathing organs it is seated, it impairs the function of the lungs, and is a source of danger which must instantly be removed. Lastly, if with the cough, and expectation, and shortness of breath, you are beginning to lose flesh, you have a combination of symptoms which, taken together, indicate either the existence of tubercles or that condition of the lungs which invariably leads to their development. If you would save yourself from consumption, you have not a moment to lose. Your worst enemy is one who would persuade you to disregard the danger. You cannot afford to take the risk. Consumption comes from just that condition which produces these symptoms. To believe that it will not come to you when it comes to others in this way is simply folly. The howling of a wolf outside a fold is no stronger evidence of danger to the flock than are these symptoms of danger to the lungs.

ROBERT HUNTER, M.D.

73 Bay street, Toronto, July 26.

"STANLEY 5 o'clock Tea Tables" at the Golden Easel, 316 Yonge street. A specialty made of original paintings by popular Canadian artists. Some excellent works by Mr. T. Mower Martin, R.C.A., now on exhibition and for sale at moderate prices. Exhibition room open 10 to 5. All invited.

Artists' materials, picture frames; studios rented.

Griffith's oxidized enamels for decorating.

MR. JOHNATHAN TRUMP—"What's the matter with young Darlington? He's going to the Conservatory with Dolly Flicker as pale as a ghost."

MISS PENELOPE PEACHBLOW—"Going into a decline, I take it, from what I know of Dolly."

#### WORTH REMEMBERING.

MATTHEWS & PIERSON are the popular proprietors of the Sturtevant House, Broadway cor. 29th street, N.Y. It is one of the best in the city, and a home-like, central place to stop. Views.

"You say you were discharged from your former place for being too industrious?" "Yes, ma'am." "That's very strange. What did you do?" "I went down to the cellar one day and dusted the old wine bottles."

#### SUFFERERS FROM INDIGESTION

Are guaranteed relief by using Dyer's Quinine and Iron Wine; a safe and harmless preparation, recommended in the highest terms by leading physicians. Druggists keep it. W. A. Dyer & Co., Montreal.

#### 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.

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

"I WASN'T exactly mad about it," said Slithersby, discussing his ejection from a theatre, "but I was somewhat put out."

## CAN CATARRH BE CURED

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**Asthma, Blindness, Catarrh, Deafness, Hay Fever, Neuralgia, Sore Eyes and all kinds of Throat Troubles**

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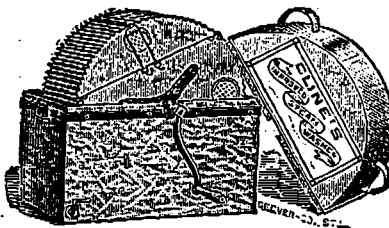
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Best Washing Machine in the World.

Will clean your clothes without rubbing and wearing yourself out the old way. It saves labor, wear and tear, and the annoyance of washday. Every machine fully warranted to give satisfaction.

1. It does its own work, thereby saving a large portion of the time usually taken in a family.
  2. It uses much less soap than is required by any other method.
  3. Clothes wear double the time when washed by Cline's Improved Steam Washer, than they will washed by any other machine or washboard.
  4. It is truly a Life, Labor and Clothes saving machine.
  5. Has a faucet attached to the boiler for the purpose of removing the water without lifting boiler from the stove, so that the most delicate person would be able to do a washing without injury to herself, such as straining of the back, scalding, stopping, etc.
  6. Corrugated Cylinder, Sliding Cover, Faucet in Boiler. The best and latest improvement in Steam Washers, which none others have but Cline's. RETAIL PRICE, \$10.
- If you cannot buy Cline's Improved Steam Washer of your merchant or an agent, remit \$10 in money order or draft, and it will be sent by express, all charges prepaid.
- We challenge any one to produce its equal as a Washer. A child 12 years old can do the washing of an ordinary family as well as an experienced hand. AGENTS WANTED.

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(REG'D.)

Chief among the fashionable scents of the season is "Crab Apple Blossoms," a delicate perfume of the highest quality. It is prepared by the Crown Perfumery Company, who have at various times distilled some of the choicest and most favored perfumes.—*Court Journal*.

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To those telling correctly where in the Bible DAUGHTER is first mentioned, the above amount will be given in prizes. First correct answer, \$500; second, \$250; third, \$200; next 100, each \$50; next ten, each \$25; next forty, each \$10; next fifty, each \$5; next 50, each \$2. Each competitor must send 50 cents with their answer for the following lot of goods: 16 complete stories, 100 popular songs, 100 selections for autograph albums, Guide to the Toilet, Manual of Etiquette, Standard Letter Writer for ladies or gentlemen, Tennyson's Poems, Longfellow's Poems, the Budget of Wit, Humor and Fun, the People's Natural History, Wonders of the World, 1 pack of invitation cards and 1 pack of visiting cards with name on. All answers must be received by August 1, 1889. Mention this paper and address WORLD MANUFACTURING CO., Toronto, Ont.

**Hair Neglected**

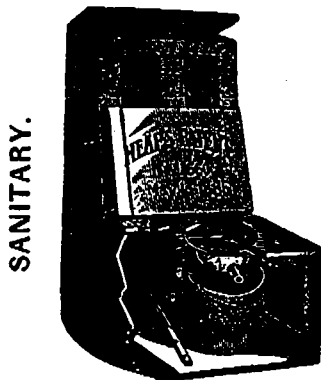
Soon becomes dry, harsh, coarse, and full of dandruff; it loses vitality and turns prematurely gray, or falls out rapidly and threatens early baldness. A careful dressing daily with Ayer's Hair Vigor—the best preparation for the purpose—will preserve the hair in all its luxuriance and beauty to a good old age.

"My hair was faded and dry," writes Mabel C. Hardy, of Delaware, Ill., "but after using only half a bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor it became black and glossy. I cannot express the gratitude I feel."

Frederick P. Coggeshall, Bookseller, 51 Merrimack St., Lowell, Mass., writes: "Some six or seven years ago my wife had a severe illness, in consequence of which she became almost entirely bald and was compelled to wear a wig. A few months since she began to apply Ayer's Hair Vigor to the scalp, and, after using three bottles, has a good growth of hair started all over her head. The hair is now from two to four inches long, and growing freely. The result is a most gratifying proof of the merit of your admirable preparation."

**Ayer's Hair Vigor,**

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer &amp; Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by Druggists and Perfumers.

**Heap's Dry Earth Closet.**

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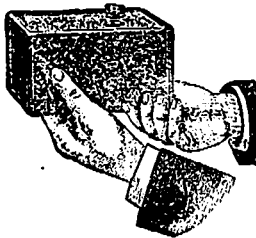
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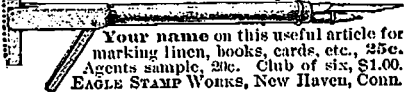
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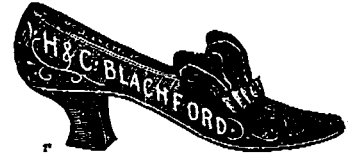
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