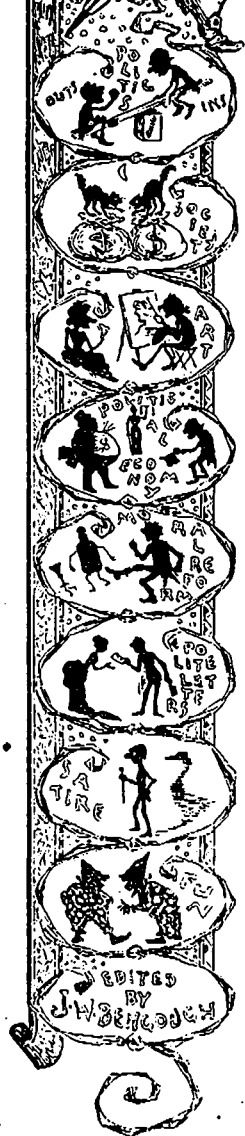


# THE GRIP

FOUNDED 1844

INDEPENDENT JOURNAL OF HUMOR AND CARICATURE



### A PITEOUS BUT VAIN APPEAL.

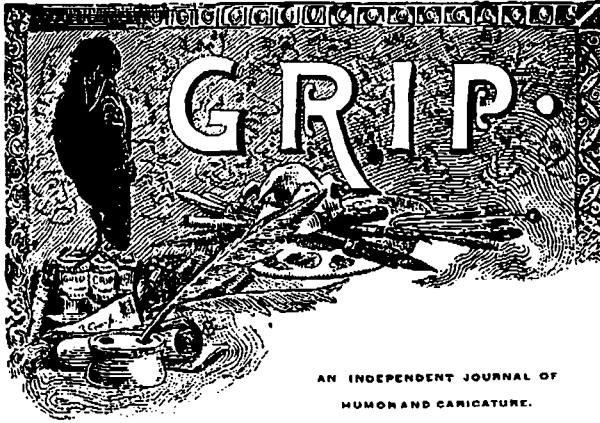
LIBERAL LEADER.—"I would, but I can't."

CONSERVATIVE LEADER.—"I can, but I won't."

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By the GRIP PRINTING AND PUBLISHING Co., 26 and 28 Front St. West, Toronto.



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BY THE

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Comments on the Cartoons.



THE BABES IN THE WOOD.—The *Globe's* over-worked adjective, "helpless," accurately describes the present position of the "great Liberal Party" of Canada. Never in the history of the country has there been such an opportunity for genuine Liberalism. The people are hungry and thirsting for Reform, and have long been praying for a captain to lead them out of the wilderness. On all sides the position of the Government is open to assault—not merely open; it seems

to pleadingly invite attack! Go into the particulars of the administrative departments and even a cursory glance reveals scandals enough to sink an ordinary ministry. Look at the out-working of the prevailing policy in a military, commercial, financial, or almost any other direction, and you find the results of wrong principles, palpable to the view of the most ordinary observer. Already the people are, of themselves, rebelling against the restrictions put upon the natural rights of man under the name of a "National Policy;" our citizen soldiery are kept in a state of dissatisfaction by the paltering methods of Ottawa; our resources are being scattered in bribes to the Provinces; our credit abroad is suffering through the stupidity or worse of those who have been invested with the power of mismanaging our affairs

in the world's money markets; our constitution is being wrecked for the sake of votes, and, notwithstanding the light of truth which is beginning to spread over the civilized world, we find our rulers blindly going on in the policy of building up the institution of Landlordism to blight the future of our newly-settled districts. Where are the men to give voice to these and a thousand other grievances, to enlighten the people about them, and to lead the eager hosts against their authors? They ought to be found at the head of a Liberal party, worthy of the name. Do you find them there? Not in Canada. The party so-called is an organized depression. Its leaders—men of unquestionable ability—are suffering from political paralysis, and, except for some spasmodic utterances about Unrestricted Reciprocity when under the stimulation of pic-nic lemonade, they are to all intents and purposes deaf, dumb and blind. Babes in the wood, poor little things! don't know what they want, nor where they are going, nor anything. "Helpless" is the very adjective.

A PITEOUS BUT VAIN APPEAL.—The unhappy miller has gone home from his convention to think over the situation, and if possible devise some method of escape from impending ruin short of the dire extremity of voting against Sir John. The smiling chieftian of course appreciates this touching evidence of affection, but, as it would not pay him politically to offend the Maritime Province people who would vote against him, to please the Ontario millers who, under any circumstances, will not, he very wisely determines to let the latter "take it out in bellowing." Mr. Laurier is more humane, and would put an end to the crying injustice, but, alas! he is not in office, and can't.



ANADIANS are entitled to demand the removal of this blot (Quebec medævalism) upon the fame of the country, says the *Mail*, and to declare that here every man shall be free under the usual conditions to think what he pleases, to say what he thinks, and to enjoy the fruit of his toil without having to divide it with another. This is sound doctrine, but will the *Mail* kindly explain how a Canadian

is to enjoy the entire fruit of his labor, so long as part of it is taken from him in taxes? The only source of revenue which does not represent labor is ground rent. Is this what the *Mail* means? If so, heh! heh! heh! Henry Georgeism!

ALD. JOHN McMILLAN is going to run for the chief magistracy. His Presidency of the Council is just a preliminary canter on the Mayor, as it were.

THE press excursion this year is to the Maritime Provinces—the editors, gay butterflies that they are, having been attracted to St. John by the brilliant light of the Electric Exhibition. On their return trip (after casually dropping in on the tight little Island of Prince Edward) they are to be entertained by the royally good fellows of the Quebec press—for they are good fellows, Jesuit bill or no Jesuit bill. Amongst other notable points around the Ancient Capital the visitors will no doubt be shown the Jacques Cartier monument, where the French Canadian Nation was born last month.

THERE is some talk of Mayor Clarke going in—rather trying to go in—for a third term. We trust there is no ground for this insinuation of hoggishness against a gentleman who has filled the office ably and acceptably. We would strongly advise Mr. Clarke—if he

has entertained such a notion, to drop it and retire gracefully at the end of the present year with the stock of glory he has accumulated at home and abroad. He should let well enough a Ioan.

WE sometimes hear about the "Conflict of Religion and Science," and it has been learnedly argued by Principal Dawson and others that there is no such conflict. This point is set at rest, since Mr. John L. Sullivan was anointed with holy water by one of his pals just before going into the ring to fight Kilrain. Mr. Sullivan, we are told, is a very religious man, and it really looks that way. So was the fellow who murdered the laborer and ate the lunch in his dinner pail, rejecting the meat because it was a Friday.

THE *Globe* jibes at the "*Empire, Mail, Montreal Gazette* and other Conservative organs" because they have remained silent on the Foster-Chisholm case. We can assure the *Globe* that it has gained nothing in public respect by its own course in the matter, as it has been only too evident that the making of political capital and not a regard for domestic purity is the motive which has actuated it. Nor should it surprise an editor who at this time of day describes the *Mail* as a Government organ that the public has little confidence in his honesty and good faith where politics are in any degree concerned.

THE average Toronto man will learn with pride and pleasure, through Mr. Dudley Warner's article in *Harper's Magazine* that the new park on our island is one of the prettiest places in the world—a delightful retreat for a summer afternoon. Then, if he thinks of it, he will, on the first available opportunity take the ferry boat and go over and see for himself. For the average Toronto man, who has helped to pay for the park, has never paid it a visit!

UNDER the new law relating to capital punishment in New York State newspapers are prohibited from publishing sensational or detailed accounts of executions. If a similar enactment were made to cover descriptions of prize fights, and in fact all that appears under the head of "the ring" in the "sporting" departments of the press, it would be a vast gain to civilization. Our own truly good dailies would be rendered more fit for family use.

### A SWEET ROMANCE.

"THIS night," exclaimed Don John de Balladoux, "I shall know my fate from the beautiful lips of Eleanor. If—as I would fain believe—she returns my love, and answers me 'yes,' then it is bliss unutterable, I shall be the happiest man on earth; if the answer is 'no,' then indeed am I undone. But she shall never know what a wound she has given me. I will school my features that they betray me not, and going from her presence I will, in some distant land, end a life that will no longer be worth living!"

The shades of evening had fallen upon hill and dale. Lady Eleanor sat at the grand piano gently caressing the keys; which under the witchery of her touch seemed to sob forth the accents of love. She was thinking of Don John, whose name was sweeter to her even than the caramel that was even now nestling within her lovely mouth as she mused.

Suddenly in the hall she heard the well-known step, and her heart gave a great bound. Then the voice of a menial at the door announced 'Don John de Balladoux!'

A look of earnest purpose was in his eyes and alternate lights and shades of hope and fear flitted over his features, as he advanced and greeted the fair lady. To his greeting she made no reply.

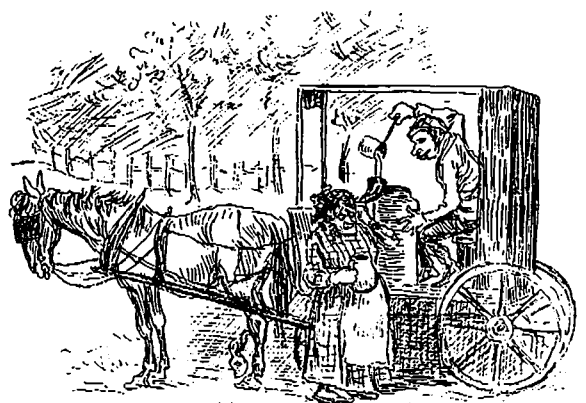
"Why thus silent, Lady Eleanor? Am I not welcome?" he asked in a voice full of apprehension.

A troubled look in her eyes, and a sorry smile upon her lips was the enigmatical answer.

"I have come," said Don John, growing suddenly bold, "to ask you, Eleanor, to be my wife. I have long loved you; do not tell me I have misread your feelings toward me—you reciprocate my passion, you will be mine?"

Lady Eleanor looked confused, but remained silent.

"What? You answer me nothing? Ah! it is the overwhelming joy of the moment that forbids utterance. Is it not so?" And Don John advanced and grasped her white hand in his.



### WHEN DEAF MEETS BLIND.

OLD LADY (who is hard of hearing)—"I want to get a pint of milk. How much is it?" (Puts up her ear-trumpet.)

MILKMAN (who is near sighted)—"Six cents, mum." (Pours out the lactical fluid, and old lady is on her ear instantly.)

"Speak to me, dearest. Say something—I cannot endure this suspense!"

Her lips moved, and again the troubled look came over her face, but she spoke no syllable. Don John dropped her hand.

"You do not love me or you would at least say one word to tell me so!"

Still she spoke not.

"Enough!" exclaimed he, for his Norman blood was up. "This is meant for silent contempt. I understand. It is enough. I leave you forever. Farewell!"

So saying he strode from the castle and disappeared in the gloom. Lady Eleanor stood as one paralyzed for a brief space, and seemed to be struggling with her emotions. Then with a shriek that rent the night air she flew to the door and screamed:

"Come back Don John de Balladoux! I do love you!"

Too late, alas! he had gone forever. In a distant clime he died without knowing that it was a gummy caramel and not a false heart which held Lady Eleanor silent on that fateful night!



RESPECTFULLY SUBMITTED TO

*Th. Nast.*

### FREE TRADE HAS CONQUERED PROTECTION.

UNCLE SAM PAYING TRIBUTE TO JOHN BULL IN THE FORM OF PROFITS OF AMERICAN CONCERNS NOW BEING BOUGHT UP BY BRITISH CAPITALISTS.

### HOW SAM JONES GOT TO CHAUTAUQUA.

WHEN they sent for me to lecture at Chautauqua-on-the-Lake, They told me how to "Git.Thar,"—which line I was to take— So after quite a journey, that took up a day and night, I arrived with my portmanteau at Niagara all right.

But still I hadn't got thar—and how to reach the ground Was what I wanted to enquire, so I started ramblin' round To find a livin' specimen of the *genus* human race, (If such a thing existed) who would show me to the place.

At last, beside a goose path, a-baskin' in the sun, I came across a citizen—a moss-backed, aged one, Who sat there sort o' dozin' and a-mutterin' in his dream 'Gainst modern improvements and enterprise and scam.

Says I, "Friend, I'm a stranger, will you be so good as show Me how to reach Chautauqua?"—he fiercely answered, "No!" And the moss it fairly bristled on that ancient party's back, And he ground his few remaining teeth till you could hear 'em crack.

"Chautauqua, bah! don't mention it, the name most drives me mad!"

And he shook his fists and cursed and swore in language very bad—

"It's been the ruin of our town," says he, "this 'Sembly Fake, This measly institution—Chautauqua-on-the-Lake."

"But why," says I, in soothing strain, "I hardly understand How it could be your ruin, but on the other hand, By bringin' crowds of strangers (for which," says I, "there's room.)

It ought to work the other way and give the town a boom."

Says he, "You *are* a stranger—that there is plain enough, Or you would never talk to me such senseless, silly guff; A boom is jest what we don't want—it goes agin our views, When business is a-rushin' how can our people snooze?"

"It makes me mad as thunder," says he, "to think our town Gave 'em five thousand dollars,"—and here he fetched a groan— "Gave 'em five thousand dollars—at one tremendous sweep— To help the pesky scheme along—and rob ourselves of sleep!"

"O, cusses on our Council—I cuss 'em day and night, For votin' 'way our money and bringin' on this blight!" "But where's the harm it's done you," says I, "O wrathful sir?" "Harm!" screamed the aged citizen, "the town's begun to stir!"

"You see that grass on Main street, it's gettin' worn away— It used to be the fav'rit place where children used to play; And look at them poor frightened geese a-wanderin' up an' down, They used to feel contented 'fore Chautauqua struck the town!"

"An' all about you see the signs of turmoil and unrest, Our folks no longer go around without a coat and vest; Old fences hev been straightened up, and broken panes put in, Improvement's blighted every-thing—I tell you it's a sin!"

"And wo'st of all, a change has come acrost the *people* here, There's some of 'em who see these things, but never shed a tear! The younger ginneration don't seem to have no cling, But b'lieve in steam and telegraphs, an' all that sort o' thing.

"It makes me sick. Well, stranger, go on about your biz., And hunt for your Chautauqua—and find out where it is; I'm going up to the churchyard—that's where I mostly stays— It seems more like Niagara was in the other good old days!"

### "GRIP'S" CRONY CLUB.

SIXTH NIGHT.

"AS the weather is becoming unpleasantly warm for indoor entertainment, gentlemen," said MR. GRIP, on taking the chair at the last meeting of the Crony Club,

"it has been decided that we adjourn severally to Muskoka or elsewhere for a few weeks. And that our closing meetin' may have even greater *eclat* than usual, we have dispensed with the chance-work of balloting to-night and made a straight engagement with the distinguished song and dance artists, Charlton and McCarthy, who will appear in their celebrated Brothers act." (Loud applause.)



and dance artists, Charlton and McCarthy, who will appear in their celebrated Brothers act." (Loud applause.)

The talented vocalists, who were dressed in a somewhat eccentric costume, supposed to represent the period of Loyola, were received with renewed applause as they came tripping lightly to the front of the platform. The orchestra having led off, the Brothers proceeded to execute the following charming duet :

BOTH.

We are funny looking mokes,  
You may think we're full of jokes.  
But wit and humor isn't in our way ;  
We've a serious work on hand,  
From the Pope to save our land,  
We've come boldly out, and more, we've come to stay !

CHARL. You bet we've come to stay ! (Dance)  
McC. Good-bye to old John A. ! (Dance)  
BOTH. Our parties we have left for Equal Rights.  
McC. I am still Conservative, (Dance)  
CHARL. I'll be Liberal while I live, (Dance)  
BOTH. But we've got to act according to our lights ! (Dance)

BOTH.

'Mongst the noble, brave Thirteen,  
Our names you must have seen,  
A-shining with serene and perfect ray ;  
With the heroes we stood up,  
And thus escaped the soup,  
And being on our feet we're here to stay !

McC. We've given 'em the shake ! (Dance)  
CHARL. Farewell, poor Neddy Blake ! (Dance)  
BOTH. We're bound to live and die for Equal Rights—  
CHARL. I'm a Grit still, don't forget, (Dance)  
McC. And I'm Tory true, you bet, (Dance)  
BOTH. But we've got to act according to our lights ! (Dance)

BOTH.

North and South and East and West,  
We have done our level best  
To ventilate the question of the day ;  
We have raised the Union Jack,  
And we never will go back,  
We want everyone to know we've come to stay.

CHARL. The Jesuit must go ! (Dance)  
McC. Hear, hear ! Amen ! that's so ! (Dance)  
BOTH. We want the British flag and equal rights !  
McC. I'm Tory through and through, (Dance)  
CHARL. I'm a Liberal tried and true, (Dance)  
BOTH. But we've got to act according to our lights ! (Dance)

### FASHIONABLE ITEMS.

(Probably strayed or stolen from S—y N—t office.)

MR. DUDESON will spend the summer at Lake Joseph, having borrowed enough money to guarantee expenses.

THE many creditors of Mr. Jack Mashem will be glad to hear that he will return from his European trip next month.

MR. COPPER does Rosedale on horseback every fine day. He belongs to the mounted police.

MR. AND MRS. DASHERTON and family will spend the summer at Old Orchard Beach. They are determined to get a man for their eldest daughter this season or know the reason why.

MR. BLACKBAGGE has gone to Muskoka for a much needed rest. A total want of practice, together with the strain of paying office rent, made him very tired.

REV. MR. SMOOTHBORE and family sailed for South America on the last steamer. The rev. gentleman is completely done up with the mental strain of preparing two twenty-minute sermons per week for nine consecutive months. It is hoped the change of climate will not prove prejudicial to his present vigorous health.



A FINE DISTINCTION.

(Office of daily newspaper—select family journal.)

EDITOR (responding to knock at door and finding prize-fighter is waiting.)—"Next room, sir. In this department we regard you as a vulgar brute, whose business is a disgrace to civilization. In our news department, however, you will be treated as a hero, and can have all the space you may require in our columns."

### THE GOV. IN COUNCIL.

LORD STANLEY—"See here, Macdonald, what am I to say to this deputation from Ontario, with their big petition against the Jesuits' Estates Act ?"

SIR JOHN—"Say ? Why, just tell 'em you can't do anything without my advice."

LORD S.—I see. Then I may simply pass them on to you ?"

SIR JOHN—"Just so ; and I'll pass 'em on to Thompson."

SIR JOHN THOMPSON—"And I'll refer them to Langevin."

LANGEVIN—"In that case, I'll simply hand them over to Father Turgeon, and he'll recommend them to see the Pope about it."

SIR JOHN—"Exactly. And no doubt His Holiness will intercede with me on behalf the Equal Rights Association, and the end of it will be that I'll disallow the Bill on condition of his handing over to me the French Canadian vote."

LORD STANLEY—"But meantime the 8th of August shall have passed."

SIR JOHN—"Ah ; true. In that event, of course, it would be out of my power to disallow, wouldn't it ?"

### POSITIVELY WHIGG-ED.

"THE farmers are very busy just now. A drive into the country is most delightful." So says the Kingston *Whig*, and just notice the association of ideas. This unfeeling editorial nabob, forsooth, considers it "most delightful" to drive out and loll in his comfortable carriage, while he lazily watches his unfortunate fellow-creatures wrestling with farm work until they haven't a dry stitch to their backs ! Inhumanity, we call it !

WHY is a police officer's position the most responsible in a town ? Because the citizens *could not get along without him.*



## BITING.

MISS MAUDE (*keeping up the conversation*)—"Do you think it is wrong to kill a mosquito, Mr. Fetherly?"

FETHERLY—"Nonsense! No; certainly not; useless little cweatures! Their lives are of no value, don't you know."

MISS MAUDE (*shocked*)—"But surely you don't go so far as to justify suicide?"

## AN EDUCATIONAL INTERVIEW.

GRIP, having a standing invitation to call at the Education Department just whenever he feels like it, he (that is, we) dropped in the day before the Minister left for the salt water—there is no hidden allusion to "Salt Creek"—and we (that is, he—GRIP—ourselves; for we deem it necessary to make ourselves comprehensible when treating of this department,) I say, we found him—the Minister—in a state of disgruntlement, if the Deacon will permit the use of a *Globe*-ism. Yes, disgruntlement is the word. The Minister gave us a sort of History-of-England-and-Canada smile as he asked us to be seated. Those who, like us, are intimate with the honorable gentleman, can tell at a glance exactly how he feels by the character of his smile. When he is in good humor, the officials of the Department recognize what they call the High-School-Reader smile. When he has gout slightly, we know it at once, by means of his Public-School-Arithmetic contortion of countenance. After an interview with his active deputy, John George, he uses the Junior-Geography smile. Freedom from pain and worry invariably brings up the Advanced-Drawing-Book grin, but when everything is at sixes and

sevens, when life seems a burden, and the Departmental clock on the mantelpiece ticks dolefully, what is home without a mother? when the moist rain-drops trickle adown the bronze Egerton, whose stern aspect may be studied from the Minister's office window; when another editorial has come out in the *Grit-Tory Mail* about the French schools; when it is nearly dinner-time, and he has to wait to receive a deputation of school-trustees from Algoma, about the placing of a new school-house on the wrong side of Smith's swamp, etc., etc., etc., it is then that we twig—perceive, I mean—the most horrid of all smiles that ever illumined the face of any responsible Minister of the Crown; a smile embodying anger, vexation, grief, disappointment, chagrin, worry, fatigue, and the gnawing pangs of hunger—this is the smile the clerks call his Public-School-History-of-England-and-Canada smile, and such he wore as he said, "Will you take a seat?" As has already been incidentally remarked, we said we would, and we did. We inquired timidly how he was, and we were immediately very sorry we had, for "his smile, it haunts me still."

"How am I, GRIP, my boy? I'm bad—in fact, I'm worse. The last news from Middlesex is quite too-too. My enemies have lied about me—I have stood that. They have poked fun at me—I have stood that. I think I can stand anything in reason that any public man can stand, but I tell you this, GRIP, there's one thing I can *not* stand, and that is a downright insult. A little ridicule I don't mind—only a little, and mild at that—but to be insulted, to be treated as if I were a child or a simpleton—as a man of no intellect—it's too much for flesh and blood.

Oh! it is. They had lots of good men to nominate, and why didn't they? It would even be creditable to whip or be whipped by "Jumbo" Johnston, but this nomination—James L. Hughes—it is too much!"

"You really think he'll be too much for you, then?" we inquired.

"Too much humiliation, yes. But I'll get even with the Tories for it!" and here the Temperance-Manual smile suddenly illumined his countenance. "I'll conduct the whole campaign in Gaelic!"

And as we retired the diabolical chuckle of the Minister could be heard rumbling through the corridors of the building.

## FREE AD.

WHAT is the difference between the Verral Transfer Co. and one who sells saur-kraut material by the sack? The one is a cab and baggage affair, and the other is a bag and cabbage concern. Ices for the company!

THE lightest sleeper on record? The Duke of Wellington, because he was wide awake when he took a little Nap.

## AU REVOIR, ONTAR-EO.

**Y**AS, Ah wus Frenchmans frum Lower Canada,  
 'Bout tree four hour beelow Kebec,  
 On de riviere Sagganay,  
 An' Ah cum here on Ontar-eo,  
 Fur work an' mac aquaint  
 Wit de koostem ov de peuple  
 An' see eef 'tees true or eef eet aint,  
 Dat a Frenchman's got no show  
 On Ontar-eo.

Well, Ah goan toll you whât Ah fine out  
 Sence Ah've arrive in dees conetray!  
 Dere was wan ting verrah sure an' witout a beet  
 of doubt.  
 Fokes talk too much releejohn  
 To mac eet cum-fort-table  
 Fur me an' mah compatriot here!  
 So Ah tink eet wus probbabbie  
 Dat a Frenchman's got no show  
 On Ontar-eo.

When a mans steeck hees nose een anuddeur  
 man's affair,  
 An' preech 'bout udder fokes' beesnees—  
 Well, Ah doan lac fur mac compare,  
 Mais Ah think he's not good nabor,  
 An' Ah don't want stay aroun'  
 Ware sich fokes have all de say,  
 An' so Ah've set eet down  
 Dat a Frenchman's got no show  
 On Ontar-eo.

Suepose de fokes down een Kebec  
 Pays wat dey tinks dey owes  
 To de Jaseweet, de clarejay, or dare good *Eveque!*  
 Dat wus not Ontareo's beesnees,  
 An' she's aut be shame to say  
 Dat our lawngage an' releejohn  
 Wus opose een sich a way,  
 Dat a Frenchman's got no show  
 On Ontar-eo.

Suepose our byes an' gells coo'n't speeck Angleech as she's spoke,  
 An' dey goes on yo' school-house fer to larn,  
 Muss dey nevaire seelance broke  
 Witout dey broke de law! ?  
 Muss dey nevaire spoke dare tung,  
 But jews be deef an' dum,  
 While dey haves eet at dem flung  
 Dat a Frenchman's got no show  
 On Ontar-eo! ?

Fur mah part, eet ees mah feerm opeenyun  
 Dat all dees fuss about de Jaseweet,  
 Our lawngage an' releejohn,  
 Wus wan ansulte to mah Prouvance  
 An' heur habeetant poppulation!  
 Eet was not good fur our union,  
 An' Ah say wit tribbation,  
 Dat a Frenchman's got no show  
 On Ontar-eo.

*Au revoir, Monsieur!* Ah'm go back to mah famlay,  
 Mah waf an' scexteen chile  
 On de riviere Sagganay.  
 When fokes kin mine dare beesnees,  
 An' 'low eech Chreestien man hees way  
 Wit what wus hees an' onlay hees,  
 Den p'raps dey won't all say  
 Dat a Frenchman's got no show  
 On Ontar-eo!

GEO. C. RANKIN.

## MAIN LAW (PROHIBITION) FROM BLAINE.

**S**OME travellers think that there may be  
 Past ice-bound coasts an open sea.  
 Canadians, too, have held the notion  
 Such was the North Pacific Ocean.  
 But that tail-twisting statesman, Blaine,  
 Has lately risen to explain,  
 No doubt nor contradiction fearing,  
 Such sea is not the Sea of Behring.



GETTING READY TO GRAB THE CITY.

## ELOQUENCE UNABRIDGED.

**N**OW, that sermon," said the preacher, at the close of  
 "a forty minutes' rehearsal, "is what I call finished."

"Oh, John," replied his wife, "I am so glad to hear you say so!"

## CHURCH ORDERS.

**DISGRUNTLED CLERICAL** (*to obese table-waiter*)—  
 "I say, waiter! Here are three dishes which I did not order, while I fail to see two which I *did* order. How is this?"

**WAITER**—"Beg pardon sir; must be an oversight."

**DISGRUNTLED CHURCHMAN**—"Worse than that, by a good deal! You have left undone those things which you ought to have done, and you have done those things which you ought not to have done, and—(*suddenly observing the man's avoirdupois*)—but, by gracious, you are *healthy!*"

## MOLE'S MISTAKE.

**Y**ES," said Mole, as he lolled in an easy-chair and puffed pensively at a fragrant Havana, "I was once a shining light in a bank for over a year."

"Indeed?" I said, "and why did you deprive the bank of your colossal intellect?"

Mole lighted a fresh cigar, sent a few white, fluffy circles up in the air, and said: "I was a very verdant youth when I entered the bank. I had a misty, undefined sort of an idea that bank clerks went in at 10 a.m. and came out at 3 p.m. sharp. I imagined that the teller took in the customer's money when he felt like it, and piled it away in a bag; balanced his cash say twice a year, and if he was short the bank paid all losses, and if he was over

he scooped in the surplus. I got these croneous ideas corrected, of course, but somehow I don't think nature intended me for the business, though I was always an unqualified social success. In due time I was advanced to a teller's position at one of the branches, but don't think I dazzled the public by my sparkling brilliancy as a teller. I lost \$100 the first day. A customer rushed in and said, 'Is my note due to day?' I said 'Yes.' 'Well, just give it to me, will you, and I will send my clerk in with the money.' The mercenary wretch left town on the next train, and I paid for my experience in monthly payments of \$5. The bank generously cancelled the debt after I had paid in \$95.

"I had a room off the office. One morning, about eight o'clock, I heard a modest rap at the door. 'Who's there?' I yelled, in a loud, angry voice. There was no reply. I yanked open the door, and confronted a quiet-looking, unassuming man. 'Is the manager in?' he inquired. I brought my eye-glass to bear on him, and proceeded to wither him with a look of haughty displeasure. 'My dear feller,' I said, 'don't you know the bank does not open until ten o'clock? I'm surprised at your ignorance.' 'I would like to see the manager at once, if convenient,' he said quietly. 'What?' I said, glaring with a look of rigid displeasure, and throwing a lot of supercilious scorn into my voice, 'Who are you?' 'I'm Samuel Coin, General Manager of this bank," he mildly replied.

"I collapsed. When I sent in my resignation it was accepted."

"And wasn't it quite a strain on the bank, your leaving so suddenly?" I inquired.

"No," said Mole, sadly, "they seemed to worry along without me. If I remember rightly, the only thing that went up was the price of their stock." And he drifted off to his room.

E. A. C.

#### THE FAKIR'S RETURN.



"HUNDER!" exclaimed the assistant editor, dropping his pen as the office door opened and a whiff of cigar smoke wafted into the room; followed by a well-known form. "If it isn't the Fakir! Thought you were in England raking in piles of ducats!

Made your fortune? Shake!"

"Yes, it's me," said the Fakir, flopping down into the editor's easy-chair, and airily knocking over the mucilage bottle on the table with his heavy-soled English shoes. "I'm back. Done pretty well in the Old Country, but it's slow, and I got tired of it. Don't know how it is, but I always leave Toronto swearing that the blamed place is no good and the people a lot of moss-backed chumps, and all that, but after I've been away awhile I'm sure to drift back again. There are worse places, after all."

And he beamed upon the staff with the air of one who has made a magnanimous concession.

"Got a match, by the way? and when you are about it you might as well give me a fresh cigar—that is, if you have a good one. Yes, there is more social freedom in this country—less of the embarrassing reserve that meets you at every turn in England. There's no geniality about the newspaper fellows there, like there is here. For instance, a countess which I met in London—I was rather a society lion, you know, for a while—had written a novel, something in the May Agnes Fleming style; two murders and an elopement in the first chapter, and a duel at the bottom of the sea, in which the combatants try to drown each other by destroying the diving apparatus; also a picnic on Mount Vesuvius, with a grand eruption scene and a fight with brigands, who turn out to be Cardinals and Jesuits in disguise, headed by the Pope. I tell you, it was really a splendid thing. Well, the countess, you know, didn't care for money—she is wealthy; I sold her a few lots in Mimico and Eglinton myself. All she wanted was reputation, and I always like to do business with these people who hanker after fame, and with which money ain't no object, eh? So I says to her, 'What's the matter with getting the *Times* to publish it in instalments?'"

"Oh, but they never publish stories," she said.

"No; that's just where they miss it. A good story would improve the *Times*—relieve the dulness of its editorials and Parliamentary reports. Besides, I guess the *Times* is just like other papers. They don't publish for fun. It's solid cash they're after, and if you could make it an object to them—"

"I tumble," says the Countess. 'I'll pay £500 if the *Times* will print my novel.'

"So I undertook the business. I'd long wanted to have a talk with the editor, and tell him that he was running the thing into the ground, and ought to make it more popular by giving shorter editorials and more stories and jokes. But do you know, I had the hardest work to find that fellow. I called about two dozen times, and they told me he was out or engaged. The clerks wanted to know my business. Even mentioning the name of the Countess didn't seem much use. Finally, after waiting two hours one day, I did get to see him. Working your way into a Masonic lodge without the password isn't a circumstance to it. Well, he asked me straight what my business was—didn't give me no chance to break the ice and chat about the weather, and Parnell, and so forth, and work up to the point gradually. I said I just dropped in to have a talk, and ask him out to have a bottle of wine, and you never saw a man look more surprised in your life. Said it wasn't the custom in England to drink before dinner. Just fancy! Then I got right down to hard-pan—told him how the *Times* was running down for want of a good sensational story to keep up the interest, and suggested that he should run the Countess' novel in instalments. 'Utterly unheard-of, sir! Preposterous! No, sir! money makes no difference; wouldn't do it for a hundred thousand pounds!' Now, is it any wonder the *Times* is losing its grip? But I got even with him, you bet. I remarked as I got to the door, 'Well, I suppose your experience with works of fiction has not been very encouraging. Pig-gott's story cost you much more than that.' Had him there, eh?"

"But did the Countess get her novel published eventually?" asked the dramatic editor.

"Yes," replied the Fakir. "I sold it for a couple of hundred to a big dry goods firm, and they issued a hundred thousand copies in cheap form, with their advertisements interspersed and her escutcheon on the title-page."







### BUSINESS-LIKE.

OLD MONNIBAGGE—"When are you going to pay me that money you borrowed?"

MR. TITEPLAICE—"When you find me a rich wife, as I told you before."

OLD M.—"But, my dear sir, how can I find a rich wife for you?"

MR. T.—"Nothing easier, sir. Give me your daughter."

Oh, but she was mad! It terminated our friendship. Some women are so unreasonable. It got a far bigger circulation than it would have had in the *Times*."

"And what are you going to do now?" inquired the assistant editor.

"Oh, I shall take life easy for awhile. I've made a little, you know. Just looking round. Perhaps I'll go into politics, either as a Tory, or a Grit, or an anti-Jesuit; but I must wait awhile, and see how things drift. In the meantime, I have hit upon a cheap and pleasant way of spending the summer."

"What is that?"

"I like summer excursionizing, leafy glades, cooling breezes, and that sort of thing, interspersed with beer. But that usually costs money, and I don't want to spend more than I can help. But I have lately contrived to enjoy a round of rural pleasure-seeking without expense. You have always treated me well, and I don't object to imparting the secret for the benefit of any of your readers who may be similarly circumstanced. I call upon a real estate agent, and, assuming a business-like air, enquire the price of suburban property. I become deeply interested in some of the lots farthest out—say three or four miles beyond the city limits. In the majority of cases the agent offers to drive me out to inspect them. Of course I accept, and thus secure a pleasant afternoon's outing, with drinks and cigars usually thrown in. If the agent is anyway backward in tendering these courtesies, a judicious remark as to the warmth and dryness of the weather, as we approach a convenient wayside inn, probably recalls him to a sense of his duty in this regard. I scrutinize the lots with a critical eye, and assure him that just so soon as I get some money which I am expecting I will make a purchase. This, you see, keeps him in good humor, and prevents him from feeling that his attentions have been thrown away. On the next day, I call on another real estate man and repeat. As there are some three hundred of them in the city, it will readily be seen how wide a field for securing gratis rides and refreshments is presented."

"And you feel no compunctions of conscience, I suppose, in victimizing them in this fashion?" asked the assistant editor.

"Compunctions? Why should I?" demanded the Fakir. "You are a Henry George man, I believe. Then, according to your principles, I am only reclaiming a very small share of the unearned what-do-you-call-it rightfully belonging to the whole community. But I must go. I've an appointment with a man who's going to drive me out to see some lots in the third concession, about two and a half miles west of Yonge street."

### THE EASTERN "QUESTION."

WHEN the Shah arrived in London Town,  
And found the folks all kneeling down,  
And Albert Edward, Prince of Wales,  
With hosts of other blue-blood swells,  
Providing dinners, parties, shows,  
And putting on their Sunday clothes,  
He couldn't clearly make it out  
What all the grovelling was about,  
Although he thought that he could see  
Some motive of deep "policy,"  
So to his suave interpreter  
He said, "*Bismallah, chirp-y-chyr?*"  
Which, put in English speech, the same  
Means, "Cully, what's their little game?"

### MR. BLAKE'S TASK.

MANY enquiries are being made as to the present occupation of Mr. Edward Blake. For the benefit of all enquirers we may state that we understand the learned gentleman is in seclusion, engaged with all the resources of his great intellect in trying to discover upon what grounds—consistently with the attitude he has taken upon the Jesuit Bill—he could oppose the incorporation and endowment of the Fenian Brotherhood by the Government of Quebec.

### OVERHEARD.

"GOING to Niagara again this summer?" said Nettie to Bella.

"Yes, of course; I wouldn't miss it for anything. Do come, won't you? We have a most delightful time," gushingly replied Bella.

"But I don't see what you do with yourselves, it's such an awfully quiet place," suggested Nettie. "Where does the fun come in?"

"Well, I don't know whether you could really call it *fun*, but it's the exhilaration which comes of a consciousness of superiority, if you understand me. What I mean is, standing around on the Niagara wharf with a camping suit on, and having the people on the *Chicora* or *Cibola* talk about you. It's just lovely!"

Nettie decided to go, of course.

### BOWELL'S DISCRETION.

TWAS in North Hastings riding  
On glorious Orangeman's Day,  
The Irish forces rallied,  
And the loyal bands did play;  
"And Bowell's to be with us—  
He's coming here to speak,"  
Cried some, "He is a hero!"  
Cried others, "He has cheek!"

But now to hear him fairly,  
They crowded to the hall,  
And there they sat and waited—  
He didn't come at all!

A LATE novel is called The Yellow Jacket. It must have a dreadful bad ending.

ACTORS do not quarrel a great deal even if it is a part of their business to kiss and make up.

HE—"My dear Miss Angel, will you not partake of just a little pale, pink cream and one bonbon, which I fear will not be so exquisite as you are accustomed to in Boston?"

SHE—"What a break! I'm not from Boston. I live in Kansas City."  
"Well, I'm a fish! Here, waiter, bring us a double order of pork chops and some turnips with the peeling on.—*Omaha World.*

HE SAW THE PROPRIETOR—WIFE: "John, I wish you'd go into Coffee & Co's when you're down town and see why they haven't sent up the groceries I ordered by postal card two days ago. It's shameful to neglect my order so. Just give them a real hard scolding, will you, John?"

JOHN—"I shall go there and see Mr. Coffee himself about it."

JOHN (an hour later)—"Mr. Coffee, here's an order on this postal card that I've carried in my pocket two days. I wish you'd get the goods up to the house early this morning; will you please?"

WITHOUT a doubt, Dyer's Quinine and Iron Wine will give immediate relief in cases of Neuralgic Dyspepsia, Loss of Appetite and General Debility. Druggists keep it. W. A. Dyer & Co., Montreal.

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In going to New York to stay a day, a week, or a month, you want moderate prices and central location. The Sturtevant House, Broadway, cor Twenty-ninth, is convenient to all amusements, and nearly 2,000 cars pass its doors daily.—*Home Journal.*

#### 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.

#### THE GOLDEN EASEL, 316 YONGE STREET.

MR. THOMAS PIKE, a young gentleman well known in Art circles in this city—and an amateur artist—has opened a first-class fine art store at the above address. A very attractive exhibition room has been fitted up with skylight, etc., in connection with the store, where a large number of paintings by our best known Canadian artists will be on exhibition and for sale at very moderate prices. All who take an interest in fine art are cordially invited.

Mr. Pike will deal in artists' materials, picture-frames, novelties, and pictures of all descriptions, but intends making a specialty of original paintings and sketches by popular Canadian artists. Anyone requiring good pictures should give him a call.

Special attention will be paid to the requirements of amateur artists.

A choice selection of articles for decorative purposes.

Carefully selected studies rented. Charges reasonable.

DRS. R. & E. W. HUNTER (of Chicago and New York), the well-known specialists in throat and lung diseases, have opened a branch office for Canada at 73 Bay St., Toronto. Dr. Robert Hunter is here in person, and during his stay can be consulted on consumption, catarrh, bronchitis and asthma. Their treatment is by medicated air applied directly to the tubes and cells of the lungs. A pamphlet, giving all particulars, will be sent on application.

#### "Public School Temperance."

The attention of teachers is respectfully called to this new work, designed for use in the Public Schools. It is placed on the programme of studies under the new regulations and is authorized by the Minister. It will be used in three forms. The object of the book is to impart to our youth information concerning the properties and effects of alcohol, with a view to impressing them with the danger and the needlessness of its use.

The author of the work is the celebrated Dr. Richardson, of England; and, this book, though somewhat less bulky, being printed in smaller type, contains the whole of the matter of the English edition, slightly rearranged, as to some of the chapters to suit the requirements of our Public School work. It is, however, but half the price of the English edition.

The subject is treated in a strictly scientific manner, the celebrated author, than whom there is no better authority on this subject, using the researches of a lifetime in setting forth the facts of which the book discourses. At the same time the style is exceedingly simple; the lessons are short and accompanied by appropriate illustrations, and the language is adapted to the comprehension of all who may be required to use the book. Price 25 cents, at all bookstores.

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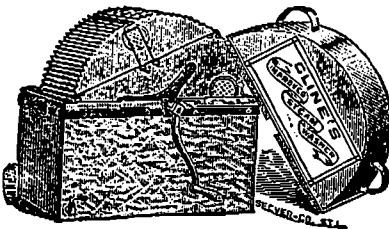
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  4. It is truly a Life, Labor and Clothes saving machine.
  5. Has a faucet attached to the boiler for the purpose of removing the water without lifting boiler from the stove, so that the most delicate person would be able to do a washing without injury to herself, such as straining of the back, scalding, slipping, etc.
  6. Corrugated Cylinder, Sliding Cover, Faucet in Boiler. The best and latest improvement in Steam Washers, which none others have but Cline's. RETAIL PRICE, \$10.
- If you cannot buy Cline's Improved Steam Washer of your merchant or an agent, remit \$10 in money order or draft, and it will be sent by express, all charges prepaid.
- We challenge any one to produce its equal as a Washer. A child 12 years old can do the washing of an ordinary family as well as an experienced hand. AGENTS WANTED.

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INVESTIGATION.

See page 62.



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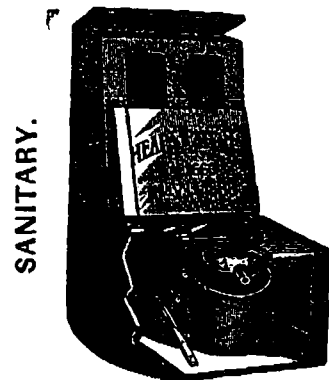
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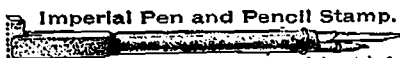
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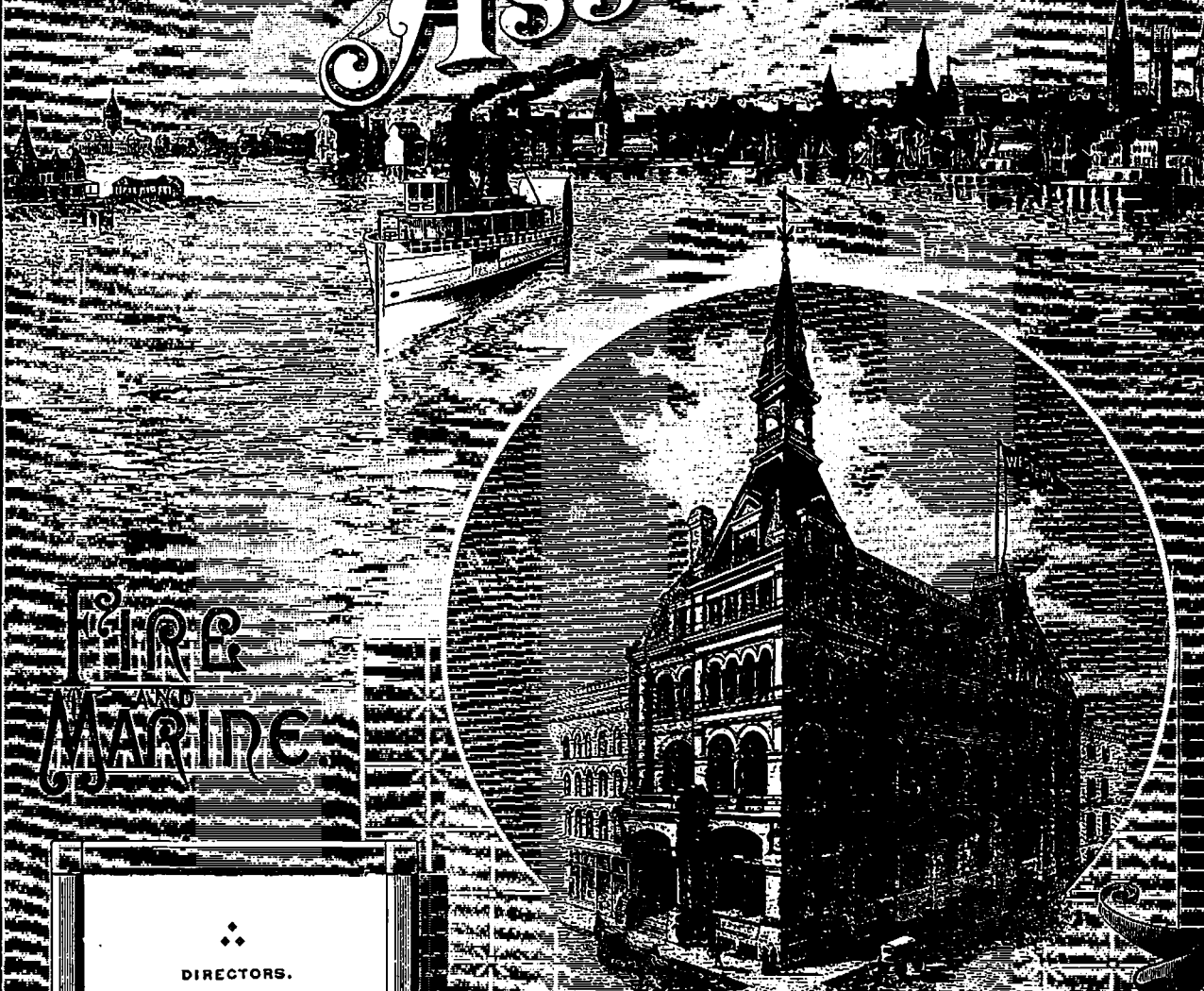
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