

LOOK AT
YOUR
LABEL
AND SEE
IF YOU
OWE FOR
GRIP
AND IF
YOU DO
PAY
WITHOUT
DELAY



EVERYBODY
SHOULD SEE
GRIP'S
CARTOONS
DURING THE
COMING
ELECTION
CAMPAIGN
SEND \$2
AND GET
GRIP
FOR A YEAR

PHOENIX PUBLISHING CO.
OFFICE: 81 ADELAIDE STREET WEST

"Yet doth he give us bold advertisement."—SHAKESPEARE.

\$2 PER YEAR. 5c. PER COPY.
SOLD BY NEWSDEALERS.

"The smith a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands,
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands."

Sinewy hands and muscles, like iron
bands, are what athletes are trying
to develop.

Johnston's

Fluid

Beef

The
Best
Athletes
of to day
use

When training, and acknowledge it to
be the best muscle-forming and
strength-giving food.



Elias Rogers & Co.

CONSUMPTION

is averted, or if too late to
avert it, it is often cured and
always relieved, by

Scott's Emulsion

the Cream of Cod-liver Oil.
Cures Coughs, Colds and
Weak Lungs. Physicians, the
world over, endorse it.

Don't be deceived by Substitutes!

Scott & Bowne, Belleville. All Druggists.
50c. and \$1.



The flowers that bloom in the Spring,
tra la,
Will come and the snow won't be missed
To sell property, the right thing, tra la
Is to put it on Williams' new list.
24 King St. East.

Send \$2.00 and Get

GRIP

For One Year.

Hart & : :
♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ Riddell

WHOLESALE AND
COMMERCIAL
STATIONERS

27 WELLINGTON STREET WEST, TORONTO

RETAIL DEPARTMENT:

12 King Street West.

THERE'S
NO
MATCH
FOR 'EM!

EDDY'S

TELEGRAPH

MATCHES.

SEE THAT
YOU
GET THEM.



STAMMERING . . .
Permanently Cured

System, Educational. Fee, payable
when cure effected. Send for
Circulars. Cure Guaranteed.

LINTON'S INSTITUTE
ROOM 64, YONGE ST. ARCADE, TORONTO
G. W. LINTON, PRINCIPAL.

Canada Paper Company

PAPER MAKERS AND WHOLESALE
STATIONERS.

MILLS :

Windsor Mills
Springvale Mills
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OFFICE AND WAREHOUSES

578 to 582 Craig St., Montreal.
15 Front St. West, Toronto.

MAX. JOHNSON & CO.

**The . . .
Printers**

78 WELLINGTON ST. WEST

. . . TORONTO . . .

TELEPHONE 2672

*The Best Equipped Job Printing House
in Canada.*

**Will it pay you
to Advertise in
Canada's Lead-
ing Educational
Periodical,**

**The
Educational
Journal ?**

J. E. WELLS, M.A., Editor and Prop'r.

**It has paid others,
Why not you ?**

Write for rates to

**THE POOLE PRINTING Co.,
(Limited.)**

8 and 10 Lombard St., Toronto.

GRIP

**Still Wants a few
Good Boys to
Sell Papers
Wherever he is
Not Represented**

SELLS LIKE HOT CAKES

Terms on Application.

What is Biz ?

It is the only paper in Canada devoted to such an important subject as advertising.

It is a little paper, but everything in it counts.

It tells you what sort of advertising pays best.

It publishes samples of clever advertising work.

It gives you clear and practical information about writing advertisements.

It contains articles on advertising by wide-awake people - articles that embody a host of useful ideas for everyday work.

Every advertiser in Canada should read it. Published monthly. \$1.00 a year. Specimen copy on application.

S. C. TRETHEWEY, PUBLISHER

57 KING ST. WEST, TORONTO

**North American
Life Assurance Company.**

Head Office, - Toronto, Ont.

PRESIDENT

J. L. BLAICKIE, Esq., President Canada Landed & National Invest. Co.

VICE-PRESIDENTS

HON. G. W. ALLEN and

J. K. KERR, Esq., Q.C.

The Compound Investment and Investment Annuity Policies of the North American Life Assurance Company contain specially advantageous features for intending insurers.

Write or make personal application for full particulars,

WM. McCABE, Managing Director

NINE WOMEN Out of ten are sufferers from physical ills, familiarly spoken of as common to their sex. Nine women out of ten will find a safe remedy for these ills in "Fern Balm," fitly termed "Woman's Friend." "Fern Balm" is a safe, pure, effective and simple remedy. Tried, tested and proven, and commended by all who've used it. One month's treatment \$1. Complete information on application to THE DR. PRICE MEDICINE COMPANY 72 HOWARD ST., TORONTO, CAN.

"I'll bet a Dollar !

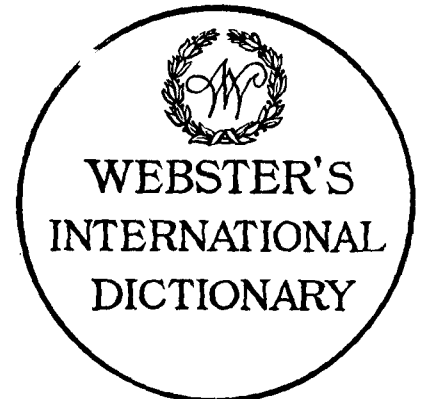
"I can tell you where you buy your coal," said a gentleman at a friend's house while spending the evening. And so he could—not mistaking the strong, even heat produced from the coal bought from the

**PEOPLE'S
COAL Co.**

Hard Coal \$5.50 a ton, delivered in bags without extra charge. Try it. Head Office : Cor. Queen and Spadina Ave. Tel. 2246.



THE NEW WEBSTER
JUST PUBLISHED—ENTIRELY NEW.



**WEBSTER'S
INTERNATIONAL
DICTIONARY**

The Authentic "Unabridged," comprising the issues of 1864, '79 and '84, copyrighted property of the undersigned, is now **Thoroughly Revised and Enlarged**, and bears the name of

Webster's International Dictionary.

Editorial work upon this revision has been in progress for over 10 Years.

Not less than One Hundred paid editorial laborers have been engaged upon it.

Over \$300,000 expended in its preparation before the first copy was printed.

Critical comparison with any other Dictionary is invited. **GET THE BEST.**

**G. & C. MERRIAM & CO., Publishers,
Springfield, Mass., U. S. A.**

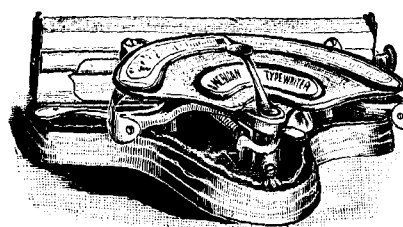
Sold by all Booksellers. Illustrated pamphlet free.

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CRAB APPLE BLOSSOMS

Perfume
Scented Toilette

Crown Lavender Salts
MADE ONLY BY THE
CROWN PERFUMERY Co.
177, New Bond Street, LONDON.



AMERICAN \$10 TYPEWRITER

Rapid, Practical, Compact, Durable. Writes Capitals, Small Letters, Numerals, Punctuation marks, &c., same as any high-priced Typewriter. Sent by Express prepaid to any address on receipt of price. Agents wanted throughout Ontario ; send stamp for terms.

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GRIP

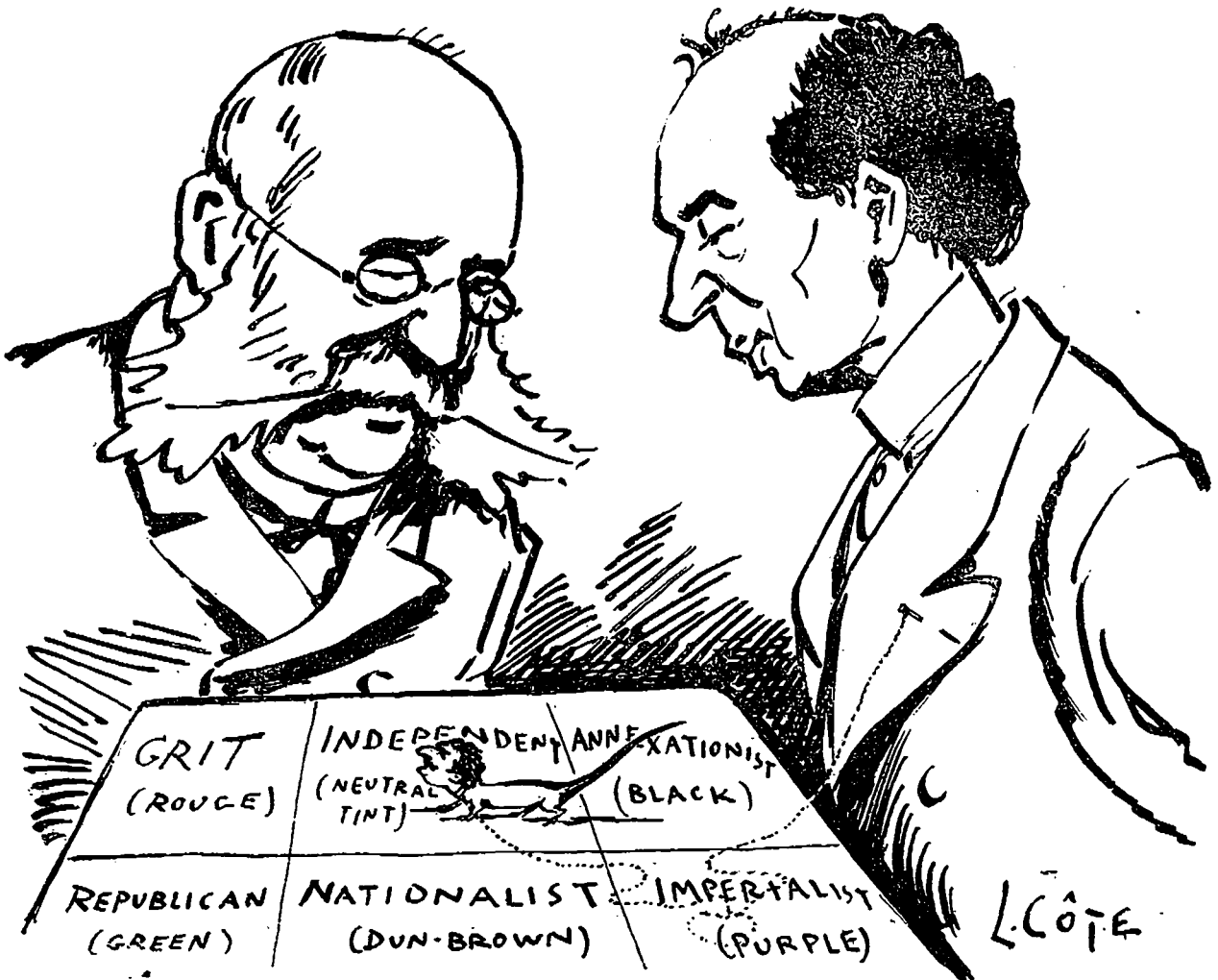
EDITED BY J. W. BENGOUGH

Vol. 41. *Literary and Artistic Contributions are Solicited. Rejected MSS. will be Returned if stamps are enclosed.*

No. 1057

The Unauthorized Reproduction of our Cartoons and Small Cuts is Prohibited in the Dominion.

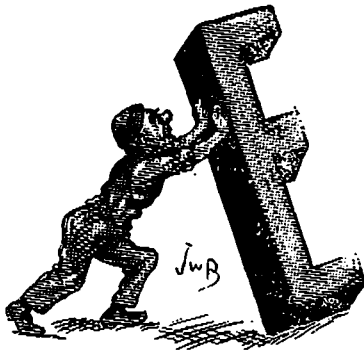
No. 9.



THE POLITICAL CHAMELEON.

"This curious creature has the mysterious property of changing its complexion to match the color it happens to rest upon."—*Vide* NATURAL HISTORY.

TALKING WITH THEIR MOUTHS.



X- PREMIER Mercier and J. Israel Tarte, that brace of irresponsible blatherskites, are at it again, doing their best to stir up the unthinking element in Quebec. It is about time that Mr. Laurier publicly disavowed all connection with these windbags, who are both popularly supposed to recognize him as their leader. Of course neither Laurier nor any

other sensible and law-abiding man whether Catholic or Protestant can have any sympathy with the frothy balderdash these two political cranks are talking on the Manitoba School Bill question. The Supreme Court having decided that the Dominion Government "cannot check Manitoba," there is nothing for any would-be interfeerer to do now but to clear the track. It is worth while to make note of the fact that the Catholic people of Manitoba are not prevented from setting up separate schools of their own if they want them, the law only says that they shan't be paid for out of the Provincial till. If such schools are so absolutely necessary, so essential to the moral and spiritual well-being of the children, surely they are worth paying for. We venture to predict, however, that before many years the Catholics of Manitoba will agree that the Public Schools, conducted on an unsectarian basis, are in every way to be preferred.

HUMORS OF THE CIVIL SERVICE.

"SERGEANT KENNEDY," said the Major, after demolishing two nice new laid eggs. "I can give you a certain method of keeping eggs from spoiling." "Why, then, Major, that would be a very handy thing to know," answered the veteran.—How—"

"O, very simple, very simple, indeed, Kennedy—eat them while they are fresh!"

MR. C.—, who has an impediment in his speech, is a general favorite, and is know as a very reliable, true-hearted man. It was therefore with some surprise that the Major was heard to say of him,—"I'm sorry, but C. can't be relied upon." "Major, don't say that," observed the sergeant, "I've know him for—" "Oh, but you surely know, Kennedy, that he is always breaking his word," interjected the Major.

"TIS A PUZZLE TO ME," remarked Mr. J., "the more I contract debts the more they expand." "That's an item of interest," chipped in G., as they walked along the corridor towards the dining room. "An item of interest!" ejaculated the Major, as all took seats at the lunch table, "here's a whole table of interest."

"WHY is electricity like the police when wanted?" asked Mr. W., looking around the table. And, promptly, Sergeant Kennedy replied after the Irish fashion, "Is it maybe because it is an invisible force?"

CURIOS INVENTION.—"That's a curious invention," observed the Major. "What?" asked the Sergeant. "The new machine to make waste," answered the Major.

THE MAJOR put the following questions, and answered them himself while loudly applauded. "When can a ship be said to be sensibly, imprudently, ridiculously, ambitiously, and boldly in love?" 1st. Sensibly—when she is attached to a man of war. 2nd. Imprudently—when borne along by a great swell. 3rd. Ridiculously—when in the company of a small boy (buoy). 4th. Ambitiously—when making up to a peer (pier). 5th. Boldly—when running after a smack.

IN MEMORIAM.



JOSEPH KEPPLER

ARTIST OF "PUCK."

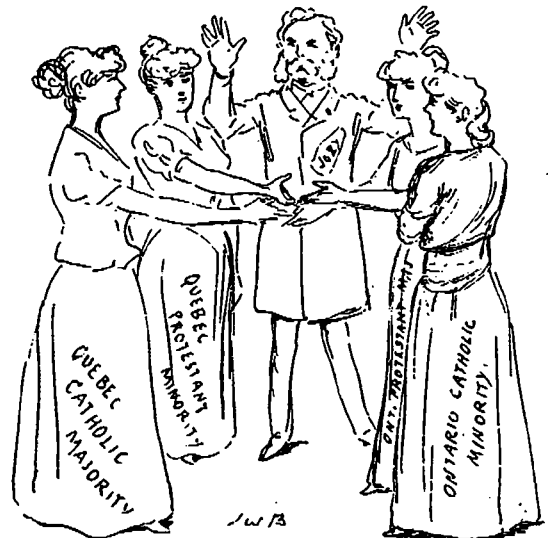
DIED MONDAY, FEB. 19TH, 1894.

"BLACK STOCKINGS of all colours, very cheap, were advertised the other day by a city firm," said Captain H., "I went to buy some, but found there was no variety."

SPEAKING of the approaching Easter holidays, young H., a rather forward youth, asked the Major, "What does Good Friday mean?" "You had better go home and read your Robinson Crusoe," was the withering reply.

"It doesn't take me long to make up my mind, I can tell you," was the way the Sergeant was putting it to the Major. "It's always so where the stock is small," was the quiet retort.

"THERE is a fortune lying in wait," and the Major was proceeding to expatiate upon his subject, when the Sergeant chimed in, "Thru for you, Major. There's Bill Jones, the butcher, three years ago he wasn't worth a dollar. Now he's got a fortune; got it, as you say, by lying in wait."



THE PEACE MAKER.

JULY.—That's right; shake hands all round, majorities and minorities, and let us work together for the good of the whole Dominion!



" BETSY AND I ARE OUT."

A DOMESTIC DRAMA.

ACT I. - A BOARDING HOUSE.

FREDDY DUDELEY seated with his card-case and a dictionary before him.

"P. P. C., letters placed on left-hand corner of calling card before departing on a journey." Quite so. Let me see what the dikshunary says. "Conge" leave. Too common that. "Adieu" is more ghastly. Pour prendre adieu - I suppose that's French - at all events it's more toney. The latest thing, quite nobly. *Writes P. P. A. on cards, pulls up shirt collar, puts on hat, takes his fashionable bludgeon and falters out.*

ACT II. - AN ARISTOCRATIC STREET.

FREDDY at door (calling,) Miss Sweettie at home?
PAT, the porter. Sure and she is, sor.

FRED. Take my card.

PAT (reads it). Ugh, ye spalpeen! and is it yerself wud shove yer ugly mug ferninst private Criss'ens and disturb public worship. Get out wid ye! (attempts to shut him out. Scuffle).

A SILVERY VOICE. What is amiss, Patrick? Is it possible it is Mr. Dudeley? Show him in at once.

FRED (puts down his hat). Really dreadful savage, your Cerberus. Quite uncultured. I called only to leave my card - (hands it).

MISS S. (reads it). Mr. Frederick, is it possible! How much you disappoint us all! (enter Sweettie, perc) See, papa! Only think! Who would have thought it of Freddy!

SWEETTIE. Well! upon my soul if this is not the most brazen insolence! Young man, take your vile political opinions elsewhere -

FRED (faintly). I only -

SWEETTIE. Begone sir! take yourself off! never show your fool's head here again! (dashes door open and accelerates him out.)

PAT, rushing out furiously, O ye murderin' Prodestan'! (lends him one kick more).

POLICEMAN (lounges up), What's up, Patsy?

PAT. It's dhrunk and disorderly he is and wan o' them Pay.Pay.Ays., forcin' hisself intil a family and a pulling down of religion. The curse of the crows on him!

POLICE. You come along o' me.

FRED. How dare you, wuffian?

POLICE. You shut up. Anything you say will be used agin you.

ACT III. - A HALL OF JUSTICE.

J. P. What's the charge?

POLICE. Dhrunk and disorderly, sir.

J. P. The man does not seem drunk.
POLICE. Worse nor that, sir, breaking into public houses and disturbing of private worship.

J. P. That is a more serious offense than mere intoxication.

FRED. Sir, I am a gentleman. There is my card. (throws it down).

J. P. (having read it), Young man, nothing but unmitigated idiocy or the most blackhearted malignity could induce anyone in the present state of public feeling to place on his card the initials P. P. A. as a profession of his religious faith.

FRED. I tell you A. stands for Adoo!

J. P. A most unlikely pretext. I will only adjudicate on the lesser offense with which you are charged - \$10 or ten days.

FRED. I will appeal to the Premier!

J. P. Better not. You might get a Roland for your Oliver.

A VOICE. Try Parson Madill!

CURTAIN.

MODERN DICTIONARY.

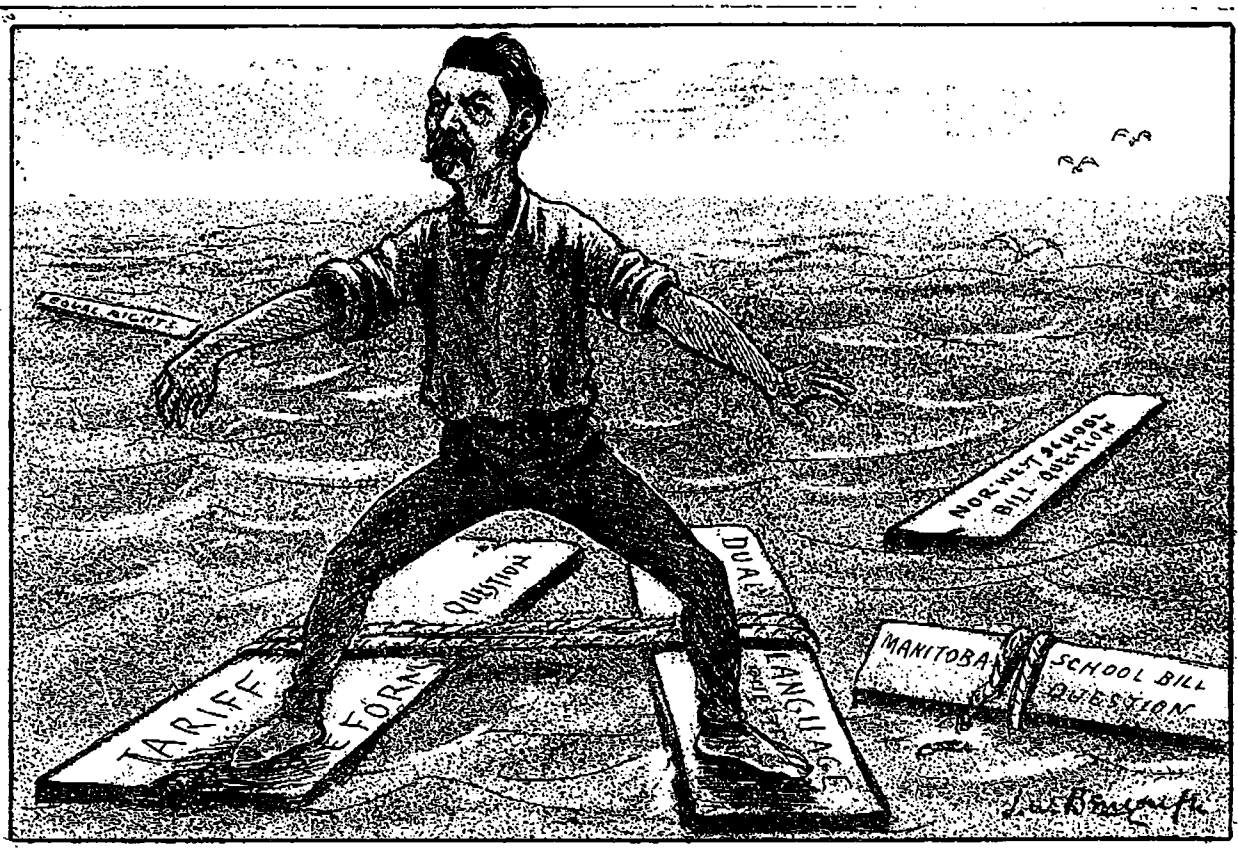
- FIN-ISH. - Having fins.
- GRIMACE. A dirty card.
- HARD-SHIP. An iron-clad.
- HEIR-SHIP. A balloon.
- HU-MAN. A Carpenter.
- IN-CITE. Visible.
- IN-FIRM. Well inserted.
- JAR-GON. A broken vessel.
- KID-NAP. The hair of a young goat.
- LI-ABLE. Ability to tell a falshood.



GARMENTS OF HUMILIATION.

MR. GOODHUSBAND. - "You wan't a cheque for lenten sackcloth and ashes, hey? A small cheque will, of course, do. How much?"

MRS. G. - "Er - well, not so *tevy* small, dear. The sackcloth is made of seal skin, you know, and the dress material is what they call 'ashes' of roses."



THE THIRD PARTY IN EXTREMIS;
OR, MCCARTHY LOSING HIS PLANKS.

WE WONDER HOW IT IS ?

AN artist down in Montreal
One day a funny sketch did scrawl
Showing the grocer, Walter Paul,
A working at his biz—
And Walter loud with glee did bawl
When he beheld his phiz.

Then Alexander next he drew
A-bringing in an oyster-stew
And sandwiches and tea for two—
(The lunch-room man, you know)
And when the people said—"That's you!"
Old Alex. laughed ho-ho!

Then Villeneuve he neatly made
In wine shop apron all arrayed,
And with a bottle (that's his trade).
But Villeneuve's dander riz,
And horrid threatenings he made,
We wonder how it is?

The *Witness*, which did print the sketch,
He called a vile, abusive wretch,
And roared, "By gar, don't let me ketch
Dougall or none of his,
I have no use for any sech"—
We wonder how it is?

ANOTHER REAL ROW.

Thus is no make-believe row in the Cabinet at Ottawa.
Hon. Real Angers is Real Anger-y about the non-disallow-
ance of the Manitoba School Bill.

UNEMPLOYMENT.

"I don't see what those chaps are doing," said Jiggers,
looking at a large gang of men who were pottering about on
the road with shovels. "They don't seem to be working at
anything in particular"

"Certainly not," replied Sniggers, "they're the unem-
ployed, you know."

GEE-OGRAPHY !

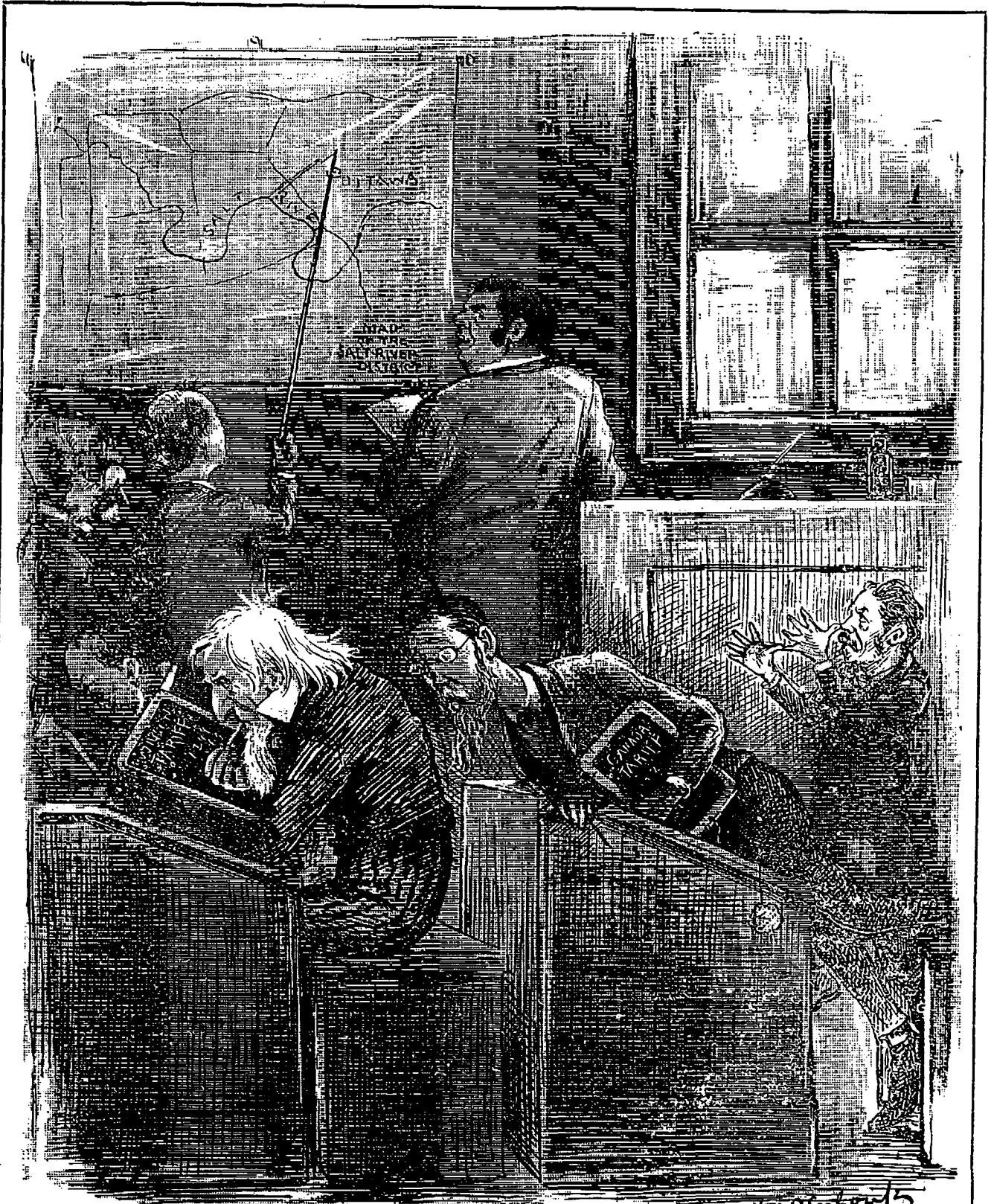
Our esteemed and learned contemporary the London
Advertiser is of the opinion that the college rowdy must be
put down effectually, whether he carries on his pranks at
"Toronto, Ithica, Cornell, or any other university town."
The *Advertiser* is sound on the rowdy question, but we are
dying to know where the town of Cornell is.

LAW

AN upper mill and lower mill
Fell out about their water ;
To war they went—that is to law,
Resolved to give no quarter.

A lawyer was by each engaged,
And hotly they contended,
When fees grew slack, the war they waged
They judged were better ended.

The heavy costs remaining still
Were settled without bother ;
One lawyer took the upper mill,
The lower mill the other.



HE'D LIKE TO CRIB!

FOSTER.—"I WISH I COULD GET A LOOK TO SEE HOW HE'S GOT THAT TARIFF PROBLEM WORKED OUT!"



THE MISUSE OF ALCOHOL.

SQUIFFERS (to total stranger)--"Wycarsher--Wythedooc carnsher--girrup an' look jol--jolly? Awrer be shamed--sirr'in' lookin' s' dismal! It's 'shgraceful? You're not fit t' be 'ntoshcated!"
--Pick-me-up.

VILLENEUVE, THE VALIANT.

M. VILLENEUVE, the new Mayor of Montreal, is, it would seem, a dealer in Wines and Liquors, and thinks it, as he says, no dishonour to be so engaged. Mr. McShane, his late opponent, is also well known as an opponent of "temperance fanatics." During the campaign the *Witness*, as in duty bound, opposed both of these gentlemen, and called in the aid of caricature to help out the cold type. The Artist represented M. Villeneuve with a bottle in his hand, and, strange as it may seem, this incidental reference to his honourable business, so enraged M. Villeneuve, that he has given peremptory orders that the *Witness* reporter is to be excluded from his official apartments at the City Hall during his term. It would be scarcely reasonable to expect Mr. Mayor to exhibit a gushing love for the *Witness* under the circumstances, but there is no reason why he should thus raise the laugh on himself. He seems to forget that he is not exactly the owner of the City Hall, and he has been in public life long enough, one would think, to learn the futility of such a method of fighting a newspaper.

MUSEUM CONTRIBUTIONS.

- A skein of street yarn.
- A tooth from the mouth of the river,
- A leaf from a branch of the St. Lawrence.
- A hair from the forelock of time.
- A photograph of the night-mare.
- A petal from the "flower of the family."

CAPTAIN JIMJAM'S TROUBLES.

I.

MR. EDITOR,

I HAVE a grievance. Like other persons, from whom you doubtless hear, I am determined to advertisc my grievance in 'your very valuable paper'. However, if space be 'not available; please don't publish my letter in the waste-paper basket. Enclosed, find stamps.

As introductory, I may state without egotism, we are thorough-bred, well-bred, English people, - Mrs. Jimjam and I: which statement I can prove. Why! I am Captain W. D. G. Jimjam, formly in active service. Because the young Jimjams were so numerous, (though not so numerous as some ancient accounts against us,) we came to Canada.

In the North-West Territories, I secured land enough to leave an estate to each of my youngsters. Our farming was more romantic in the beginning thereof, than afterwards. Jimjam Park,--you Canadians would called 'the farm', was thirty miles from a railway and one hundred miles from any town in which it would not be necessary to enroll the cows and dogs and cats, to stretch the number of inhabitants up to a western figure. Consequently, during five years, Mrs. Jimjam and I did 'nt once go to town for tailor-made garments and new fangled gowns. We often looked over a railway map, trying to find the town, marked on 'a projected line,' which was to pass just outside our barb-wire fence. At the end of five years, leaving the boys in the country, we brought our six girls to the nearest city. Those girls never took kindly to farming. At milking time, they invariably had sick head-aches or organized a strike. Churning, washing and scrubbing were always put off till Cree squaws came begging round; after which, mendicant visits we enjoyed fresh butter, clean clothes and visible floors. As the girls seemed more addicted to reading young ladies' Journals than doing country housework, my wife and I agreed we had better settle them on city chaps.

Once in the city, we moved into a spanking, fine terrace, on a most aristocratic square. As we had brought enough clothing from the old country to last a hundred years, I suppose, at first we did look a little seedy in creased, old fashioned clothes. Anyway, not one of the neighbors called on my family. Now, Sir, I'm Captain Jimjam, and don't need to care for that harmless slight; though I am sorry those people deprive themselves of good company. But, Mr. Editor, it was when we moved into that terrace, that a system of persecution set in upon us, which is unendurable. Though I'm enraged, I'm perfectly reasonable. Surely people too stylish to visit us by the front door should be too independent to sneak round and borrow at the back door. That whole terrace length of cads borrows everything in my house, from eggs and frying-pans and rolling



KENNEDY'S BULL CALF.



LENTEN SERVICE.

MISS GOODGIRL.—“I'm going to get ready for the morning service, Grandpa, what a pity you can't come with me.

GRANDPA.—“Don't see how I could improve on this for lenten service—a gouty toe, and nothing in the newspaper but 'starving unemployed' and 'business difficulties.'”

pins to postage stamps and street car tickets and parlor decorations; and the only way we can get a thing back is to borrow in return. On principle, I don't object to get back what I lend. For the first few weeks after moving to those stylish quarters, we loaned, loaned, loaned, in our generous innocence we gladly loaned whatever was asked. The result is, our back shed stands shorn of most useful appendages; our kitchen, forsooth, is a free dispensary for upstarts! Little did I suspect that arrogant terrace to be a veritable Fort Deadbeat! By thunder! Sir, how long is a man suppose to wait for that saintly, soft-spoken, old, white-whiskered wretch at the end of the row to return my costly meerschaum? Yes, and a hundred dollars I loaned him, “just for a few days,” without a note?

I vow there will be an eruption of the seething indignation boiling within me; and my wife doesn't uphold my authority.

Says she to me, “O Wellington deah! Do control youahself! We must retain the good will of these gwand folks, else we'll nevah get ouah poah deah ge-arl's into sah-si-ety.” What's a military man to do with mutiny in his own family?

Let me relate an incident. The other day, I was at an open window upstairs. A neighbor's window beneath was open too. I heard a shrill, female voice exclaim,

“Say Mariar! You've got new neighbors.” “Yes,” answers the Mariar, “they're awful green, just mossbucks.” Voice, the first says, “Tee-hee-hee.”

Continues Mariar, “Real useful people though. They're the kind think it's awful nice, real neighborly of us to borrow.”

Voice the first ejaculates with the most inimitable inflection, “O Great Heavings!” and these two most demure young ladies sang a nasal duet of Tee hee-hee's.”

That very afternoon, while I was busy with my afternoon nap, did the same audacious Mariar chirp up to Mrs. Jimjam and get permission to scream over our telephone. “Ours is out of order,” the minx explained, which was a lie; for her people had'nt a 'phone. That very family gave a large party, to which each of our six silly girls was anxious to go; so, when Miss Audacity asked, with much simpering and smirking, for our card table, it was given with alacrity. With great expectations, Polly loaned Mariar a handsome necklace; and with similar hopes, my wife sent in to Mariar's mother, for the eventful night of the party, the piano-stool and a dozen chairs. The girls looked for the formal invitation at each mail delivery. Though the party came off with such eclat, that a description of it filled a column of a Saturday Night periodical, I wish to tell you, Sir, the invitation has not arrived to this day. We found our furniture piled on our side of the fence, without even a note of “Thank you.” Our servant borrowed back Polly's necklace.

One woman, Mrs. Van Pattinkins, incessantly sent her cook to our kitchen for flour, spices, and often a loaf of bread. How do you think she made returns? After supplying herself from our pantry, for a couple of days, she had the presumption, when sending the servant back with our cooking utensils, to present us with six little ginger-snaps, carefully rolled in a table napkin.

I'm going to make a final charge next week, Mr. Grip, if you don't object. I want to tell you about Macmorrow, the bachelor next door. Till then,

I am, Sir, most respectfully

(Capt.) W. D. G. JIMJAM.

MR. O'DAY'S CORRESPONDENCE.

TORONTO, FEB. 28th, 1894.

To His Excellency the Right Honorable the Earl of Aberdeen,

Governor General etc., etc., etc.

MY DEAR LORD ABERDEEN:

YOUR Excellency has hard no doubt, whin thravellin' over the Green Isle, of the good ould Irish sayin'—“God's relief is nearer than the threshold,” and another wan, aqually thru an' good—“God never made a mouth without makin' something to put in it.” The speedy relief that has come to the unemployed poor av this city, through the prompt action and encouragement av your Excellency, bears witness to the truth of these sayin's and also to the beneficial effects that follow from the good example of those in high places. Employment is now being provided and money liberally contributed, as your Lordship



THE UNREASONABLE TEMPERANCE KID.

BILLY BUCHANAN, (in a temper).—“More! More!”
MADAM MOWAT.—“Stop your noise, you greedy little thing! You'll not get another morsel until you eat the piece you've got!”



"WE CANNOT CHECK MANITOBA!"

and Lady Aberdeen will. I am shure, be plazed to hear, affording timely relief to the disthressed. Yours is the right kind of helpful charity, that not only begins at home, but spreads itself abroad.

In faith and hope the world will disagree,
But all mankind's concern is charity.

It is in yer hand—

"Open as day for melting charity."

that the poet's ideal is realized.

"Will ye no come back again," is what is now sung by the Curlers and everybody else in Toronto. What a murtherin' pity it is entirely that we can't have yer Excellency all the time widh us here, instead av lettin' ye go back to that cowl'd, desolate raygion, where the mercury is mostly below zero, the snow constantly on its wings, and the wind so cuttin' as to be sharp enuff to shave a pig! To be shure, we have GRIP, an' Alderman Hallam, an' can't expect to have all the grate an' good things to ourselves here in Toronto.

I'm greatly beholden to yer Lordship for yer kind an' gracious invitation to Rideau Hall, but must most respectfully decline for the present. The session is comin' on. The Queen's speech will have to be prepared. Sir John will be obliged to have a good many consultashuns widh ye. An' ye don't want to give him any room for jealousy, as there might be, if I was in the way, an' he believed that I was tenderin' ye advice in the crisis at hand.

I see that the men who make soap have been to Ottawa, soft soapin' the Governmint—an' ould thrick, an' be the same token is not confined to the soapmakers' thrade.

Men don't soft-soap Ministers without having some private end in view, and, generally, whin such music is listened to, 'tis the people who have to pay for it. Give Sir John an' yer Ministers a hint to beware of the soft-soapers, who, for self and pelf, want to pile on the taxes. Impress upon them the truth of the words of Diogenes, which yer lordship will remimber. Diog. being axed, "What is that baste, the bite of which is the most danger-

ous?" replied, "Of wild bastes, the bite of the slanderer; and of tame ones that of the soft-soaper."

Widh my duty to her ladyship, an' God bless her in the good work she's doin'—espeshually for ould Ireland,

I have the honor to remain,

Your Lordship's thrue frind,

TIM O'DAY.

TELLING HIS THOUGHTS.

"I suppose," said a quack, while feeling a patient's pulse, "that you consider me a humbug?"

"Well," responded the patient, "I don't know exactly how to answer that, seeing you can so accurately tell a man's thoughts by feeling his pulse."

MR. MONK'S GREAT IDEA.

GRIP'S good old friend, Henry Wentworth Monk, of Ottawa, has an idea. Or perhaps it would be more exact to say, the idea has him. It is a great, big, glorious idea anyway, and well worthy of all the thought Mr. Monk has given and is giving it. It is nothing less than the bringing about of an early and complete disarmament of the European nations. Mr. Monk thinks that it is mutual want of confidence that now chiefly stands in the way of a disarmament of these powers, and his proposal is the formation of a Supreme Authority composed of a select number of the best men of all nations on earth to supply the "much needed security and protection." He has written on the subject to the Queen, the Duke of Argyle and other eminent personages in Great Britain, but like Baal of old, these great beings are asleep or perchance have gone afishing. Hence he brings the matter on the foot of Grip's throne, where, of course, it gets immediate attention. King Grip has no hesitation in laying his royal claw on the devoted head of Henry Wentworth Monk and saying, Your idea, sir, is a grand and noble one, and if you will kindly explain your plain somewhat more fully, we will see that it is forthwith carried out.

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THE DANGERS THAT BESET THESE STURDY TOILERS.

Recent Events Recall an Accident That Caused Years of Pain and Suffering—How the Victim Regained Health and Strength.

Mr. James Fitzgerald, a prosperous and respected merchant of Victoria Road, a pretty little village in Victoria County, has for years suffered from the effects of a peculiar accident which happened him while in a lumber camp. To a reporter of the Lindsay Post, Mr. Fitzgerald said that when a boy in his teens he had a strong desire to spend a season in a lumber camp, and prevailed upon his parents to let him join a party of young men who were leaving for the woods fifty miles distant. It proved, for him, an unfortunate trip. One day while he was binding on a load of logs, the binding pole broke and he received a heavy blow on the elbow of the right arm. As there was no surgeon within fifty miles of the camp he was attended to by the best means his fellow-workmen could provide. After a few days, thinking he was all right, he went to work again. The exertion proved too much, for in a short time the pain returned, and continued to get worse every day, until at last Mr. Fitzgerald was forced to return home, where he got the best of care and medical attendance. This, however, did not relieve him, as the pain had become chronic and partially affected his whole arm, and thus suffered for years, unable to get any relief, his arm becoming withered and paralyzed, and he was forced to give up his farm and try various light commercial pursuits, and abandoned all hope of ever having the arm restored to usefulness. In the fall of 1892 he was induced to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a trial. A dozen boxes, and before these were used he began to experience the beneficial effects. The pain from which he had suffered for so many years began to lessen. He procured another supply, and went on from that out the improvement was constant and rapid, and he not only recovered the use of his arm, but is enjoying as good a bodily health as he did before the accident, seventeen years ago. Mr. Fitzgerald feels that the cure is thorough and permanent, and as a natural consequence is very warm in his praise of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which have been the means of benefitting many others in his neighbourhood, who have seen what he had done in Mr. Fitzgerald's case. For cases of partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, and all nerve troubles Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the only certain cure. They act directly upon the blood and nerves, thus striking at the root of the trouble, and restoring the system to its wonted vigor. Sold by all dealers or sent post paid at 50c a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N.Y. Refuse all imitations which some unscrupulous dealers may offer because of the larger profit from their sale.

pletion, however, I heard of the Wilkin-son Truss, and was induced to give it a trial. I have now been wearing the one I procured from you about three months, and during the last five years I have not experienced so much comfort. I cannot but recommend it to persons requiring a truss.

You may refer to me for reference. Yours truly, (Signed) **MATT EVANS.**

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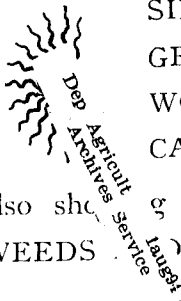
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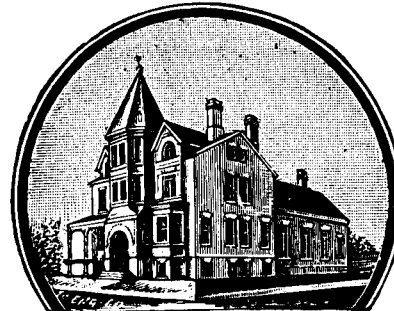
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