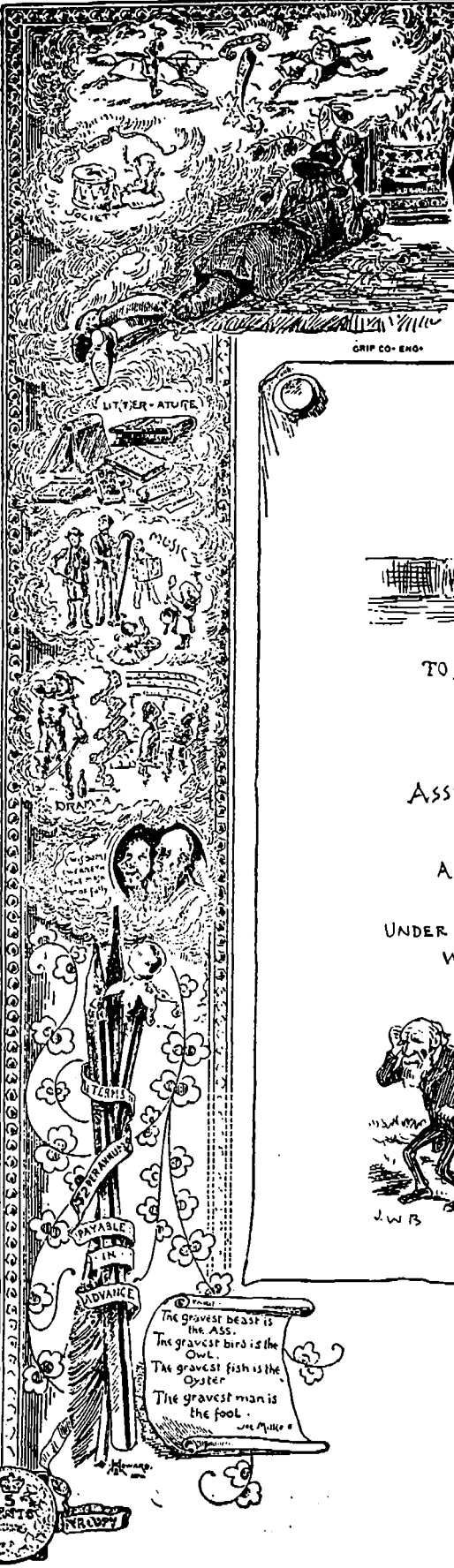


GRIP

EDITED BY J. W. BERGOUGH

GRIP CO. ENG.



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 TO ENCOURAGE THE BUILDING OF
 RAILWAYS
 IN MANITOBA
 ASSENTED TO BY THE LIEUT. GOVERNOR, JULY 8,
 1883,
 AND NOT DISALLOWED WITHIN THE
 PERIOD LIMITED BY LAW.
 UNDER THIS ACT A RAILWAY CAN BE BUILT ANYWHERE
 WITHIN THE LIMITS OF OLD MANITOBA

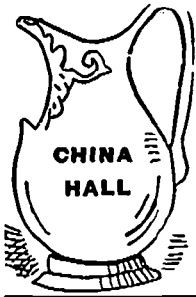


DISALLOWANCE DEFIED.

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 ©

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C. E. A. LANGLOIS, *Manager of the St. Leon Water Co.*

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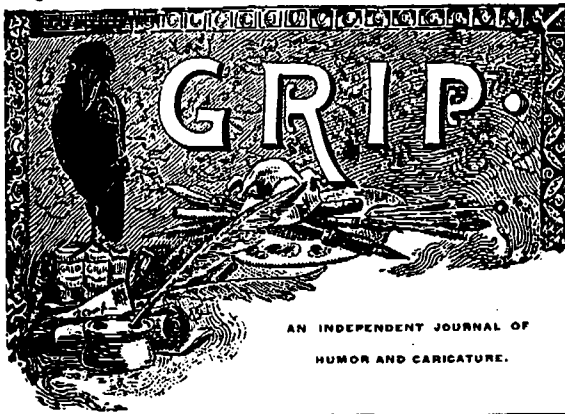
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HUMOR AND CARICATURE.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

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Comments on the Cartoons.



MISS CANADA, BARMAID.—The horrors of the liquor traffic cannot be adequately presented in picture form, any more than in words; but it may safely be assumed that nothing further need be said on this point to convince the public judgment. Everybody, nowadays, admits that the traffic is an unmitigated evil; a standing menace to the well-being of society. The point which now needs to be emphasized is, that so long as this traffic is licensed for purposes of revenue, the country is unquestionably a partner in the vile business, and every citizen who does not regularly protest against the arrangement with his ballot is equally as guilty as those immediately engaged in the business of making drunkards.

DISALLOWANCE DEFIED.—If Mr. Norquay is correct in his oft-repeated assertion that the Bill passed in 1883, "to encourage the building of a line from Winnipeg to the border, we do not see the relevancy of the talk about rebellion now being indulged in. And Mr. Norquay's contention looks perfectly sound. The Act referred to was duly assented to by the Lt.-Governor, and was not disallowed by the Federal Government within the specified time. We fail to see how the Government can get over this stone wall.

RESPECTFULLY DECLINED.—Mr. Chapleau has, after all, declined the honor of the Lt.-Governorship of Quebec. He thinks he detects in the eagerness of his colleagues to thrust the honor upon him, an anxiety to get him out of the Cabinet for the sake of Langevin's peace of mind, and in this surmise he is probably correct. Under our present system, Lt.-Governorships are to all intents and purposes political graves, and Chapleau is not yet ready to step down and out from pure love of an enemy. He seems not to be built that way.

"L'HOMME QUI (DOESN'T) RIT."—A couple of weeks ago we pictured the delight of Langevin upon learning that Chapleau was about to retire from the Cabinet. We feel it our duty now to supply the companion picture—Sir Hector's expression of countenance on learning that the good news was unfounded.

MERCIER'S PARTY.—Though Mr. Mercier is always referred to up here as the leader of the Liberal Party of Quebec, it appears that the title is a misnomer. The Parti Nationale (as Mr. Mercier himself prefers to denominate his following) is not in any true sense a Liberal Party, but pretty much the contrary. Its leading spirits are the pronounced Ultramontanes, who are bitterly opposed to every form of popular liberty, and look upon State education apart from the Roman Catholic Church as a peculiarly gross heresy. Whatever Mr. Mercier's own ideas may be—and we suspect him of sympathizing in heart very strongly with true Liberalism—he is not in a position to express his personal inclinations. If he wishes to remain in office he must refrain carefully from hurting the feelings of his Ultra allies, and this is a delicate and difficult task for any man who believes in progress.

FROM A BROTHER BARD.

DEAR GRIP,—I am pleased to learn that a testimonial is to be presented to Alexander McLachlan, the poet. In this young country, accented with dollars and cents and political strife, we would be unpatriotic did we fail to recognize the worth and genius of Mr. McLachlan—one of the truest of Canadian poets.

Truly yours,
PAISLEY. THOMAS O'HAGAN.

Sir Matthew Crooks Cameron.

BORN, 1822; DIED, 1887.

HUSBAND, FATHER, good and gentle;
CITIZEN of honored name;
LAWYER, learned, honest, gifted;
JUDGE, of wide and splendid fame.

POLITICIAN, pure and courteous;
FRIEND of generous heart and hand;
CHRISTIAN, earnest, tranquil, humble;
MAN, in all things manly—grand!

MATTHEW CAMERON, name undying—
It will live thy worth to tell,
Tho' to thee our land says, weeping,
God receive thee—fare thee well!

ARCTURUS, we regret to announce, has ceased publication. We expressed the hope, on receipt of the first number, that the name would not prove fatal. It only survived twenty-four weeks, notwithstanding the excellent writing of its editor, Mr. Dent, and that of a number of able contributors. If Mr. Shakespeare wishes to know what's in a name, he may be respectfully referred to this sad instance.

It is the intention of certain members of the Canadian Club in New York, to issue in the form of a beautiful book the papers which have been delivered before the club during the past winter by prominent parties, together with those which are to be delivered during the remainder of the season. The book is to be issued in beautiful style at \$1 per copy. Parties desirous of obtaining copies can do so by enclosing the price of the book to James Ross, Canadian Club, 12 East 29th Street, New York.

WHEN we realize with what celerity a goat can separate a man from his surroundings, it is difficult to understand why butt should be called a conjunction.

Canada.

Lo ! what a glorious vision starts,
From all those humanizing arts,
High intellects, and manly hearts,
Here in our forest land.
Throughout the past, all that's been done,
All that from chaos has been won,
By human effort 'neath the sun,
Is here at our command.

Heirs of a race of rugged mould,
Of simple virtues manifold,
The high heroic hearts of old,
That true men dared to be ;
The fruits of all their toil and tears,
Their high endeavors, hopes and fears,
Heart-heavings of a thousand years,
Inheritors are we.

Tho' history like a caldron swims
With headless trunks and severed limbs,
Yet still the martyr's dying hymns,
From selfishness would win us ;
To us their mighty deeds they bring,
That through our souls forever ring,
Like flappings of an angel's wing,
To rouse the God within us.

Then hail the monarchy of mind,
And onward progress of mankind,
Shall the Dominion lag behind
The lights of other ages ?
Are there not men as true to-day
As in the ages past away ?
More longings for the better day
Foretold by seers and sages.

The world has never seen the whole
Powers of the wondrous human soul ;
With selfishness under control,
What things may come to birth ?
Oh ! unimagined human powers,
Even this "Canada of ours,"
May strew with spiritual flowers,
This sin afflicted earth.

ALEXANDER MCLACHLAN.

THE EXHIBITION OF THE ON-A-TEAR I.O.U. SOCIETY OF ARTISTS.

SECOND ARTICLE.

28. "A Showery Day, North Wales." North Wales is a large spot—for rain.
29. "Flemish Windmill." This is a subtle picture and owes its beauty entirely to the two women, who are made up, as usual, of sentiment. The front women is tired out and looks at her big feet. One expects her to say, "Oh! those corns." The far off woman is looking at the animal in front and wondering who tied the cow up. There is no shade in Holland.
31. "Scarboro' Heights." This is a bold imitation of a Japanese fan picture.
32. "Wood Interior." As the exterior is also wood, I would say it is a very wooden effort. Why didn't the artist carve it ?
34. "Snowballs." The painter ought to be pelted with them, they are so natural.
35. "In the Credit Valley." An example of the Brussels (carpet) school. The artist will probably keep all the credit to himself.
36. "Nutting Season." These pigs must have descended from those that were driven into the sea—they were all before the mast.
39. "Portrait." This style could hardly be called played out ; nor could the sitter take a cold—key.

41. "A Dirty Morning." Probably the artist spent many dirty mornings in producing that excessively dirty water. I should suggest a bar of soap instead of sand.

45. "Dulse Gatherers." *Dulce est.* The sky and sea on the right are fine.

46. "In Colorado." Well, I should smile. "In color (much) ado."

51. "Portrait"—probably of a macaw, with a nervous lady, trying to drink tea. Polly, as usual, is on the look out for a cracker. The plumage of the bird is beautiful.

54. "Fog Clearing Off." If the artist had waited till it had cleared off, he might have had a fine scene.

57. "Portrait" of Hat and Hair—with face to match. A pretty *tout ensemble.*

28. "A Canadian Concession Line." It was a great concession to hang it on any line, hang it all.

59. "Wood Interior." Mistake—probably canvass.

60. "Rock Slide." Hem! Let it slide.

61. "A Hundred Years Ago." A capital and careful study. Had the artist lived a hundred years ago, such a work would have been thought more of.

62. ——— Why, wasn't the picture christened, if the women were not. They don't look very sociable ; but we all have our peculiarities—even the artist—*vide* the table and flower pot.

63. "Autumn." Why *spring* it on us in *summer.* We'll get there later on—so will the picture.

92. "Before the Storm." The scene looks black enough to have just got even with the storm. If pictures could speak, this would say, "Parlez vous Francaise?"

94. "Among the Water Lilies." If the artist had waited till the girl in blue had fallen overboard and floated out of his range of vision, the picture would have been improved. The figure in white is excellent. This picture causes many reflections.

95. "Portrait." If Winnie did not want to eat the cherries, why was she made to hold them? The cherries look pretty fresh, too.

97. "Among the Rushes." Exactly. Probably "rushed" in to fill up space. If this is intended for Pharaoh's daughter, I calculate she won't find Moses. The youngster will hide as soon as he sees her.

101. "A Reverie." Portrait of a lady, whose beau did not take her to the Patti concert. She is tuning up a life-like guitar in revenge.

103. "Girl Playing Accordion." Legs don't look proper when crossed, any more than eye. Full of *chic.*

105. "The Red Man's Ranche." Can any one spot the last buffalo?

106. "Study of a Head." Requires more study before it comes to a head

108. "My Face is My Fortune." A pretty and well finished picture. A face is not always a fortune to the artist, unfortunately.

109. "Meditation." Picture of a girl who is awfully mad, because she can't get her new gauntlets on those hands. The artist probably meant no arm in his picture.

115. "Shortening the Range." Something like a puzzle picture. "Where is the bear?" A fine study of trees and worms included.

129. A remarkably fine bit of dashing water color. In the absence of the ubiquitous secretary, I kissed those rny lips, and the right eye winked.

141. "Canal, Holland." Probably a copy of some mediæval Dutch artist.

149. "Dawn of Day." Wellington and Blucher on a spree. A capital picture.

I now conclude my second notice, and inform the respectful citizens who signed the address, that I will give another on receipt of another 25 cents—in shipplasters only).

P. QUILL.

POKERVILLE.

JUBILEE JABS.

BEING THE ANTI-THESIS OF JUBILEE JOLLITIES.

BY OUR GROWLING CONTRIBUTOR.

THE London *Advertiser* has changed its dress. But it still lacks in Jubilee spirit. Its editor-in-chief and its Extreme Funny Man are still permitted to live and write.

* * *

THE Brantford *Telegram* has this item :—

Mr. John Sanderson was charged yesterday with removing dirt from the public highway, before the J.P.

Naturally a J. P. would object to having dirt removed from before him—J.P., of course, being taken to signify Jubilee Pig.

* * *

THE moral influences of this Jubilee year are very strongly exemplified in the case of the editor of the Woodstock *Standard*, who, evidently sincerely penitent for his crookedness in the past, virtuously resolves in this wise :—

“That patronage we shall strive to merit even more than in the past, by honest dealing, and by giving everyone fair value for their money.”

* * *

BUT perhaps the most extraordinary instance of reformatory work arising out of Jubilee associations and their promptings Goodward is furnished by the young man of the Burford *Times*. The young man indites this tender and expressive editorial, apparently after very mature reflection :—

THANKS.—We beg to offer our sincere thanks to the gentleman who so kindly returned our saw. We began to think that we lost it. We should be glad if he asked our permission the next time he wanted the loan of it.

See the calm resignation involved in the little article ! Study the gentleness, the refinement, the intense modesty of the young man ! “Our saw !”

The saw that bucked a thousand years
The cordwood and the slab.

It was taken surreptitiously from the sanctum safe, where it had lain in fancied security, beside the predatory shears and dishonest paste-pot, as long as the neighboring pile of cut wood lasted and the nights were dark. But when other resources failed and the owner was obliged to seek its aid, lo ! it was not ! In any other than a jubilee year the victimized editor would have filled a column with denunciations of man’s inhumanity to man and the necessity of everybody having a buck-saw of his own. He would have fumed and raged and torn around until the insurance agent would have felt impelled to cancel the policy on the building. But in the calm and holy quiet of Jubilee times, and in the presence of orders from two churches for ice-cream festival dodgers, he nobly illustrates the grand attributes of patience and repressed grief, and, while in choking tones he tells the apprentice to fill the stove with fence-boards, he sits him down and waits. The saw comes back. Virtue is rewarded. A row that might have convulsed a whole township is happily averted. And now is the time to subscribe.

THE McLACHLAN TESTIMONIAL.

GOD BLESS THE POET !

DEAR GRIP,—I cannot resist the desire I feel to write and tell you how much I admire the latest production from the pen of Mr. McLachlan which you have published.

“When We Were Boys Together” is one of the most beautiful poems I have had the pleasure of reading in many years. The touch of nature which “makes the whole world kin” is impressed upon these noble verses which speak, from the eternal freshness of the poet’s heart, the language of brotherly love—of peace and good will.

The other day a brave man, who, in the words of Horace,

* * non vultus instantis tyranni
Mente quatit solida, * *

—an ambassador of the lowly poor, came amongst you to expose oppression, and plead the cause of the oppressed in the face of the oppressor. Had the people to whom he came preserved in their mature years the generous sympathies of their boyhood, they would have welcomed their visitor as a brother in the holy cause of humanity. But their better natures were obscured by unworthy passions and associations; and by the poor the poor man’s friend was stoned !

God bless the writer who writes, and the printer who prints the lessons of love and mercy ! May we learn from these to preserve the tenderness and warm generousities of youth all through our lives unto the end ! May we ever honor and reverence the teachings of the poet who lifts our minds through the dark clouds into the sunshine above !

EDWARD PLAYFAIR.

Ottawa.



AN EXPERIMENT.

Bobby—What are you sitting down there for, Flossy? We’ll never get home if you don’t come on.

Flossy—I believe our teacher tells stories. She says the earth goes round, and I’ve been trying to see if it would carry me home, and it won’t !

COME HERE! HASH AND CHEW!

MUSTUR GRIP.—I wass nefer so enchoyable ahl the tays o' my life since I would come to Canada, either pefore or since, that I was the tay pefore to-morrow at the Gaelic Society's macursion to Victoria Park, which wass ahlso the same tay in 1518 that so many o' my clan and a few others too, moreover, put so much showder and pot into a lairge numper o' little Frenchmen at a place they'll cahll Waterloo, which perhaps you would have heard o' pefore, whatefer, because ahl the pest historians o' the Highlands and the Highland clans ackree and confess that if there wass not a fife or four thousand fine fellows there from Argyleshire, including Oban and Tobermory, forpy Campbelltown and the rest o' Cantyre to the Mull itself, which iss a part o' the country where the fery ain-chells, maype, would not desire for a more petter place, and where there iss not in any other half o' the world so goot whusky as the Campbelltown or the Isla, moreover, so sweet as milk and that could make you feel twice so strong as a stirk, although the Lowland creatures wass not incapabe o' using it without a lairge quantity o' common water.

Oh, yes, Mustur GRIP, you can assure me it wass a fine picnic, a fery fine picnic inteet, and if we'll spare the Almichty to another year this time twelvemonth I hope to see twice as more at the Gaelic Society's next annual macursion, so I do.

DUNCAN MCPHAIL.

TORONTO, *June 20th, 1887.*

AIRLIE'S REVERIE.

THE WAREHOUSE, *June 22, 1887.*

DEAR MAISTER GRIP.—If there's a'e thing mair con-speekious than anither i' the *Week*, its the utter absence o' onything suggestive o' heart an' sowl. Its capable enough, an' clever enough, an' sentimental enough, an' spitefu' enough in a conscience—but for heart—wæs me! An' yet, last week, gin ye had drappit in tae the basement o' oor warehouse ye wad hae seen yer humble servant sittin' on a packin' box readin' that same *Week*, an' the het tears rinnin' doon his cheeks like the heavy thunder draps o' summer rain. That's tae say, ye wad hae seen ma veeseble tabernackel o' flesh sittin' there—but as for *me*—*masel*—eh, man! it wass neither in the ceety o' Toronto nor onywhere in the Dominion o' Canada I wass stravaigin' at that meenit, but awa across the braid Atlantic—daunderin' through an auld rural village, whaur the saut sea cam yaummerin' up the sands, an' whaur the sweet-briar an' hawthorn an' honey-suckle, an' clover, saluted ma' nostrils like a blessed whiff frae Paradise. Ance mair I wass a barefit laddie, an' the commons were white an' saft wi' daisies, "wee modest crimson-tipped flowers," growin' thick on ilka side o' the beaten path that led straught up to tae the little ivy-covered dyke that enclosed a garden—a rail auld fashioned garden—just sic anither as Sara Jeanette Duncan described in that *Week*. But oh Mistress Duncan, my woman, gin ye had lived a hunder years syne, we wad hae stowed ye in a fat tar barrel an' set a match tae ye, for wha but a witch wi' twa-ree strokes o' her magic pen, could hae brocht aboot sic a resurrection frae the dead as that "Old Fashioned Garden." Kent ye ever sic a procession o' ghosts! a' beckin' an' booin' in the licht o' a sun lang set—gorgeous in color—fragrant as Araby, an' sweet as childhood's Eden. Rows o' daffy-down-dillies, an' purple velvet dusty millers—an' bluid-red carnations, an' none-so-pretties, ane after anither—the white roses climbin' up

an' keekin' in at the kitchen window, the single an' double golden broon wall-floors an' gilly-floors growin' roon the root o' the auld aipple trees nailed up on the sunny side o' the garden wa'.

An' that variegated mint, an balm, an' lemon thyme, an' rosemary, an' aippleringy! Ah! Mistress Duncan, some may ca' speerits frae the vasty deep—but wha like you can regale oor senses wi' the floory fragrance o' a happy bygone past? My tears are dry noo, the *Week* is lent tae ma next door neebor—but there's a sobbin' at ma heart, an' the veesion o' an auld garden in ma ee, an the scent o' the auld fashioned flowers haunt me, an' winna let me be. But I forgie ye, an' a' yer witchcraft o' tongue an' pen—in consideration o' the courage ye display in stickin' up for the auld fashioned hame-garden. I'm sick an' weary o' shaven lawns an' steroyped floor-pots, clean an' neat, and a' very bonny in their way; but ilk ane sae wearifu' like the ither, an' a' as suggestive o' money bags an the florist, as the interior o' the hooses are o' the upholsterers.

Nature a' shaven, an' shorn, an' clippit', an' trimmed

until a prim an' meaningless caricature, daisies debarred the turf; a dandelion an' unpaardonable transgression. Nae individuality, nae hame life, nae floors or trees planted by the hands o' love, an' bloomin, wha kens, when their owners are seen on earth nae mair. Eh, woman! gin ye only kent hoo thankful I am tae ye for yer courage in tiltin' at the sameness, the steroypedness o' the present generation; but ma thankful fervor is damped wi' a cauld sweat o' anticipatory horror, for fear old fashioned gardens become the latest thing; "so natural, you know," an' will be treated tae the imitation in the shape o' artificial auld fashioned gardens, minus the individuality an' the pervadin' human associations. Frae sic a calamity gude Lord deliver me a sinner.

HUGH AIRLIE.

DOG DAY DOTTINGS.

It is generally very hot in Toronto during the summer months, and about as good a thing as you can do is to try to keep cool. In these days collars melt and wilt in a most despondent and downhearted way,—not only on Wilton Avenue, but everywhere else. (In this connection we may remark that it must be terrible to have to spend the summer at Melton Mowbray, if there is such a place).

Along the streets you see various signs and tokens of the heated term. The ice cream signs shine alluringly. The tawny son of sunny Italy stands by his little confectionery stand, and the wrinkled, bleary, old daughter of Tipperary guards her basket of antique apples and oranges. Open street cars go "kiting" down the streets.

The iceman leaves a little chunk of ice,
That weighs five ounces nice,—
And soon it melts into a round, wet spot
Upon the sidewalk hot;
And he calmly writeth down "6 lbs. per day,"
In his little bill alway.

The small boys fish off the docks, go swimming, and play ball. The plumber takes a run to Europe.

Out in the country the farmer grows wealthy on the crop of folks from the city; compared with that crop, he looks on all his other crops as a mere rutabagatelle. The hay rakes are teething, and he has to stay up nights to give them paregoric so that they will be in good condition when autumn comes. This gives him a good deal of trouble, but he doesn't mind it. He reads the notes and suggestions which the city papers get up for their

agriculturalist readers. Of course he never acts on them ; but he finds them interesting. He reads that the best way to raise pigs is by the tail, that chickens should now be fed on rock salt and sawdust, that yearling calves should have a diet of chopped straw and molasses, and that the farmer should never blow out the gas in a city hotel. He imbibes all this information affably.

It is pleasant now in the woods, where tangled lights and shadows fall on the forest pathways, where the birds sing from all the trees, and the busy chipmunk is gathering in poker chips. Oh, for a stroll in the clover-scented meadows ! Our souls are filled with all the soothing influences of a day perfect in beauty,—

Now brushing ankle-deep in flowers,
We hear behind the woodbine veil,
The milk that bubbles in the pail,
The buzzings of the honeyed hours.

And where the wild flower fragrance yields,
We see a promising young steer,
Behind the city boarders jeer,
And chase them through the distant fields.

There are certain things which are appropriate to each season. It would look out of place for instance, for a lady to wear a sealskin sacque in July,—unless she is getting it past the custom-house officials that way. It would be injudicious just now to attempt to go down the side of a mountain in a toboggan. I may here mention a young doctor, who having not much to do, is studying up throat and lung troubles for all they are worth. He proposes to be ready for the winter trade. He is a man of remarkably original ideas ; I remember his urging once that, as the surgeon holds the knife in one hand, he might balance himself better and keep the patient steadier, by thrusting a carving-fork into him with the other. But this admirable suggestion was met with that petty, unreasoning jealousy which is, alas, so characteristic of professional men !

To return, however, to the things which are appropriate to each season. It is appropriate to blister your hands and get the back of your neck raw with sunburn, rowing up some glassy river. It is not however appropriate to do this on a Sunday afternoon ; especially if you fall into the river, and are fished out of its watery depths, very red in the face, very wet in the garments, and very blue in the surrounding atmosphere.

About the best thing you can do of an afternoon is to take a little trip somewhere by boat. You take with you the third volume of the Reports of the Seismological Society of Japan, to while away the time. But when the boat is out upon the lake, under a cloudless sky, and you begin to read that interesting third volume, you are irritated extremely by the conduct of a short-sighted little man in a snuff-colored suit. He has his head buried in something which he is reading ; and every half-minute he bursts out into an explosive laugh. He nearly chokes himself trying to control his violent laughter, looks around him apologetically, begins to read again surreptitiously, and immediately goes off into another fit of boisterous cackling. He drives you wild. At length you look around at the other passengers to see if they are mad enough to have the little man thrown overboard. To your great surprise they are all pulling out and beginning to read the same thing that the little man is reading. You look closer, and see that it is the GRIP SACK ; and just then you remember that you have one yourself in your inside pocket, having bought it on the way down to the boat.

Soon you are making twice as much noise as the short-sighted little man in the snuff-colored suit. The third

volume of the Reports of the Seismological Society of Japan is doubtlessly a work of great interest, but you cast it ruthlessly into the blue waters of the lake, and devote yourself to the good things in the GRIP SACK. This pleasure, it may be remarked, will be within your grasp about the middle of July, when the GRIP SACK will be published.



BIRDS FOR BONNETS.

Being members of the Society for the Protection of Song Birds needn't prevent our sweet sisters from decorating their head gear.

OUR PRESS BRETHERN.

THE Jubilee number of the *Halifax Critic* is a highly creditable production, and bears evidence of the rapid growth of literary taste in Canada. The *Critic* is always excellent ; this number particularly so.

PROF. G. D. ROBERTS, now of Windsor College, N. S., and formerly one of GRIP's esteemed contributors, is receiving high praise from the best critical journals of the United States and England for his latest book of poems, entitled *In Divers Tones*. Roberts is unquestionably one of our coming men in Literature.

OUR highly esteemed contemporary, the *World*, is kind enough to impute disloyalty and other bad motives to GRIP, *apropos* of the Commercial Union discussion. This is what we expected, and it doesn't hurt our feelings at all. Besides, it is a good deal easier for the *World* to do this than to sustain its position on the question with anything like argument.

CALL a nice young man a "dude" and he'll be half pleased ; call him a fool and you mortally offend him. Yet the words are synonymous.—*New Albany Mail*.



THE FRENCH IDEA OF THE GRAND OLD MAN.

(From *La Caricature*, Paris.)



MISS CANADA, BARMAID.

WHEN WILL THE COUNTRY BE "RIPE" TO GET OUT OF THIS PARTNERSHIP?

SEASONABLE.

In his hillside villa, C. Algernon Dinwiddie is enjoying for a time the pleasures of retirement and seclusion, before starting for Egypt in his steam yacht with a large party of friends. Hardly a month ago he returned from a jaunt through Brazil, and he is still bronzed from his thousands of miles of travel overseas. He spent this morning in his luxuriously appointed study, clipping the coupons from Government bonds; and yet he is not a man who sets a high value of such sordid dross. His is a serene, unruffled mind, a choice soul. He sometimes lets this fact peep out in his magazine articles—of course you are familiar with his articles and poems in *Sharper's Monthly*, *Scrivener's Magazine*, *The Ventury*, and *Apricots*.

Six years ago C. Algernon Dinwiddie was an actor; but his delicate constitution did not allow him a lengthened career in his mission of holding the mirror up to nature. Though a gifted artist, he was forced to relinquish the theatrical business, owing to the excessive amount of pedestrian exercise involved in the pursuit of the drama. Having abruptly terminated his engagement with an "East Lynne" company, which was stranded on its way from Manitoba to Dakota, he returned to Toronto penniless. He often relates to his guests the hardships he then underwent, and is fond of citing the names of other great men who after such periods of stress rose, like himself, to affluence and fame.

After his return to Toronto he maintained a protracted struggle against starvation. Let us hurry over these desolate, hopeless days in the life of so great a man. The tide at length turned. One June day, as he sat on a bench in the park, a great idea came to him:—*he would write for the magazines*. He must have acted strangely, in the sudden elation of the moment. He remembers that a policeman watched him suspiciously; (the same policeman is now his coachman at a magnificent salary.) Well, on that June day the tide turned. He would write for the magazines. It was, at the time, a brilliantly original idea.

The rest may be told in a word. Some men are born great, but manage in a singular way to outlive it; others achieve greatness; others have L.L.D thrust upon them. C. Algernon Dinwiddie, the popular author and thinker, the graceful *flaneur*, the essayist of broad grasp and subtle insight, the poet, is to-day the possessor of fabulous wealth.

Let us look in upon him at his villa this afternoon.

The study is a gorgeous dream of blue and gold, with high arched windows of stained glass. No doubt you have seen the well-known etching of Mr. Dinwiddie in his study, smiling that faint, half-introspective smile which only a literary man can smile—that is a smile at the delightful but unreasonable happiness of the whole human race. But C. Algernon is not sitting for his photograph this afternoon. Around him in graceful disorder are scattered the priceless relics of his travels; costly rugs, scimitars, the horns of rare animals from distant continents, the curios, the decorations conferred on him by princes, jewelled goblets, intaglios, carvings in ivory, silver statuettes, the gifts of distinguished men of all countries. C. Algernon himself is at his desk. He has thrown off his coat, and bearing up against the overpowering heat, he is wrestling with the muse. All the windows are open. Mustapha, formerly a slave of the Sultan's, who presented him to Mr. Dinwiddie, stands at his elbow. The lithe Persian fans the exhausted poet

with a huge Oriental fan, and serves iced sherbet. The drowsy hum of the bees in the honeysuckle that trails over the trellised casement is heard faintly; in the valley the cattle stand knee-deep in the stream under the shade of the oaks; below the villa, the fields are sweltering in the summer heat. And this is what C. Algernon Dinwiddie has written down on a large, square sheet of paper—

"Midst the stunted larches growing,
In the sunless twilight showing—
Gleams the winter, cold and dreary,
With its evenings, long and weary,
With its pallid sunsets gleaming;
Roars the winter with its snowing,
With its blustering and its blowing,
And its icy snow-moon beaming.
In the desolate, lone forest
A flying voice is moaning,—
Like the sea waves on a rock shore;
Comes the voice, The year is dying,
Dying slowly——"

C. Algernon Dinwiddie is working at high pressure, for the poem must be sent off by the very earliest mail to be in time for the December number of *Sharper's Monthly*, which is now being made up.



PROBABLY IRONICAL.

Jimpson (with catalogue of Ontario Society of Artists)—I don't see your name here as usual, Maulstick. Why didn't you send something in?

Maulstick—Oh, it doesn't pay. There's such a crowd at the Exhibition all the time that the pictures are sure to be ruined!

A MAN who would sit in Parliament must stand first and lie afterwards.

FRANK G. CARPENTER, in the July *American Magazine* will describe the amusing difficulties in regard to costume with which Yankee representatives abroad have to contend when they take part in courtly ceremonies.

MINISTER (at the baptismal font, to father)—Name, please? Father (with impediment in his speech)—Jo-Jo-Josephine Smith. Minister (unaware of the impediment)—Joe-Joe-Josephine Smith, I baptize thee, etc. [Consternation of the family.]

OLD GENTLEMAN—Here, sir! you are a regular fraud. My hair's coming out as bad as ever. This stuff isn't worth a continental. Barber—I didn't promise that it would keep your hair from coming out. I said it would preserve your scalp. Your scalp's all there, isn't it?—*Harper's Bazar.*

INFORMATION reaches us that the man who recovered from a sun-stroke on Tuesday last, was frozen to death on Wednesday night. It is not surprising.—*Norristown Herald.*

THE crowning glory of a woman is her bonnet.—*Detroit Free Press.*

THERE'S a divinity that shapes our ends, And "Hair Restorers" fail to make amends.—*Puck.*

"You will find the service one of great hardship," said the examining officer to the recruit who wanted to enlist in the Arctic expedition: "of more suffering than profit." "I'm used to that," replied the recruit, "that's the kind of service I've been trained to." "But your duties will increase little by little, until you will be doing two or three men's work." "That's just what I've been doing," was the confident reply. "But you will only get one man's pay, and it isn't very large at that." "All right; that's my present salary." "And cold—you have no idea how cold it will be; cold all the time: fearfully, killingly, freezingly cold." "That's right in my line, all of it," said the recruit with strange enthusiasm. "I've been assistant pastor in a fashionable Chicago church for two years." He was promptly enrolled and offered command of the expedition.—*Burdette.*

CAPTAIN DASH—Yes, madam, I have been disappointed in love. The lady jilted me cruelly. But she is dead, and I forgive her. Madam—You have my entire sympathy, sir. I feel for you and with you. Disappointment in love is a sad experience. C. D.—I hope you do not speak from personal experience. M.—I am sorry to say I do. C. D.—You loved? M.—I did. C. D.—And were disappointed? M.—Deeply. C. D.—And is the cruel man living? M.—He is. C. D.—The man who disappointed you? M.—Yes, and—well—that is to say, he is my husband.

RESTAURANT KEEPER (to guest)—Is your seat quite comfortable, sir? Are you too near the window? Guest—No, the window is all right; but I wouldn't mind sitting a little farther from the butter.

"THE first mosquito of the season visited me last night," observed the Snake Editor, "and I made him my enemy." "How was that?" asked the Horse Editor. "Well, he landed on my hand, I mashed him, and now he is dead against me."—*Ex.*

"WHAT has become of your niece, Miss Murphy, Mrs. O'Rafferty?" "Och, sure an' she's done well wid herself. She married a lord." "Why, you don't tell me! An English lord?" "No, I don't think he's an English lord. He's a landlord. He kapes a hotel out in Cincinnati, Ohio."

EMINENT SCIENTIST—The planetary indications give assurance that there will be no rain for the next three days. Man with a bunion (smiling with lofty superiority)—There will be rain, sir, in less than twelve hours. And there was.

FRESHMAN—By Jove, old man, your nose is a regular give-away. Why, it's perfectly crimson. Senior—Well, what of that? Proper thing. Crimson's the college color. Everybody ought to wear a badge of the college color, and my nose saves me the trouble of wearing a ribbon.—*Boston Beacon.*

A PASSENGER on a Connecticut train stooped down to pick up a paper that had fallen from his hands, and was saved from getting hit by a bullet that crashed through the window. The newspaper is a great thing, and now is the time to subscribe.—*St. Albans Messenger.*

A LIVELY bull was perpetrated in the course of the late sitting of the House of Commons. "Sir," said Mr. John O'Connor, "the government compel the starving peasant to sell his last loaf, even though he retain it for his starving children."—*Ex.*

"YOU must buy you some rubbers, Bridget," said Madame; "I cannot have you sick again." "Sure, ma'am, I think it's rather a good warm hood that I made, for it's always a cowl in me head that I catch to begin wid."—*Boston Beacon.*

OLD man, reading report of baseball game—They got on to Clarkson early in the game, and pounded him all over the field. He succeeded in striking out two men, after a hot grounder had gone right through Burns, and then the Bostons wielded the stick in earnest and knocked the unfortunate twirler clear out of the box. Old lady—Don't read any more of that fight, please, Josiah. It's too dreadful. Dear me! dear me! Where could the constable have been? And they call this a Christian country.—*Boston Beacon.*

"CAN you give me a drink, madam?" begged the tramp. "I can give you a drink of water," she said. "Well," he said, after some consideration, "water'll do, if you can give me an old tomato-can to drink it from. I'm a poor and lowly wreck, madam," he concluded with pathos, "but, thank heaven, I have still left the remnants of what was at one time considered the finest imagination in the county where I was born."—*Puck.*

THE divorce courts in some States have a speed of more than twenty knots an hour.—*Boston Record.*

"If you continue this vagabond life," sternly remarked an old farmer to a tramp, "you will find yourself in the toils." "Don't use that awful word," said the tramp, with a shudder of disgust. "What word?" "Toils. I am a man that never toils, and never means to."

"LOOK here, I can't use those pants. I wanted them for a dinner party, and they are so tight I can't walk in them," remarked a dude to his tailor. "Well," growled the tailor, "if you don't get to be any tighter than those pants, you won't find any trouble in walking."—*Siftings.*

MANAGER (New Jersey Opera House).—We are going to have an entertainment to-morrow evening, Mr. Sawlog, and we want a load of sawdust for the floor. Mr. Sawlog—What did you expect to pay for it? Manager—I will say on the programme that the sawdust used on this occasion is from the celebrated saw-mill of Messrs. Sawlog & Co.—*Harper's Bazar.*

THE new English gun weighs I am afraid to say how many hundred tons, and carries a projectile weighing you wouldn't believe how many thousand pounds; but, at any rate, it costs eight hundred dollars every time it is fired. And one day last week they spent thirty-two hundred dollars missing a target four times. This may be war, but, to a plain man, it looks a great deal more like extravagant foolishness.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

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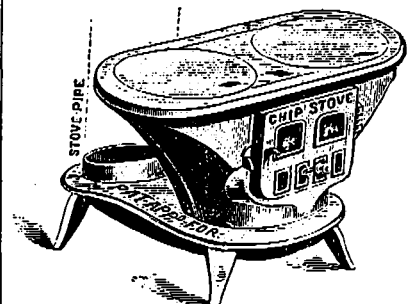
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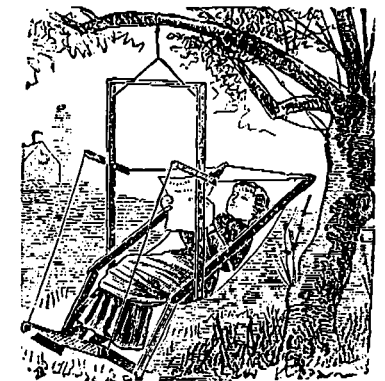
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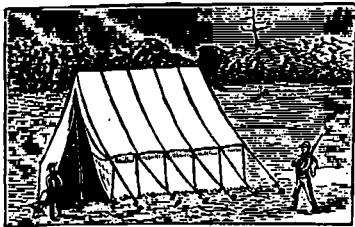
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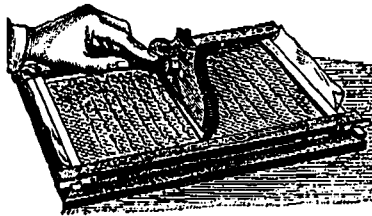
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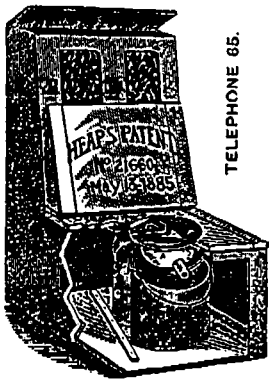


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