

GRIP

EDITED BY J. W. BINGOUGH

GRIP ENG.

LITTERATURE

MUSIC

DRAMA

WISDOM
WE ARE TO
THE WISE
IN FULLY

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The gravest beast is the ASS.
 The gravest bird is the Owl.
 The gravest fish is the Oyster.
 The gravest man is the fool.

— W. Miller



J.W. Binns

AT "CROSS" PURPOSES.

GREENWAY—"If you still claim monopoly rights in Manitoba, what was that \$15,000,000 paid you for last session?"

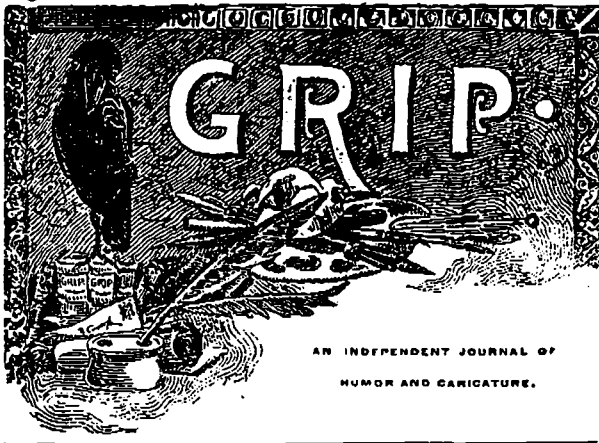
VAN HORNE—"The money was paid us to let you build your line, but we don't intend to do so if we can help it. We'll keep the money and the monopoly too."

PRICE 5 CENTS PER COPY, \$2 PER YEAR.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,

By the Grip-Printing and Publishing Co., 26 and 28 Front St. West, Toronto.





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Grip Printing and Publishing Co.

26 and 28 Front Street West, Toronto, Ont.

President JAMES L. MORRISON.
 General Manager J. V. WRIGHT.
 Artist and Editor J. W. BENGOUGH.

TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS.

PAYABLE STRICTLY IN ADVANCE.

To United States and Canada.

One year, \$2.00; six months \$1.00.

To Great Britain and Ireland.

One year \$2.50.

Remittances on account of subscriptions are acknowledged by change in the date of the printed address-label.

In remitting stamps, please send one-cent stamps only.

Comments on the Cartoon.



CHAPLEAU LOVING THE WORKING-MAN.—Hon. Mr. Chapleau, the eloquent and picturesque Secretary of State, took a prominent part in a recent by-election in Quebec, in which the Conservative candidate, Mr. Lepine, was elected. Mr. Lepine had received the endorsement of the labor organizations, and hence posed as the "workingman's candidate." His triumph at the polls was, shortly afterwards, celebrated by a banquet, not to himself, but to Mr. Chapleau, whose persuasive rhetoric had done it all. This banquet was given by the toilers of Mr. Lepine's constituency; at least we presume so, although it was spread in Ottawa, and patronized chiefly by cabinet ministers, civil service employees and miscellaneous

swells. Three or four officials of labor organizations were also present as invited guests. In some quarters the affair has been spoken of as a hollow mockery, and it certainly had a "put up" appearance; but let us suppose that it was the spontaneous offering of *bona fide* workingmen. Now was it not misplaced kindness on their part? What claim has Mr. Chapleau—or any of his colleagues—to the special gratitude of this class? He is one of the authors of the N.P. Is the N.P. in the interests of the workingmen? Mr. A. W. Wright, who sat at the table as the acknowledged spokesman of labor, says Protection does not necessarily raise wages; it simply puts some employers in a position to pay more—out of their tariff-made profits—if they see fit to do it. But, as Mr. Wright acknowledges, they rarely see fit; human selfishness inclines them to pocket all they make, and then ask for more. These extra profits that are made by virtue of the tariff come out of the people—the consumers—and to this class the workingmen belong. So the extent of the matter is, Protection does not increase wages, but it

increases living expenses. This is the policy which Mr. Chapleau advocates, and, presumably, believes in. What is there about it to enthuse the workingman to the pitch of getting up expensive banquets for him? This is something that it puzzles us to make out.

AT "CROSS" PURPOSES.—A new adjective seems to be required to fitly describe the C.P.R. in its present attitude towards the people of Manitoba. To say that it is displaying a hoggish greed is true enough, but too mild—far too mild. What we want is a word which will convey in a very emphatic way the superlative degree of gall, impudence and tyranny combined. For years this soulless corporation cursed the Western Province by virtue of certain monopoly rights granted to it by men who are called "statesmen." No; they didn't grant these rights by charter, but what is worse, they cravenly permitted the corporation to assume them. This went on until the people were goaded to the verge of open rebellion. Then the "statesmen" in question paid the company the equivalent of \$15,000,000 out of the public till for permission to allow the building of other roads in Manitoba—a permission which, under their charter, we repeat, the C.P.R. never had any right to interfere with. The money being paid and the alleged monopoly being purchased, the authorities of the Province proceed with the building of the Red River Valley Line. Finding it necessary to cross the line of the C.P.R., they make the required formal application to the Railway Committee of Parliament for permission, when down comes the syndicate with an injunction to restrain them, and an armed force to back up the injunction. The injunction is duly argued before the judge and dismissed. Does this end the dispute? By no means. A company which is manifestly and notoriously superior to the Federal Government is not going to obey a mere judge. At this writing it looks as though it would come to blows. In that case, happily, there is no doubt as to which party would get the worst of it.



AT last peace reigns in the Western Methodist Church, and the miserable slanderers of Brother Jeffrey are crushed beneath the Boards. The result will be, as it ought, to make the eloquent and original preacher more of a favorite than ever. And GRIP would like to take this opportunity to say that there is no minister in town more generally esteemed than Mr. Jeffrey, because there is none with more of that peculiarly endearing quality known as human nature about him. A man of big heart and generous hand,

as well as sound head and silvery tongue, may he live until his curly locks are white as snow, and even his broad brimmed and high crowned soft felt hat is superannuated.

* * *

THE state of King street inclines the *Telegram* to conclude that civilization is an expensive failure. Civilization is all right, but there can be no doubt that cedar block paving on heavy-traffic streets is an expensive fraud. It seems to require a very long experience to drive this truth into the heads of our aldermen, however.

* * *

OUR Government has decided to allow the American fishermen to ship their catch through Canadian territory in bond. The reason we know this is that the *Empire* says it is not so, and the *London Free Press* thinks it would be a good thing to do.

* * *

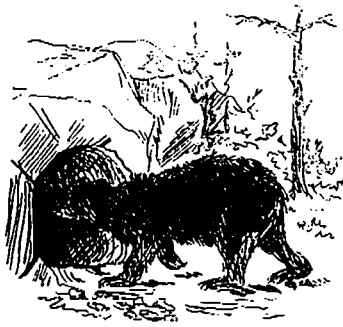
A GREAT calamity has happened to the funny men of the German newspapers. A Congress of Barbers was lately held in Berlin, at which rules were laid down for the future guidance of all the members. One of these rules prohibits talking to customers while in the

performance of tonsorial duties. Thus at one fell swoop is the humorist deprived of one of the oldest and most prolific of his subjects—the barber who works his own chin while he shaves another's.

THE Republican papers have got Cleveland at last! He cannot escape this time; on the 6th of November he will be trampled out of all shape by the indignant feet of patriotic Americans. They have discovered—and of course published—a private letter written by the British Minister, Lord Sackville, in which that new laid nobleman expresses the opinion that Cleveland is “disposed to maintain friendly relations with Great Britain.” Surely nothing further is required to seal his doom than the exposure of this diabolical plot. Away with him! Give the country a President who is against friendly relations with anybody but Trusts and Monopolies.

DRUM'S HIBERNATING HOTEL.

THE INVENTOR EXPLAINS THE GRANDEST INVENTION OF THE AGE, AND POINTS OUT ITS WONDERFUL BENEFITS.



O THE PUBLIC :

Titus A. Drum takes more than great pleasure in presenting the public with a synopsis of a new system which undoubtedly is the grandest invention of the age, and one destined to revolutionize travel, travellers, and hotels generally.

The new system provides for the establishment of hotels built for carrying out the plan of hibernation by human beings in all seasons. It is not necessary to detail the ease with which certain of the lower animals can, so to speak, tuck themselves comfortably away for the winter. Suffice it to say that the inventor of the new system has caught the spirit, and the true inwardness of this marvelous power in nature, and applied it to the use of man. By his process, and the aid of properly constructed compartments, the inventor can “retire” (such is the term he proposes to use in this connection, and which, be it not forgotten, is duly patented) his patrons for a number of months, and then “restore” them to the duties of life. The rooms in the Hibernating Hotel will be built from a special design by the inventor and properly fitted. The party desirous of hibernating will be given a certain carefully concocted potion and “retired.” The air in the room will then be especially medicated and the room hermetically sealed. The party will not be touched again until the time of his hibernation, as agreed upon, has passed; when he will be “restored,” to enter upon the duties of life in the best of spirits and health. The patrons of the Hibernating Hotels may “retire” for any period up to twelve months; any wishing to go beyond that time will have to be re-dosed and re-medicated.

The various appliances for use in the system have been protected by letters patent, and Drum's Hibernating Hotels will be opened in various parts of the Dominion at an early date.

The benefits of the Hibernating Hotels are apparent to all at a glance, and have met with the most enthusiastic approval by all who have been permitted to look into them

By the use of the new hotel expensive bills at fashionable hotels and seaside resorts may be dispensed with. Whole families may “retire” for the season, and have the advantages of a long, quiet rest at a nominal cost. In the Hibernating Hotel the dude may find relief from his creditors; the church congregation may give its minister a real and inexpensive rest, thus saving the great expense of sending him to Europe; the impecunious newspaper man may take his summer holiday without descending to the level of a cellar; the parliamentarian may, especially after drawing his “allowance,” recruit his brain tissues for the heavy duties of the coming session; the working-man, often richly blessed with nothing to do under the N.P., may save board and wear of body looking for employment; the mother-in-law, the aggravating wife, the be-fuddled husband, may find congenial rest; in fact, in a thousand and-one ways the Hibernating Hotel can be made of inestimable service to all classes of people—except those who cannot deposit the necessary lucre.

Fuller particulars will be supplied on application at GRIP office to

TITUS A. DRUM.

WORKMEN have found traces of gold whilst excavating on Main Street, Helena, Montana. Probably the false tooth belonged to a deceased settler. It's a gold day when Helena gets left.



THE DUEL OF BROWN AND JONES

'Twas all about a maiden
Whose love these heroes shared,
That they 'greed to light a duel,
(And they both were mighty scared.)

They met, shook hands and started
To measure off the ground,
But both walked on for hours
And never turned around.

I 'spose they're still a-going,
One hence and t'other thence;
But the girl has meantime married
A man of common sense.



A GREAT SCHEME.

"BELIEVE in the *Mail*? No, sir! not I. You don't catch me taking up with such a miserable, soulless, political renegade. I mean to do my best to bust the *Mail* up!"

"But I see you subscribe for the *Mail*, all the same."

"Subscribe for the *Mail*? Of course I do. That's part of my plan."

"Well, well, well! The idea of any man subscribing for a paper with the aim of busting it up!"

"Ah, that's only part of the scheme. I subscribe for it. But—I never mean to pay a cent of my subscription!"

CORRESPONDENT RAFFERTY.

ABOUT TITLES.

GRIP AVIC!—

Is it thrue that several av our most prominent min have refused t' be knighted by the Queen; an' that, whin asked the rayson why, they up an' grunted they didn't belave in creatin' an aristocracy in a dimocratic country like Canady?

Av this is the case, GRIP, sind me their names an' their whereabouts, an', bedad, its Denis Rafferty 'll be settin' out, widout a moment's hisitation, to mate these min an' to offer thim the congratylations av an honest Irish heart.

I'd walk the very brogans off my fate t' get a grip av the hand av the thrue son o' Canady who, wid grace an' aise an' dignity, so asserts his manhood an' declares his heaven-born possession av Nature's nobility.

The Lord didn't make us all aqual, I am free to admit. In stringth av body, in power av brain, in force av charackther, no two av us are alike. But—barrin' our own sinful deficiencies—how far might not most av us be towards rachin' the shtandard He set up for us, av' it wasn't for the hedges an' ditches av rank an' birth an' shtation surroundin' us on iviry hand?

I'm no rebel! Praise God, I was born wid a heart that taught me t' obey the law, to bow to authority, an' to rishpect me betthers. I love the Queen, an' would shed me blood in her cause, as me father before me did. I venerate the ould institutions undher which British liberty is secured—although I bitterly lamint that Ireland doesn't be enjoyin' a shwater taste av that same; some day soon, plaze God, she will be.

But, whin I acknowledge all this, I have yet to add: Bad cess to the system undher which min are born into the world, an', just from that accident alone, are entitled to enjoy wealth, place, authority, privileges and perquisites above and beyond their fellows who may be both betther fitted an' more disarvin' av iviry such blissed indulgence.

I sphake be the book av the English nobility an' the way in which lordlings live, move, an' have a riotous time at the expinse av other people. The whole system is a great injustice an' murtherin' humbug; an' Denis Rafferty for wan 'll vote at iviry poll booth in the land, av they let him, to have it bundled neck an' crop into the say.

Don't be mishtakin' me for an anarchist, GRIP acushla! I subshcribe in a loud, bowld hand to the docthrine that what a man airns an' owns is his, an' may the divil take wan who'd thry to rob him! But I mane that your jukes an' lords an' earls an' markisses an' bar'ns an' sirs—all the privileged progeny av titular heredity—are no betther than they make thimselves, an' have no more right to go about wipin' their fate on you an' me, legislatin' for us, houldin' the whip-hand over us, an' makin' us all feel that they came into existence a supayrior brand o' craythers, wid the Brotherhood av Man applyin' only in their circles, an' the rest av the wurruld just worms an' slaves to *thim*!

Maybe in the ould times, whin might was right an' min got their honors an' possessions be main stringth, there were well-marked distinctions in both power and property which divided the masters from the sarvints. In a free land an' a Christian age, things don't go that way, bedads! There should be none av the rank obshtacles interposin' betune any man an' any place.

An' so I maintain, be voice an' wid pin, that we want no knightoods in Canady; or who knows how long it'd be before we'd have the same shtate o' things here that they have in England, where a shnip av nobility wid neither brains, morals nor manners is always a "gentleman" (save the mark!), while an intilligent, hard-workin' God-fearin' man, not born wid a silver shpoon in his gob, is always a "person."

Plain "Denis" is a good enough title for me now; an av I ivir become Praymier, the fardest I'd want to stretch me name would be by placin' simply "Misther" to

DENIS RAFFERTY.

"THE WORLD DO MOVE."

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

NO. II.

[FROM THE "EMPIRE" SPORTING COLUMN, OCTOBER 20, 1893.]

THE reports from the various places of nomination throughout the Province yesterday, go to show that it was one of the keenest and best day's milling sport ever known in Ontario.

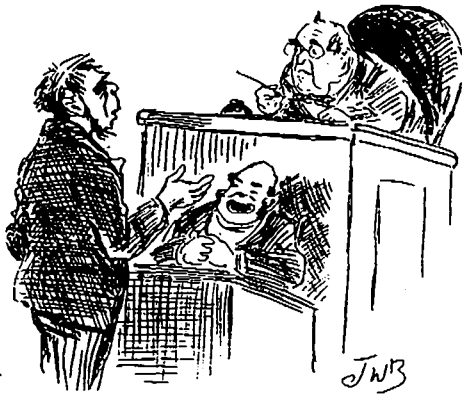
Looking back five years to East Elgin and Cardwell, where candidates' scrapping matches were first introduced, it seems almost incredible that this manly and exhilarating pastime should have developed to the extent it has within so short a period.

At that time the nomination proceedings were tame indeed. Even the Government fixed it so that there should be absolutely no fun outside the mere routine proceedings. But now, we are glad to observe, Govern-



THE GREAT ANTI-ANNEXATION DEMONSTRATION IN
PARKDALE.

(AS IT WAS TO HAVE BEEN.)



NEGATIVE PROOF.

MAGISTRATE—"What's the matter with your eye, Mulroony?"

MULROONY—"Sure, sir, me wife hit me wid a flat iron, your worship. We wor' argyin' is Marriage a Failure, sir, an' I said it was, an' she said it wasn't, an' thin, sir, she trun the iron."

ment has awakened to the knowledge that on these occasions the people really need some amusement and edification beyond what is presented in the legal formalities of the meeting, and not only allows a little set-to by the respective candidates, but also is liberal enough to include an allowance in the Returning Officers' fees to cover the cost of the ring and the doctors' attendance.

The reports below give full particulars of the interesting scraps in some constituencies at which such pleasing and educative performances took place.

We have not time to review them all; but we should fail in our duty to our readers and in our loyalty to the manly art, did we neglect to particularize one or two.

The North Simcoe affair is said to have been a beautiful exhibition. Cook, it is true, is a big man and showed up in splendid form; but his wiry little opponent, the Conservative candidate, kept out of reach of his awful lunges, and after getting in one or two good ribbers, managed to trip up the giant, and, as he fell, planted a cracker right behind the ear which made the big man unable to come to time. Our young and plucky friend has the *Empire's* warmest congratulations.

Haldimand was the scene of one of the prettiest combats in the whole campaign. Montague's left arm was a trifle weak from his former fight, but the way he used that rattling right of his was simply magnificent. The punishment received by his opponent will likely leave the Doctor a walk over, so far as canvassing is concerned. Doctor, shake!

Another battle worthy of special mention was nobly fought at Regina. It was at first given out that Mr. Davin was opposed to the prize ring on the ground of its being uncultured and demoralizing. But when he stepped into it, at the appointed hour, and delivered a speech that alternately brought tears and laughter from the audience, the lie was given to the story of his back-out in a most direct way. Mr. Davin has proved himself a gentleman and a man of pluck. We are sorry to learn that insufficient training resulted in his suffering more hurt at the hands of his more highly fettled antagonist than otherwise would have been the case. This illustrates the necessity of all intending candidates going into early and proper preparation for the day of nomination.

All contests, we understand, were conducted *a la* Queensberry, although in North Simcoe McCarthy wanted the London prize ring rules to govern. Dalton, we

know, only recently returned from London, and evidently has combined business and pleasure in the trip. He therefore fancied the old style rules under which he trained.

In conclusion, we are well pleased with the result everywhere, auguring so well as it does for the future success of the Conservative nominees at the polls.

WHAT is the difference between a cabbage and a corn stalk? One has a head, but no ears; the other ears, but no head.

DOLE OF THE ESTHETE.

OH, sweet is the whang of the wanglewane,
And the snore of the snark in the twilight pale,
As the trail crawls up the window pane—
(Love me, love, in the grewsome gale).

Gone is the wanglewane, weird and wold,
Down to the grave of the neither land,
Where the worned toads glide and the musty mold
Eats the lily in my lost love's hand.

There is a galloping, ghastly green—
(Blue is the glare of the wobbly wang);
He is tangling her cardinal hair, I ween—
(Sweet is the song the wild snail sang).

There are jabberwocks joggling in the East,
And were-wolves howling in North and West—
(Oh, the goblin crew has a goodly feast),
And the poet now takes an æsthetic rest.

A GREAT HEAD.



FREEDOM to trade," an inalienable "right of man."

Quoting as above from GRIP of Oct. 20, a Quebec man who has a wonderful head for argument proceeds to demolish us with the following Euclid-like chunks of logic:—

Therefore:

Freedom to *cut* or *compete* is a similar right.

Therefore:

Freedom to *destroy* the *trade* of a *young country* is a similar right.

And:

Freedom to work with "*pauper labor*" is a right of "*capitalized*" man * *i.e.*, to make others starve while he gets fat.

And:

(In order to cut prices) Freedom to *adulterate* is a right of (that) man.

And:

Freedom to empty a country of its *producers*, and, *therefore*, of its chief *consumers*, is a right of (that) man.

And:

Freedom to *raise the prices* on the young community, *after* extinguishing its *industries*—and *after* exporting its workers—is the right of (that) man.

To which, we think, might be added:—

Therefore: Freedom to talk nonsense is an inalienable right of the Protectionist man.

* When he ignores all but his own rights.

"GET UP AND GET!"

I WILL preach you a word on a practical lay;
 'Twill be short, sharp and right to the point.
 Just remember the text and the drift of my say
 When the times are with you out of joint.
 Never mind what your neighbors and friends seem to think
 Of the "tightness," the "outlook," *et cetera*,
 But when you're in trouble or e'en on its brink,
 My advice is to "get up and get!"

I don't mean you to act as the bank cashiers do,
 When an expert takes hold of the books,
 And finds that the cashier is short quite a few
 Of his thousands through quibbles and crooks;
 That, of course, is a getting—a getting away
 To where safety and ease may be met.
 But it's not with the boodle and nary "good-day!"
 I would have you, friend, get up and get.

There will always be times when the honestest trade
 Will yield little, howe'er hard you buck;
 There was never a really successful self-made
 But was once in a while down in luck.
 This old world is cram full of worryful work,—
 Heaps of trouble and toil and back-set,
 But the conquering hero's the man who won't shirk,
 He says: "Here, you, just get up and get!"

What's the use of a man with no starch in his comp?
 Can you walk if you unhinge your spine?
 The cab-carried fellow, with all of his pomp,
 Ain't the stuff among stalwarts to shine.
 So, in hustling and bustling in business, I say,
 Never falter, or fluster, or fret—
 Pack a good dose of sand in your crop, is the way,—
 Then, hoop-la! you get up and get!

That's my sermon, old Gruesome, and you, young Faint-heart;
 It's not longish or heavy or dry.
 But it's sober and honest and all in good part,
 And it's easy to grasp if you try.
 I don't care if you haven't caught on to it all;
 My style may not hit you right yet—
 But the text, man—grab it! and, whenever you fall,
 Remember to "get up and get!"

T. T.

THE FAKIR IN ENGLAND.

14 BUMMER'S ROOST,
 WHITECHAPEL, LONDON, ENG.

Oct. 2, 1888.

DEAR GRIP:—



SINCE my last letter detailing my experiences with the British aristocracy, I have had pretty hard luck. I tried several of my old rackets, but somehow they didn't work; the people here are awfully suspicious of a man unless they know who his grandfather was—especially of a foreigner. I tried to interest some capitalists in a cattle-ranch in the Rockies. I told 'em they had only to put up the money and I would easily get the ranch for them at Ottawa; but they absurdly suggested that I had better get the ranch first and then they would talk business.

I had nearly got down to my last dollar when I happened to remember that unfortunate fellow, J. Ingledew Duxter, LL. B. — you recollect him, don't you?—the young Englishman that I once got to write a volume of first-class, native Canadian poetry when he was dead broke—told me that his people here were pretty well fixed. I saw him when I was last in Toronto and he gave me his father's address, "Rev. Canon Duxter, of Lower Bebington, Cheshire." Well, being in that neighborhood, I thought I'd

call on the Canon, tell him something about his son and try and strike him for a quid or two. "Quid," in the language of people of culture, means a pound.

"Tell the Canon," said I to the gorgeous footman who opened the door, "that an American gentleman wishes to see him." It's no use to call yourself a Canadian in this country; everybody from our side of the water is called an American.

"The Canon will see you, sir," said the menial, "hand 'e said as 'ow perhaps you would be kind enough to leave your revolver and bowie-knife in the 'all. 'E don't mind Hamerican gents a-smokin' their cigars, but he wouldn't like any shooting or anything of that kind in 'is parlor."

Repressing the pun which naturally suggested itself on this remarkable peculiarity in a Canon, I was ushered into a parlor, where the dignitary of the church was seated in an arm-chair before a blazing fire. He received me cordially, when I told him that his son had desired me to call on him.

The stunkey's remark about the revolver had given me a cue as to what was expected of me as an American, so I tilted my chair back, put my feet on the table, lit a cigar and began to smoke.

"Ah," said the Canon, approvingly, "that's right. I am glad to see you make yourself at home. Will you have some refreshment? I am sorry we cannot offer you a cocktail or a 'corpse reviver,' or any other of your national drinks."

"Thankee, Colonel," I replied, "I would have liked a carbolic acid cocktail or a lemonade with a dash of aquafortis in it, but I reckon a snifter of brandy or a glass of old port will go to the spot."

"Bless my soul!" said the Canon, "do you really drink such deadly poisons in America?"

"Why, cert. I guess you Britishers might find 'em rather strong for your stomachs, but the climate, you see, makes a difference."

"Ah, no doubt it must."

The Canon rang a bell and ordered in some wine, "Well, pard, here's another nail in our coffins," said I as I tossed off my glass.

"I suppose that is the customary toast in America?" said the Canon.

"Oh, yes," I said, "you folks don't quite understand our ways. When Prince Arthur was out our way I believe it rather hurt his feelings when the Mayor of Toronto proposed his health in that fashion, but it's always done at public banquets."

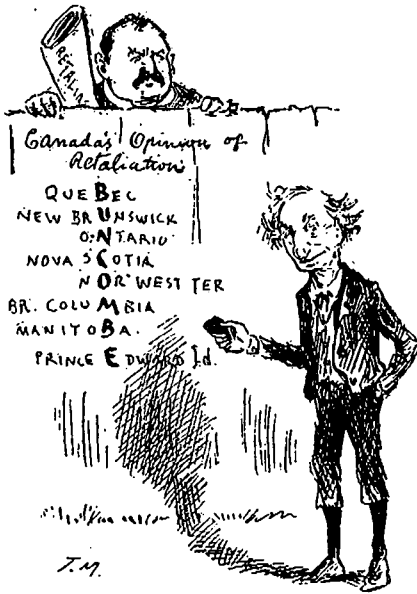
"Most extraordinary!" said the Canon, "and my son, you say, is doing well."

"You bet your life, Colonel; he's a leading citizen. As you are already aware, he is a distinguished author. It was my pleasure to assist him in bringing out his book. But literature, you see, is not self-supporting with us, and he has been obliged to turn his attention in more practical directions. He has been engaged of late in the manufacture of artificial ears and noses."

"Artificial ears and noses!" exclaimed the Canon; "is it possible that there can be any great demand for them?"

"Of course, an immense demand. You see, many of our people lose their ears and noses by reason of the intense cold, which during the winter averages 50 below zero. Many others have them chewed off in fights."

"Oh, ah, very natural," replied the Canon, "one finds it difficult to realize American customs. Certainly people in America must often lose their ears. And does my son take part in public affairs?"



"WHAT IT SPELLS."

"Well, I should smile. He's president of our Toronto Vigilance Committee, and bosses our necktie socials on Gallows Hill. You see we generally find it necessary to lynch somebody every week. I suppose you in England would be horrified at the idea, but society has to be preserved somehow."

"Yes, I suppose that in a wild and uncultured community it may be a necessary recourse in the absence of regular tribunals," replied Canon Duxter, dubiously.

"And he has been taking an active part in politics. You see the Indians have been troublesome lately, so last election it was agreed that instead of counting votes, the candidate whose friends brought in most Indian scalps should be declared elected to Parliament."

"Oh, really, what a peculiar proceeding!" said the Canon.

"Well, yes, it wasn't just according to Hoyle, you know, but we had to do something when a man couldn't hardly stroll outside the corporation limits without getting stuck full of arrows. So both parties agreed to the scheme, and instead of making campaign speeches, the whole town turned out against the Indians, and killed a few hundred of them. Your son brought in three scalps. The Tory candidate won by a small majority. The Grits, however, made a great outcry about having bogus scalps rung in on them."

"Are your American elections often conducted on this principle?" asked the Canon.

"Oh, yes, quite frequently. There's one great drawback, however. Party feeling runs high, and if it happens that they don't find any Indians to shoot, they often begin shooting each other. I have known cases in which both candidates have been killed in the course of the campaign. Those who are conversant with your son's admirable marksmanship predict a brilliant political future for him."

"The information you have given me," said the Canon, "is indeed interesting and curious. I am exceedingly glad you have called. To-morrow I give a dinner party to the leading gentry of the neighborhood, and I have much pleasure in extending an invitation to you. We

are getting up a course of lectures here, and if you could give us one at an early date on 'Real Life in America,' embodying such facts as you have imparted in our brief conversation, it would be much appreciated."

I took in the dinner party, of course, and gave 'em all the talk they wanted about Indians and buffaloes, cold weather and blizzards. Before we separated I struck the Canon for £20 on telling him that some funds I had written for were unaccountably delayed and had probably been scooped by train-robbers, as often happens in America. I am now thinking up some good sensational lies for my lecture. I've bought a slouched hat and a cheap revolver and bowie knife, so as to appear in character. Guess I've struck a good racket this time. Anyway it'll see me through till I can raise enough to get back.

As I said before, this is no country for a white man. It rains three days out of four, the streets are all cut on the bias, and run every which way, and the matches won't strike on the seat of your pants. So long in the interim.

THE FAKIR.

AN EXTRAORDINARY DEVICE.

HERE is an item, taken from the Montreal Gazette, as it appeared in the Empire:—

"At noon word was brought to Mr. Lepine's committee rooms that a well-known merchant on St. Andre street had fitted up a room in the rear of his establishment with wigs, false beards, costumes, paint, etc.; in short a full equipment of disguises to enable them to telegraph votes."

To what base uses! Instances are on record where wigs and things have been employed to personate voters. But the idea of associating such artifices with the noble art of telegraphy is new. What if there were an election appeal—you could compel the production of the telegrams, if the general manager had not burnt them. But how could you secure the presence of the wigs, false beards, costumes, etc., by which these telegrams were despatched! It is an infamous outrage—to say nothing at all about the peculiarity of "telegraphing votes" in this *in propria persona*, ballot-box age.

THE BURSTED BUSTLE.

IN the *News* last Saturday was a nice little poem, the latter part of which was printed in this way:—

And I can wait until this word is spoken,
That finishes for me my half-lived tail.

—Bessie Chanler, in *Christian Union*.

From this it would appear that the gentle poetess was quite patient in the hands of her dress-maker. "Seemingly she wore one of the patent air-inflated kind, and it went off prematurely; whereupon she hired a *modiste* to take the thing away, and the operation was somewhat slow. Certain physiologists assure us that at one time human beings had caudal appendages, but wore them off short sitting around so much on chairs. But of course the poetess has no reference to physiological data in her meek and plaintive ode on "the tail." Bustles are bothersome things, oh, Bessie! When they live only half their guaranteed life, there is precedent for suing the manufacturer for disappointment and damage arising therefrom.

MRS. GULLY supposes when a man can't leap over the track, one may call it a fatal frog. She used to play the game herself when a child.



CHAPLEAU LOVING THE WORKINGMAN.

THE HUMORIST AT THE BREAKFAST TABLE.



"How is the real estate market? I can not really state. I notice, however, that all the way up Yonge Street the land rises. By the way, why do the speculators continually increase the price of their lots?"

"Because," said the law student, who has lately been reading 'Progress and Poverty,' "the value of land increases with the growth of population, and consequently the community is taxed to pay unearned increment to the monopolists."

"Adam Smith says—," began the Scotchman, when I, somewhat impatiently, I fear, cut him short, foreseeing that if once they got into a discussion on political economy a first-class joke would be nipped in the bud.

"The reason is that they want to take a rise out of the purchaser. See?"

"Humph," said the Scotchman, "canna ye talk sensibly mon, an' no fash us wi' sic eediotic trash."

"Talk sensibly? Why, cert! Here goes. The course of Gen. Boulanger must be considered exceedingly reprehensible and fraught with possibilities of disaster to the public welfare. Portents of reaction point to a recrudescence of politico-social elements calculated to imperil the harmonious progression which has latterly appeared to culminate. When we consider the imminent juxtaposition in which hostile though perhaps latent forces are at times placed, and the constitutional difficulties which present grave entanglements, the future is pregnant with developments that can only be avoided by a statesman-like moderation but too rare in those whose short-lived popularity depends upon a *tour de force*. Boulanger is the product of intellectual petrification in an age of social effervescence."

"Just so," said a middle-aged, reflective looking personage, who had hitherto taken little part in the conversation. "Very well put. I entirely agree with you."

"Its jist my opeenion," said the Scotchman.

"It's all right, I s'pose," remarked the law student, "but I really don't exactly see what you're driving at."

"No? Neither do I," I replied, "nor does anybody else, I imagine. I don't suppose there are half a dozen people in Toronto, able editors included, who could tell you who Boulanger is or what he wants to do, or give an intelligent reason for condemning or approving his course. All the same, the newspapers have 'sensible'—that is to say, dull and ponderous—articles upon him, and the public no doubt take them for gospel. Some of you seem to object to my flippant style of discourse. Well, I can talk editorial to you by the yard about reciprocity and retaliation, coercion in Ireland, the prospects of a general European war, the lost Ten Tribes, or in fact any subject you like to mention. But to expect me to know anything more than the general run of writers do upon these subjects is too much."

"He's got the joke on you this time," said smart Aleck to the Scotchman.

"Who wrote Shakespere? Alas! vainly do we cypher a solution. If 'twas not Bacon it might have Ben Jonson. Eh?"

"Chest——" began smart Aleck, who had his mouth full of hash, a portion of which fortunately went down the wrong way, so that his impertinent interruption terminated in a retributive fit of coughing.

"I have been reading some French novels lately. It must be very easy to write a French novel. The ingredients are very simple. Take a jealous, middle-aged husband, a handsome young wife, a gentlemanly, idle masher and a sprightly grisette, add *portecoeheres, concierges, fiacres* and *gens d'armes* ad. lib., mix well, flavor with false sentiment and turgid rhetoric, sprinkle with essence de Boulevards, and there you have it. Have you ever read a French novel?" I asked, turning to the Scotchman.

"Na, na!" he replied, emphatically.

"Oh, you reprobate! It's about the worst of the lot. I didn't think that you had the shamelessness to own up to reading Zola's productions. By the way, how do you think his earlier volumes compare with his 'La Terre' (latter) one?"

These jokes, I'm afraid, were lost on the audience. Ours is not a literary crowd.

"Is them French novels anything like May Agnes Fleming's stories?" asked the saleslady. "She is just splendid. She must make a lot of money writing for the *Telegram*."

"Miss Fleming has for some years been laboring under the disadvantage of deadness, consequently she may be presumed to be indifferent to pecuniary considerations. The Frenchman and the Fleming, I may remark, are essentially different in their national characteristics.

"Why have we no Canadian fictionists except partisan editors? I don't know. Perhaps the impossibility of competing with authors who won't stay dead, but keep on writing for years after their decease, may partly account for it. It isn't for want of subjects. There is the Priestman tragedy in Parkdale, for instance. What a thrilling detective story could be founded on that mysterious affair. There would be a chance, too, of introducing an entirely new character in fiction—the detective who doesn't detect. The detective of the novels always displays preternatural sagacity and succeeds in bringing the criminal to justice, whereas the detective of real life is usually a wooden-headed chump. I mean to write a novel one of these days. When? Well, just as soon as I can get enough ads. for the cover and fly leaves to secure the cost of publication. I may not be able to emulate Rider Haggard in blood-curdling sensations, but the scene will be laid in a locality that ought to satisfy the popular demand for gore. Where is it? Why, the Gore of Hamilton! That ought to fetch 'em.

"Another cup of tea, if you please. Thanks. Some say that we drink too much tea, but our landlady looks so well after our health that we only get it fortnightly."

"Oh, how can you say so, sir," said the landlady, indignantly. "I am sure you have it every morning and evening."

"It is fortnightly all the same. Don't you see—*two-weekly*."

There was a moment of silence and then a hearty round of applause.

If the car-strikers in Chicago carry on much more, the police will make them carrion for the undertakers to carry off.

MRS. GULLY says the way bread is rising goes against her grain. She wouldn't mind an extra mill or two; but who ever heard of scents in that kind of flower?

THE convicts in Kingston Penitentiary are allowed the free use of razors. They might be tempted to use them freely, if the guards offered them much chin.

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TORONTO OPERA HOUSE.

At the Toronto Opera House, Mr. N. S. Wood began a week's engagement on Monday, in his successful play, "The Waifs of New York." Mr. Wood is supported this season by an exceptionally strong company and carries special scenery for each act. Among the prominent scenes shown are the great "Harlem Railroad Bridge," "Castle Garden at Sundown," "The Tombs Police Court," and the grand fire scene at the end of the play.

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DIVIDEND NO. 59.

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of five per cent. on the capital stock of the company has been declared for the current half-year, payable on and after **SATURDAY, THE FIRST DAY OF DECEMBER NEXT**, at the office of the company, Church Street. The transfer books will be closed from the 17th to the 30th November, inclusive. By order of the Board. **S. C. WOOD, Manager.**
TORONTO, 24th October, 1888.

The Bank of Toronto

DIVIDEND NO. 65.

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of **FOUR PER CENT.** for the current half-year (being at the rate of eight per cent. per annum) upon the paid-up capital of the bank has this day been declared, and that the same will be payable at the bank and its branches on and after

Saturday, the First Day of December Next
The transfer books will be closed from the 16th to the 30th day of November, both days included.
By order of the Board.
(Signed) **D. COULSON, Cashier.**
The Bank of Toronto,
Toronto, October 24th, 1888. }

IMPERIAL BANK OF CANADA

DIVIDEND NO. 27.

Notice is hereby given that a dividend at the rate of eight per cent. per annum upon the capital stock of this institution has been declared for the current half-year, and that the same will be payable at the bank and its branches on and after

Saturday, the 1st Day of Dec. Next.
The transfer books will be closed from the 17th to the 30th November next, both days inclusive.
By order of the Board.
D. R. WILKIE,
Cashier.
TORONTO, 25th October, 1888.

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Thursday, the Fifteenth Day of November next,

For the several works and materials, labor, etc., required for and in the erection and construction of the proposed New Upper Canada College Building.

Tenders must be on the printed forms to be obtained at this department, and must be signed with the actual signature of every person tendering (including each member of the firm), followed by their post office address; and with all the blanks in the forms properly filled in.

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted bank cheque, payable to the order of the Minister of Education for the sum of Five Thousand Dollars, which will be forfeited if the party tendering declines or fails to enter into a contract based upon such tender when called upon to do so. Where the party's tender is not accepted the cheque will be returned.

For the due fulfilment of the contract, satisfactory security will be required on real estate or money, or satisfactory approved securities to the amount of ten per cent. on the bulk sum, to become payable under the contract (the amount of the above mentioned cheque may be taken as part of said security).

To each tender must be attached the actual signatures of at least two responsible and solvent persons, residents of Ontario, willing to become sureties for the carrying out of these conditions, and the due fulfilment and performance of the contract in all particulars.

The plans and specifications can be seen in the Reception Room of the Parliament Buildings, on Front Street, from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. each week day.

The department will not be bound to accept the lowest or any tender.

GEORGE W. ROSS,
Minister of Education.

Education Department (Ontario) }
Toronto, 23rd October, 1888. }

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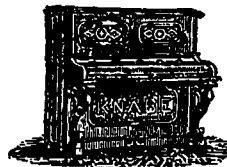
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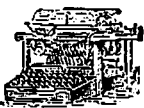
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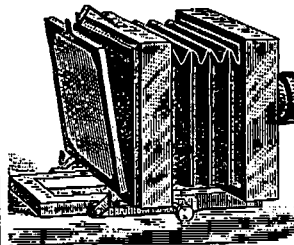


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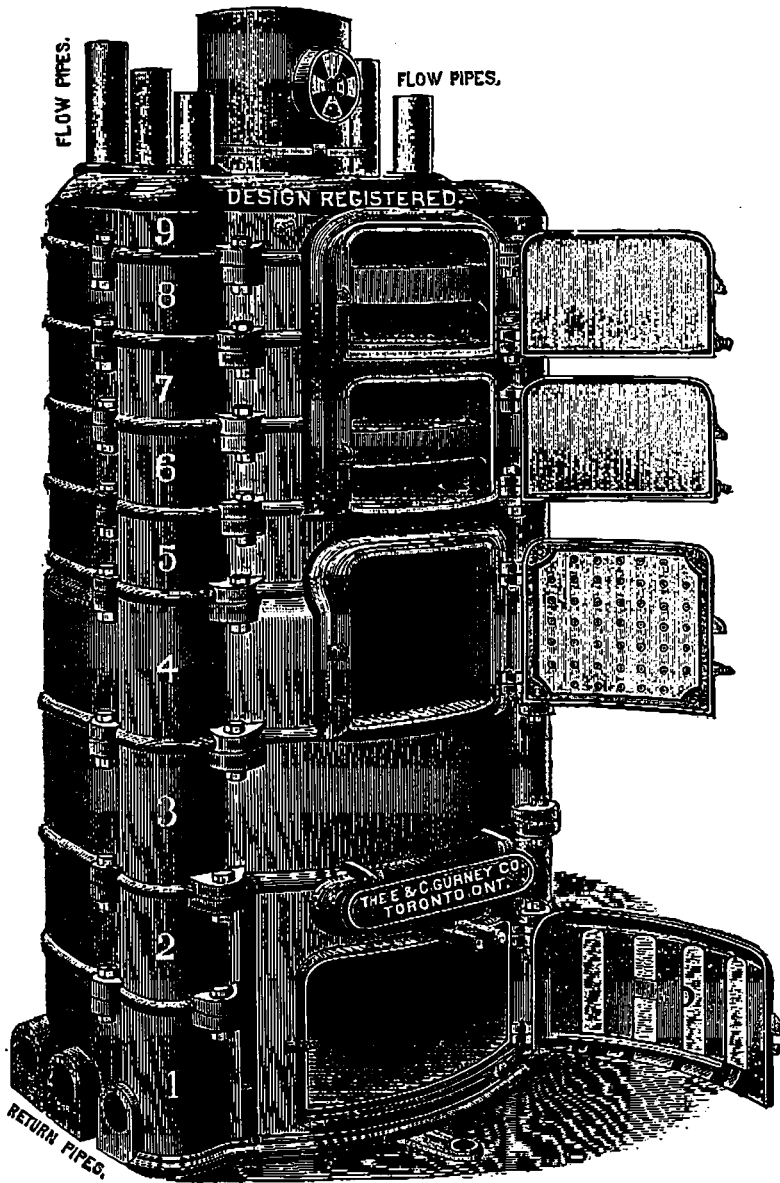
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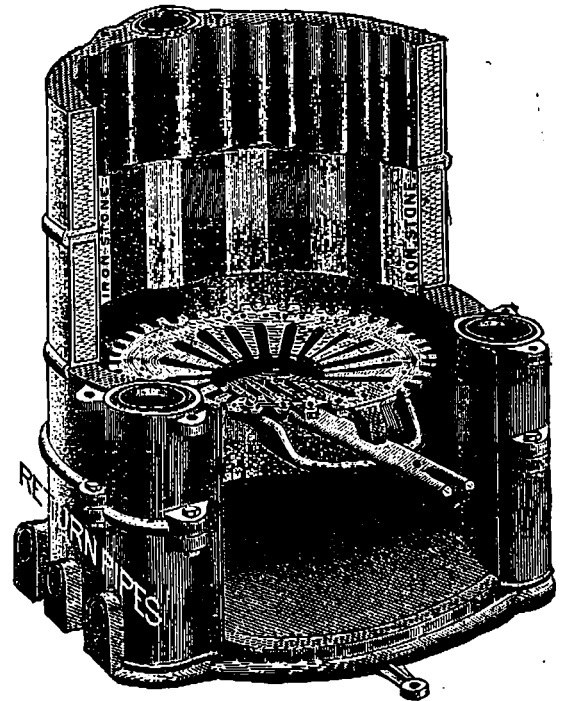
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