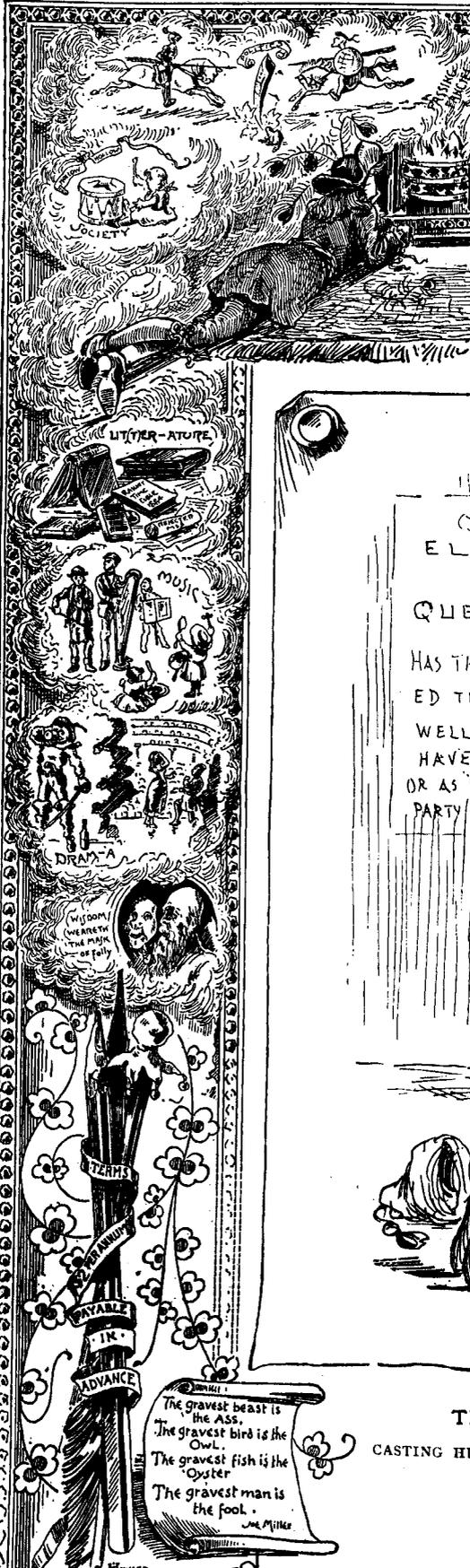


GRIP

EDITED BY J.W. BINGOUGH



QUEBEC ELECTION
THE QUESTION AT ISSUE
HAS THE ROSS GOV'T SERVED THE CHURCH AS WELL AS IT MIGHT HAVE DONE? OR AS WELL AS THE OTHER PARTY PROMISE TO DO

DOWN WITH THE BLEUS
BAD SONS OF THE CHURCH

AWAY WITH THE ROUGES
TRAITORS TO THE CHURCH

WHO HANGED RIEL?

VOTE FOR PIUS IX AND TEMPORAL POWER



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— * GRIP * —



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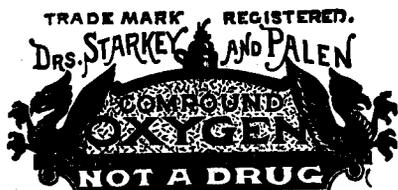
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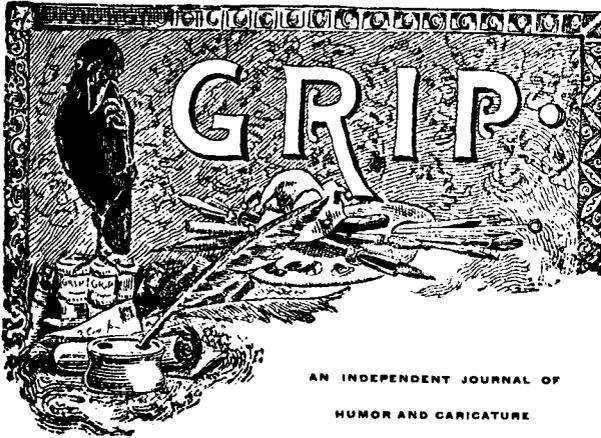
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Published every Saturday. \$2 per year in advance, postage free. Single copies, 5 cents. All business correspondence to be addressed to J. V. WRIGHT, General Manager; literary matter, sketches, etc., to the EDITOR.

J. W. BENGOUGH EDITOR.

VOL. XXVII. TORONTO, OCT. 23RD, 1886. No. 16.

Remittances on account of subscriptions are acknowledged by change in the date on the printed address-label—in the issue next after our receipt of the money. The date always indicates the time up to which the subscription is paid. We cannot undertake to send receipts aside from this.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

OUR friends are reminded that the magnificent lithographed plate, "Prominent Conservatives," issued as a supplement to Midsummer GRIP, will be sent to every subscriber applying for same and enclosing five cents for postage.

Comments on the Cartoons.



WAITING FOR THE DATE LINE.—Everything seems to indicate that the general election is near at hand. There is unusual activity in ministerial quarters—all devoted in the direction of making a favorable impression on the electorate, and besides this the *Globe* has expressly stated that Parliament will be dissolved shortly. Since the defection of the *Mail* from the organship, of course the *Globe* is to be regarded as the mouthpiece of the Ministry. But as yet no hint as to the approximate date has been given, and that is what everybody is anxious to know.

A LICKING IN STORE.—The triumph of the Rouges at the Quebec election is generally accepted as sealing the doom of Messrs. Langevin and Caron in that Province. Neither of them can hope to retain his seat in the general election, and it is anticipated that both will seek safety in Ontario. It is stated, indeed, that Sir Hector has already arranged for the chair so long and worthily filled by the genial King of the Gatineau, Mr. Alonzo Wright, who is about to retire from public life. Sir Adolphe might perhaps be elected for Duck Lake.

YOU PAY YOUR MONEY.—We do not wish to cast the slightest suspicion upon the genuineness of the *Mail's* Prohibition professions, but we must candidly confess that we are not yet satisfied that Prohibition is a dearer word than Conservatism in that journal's lexicon. Few if any references to this burning question have been made in the *Mail* of late, and everybody knows that a thorough convert invariably makes a theme of his new-found love. Why this silence? Can it be possible, after all, that there is truth in the suggestion of the cartoon? We hope not, but it looks mighty like it.

A FOURTH street boarding-house keeper was at a loss to know why one of her boarders carried two pieces of steak from the table up into his bedroom. She found it out when she saw he had got new hinges on his trunk.—*Fall River Advance.*

CREDIT TO WHOM, &c.—The excellent cuts which appeared on our 14th page last week should have been credited to the *Chicago Rambler* and *New York Life* respectively. The omission of the customary mark of credit was an accident. It is due to our own engravers to say, however, that in reproducing the cuts by their excellent process they rather improved upon the originals. This process is worth enquiring into by all who need pictorial work for business purposes. Samples and prices furnished on application.

"IN the spring the young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love. In the fall *Grip's Comic Almanac*, is what doth his fancy move.



ACCIDENTAL!

Brown.—Hello, Jones! How's your wife?

Jones, (a little deaf).—Very blustering and disagreeable again this morning.

VERDANT GREEN.

Young Clergyman in buggie on his way to church draws up at a gate where three of his hearers, two ladies and a gentleman, are passing through.—Good morning! Won't you come up? there is room for us all, I think.

Lady.—Oh, thank you! but my brother will not go; there was a tramp round last night, and it's hardly safe for us all to leave the house.

Young Clergyman.—Oh! but he would surely never commit a burglary on the Sabbath day!

SHOCKING WANT OF FILIAL RESPECT.

Visiting clergyman—I see your little daughter plays, Mrs. Blank. Who's piano is it, Miss Evelyn?

Miss Evelyn (playing away)—Herr's.

Visiting clergyman—That doesn't sound very respectful, dear; you should say, mother's.

Mrs. B.—But it isn't mine—it's Herr's.

Visiting clergyman—O, I see, it's yours, but you call it her's.

Miss Evelyn—No, stupid, we call it Herr's because that's the maker's name.

Visitor has another engagement.

(All rights reserved.)

Past and Present;

OR, THE OLD SCOTCH LAIRD'S COMPLAINT.

PART I.

THE PRESENT.

WEEL, as I said, in this oor day,
The worl's gaen a' to print,
And I'm but lauch'd at when I say
I see nae guid that's in't,
Philosophers are thick as bees,
And buzzing a' the while;
I hate that Steuart Mill, and he's
A blether that Carlyle.

And wasna I "cock o' the wauk"
Ere libraries began,
Or working folk began to talk
About the "Rights o' Man."
But damn their rights! the very word
Pits venom in my bluid—
What rights hae they, save to obey
And do whate'er they're bid.

It might be plain to ony fule,
That laun should bear the sway,
And that the lairds were born to rule
And tenants to obey;
And then hoo happy they might be,
Would they but be content
To do their work, gang to the kirk.
And pay the laird his rent.

But politics they maun discuss,
And Liberty they ca' that,
Faut Kirk and Queen and bauldly sing
"A man's a man for a' that."
Ye'll hardly find in ony toun
A silly starving weaver,
But would o'erthrow the Kirk and Croun,
And scarce ane a believer.

And even the maist sacred things
Must a' be questioned noo;
And princes, potentates and kings,
Before the Press must boo;
The editor speaks for the scum,
And princes he compels,
Like ticket-o'-leave men, to come
And answer for themsells.

I, too, am bearded by a crew
That's ever in my gate;
And as I like I'm daured to do,
E'en on my ain estate.
That poaching blackguard, Heck McFee,
The countryside's disgrace;
He said a better man was he,
Than ony o' my race.

And even guid auld Elder John
Joins the rebellious crew,
And daurs to keep his bonnet on
When I speak to him noo;
And talks wi' solemn earnestness,
Hoo folk wi' pridelu' natures
Daur tak upon them to oppress
God's humble, helpless creatures.

John Fraser, tho' he disna ban,
He puts me to disgrace,
I hardly feel that I'm a man
When he leuk in my face.
He says that puir folk seem astray
'Cause they're no understuid;
But I can see as clear as day
The cause is in their bluid.

And he would hae me fawn and phraize
Wi' ev'ry raggit loun;
I've kent them owre weel a' my days,
And I say *keep them down!*

He says that I should aye beware,
And that in a' my dealings
Wi' puir folk, I should aye tak care
And no to wound their feelings.

Fine feelings! od, they gar me start,
Wha ever heard the like!
Fine feelings in a collier's heart,
Or mason's on a dyke,
A loon 'tween the stilts o' a pleugh.
Fine feelings! save us a'!
A ditcher delvin' in a sheugh,
Fine feelings! ha, ha, ha!

And on the hustings, no langsyne,
He thocht I didna see
The gentleman he did define
Was a' a slap at me.
John's a' for peace, says war, must cease,
And hints that I'm a brute;
For I maintain the strong should reign,
And folk should fecht it oot;

And in the market Faith and Hope,
Will never do, I doot;
And in life's din the thickest skin
Will stau'n the longest oot.
And John abhoars the kindly cup,
Gies honest fallows snash,
And gangs aboot aye preaching up
Their cauld teetotal trash.

If folk were temp'rate at this hour
There's nocht could them withstau'n;
That's John's deep dodge to get the power
An' drive us frae the laun'.
I'd gie them whuskey cheap to drink,
And haud them weel at wark.
They'd ne'er hae power nor time to think,
And deil a dug would bark.
No, never gie them power ava;
And to mak a' things shaire,
Aye first and foremaist aboon a',
For God's sake, keep them puir.

ALEXANDER MCLACHLAN.

THE JUNIOR PICKWICKIANS;

AND THEIR MEMORABLE TRIP TO NORTH AMERICA.

CHAPTER XIX.



AFTER supper Mr. Crinkle, who had appeared to be in a most uneasy frame of mind all day, suggested that it was nearly time for the party to be wending their way to the river's bank. "I know not how it is," said he "but there seems to be an aching void—"

"Why didn't you say you had the head-ache before, old fellow?" interrupted Yubbits. "I've noticed you looking peculiarly glum, but I supposed it was the effect of the imposing splendor of the architectural sights we have this day witnessed."

Crinkle appeared deeply hurt at this remark, and Bramley observing this said, somewhat sternly "Yubbits, I know you do not wish, intentionally, to pain our friend, but you forget that he possesses a nature, the sensitiveness of which you cannot be expected to understand: I only wish you could feel as Crinkle feels on some subjects: were you as—"

"Oh! come Bramley," broke in Yubbits, "you know I was only joking."



"Yes; but though your speech may seem but a jest to you, I assure you that our friend feels it keenly; am I right, Crinkle?" said Bramley, turning to that gentleman.

"Partially, Bramley, but you forget that Yubbit's volatile temperament leads him into saying things that he does not mean, so say no more about it," returned Crinkle, "all I was about to remark was that I feel a want of something, a void as I before remarked, a—"

"I thought you went into tea with us," again interrupted the irrepressible Yubbits, "wholly unabashed by his former rebuke.

"Yubbits, I, as chosen leader of this party, must insist on silence on your part, and let us hear what Crinkle *does* feel," said Bramley, whilst Coddleby looked very sympathizingly towards his poetic friend. "What is it, Crinkle?"

"No matter," replied the bard, but I think the hour is at hand when our hearts will be gladdened by hearing a true Canadian Boat song, and if you are ready, we might as well be off: what do you say?"

"By all means" replied Coddleby, "I am ready: let's see," consulting his watch, "seven o'clock; that'll give us plenty of time to stroll down easily; come along," and leading the way, he passed through the hall and into the street followed by his friends, and all four bent their steps in the direction of the river. A glow of satisfaction overspread the features of Mr. Crinkle, as he felt how near his anticipations were to being realized.

It was a beautiful June evening, and as the banks of the winding Ottawa were reached the sun was preparing to say good-night 'ere he drew the rosy bed-curtains round his blushing face. A robin was pouring forth a volume of song from a branch of a neighboring maple,



not a breath of air stirred; and there was not the faintest ripple on the surface of the noble river. Neither was there, at the moment of our friends' arrival, anything in the shape of a boat to be seen.

"And so," began Crinkle, as the four seated themselves on the grassy banks, and looked up and down the stream. "And so this is the Ottawa river; at last I behold the scene of Moore's exquisite melody. It is indeed a beautiful spot, it is—whoo! what's that?" and he sprang up with an expression of pain on his face—"Heavens! Bramley, Yubbits, your gun, quick, I'm snake-bitten; I felt it distinctly! Gracious! Yubbits," he continued, dancing about with horrible contortions of countenance. "Why *don't* you do something? Would you see me die thus?"

The consternation of the other three was something terrible to witness, as they beheld their friend wildly capering up and down and rubbing the afflicted part; they themselves being unable to perceive the cause of his woe or to offer him any aid, and Yubbits assuring him that he had not any of his guns with him, but that the implement he carried was nothing more lethal than a walking-stick.

"What is it?" shouted Coddleby, "where has it bitten you?"

"Here, here, I tell you," replied Crinkle, with his hand on his coat-tail. "It must be one of those deadly cobra di capellos which are indigenous to this climate."

"Bosh!" exclaimed Yubbits, who was by far the most unconcerned of the party, "bosh! there aren't any cobra's out here; it may be a rattle-snake, however."



So far from producing any alleviation either of Mr. Crinkle's pain of body or agony of mind, this opinion rather seemed to add to the latter at least. The sufferer still continued to hop about, his three friends gyrating at a cautious distance around him.

"Demmit! he's bitten me too," yelled Yubbits, suddenly clapping his hand to his face, and joining in the frantic terpsichorean exercise.

"Whew! they've got me," shouted the usually imperturbable Bramley, pulling out an immense red silk handkerchief and springing in the air with it to his nose. "It's wasps!" he cried ungrammatically, "Run!"—and away went the four at a pace that would have been accounted good, even at a first rate professional pedestrian exhibition, but which was speedily brought to a conclusion on Mr. Bramley's part from a giving out of the breath. Mr. Yubbits' long legs carried him far in advance of the rest, and he ceased not running till he felt sure he had far out-distanced his winged pursuers. As for Coddleby, who alone had escaped unscathed, and Crinkle, who had been the unfortunate cause of stirring up the wrath of those vicious little insects by sitting upon their nest, they presently came up with Yubbits some quarter of a mile further up the river bank, and were in turn joined by Bramley, panting, and with a nose swollen to most abnormal proportions.

"All I've got to say is" puffed Yubbits, "dem Jim Moore, or whatever the confounded fellow's confounded name was, that brought us here."

"Tom Moore, Yubbits, Tom, not Jim," said Crinkle, whose pain was by this time somewhat assuaged, and who could not bear to hear his favorite poet spoken of in such harsh, nay, even severe terms.

"Well, then, dem Tom," said Yubbits, who had received two very severe stings on his left cheek, and was smarting, besides, under a sense of wrong. "I'd just like to see him sitting on a wasp's nest; By Jove I'll bet he'd sing his beastly boat song then, confound him."

Crinkle was about to make a very angry retort to this rather ungracious speech, when his ear caught the sound of an oar proceeding from the river a little above the spot where they stood.

"Hist!" he exclaimed, "what is that? It is, it is—at last! oh! at last: my friends," and he turned to his companions, "the supreme hour of my existence is at hand: look yonder," and he pointed up the river, which curved somewhat abruptly a few hundred yards above. All eyes were turned in the direction which his finger indicated; and round the sweep appeared, not a boat, it is true, but a raft, with three or four sturdy raftsmen on board. "Why, *that's* not a boat," said Mr. Yubbits, contemptuously. "Well, it certainly isn't a schooner rigged corvette," retorted Coddleby, slyly; at which Mr. Yubbits colored slightly but held his peace.

"It matters not what kind of a boat it is," went on Crinkle, "Moore did not specify the nature of his craft; all I know is that it is something with oars, floating on the Ottawa tide."

"Blissful moment!" he exclaimed, after a pause, the tears of emotion standing in his eyes; "now, now at last, we shall hear that beautiful song."

"That fellow isn't singing yet, at any rate," remarked the unfeeling Yubbits, as all four stood gazing at the raft as it slowly swung down the stream, the oars, at bow and stern, being at this moment idle. "He is certainly a very silent row-brothers-rowster," he went on. "Ah! but he *will* sing; I feel it intuitively," exclaimed Crinkle; "he *must* sing: Moore says they all sing," and, sure enough, just as the raft approached to within fifty yards of the spot where stood the four Pickwickians, it seemed

to be drawing too closely into the bank, and a tall, redshirted, long-booted fellow sprang to one of the oars, whilst a comrade threw himself upon another, and leaning back, both tugged vigorously. At the same time the first, throwing back his head and opening his mouth to its fullest extent, burst forth into song. Mr. Crinkle craned eagerly forward to catch the melody he anticipated, his companions, scarcely less expectant,

also waited for the first notes of the hymn. It came; in a volume of sound combining the roar of a bull of Bashan and the notes of a steam calliope, the Boat-song came regardless of time or tune as follows:—

"Jean Batis' on ze Coombaie r-r-raff."
Chorus—"Hay ha ho ah boo-ooly!"
"Catch a feesh an' it mek 'im iaff."
Chorus—"Hay ha ho ah boo-ooly!"



Zen a hay, ha, ho, for le Jean Batis'
Go for to ketch a big cat fees'
And fry im up wiz ze bon pork gr-r-rease!
Chorus—"Hay ho ha ah boo-ooly,"

(To be continued.)



A LITTLE POINT OVERLOOKED.

"MORNING, sir," said the Dignified Personage, stepping into our sanction in response to our invitation. "Have I the honor of addressing, Mr. GRIP?"

"That inefable privilege is yours," we replied.

"Sir," said he, "I am a Police Magistrate from the country, but I have no chestnut bell."

"You would find no use for such a thing here," we promptly rejoined.

"I'm afraid you don't precisely catch my meaning—I refer to that cartoon of yours and I mean that I am not one of those Police Magistrates who disregard the duties of their office. I am with you heart and soul, on the enforcement of the laws of the land—temperance and every other kind.

"Ah!" ejaculated we.

"But sir," continued the Dignified Personage, "there is one little point that you have overlooked so far as Police Magistrates in the rural districts are concerned—or perhaps you never knew about it—"

"Indeed," said we, "and what is that?"

"Are you aware that all such officials are appointed *without salary*?"

"O come, you're joking," we replied.

"Nothing of the sort," said he. "I know only too well there's no joke about it. Listen: Mr. Mowat originated a statute that if any county council 'affirmed a resolution' that a county police magistrate was desirable, the Ontario Government would carry out the recommendation, and then the county council must pay the appointee not less than \$600 per annum as salary, thus leaving the matter optional with county councils; as however these councils have uniformly refused to recognize the statute, we who were appointed before the passing of said Act, between the Ontario Government and the county councils are left out in the cold, and have literally to assume all the responsibility, trouble and risk without any remuneration whatever!

"It is absurd to advance that the paltry fees allowed to magistrates can be referred to in the way of payment, thus "for hearing and determining a case" the fee is *fifty cents* and some cases are held over for a session of four different days, twelve and a half cents per days! and in Crown cases no fees whatever can be charged; so that I may presume we are the only unpaid officials in the Dominion of Canada.

"Members of county councils are for the most part country people who cannot comprehend in the least degree that occupations that require purely mental

capabilities and education should be valued much, and a small salary of a few cents per day might, if they are in a particularly generous mood, be "affirmed in a resolution," but six hundred dollars a year for a police magistrate takes away the truth from their magnificent souls! overlooking the fact that we are continually saving the county funds large amounts for all convictions under the *summary trial by consent Act*. No doubt many in these councils are directly or indirectly concerned in the liquor traffic. We (the police magistrates) have strongly represented to Mr. Mowat that the time is past that the disposal of the question should be left to bodies of men who thus oppose his measures; but whilst censuring the dullness of the councils he considers he has to leave the question until they can see its importance, so that we are left to fall between two stools. That gentlemen, who it should be supposed are of somewhat superior attainments and standing, should be expected to act for the community without payment when every other official is well remunerated, is surely a remnant of barbarity. As for myself, my training cost me the first twenty-two years of my life before I earned a cent."

"Ah! that puts another face on it, certainly," said we, after listening patiently to the dignified personage's long and able speech.

"Henceforth GRIP will never have a word to say against tardy magistrates; he will reserve all his thunderbolts for the stupid and tight fisted county councils."

"That's right, sir!" said the magistrate. "*Fiat justitia mat celum.*"

And he took his departure.

SOME SENTIMENTS.

JOTTED DOWN IN PENSIVE MOMENTS.

DEFINITIONS of marriage—a committee of two, with power to add to their number.

EARLY WINTER ODE

A LITTLE Boy—
A Pair of Skates—
A Hole in the Ice—
Then Heaven's Gates.

"WANDERING Spirit"! What a sweetly sad and suggestive name the noble redman boasts. How it conjures up thoughts of the Boundless Prairie and the restless savages that roam over it! How it also reminds you of the Algoma campaign and John Shield's perambulating frozen whiskey!

POEM PUZZLE.*

_____ E. Blake,
_____ Great Fake,
_____ Tories Quake,
_____ Office Take,
_____ Contentment make,
_____ Take the Cake.

* Fill in blanks appropriately. The key word begins with "P" and ends with "Y", although, perhaps, it is not policy to give the guesser so much of a start.

POETRY AND TRUTH.

Spindler (quoting): "With half my appetite, good dame, my leather doublet would be a feast indeed!"

Servant: I'm glad you feel that way, sir, for Missus wanted me to tell you that she's lost the mallet and the steak ain't been pounded quite so much as common.—

Tid-bits.

WHAT a gladsome meeting must have been that recent convention of the leading pickle and preserve manufacturers. An association was organized to be known as the Canadian Picklers' and Preservers' Association. The meeting was characterized by the utmost good feeling and unanimity. Not a jar occurred. It sour duty to record this sauce spiceous event. The members mustard strong. They preserved the *entente cordial*. They deserve the appellation of a gem society. There was no jambonee indulged in. Their deliberations will bear fruit for Canneda. Anjelly candour characterized them. They berried all bitterness of feeling. Peel after peel of laughter greeted each peach and many were encored. They were all so happy tomato. One of the questions busy discussed was how to ketchup with their work in the season. In consequence each will carraway lasting good.



THE REV. (I really think this title ought in this case to be written "Rev.") "Sam." (I certainly cannot bring myself to write this abbreviation without a period and inverted comma) Jones has been the sensation of an hour—or rather of a whole week. He is probably the most jocoserious individual in existence, and this very jocoseriousness has been the cause of the whole split in the community as to whether or not Mr. Jones should be criticised. Some think that the "joco" part is far too predominant; others that he is "serious" as could be desired. Which party is in the right the undersigned pretendeth not to determine.

Strange that in the year of grace 1890 mankind has not yet settled the question of the legitimacy or illegitimacy of the various methods employed to moralize the people—for is not this the object of all sermons and pulpit orations? This one robed in alb or cassock chants Gregorian airs through clouds of incense. Another in surplice and stole in mellifluous language speaks homilies *ore rotundo*. A third in scarlet blouse harangues the mob to the sound of drums and cymbals. Where between all these lies the difference? Is it not one of æsthetic standards only? Between a chasuble and a red shirt the difference is little more than one of cut and color. Between an organ and a tambourine the difference is little more than one of timbre. Between a liturgy and "firing a volley" the difference is little more than one of harmony. What appear antics to one party are genuflexions to another; and both are gimcracks to a third.

One set is governed by a "General," another by a "Abp.," another by a "Boy Preacher." Acolytes and deacons; class leaders and church wardens; vergers and hallelujah lasses—are they not very similar after all.

Let us say in that pregnant sentence from the great Jean Paul Richter—Jean Paul "the unique" (*der einzige*) that these are all but "ethnic forecourts to the invisible temple and its Holy of Holies."

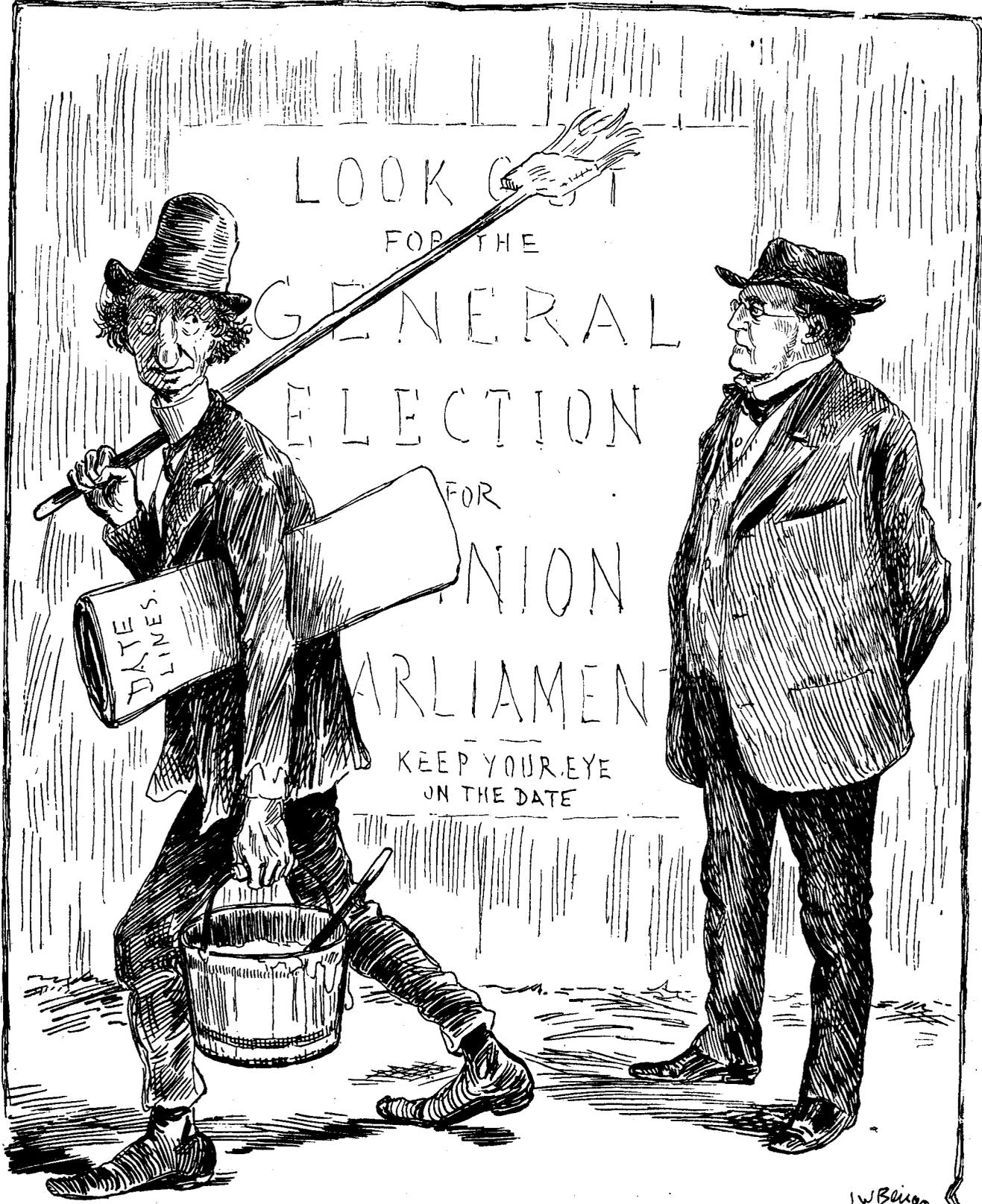
Again, which are right the undersigned pretendeth not to determine. Would that some sage well versed in the science of æsthetic-religio-ethico-physio-psychology would elucidate for us this complicated problem.

A. A.



A LICKING IN STORE FOR 'EM!

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FAREWELL!

A FEARFUL, TEARFUL MELODRAMA IN ONE ACT.

CHARACTERS by certain Hamiltonians.

SCENE:—The police chief's private office. As the curtain rises the chief is seen seated at his table, deep in thought, with a three-ply fold of gloom enveloping his martial features. Sergeants pass in and out but the chief hears them not. A note is placed before him. He mechanically opens it. It is an invitation to a slugging match. He rouses to the realities of life, casts from him the fold of gloom, and—smiles.

The Chief (loquitor)—Oh! Hamilton. My usefulness for thee is gone. Ah me! I have led a happy life within thy borders. Admired by sports and detested by crookes, I have gone on my unchecked way until Alec. was boosted into the Mayoral chair. (*Rapturously*).

“Oh! star of silver light
With flickering beam so bright,
Oh! tell me, pray,
Up in the calm blue skies
Have Mayors souls or eyes?
Do tell me pray!”

What a hit I made with that Sweet Stars poetry (once won a prize too) and yet Hamilton breathed a sigh of relief when my resignation was accepted. But I will be revenged! I will send another poem to the Eyrie, Alec., Alec., I have no use for thee! Why object to my going to the North-West or down East to be cast into durance vile. I was glad to go. Got too full of lawn-tennis. I—

(*Enter a deputation of lawn tennis players*).

Spokesman (tears streaming from his eyes)—Ah! chief. This is a bitter day for us. Your poplar-like form will soon flit from our gaze. On behalf of the tennis players of Hamilton I tender you the tearful regrets of the gentlemen and the sob-sobbing laments of the ladies. May the remembrance of your many triumphs on the lawn be a comfort to you during these your hours of trouble. Quoting from your incomparable poem we would say:

“Each time you meet our view,
We long to be with you,
Away from here.”

(*The chief replies with a heartrending look and the deputation file out in silence.*)

The chief—Oh! that I should have to leave! Where—

(*Enter a deputation of sluggers with dejected mien*).

First slugger—Say, chief, this is too bad of you, to leave us just as we have got the noble art down so fine and so duly appreciated. We'll not get such encouragement from the next chief. Say, let's have a round before we go. It will seem like old times.

(*The chief, dashing a tear from his left eye, complies, takes the whole deputation in turn and gallantly wipes the floor with their bodies. Exit deputation of sluggers highly elated.*)

The chief—Now I begin to feel myself again. A few more rounds and all thoughts of Alec. would have flickered to the stars. As I remarked before, where—

(*Enter the deputation of cricketers. Business as before. Exit cricketers. Enter deputation of Caledonian gamblers. Same business. Exit. Deputations of poets, elocutionists, baseball players, athletes and others follow each other in rapid succession, until the chief throws up the sponge and is taken home in the patrol wagon, murmuring distractedly:*

“Oh! that I dwelt up there,
Amidst the balmy air,
Away from here,
I'd like to live and thirk,
To eat, and sleep and drink
Up there not here.”
“Twinkle, twinkle little star.”

(*Curtain.*)

FROM THE HEAD OFFICE.

MR. I. J. HINGLEY, Grand Chief Templar of Nova Scotia, in sending remittance to pay his subscription to March, 1888, writes as follows:—“I like my GRIP, and as the chief officer of the I.O.G.T. in this Province, with a membership of over 7,000, I thank you from my heart on behalf of our Order for the stand you have taken in favor of Temperance. Your caricatures of the Rum business will do more to educate the people of Canada to vote for prohibition than any other instrument or association that I know of.”

“It seems to me that the young men nowadays have some queer ways about them,” remarked old Mrs. Pipkin, as she divested herself of her wrappings after a trip downtown.

“Why so, mother?” asked her son.

“Why, in the street-car to-day there were two young fellows, and one says to the other, ‘Where's your overcoat?’ ‘In soak,’ replied the other one; ‘where's yours?’ ‘Same here,’ was the answer; ‘mine has been in soak all summer.’ Now when I was a young woman the men used to put their overcoats in a trunk with camphor and things to keep away the moths, but I suppose the latest style is to put them in soak. I'd think it would take all the shape out of them.”

Snaggs did not explain it, and the old lady is still worrying over these new-fangled styles.

AND DON'T YOU FORGET IT.

If you will pardon us for interrupting the conversation for a moment, we would just mention that *Grip's Comic Almanac* for 1887 is in course of preparation. 32 pages, 10 cts. Out in November. Don't forget it.

PARAGRAPHIC POINTS.

PRIDE is the summer of character, because it goeth before a fall.

It is better to listen to others than have others tired listening to you.

A **BLACK** eye to your antagonist is often worth two black eyes to yourself.

SOME think the place for a red button-hole bouquet is on the end of their nose.

OUR lives would be perpetual sunshine if we were not continually creating clouds.

JOSEPH was the first politician. He had a coat of many colors.—*Boston Transcript.*

NEVER deprive your live relatives of the staff of life to erect a monument for your dead self.

CREED with some people is like their best spare room—only to be used when company arrives.

PUBLIC office is a public trust, but it is not safe to trust every public officer.—*Goldsboro Argus.*

VICTORIA MOROSINI will pass a Schilling no longer. She has gone to Par.—*Washington Critic.* The gravity of the subject prevents us from giving a cent to this dollarous pun.

INSTEAD of going to their closets and quietly in forming God of the good they have done, many prefer to let their fellow men into the secret, and so they mount a housetop and bawl to God through a speaking trumpet.—*Whitehall Times.*

(Scene—*Cambridge Avenue, Edinburgh.*)
Young Scot-American—No. We don't go to church in America. We stay at home and read the papers. *Young Sister*—Aye, and we gang tae the kirk tae hear a paper read.—*Bullie.*

"THESE are awful hard times," said our young debt collector, as he returned from a fruitless expedition after a band of delinquents and threw down a pile of unpaid bills on our desk the other day, "every place I have been I was requested to call again, but one, and that was when I dropped in to see my girl. Yes, sir, things are getting bilious."—*Gold Leaf.*

SINCE it became fashionable for young ladies to wear a collar and necktie their superiority to men has been fully demonstrated. You never see a lady with her necktie over her ears. A brief trial of six months has taught women more in the necktie wearing art than men have learned in six thousand years. A human being that can make a necktie stay in place should have right to cast two ballots at every election.—*Lynn Union.*

"I CAN'T imagine what the trouble is with that cow," said a New Yorker who is giving his attention to amateur farming this season. "She looks all right," commented a neighbor. "Yes she looks all right," agreed the New Yorker, "but the least won't give down her milk. When I bought her a month ago she gave twenty-four quarts a day; now I'm lucky to get five. And it isn't because she doesn't get milked often enough," added the puzzled amateur. "Not a day passes; I don't milk that cow half a dozen times at least."—*Palmer Journal.*

"D.D."

(Scene—*School N.W. District, Bible lesson hour.*)

Teacher—What do you understand by an "unclean spirit?"

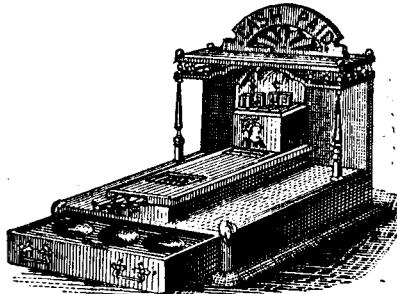
Juvenile Commentator—A dirty d.—.—
Bullie.

A HARD fate it is, indeed, to always remain in poverty and obscurity, be enterprising reader, and avoid this, no matter in what part you are located, you should write to the Ontario Tea Corporation, Toronto, and receive free, full particulars about work that you can do and live at home. For full particulars, read the Tea Corporation adv. in another column.

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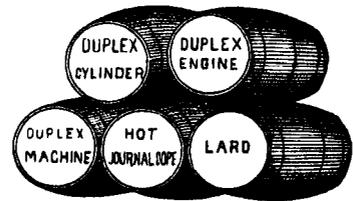
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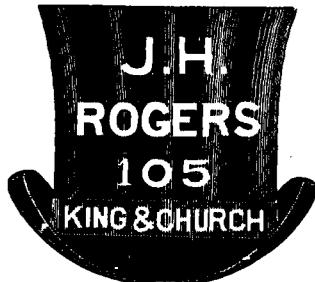
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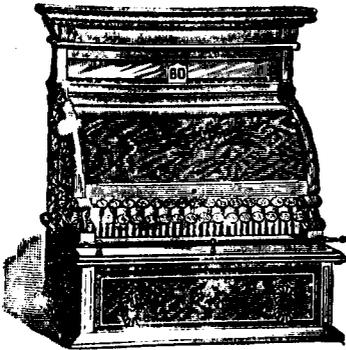
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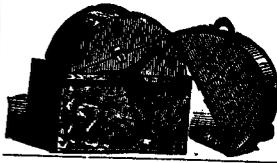
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"Halloo, Robinson, when did you get back to Toronto? How are things in Stratford? By the way that reminds me that I wanted to see some one from Stratford. You know I have been having very poor health lately, and I have been advised to try Dr. Jug's medicine. Now, I don't believe in patent medicines and before I would try it I thought I would make enquiries from some one who was acquainted with Stratford, if those persons whose names appear to recommendations are known in Stratford. I believe that most of such testimonials are not genuine, and then I am always suspicious of a cure-all, and I see according to the testimonials that people have been cured of a great many different diseases by the use of Dr. Jug's medicine and pills. Now, here is D. Duggan, dry goods merchant, who writes that he has been cured of kidney disease that he had from childhood, and from which he failed to get any relief from eminent doctors in New York, Chicago and other places. Do you know such a person?" "Yes, I know him well, and although I do not know all the facts of the case, no one who knows Mr. Duggan would doubt anything that appeared over his signature." "Well, now here is a testimonial from W. H. Magee in which he says that four bottles of Doctor Jug's medicine completely cured him of a bad attack of bronchitis." "Yes, and that is perfectly true, as he was unable to do any work for six months, and he is entirely cured and says he never felt better in his life." "Well, there is certainly not so many of the testimonials spurious as I had thought, but there is one from E. Hodgins. I should judge from what he writes that he was far gone in consumption, as he says that both of his lungs were partly consolidated. Is it possible that this is true?" "Yes, it is true, every word. There are very few better known men in Stratford than Mr. Hodgins, and I suppose there are hundreds of our citizens who can remember saying of Mr. Hodgins, 'Poor fellow, he is getting worse rapidly he has not long to live,' and there is no doubt that, as he says in his testimonial, Dr. Jug's medicine saved his life." "Well, that is certainly wonderful, but here is a letter from Frank G. Counter, of the firm of Starks & Counter, Cigar Manufacturers, saying that he was cured of one of the worst blood diseases by seven bottles of Dr. Jug's medicine, after failing to get relief from the doctor, although he consulted a number of the most skilled in the country." "This is also perfectly true, and it is almost incredible, the difference there was in Mr. Counter's appearance after he had taken seven bottles." "Well, the Dr. Jug Medicine Co'y and their remedies certainly seem to be an exception to the rule, but, how do you account for a medicine curing so many forms of disease." "Well, I am no doctor, but I think I can explain that in a very few words. It is this, blood purifiers like Dr. Jug's medicine and pills strike at the root of these different diseases by purifying the blood. I might also say that those parties whom you have mentioned are only a few of the very many in Stratford who have been cured by Dr. Jug's medicine. There have been thousands of bottles sold in Stratford and surrounding country during the last year or two and now that there has been a company formed under the name of the Dr. Jug Medicine Co'y, with headquarters at 68 and 70 Colborne street, Toronto, to manufacture and sell it, I have no doubt that in a short time it will be as well known in all parts of Canada as it is now in Stratford.

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