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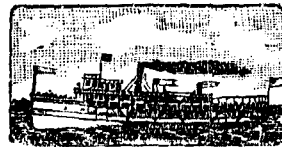
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The Railway and Steamboat Times, December 11th, 1893, says: "Science has only begun. Many things undiscussed up to the present date, one in particular being a cure for baldness or falling hair."

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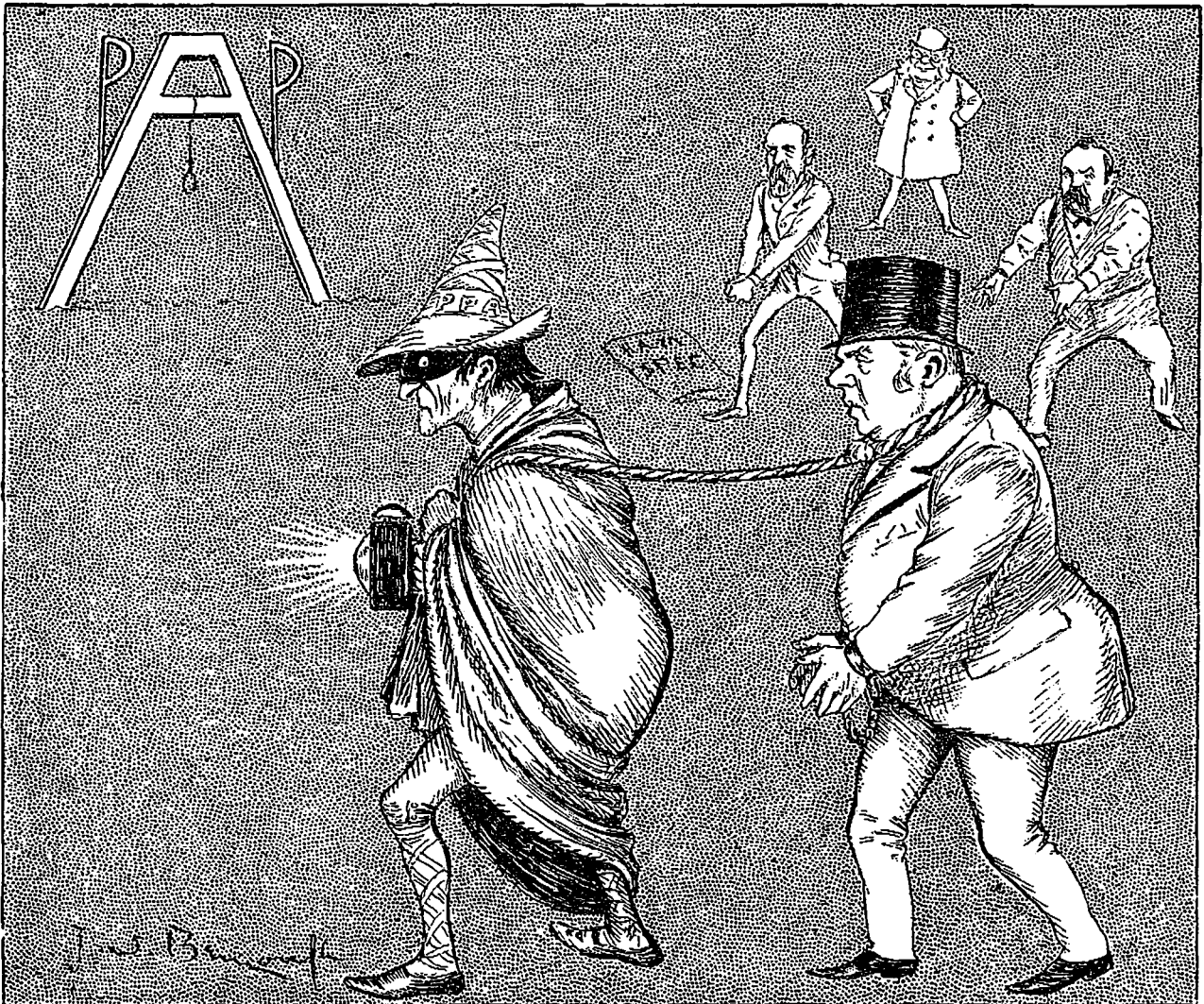
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No. 1074

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No. 26.



**A MODERN CASE OF HAMAN AND MORDICAI.**

The Scaffold was Erected for Mowat, but Thompson may be its First Victim, after all. Now mark the distress of the *Empire* and *Spectator* Editors!



**SEE THAT HUMP ?**

If this hump-backed style of riding  
Is to always hold its sway,  
Better fifty years of walking  
Than a cycle of to-day.

*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

**"WHEN IS WOMAN AT HER BEST ?"**

II. NEGATIVE.

**B**UT it is not only what woman does and what she is, that commands our admiration and compels our praise, there is a long list of what we may call her *negative* virtues, when we think of what she does *not* do, and of what she is *not*, we appreciate her all the more.

For instance, she does not intrude irrelevant remarks and absurdly inquisitive questions into her conversations. She never wonders where anybody has been at this time of night? never cares, indeed, about the time of night or day either; never wonders whether somebody called at the butcher's (butcher's indeed!) never asks if that letter has been posted yet, or is still in somebody's great coat pocket? and she never announces in a voice of calm despair that the landlord has been and says that unless the rent is paid before Saturday he will send the bailiff in.

And then her hopes; whatever they are, they are buried in her delightful little bosom. She never thinks of hurling them like missiles at people who come in tired and weary on rainy days. No; she never hopes that they have wiped their feet, or insists that they will put on dry socks. No one ever heard her hope to goodness that you haven't invited those Smiths to dinner, when there isn't a thing in the house, or hope to gracious that it will be wet on Saturday and the Tomlinson's won't be able to come; while there still seems to be vibrating somewhere in the air, "Oh, I *do* hope it will be fine and that you'll be sure to come."

Neither can anyone imagine her pursuing a sad visaged man along a passage, down the steps, and out to the gate, keeping up a fusillade of hopes at his devoted head; hopes, that he'll be sure to order the meat,—a boiling piece, mind,—and not all bone, and send it early, and that he won't forget Sarah's shoes, or she won't be able to go out this evening, and tell the iceman to call, and pay the tinsmith's bill, or he'll be calling again, and bring Charlie's book, and don't be late; no, who can imagine her doing all this as we gaze at her clear, honest, trusting eyes, and as she sucks her mite of a thumb *pour passer le temps*, this placid summer day?

"*Non Angli sed angeli*," remarked the tawny Romans when they first saw what English complexions and blue eyes were like; but how much more pertinent is the saying when applied to the English or Canadian damsel of the witching age of eight or nine months; for what can for a moment compare with the almost translucent skin, the delicate yet healthy tints that have no rivals in the realm of nature; for neither roses, nor lilies, nor pearls, nor diamonds, can really bear comparison with woman physically at her best, at nine month's old; and the two little teeth shining in the coral guns, ah! take your pearls elsewhere, they are

not wanted here; as well compare the hard, stony glitter of the diamond with the soft lustre of her eyes, as the product of the cold blooded oyster with those living gems that girls and women rave over, and that men appreciate quite as much but not so noisily.

For mark, among the other virtues and sweet influences of woman at her best is the negative one of not feeling jealous herself, or giving rise to jealousy. None adore her more than her own sex; they esteem it a privilege to carry her about, and an honor and delight to kiss her. Her little open-mouthed kiss so freely given is a delight to girls and a precious boon to women. It is true, untutored boys object, and men of many cares manage to worry along without it, but who at all times properly appreciates his blessings? "Matchless for the complexion," says a celebrated sweet singer of somebody or other's soap, but our sweet singer (who, by the way, never gives testimonials at so much a line while she is at her best mentally and physically), requires no artificial aid. It is only at a later stage, when she has passed her vernal prime, that her toilet table is to be found covered with ingenious but not ingenuous devices for heightening her charms and lowering her truthful simplicity.

To those (if, after reading the above, such there be), who still remain unconvinced that nine months is the perfect age for woman, I would say, observe her when, this happy period passed, she begins to wane, to decline and fall, as it were, like the noted Roman Empire as pointed out by the illustrious Gibbon, and compare the later stages of her career with that placid and peaceful time ere yet she had learned to scold! First among the destructive influences comes discontent, combined with ambition. No longer content to lie and calmly contemplate the ceiling or whatever may be in front of her, she wants to crawl about in everybody's way. Then she climbs up by chairs, which tumble over with her, then upstairs and rolls back and down again. Urged on by those who should know better, she tries to walk, and declines and falls again, and at length succeeding, she is more in the way than ever, though not so much as she will be. She catches at objects that are not suitable for catching at, and more falls take place; table cloths and china, flower pots and water jugs; and peace folds her tent like the Arabs and noisily steals away.

Then there comes an interval of deceitful quiet, during what may be called the doll age, when fictitious personages vicariously undergo the troubles before meted out to her elders. But during this apparent calm, the dreadful ideas of dress and fashion are being instilled, accompanied by notions of caste and class pride, when the poor old ragged doll becomes the handmaid and servant of the new and shining one bought at Xmas. Sometimes this period is



Jul 13

**"A PIECE DE RESISTANCE."**



**MATHEMATICALLY EXACT.**

**THE PATIENT**—"Docthor, sure I feel worse afther thim powthers ye gev me."

**THE DOCTOR**—"Did you take it strictly as I ordered?"

**THE PATIENT**—"Well, in a manner av spakin', yes. Ye said I was to take as much as I cud put on a foive cint piece every hour. I hadn't a foive cent piece in the house, so I tuck as much as a wan-cent piece would howld ivery twelve minutes be the clock!"

lengthened into the school age, when troubles may be said to come thickly; but all the time farther and farther back lies the day when woman was at her best mentally and physically.

During and after the school age, more dreadfulness takes place, more noise and worry, more suffering being stored up for those whom it may concern, as the auctioneers say. In addition to puzzling her small brains with sums, algebra, geography, and a lot of nonsense of which she knows too much already, she "takes" art, and behold the staring copies of startling chromos she carries to her long suffering home; she "takes" elocution, or in other words she learns to scold in capital letters, to feign fictitious sorrows and hysteric joys, as if she were not artful enough already; and to crown all, as a matter of course, she "takes" music,—takes it by the quart, by the gallon, so to speak, and when she goes home, her poor sick mother faintly asks, "are there any pianos in heaven," then, when they answer "No," remarks, "Oh, then let me die and go there!"

Let us draw the curtain over this harrowing scene, and watch awhile the fresh victims that come beneath her sway. Who is this with hair parted in the middle and a chrysanthemum in his buttonhole, that, in his freshness and verdant youth, takes the charming maiden at her face value? To him, alas, the chromos are high art; the music softens his feelings; the elocution almost makes him cry; but why go on? The subject is too painful. Anyone may see how far we are getting from woman at her best and quietest, and it would be a pity to disturb the impression of her calm innocence and delightful beauty, when she ruled by virtue of her very helplessness, and all properly constituted minds were glad to serve under her beneficent sway, by describing the ever widening circles of her inveigling and insinuating cajoleries by means of which she stoops to conquer. But I think I may appeal at least to the male mind to admit that I have made out my case, and may write without conceit *quod erat demonstrandum.* T. M.

**MOWAT MUST GO**—on with his work at the Attorney-General's office.

**SUSANNAH AT OTTAWA.**

OTTAWA, June 18th, 1894.

**T**HERE'S been a circus to town, one of them greatest shows on earth that seem to be pretty numerous. It's a caution, but some female wimmen in giddy clothes, and a few muzzy-looking men will get a bigger crowd in quicker time than anything else. It seems more drawing—I don't think circuses are much in with your religion, but they're dreadful chummy with your human nature. Now I ain't nothing to complain of folks going to see circuses or circus processions for I stood around till I got tired and then sat on somebody's steps till the whole concern had come and gone. I don't believe they ought to leave their youngsters to home, but it's about time big grown-up people stopped excusing themselves by saying they only took Johnny to see the animals. Us spinsters have a way of seeing through these married folks which seems to be denied to themselves somehow. That's often struck me as real queer.

Waiting round to see elephants and camels, the men that were running for elections were busy seeing that everlasting man they're mostly always after. He was there several hundred thick and kept the candidating fellers pretty busy. Right beside me was a little boy and his ma. He hadn't even fuzz on his face, and he was mighty anxious, 'bout the procession. Pretty soon a man steps up to him—(nice-looking dapper man, gray stovepipe hat, gray clothes, gray-ish, croppy, whiskers and rosy sort of face) and says he to the youngster "Have you a vote?"

"Yes."

"Well, I want you to give it to me."

"I'm going to," he said kinder blushing over with the modesty connected with his maiden vote. I looked at him again. He looked bigger, but my, he was an inexperienced chap, and I only hope his ma had trained him up as well's she could.

One of them real hot days I went up into the blue haze that's always hanging around them Leurentian Hills. They've seemed to be kinder beckoning me ever since I come here to Ottawa. You go nine miles and then you're in among 'em; then you go fifty miles and you're at the end of the railway track. Such a railroad for kinks as it is, There's a dreadful lot of squeak, squack, squee-eech—worse'n the trolley down to Rockliffe, but it's fine scenery



**AMBIGUOUS.**

**LOCAL POET**—"Has the editor read the verses I sent in day before yest-erday?"

**OFFICE BOY**—"I dunno; maybe he has. But he's home sick in bed anyhow."



**A PART OF THE COSTUME.**

**SHE**—I suppose you are quite an expert at tennis.  
**HE**—Oh, dear, no; *I never* play. The racket goes with the outing suit, don't you know.

If the privilege of gloating over the fate of Erastus Wiman were restricted to those who had ever done one twentieth of the good he has done in the world there wouldn't be any gloaters to gloat.

THEY are going to settle the great coal question soon, through the medium of the tax on land values. At present the owners of the coal fields are taxed at a merely nominal rate, and can therefore afford to hold the land out of use. They say to the assessors — "it's merely wild land." But the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, speaking for the whole people, replies, Yes it's wild land, but its *mine!*

ONE of the most determined opponents of Woman Suffrage in the States is Dr. Lyman Abbott. Though a man of liberal views in doctrinal matters, on this question he lives up to his name. No Abbott of the King Arthur age could have had

all the way up, and when you get to Pickanock, my land, the tavern keeper's got scenery right in his back yard. The mountains go up behind, quite a way up, too. It takes a good deal of puffing to get up, but when you do, you can see considerable of the everlasting hills, blue canopy, dotting villages and all that goes with the scenery. There's fishing, but the fish weren't in season when I was there, and the skeeter bugs were. So were wild strawberries and the air was so fresh and the woods were so green and cool that it minded me of my farm days. It's good to have lived on a farm for one thing. You know just how much farm folks enjoy their hills and fields and beauties of water. You know pretty positive they aint got time. 'Taint much to know, but it keeps you from feeling down-trodden 'cause you can't live on a farm where there's beautiful trees to lie under all day and all that.

They had one big sensation in the House this week — a regular startler. It was this way. You see there's a proper law that's supposed to keep members from getting their hands into the Government's old stocking. Sometimes folks get around that law, letter and spirit both. Sometimes they smash the meaning, and get let be, about the actual reading of it. Well, Mr. Corby did it unbeknownst, and he stood up like a man and gave the speaker his resignation. He'd come up from Montreal special to do it, soon's he heard about his having sold some stuff to the Government. It was a kind of P.P.C. call he made, and I feel real bad about it. He aint my politics but I do hope they fix it all up, seeing he couldn't be supposed to look after all his hired men in a big business concern like his.

There's been some fussing about that Georgetown Post-office. It seems to be minded by a woman with a man drawing the salary. They appear to think it isn't a square thing to the man who had it before. It's a mighty lot more unjust to the woman who's got the heft of the work now.

SUSANNAH.

**FROM SHAKESPEARE TO HER MAJESTY.**

"Now is the winter of our discontent  
 Made glorious summer by this Son of York."

less confidence in Womankind.

**L.L.D.—LIGHT, LIBERTY, DEVOTION.**

Trinity University conferred the degree of L.L.D. upon the Earl of Aberdeen at its recent convocation, and in the speech which he made on the occasion the new doctor gave a prescription which we commend to the attention of the P.P.A. in the following terms:

"The suggestion of breadth, of course, had reference to the importance of a comprehensive, tolerant and sympathetic spirit. I hope that this university will ever be a centre, not only of learning, but of light, especially in regard to the spirit and tone to which I have referred — a spirit of toleration; not of the sort that may arise from indifferentism, or from the absence of a definite hold upon those cardinal truths which the founders and governors of the university desired to recognize and maintain, but rather that charitable spirit which will wish above all things to secure that no distinctive doctrine or creed should in any way act as a disability or hindrance to the fullest exercise of rights and privileges. (Great applause.) Such a spirit, while becoming and appropriate in the case of a university, is, of course, not less essential as a characteristic of a country as a whole, if that country is to make full use of its opportunities, and to extend its development and prosperity and usefulness."

**FOLLOWING SUIT.**

"I merely throw out these suggestions," said the editor's correspondent at the close of a long epistle.

"So do I," muttered the editor, as he tossed the manuscript into the waste paper basket.

**A BRIGHT KID.**

The chairman of the Botanical sub-Section of the Biological Section of the Canadian Institute having offered a prize of \$50 for the best scientific conundrum, has just paid the amount to Master Wilbur Starr, of Parkdale. It was worth twice the money. Here it is. What is the difference between an orchid and an or'nary kid?

Answer: — There is *nary* difference.

THE OLD HOSS WINS AGAIN!





**THE PLAINT OF THE CHRONICALLY TIRED.**

UNEMPLOYED SOLILOQUY—"It's hard work to make a living without working for it."

**ANOTHER LETTER FROM MR. FOGARTY.**

BOULDER, Colorado, 1894.

Misther GRIP, Sorr,

I write to let ye know that I am well in body and sowl, hoping yez are the same. I was tellin' yez in me last about the grate methropolis av Dinver. Well, it wasn't long I was there till I found meself thravelin' across the plains toords the mountaines where the gowld mines is. Bedad, I hadn't travelled many laques till I persaves somethin' white lyin' on the grass. 'What's that,' sez I to meself. Afther conjecthurin' some time I sees what it is, an' I sez, sez I, it's a skilliton, sez I. Some poor divil av a miner like meself, sez I, has fallen a victim to his thirst for gowld, sez I. A little whiskey wud have been more satisfyin', sez I, but it's too late now, sez I.

Rest yer sowl, sez I, for I haven't time to give yez a daint burial, sez I. Wid that I takes a drop o' the craythur meself, an' was thravelin on whin I sees the head av the skillitin, an' a grate big jaw sich as only wan man in the world could have carried in his head. Ochone, sez I, sure an it must be the skilliton av me owld companion in arms O'Hoolihan, the same that helped me to lick thim divils av Doherties at the Kilknockan fair, an' me expectin' to foind him at the mines dressed in cloth av gowld. Begorra, if I sthops long here, sez I, its a skilliton I'll be meself before I die, sez I, but I can't lave yer bones like this, Barney dear, sez I. So I ups an' digs an excavation wid me bit av a knife an' burries me owld frind's bones, and sez a prayer for his sowl, an' dhrinks his health in rale Irish whiskey. Bedad, I hadn't gone ten rods toords the mountains whin I sees another skilliton just like the first. Howly Patrick, sez I, it's Barney's brother, sure, but I can't sthops now, sez I, I'll come back, sez I to the skilliton, but here's to yer health in the mane time sez I. Begorra, it wasn't a mile further I had gone till I sees fifty av thim same skillitons. It must have been a grate darrth, sez I, that killed so many foine min, sez I. Sowls av the departed, sez I, pardon yer humble sarvint for not havin' time to perform yer burial rites today, but whin I come back from the mines it's an army av soldiers I'll lave to bury yez all, sez I.

It was a bowld spache, but me legs was thremblin' an whin I started to run I couldn't sthops till I rached the mountains. Begorra the first man I meets whin I begins to climb thim everlastin' hills was Barney O'Hoolihan, himsilf, comin' down wid a bag av gowld. Ministers av grace! sez I, wid a thremblin' in me voice an' me legs, is it yersilf or yer ghost, Barney, sez I. Its mesilf, Mike, sez he, an glad I am to see yez here, sez he. Barney, sez I, what's yer skillitin doin' on the plains, sez I, for its not five hours since I burned it there? sez I. Micky dear, sez he, thim plaines is covered wid skillitins intirely, sez he, its

cows an' calves an' the loike they are, sez he. The divil, sez I, for I was dumfoundhered into usin' profanity. The divil, sez I, wanst more, here's to yer health, Barney, an' oblivion to all skillitins, sez I. Barney has presarved silence in respect av cows iver since, fer he knowed the heft av me shilala be previous expayrience.

In course av time I rached the mines where I have had a most divarsified expayrience. Among other observazions, I have remarked that me fellow Americans are not throubled wid too much civility to sthrangers. Wan time I went to the sthore an' ordhered a bag av paraties, an' whin I was goin' out the gosson sez, sez he, what'll I do wid yer paraties? sez he. Sind thim to the house, sez I. What house? sez he. The house where I live, sure, sez I. Where do ye live thim? sez he. Bedad I've answered enough av yer impartinint quistions, sez I, an' if yez asks any more I'll brake yer head, sez I. Sind thim paraties to the right place, sez I, or it'll be the worse for ye, yez I. The spalpeen got white in the face but bedad the nixt mornin' thim paraties were at me door all the same, showin' that I knowed how to make mesilf respected in the community.

I'll lave aff for the present, Misther Grip, wishin' yez the compliments av the sayson an jist sign mesilf.

Yours truly,

MICHAEL FOGARTY.

**THE BOARDER'S SUGGESTION.**

She served stewed prunes for supper,  
Seasoned with many a hair;  
The boarders sniffed, and pulled, and picked  
And felt inclined to swear.  
She vowed she "couldn't make it out,"  
She "washed 'em, then she stoned 'em,"  
"And then," the angry boarder cried,  
"By Jove, you should have *combed 'em.*"

Cassel Burt.

A story is told of an Irishwoman who visited a dress-maker to get a dress made to wear at her husband's funeral.

After the style of dress had been determined upon, the dressmaker asked, "Now, what kind of trimming do you wish?"

"Trimmins!" exclaimed the woman excitedly. "I don't want thim at all at all; shure thim's what Pat died wid."



**OCCUPATION.**

SCHOOLMA'M—"And what does your father do?"  
NEW BOY—"He drinks."



CLERICAL INTERFERENCE.

My Dear Muster GRUP.

I T was shoost so true ass I would told you off it the way that the elections would turn out. Our side was the victorious wan so much ass we'll could nefer have expectet it, and more also too. Ass I'll said to my suster Flora, the day before last week, "You'll see if we don't won," and we have wonned, so we have, in spite off our munister, Mr. McSpleuchan that is a ferry goot man, a ferry goot man, inteet, put without no shoodgement at ahl at ahl in the politics, altho' whan he would undertake too the exposition of the Revelations he'll be able to go deeper and more far ayont the comprehension of us ahl, not efen leaving out Ian Ruah, than no other munister you heard told off it in ahl your porn tays, morcofer. Pesides, I would like to know, so I would, what for any munister hass the puzness to conterfere wiss the politics of his people that hass more sense off things ass he hass his own self. Says I to him wan day, says I, "Muster McSpleuchan," says I, "you have no puzness whatefer to told me and my neebours what you'll thoct apoot ta three candledates that was runnin'," says I, "it's noane off your puzness," says I, "and it would be much more petter for you," says I, "to dismeenish the countrybutions we'll be pyin'," says I, "annually efery saicund Sawbath, says I, "for the Suspension Fun," says I, "for it wass no fun at ahl, at ahl, to the congerigation," says I.

And what you'll sink, Muster GRUP, wass ahl the reply I'll got from Mr. McSpleuchan? Nossing put shoost this - "My tear Muster Gorm, you wass in the gahl off pitterness and the pond off ineequality." Then he'll drove away so ass I'll not pe able to say what more I would thoct apoot it, put that ferry nicht me and Hamish Macgregor (Dhu) and Rory Fraser (Cambeul) and Duncan Colquhoun off Calross, what we'll do put we'll hold a meeting in Rory's parn, wiss Macgregor Dhu in the chair, so he wass, sitting on a pushul meezure, and we passed two or three riseolutions. Wan wass passed by myownself that the Rev. Angus McSpleuchan has no puzness wiss my fote. Wan wass passed by Colquhoun (Beg) that we would ahl fote shoost so ass we would please, in spite of efery McSpleuchan or no other man or munister, in the whole off the Domcecion off Ontario. Another wann wass that we would ahl fote for the man that Muster McSpleuchan 'll told us



wass no man at ahl, at ahl. Another wass that we would get ahl the Camerons, and the Rosses, and the Sutherlands, and McDonalds, and the Sassenach Dunlops and Shaws, and many more too for by also to fote in a posseetion\* to the McSpleuchan candidate,

and the last wan wass that if Mr. McSpleuchan would not forget too mind his own affairs whatefer, we would pe looking out to give a cabll too a new munister ahltogether so we would.

So Muster GRUP this wass how ass we won the election, and I can told you that its shoost as true ass you'll sit where you would be standing this meenunt that our new member is so goot a man ass you would nefer believe it if you didn't have heard told off it, and what is more too he

[\* It is probable that Mr. Gorm here means *opposition*, but in recognition of his literary powers, we hesitate to make any change.—EDITOR GRIP.]

is a shentleman efen although he iss only a common Englishman and not wan off our ownselfes at ahl, at ahl, and he says himself too that he wass fery sorry, put he'll not be able too help it in spite of himself or he would try wiss ahl his might, so he'll told me wiss his own mooth so he



did, wan day six or five days ago whan we wass both off us taking shoost a smahl gless of whuskey or two apiece in the pack sitting-room of Peter Gonnely at McMutehkins' Corners.

Mustress Gorm says to me, says she, "Wrote to Muster GRUP that his paper we'll have too quat in some years too come yet, whan Malcolm, and Kenneth'll learn too read, for if we'll took it then the poys will pe reading it in the place of their Crammairs and their Chokeraffy books."

Your Admirer,

DONALD GORM.

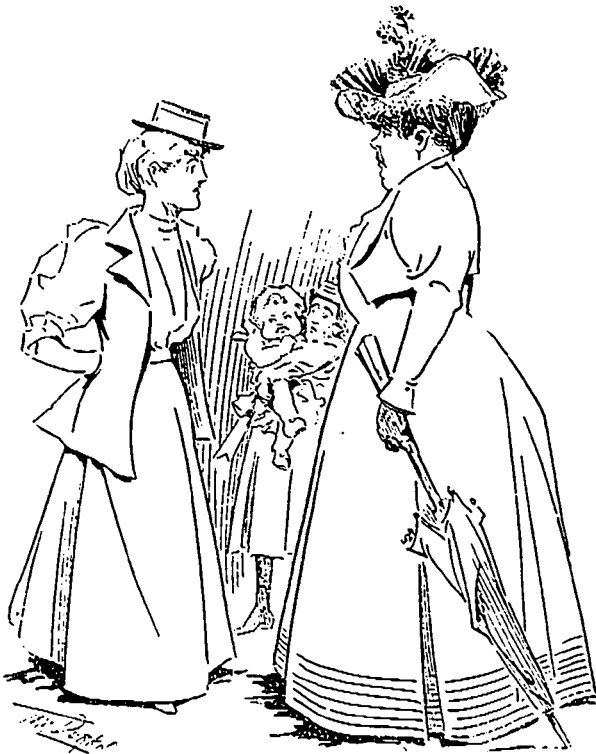
Carndannoch, June 28th, 180094.

TARIFF SONG.

We chopped the mouldering branches off  
Regardless of the pain,  
And then at very great expense  
Grafted 'em on again!



AN OVERHANGING BOUGH.



**HEARD ON THE STREET.—A FACT.**

FRIEND — “Do you always have the nurse with you when you go walking?”  
 STOUT WOMAN — “Yes, indeed, I’m much too weak to be carrying that great, heavy child about.”

**WIDOW HAYSEED’S COMPLAINT**

Don’t tell me the world gets better—don’t believe in no sech craze,—  
 Why this mornin’ that slick feller at the wicket,  
 He took my honest money—sez he, “Good for *thirty* days,”  
 And handed me a swindlin’ railroad ticket.  
 Now I’ve been to town and back, just *one* fair day’s ride,  
 Then that chap in buttons there, he keeps my ticket,  
 He sez it’s all used up, so between ‘em both they lied—  
 Then preach about the world not bein’ so wicked!

*Cascl Burt.*

“These temperance orators don’t always tell the truth,” said Gimblossom the other day. “I heard one say the other night that you couldn’t get drunk on water.” “What was there wrong about that?” he was asked. “Well,” said Gimblossom, “perhaps he meant all right, but I’ve been fishin’ enough times to know that a man can get drunk on water as easy as he can on land.”

With the present issue the Forty-First Volume of GRIP is auspiciously closed. It will be observed that in the new series, of which this is the first volume, the pages are regularly numbered. An index is in course of preparation which will be issued when ready to all subscribers.

**LOGIC.**

“Ye do be havin’ as good a wife, Dinnis, as iver dhrew the breath o’ life, an’ if she wor a widdy-wumman, it’s good raison yez wud have to be jealous iv myself, so ye wud.”

On the occasion of his jubilee, General Booth of the S.A., was cordially greeted by those other eminent military personages, General Love and General Respect.

“JORKINS is the most utterly reckless man I ever met,” said Clubleigh in an awestruck whisper, “Says he’s not going out of town, and he doesn’t care who knows it!”

GLADSTONE has once more said that it is out of the question for him to visit America. If he means the Irish Question, that’s the chief reason why he ought to make the trip.

“O, ISN’T it jolly to get away from the city for an outing in this way,” exclaimed Miss Gushington. “How lively the flies and mosquitos are, and how sweetly stuffy and hot this cute little garret is!”

We are leaving our nice city home,  
 With its coolness and comfort awhile,  
 ‘Mid flies, smells and strangers to roam,  
 —Our annual offering to stile.

A clergyman met a parishioner the other day and inquired after his welfare. “I am not getting along very well,” said the man. “I haven’t had any work for a long time.”

“Well, don’t get discouraged,” said the clergyman, cheerfully: “We must have faith in Providence.”

“That won’t do,” replied the man sadly: “faith without work isn’t worth much.”



**AN ACT OF COVETOUSNESS.**

THE BENCH (*to defendant*): “Meeting complainant in a state of complete intoxication, you struck him a murderous blow with a stick. What prompted this cowardly act?”

COMPLAINANT (*name of Hooligan*): “It was jist pure invy, yer Washup.”

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## "THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE."

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE for June is among the very best of the current monthlies in the quality, interest, and variety of its contributions. The fiction is excellent; the illustration creditable and abundant, and the descriptive and general articles very entertaining. "The Machine in Honest Hands," by Herbert B. Ames; "A Japanese View of Japan," by K. T. Takahashi; "Foot Distortion in China," by Dr. G. A. Stockwell; "How to Beautify a Home," by Mary Temple Bayard; "W. R. Meredith at Home," by Thomas E. Champion; "Little Maid Marian," a charming story by Allan Douglas Brodie; "The Silver Wedding," by W. Robertson; "The St. Lawrence Canal Route," by Allan Ross Davis, C.E.; and "The Ottawa Conference," by J. Lambert Payne, are timely and valuable contributions. The illustrated articles are, "Three Years Among the Eskimos," by J. W. Tyrrell; "In North-western Wilds," by Wm. Ogilvie, F.R.G.S.; "On St. Clair's Broad Bosom," by C. M. Sinclair; "The Safest Ships Afloat," by Henry Fry; and "Phototopography on the Alaskan Frontier," by Otto J. Klotz. Alan Sullivan, and others, contribute excellent poems. THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE is published by The Ontario Publishing Co., Ltd., Toronto, for \$2.50 per annum.

## THE HARPER HARPETH GAILY.

The distinguished Harper who occupies the presidential chair of the Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association, brought forth his instrument (figuratively speaking) at the Thirteenth Annual Meeting in New York lately, and played the following lively and exhilarating tune from the "score" of the Annual Report, viz: Insurance in force in 1893—\$24,907,065; cash and invested assets, \$3,391,750.05; reserve or emergency fund, \$3,530,326.13; death claims paid in 1893, \$2,951,855.23. In the thirteen years, total death claims paid, \$17,684,333.86. The performance was of course loudly applauded by the audience, every member of which was a happy policy holder. This record ranks the Mutual Reserve Fund at the top of the list of solid financial institutions, a fact which intending insurers should make a note of. Mr. McMurtry, the genial representative of the association in this city, will be glad to see enquirers and give any further information.

WOULDN'T this be a good time for those who have not paid for GRIP for 1894 to do so? We have sent them the paper for six months at considerable cost for paper, printing and engraving. It would be a great accommodation for us, and we trust an easement of their own consciences, if they would now enclose us a couple of dollars. These are hard times, and a newspaper cannot be run without cash. We would like still to add a large number of new names at \$1 for the remainder of the year. Our contemporaries say GRIP is better than ever. Try a half year's subscription and see. Won't our friends recommend it wherever they can?

MR. A. ANDERSON, of this city, who is making a business trip to the towns along the Canadian Pacific Railway between Toronto and Victoria, B.C., is authorized to represent GRIP and to take subscriptions and grant receipts in our name. We trust he will receive a cordial reception from GRIP's friends and be able to add many new names to our list.

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## MILITIA.

Sealed tenders for the Supply of Clothing for the Militia and Permanent Corps, comprising Tunics, Trousers, Great Coats and Caps; Militia Store Supplies and Necessaries, consisting of Boots, Gloves, Shirts, Drawers, Socks, Iron Bedsteads, Brooms, Brushes, Saddlery, Horse Blankets, etc.; Hard and Soft Coal; Hard and Soft Wood (English measure) for the heating of all Military Buildings in each of the Military Districts, will be received up to noon Thursday, 5th July, 1894. Tenders to be marked on the left-hand corner of the envelope: Tender for "Militia Clothing," "Militia Store Supplies," "Coal" or "Fuel Wood," as the case may be, and addressed to the Honorable the Minister of Militia and Defence, Ottawa.

The contracts for Clothing are to cover a period of three years from the 1st July, 1894; those for Store Supplies and Necessaries, Coal and Wood, are for one year from 1st July, 1894.

Printed forms of tender containing full particulars may be obtained from the Department at Ottawa and at the following Militia Stores, viz.: The offices of the Superintendents of Stores at London, Toronto, Kingston, Montreal, Quebec, Halifax, N.S., St. John, N.B., and Winnipeg, Man.

Every article of Clothing, Store Supplies and Necessaries to be furnished, as well as the material therein, must be of Canadian manufacture, and similar in all respects to the sealed patterns, which can be seen at the Militia Stores at Ottawa. This does not apply to material for saddlery.

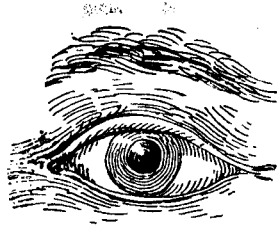
No tender will be received unless made on a printed form furnished by the Department, nor will a tender be considered if the printed form is altered in any manner whatever.

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted cheque on a Canadian Chartered Bank for an amount equal to ten per cent. of the total value of the articles tendered for, which will be forfeited if the party making the tender declines to sign a contract when called upon to do so. If the tender be not accepted the cheque will be returned.

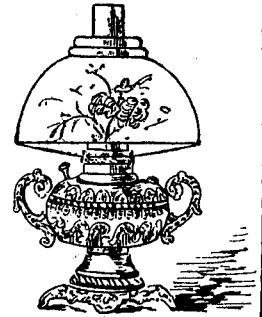
The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

A. BENOIT, Capt.,  
Secretary.

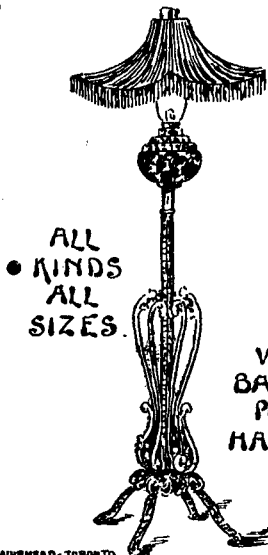
Department of Militia and Defence,  
Ottawa, 2nd. June, 1894.



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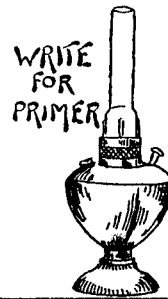
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ALL  
SIZES.



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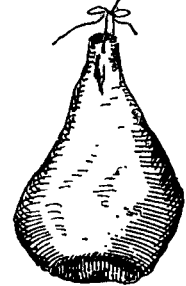


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