

GRIP

EDITED BY J.W. BENGOUGH

GRIP ENG

LITTER - ATOM

MUSIC

DRAMA

THE ONLY WEAKNESS THE MAN HAS IS POLY

SEVEN

PAYABLE

IN

ADVANCE

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

Wm. Miller



L. CÔTÉ

STUMPED !

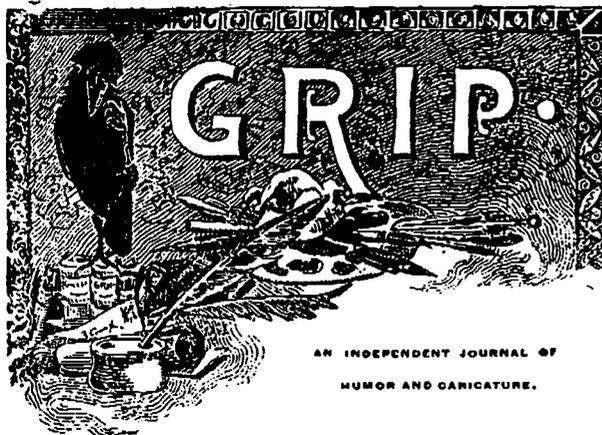
MERCIER.—“Ha ! Perhaps you wouldn't like to disallow *this* Bill, now !”

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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.

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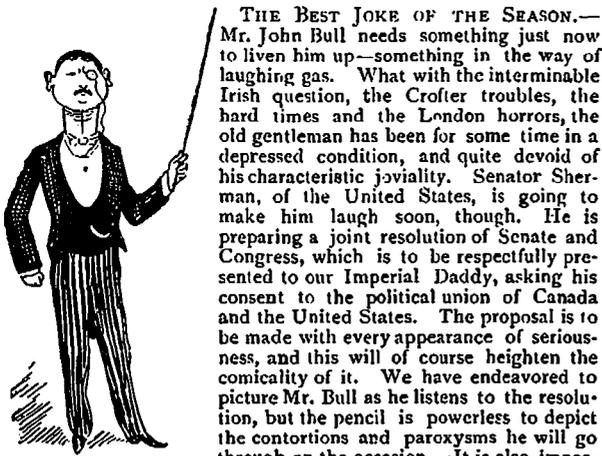
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Comments on the Cartoons.



THE BEST JOKE OF THE SEASON.—Mr. John Bull needs something just now to liven him up—something in the way of laughing gas. What with the interminable Irish question, the Crofter troubles, the hard times and the London horrors, the old gentleman has been for some time in a depressed condition, and quite devoid of his characteristic joviality. Senator Sherman, of the United States, is going to make him laugh soon, though. He is preparing a joint resolution of Senate and Congress, which is to be respectfully presented to our Imperial Daddy, asking his consent to the political union of Canada and the United States. The proposal is to be made with every appearance of seriousness, and this will of course heighten the comicality of it. We have endeavored to picture Mr. Bull as he listens to the resolution, but the pencil is powerless to depict the contortions and paroxysms he will go through on the occasion. It is also impos-

sible to convey in a picture any idea of the roar of laughter which will shake the tight little isle at this huge international joke. We confess it will not be perfectly polite for Mr. Bull to receive a grave diplomatic proposition in this boisterous manner, but how can you help smiling when you are coolly asked to give away half a continent, including a live nation, and quite a lot of valuable real estate?

STUMPED.—Mr. Côté's design is based upon the following dispatch which appeared in the dailies of October 3rd: "QUEBEC, Oct. 2nd.—L'Electeur's statements this morning leave

no doubt that the Mercier Government has decided to issue the disallowance proclamation in the case of the Magistrates' Bill and to establish a Magistrates' Court in Montreal under the Act of 1869, which was never and cannot now be disallowed. It claims this line of conduct to be the duty of the hour, as there was a regular plot concerted by the representatives of this Province in the Federal Government to force a conflict between their officer, the Lieutenant-Governor, and his advisers, and precipitate a Ministerial crisis, this being the true explanation of Mr. Taillon's remaining on the political scene. With information of this conspiracy in his possession, it says that Mr. Mercier will not lend himself to the enemy's game, and will submit for the time being to the requirements of the Constitution, reserving his right to afterwards fight the disallowance by all the constitutional means at his disposal. But as it is also his duty to restore order in the Montreal Courts, he will at once exercise the power conferred upon him by the law of 1869, and name a Magistrates' Court at Montreal, which the Federal Government cannot arbitrarily veto. This court will be presided over by Messrs. Barry and Champagne, who will be re-appointed."



BEFORE the *World* prints its next sensational exposure of 'Ras Wiman, it would be good policy for the editor to learn all the facts of the case. The laugh is entirely against the enterprising one-center on its latest "tremendous disclosure," since Wiman's explanation was made. The mountain has dwindled into a mole-hill so small as to be invisible to the naked eye.

THIS kind of blundering is the certain fate of a paper which follows personal malice as a regular policy. For some reason best known to itself, the *World* hates Erastus Wiman, and is only too eager to believe anything evil of him. Especially is it anxious to make out that Wiman is disloyal to Canada—a traitor and an annexationist. To accomplish this impossible task—for all the facts are notoriously opposed to the theory—the *World* will leave no stone unturned. It is a pitifully small business to be engaged in, and is simply making the paper ridiculous.

SO far as loyalty to Canada is concerned, Mr. Wiman can well afford to have his record placed alongside that of the *World*. When that journal can point to a single instance in which it has allowed loyalty to stand in the way of its own financial gain, it will be time enough for it to abuse a man who has retained his Canadian citizenship in the face of the constant and powerful pressure of his business interests. And the self-sacrificing efforts Wiman has for years made to enlarge the markets of Canadian producers and develop the resources of the country, will compare very favorably with the career of a paper which is, and always has been, devoted to the selfish interests of a narrow ring, as against those of the general public. Loyalty, forsooth!

SIR JOHN MACDONALD was in town last week looking more spry and springy than he did twenty odd years ago. Public business of some sort was his ostensible mission, but his real object in running up was evidently to depress the Grit leaders here by letting them see what a very long time they have yet to wait for his shoes.

WILL the Associated Press please give us a rest from all this nauseous rot and balderdash about the Emperor of Germany and his sayings and doings? Who

cares anything about the fellow, anyway, with his black eagles and white bantams, and all the rest of it. If he didn't happen, by accident, to be an Emperor, nobody would give him a moment's consideration, and it is about time that sensible people in a free country like this had got over worshipping "rank."

* * *

ONCE get a reputation for political shrewdness—you can do this by seeming shrewd—and you can then keep your reputation by doing and saying things sufficiently stupid to paralyze the public mind. This is the result of our study of the career of James G. Blaine, and some big people nearer home.

* * *

MR. COX is discharged from custody and returns to grace the ranks of select society. Isn't it too bad that the courts will not take the word of even a good broker? Mr. Cox told them plainly that he was not guilty, but they wouldn't accept his statement. Now, after a great deal of trouble and expense, they find he was correct.

* * *

IT is given out that Sir Hector Langevin is to succeed Sir John Macdonald in the leadership of the Conservative party, and M. Mercier is to take charge of the Opposition. This announcement is regarded with more or less consternation by some of the believers in French aggressiveness, and it will be gratifying to all such to learn that a new language system, by which French can be learned "at a glance," has just been published.

* * *

HON. EDWARD BLAKE has so far recovered his health as to be able to resume the practice of his profession. The *Mail* says this announcement will be gratifying to everybody. But what about the opposing counsel in the Chancery Court?

* * *



PERHAPS, after all, the authorities of Trinity Medical School acted harshly in dismissing the drunken hoodlums who broke up the inaugural lecture the other day. A little investigation would no doubt have shown that the unfortunate greenhorns thought they were doing their bounden duty in filling themselves with whisky before going to the lecture room, it having been reported in the rural districts that "meds." always did that sort of thing. In their anxiety to obey what they conceived to be the rule of the college, they took a little too much, that was all. It is a pity that an end cannot be put to the notion that the fact of his being a "student" absolves a young man from all obligation to the ordinary rules of decency and good manners.

* * *

THE all-fired smart folks across the border are guying the London police for their failure thus far to detect the Whitechapel murderer. We are assured that it would be impossible for such a criminal to go uncaught in New York so long. Well, it may be that the London sleuths are a little slow, but it would look better for our American cousins to withhold their caustic criticisms until they have captured the murderer of Mr. Snell, of Chicago,

who has been at large for nearly a year. It happens, too, that they have the name and full description of the fugitive in this case.



AN AVENUE EPISODE.

AFTER LONGFELLOW—A LONG WAY.

HE stood on the street at midnight,
The cop as he counted the hour;
And the moon rose o'er the city,
But still he would glower, and glower.
For a long the long black lintel
Of a store in the avenue,
A bunch of ripe bananas
Hung temptingly to view.

How often, oh, how often!
As that cop on his beat passed by,
He yearned for those bananas,
While he paused to gaze and sigh.
How often, oh, how often!
Did he wish he could play the snide,
Like the fox with the grapes in the story,
As he paced till the morningtide.

But with the first hint of the dawning
Came the *World* route-boy, "Billee,"
And he saw the bananas and whistled
Low and sweetly for inward glee.
But the eye of the cop was on him,
And his voice was in his ear:
"They've forgot to take in them bananas,
I'll give you a boost—come here."

And so on the tall cop's shoulders,
Stood Billy with knife in hand;
And he cut down that bunch of bananas,
And brought them safe to land.
And the cop he gave Billy seven,
But himself took the lion's share,
For he stripped off twelve fine bananas,
And the stalk left lying bare!

MORAL.

For so long as people are careless,
And leave things o'er night at the door;
And so long as bananas are toothsome,
And mankind as heretofore;
The cop with his big white buttons,
And his helmet, shall appear
As the symbol of police protection,
And its wavering practice here!

JAY.



BIG DIVIDENDS vs. PAUPER WAGES.

"THE public will be glad to hear that the Coffee House Association have been considering the raising of the waiter-girls' wages for two years past."—*News*.

Yes; and the public will be still more gratified to learn that the thing is done.

"THE WORLD DO MOVE."

PEEPS INTO THE FUTURE BY GRIP'S OWN CLAIRVOYANT.

No. 1.

SUCCESSFUL FALL FAIRS.

(From the *Globe*, Oct. 30, 1893.)

In no direction during five years past has a greater stride been made in the way of developing the true and chiefest resources of this Canada of ours—its agricultural interests—than in the phenomenally successful promotion of the Dominion's Great and Only Industrial Exhibition, held in Toronto, and which has just been closed after a run of two months, during which 4,782,321 persons have entered at the turn-stile, "paid their money and taken their choice" of the multifarious and varied attractions presented for their edification, interest and amusement.

In the decease of all the other Great District Fall Fairs—a dissolution only natural in view of the impossibility of competition with one of such aggregation, wealth, prestige and duration, as the D. G. and O. I. E., of this city—we see nothing calling for regret. On the contrary, fulfilling as the Township Society Fall Fairs now are, such excellent purposes in stimulating healthy rivalry among neighboring farmers and thus advancing close at home the cause of educated and improved farming and stock-raising, the *raison d'être* of such concerns as London, Hamilton, Ottawa, St. Thomas, Guelph, Barrie and other centres, which once upon a time essayed to hold Great Exhibitions, cannot, with any show of argument, to say nothing of plain common sense, be maintained.

We are rejoiced, therefore, to realize that there is now but one Grand Central Dominion Fall Exhibition in Canada, and that all its would-be rivals are swept out of existence without the remotest possibility of resuscitation. Of course it is eminently fit and proper that the Queen City should be the site thereof. That circumstance does not admit of a moment's question. 'Twere abject folly to fancy the Fair at any other point.

Taking a brief glance in review at the attractions of the D. G. and O. I. E., of which our columns have daily held lengthy accounts, we are at once pleased and surprised at the marked overshadowing by this year's Exhibition of all former ones.

It is quite true there was an entire absence of Live Stock (trotting stock excepted). But as our farmers see horses and cattle around home, no one seemed to miss them from their accustomed places on the Toronto ground. Devoting the amount of space formerly allotted to this stock to an amphitheatre for genuine Spanish bull-fights, was a grand idea. The contests were universally admired and provoked the most intense enthusiasm. The prowess of the matador who slaughtered four fierce animals before succumbing to his wounds, has never before, at all events in Canada, been equalled in the arena. Bull-fighting will doubtless be on the programme regularly at future Exhibitions.

Passing to the race-track, we find some of the best contested and most noteworthy events in the history of the turf. Every day's sport was a revelation. Betting was always lively and very big money changed hands almost every heat. It is matter for congratulation that only two fatal accidents occurred during the races.

The Directors, very wisely, we think, concluded to dispense with the Dairy Department and to give the space to the proprietors of a museum and wax-works exhibit, the latter of which exhibited splendid facsimiles of all the noted murderers of the past and present centuries. It is needless to remark that this feature was a great card. The menagerie which occupied the place vacant by the abolition of the Fine Arts Department, was eloquent testimony to the enterprise and ingenuity of the owners. It was perhaps a mistake to keep the animals without food for a whole week, so that the people could hear them roar. Three days at furthest would have been long enough. It was unmistakably owing to this alleged mistake that the unfortunate Signor Yohomyohum met his death while performing in the lions' cage.

The Directors have already apologized and expressed regrets for their inability to secure the consent of the Government to allow the recent hanging to take place publicly on the Fair grounds. We are sure the people will not (though justly disappointed) blame the Board, but will place the responsibility on the right shoulders.

It was commendable, to be sure, for the Pyrotechnic Committee to prepare that splendid surprise of setting fire to the Main Building in order to show off the capacity of the Fire Brigade. But, at the same time, it is to be regretted that insufficient preparation was made to save life during the panic. The upshot will doubtless be that several actions will be entered against the Association on the part of relatives of the killed and wounded.

The Roman gladiator combat will long be remembered. The survivor is now, we understand, in a fair way of recovery. Even the prize ring—in which on this very day a most famous fight to a finish was in progress—failed to diminish the attendance at the gladiator combat.

The nightly lectures given by the resident American Bank Cashiers' Guild were always well patronized. To hear any one of the gay and festive orators was to enjoy a laugh at rare witticisms and drolleries. Machinery Hall being deserted, it was deemed advisable to employ it for the Great Lottery which was held under Association auspices, and which yielded so well to all parties concerned.

The Fiji Island Cannibals took well. The female trapeze performers were fine. And the other minor fea-

tures, which need not be enumerated, were of themselves well worth the price of admission.

We congratulate the Directors of the D.G. and O.I.E. on the excellent and spirited management of this year's Exhibition, and trust they will never relax their noble efforts to promote agriculture, manufacturing industry, the arts, etc., etc., in Canada, and to cater for the amusement-loving people in legitimate and wholesome fashion.

T. T.

HOW THEY TRAVELLED.

A blue jay sat up in a tree,
And shrieked a note not sweet to hear,
The gunner fired, but off flew he,
For he was trav'ling on his ear.

The gunner met a festive bull,
Nor stopped in mute surprise to gape,
But for the nearest fence ran full,
For he was trav'ling on his shape.

The bull then at the fence quick sped,
And caused the gunner bold to hustle;
He raised him with his bovine head,
For he was trav'ling on his muscle.

SNAX.

SANCTUM SKETCHES.

No. III.

TROUBLE WITH THE TYPES.



"SAY, William," exclaimed the editor to his able assistant, in a cold and deprecatory tone of voice, "it's a poor case I can not go off for a week's holiday without finding on my return that the labors of years to establish a reputation for accuracy on literary finish on the part of the *Hooperup* have been knocked into fourteen different

styles of cocked hat. I am pained, William. I am deeply grieved. In fact, if I were accustomed to the use of strong language, like you are, I should unhesitatingly say I'm mad as blazes."

"Last week's issue is a perfect heap of lamentable and disheartening blunders.

"For instance, here in the miller's new advertisement, you substitute "n" for "h" in the word "shorts." And this in the face of the well-known fact that our miller is a sufferer from catarrh! I expect him in at any moment to threaten my life.

"Here again, the local you gave Sugarson, the grocer, reads: 'while our popular grocer is a modest and unassuming man, yet he has lots of sand about him!' Why the thing is fairly libellous.

"And see, you put that paid local about Lakteel, the milkman, having a new pump, under the 'wit and humor' heading. Its frightful, William! Simply horrible.

"Now turn over to page two and tell me what in Caxton's name you meant by mixing up Squire Jones' marriage with the description of the new cider mill you have the agency for? When the Squire returns from his honeymoon trip and sees it stated in cold type in the *Hooperup* that 'he has married an estimable and amiable



CONSIDERATE TO A FAULT.

THE MOTHER OF HIS WIFE (at the end of a lengthened visit)—"What time does the train leave? I wouldn't like to miss it, you know."

DUTIFUL SON-IN-LAW (promptly)—"At half-past one. It is now eleven-fifteen, but I think we had better be starting for the depot to make sure."

lady, with an immense squeezing capacity and very easy to run,' will there be a whole board left in this blessed printing office?

"Look at that birth notice crowded into the same space with the Misses' Mulligan's millinery notice. Diabolically suggestive, William, and I'll be ashamed to look the ancient ladies in the face for the next six months!

"Glance at this editorial commencing: 'The editor of this paper is off on a short tour.' I can't credit that it was a mere oversight which transformed 'tour' into 'toot.' That boy has been at more of his devilish work, and if he was in I'd confront him with his fiendish job.

"Here's further proof of what I allege, William, in the article entitled 'Ready, Aye, Ready,' and if the angel Gabriel came down and exonerated that boy I'd still hold him guilty:

RED HEAD, AH, RED HEAD!

We do not heed President Cleveland's blasted airs—

"I wrote it 'blustrous air'—

He is a fool specimen of the dem old crabs—

"What I said was: 'He is a fair specimen of the Democrats'—

The public houses of a party would not scoop in such mean champagne lunatics—

"The copy read: 'The Republicans are a party who would not stoop to such mean campaign tactics.'

Let them come off, with their relations and babies. We are red-headed! We are villains! We can hold our cow—

"Heavens! what a parody on: 'Let them come on with their retaliation and invasion. We are ready! We are vigilant! We can hold our own!'

"Look at the next page, and—"

But at this moment four excited subscribers ambled in with fresh outrages discovered, and the editor's quiet conference with his able foreman was rudely terminated.

T. T.

KING MILAN forbade the celebration of Queen Natalie's birthday. No happy return for her.



A DESIRABLE "BUSINESS."

APPLICANT.—"Do you know where I could get a job, sir?"
 CLERK.—"What do you consider yourself best adapted for?"
 APPLICANT.—"Something light would suit me, sir. A situation as lord, for instance. I can collect ground rents first rate, sir."

CONFESSIONS OF A CIVIL SERVANT.

PAPER NO. I.

I WAS born in London—*Ontario*. I would much rather leave the *Ontario* out; but I have still the truthful satisfaction of knowing that this was better than being born in Hamilton. Some of my countrymen, I am aware, do try to pass themselves off as Englishmen, but as it is not a paying job, I won't emulate them.

When I entered the civil service in the Blank department—I hope my readers will not "construe" this "blank" into anything uncomplimentary to the department—I was put in an office under an Englishman named Fitzallen. He had several other names, but I use this one because it is the shortest. His father was an Earl-y riser. And one morning he got up early enough to discover that his son hadn't brains enough to pound sand in the right place. So he sent him to Canada, and Fitzallen entered the civil service, moving in the very best circle of our distinguished Canadian society.

Fitzallen got \$2.50 a day for trying hard to write his name legibly. When I entered the office he had been there a year, and had not yet succeeded.

Fitzallen's bosom friend was a fellow in the Cut-and-dried department, named Tellonius, who was sort of private spy to the deputy of the Cut-and-dried. In the civil service, my dear sir, has a sinecure. He is intimate with all the clerks, visits all the offices in the morning, has the best position at the grate—which the grate, if it had any sense of dignity, would kick him out of—smokes, borrowing tobacco from the clerks he is spying on, laughs and jokes and monopolizes the office paper. As a small return for these favors, he returns to his deputy and reports any minor or important misdemeanor on the part of the clerks, particularly any careless words the latter may have used not complimentary to the personalities of the deputy or the Minister, or to the working of the internal economy of the department. For instance, if young Smith is recounting how the deputy gives extra work to his sister-in-law and refuses it to the widow of old Barebones, the extra clerk who died a month ago of over-work, small pay, and a large family; or if Robin-

son—who has just been refused a month's sick leave—indiscreetly and in the fervor of his indignation, calls to the mind of his fellow clerks the time that the chief clerk got six months to go South, ostensibly for his health, but in reality to visit the mines in which he and the deputy have a number of shares;—Tellonius laughs, sympathizes with Smith and Robinson, and the anecdotes are stamped indelibly on his ever ready and susceptible brain for the education of his chief.

That's the position of a civil service spy. He gets his promotion regularly, and is hated and feared heartily by Smith and Robinson.

THE MARBLE CROSS.

"HOUSE TO LET, FURNISHED," ran the ad. I went, saw, and took it. It was owned by a scientific man, a chemist, and dear knows all what else. He was going abroad in order to consult with some learned *savants* about the best way to preserve and embalm dead bodies. The house was elegantly furnished; in the dreary rooms were several articles of *vertu*, among them a marble cross which attracted my attention strangely. "What causes those peculiar stains on the marble?" I asked the proprietor as he showed me over the house. He stroked his long beard thoughtfully. "A—um—m! I suppose I may as well tell you the truth—my invention is not quite perfected yet; in fact it is to find out what yet is lacking that I go abroad. However, I do not think there will be any danger of this dissolving, or rather resolving into its original elements until my return in the fall." And he tapped the yellow cross caressingly. What queer men these scientists are! I had got a clue to his aims anyway; he was evidently trying to find out the secret of making marble, and really he had not ill-succeeded, for the cross, which was about a foot long, was as hard and cold as any marble, and was perfect, barring some yellowish stains here and there.

"There is only one room in the house which I shall retain for myself. That is my laboratory; but as it is in the new wing apart from the general suites of apartments, you will not miss it, and of course I must carry the key of that myself. It contains only three or four specimens, my steam rolling drying apparatus, and a few chemicals." So saying he handed me a ring of keys from which he detached one—the laboratory key which he put in his pocket.

II.

We had been over a month in the house, and on the whole were well satisfied with it. I say on the whole, for there was a certain unspoken reservation in all our minds concerning it. I had felt this reservation the moment I entered the house, but there was really nothing tangible that we could find fault with. Nothing tangible indeed, but so much of the intangible that we had always the feeling of some unseen presence about us everywhere we went. My wife would say, "Are you going down or upstairs now, Fred? Because if you are I'll go with you."

"Why can't you go alone?" I would ask, wondering if she too felt this impalpable something.

"Oh, yes, I can go alone—only——"

The next indication I had of it was from our Scotch servant: "I dinna ken what ails me, but I'm aye awfu' eerie in this hoose."

That was the word we wanted to express our feelings; we were "eerie."

"Fred," cried my wife one day, "come and look at this marble cross."

I stepped across the carpet and looked at it ; the yellow stains were not only more distinct, they had assumed a form and meaning which to say the least was startling. Two of the stains were like the faint photograph of two eyes and they were near to the top of the cross above the two arms; one more faint suggested a nose and a third was unpleasantly like a human mouth.

"Did you ever?" said my wife.

"It is funny," said I, "a mere coincidence. I've seen a potato look wondrously like a human face." And I laid down the cross which I had taken up. I could not help looking at it though—neither could my wife. She laughed shortly, "Do you know, Fred, that thing fascinates me; I can't keep my eyes from it." "Nonsense!" said I, but all the same my own eyes would still wander to that cross. For as we looked the eyes seemed to define themselves more clearly; in the centre of the two yellow stains a pale blue ball began to loom dimly through, and—surely it was my imagination—but the shape of an eyebrow showed faintly above.

A visitor entering stopped our speculations for the time being; a hurried invitation to have a drive into the country to the house of a friend was joyfully accepted by my wife and myself, and we drove off, returning two days afterwards. We were met at the gate by our Scotch servant, who exclaimed, "Maircy hae care o' us, but there's something no canny about this hoose. There was a carriage cam here yesterday, and the gentleman in't wanted tae ken if the professor was in, an' when I telled him no, he said he cam about his mither-in-law, an' wanted tae ken if she was dried yet. He said I was tae tell you tae tell the professor that he had changed his mind about the shape o' the auld leddy; he didna want her made intae the form o' a cross, as the professor suggested; she was cross enough when she was living, gude kens, but if he wad be sae gude as tae mak her up intae a white marble dragon tae sit on the parlor mantel-piece for an ornamental clock, he said it wad keep him in mind o' the dear departed an' the way her tongue gaed continually."

"Noo," said Janet in conclusion, "either the man is daft, or there's something sair wrang; for he declares the auld leddy's deed three months syne, an' her body's dryin' in the laboratory wi, gude kens hoo many mair. There's a circular he drappit," she added, handing me a torn paper on which I read the following: "*By this process, which is destined to supersede cremation, human bodies may be converted into a substance as hard as marble, and in various ornamental shapes may continue to adorn the parlors where lately they moved about in health and beauty.*" Here my wife uttered a loud scream and fainted. Thrusting the torn circular into my pocket, I carried her into the drawing room and laid her on one of the sofas. A faint, sweet, sickening odor pervaded the apartment, which was darkened. I rushed to the windows, threw them open and dashed back the shutters, flooding the room with fresh air and sunshine. Turning again to my wife, I saw her sitting up stiff and rigid, with her eyes starting out of their sockets, and fixed on the marble cross. Marble no longer, but a little shrivelled-up human figure, a child apparently with the legs still joined from the knees downward in the undecomposed fragment of the cross! In two hours from that moment we were whirling away on the train to our old home, but the Professor still waits for his rent.

JAY.

THE favorite pastime of the British army in Burmah is played by Day-Quoits.

THE VARIORUM LETTER.



EAR Scraggs, at your request I write to let you know the news, And first and foremost, Mrs. Quill has got a fit of blues Brought on by reading all about them murders in Whitechapei, With which it seems the London p'lice ain't hurrying to grapple. Six women murdered and no clue—great Scott! it's like a fable; Or theatrical advertisement or Turner's Bitters' labo

But that ain't 'ere nor there. I see as Turkey's got a loan, A million quid for railways. Well! that's nothing to our own Our C.P.R. 'as took the cake and all the country's dollars, But as we're used to being skinn'd, why no one ever hollers, Or if they do, the cry's too stale to make a big sensation; Which is just about the same as a Congressman's oration About pulling off the lion's tail with their Retaliation. Why, look 'ere, Scraggs, upon my soul I wish they'd try 't on, It 'ud just revive the dying trade of Halifax, St. John, And all our towns along the coast; but probably its bluff: Tho' Yankees know Canadians ain't all made of yielding stuff, Where's Emin Bey and Stanley, Scraggs? I ask you as a friend If you don't think it's murderous for Governments to send The finest chaps as they can find to fill a nameless grave. Or lose 'em in the jungles—the bravest or the brave. Well, I for one raise this 'ere voice against such exploration. Let Germans take all Africa, if that's their inclination; Or if old England wants a slice, why let her send an army; They're paid to die, and I believe the climate's pretty balmy; But don't send men like Stanley, Scraggs, or even you or me, To grab a thousand miles of land and set them niggers free. I've read them lines to Mrs. Q., as says they're patriotic. Our servant's going to leave us, Scraggs; her conduct's idiotic. Look 'ere, she only came last night, and lo! this wery morning I give her my two boots to clean, and then she give me warning. She asked me what I took her for—a bootblack or a nigger? Bat servants are a-dying out, no matter what the figure You offer 'em for wages, Scraggs; the good old country servant, As loved her missus and her 'ome, and said her prayers most fervent, Is dying out like buffaloes, and soon we'll never see 'em, Except on tombstones or inside a circus's museum. When I took up the *Globe* to-day, I says to my dear Mary, As human nature's wain, referring to the late Frederick's dairy, Which Bismark says is bunkum; but I guess it's true, my nobby. For he was sick, and it's well known as such men have a hobby. He shows up things unsparing, and, guess there'll be a dance, When England hears how Nap. the Third tried hard to save his France By offering to join the French and Germans for to thump us. My eye, if they 'ad tried it, Scraggs, there would have been a rumpus. But Nap. the Third is dead and gone, whatever his intention; I don't believe it, Scraggs, myself—I think it's an invention, For such a scheme as that ain't likely now, say, is it? I see the Shah ain't going to pay Victoria a visit. Do you remember how he came and lived in Buckenam Palace? And I, for one, don't wonder if the Queen still holds him malice. He was a hog, and no mistake, and so were all his followers. No wonder, when he went, as all the palace chaps had choleras. Well, Scraggs, I guess I'll finish this 'ere scroll and post it. I smells my dinner coming up—it's leg of mutton roasted, With other things, and yet there's one a wanting to complete it, And that's yourself, my dear old chap, to come and help us eat it. P. QUILL.

THE Shah of Per-Shah is to visit Rus-Shah! O! Pshah! He says he Shahn't go to England.

"OH, this is what I call bliss!" said Mrs. Jones, ironically, as she stood in the midst of the confusion incident to moving house.

"It's more, Maria," growled her better half, "it's blister!" and he displayed the hands with which he had been helping to lift stoves and things.



UNCLE SAM'S LITTLE GAME.

"THE scheme is this: An offer of Reciprocity is to be made, which Canada will accept; Britain will refuse her consent; Canada will get mad and throw off the British yoke; Political Union will then be accomplished."
—American despatch boiled down.

A SONG OF THE SEASON.

The east wind is blowing, my dove, my dove,
'Tis nice influenzial weather,
Let's walk on the pier, then, my love, my love,
And shiver together, together.
Come, shiver, my sweet, in this easterly breeze,
Oh shiver, my darling, oh shiver de freeze,
Ar-tish-oo!

The dull clouds are snowing, my dove, my dove!
Each flake's like a tarmigan's feather;
Let's stroll on the beach, then, my love, my love,
Both coughing and sneezing together.
Come shiver, my darling, oh shiver de freeze,
Come sneeze then, my poppet, my precious one, sneeze,—
Ar-tish-oo!

The streets are o'erflowing, my dove, my dove,
The wet soaks the solidest leather,
Let's wade through the mud, then, my love, my love,
And wheeze as we paddle together.
Come, shiver, my darling, oh! shiver, dear, please,
And wheeze, if you love me, as I also wheeze,—
Ar-tish-oo!

The ruddy coal's glowing, my dove, my dove,
In truth we're well out of such weather;
Let's sip the same gruel, my love, my love,
And don mustard plasters together.
Come, shiver, my precious, and shudder and sneeze,
In reply to your loved one's affectionate wheeze,—
Ar-tish-oo!

EASTER is a movable feast—therefore Easter Island is movable property. So Chili argued and annexed it. The weather will always be chili at Easter.

VILLA NOMENCLATURE.

WHENE'ER I take my walks abroad,
The journey to beguile,
I note the fancy villa names
Of folks who sling on style;
It's really often ludicrous
The difference to see
Betwixt the nomenclature
And the bald reality.

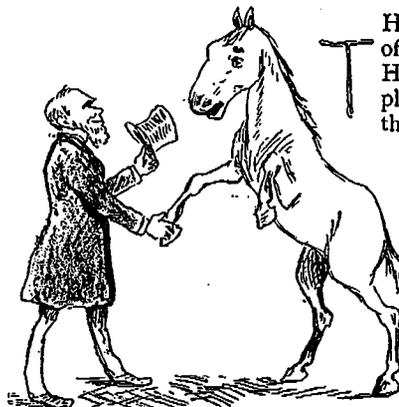
Here are "The Beeches" and "The Elms"
With lawns kept trim and neat,
But not a tree is to be seen
Along the dusty street.
"The Willows," also, do you twig?
Abode of tony folks.
"The Oaks"—ah, now that's better named—
For all can see the *hoax*.

"Fairview," enclosed by buildings tall,
Looks on a narrow lane,
"Mount Pleasant" is a dingy house
Quite level with the plain.
Upon a quarter-acre lot
See where yon mansion stands,
Whose newly-rich proprietor
Has christened it "Broadlands."

Here, Jinks, retired dry goods man,
Has built a grand abode,
In semi-medieval style
It looms upon the road.
And then to mark his noble birth
And lordly pride of race,
He dignifies it by the name
Of "Roucesvalles Place."

And so in our suburban walks,
Where'er the eye may rove,
We see the same absurdities
In "Park" and "Hall" and "Grove."
In highflown and pretentious names,
Where small folks ape the great,
And imitate the style of those
Born to a grand estate.

THE HUMANE SOCIETY.



THE annual meeting of the International Humane Society takes place in this city on the 17th inst., and Mayor Clarke has intimated that he intends doing his very prettiest in the way of welcoming the visitors from across the line. Certainly no class of men and women are more worthy of a cordial greeting than those who come in the name of this noble society, and his worship cannot be too hearty in his expressions as the representative of our city, for on this occasion he speaks not merely for the human population, but for that very considerable mass of our fellow-citizens, the horses, cattle, dogs, cats, goats and poultry. If these latter were only aware of what is going on, wouldn't there be a rousing welcome?

KING MILAN'S *divorce suit* is to be tried on November 22nd. We trust it will be found to fit easily.



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(Signed) JOHN PATERSON,
Administrator.
(Barrie Gazette, Sept. 26, '88.)

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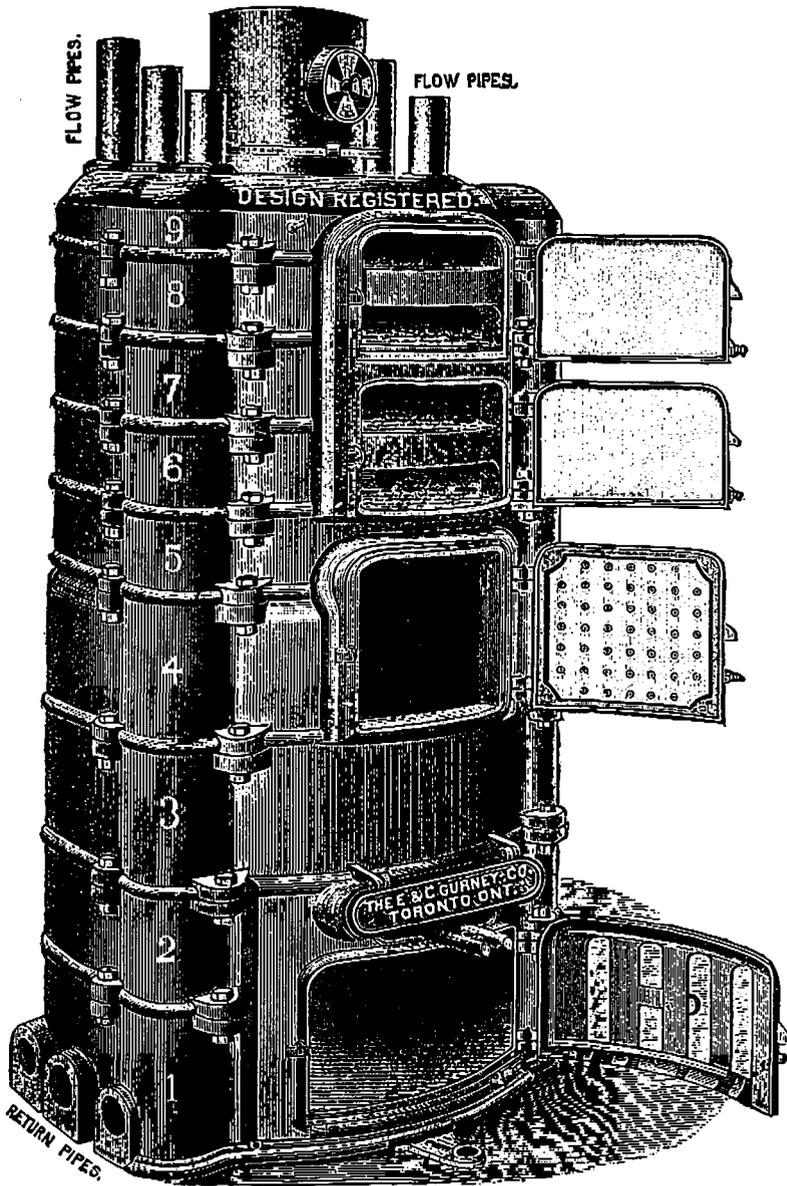
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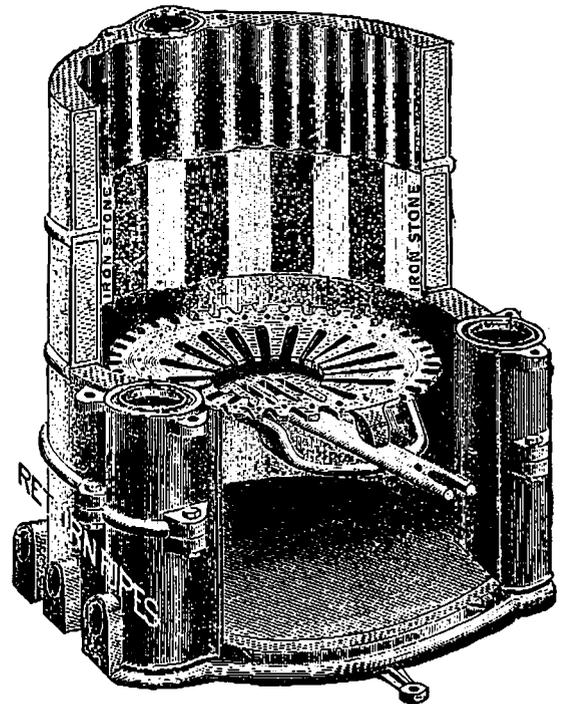
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The property offered on the west may be generally indicated as having a frontage on Queen Street of about 645 feet, and formed into blocks by the southward extension of Lisgar Street and Dovercourt Road to about the southern wall of the enclosed grounds. On the east, a frontage on Queen Street of about 636 feet, and formed into blocks by the southward extension of Shaw and Crawford Streets to an extension of DeLoe Street westward.

The Westward portion comprising about eight acres, the Eastward portion about seven and three-quarters acres.

For dimension and locations of blocks, designated by letters of the alphabet, see lithographed plans.

Tenders are asked for the separate blocks as shown on plan at a price per foot frontage on the street on which they front. The blocks fronting on Queen Street on a per foot frontage on that street. Block "M," between Abell and Lisgar Streets, on one frontage on either street.

A marked cheque for \$1,000 must accompany the tender for each block. The cheque will be returned in the event of the tender being declined, or applied upon the purchase money if the offer is accepted.

The highest or any tender not necessarily accepted. The Government reserve the right up to the 1st May next to remove the brick walls that may be on any of the blocks sold. The deeds will contain a stipulation providing that all buildings erected by the purchaser or his assigns fronting on any of the streets must be of stone or brick or brick veneered, and not less than two stories in height.

TERMS OF PAYMENT.

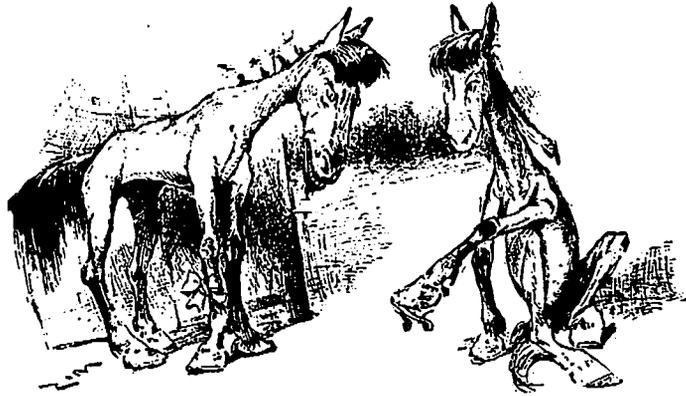
One-fourth of the purchase money must be paid in cash within twenty days of notification of the acceptance of offer; the balance to be secured by a first mortgage on the property for a term of five (5) years, with interest payable half-yearly at the rate of five per cent. per annum. The mortgage to contain releasing clause, and payments thereon can be made at any time in sums of not less than \$2,000. The purchaser may pay all in cash if he so desire.

Sealed tenders, marked "Tenders for Asylum Property," and addressed to the Hon. the Provincial Treasurer, will be received up to 12 o'clock noon of

Tuesday, 30th Oct. Next.

For further particulars and plans of the property, apply to the Provincial Treasurer's Department, Toronto.

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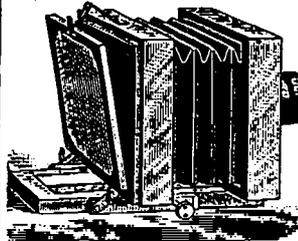


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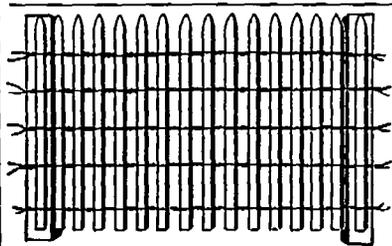
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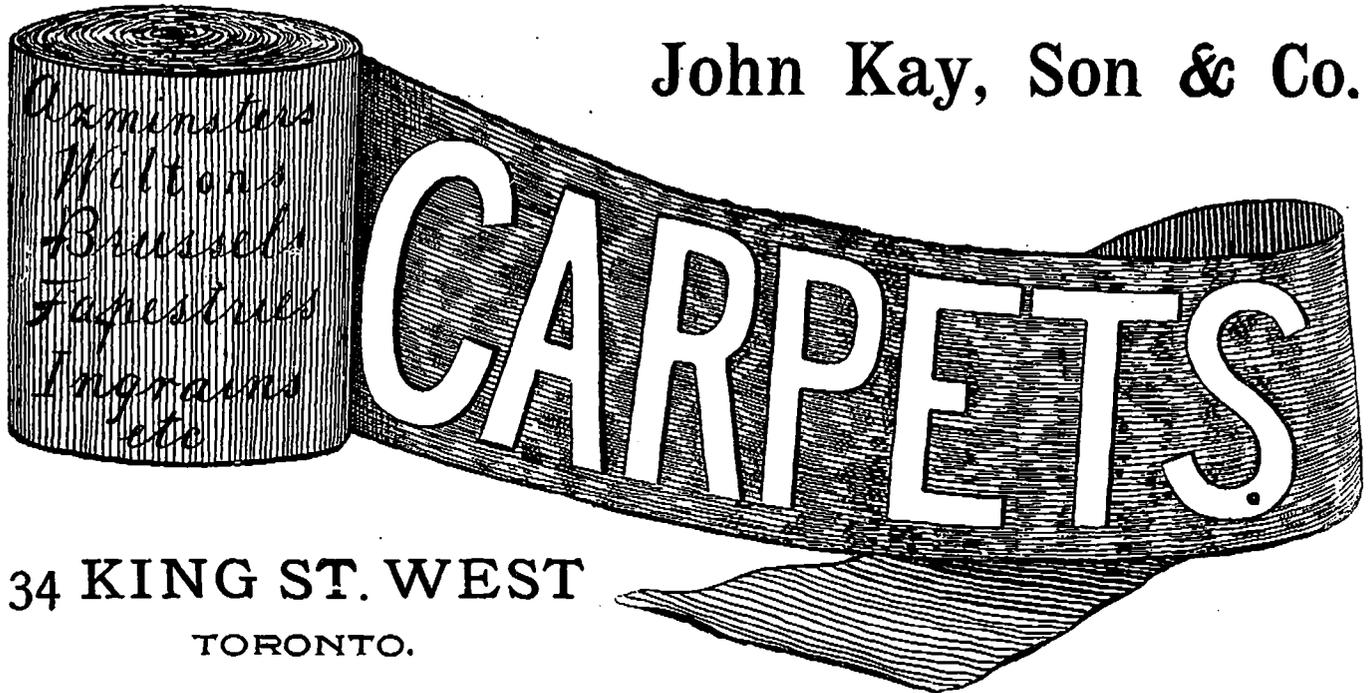
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