



GRIP



VOL. XXXV.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 27, 1890.

No. 13.
Whole No. 903.



THE FOSTER-MOTHER.

(Adapted from a celebrated engraving.)

"How can we show our gratitude
To this dear girl, who was so good
A nurse to this poor orphan brood?"

"Before her bower a 'feathered' throng
Shall join in one harmonious song,
And sound her praises all day long!"

—Arthur Locker.

GRIP

AN INDEPENDENT JOURNAL OF HUMOR AND
CARICATURE.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

BY THE

Grip Printing and Publishing Co.

26 and 28 Front Street West, Toronto, Ont.

President
Manager

J. V. WRIGHT.
T. G. WILSON.

Terms to Subscribers.

PAYABLE STRICTLY IN ADVANCE.

To United States and
Canada.

To Great Britain and
Ireland.

One year, \$2.00; six months - \$1.00 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 two-cent stamps only. Messrs. JOHN HADDON & Co., Advertising Contractors, Fleet St. London, Eng., are the sole agents for GRIP in Great Britain.

MR. NORMAN MURRAY, 118 Windsor Street, Montreal, is agent for GRIP in Montreal.

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Artist and Editor
Associate Editor

J. W. BENOUGH
PHILLIPS THOMPSON.



Comments ON THE Cartoons.

MCKINLEY'S PATENT.—A goodly number of GRIP's readers are fresh from the wonders of the great Industrial Exhibition at Toronto, and thousands of them are probably at this moment patronizing fall shows,

big and little, all over the land. The public mind is therefore attuned to the efforts of genius in the line of mechanical invention, and the moment seems opportune for the presentation, in these pages, of an illustration of the remarkable, not to say astounding, contrivance which has just been produced at Washington, U.S., by the political Edison of the hour, Major Bill McKinley—better known abroad as McKinley Bill. The machine is not, strictly speaking, a new invention, but an "improvement" on one which has long existed in the United States and other highly civilized and intelligent countries. Its purpose is to enable the operator to lift himself with his own boot-straps, and to sustain himself in the elevated position permanently. Among political scientists, such as Mills, Breckenridge, George and Voorhees in the States, Gladstone and Harcourt in Great Britain, Cartwright, Blake, Laurier, Mowat, etc., in Canada, the problem

which this invention professes to have solved is ranked in the category of the absurd and impossible along with perpetual motion, but in all these countries there are cranks who look upon science with contempt and laugh its conclusions to scorn. Major McKinley is at present the most distinguished of these cranks and really believes he has "struck it" with this machine. No elaborate explanation of the principle underlying it is necessary here, first, because it is quite destitute of principle, and secondly, because the intelligent reader can understand it easily by a glance at the illustration. It may be well, however, to explain that, as given to the world by the gallant and obtuse Major, the scheme hasn't precisely the mechanical form given it in our cut. In reality, it consists simply of a printed pamphlet, containing schedules of figures and entitled "Amendments to the Tariff Bill of the United States," which has just been passed through Congress and the Senate as a crowning specimen of nineteenth century intelligence in the free republic of the world. It is entirely mechanical, however, and our representation of it is quite accurate. The American people, as a whole, are feeling commercially depressed, and by this Bill, which increases their taxes as a whole, they expect to lift themselves into prosperity. Of course the thing won't work—anybody can see that at a glance. And yet we refrain from calling Major McKinley a darn fool, because GRIP is a polite and refined journal, and besides the esteemed Government of our own beloved land profoundly believes in the practicability of his invention. They are, in fact, working a little one like it themselves.

THE FOSTER-MOTHER.—The function of a Finance Minister in Canada ought to be to keep the books of the national business concern, and to superintend the receipt and expenditure of the public revenue. This revenue should, of course, come from the people, but not as the proceeds of taxes upon their thrift and industry, collected by a system which favored the rich or dishonest at the expense of the poor or honest; it should be collected from the Provincial Governments in proportion to population; the Provincial Governments having in turn collected it from the municipalities (in addition to the Provincial revenue) and the municipalities having in turn collected it as a single tax on ground rent within their respective boundaries. The Finance Minister being relieved of all tariffs and their broods of harpies, and not having foreign loans to look after, could, if a passably capable man, give the country excellent value for the salary it paid him. Does not this outline strike the reader as ideal as well as perfectly practical? If so, he will assuredly turn with disgust to the actual facts. As the political orator says—"What do we find?" We find the Finance Minister wrestling with a surplus of over \$4,000,000, filched from the people by unjust taxes, for "an unnecessary tax is an unjust tax." And how does he put in most of his time? Feeding the feathered brood of the monopoly nest by means of the tariff! Curious how little it takes to cause a revulsion of feeling in the human breast! The picture upon our first page, in its original form, is calculated to excite our tenderest emotions, for it represents love, pity, compassion, charity. The mere substitution of a political head for the principal figure reverses all these sentiments in the mind of the man who hates injustice and monopoly and who knows how the tariff works. And yet it is even more literally than before a drawing of the "Foster" mother!



S GRIP always seeks to be just and fair in his fun, he feels moved to take back the implied stricture on Mr. Dalton McCarthy in last week's number, it having come to his knowledge that the gentleman in question was absent in Europe at the time of the inaugural meeting of the Equal Rights Union. It could not have been convenient, therefore, for him to have been present, and the anxious enquiry, "Have you seen anything of McCarthy?" would have been somewhat unreasonable on the part of Messrs. Caven and Smith. The hon. gentleman has meanwhile returned to his native heath, and it will be for him to turn the laugh on GRIP now by coming out in a ripping Equal Rights speech. Until he does so, however, the question may be allowed to stand.

HIGH society in Montreal is all broken up over a story sent by R. N. O'Brien, a wicked Press correspondent, to some of the American journals, to the effect that Prince George of Wales did the proverbial "Jack Ashore" act, and that while seeing the sights with some local swells, he got into a row with some toughs—thrashed them handsomely, and ended by being run in. The story is denied, of course—as it would naturally be, whether true or false. Montreal sweldom takes the thing so much to heart, that they are prosecuting the audacious journalist for libel. Just where the libel comes in, it is not easy to see. The Prince's party are represented as acting strictly on the defensive, and George himself as showing "true British pluck." Many a man as good as George has seen the inside of a police station as the result of a frolic of this kind, and been thought none the worse for it. As Georgie has barely a drop of British blood in his composition, perhaps the assertion that he showed "British pluck" may be regarded as a libel on his distinguished German ancestry. Let us suggest to the irate Montreal aristocracy who are subscribing money to prosecute O'Brien, that they are making egregious asses of themselves.

* * *

NOW that the Republicans, heedless of the portents which foretell disaster to their party in the fall elections, have thrown out all and sundry the reciprocity resolutions introduced into the Senate, and passed the insane McKinley Bill, the two Sir John's of our Cabinet come forward and profess their friendliness to the cause of Reciprocity—of course, that variety of it which they know cannot, under any circumstances, be got—namely, free exchange of natural products. The handful of manufacturers whose pockets are benefited by the N.P. evidently possess sufficient influence at Ottawa to prevent the Government from favoring genuine Reciprocity, notwithstanding that Sir John Macdonald has publicly declared that the former treaty was a good thing for Canada. The question is shelved for the time being by the passage of the McKinley Bill, but, if we read the signs of the times aright, it will not be for long. The Democrats are likely to have a majority in the next House, and it is possible that they may shortly be in control of the Senate also. When that event takes place Reciprocity can be secured, if it is seriously sought by Canada. Meanwhile, the propaganda ought to be carried on throughout the Dominion with undiminished—nay, with increased vigor. "Protection" has been demonstrated to be a fraud and a nuisance here, as it is everywhere. If we can't get Reciprocity, let us have Free Trade with the world and direct taxation for public revenue—and let that taxation be levied chiefly on land speculation. The economic schoolmaster ought to be hustling.

* * *

THE Regina Journal is kicking up a fuss because Lt.-Gov. Royal has been adding to the Governmental library a lot of Roman Catholic doctrinal and class books purchased with public money, and because said library is "closed to the press for fear of exposure." The Journal seems to be wanting in loyalty to the Royal ruler of the North-West, in thus daring to complain of his doings; or, perhaps it is still laboring under the hallucination that the Lt.-Governor is a servant and not the boss of the people. The sooner it gets rid of this pleasing delusion the better it will be for the editor. First thing he knows his office will be demolished under orders from the Great Mogul by the fierce troopers of the Mounted Police.

IS light beginning to break in the World office? There is a hopeful sound about this, for example:—

MR. DUMPSEY (reading from newspaper)—"Does Protection protect—"

MRS. DUMPSEY (scornfully interrupting)—"Not when there is a burglar in the house!"

Of course the scissors editor is primarily responsible for transferring this witticism from an outside source, but can't his protectionist chief recognize its truth when applied in the political realm? Isn't there always "a burglar in the house" in the form of monopoly, and does the N.P. prevent this burglar from getting away with the "loot?" Ask the workingman, Mr. World!

* * *

THE Esplanade question has taken a new turn, but it would be rash to say just yet that it is within sight of a satisfactory settlement. The C.P.R. magnates have consented to accept the alternative site for their freight yards west of York Street, on condition that the city will secure for them quiet possession of three lots now held by the G.T.R. within the borders of the new site. Just how this is to be accomplished is not at present clear. It will probably mean a long and furious contest with fellows who are adepts at "the manly art of self defence." This embroglio must, by this time, have educated our public up to the truth that it is bad policy ever to let great corporations own land or public franchises. Land ought to be controlled by the people through a single tax on ground rent; and railways ought to be owned and operated, as they are in Australia, by the Government.

DOT AND CARRY ONE.

A MAIDEN'S fortune is called *Dot*,
I'm not so sure it isn't *Dough*,
If *d-o-t* spells dough then I do not
The language francy want to know,
For, after all, 'tis like enough
It's neither *dot* nor *dough*, but *duff*,
Hence he who for *Dot*'s *dot* would suffer,
Or for her *dough* or *duff*'s a Duffer.



A CHRONIC INVALID.

DOCTOR (to former patient)—"Ah, good morning, and how are you?"

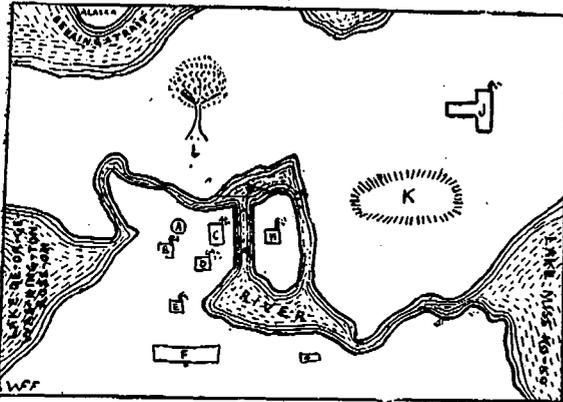
PATIENT—"Oh, I'm still very bad."

DOCTOR—"How's that? Why you're looking first-rate."

PATIENT—"Well, I do feel a little better to-day; but I'm such a confirmed invalid, that I'm always ailing, even when I'm quite well."—Pick-me-up.

PORT CARLING.

PORT CARLING BEFORE THE N.P.



A. Stump Eulogized by Lord Dufferin. B. Hotel. C. Polar Star Hotel. D. Store. E. Frozen Whiskey Store House. G. Grave of Deceased Cat. H. Post Office. J. Coboconk University. K. Rock. L. Tree.

PORT CARLING was founded in the year 1603, B.C., by the Jesuits. Its present greatness dates from the day it was called after the eminent brewer and statesman who is its patron saint, and who, by his great industry, has provided a grateful refreshment for the otherwise parched inhabitants at a most moderate cost, providing always that the denizens procure their own corkscrews.

The city did not grow much (indeed, in 1878 its population was less than 235,000) until Sir John Macdonald promised the inhabitants tall chimneys, since which time a few additional stories to the chimneys has caused true prosperity to set in; a reference to the map proves this. We understand that at present it is growing marvelously, and in some years it may reach four millions.

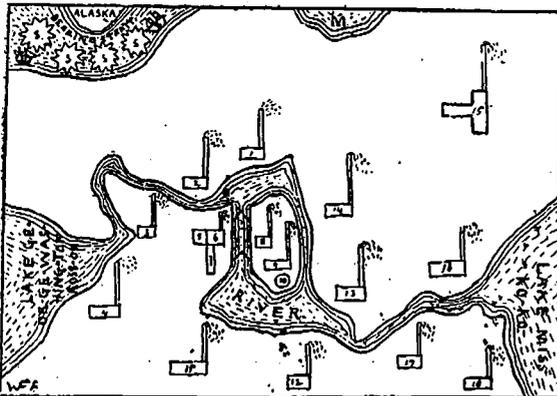
Every year a number of convicts from the outlying villages of Smithville, Toronto, Bullock's Corners, etc., etc., are sent up to the city of Port Carling and the surrounding country to undergo penal servitude.

They are forced to leave their native haunts and made to live in tents and rude huts; and are compelled to exist in exile as best they may.

They generally go up in July and August for various periods of from one to twelve weeks.

As the citizens selected for this cruel punishment are all well-to-do people, who leave comfortable homes with

PORT CARLING DURING THE N.P.



1. Real Estate Office. 2. Sample Room. 3. Banana Stand. 4. Real Estate Office. 5. Free Lunch Room. 6. Hotel. 7. Sample Room. 8. Real Estate Office. 9. Faith Cure Hospital. 10. Statue to Rykert. 11. Dime Museum. 12. Real Estate Office. 13. Peanut Stand. 14. Exhibition of Gen. Middleton's Souvenirs. 15. Coboconk University. 16. Pawn Broker's Shop. 17. Billiard Room. 18. Real Estate Office. S. Seals. U. U.S. Gun Boat Chil-Blaine. B. British Sun of Gun Boat. M. Modus Vivendi.

all modern conveniences, the utter barbarity of this proceeding is the more apparent. The maps presented were not prepared by our regular staff geographers, but are intended merely for publication. They are entitled "Port Carling before the N.P." and "Port Carling during the N.P." We trust our readers will keep on subscribing to this paper till we offer a map of "Port Carling after the N.P." It will be observed there is no tall chimney to the Rykert Statue (No. 10), as it might be thought too suggestive. So we omitted this painful detail, out of consideration for J. C. R.'s extreme youth and beauty. As your correspondent and artist has never been in Port Carling, it can easily be imagined that he has no prejudice in exhibiting either these charts or this description.

TERENURE.

RONDEAU.

If we had time, we'd leave no gaps
In all our work, we'd not relapse
Into the careless way of life,
That, as you know, is now so rife
Among us busy modern chaps.

We'd save our knuckles many raps,
We'd keep the world from dire collapse,
And also love our faithful wife,
If we had time.

We'd banish every ill that saps
The strength of nations, and—this caps
The climax—after stopping strife,
And sheathing war's ensanguined knife,
We'd mind our own affairs, perhaps,
If we had time.

K.L.J

AT THE TAILORS' UNION CONCERT.

CHAIRMAN—"Next thing on the programme is a song by Mr. Rorey, 'You can't judge a man by the coat that he wears.'"

Confusion, hisses and cries of "Cheese it!" "Oh, come off!" "Give us somethin' else."

CHAIRMAN—"Why, I'm surprised at this. What do you mean? That song embodies the noble sentiment of democratic equality which we all believe in."

KICKER—"That's all right enough, but if them sentiments was to git popular it would knock the tailoring trade higher'n Gilderoy's kite."

SABBATH DESECRATION.

TIME—Sunday. SCENE—A Street.

SANDY JOHNSTON—"Whaur's aw the workies gaun the day wi' their best claes on?"

PHILO—"Mr. Smith has kindly opened his private art treasures to the working classes on the only day they have leisure to see them."

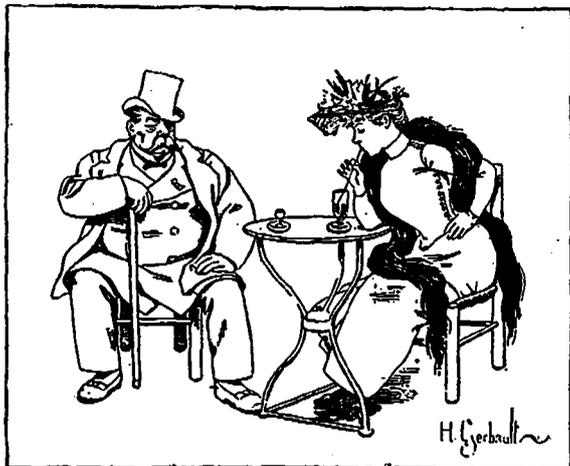
SANDY J.—"Smith, the awtheist I'm thinkin',—him and his fads aboot sekular education! I'm no' sayin' but the ferlies may na be worth the seein', but losh! man, hoo their consciences maun prick them for deein' siccna thing on the Sawbbath. Remember the Sawbbath day to keep it holy, ye ken. I wadna be Smith at the last day for a mutchkin."

WERE the hanging gardens of Babylon the place where malefactors were executed before justifying by electricity came into vogue?



“WAITING” FOR TIPS.

THE RIVAL WAITERS (together, and with an earnest desire to please)—“Anything else you would like, sir? Anything on the menu, or anything to order, or anything of any other kind—anything you may wish, or desire, or think of—just mention it, sir, and you can have it!”



A DANGEROUS PRINCIPLE.

ELDERLY HUSBAND—"You're so engaged on that lemon-squash that you don't seem to be listening to me!"

SAUCY YOUNG WIFE—"Pleasure first—duty afterwards, old dear."—*Pick-me-up.*

GUFFERY BUMSTEAD.

A STORY OF HIGH LIFE IN TORONTO.

BY T. HINSTON STARVIS.

CHAP. I.

I'd like to be a banker's clerk,
Whose life is one continuous lark;
To drive, and drink, and dance, and yacht,
A gay existence, is it not? —*Bummerson.*

THE scene of my story is laid in Toronto, as being the best way of securing a sale for the work. The only way to make Canadian literature go is to give it a local and personal interest. Everybody in "society" will want to buy Guffery Bumstead to see if they can recognize any of the characters. Great scheme!

Guffery Bumstead was a clerk in Boodlers' Bank, which, as everybody can see for themselves, is located on the south-west corner of Adelaide and John Street. He indulged in the customary pleasures of his class. Having a handsome salary of \$800 a year or thereabouts, he was able to spend most of his time in yachting, drinking champagne, attending fashionable evening parties, etc. In addition he was an athlete, a philosopher, a poet and a thief.

He couldn't help being a thief because his father, who was an Englishman of highly aristocratic lineage, had caught a Tartar of the female persuasion and married her. Consequently nothing could be more natural than that Guffery whenever he was a little short should help himself to the funds of the bank. It was all owing to his Tartar blood. No pure-blooded Englishman would ever do such a thing.

CHAP. II.

I sound my barbaric yawp over the
Roof trees of the world. —*Walt Whitman.*

Guffery had two friends. One, Jack Cresswell, was a bank clerk like himself and whirled in the giddy round of dissipation; the other was Maurice Rankin, a struggling lawyer without clients. The latter was so poor that he even had to steal coal to keep himself warm in winter. And yet he was not of Tartar origin, which renders such a proceeding the more inexplicable.

Jack was engaged to Nina Lindon. Her father was of no particular ancestry. But Guffery and other swells

of the bank clerk aristocracy generously forgave him and took in his balls and dinner parties because he was wealthy. It will hardly be credited but there are several people like Lindon whose grandfathers were quite low and common persons who move in the first circles and associate with Jarnisons and Denvises on equal terms. This practice ought to be frowned down.

Nina herself was pretty, but it was a kind of nurse girl prettiness. Nurse-girls never have the same kind of good looks as real ladies, you know.

Guffery met Nina at Mrs. Dusenalls—and there was the deuce-and-all to pay. After dancing with her five times in succession they strolled out into a vacant lot where his brow seemed to knot into cords as he concentrated his will power—and he succeeded in mesmerizing her. He had some trouble in bringing her back to her normal state.

Such is life in the first circles of Toronto.

CHAP. III.

Oh rare, pale Margaret—*Tennyson.*

Margaret Mackintosh was walking along King Street with an elastic step when she met Guffery Bumstead. She had a sweet, firm, generous mouth for caramels, and bowed like a princess.

"I was looking for a servant girl named Sarah," she said, "and as you remind me of Apollo, perhaps you would help me to find her. You are a nice person."

"I have nothing particular to do to-day—bank clerks seldom have, you know," replied Guffery, "Sarah shall be found."

"I have been reading Hæckel," remarked Margaret. "And I should like to live to be two hundred years old. I go to church, but I don't exactly believe anything in particular. My mother oscillates between pugnacity and resignation."

"Then you make evolution a part of your religion?" said Guffery.

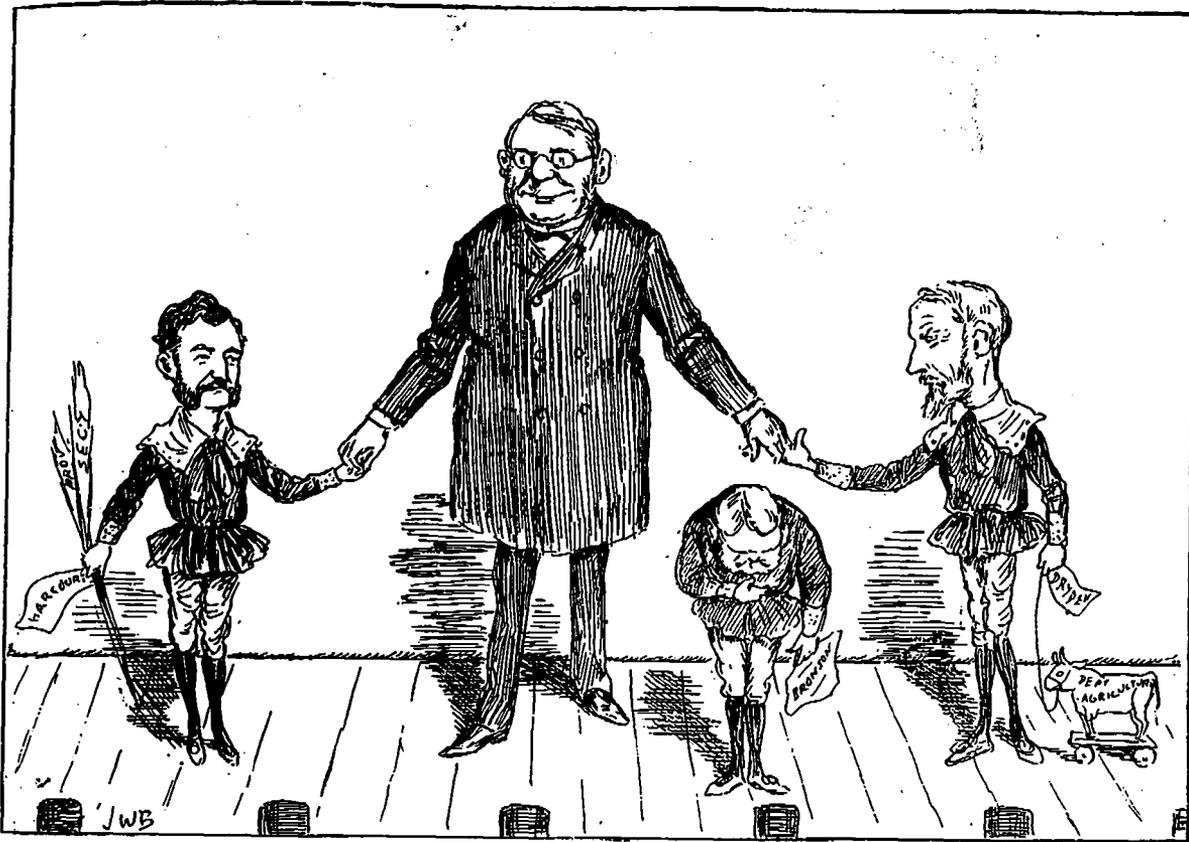
"Yes," replied Margaret. "Look at the difference between Guiteau and Florence Nightingale."

"Just so," replied Bumstead. "That hadn't occurred to me before."

He was keenly susceptible to anything which called upon his ideality.

HOW TO FIND A NEEDLE IN A BUNDLE OF HAY.





BEFORE THE CURTAIN FOR PUBLIC APPROVAL.

"There is nothing definite except in Buddhism," said Margaret, who grew intense in her utterance as the subject grew upon her.

"Here we are in St. John's Ward," said Guffery.

"Whereabouts does Sarah live?"

"I really haven't the remotest idea," said Margaret,

"But we have had a pleasant time. We can hunt for her some other day."

HOW TO FIND A NEEDLE IN A BUNDLE OF HAY.



11

—Pick-me-up.

CHAP. IV.

I wish I was the captain's son,
 Heigh! Ho! Knock a man down.
 I'd give the sailors plenty of rum,
 Give us some time to knock a man down.

—Old Sea Song.

Charley Dusenall's yacht *Ideal* ploughed the stormy waves of Lake Ontario dead before the wind. The men had cast loose the working gaff-topsail and were rigging a spinnaker boom. The wind kept veering and a leaden scud came flying overhead. The main sheet was paid out much to the envy of the crew, whose wages were considerably overdue.

"Let go her backstays and haul the bow line abaft the binnacle. Put her head two points to the sou-sou east," shouted the skipper.

"Ay, ay, sir."

Then the staysail sheets were flattened down on the port side and the yacht's head paid off fast on the port tack. Meanwhile the gay revellers in the cabin were mostly on the champagne and sherry tack.

Rankin was conversing with Margaret. He heard a half sob in her voice. A great compassion for him was welling in her heart. His native quickness was present with him. He leaned forward, inspired by a new thought and said, "kiss me!" And she did.

"For goodness sake," cried Mr. Lemons yawning, "pass the claret."

(To be continued.)

ASPIRATION is a good quality in a young man, but, for practical results, is not so reliable as perspiration.



A VAIN HINT.

"Pretty good cigar you've got there, Charlie?"

"Yes, I guess so; I've been all over the front room and can't find a match for it."—*Chicago Light.*

JOURNALISTIC ETHICS AT SQUIGGLECHUNK.

"WELL, John," said the editor of the Squigglechunk *Indicator*, "I'm going to the great Terracottaville Fair for the balance of the week. You'll have to git out the paper and 'tend to job printin'. If any good payin' jobs come in you can hold the paper back for a day or two."

"All right, boss. And you might give me an order on Smithers for a pair of shoes, if his ad. ain't traded out yet. And if you *could* let me have a dollar in cash—"

"Well, I'll do the best I can. Take hold and write up some good smart editorial. The *Indicator's* been everlastingly socking it to 'em on this tariff and Reciprocity business, and we must give the public a change. Guess you might jerk a pretty stiff editorial about the pay of the judges. I see by the *Mail* that they are shamefully underpaid. A chief justice only gets six thousand dollars a year and the others not more than five. It's a burning disgrace to our country. Just show the thing up, rub it in good an' strong, and put in plenty figures, John—you'll git 'em all in the *Mail*. I tell ye, nothin' catches the reader like figures. If ye only run in enough they think you know all about the subject."

"Yes," said John, "and while I'm on that question, boss, I guess I might put in a few more, showin' that the average farmer only makes \$344 a year, and that a mechanic is mighty lucky if he earns \$400."

"Hold on, John, what yer talkin' about? That ain't nothin' to do with judges' salaries."

"That's just accordin' as how you look at it, boss. Kin you make any five thousand a year out of the *Indicator*? Ain't five hundred more like the figure? And do you think a judge is worth more than ten times as much as an editor and fourteen times as much as a

farmer? Tell you what it is, boss, the hard-working folks of this country's got to keep all these city swell-heads. These judges must have their fine horses and carriages and entertain their friends in style. Have you any horse and carriage? Can you do any entertainin', unless it be settin' up the drinks at McGinnis' once in a while?"

"John, you everlastingly paralyze me," said the venerable editor. "I'm not sayin' you ain't dead right, but you don't see any of them arguments in the Toronto dailies, I notice; and I reckon the safest plan on these here questions is to follow their lead. Don't you go givin' the public any of your original ideas. I don't know as they could stand it. You keep right in the track of the *Mail*, that'll be safer. And you might say somethin' about that feller that was arrested in Montreal for sendin' lyin' despatches to the Yankee papers about Prince George of Wales. It's an infernal outrage, John. Why, the scoundrel oughter be lynched! Make it strong, and say that this business of sendin' slanders over the telegraph wires and vilifyin' people in that shameful fashion must be put down."

"That's all right. I'll 'tend to it. And at the same time I reckon I might say somethin', too, about the scoundrels who have been sendin' lies about Powderly and the Knights of Labor along of this N.Y. Central strike all over the country—accusin' 'em of wrecking trains and doin' everything to set the people against them. I haven't heard of any of them bein' prosecuted. Seems to me that they are a blamed sight meaner an' more contemptible liars nor the feller that sent that despatch about the Prince. He's got lots of friends, and a lie can't hurt him, but the strikers was fightin' for their lives, an' every dirty, small-souled newspaper sneak that wants to toady to the railroad bosses for a pass took the chance to fling mud at 'em."

"See here, John, if you talk that way I'll discharge you. I'm goin' to Terracottaville on a pass myself."

"Discharge me? I guess not, boss—if you did you'd have to settle up, you know. So you needn't get on the high horse."

"Oh, no, John, I didn't mean that. I don't mind your talk, but for any sake don't put anything like that in the *Indicator*. You never see such things in the respectable dailies of Toronto, you know. It's always best to stick pretty close to their line. Good-bye, John, I'm off. Here's your order for the shoes and thirty-five cents in cash—all I can spare just now, but if you can collect old man Budger's subscription you may keep half of it."

"Well, well," sighed John, as he resumed setting type on a foreclosure sale poster, "some of these days I'll have a paper of my own, and then—"

And then he will probably be driven by business exigencies and social pressure to do just exactly as others do who lie that they may live!

A TRUTHFUL PROVERB.

SCHNIEDELTWITZER—"Wie gehts, Bummelsnoof? Did you hear dot our oldt vriend Lagersauffer vash tead?"

BUMMELSNOOF—"Nein! you don't vas told me? Vell vell. Und he vash dook Quackenboss' Shake-you-up Pills just so shteady all der vile."

SCHNIEDELTWITZER—"Ach zo! He butts great vaith in dem, but it vash no goot. Dot jüst broves der troot auf dot goot oldt Englisch broverh vot dey shticks oop by some vences, 'Boast no Pills.'"



M'KINLEY'S PATENT.

A Contrivance by which a Great Nation can * lift itself into Prosperity by the Boot-straps

* If the thing only works.



"I AM glad," said the President, glancing around the well-filled apartment, "to note the increase in our numbers. Such gatherings as these tend to cultivate the social element of our nature and relieve the strain and pressure of business. 'Tis better to encourage the humorous faculty than the medical faculty. Thusly does life become like a tough spring chicken."

"In what respect?" enquired Peebles.

"Probably the respect due to age," suggested Borax.

"Good enough. But, Mr. President, please explain that remark about life resembling a tough chicken."

"Don't anybody tumble? Hen-durable," replied the President. (Groans.)

"I was about to say when interrupted," continued the speaker, "that in addition to the new members whom we shall initiate this evening, after they have paid their dues, with due formalities we have several applications by letter from parties at a distance wishing to be elected corresponding members. The Secretary will please read them."

The Secretary then proceeded to read the following :

From Alex. F. Pirie, Dundas.—"I should like to become a corresponding member of the Jokers' Club. The *True Banner* has watched your course with unflagging interest. Though absent in the body I am with you in the spirit (old rye). Will you take cordwood in payment of dues? If so a sympathetic cord would unite us yet more closely."

From Peter E. W. Moyer, Berlin.—"These are the times that try men's souls," as the tramp remarked when traveling on his uppers. I would fain cast in my lot with you were it not too heavily mortgaged. As it is, I'll gladly become a corresponding member. I have a fine grist of Dutch jokes on hand."

From W. D. Le Sueur, Ottawa—"Avoid profanity—'tis an odious vice. You want *less swear* in your deliberations. See? I'd like amazingly to be a corresponding member. Reference, W. F. Maclean, *Toronto World*."

From Joe Kerr, Belleville.—"My name, I think, ought to indicate my fitness for a corresponding membership."

"I move, Mr. President," said Binkerton, "that these gentlemen be duly elected. Their letters are of the right stamp."

"Yes," said the Secretary, "there was a three-cent stamp on each of them."

"Therefore—"

"Yes," interrupted Samjones, "they're four."

"Therefore, it seems to me that without further delay they should be elected corresponding members."

Carried *nem con*.

"Brethren," resumed the President, "it must, I'm sure, be a source of congratulation to us that our humble, not to say pun-y, efforts ('Oh!') have attracted to us the attention of humorists at a distance, whose jokes, though somewhat far fetched—in one instance all the way from Ottawa—are, nevertheless, fraught with a significance upon which I need not enlarge. I feel that under the circumstances the most fitting thing that we can do is to order drinks round." (Loud applause)

"What a singular anomaly it seems to be," mused Popenjoy, "that men who like square meals should take drinks round."

Donald, the new Scotch waiter, advanced to fulfil his benign function.

"And how do you get along here, Donald?" asked McGuffy.

"Oh, brawly, sir, brawly."

"Strange. Methought this was a quiet and orderly hostelry."

"An' wha says onything to the contrary, sir?"

"Didn't you say it was brawly?"

"Do you make plenty of money, Donald?" asked Borax.

"On aye, sir, Never did sae well afore. The night, for instance, I hae got ower ten pun's. Maircy on us gin I haena made a joke mysel! I never did sic a thing afore. The thing must be contagious. I'll no stop langer in this hoose—it's no canny. Gin I bide here—I'm thinkin', I'll sune be as daft as ony o' ye."

SOME SINGULAR THINGS.

THE Equal Rights movement makes converts by scores
Of the people who lately were Grits,
But each "Mowat-must go" man the cause now abhors
And the party indignantly quits.
How strange that the Grits should a movement endorse
They'd have nothing to do with last spring,
While the Tories dismount from the Protestant horse;
Oh ain't it a singular thing?

The *Globe* and the *Mail* are indignant because
The judges don't get enough pay.
Six thousand a year to interpret the laws
Is just twenty dollars a day.
Give some overworked editors half the amount
And they'd think they'd the wealth of a king,
Yet they weep and bewail on the judges' account;
Oh, ain't it a singular thing?

The Street Railway charter will shortly expire,
And the city its rights will reclaim.
Frank Smith with a bagful of gold will retire,
More precious to him than good name.
One greedy monopoly being bought out
Some still to the system would cling,
And set up another, as selfish, no doubt;
Oh, ain't it a singular thing?

The office hog still has his feet in the trough,
And "Reformers" don't seem to object,
While the fellows who talk about choking him off,
Their own breed of hogs would protect.
There are hogs of all parties—all kinds, large and small,
Who to place, caste and privilege cling,
But the people must like it—they fatten them all—
Oh, ain't it a singular thing?



A GIVE-AWAY.

WIFE—"For heaven's sake, George, don't look at me so affectionately, or people will think we're not married!"

THE MARRIAGE OF CORYDON.

RESPECTED "GRIP,"—In the words of the poet—
Corydon did Phyllis marry,
Wherefore young men do ye tarry.

Jake Trumwhizzle's name is not Corydon, and Keziah P. Bruddle's is not Phyllis, but these two recently supplied a pleasurable sensation in our midst, and therefore I speak of them by the pastoral appellations of Corydon and Phyllis. Jake is a kind of carpenter by trade, whose highest flight never soars higher than splitting kindlings and nailing up loose shingles. Keziah is short, smart and vixenish, with a shrill voice and incessant tongue, who came to this settlement last fall to hire out, with the reputation of having studied scientific dressmaking at a college in New York, but from the style of her own dress this is not likely to have been the case.

How it came about nobody knows, but Corydon Trumwhizzle (as I call him) and Phyllis Bruddle (as I call her) agreed to solve the question, "Is marriage a failure?" The young couple had neither sectarian bias nor preconceived opinions to overcome. Unfortunately for our lovers, none of the local clergy would solemnize the sacrament unless they received their pay in advance. A justice of peace might have tied the knot, but Phyllis feared the ligature might not be tied tight enough to hold Corydon. It is therefore pleasing to know that they found a reverend itinerant of large views that kept touch with the progress of the age—an advanced thinker who, having learned from his own nuptial experience that the old formula is no longer applicable to the exigencies of to-day, had modified it so as to meet the usual requirements of life. This good person agreed to fetter the young aspirants in love's rosy garland. Accordingly, after some introductory remarks, telling the couple before him what matrimony was made for, with other occult pieces of information usually recapitulated on such occasions, the worthy ministrant solemnly warned the bride that if she was within the four vatican degrees of consanguinity, Sir John Thompson would be down on her, and if she was Jake's deceased wife's sister's daughter, she must wait for the passing of Senator Alman's bill. On which Phyllis indignantly retorted, "You ought to be ashamed of yourself. I ain't one o' that kind. What do you take me for?" The ceremony was then proceeded with.

"Do you, Jake," asked the kindly but advanced deacon in a dulcet tone of voice, "take this Keziah to be your wedded wife? Do you promise on your davy to share your room and bed with her, winter and summer, fall and springtime, irrespective of cold feet in wintry weather? To provide for her three square meals annually (I mean daily), with intermediate spruce gum? To give her clothes which, I may mention, embrace bonnets? Likewise boots. To give her the spending of all your earnings, less reasonable drink and chaw money? Not to say bad words to her unless when called for? Always to let her have the last word? To love and cherish her, and forsaking all other loose women to cleave to her alone?" Here Jake turned the tobacco quid in his cheek and remarked in a careless tone, "don't care if I do." Being pressed for a more definite reply, he responded gruffly, "that's what I come here for."

Then turning to the bride the benign pastor continued: "And do you, Keziah, take this man to be your wedded husband? to get along with him the best you can? To maintain him in affluence if circumstances over which he has no control make him feel not like working? To keep hands off his wool except under provocation? Not



THE PLIGHT OF THE BATHER.

to sit up for him? Not to screech at him that twei lagers after a day's toil are the devil's favorite rough-on-rats, and a finger-and-a-half of old rye is distilled damnation? It was formerly the custom" (he added) "to ask the wife if she would obey, but as the question was laughably absurd, and never acted on, I have dropped all that, and ask you again, Keziah, if you take this Jake to have and to hold as your lawful man in the usual acceptance of the term?" The bride rubbed her nose for a moment and murmured, "guess so." Then said the suave clergy, "I pronounce you man and wife until Death or Chicago do you part. My fee is \$2, but am open to any further sum that prudence may dictate, for the wages of the Lord's servants are small."

When the solemnization was concluded, the bridegroom remarked to the minister in a casual way, "say, mister, I ain't got a cent, but if you want your cellar hatch or something fixed, I'll do it for you—reasonable.

FATHER TIM.

A SUFFICIENT REASON.

PLUGWINCH—"Want to mail a letter, eh? Then drop it in this street box here."

BUMMERSON—"Guess not. I always prefer to entrust my correspondence to a branch P.O."

PLUGWINCH—"And why to a branch?"

BUMMERSON—"I've an idea that it leaves more regularly."

A USEFUL TRAINING.

UNDERGRADUATE—"The Spartans taught their children to steal without being caught."

HIS FATHER—"Ah! What fine aldermen they would make."

PROBABLY BECAUSE HE WASN'T AN ORANGEMAN.

BANKS—"Have you heard about poor Brown? He has been locked up in an insane asylum."

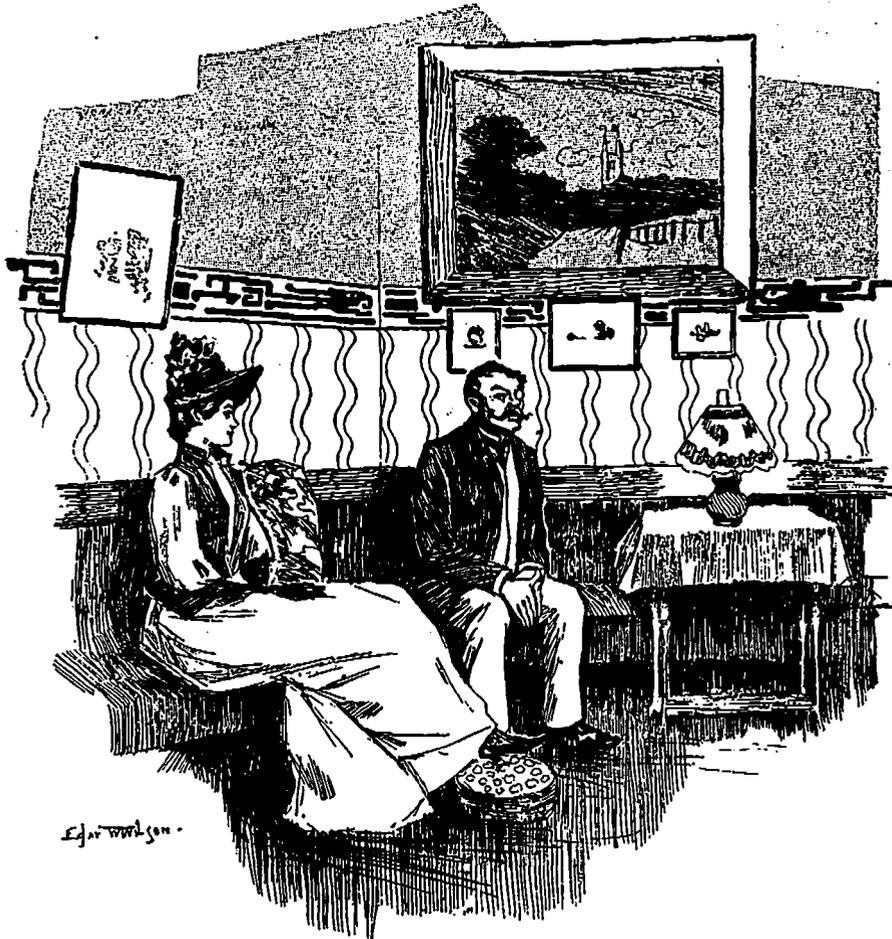
CUMSO—"Dear me! What was the matter?"

BANKS—"He developed a mania for carrying a club and trying to crack the skulls of his friends, and so they locked him up."

CUMSO—"How absurd!"

BANKS—"What do you mean?"

CUMSO—"Why didn't they get him a position on the police force?"



“NAIVE.”

DOCTOR (*spending his holidays at the sea-side*)—“My dear, we’ve been here three weeks, and it’s really time I got home again.”
WIFE—“Why? Are you afraid all your patients will have recovered?”—*Pick-me-up.*

THE “QUEEN” PAYS ALL EXPENSES.

THE *Queen's* last “Free Trip to Europe” having excited such universal interest, the publishers of that popular magazine offer another and \$200.00 extra for expenses, to the person sending them the largest list of English words constructed from letters contained in the three words “British North America.” Additional prizes, consisting of Silver Tea Sets, China Dinner Sets, Gold Watches, French Music Boxes, Portière Curtains, Silk Dresses, Mantel Clocks, and many other useful and valuable articles will also be awarded in order of merit. A special prize of a Seal Skin Jacket to the lady, and a handsome Shetland Pony to the girl or boy (delivered free in Canada or United States), sending the largest lists. Everyone sending a list of not less than twenty words will receive a present. Send four 3c. stamps for complete rules, illustrated catalogue of prizes, and sample number of the *Queen*.
Address, *The Canadian Queen*, Toronto, Canada.

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HE—“And so your answer is final? You will not be mine?”

SHE—“Yes, absolutely. But pray don’t go and blow your brains out.”

HE—“It would be an idle attempt. People say if I had any brains I never would have proposed to you.”—*Boston Transcript.*

"REALLY AN EXCELLENT HIT."

CANADA'S comic paper, GRIP, published at Toronto, has a good hit in its last issue on the commercial situation on this continent. We would commend this cartoon to politicians and the people in Canada and the United States as well. The cartoon is entitled "In Darkest America," and it is inspired by a picture in Stanley's "In Darkest Africa." The original picture represents the dangers which traders are subject to in conveying merchandise from place to place through sections of the dark continent. GRIP's adaptation* of the engraving, shows a number of travelers loaded up with Canadian produce, being set upon by a horde of savages, a number of whom bear a striking likeness to leading politicians in the United States, and who are endeavoring to prevent the travelers from coming into their country. In the background parties traveling in the opposite direction and bearing bundles of United States produce, are being similarly attacked by savages, and among the latter, disguised in savage garb, may be noticed several Canadian politicians. This is really an excellent hit, and to be appreciated it must be seen. While Canada is engaged in endeavoring to drive back the flow of commerce from the south, the United States is similarly endeavoring to stifle trade with her Northern neighbor. Surely the savages of Africa could not engage in anything more suited to the nature of the barbarian than this picture which is presented by Canada and the United States.—*Winnipeg Commercial*.

* Our esteemed critic is astray. The cartoon in question was an original composition, not an adaptation.

BUILDING ASSOCIATIONS.

SMALL sums monthly, paid in as dues on shares, form the aggregate from which building and loan associations make loans to their members. In associations like the DOMINION Building and Loan Association, where local boards are extended throughout the country, enabling the sale of shares where money is cheap and loaning where it is high—always and only to its members—its facilities are greater and its plan gives absolute security to its members. Based upon the foundation of the first English association and improved by the best features of the latest English and American associations the DOMINION Building and Loan Association ranks with any building association of the States to-day, and as a home institution appeals directly to Canadians. In the U. S. they have this advantage of our people, that is these associations are so numerous, their literature floods the country, besides the journals specially published in their interests, so that their citizens are better posted as to the working of these co-operative companies and they are taught the value of these associations to the individual as well as to the community. This, however, is the only advantage over our citizens they possess, and the plan of building associations is so simple it is easily understood, and the advantage to investor and borrower is as readily comprehended.

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.



AN AWFUL BUSINESS.

BUTCHER—"I say, Bill, have you delivered Mr. Hustler's joint and Mrs. Smith's ribs? Well, then, just cut out Mr. Jones' liver, and run up with Mr. Simpkins' kidneys."

JACOBS & SPARROW'S Opera House, week of September 22nd, Matinees Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday. The World Against Her is a play with a disconsolate heroine, which Kate Claxton has made something of a success. It has been running at Jacobs & Sparrow's all week with Agnes Wallace Villa in the leading role. It is a melodrama, but something better than the ordinary fire-eating title of play usually designated by that style. A faithful wife is separated from her husband by the artifices of a villain—a conventional villain. The husband believes her unfaithful to him and they separate. After suffering much hardship and being reduced to the point of starvation she has her child stolen by the villain. Her husband at length discovers that she has been faithful to him through it all, finds her, slaughters the cause of their unhappiness and everything is rosy. Agnes Wallace Villa throws a good deal of emotional feeling into the difficult part of the injured wife. It is one of those subdued roles that require a great amount of power to make them acceptable. She is supported by a very good company. Mr. Robert Neil in the leading male character is somewhat stagey, but conscientious in his work. Mr. Harry Trayer made an excellent villain. The juvenile work of Mr. Reddick Anderson and Miss Lucie Villa was very bright and clever. Mr. Horace James and Miss Bella Theodore are excellent as a Punch and Judy travelling show company. The rest of the cast was better than the average.—*Toronto Saturday Night*.

FOR removing Tan, Sunburn and Freckles nothing is equal to Dyer's Jelly of cucumber and Roses. Try it. Druggists keep it. W. A. Dyer & Co., Montreal.

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VISITORS to our city during Exhibition should not fail to take advantage of the opportunity to inspect, among other places of interest, the well-known and popular business house of Messrs. H. & C. Blachford, whose fine boots and shoes are the envy of all those who are unfortunate enough not to possess a pair. Toronto certainly may well be proud of her retail as well as her wholesale merchants, for they are popular all over the country from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Messrs. H. & C. Blachford are always glad to welcome guests to our city, and will treat them in the handsomest manner possible should they favor them with a call at 87 and 89 King Street East.



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Judging by the number of men employed, one gets an idea of the extent of the business done by Kent Bros. That they have not made an exhibit this year, as they have done heretofore at the Exhibition, is on account of the fact that the business done on the premises has increased to such an extent as to require all the energies of the staff to handle it. They are, however, with their customary enterprise, holding a series of jewellery receptions every evening this week for the benefit of visitors to the Exhibition, and every one should take advantage of the opportunity, as they will see one of the most brilliant interiors to be seen in any store in Canada.—*Toronto Daily Globe, Sept. 16th.*

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MR. YALLERBY—"Now don't be so onreasinin', Si. Yo' knows yo' nebah looked in a fashin papah in yo' life, so what yo' know 'bout it, eh?"



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Examinations, Oral or Written.

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Auction Sale of Timber Berths

DEPARTMENT OF CROWN LANDS

(Woods and Forests Branch),

TORONTO, 2nd July, 1890.

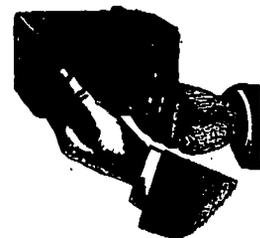
Notice is hereby given, that under Order-in-Council certain Timber Berths in the Rainy River and Thunder Bay Districts, and a Berth composed of part of the Township of Aweres, in the District of Algoma, will be offered for sale by Public Auction, on Wednesday, the First day of October next, at one o'clock in the afternoon, at the Department of Crown Lands, Toronto

ARTHUR S. HARDY,

Commissioner.

NOTE.—Particulars as to localities and descriptions of limits, area, etc., and terms and conditions of sale will be furnished on application, personally or by letter, to the Department of Crown Lands, or to Wm. Margach, Crown Timber Agent, Rat Portage, or Rainy River Berths; or Hugh Munroe, Crown Timber Agent, Port Arthur, for Thunder Bay Berths.

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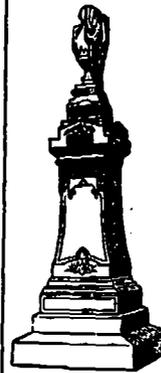
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