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EDITED BY J. W. BENGOUGH

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No. 1081

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No. 7.



HAMLET UP TO DATE.
HAM.—"Go on, I'LL FOLLOW THEE!"

THE SCAPE COAT



AT GRIMSBY.

PHILOSOPHERS at Grimsby Park—and that is where you find Philosophers if you are looking for them—confess themselves puzzled to account for the fact that notwithstanding the hard times there are more people living in the cottages and hotels of this resort, than in any previous season, and that these people—estimated to be about 2,000 in number—are if possible a little jollier than ever before. My own opinion freely offered to the Philosophers in question, but not received by them with the seriousness it deserves, is that the hard times accounts for the phenomenon. People throughout the country have for a long time been suffering from the depression, and what more natural than that they should feel depressed? Feeling depressed they naturally desire to escape from that morbid condition, and as “in the Spring the young man’s fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love,” so in the winter of their discontent the fancy of these depressed persons turns in a similarly natural way to Grimsby Park. I believe the cure is a sovereign one. To judge from the expression of the faces of the erstwhile jaded business men and fagged out mothers of families one meets all over the grounds, the depression has been effectively given the slip. For the time being at least there is a wide and very beautiful lake between the denizens of Grimsby Park and the carking cares of business. Their minds are now fully occupied with pleasanter subjects than promissory notes and lists of creditors; they are listening to instructive chalk talks, or entertaining sermons, or edifying discussions, or elevating musical performances, or they are devoting both minds and bodies to boating, bathing, quoiting or tennising, or they are cultivating under the safe chaperonage of Mother Church, the noblest faculty of human nature—the faculty of loving ones neighbor—of the opposite sex; or they are just lying on the grass under the trees overlooking blue Ontario, simply loafing and inviting their souls. It is a great place, is Grimsby Park and fills the bill to perfection for the man or woman who goes in for a summer outing tempered with enough of brain exercise to keep that organ healthy, and for the youngsters who want a playground with all the modern

appliances and plenty of playfellows. Our American friends have begun to discover Grimsby Park, and every season finds a larger number of genial people from Baltimore, New Orleans, Philadelphia, etc., etc., dwelling in its happy precincts. A catalogue of the attractive features of the Park ought by all means to include the features of good Noah Phelps, the president—who is beloved by all. The genial old gentleman is a personification of kindness, and an embodiment of quaint humor. He is a busy man from morn till dewy eve, for he permeates Grimsby and has a fatherly care over everything in general. One of his especial functions is to preface the oft recurring entertainments with an announcement of things lost or found, coupled sometimes with admonitions based on the rules of the Park for the behoof of those who may not be posted. It requires genius to make this function a positive attraction,—to, as it were, infuse dramatic interest into an advertising column, but Mr. Phelps does it every time. The greatest star of the day may be sitting on the platform waiting to begin his lecture, but nobody wants Mr. Phelps’ announcements to be cut short. Grimsby Park might be described by a poet as one of nature’s smiles, and it is therefore fitting that its present manager, Rev. Dr. Philp, should wear a perennial expression which says, “we are going to have a blessed time.” And I may say in conclusion the Doctor’s intimation is never far astray.

SCIENTIFIC.

I WAS reading in a paper the other day that kissing is apt to convey disease, because when lip meets lip bacteria are interchanged,” said she as they sat together in the dimly lighted parlor.

“It’s all nonsense,” he replied, warmly. “The only way to dispose of these scientific cranks is to disprove their theories by practical demonstration.” And then, much to her surprise and dismay he implanted an osculation square on her ruby mouth. “Now, see if you have any bacteria there that you didn’t have before.” And she confessed that she couldn’t find any.

JINKS—“I’m afraid something’s goin’ to bust if business don’t liven up some.”

BINKS—“Goin’ to bust? It’s on a bust now. I never knew money to have such a prolonged tight in my life!”



OVERHEARD ON YONGE ST.

(The dialogue was evidently on the Eastern war.)

AH SIN—“Foo choo kow shing Li Hung Chang?”
SAM LEE—“King Shung Naniwa Jap alle samee!”



PRETTY SMALL BUSINESS FOR A BIG NATION.

UNCLE SAM (to type writing girl from Canada)—“Come now you'll have to get out; no foreign contract labor allowed in this country!”

[Vide Newsome case at Buffalo.]

ODD FELLOWSHIP ELUCIDATED.

IT is a well-known fact that since the late Mr. Morgan issued his masterly *expose* of Free Masonry, that Order has not increased a single lodge—at Don Mount. The Masons deserved this fate, for a wickedder lot of men never built a brick chimney. Several attempts have been made to put down the Odd Fellows in the same way, but from the rapidity with which their numbers increase it may be surmised that these attempts have thus far been comparatively ineffectual. What the outside public call for is not so much the extinction of this order as a popular elucidation of some matters concerning it, and it is the object of the present brief article to fill this long-felt want. Being ourselves outsiders we feel specially qualified for the task, and set about it as cheerfully as human nature at the age of five sets about doing the family washing. It may be said that writers should not attempt to deal with subjects which they do not understand, but if this pestilent rule were practically enforced what would be the fate of the editors of the *Globe* and *Mail* and other persons we could mention? 'Tis too horrible to contemplate, so we will proceed to our mutton, as the French say.

I. The name, Odd Fellow, is the first thing that strikes an inquiring stranger on contemplating the subject. The members of the Order are most peacefully disposed men, and if they could prevent this name from striking strangers we feel sure they would. But so it is.

It is a popular mistake to suppose Odd Fellows are so

called because they get home at odd hours on lod. e nights, and often have an odd smell of cloves clinging to their moustachios.

II. The second point we would touch upon is the insignia of the Order. Like other secret societies, the Odd Fellows do business under certain trade marks. The chief sign of the Odd Fellows is the three links. This emblem is intended to typify the extreme ancientness of the Order, and has no connection whatever with the sausage business as some erroneously assert, for the original founder of the Society was not a dealer in that kind of goods. Neither are the three links emblematic of any sympathy with the committees of the City Council, and whenever a crooked alderman is found wearing a similar symbol, it is not a sign of odd-fellowship. On close examination it will be found that the ornament is brassy, and in such cases it is intended to convey the entirely superfluous information that these committee men are bound together in rings. The Odd Fellows' links, as we have said, symbolize the age of the Order. They are intended to carry the mind back to that remote and misty period of the past in which man evolved into his present species; in other words, they are the missing links which Darwin has hunted for in vain all over the house.

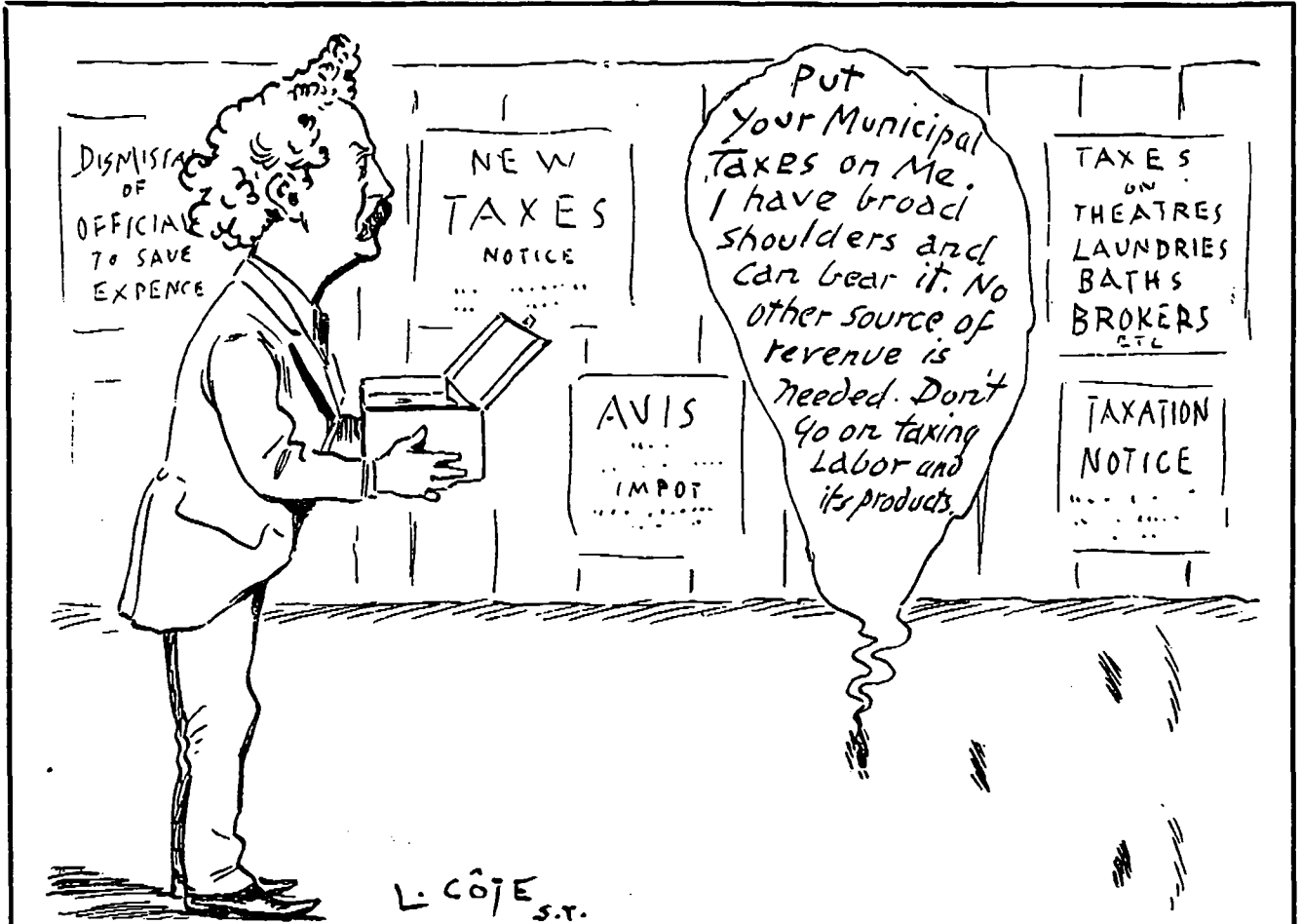
III. Another very beautiful and expressive emblem has been as greatly misunderstood. We refer to the hand and heart, which, it will be remembered, is always represented as a seat of life reposing upon the palm of a hand. The butcher theory has trailed its slimy tail over this expressive symbol as well as over that of the Links. It is held by the advocates of this theory that the hand and heart is an additional proof of the butcherly origin of Odd Fellowship, and that it was borrowed from a sign which hung in the Founder's shop-window, bearing the words “Heart always on Hand.” Another far-fetched theory has sprung up, which refers the origin of this emblem to the fact that when the Odd Fellows Uniformed Encampment assembled on the cliffs of Dover to repel the invading army of Julius Caesar, they were awfully scared, and, as the phrase has it, “carried their hearts in their hands.” This is absurdly untrue, historically, as Mr. Goldwin Smith has proved. The fact is the Odd Fellow troops fought nobly on that



INCONSOLABLE.

[It is reported that Gen. Herbert is likely to be recalled to England to join his regiment.]

Distress of the Canadian Government and Militia on hearing this announcement.



MONTREAL'S EMPTY TILL.

Ald. Hurteau, Chairman of the Finance Committee, hears a voice from the "ground," which he ought to heed.

occasion. The symbol is indicative of the fact that when an Odd Fellow shakes hands with a stranger he puts his heart into the action, and to prove how true this is you have to get a knock down to any fully developed member of the Order. Try Dr. J. S. King, for example, and you will be convinced.

IV. This naturally suggests another mystery which requires comment, namely, the Grip. There is really no mystery about this. It is true the Odd Fellows have a grip which they prize very highly, and never give away to their neighbors. But to suppose that this is some peculiar touch or squeeze of the fingers in hand-shaking, is antiquated nonsense. The Odd Fellows have the same grip which all other sensible and intelligent people have, and if you want to become possessed of it you have only to do as the Odd Fellows do—send two dollars in advance to this office.

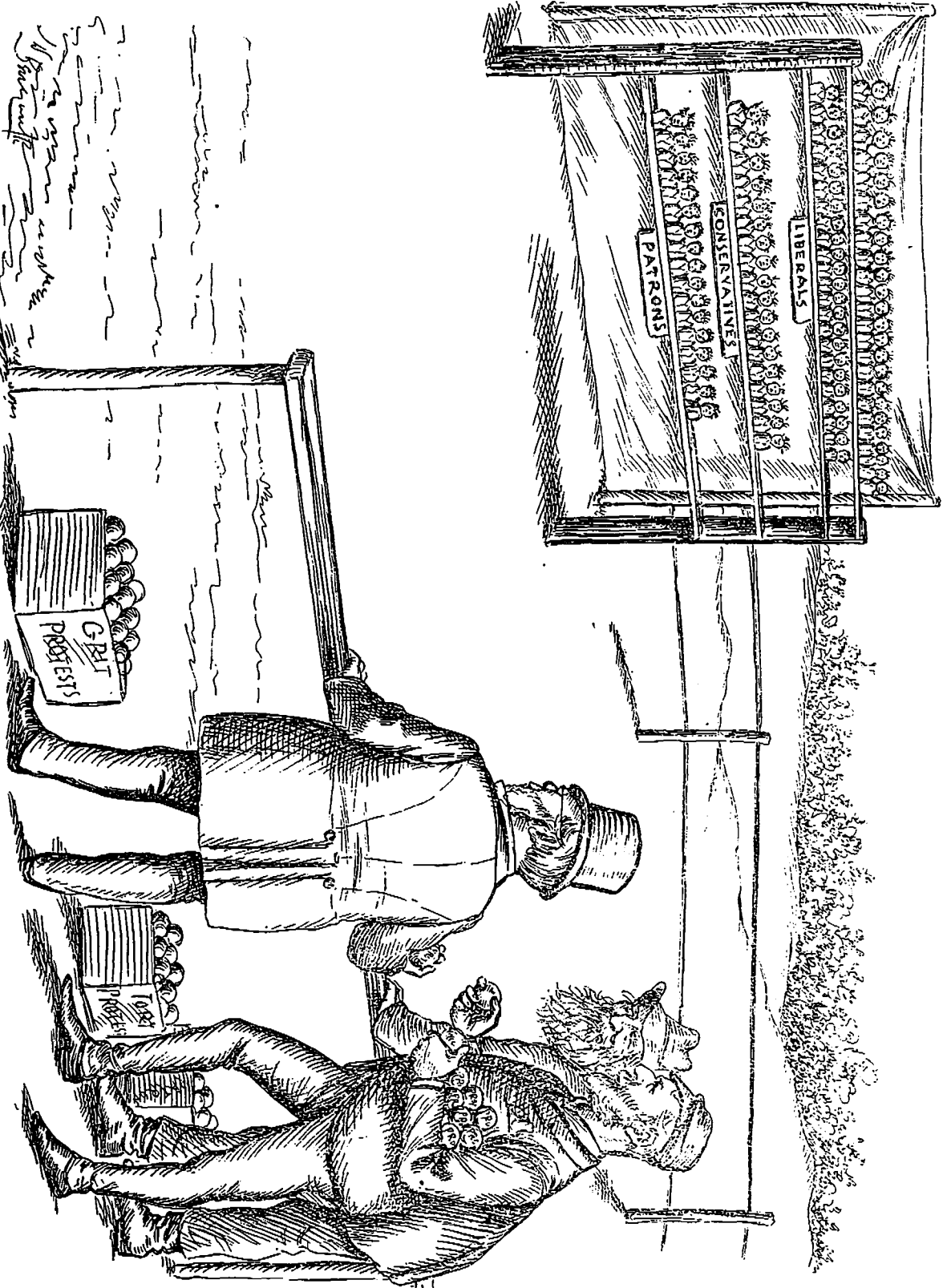
V. In order to enter an Odd Fellows lodge you have only to give the pass-word. No exceptions are made to this rule. This show is distinguished for the cast iron rule of its management to exclude deadheads on all occasions—and it even refuses to extend passes to the press. An ignorant editor—of course he was not connected with a Toronto paper—once went to the door of a lodge-room and undertook to go in on the strength of a pass which had been issued to him for a previous concert. He showed the pass to the P. W. Grand Marshall Cockalorum, and said he was going in. It is some consolation to know that the other

papers of the place appeared respectfully with inverted column rules and black borders.

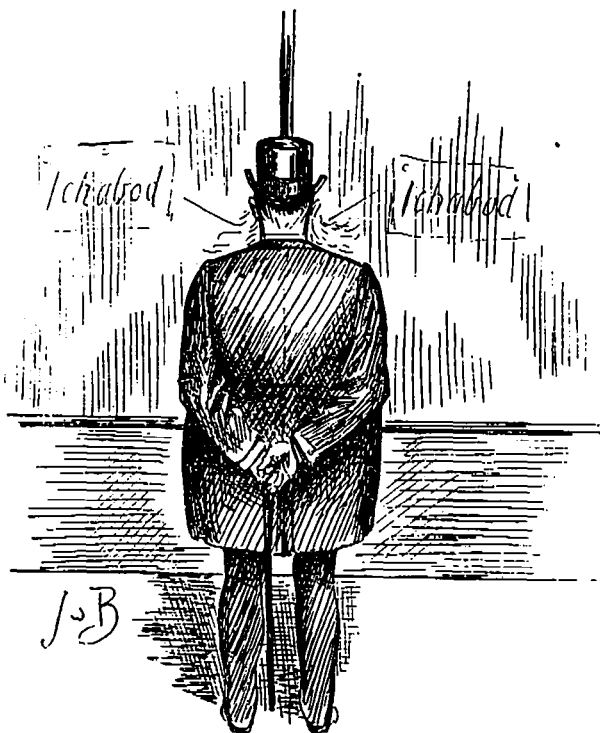
VI. The last popular error we will touch upon just now is that which imputes the possession of important secrets to the Odd Fellows. It is not true that they know for a fact that the *Mail* has the largest circulation, who it was that killed Cock Robin, etc., etc. We are making no random assertions here. We asked a leading Odd Fellow to tell us the "Secrets of the order," if there were any, and he simply looked at us. He didn't tell us a solitary one. But there is one thing the Odd Fellows *do* know, though they keep pretty quiet about it, and that is that their Order is one of the best organizations which the Christian civilization of the 19th century, with its broad human sympathies, has ever produced, and GRIP for one believes it.

OPPOSITE the handsome residence of a great pork packer in one of the American cities, was the humbler home of a distinguished general, whose name is known throughout the world. "That," said a citizen who was showing the city to a Canadian visitor, "illustrates the truth of the poet's line—"The pen is mightier than the sword."

THE Eastern belligerents applied to Chili for some iron-clads but the latter country refused to sell any. Rather a Chili response.



THE POLITICAL GAME OF KNOCK 'EM DOWN!



SIC TRANSIT GLORIA!

Sad reflections of a certain eminent personage in front of the Reform Club after the auction sale.

THE CHIPPAWA TRIP.

WHAT WE HEAR ON BOARD.

SCENE—(Wharf at foot of Yonge St. Time, a little before 2 p.m. any Saturday in August. Crowd of good-humored but perspiring people making their way to the "Chippawa," whose broad decks are already swarming with excited people in search of good places.)

(A fat lady, with boy of ten in the act of crossing gang-plank.)

FAT LADY (affably, to officer in uniform)—"Good afternoon, Captain. Lovely afternoon, isn't it?"
Officer looks puzzled.

BOY OF TEN—"That isn't the Captain, Mother; that's the man that takes the baggage. Here's the Captain now."

F. L. (going up to Captain)—"Oh, Captain, I made such an awkward error just now. Spoke to the baggage-master for you. Won't you please give him my apologies?"

CAPTAIN—"Oh, that's all right, madam. I don't suppose he will feel particularly hurt about it."

A FAMILY MAN (with a silk hat and a very red face)—"I beg pardon, Captain, but what's the reason we can't have chairs? Surely we're not expected to stand up all through the trip? I've got my wife and seven children along."

CAPT.—"Any number of chairs, Sir. What's the matter with sitting on those over there?" (indicating a row of comfortable chairs in the covered promenade).

FAMILY MAN—"But they won't let us take those out on deck. He says its against the rules."

CAPT.—"Then in that case I should advise you to use them where they are."

[Family Man seems to take this sensible reply as an offense and goes off.]

SUMMER GIRL (to her companion, another summer girl)—"Hello, here's that hateful thing, Kate Snapper. Don't speak to her!"

MISS SNAPPER (catching her eye)—"Why, Maudie, how well you're looking. I'm so pleased to see you."

[They kiss effusively.]

SUMMER GIRL—"Not half so much as I am to see you! And as for looking well, I only wish I was looking half so well as you are."

MISS SNAPPER—"Oh, thanks. I'm looking for Momma—she's on board somewhere. Hope to see you and have a chat on the way over."

[She goes.]

SUMMER GIRL—"Not if I know it. Isn't she getting positively ugly, and her hair has had another dip, I see!"

[The whistle having sounded, lines are cast off and the Chippawa moves away from wharf.]

DUDE (just arrived at top of main stairway, meeting an acquaintance)—"Aw, Cholly, going ovaw?"

CHOLLY—"Hello, Benks. One moment, please. (Leads him to one side out of the path of the crowd.) You ask if I'm going over? I suppose the question is asked with all the seriousness of which you are capable, so it deserves a reply, and by way of reply I want to ask you what you suppose I came on board for, or remained on board for after the steamer left the wharf? It is my intention to go over; I should think my very presense here would sufficiently attest that."

BENKS—"Dear me, why, of course. But it takes a lot of thinking to reason it out like that, don't you know, and it's too hot to think."

[They drift apart.]

SENTIMENTAL YOUNG LADY (to her escort)—"What an enchanting view of the City and Island. Could anything be more lovely than Toronto Bay!"

HER ESCORT (a rather prosaic young man)—"It is well enough as scenery, but it's not up to much as drink, and we're getting a bit too much of it at present in our water



RETURNING FROM THEIR WEDDING JOURNEY.

MRS. BENEDICT—"Put away your paper, dear, and let us talk."

MR. BENEDICT—"Yes, my love, as soon as we reach the tunnel."



A RISING PHILANTHROPIST.

LANDLORD—"Madam, I have come to inform you that I have raised your rent."

TENANT—"Oh, heaven bless you! I have been wondering day and night for a whole week how I could raise it myself!"

supply. And speaking of drink, will you come and have an ice-cream soda?"

THE YOUNG LADY—"Do you call that a drink?"

HER ESCORT—"Er—that's one of the unsolved questions, and we'll leave it so for the present."

GIBBERING IDIOT (in blazer coat, to irascible stranger fanning himself in extreme stern of boat)—"Is it hot eno—?"

[Ere he can finish the sentence he is seized by irascible stranger and dropped overboard.]

THE POLITICAL GAME OF "KNOCK 'EM DOWN."

"MEN are but children of a larger growth,"
So says the poet, and he's very right;
The politicians are a lot of boys
Who play and squabble, riot, laugh and fight.

Observe the little game they're playing now—
The urchins of Ontario, I mean—
While, standing by, we grown up people watch
Their movements with an interest somewhat keen.

There on the shelves the rows of wooden heads
Supposed to represent the members new—
(No disrespect to those they're quite unlike—
Though *some* they do not libel, it is true.)

At much expense of energy and cash
Our sturdy yeomen, vigilant and stout,
Set up these figures in the Local House,
And now it is the game to knock 'em out.

Each party has a lot of balls to throw—
They call them "protests," and each player's aim
Is to unseat the other fellows dolls—
The one who knocks out most to win they game.

If it should chance that half a dozen heads
Should be dislodged from out the Liberal row,
You'd hear a shout from Tory-Patron throats
'Cause Mowat then indeed would "have to go."

THE PROMOTION OF MR. WALLACE.

MR. GRIP, Sir:

It is stated in the papers that Mr. Clark Wallace is shortly to be promoted to a real seat in the Cabinet, to fill the place now occupied by Hon. Mr. Patterson. I write, sir, as an Orangeman to express the gratitude that body must and ought to feel at this further honor to Mr. Wallace, not waiting till it is an accomplished fact, as the paper says it is a sure thing. It is of course generally understood that Mr. Wallace represents the Orange Order in the Government, though it seems to be doubted by some, because whenever any question comes up in which Orangeism may be supposed to be represented—such as McCarthy's North-West motion—the Honorable Clark almost invariably has important business away from Ottawa. Nevertheless, Sir, he is our representative, because he is a high officer in the Order, and the detail of his ever doing anything for us as

THE UNJUST ACCUSATION.

(Fliegende Blaetter.)



I.



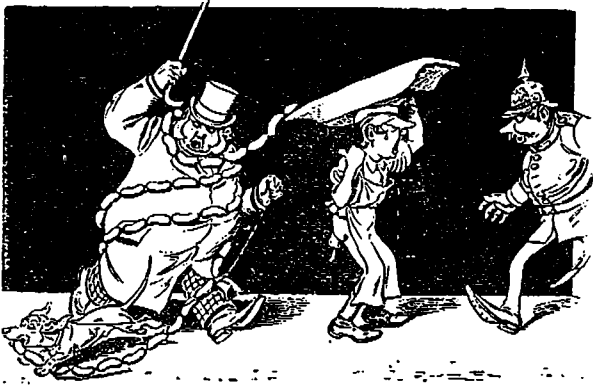
II.



III.



IV.



V.



VI.

Orangemen has nothing to do with the case. It puzzles some outsiders to understand why we, who get nothing, should be expected to feel grateful at the good things Mr. Clark Wallace gets. These people point out that, like a few other slick politicians, Mr. Wallace has made use of the Order to climb into a good position, where he has for a long time enjoyed financial plums as well as political honors. None of these good things has he divided with the members of our loyal brotherhood, nor is it likely that any of them will get so much as a smell of the additional sweets he is about to receive. This is all quite true, Sir, but I wish to explain what outsiders do not understand. They are not aware that by reason of the subtle spirit of fraternity which binds us together by a sort of electric affinity, every plum that goes into Mr. Wallace's mouth and every dollar that goes into his pocket on account of his Orange connections really in some mysterious way does us good. At all events we think they do, or at least we act as if they did, which amounts to the same thing. I therefore call upon the

Orangemen of Canada to rejoice with me that our Order is to be still further fattened *via* Mr. Clark Wallace.

Yours truly, **ULSTER.**

GROVER'S RIDE.

AN ass set out for pastures green
So long, long sought, yet seldom seen ;
Upon the ass' back, astride,
Sat Grover Cleveland in his pride.

When Grover mounted, darkness deep
Was o'er the earth, the world asleep.
The grand procession started out,
And Henry George was first to shout
And cheer, because the ass' bray
Told it was then on Freedom's way—
Yes, headed in the right direction—
For freedom—since against "protection."

George cheered and yelled and day by day
The ass he goaded on its way ;
And the procession larger grew
Till freedom dawned full on the view.
Yes, here was freedom—glorious prize,
Within their grasp before their eyes,
The journey made, the work well done,
The battle fought, the victory won ;
And here and now a leader great
Would open wide fair freedom's gate,
While Grover waking, strives, alas,
To keep the donkey off the grass.

What more do we behold ? Great Scott !
A sight that ne'er shall be forgot ;
"Great Grover !" (Boast of you and me)
His face is where his back should be,
And in his eyes a look of pain,
The ass' tail is Grover's rein ;
'Twas thus he faced the ass about
On freedom's way, and woke the shout
And hearty cheers of honest men
Who gave him credit there and then,
While he had really not discerned
The way the ass' head was turned.

Now George is mad and wears a frown
And says to Grover, "You get down,
And—go-a-fishing ! And to-day
Let Tom L. Johnson lead the way ;
Let not the hosts at freedom's gate
Swerve from their course, but steadfast wait
And raise the shout for Johnson, who
Will crown the hopes of ninety-two ;
He holds the key in his right hand
To nature's storehouse called the land,
Where work and plenty are in store
To bless God's creatures evermore.

Robert Cumming.

ALDERMAN LAMB.

SATURDAY'S *Notes* contained an excellent sketch of Alderman Daniel Lamb, accompanied with a portrait which was not excellent. From the biographical note we learn that it was in search of occupation for his active mind that the worthy gentleman went into the City Council, and it goes on to say that now, as Chairman of the Board of Works, he gives the citizens the best service that a particularly energetic man and original thinker is capable of. This compliment is well deserved, and Mr. GRIP hereby heartily endorses it. In getting this great socialistic civic insurance scheme into practical operation the able Alderman will have as much work for his intellect as he is likely to hanker for. If he gets through with it without wearing off the few remaining hairs which adorn but fail to cover his devoted head, he will be fortunate. Mr. Lamb is supposed to be a Tory of the Old School, and no doubt so regards himself, but from the circumstance of being out of a job since retiring from business and having a taste of *ennui* which made loafing impossible to him, he has developed, unbeknownst to himself, into a practical—and, as some timid people think—a dangerous Radical. But he's a real good fellow all the same, and we wish him long life and happiness in the City Council.

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A BEAUTIFUL PUBLICATION.

The World's Columbian Exhibition is, perhaps, becoming ancient history with some people, yet those who saw its wonders take pleasure in recounting what they saw, and in perusing descriptions of what the magical white city contained. The study of such a stupendous collection is a liberal education. Thousands of surprising creations and curiosities—the Telautograph and many other electrical exhibits, the latest mechanical devices, the ethnological treasures from all the most noted collections; the display of the nations in the Liberal Arts building, the statuaries from Italy, the gold and silversmith's exhibit from London, the Tiffany gems, the Swiss wood carving, the Bohemian glass from Austria, the French bronzes, the German porcelain, Japanese vases, the great telescope and countless others; the Horticultural building, with the rare ferns, cacti, fruits and flowers from every land; the United States Government display; the model postal car, mint, models from the patent office; the historic relics; the life size soldiery from the Puritan to the staff officer of to-day; the Fisheries, with its monster aquarium and interesting exhibits; the Palace of Fine Arts, with its seventy-two galleries of statuary and paintings; the foreign buildings, teeming with interesting, strange and curious collections illustrative of the customs, habits, resources and art of people of other lands; the State buildings; the Midway, its cosmopolitan life and features; the Mines building, with the greatest mineral display ever brought together, the coal pyramid, the diamond mines of South Africa, and the great Strumm exhibits; the Agricultural building, illustrating the agricultural resources of the nations of the world; the Krupp pavilion; the Transportation building, showing the methods of transportation from the earliest period to the present time, the original Grace Darling boat, the sectional steamship, the Nicaragua canal model, the great engine, the mammoth locomotive, "Lord of the Isles," the Woman's building, with the Queen of Italy's lace, the French salon, the Colonial exhibits, the examples of woman's work in all countries. There is but one work which adequately illustrates and describes the wonderful exhibits. It has been in course of preparation for nearly two years, and is the most magnificently illustrated work ever issued in America. The title is, "The Book of The Fair," 2,500 copperplate engravings, 1,000 beautiful pages. Text by Herbert Howe Bancroft. Published in twenty-five parts at \$1 each. The Bancroft Company, Publishers, 30 and 32 Auditorium Building, Chicago, Ill.

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

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