

GRIP

EDITED BY J.W. BENGOUGH

GRIP ENG

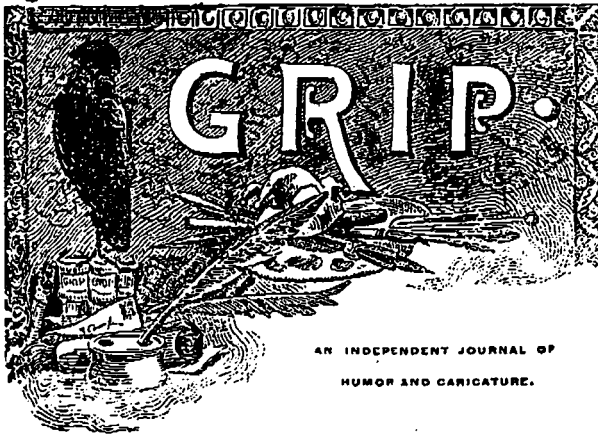


THE WORKINGMAN'S ANSWER TO PROTECTIONISM.

The gravest beast is the Ass.
 The gravest bird is the Owl.
 The gravest fish is the Quater.
 The gravest man is the fool.
 Wm Miller

PRICE 5 CENTS PER COPY. \$2 PER YEAR.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,
By the GRIP PRINTING AND PUBLISHING CO. 26 and 28 Front St. West, Toronto.



PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

BY THE

Grip Printing and Publishing Co.

26 and 28 Front Street West, Toronto, Ont.

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 General Manager J. V. WRIGHT.
 Artist and Editor J. W. BENGOUGH.

TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS.

PAYABLE STRICTLY IN ADVANCE.

To United States and Canada.

One year, \$2.00; six months \$1.00.

To Great Britain and Ireland.

One year \$2.50.

Remittances on account of subscriptions are acknowledged by change in the date of the printed address-label.

In remitting stamps, please send one-cent stamps only.

Comments on the Grafting.



HIS TENDER REGARD.—What a tender regard the Traffic has for the dear little party leaders! "Come along my precious pets, and don't be tempted to touch that nasty Prohibition question; it is not ripe, and would give you a terrible political colic!" And although each of these leaders is aware that the drink system is the chief source of wretchedness and crimes, and that in Canada it is destroying thousands of lives and millions of money, both are glad to accept the precedential view that public opinion will not at present sustain definite measures for its overthrow. That this opinion as to the "unripeness" of the question is so earnestly expressed by the traffic itself is enough to throw suspicion upon its soundness; but it is quite certain

that it never will be ripe if the same authority is to be the judge. In the mouths of political leaders, this cant phrase simply means that they believe a majority of the people of Canada are in favor of the Saloon as opposed to the Home: and that the Party which would declare for the immediate suppression of the rum business would be sure of defeat at the polls. This is a libel on our population. The same thing was no doubt often bawled from public platforms in Kansas by politicians who had the fear of the saloon vote before their eyes, but when the matter was brought to the test what was the result? It was a sweeping victory for the Home. To-day the great State of Kansas is free from the clutch of this modern monster, and presents a picture in most instructive contrast to the neighbouring states in all that goes to make up the well-being of a commonwealth. Not only is Kansas richer in comfort and peace, but very much richer in money than ever she was under

the saloon system. It would pay Canada well to send a joint-commission of Grit and Tory leaders down to investigate the present condition of Kansas. We would hear no more of this "not ripe enough" talk.

"RATS!"—Experience keeps a dear school, but she is a capital teacher and has a knack of impressing her lessons upon the pupil's mind in a most effective manner. The working men of Canada have been attending the political economy class in this school ever since 1878, and it would be interesting now to hear what they have to say as to a high tariff protecting labor, or the consumer not paying the duties. The orator who should stand up before an audience here now, and repeat this economic nonsense of the N. P. propaganda, would find that he had fewer dunces before him than in his first appearance. The practical education of the past ten years would enable the dullest of his hearers to see through his fallacies, and instead of the approving cheers of the other days he would be greeted with the sententious cry of "Rats!"

THE Provincial Treasurer of Quebec appears to have gone into evangelistic work. He has just laid before the House a scheme for the "redemption" of the debentures and the "conversion" of the debt of the Province.

THE Government seems quite determined to "sit down" on hypercriticism. A great fuss was kicked up over the proposed appointment of Major-General Cameron to the chief position in the Military College, —the Government organ at Ottawa joining in the protest. The only ground alleged for this was that Major-General Cameron was in all respects incompetent for the position. The reply of the authorities was conclusive—the gallant warrior was promptly placed in the position. "He may not know anything of military matters" say the Government; "what has that to do with it? Isn't he a relative of the Tupper family?"

A PLEASANT party, with free pass and champagne accompaniment, starts shortly for the Pacific coast for a holiday outing. By way of a joke on the tax payers of the country, the party will be under the title of "Military Commission to Examine the Defences of Canada."

THE Orangemen have had their parade, their speeches and their soda-water, and the Protestant religion is safe for another twelve months. It is distressing to think how few of us realize that but for this regular Twelfth of July demonstration, our civil and religious liberty would not be worth a day's purchase!

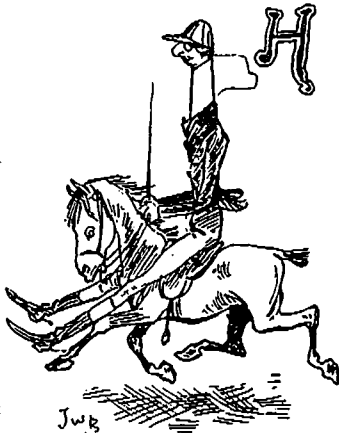
"PUBLIC business must be the first consideration with me," wrote Sir John, to the Manager of Grimsby Park, in gently breaking his engagement to speak at the opening services. And then he hastened away to some Maritime watering-place to look after the affairs of the Dominion.

THEY say this is a practical age, and yet nobody has ever pointed out what useful purpose is served by this shooting business at Wimbledon every year. If anybody happens to know what sense there is in it, or what good it does anybody, he will oblige by addressing this office, enclosing a stamp.

IT would seem that, after all, Manitoba does not believe that the chief end of a Provincial Government is subserviency to Ottawa, in matters which the constitution has placed under local control. The blizzard of ballots up there on Wednesday last carried the Norquay House away bodily. *Sic semper shenanigan!*

DR. BARNARDO, who is doing a noble work amongst the poor waifs and strays of London, protests earnestly against the action of the Canadian Government in withdrawing the assistance hitherto extended to immigrants, and in making no discrimination in favor of the boys and girls sent from the Barnardo Homes, who are always equipped with an industrial training and of certified good character. This deserves careful consideration.

A SUGGESTION.



HOW to minimize the dangers of steeple-chasing is the problem at present engaging the attention of the Philanthropists. We have given the subject deep thought, and our conclusion is that the dangers can't be minimized. So long as the steeplechase is retained on the racing programme, jockeys must be killed, and as the fatal accident feature is the principal attraction about this particular kind of race, there is

no use in proposing its prohibition. Public opinion is not ripe for that. Under the circumstances, the only thing that the Philanthropists can hope to do is to secure the sacrifice of less useful lives than those of professional jockeys. What we would propose is that steeple-chase races be hereafter ridden by dudes.

THE AMERICAN BOODLERS' CELEBRATION.

THE following interesting account of the Fourth of July celebration by the American Boodlers' Association came into GRIP's possession by a fortuitous chain of circumstances which it is unnecessary here to explain. The matter was written in a bank clerk's neatest hand, and had been marked "copy for the press," but these words had been crossed out and the words "not to be sent," substituted. It ran thusly:—

CELEBRATING THE GLORIOUS FOURTH.

The choicest spirits of the honorable body of ex-bank presidents, tellers, trustees, etc., who have within the past few years honored Canada with their presence, assembled on the Glorious Fourth, at Crash Bank Hollow, to celebrate the noted day.

A temporary platform had been erected under the chestnut trees, and upon it sat twelve of the noblest and best amongst the merry colony. Previous to the commencement of the oratory, an excellent quartette of tellers rendered a number of inspiring songs and glees, such as:—"Who's that tapping at the Banker's Safe"; "A wandering Banker I, who sticks to all he catches"; "All among the Booodle"; "I love the rustle of the crisp bank note"; and others equally choice.

Mr. Flyaway Thrower, a person of striking presence, then rose and intimated to the audience that he had been asked to take the chair, which he would do willingly. It had become second nature with him now to take anything he could lay his hands on. He was not present, however, to jest, or even to make an oration; but to introduce to them more notable persons. He could say candidly that he regretted being absent from the land of his birth on this the Glorious Fourth, but his sorrow was much mollified by the thought that many across the line were still more regretting his absence from their midst. There was no sorrow but was accompanied with its attendant comforting reflections. (*Laughter and cheers*). Before he called upon the orator of the day, he would ask Mr. D. Faulter, to read the letters of regret for non-attendance.

Amongst these was one from a distinguished manager, yet on the other side, from which the following extract is given:—"I have thought for some time of being with you, but cannot shake from my mind the impression that it would not be an honest transaction. (*Jeering laughter*). I hold important church positions, and feel my coming amongst you with the necessary accompaniments would scarcely be orthodox. (*Hilarious laughter, in which the ladies joined.*) To be candid, these thoughts do not oppress me so much as the fear of being caught, should I venture with my gains to Canada." (*Visible signs of disgust*). Having completed his work Mr. D. Faulter relapsed into innocuous dissuade, or something of that kind.

The next to rise was announced as the orator of the day, the Honorable Arguenaught Holdtite, until recently the manager of the renowned Bank of Busterville, which had been relieved of \$400,000 by the honorable gentleman.

Hon. Mr. Holdtite was greeted with tremendous cheers by the gentlemen, and the Chautauqua salute by the ladies. Smiling benignly, the Hon. orator opened an extensive mouth and poured out Fourth of July oratory in torrents. Every one was exhilarated. The Hon. gent's speech was so full of choice figurative language, so replete with beautiful thoughts from the mind of one accustomed to balancing the good things of this world, that the audience appeared lifted from this earthly sphere, and were not brought back to it until a heavy rain storm fell upon them at sight without the usual days' grace, when they hastily made for places of shelter.

TITUS A. DRUM.



"HE WAS GREETED BY A FLOOD OF TEARS."
—N. Y. Life.



HER UNFORTUNATE SLIP.

MISS PRIMSON (*in drug store*)—"I want to get a good sponge-bath."

CLERK (*aghast*)—"I—er—I beg pardon?"

MISS PRIMSON—"I say I want a nice bath-sponge."

CLERK—"Oh; certainly."

A MOVE-ON TRAGEDY.

IN THREE PLOWING AND HARROWING CHAPTERS.

CHAP I.

THE shades of evening were falling, in the slow and measured style of a man working by the day.

A haughty Toronto policeman was majestically pacing his beat on King street and exciting the intense admiration of every Methodist clergyman who hurried by—on the opposite side of the thoroughfare.

The electric lamps cast their baneful light athwart the proud man's pathway. Each lamp was painfully conscious that no flare-up on its part would be tolerated for an instant by this uniformed guardian of the peace.

Everything was studiously calm. Even the tiger passions in the policeman's breast lay at rest, like a tired-out civil service employee at Ottawa on pay-day.

Bismarck would positively have been moved at the scene. That is to say if he had stopped anywhere near the imperious constable he would have been moved.

But let us pass on.

"Yis, bedad! you'd better!"

Ugh!

CHAP II.

A silent, statuesque, but yet withal singularly picturesque figure, standing by a tobacconist's door, suddenly meets the policeman's gaze.

He is roused from his momentary reverie, and a look of ferocious hate convulses his otherwise barn-door features.

"Move!"

No response.

"Move an!"

Still no notice of the order.

"Thin die, ye divil!"

S-s-swish!

Ker-r-r-rumph!!

Bur-r-r-roomb!!!

According to the phonographic record the above was the exact language of the policeman's baton. The exact language of the policeman is in type, but was crowded out of this issue.

In the words of Cicero, there at once followed a dull sickening thud.

The figure seemed to recoil as though somewhat affected by the blows. It did not even reply that it was waiting for a street-car. It appeared to think that strict dignity and deadness was the best National Policy.

Held down and clubbed into perfect acquiescence it remained till the patrol waggon rattled up.

The other policeman who had been summoned to help make the arrest mildly suggested that perhaps the ambulance would be more in keeping with the situation. But his more experienced comrade laughed him to scorn.

CHAP. III.

Scene: The Police Court.

Time: Ten o'clock a.m. next day.

P.M. to the figure in the dock: "You are charged with being drunk and disorderly, obstructing the thoroughfare, using grossly insulting language towards an officer of the law, and drawing a revolver on him. Are you guilty or not guilty?"

Our figure maintained his quiet dignity throughout the trying ordeal. He did not even give the old pensioner's customary military salute to the Colonel.

"Ten dollars and costs or sixty days! next!"

Rough hands grasped the convicted man and were hurrying him adown the fatal corridor when the owner of the image put in an appearance and calmly said: "Pardonnez, gentilhommes, mais ven you air done vid mine vooden Indian, je serai obligé eef you retournerai heem to mine shop door!"

A careful medical examination satisfied the Chief of Police that the request was not an unreasonable one.

He granted it with an air of reassuring and touching candour.



TRYING TO FRIGHTEN THE FARMER.

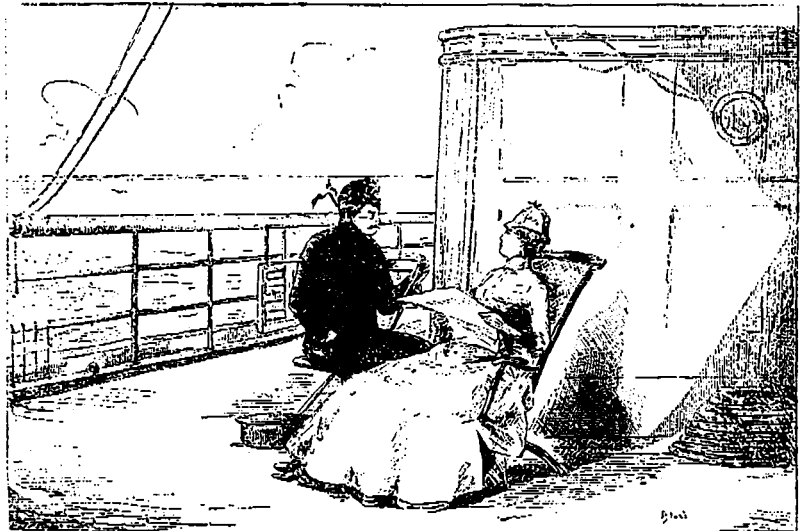
KISSING IN THE HALL.

SAY, Sue, do you remember
That night in sweet September,
(The month before the leaves begin to
fall :)
When out there in the gloaming
While we resting were from roaming
Auntie Clara caught us kissing in the
hall !

Full often since, we, sitting,
(The hours too swiftly fitting)
Have heard from inner room dear
Auntie call,
And have hastened to make answer—
Fleet-footed as valse dancer—
Lest she'd come and catch us kissing
in the hall.

Again we sit and ponder—
Ah ! I hear a footstep yonder,
No, it isn't Bobbie playing with his
ball,
But the sound is quite unheeded,
You and I have long been wedded,
And they never catch us kissing in the
hall.

J. A. MESAG.



ON THE NIAGARA BOAT.

MR. ALGERNON JASSAK (*to whom Miss Sharp has been reading the account of Flack's drowning in the Rapids*).—"What we want is a law to prohibit fools, doncher-know."

MISS SHARP.—"Well, that is certainly very disinterested on your part !"

THE G. P. AND I. M.

MOST WORSHIPFUL PAST GRAND STANDARD BEARER O'RAFFERTY'S LAST TWELFTH OF JULY ORATION.

By telephone from the demonstration platform at Barrie.

"Misther President, I mane Mr. Chairman, and gintlemen an' ladies—or rather ladies an' gintlemin—pardon me for bein' afther an insane attempt at neglectin' to put the bisht man furst. (Applause !) Av coorse it was no studied ondacency o' mine to perform any such palthry thrick as that—as me worthy friend the chairman well knows, havin' had experience av me almosht afore I was borrun, I was goin' to remark—as that worthy gintleman can tishtify. I am too honest to be guilty av annything ondacent in the company of ladies, ayther be hook or be crook. (Hear, hear). God bliss the ladies, I'm always reddey to exclaim, ashlope or awake. (Cheers). May they always be for us and wid us on important occasions like the prisint, whether they have to shtay at home or not. (Renewed cheers !)

What would our movements be widout the faymale six ?

(A voice : "Movings, you mean !")

No I don't, ye omadhaun. It's lissons in plain English ye want.

(Another voice : "What's that in Irish ?")—(Laughter).

Av it's Irish ye're afther, shtep up here and show yer-silf, ye bog-throtter, and as nice a taste av it as ivir ye'd want ye'll be gittin—tongue or shillaleh, as ye plaze !

(Same voice : "Oh, come off !")

Come aff, is it ? Indade an' I will. I'd come afther you, av I cud just catch a sight av yer ugly mug, ye on-mannered thafe of the wurruld. (Loud laughter).

(That voice : "Take one of your size").

That I will to accommodate ye, av ye'll only shwell out yer wizened little sowl, so that I'd bother mesilf wipin' the sod wid yer carcass. Take wan o' me size, you polthron ! I'll take ye av yer as big as the hill o' Howth. Come out from behind thim petticoats and let us have a squint at ye, ye mannikin !

(A voice from the platform : "Go on with your address, Mr. O'Rafferty").

All right, sir. I'll begin where I left aff, afore I began—I mane before that Satan's shrimp began—

(The provoking voice : "Pull him down—he's drunk !")

Dhrunk, am I ? Faith av I cud only get wan lick at yez wid me fisht, I' break yer back wid as nate a kick as the soberest man unborrow iver shtruck. (Loud cheers).

(The tantalizing voice : "Rats !") (Loud laughter).

Rats-r-rats ! Thru ! That's what you are. You an' yer backers.

Misther chairman, will ye be kind enough to adjourn the debate for fifteen seconds till I go down an' settle scores wid that limb av Ould Nick that's disturbin' the pace of the matin' ? No ? Thin I'll resume me sate widout another wurrd. An O'Rafferty's no hog. 'Tis him that knows whin he's had enough. Ladies and gintlemin, excuse me. All I kin say is that ye've missed a thrate."

(Loud and prolonged applause—in the midst of which the band starts "The Protestant Boys").

FABLES OF THE DAY.

II.

THE FARMER AND HIS HIRED MAN.

A FARMER hired a man to work for him, and they sat down to arrange about the wages. "I must have \$300 per year," said the man. "No," said the farmer, "we will not have a stated sum named, but you shall take a portion of all my increase, and a percentage of the value of everything I buy. Don't you see in this way I will never feel your wages at all." To this the hired man consented, and thereafter he enjoyed a yearly wage of over \$500. "I see now," said he to himself, "why finance ministers prefer indirect taxation, but I consider this farmer a ninny, all the same"

III.

THE KING AND HIS SCHEME.

A GOOD king decided to protect the working men and



A REVERIE.

(By our own poet.)

keep up their wages. To this end he put high duties on all manufactured goods, and gave the tariff revenue therefrom to the workmen as a bonus, in addition to the wages they received from their employers. But no sooner was this known abroad than workmen of other lands flocked to this good king's country, and soon wages were reduced to their original level. "This plan will not work," said the king, "but I have one that will!" So saying, he decreed that all the tariff revenue should be given to the employers, to do with it as they pleased; and this plan did work, and is still working with the utmost satisfaction, to the employers.

IV.

THE PRACTICAL PIRATE.

A PIRATE once attacked a merchant ship that was about to enter the harbor of Halifax with a cargo of foreign goods. The wicked buccanier made prisoners of the merchantman's crew and then destroyed the cargo. For this he was brought before the Government of the Dominion. "Are you guilty of this wickedness?" asked the Minister of Finance. "It is true that I destroyed the cargo," replied the pirate, "but I do not call it wickedness; I am a protectionist, as your are, and in this case I but did thoroughly what your tariff does in part. It is the duty of every patriot to prevent the country from being flooded with cheap foreign goods; surely I am deserving of reward, rather than punishment at your hands." Upon hearing this, the Government gave the pirate a sinecure in the customs department.

V.

THE UNFORTUNATE MISSIONARY.

A MISSIONARY went to a foreign land to preach the Gospel. When he had assembled the natives he said: "God is the Father of all, and all men are brothers. It

is our duty to love all men—even our enemies." To this teaching the natives gave ready ear, saying "this is good." Then the missionary set about teaching the natives the knowledge of civilization. "Sound political economy," said he, "requires that you should protect your infant industries and keep up higher wages, and this you can only do by a high tariff, that will keep out the goods of other tribes." "Hold!" cried the native chief, "Either your religion or your political economy is a lie, for they contradict each other; we will accept neither," and they cooked and ate the missionary.

VI.

THE ARGUMENTATIVE ROBIN.

A RESTRICTIONIST editor sat in his study writing an article, when he was accosted by a robin in a cage close by. "When you can prove that nature intended me to be thus imprisoned, and gave me wings to no purpose, and that I am happier and better in this cage than I would be if I were free to fly from bough to bough and pick up grubs for myself, you may be able to demonstrate that restriction is better for men than free trade; until then, you may well lay aside your pen."

A SUGGESTION FOR SIR JOHN.

If the post be not yet filled, GRIP would like to nominate a candidate for the Ministership to the Interior. Commodore McGaw, of the Queen's Hotel, is our choice, and we venture to think a better man for this particular position could not be found anywhere. As "an all round man" he has not his superior in the Dominion to-day—added to which we would remind Sir John, that there would be little difficulty in finding Mr. McGaw a seat; in fact, none at all, as the latter has entire control over the "Red Chamber."



ON THE ISLAND.

JONES (who is camping at Hanlan's Point)—"Aren't you going to take any vacation this summer, Brown?"
 BROWN—"I'm (hic) takin' my vacation now."
 JONES—"That so?"
 BROWN—"Yep, my (hic) wife left for the country last week."



HISTORY.

GOVERNESS—"Can you tell me why the Orangemen parade on the 12th of July?"
 PROMISING SON—"Yes: 'cause that's Orange-walk day!"

THE TRUE STORY ABOUT A CALL.

THE preacher he sed in his solemnest tone:
 "Dear people, I've jest hed a call!"—
 And his voice kinder choked—old Deacon Stone
 Sort o' grunted, "His collar's too tall."
 The preacher, you see, wore a choker most high ez a garden wall.

Fur the deacon he hated soft-sawder stuff,
 He was rough, he was curt, he was plain,
 An' he'd hearn the facts all straight enuff
 'Bout that call—'t went against his grain
 To see enny woman's doin's in a up-and-up biz. explain.

"My stay with you here ez a pastor
 Hez been full to o'erflowin' with joy;
 I hev labored 'mongst you fur the Master
 With pleasure unmixed with alloy!"
 "But you went, all the same," sez the Deacon, "to preach fur a call, my boy!"

"And to-night, my dear friends, I'm not certain—
 I 'most could pray fur to see
 Away back behind the 'ere curtain
 Thet hides from us futurity!"
 Sez the Deacon, "You really don't hev to—why can't you let well enough be?"

"You air loving, united an' growin'—"
 The young man he went on to say,
 "But mebbe you'll find by my goin'
 More luck in the spiri'al way."
 Yet—"Oh, go!" the Deacon he blurted; "get out ef you don't want to stay!"

"Ennyways, thar's a call thet hez come here
 To me in the reg'lar way—
 Ez to whether I stay or go frum here
 I'm agoin', (an' I want yous) to pray!"
 But the Deacon he hollered, "Not much, I don't—It's simply fur *him* to say!"

"The call is a hearty an' strong one;
 Thar wa'n't one dissientient pew—
 They say, 'How kin our choice be a wrong one
 When we air all struck dead on you?'"
 The Deacon: "Another candidate—he declined—thet's what they told him too!"

"When we think of thet patient, shepherdless flock
 A-wanderin' about unled,
 Our hearts would indeed be hard ez rock
 Did we not a tear fur them shed."
 The Deacon snorted, "A city call turns enny young preacher's head."

"Come over and help us!" they plead with me,
 For your comfort pray have no fear;
 We'll love an' cherish you faithfully—
 We will strengthen you—we will cheer!"
 "An' give you"—the Deacon laughed, ha! ha!—"a few hundred more a year!"

"No thought of the worldly honor inferred
 Must the minister's soul entrance,
 His dooty lies ez his heart is stirred
 By the Master—*His* call the chance!"
 "Jest tell 'em," said Deacon Stone, right here, "thet besides the raise there's a manse."

"These air my plain-spoke words to you,
 My people. An' now I'll try
 To make a decision fa'r an' true—
 Shall I let the call go by?"
 "They promise you, too," said the Deacon, "a month's vacash and supply."

Of course, the Deacon he sot by me,
 An' 'twas jest fur my special ear
 Thet he med his comments so full an' free
 Ez I hev reported here.
 The Deacon wa'n't no ruff'n to set a hull church by the ear.

* * * * *

The young man fin'ly cum to the p'int—
 Thet church it was crowded thet day,
 An' we all sot nervous an' out o' j'int
 To learn ef he'd found a way
 Out of his great dilemnar, an' what he had got to say.

"I—feel—thet—the—call's—the—Lord's—
 An'—my—path—of—dooty—is—plain—
 Frum—the—country—citywards"—
 An' then he sot back's if prayin'.
 The Deacon he whispered to me, "All down—set 'em up again."

An' this is the lesson I've studied out—
 Thet a preacher's no more'n a man,
 An' a "call" is a pow'ful turnabout—
 Kin draw from Beersheba to Dan.
 But—sedoooin' a minister in this way's no part of the Gospel plan.

An' ef I was a gambler I'd stake my pile
 On the truth of what here I say:
 Thet it's mighty human to reconcile
 A better job with "the way."
 'N so, 'taint allus the case thet a "vacant desk" means only the devil to pay.
 T. T.



CLANDESTINE CORRESPONDENCE.

A MODERN INSTANCE.

THE cynics tell us that true heroism has departed from the world; that devotion is now only an empty phrase, and duty one of the lost arts. Believe it not. The world still has its martyr spirits, who are ready to sacrifice all at the behest of Principle. Hear the story of the noble modern Bishop, Denna Joshevan, of Alexandria, and you can no longer doubt. It was a bright Sabbath morning, and this great and good man stood before his people delivering his message with the fervor and unction for which he was famous. Little did any of his hearers dream that beneath a placid exterior he was hiding a very mixture of gall and wormwood; that every sentence he spoke was bringing him nearer to an announcement which it was simply anguish for him to make. The sermon finished, he closed the book, and with a spirit as calm as that with which Daniel of old walked into the lions' den, he produced the fatal announcement. Without a falter he read it. "The



picnic of this congregation will take place next Wednesday." He was now at the stake, but no terror was perceptible in his voice as he went on: "I hope you will all go. *I am going*, though I would much rather stop at home. I hate picnics, but *I am going*." The energy with which he spoke the closing words sent a thrill through the congregation, and everybody knew that come what might, weather permitting, the brave old Bishop would go! A hush fell upon all, and when the service was ended and the people wended their ways homeward, they looked into each others' faces, and said with pallid lip, "Though he hates the job, *he will do it!*"



And he did. When the picnic day dawned, the sturdy Bishop arose, and having performed his devotions in a calm and steadfast manner, he gathered his family together, and firmly clenching his teeth and bracing himself for the effort, he seized the picnic basket and set off for the boat-landing. None who saw him could imagine that it was Duty alone and not Pleasure which inspired his strides along the street. And all day at the picnic ground this same lofty motive kept him up. If he sat down on the damp grass, and drank slushy tea with mosquitoes in it, was it for fun? No; it was Duty. When he



turned the rope for a skipping match, and joined the small boys in a game of leap-frog, was it a sensuous delight in these frivolities that kept him up? No; it was Duty. And when, the day well over, he wearily dragged his empty basket up the deserted street, what was it that lighted up his jaded countenance with a halo of peace? Was it that he had enjoyed a glorious day after all. No, for he hated picnics more than ever. It was the consciousness—the blessed inward consciousness—that he had Done His Duty. Let us hear no more from the cynics about the days of heroes being past.

COOL AND CANDID.

To the Editor of The Mail.

SIR,—For some years I and two others have known of the existence of a fine bed of lithographic stone in the township of Marmora. Some say that kind of stone is to be found in this county. We have held the lot in Marmora for twelve or thirteen years. The land is not of any value as farming land, and the small timber on it has long since been removed. We have to pay taxes every year on the place, and are getting tired of holding it. If we could get protection enough, we could make money by mining the stone. An American prospector who saw the deposit a few days ago says the stone is of good quality, and would command a market anywhere.

What I desire to know is how to set about getting protection for the stone. Will it be necessary for me to go to Ottawa?

Yours, etc.,

A FARMER.

LAKEFIELD, July 9th.

Dear, candid Farmer, since *The Mail* doesn't answer your question, plainly, GRIP will. Yes, you will have to go to Ottawa, and show the Government that you can command some votes for them, or contribute pretty handsomely to their campaign fund. Then they will put high taxes on imported lithographic stone, and give you the legal right to pick the pockets of the lithographers which you so innocently ask for. But there is no law against your working the quarry as it is, and if it will "command a market anywhere," it would be a little more decent of you to go to work without asking the Government to make you a legalized robber.

INJURIOUS—VERY!

A PORT PERRY paper had the following item in its Myrtle news:—

"A valuable colt, belonging to Mr. Butt, ran against the handle of a plow, and inflicted such injuries as have since caused its death."

It seems difficult to handle this assertion without butting up against difficulty. The question arises—whether it was the plow or the handle upon which such injuries were inflicted. And if so, why?

One good feature in the affair was, that the *colt* was not damaged.

GREEN AS GRASS.

MR. PARAGON (*to his gardener*)—"Well, O'Sullivan, how are the potatoes since you used the Paris green—have you killed all the bugs?"

O'SULLIVAN—"Indade, sorr, I see very few of them."
MR. P.—"That's good. Did you apply the poison indiscriminately?"

O'S.—"No, sorr, I used it, with water, in coorse."



HIS TENDER REGARD.

"Come along, my little dears; don't think of touching that fruit, it isn't ripe enough yet, and would give you a terrible political colic!"

FAME.

MR. ROCKAWAY BEACH—"Good gracious, Huffy, you're not going to walk to the club? It's five blocks, you know!"

MR. HOFFMAN HOUSE—"Aw, deah boy, we must suffah some fatigue, you know, if we wish to keep before the public eye. I expect to meet a reportah, who will write me up as the 'wuddy-checked pedestwian!'"—*Puck.*

CATARRH.

CATARRHIAL DEAFNESS AND HAY FEVER—A NEW TREATMENT.

SUFFERERS are not generally aware that these diseases are contagious, or that they are due to living parasites in the lining membrane of the nose and eustachian tubes. Microscopic research has proved this fact, and it is now made easy to cure this curse of our country in one or two simple applications made once in two weeks by the patient at home. Send stamp for circulars describing this new treatment to A. H. Dixon & Son, 303 King Street West, Toronto, Canada.

ADVERTISEMENT.

TO THE DEAF.—A Person cured of Deafness and noises in the head of 23 years' standing, by a simple remedy, will send a description of it FREE to any Person who applies to NICHOLSON, 30 St. John Street, Montreal.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. 25c. a bottle.

EVERY one who would like to know something about *Montreal*, should secure a copy of *Murray's New Guide*. Price, 15 cents. For sale by the booksellers, also by the author, N. Murray, 498 St. James Street, *Montreal*, agent for Grip Printing and Publishing Co.

"How do you like your new type-writer?" inquired the agent.

"It's immense!" was the enthusiastic response. "I wonder how I ever got along without it."

"Well, would you mind giving me a little testimonial to that effect?"

"Certainly not; do it gladly."

So he rolled up his sleeves and in an incredibly short space of time pounded out this:

"After Using these Automatig Back-actionn atype writer for thre month\$ and Over: i unhesitatngly pronounce it prono nce it to be al ad even more than the Manufacturers claim? for it. During the time been in our possessio n e. i. th ree monthz! it has more than than paid paid for it\$elf in the Saving of time and labrr?"

John Smith."

"There you are sir,"

"Thanks," said the agent dubiously.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor:—

Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption, if they will send me their Express and P.O. address.

Respectfully,

DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 37 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

A HIGH-PRICED DINNER.

MINISTER—(dining with the family)— "This is a very nice diner, isn't it Bobby?" BOBBY (enjoying it)— "It ought to be. Pa figured out that it was going to cost him over eight dollars."—*The Epoch.*

"I HAD my picture taken to-day," said little Christine. "I crossed my arms and leaned on a chair and the picture-man put my head in some tongs." "Why, you must have looked like a lump of sugar in sugar-tongs," laughed papa, "Why, so I must have," said Christine, delightedly, "cause the man kept saying, 'What a sweet little girl!'"—*Religious Record.*

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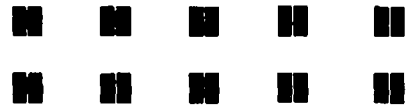
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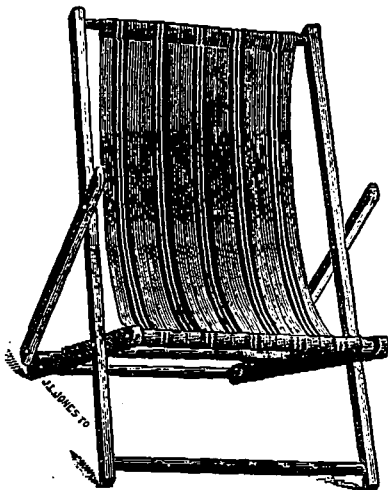
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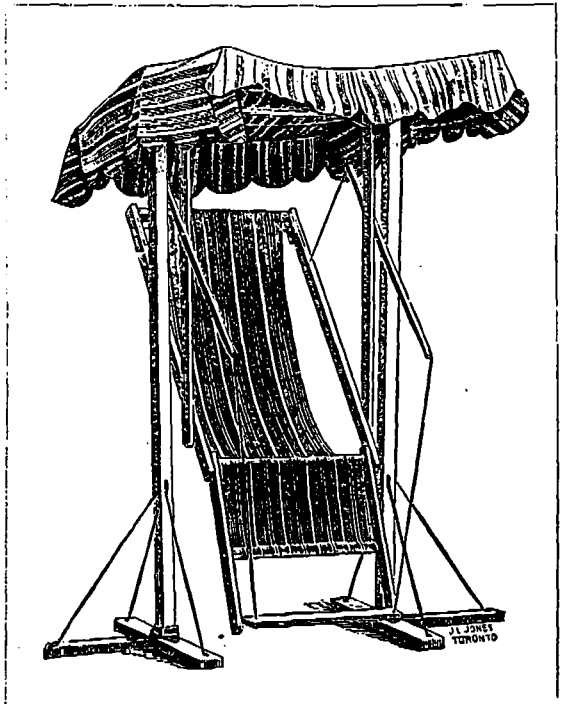
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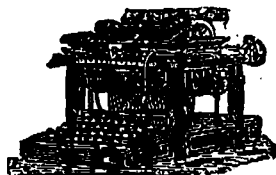
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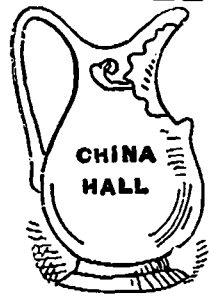
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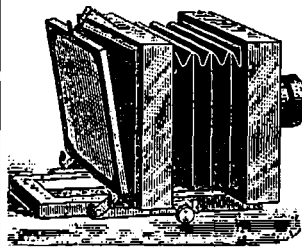


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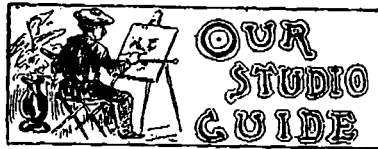
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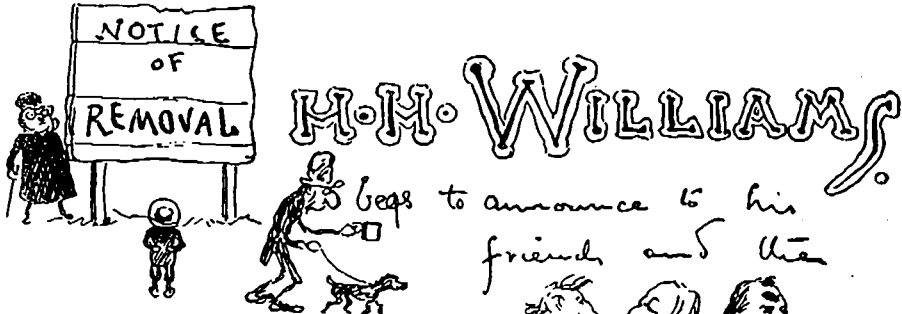
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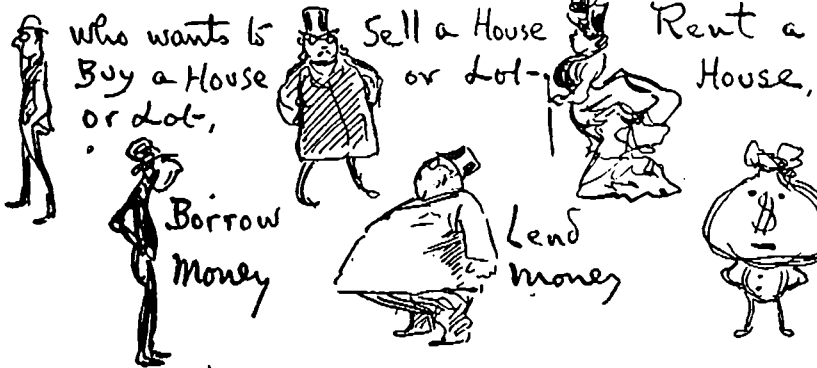
REMOVED HIS OFFICE

46 CHURCH ST. OPPOSITE THE CATHEDRAL CLOCK AND JUST ABOVE



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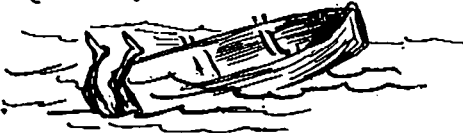
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REFERENCES.

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- JOHN TAYLOR, ESQ., Proprietor Morse Soap Cor
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