

GRIP

EDITED BY J.W. BENGOUCH

GRIP ENG



J.W. Bengouch

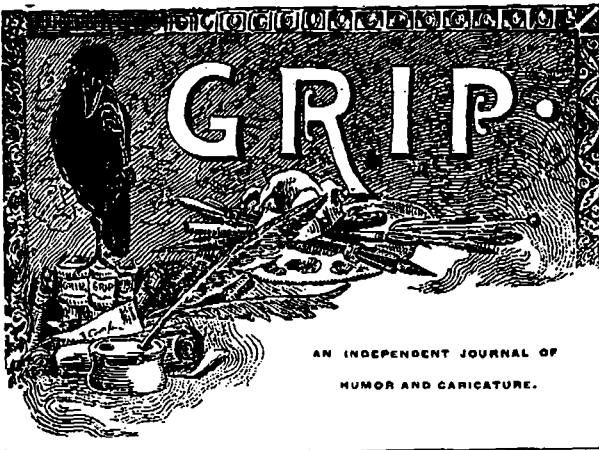
THE NEW ORANGE BANNER.

ANTI-HOME RULE DESIGN: LEO XIII *vice* KING WILLIAM III SUPERSEDED.

The gravest beast is the ASS.
 The gravest bird is the OWL.
 The gravest fish is the OYSTER.
 The gravest man is the FOOL.
 Wm. Miller

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Comments on the Cartoon.



THE ECLIPSE OF HUMAN RIGHTS.—The Good Book tells us that God made man upright, but he has sought out many inventions. About the greatest invention that man has ever hit upon—certainly the most harmful to the race—is land monopoly; in other words, the doctrine that this planet was not meant by its Creator for the use of all, but for the special benefit of some, to wit, those who could appropriate it, or acquire it by purchase or otherwise from those who had done so. What is the consequence of this doctrine, practically carried out? Simply that the majority of mankind are robbed of their heritage. If the land and all that it contains was made for the use of humanity—the dead and the unborn certainly having no valid claims—then it is manifest that whatever values attach

to the land is the common property of the existing generation. These values are expressed in ground rent, and this ought to go into the general coffers to defray expenses of government, instead of into private pockets. It is found that the rental values of land, which are created by the accretion of population, correspond exactly in amount to the general expenses of the community—that, in other words, provision is made by a natural law for the comfort and well-being of society if only justice had free course. At present, this natural fund, which comes into existence and keeps pace with population, is grabbed by land "owners," and the expenses of the community are defrayed by taxes levied on houses, incomes, food, clothing—on everything, in short, which really and truly is private property. These taxes are not only notoriously unjust as between

individuals, but they are in every case a burden upon industry and thrift. We see the natural outcome of this human invention in what we call the Labor Question, which, simply put, is the question, How can we keep the wolf from the door? By way of reply to this we have another precious invention known as the Protective Tariff. This is a scheme by which importation and exchange are prohibited, and each individual is to get rich at the expense of all the others in the "home market." By some unfortunate defect in the mechanism this remarkable invention doesn't work. The wealth all goes into the pockets of the monopolists, who, to rectify the inequality, demand more protection and scoop in more wealth. Thus, between the solid wall of land monopoly on the one hand and that of trade monopoly on the other, poor humanity is pinched in poverty. The sweat of man's brow goes for nothing. Tramps and paupers are the natural progeny of monstrous injustice. May the day soon come when the horrible eclipse of human rights will be over; when man will obey the natural laws of his Maker as the birds of the air do, for amongst these, our fellow-creatures, there is and always has been free access to the sources of subsistence, and no artificial clipping of wings.

THE NEW ORANGE BANNER.—The stalwart Orange Anti-Home Rulers in the north of Ireland and elsewhere must be somewhat puzzled what to think of their *bete noir*, Pope Leo XIII., and his edict against the plan of campaign. That he has got upon their own platform cannot be doubted, and as a colleague he is of course entitled to a certain amount of esteem. It is an awkward predicament, but we hope the Orangemen will not allow their ancient prejudices to sway them to such an extent that they will march in a body to the Gladstone camp just to spite His Holiness. Rather let them frankly and cordially extend to him the right hand of fellowship in the glorious cause of Unionism, and have him pictured upon their silken banners as an emblem of Liberty and Loyalty for the next Twelfth of July parade.

ERASTUS WIMAN is over here again arranging for another campaign. His purpose this time is to discover, if possible, a farmer who isn't in favor of Unrestricted Reciprocity. We don't think he'll find him, unless he counts the able agriculturist who conducts the *Toronto World*.

DOWN with Dalton McCarthy, he's turned traitor! He says the N.P. is giving too much protection to manufacturers, and that the farmers are suffering in consequence. Away with him! Just as if there could be *too much* of Protection! We repeat, away with him, and away with the farmers if they are not contented with the home market and high prices the N.P. has secured for them. Brother *Empire*, why don't you join in this cry?

THE local Government's early closing Bill is being taken advantage of in many of our towns and cities, and ere long the place that keeps its stores open after six o'clock in the evening will be looked upon as a relic of barbarism. The movement is in the right direction. It emphasizes the newly discovered truth that man shall not live by bread alone, and, as far as it goes, it contradicts the assumption of current political economy that work is necessarily a blessing for its own sake.

THIS earth is so well stored with the raw material of the comforts and luxuries of life, that there is really no occasion for people to work in the afternoon at all if they would only put in an honest forenoon's effort at getting out provisions and doing their necessary chores. The afternoon and evening might very profitably be devoted to physical, mental, and moral training by mankind universally. Isn't this true? Isn't there a superabundance of food, fuel and clothing in old mother earth; and haven't we in the present day inventions and machinery capable of transforming enough of it into wealth in half a day to last until next morning? Yes.

WELL, how comes it then that we have to work all day and many of us far into the night? Not because work is a blessing in itself, but just because the comparatively few favored mortals who own the earth (without giving anything adequate for the monopoly) keep the keys of the storehouse, and scoop into their own coffers the lion's share of what labor brings forth. What GRIP would like to see Oliver Mowat turn his powerful mind to now, is a Bill to compel the Early Closing of Landlordism.

* * *

"THE news from Ottawa is of less interest than usual," said Scratchly, the other day. "Yes, so I observe," sadly replied Scrapey, who has a deposit in the P.O. Savings Department. "Sir Charles proposes to reduce it from 4 to 3¼ per cent. News of less interest, just as you say."

* * *

THE Eastern war-cloud (ting-a-ling-a-ling) is rising above the horizon once more. Premier Tisza thinks it 'tisza sure thing that Hungary will have a set-to with Russia before long. We warn the Czar that if this thing goes on much longer GRIP will feel it his duty to advocate the wiping out of Russia as a public nuisance.

* * *

THE jury aforesaid, upon their oath aforesaid, do further present:—

"And we do further find that there are at the present time five female and three male lunatics confined in the gaol—one of the females being there since 1885. We think this to be a disgrace to our common humanity, more especially in a Province as rich as Ontario is, and when we could, by very little extra outlay of money, have our present asylum accommodation enlarged."

This is the expression of a coroner's jury in London. They are cruel and unkind to poor Mr. Mowat. Perhaps they don't know that the entire energies of the Government are just now bent upon scraping together enough money to buy a new flag for the Parliament House flag-pole.

* * *

THE Mining Commissioners have been appointed; and will go to work at once. We are pleased with the personnel of the Commission. John Charlton is a safe man and will do nothing wreck-less; Bell, of course, is sound; Merritt,—what more need be said of this gentleman? Nothing could be more appropriate than that the report should be in the form of a Blue-book, hence Archibald of that ilk is secretary, and the fifth member is Coe—a graceful termination of the firm name, Charlton, Bell, Merritt, Blue & Coe.

* * *

SOME wild-eyed Southerners are over here trying to secure the extradition of Adam Morris, a respectable colored gentleman, who fled from Savannah, Georgia, because he had so far forgotten himself as to strike a white man who had grievously assaulted his (Morris') little boy. The Southern officers of "justice" merely want to put the refugee in the chain-gang for life, or perhaps lynch him. Of course, they won't get him. Col. Denison has got his Union Jack wound round the poor fellow, and any Southerner who takes him has got to walk over the Colonel's dead body, and slay every gallant lad in the Queen's Own, Royal Grenadiers, and Governor-General's body-guard to boot. This is a British country, this is!

PLAIN TALK WELL MERITED.

DIGBY BELL and De Wolff Hopper, both "leading" comic opera comedians of the day, have been contributing to the New York *World* their personal experiences as "gag"-makers, and their literary efforts fully justify the following caustic allusion by Adam Clark, a writer in the Washington *Hatchet*:—

In an age which seems well-nigh "actor-mad," an age wherein the most trivial word or action of the strolling player is chronicled and "chestnuted" *ad nauseam*, the disillusion of these Thespian confidences comes none too soon. Let the fool-girl of the period still hug to her tailor-made bosom, as she will certainly continue to do at all events, the portrait of that darling Bellew or that adorable Kelcey, along with her matinee caramels, her pet dog and her programme. But if any one says in your presence that slang, vanity, coarseness, vulgarity and folly are not inseparable from some of the dearest idols of the petted and pampered profession, tell him boldly that you know better—you have read "Bell on Topical Songs" and "Hopper on Gags," a great light has entered into your soul, and you are aware that the actor is sometimes quite as much of an ass as all too frequently he appears.

(Drawn for Grip.)



NAT. HIST.

Lady Teacher.—Tell me now where these animals are to be found—the lion, the tiger, the monkey, and the cat?

Small Boy.—Please miss, lions, tigers and monkeys is in the Zoo, and cats is found on our back wall.

THE "GLOBE" TO JOHN NORQUAY,

(MAY 9TH.)

NORQUAY, dear Norquay, come over to us,
The doom of the Tories is rung;
You know you are really a Grit, you sly cuss,
Tho' old John A.'s praises you've sung;
You've fought for your Province for all you were worth,
Tho' alas, you've been on the wrong tack,
Tom Greenway is waiting to give you a berth—
So Norquay, dear Norquay, come back!
Come home, come home, come home,
Oh, Norquay, J. Norquay, come home!



"STICK TO YOUR LAST, COBBLER."

Hullo, Bill, where's your clothes; why don't you come to the shop now?

Bill.—Oh, no more work for me, it's too slow. I bought a dollar ticket for the Louisiana lottery, and won fifty, and I'm putting up all I've got on the big prize, now!

SOCIAL SILHOUETTES.

A SMALL BOY.



Yes, sir, I attend one of the public schools in the city, and I guess they're just about as good 's they have anywhere else, although some fellows that comes in from country places says they ain't. One fellow from Hamilton told me so just the other day, and he says the teachers we have here don't speak as good grammar as the Hamilton teachers does. I said they do, and he said they didn't, and then I just gave him a little touch like that and his nose began to bleed, and he went home crying to his mammy. I think Hamilton boys noses bleeds awful easy, anyway.

What room? I'm in the highest class, and I've passed the entrance exam. to the high school. The reason I don't go there is because father says its old foggy. Yes, I mean the Collegiate Institute. Perhaps I'll go to the new one in the west end. Most folks thinks it'll be a good deal better.

I have went to school for eight years—ever since I was six years old, and I have took certificates of Honor lots of times, and hundreds of prizes. I got a prize last summer for grammar. It was a boss book, you bet. But I want to tell you about them certificates of Honor. All the fellows have big fun about them. They are about

the oldest-fashioned, dingiest looking things you ever seen. I guess they are as old as the Flood, and you would say so if you seen one. I'll show you the last I got. Here it is. Now, isn't it a mangy looking affair? I know boys in the Ryerson and Wellesley schools that could make a better design than that, easy, and it just looks as if it had been bleached in a Muskoka sun all last summer and summer before. Ain't it wooden?

Pa says the wording is very clumsy done, too, and that "regularity," "punctuality," and "attendance," ought to have capitals, or else "Good Conduct" shouldn't have any.

The other boys? They don't care a cent for them. I saw a boy tear his up on the way home. Who wants a mangy thing like that?

Yes, sir. You better believe I do like winter! I often wonder how the boys gets along in Africa and Asia where they don't have any ice—I guess they wish they had, and then you see we don't get blizzards like Dakota and Wisconsin and Minnesota does. We had that up in school to-day.

Of course I'm proud I'm a Canadian.

Didn't we lick the Americans, as they call themselves, at Lundy's Lane, and Chrysler's Farm, and Detroit, and some other places?

I think I'll be a steamboat captain. I would like to boss the "Chicora." Father wants me to be a professional man of some sort. I don't know. I can't talk well enough to be a preacher, although some of the preachers can't brag very much in that line.

Oh yes! I'm awful fond of reading. I've read Jimuel Jinks, the Prairie Pirate; Bled and Died on a Bet; Dick Maguire, the man with the Iron Hand; Florence May, the Angel of the Dark Swamps, and a lot more.

I go reg'lar to Sunday school.

My name is Albert Edward Reginald Jones. S'long.

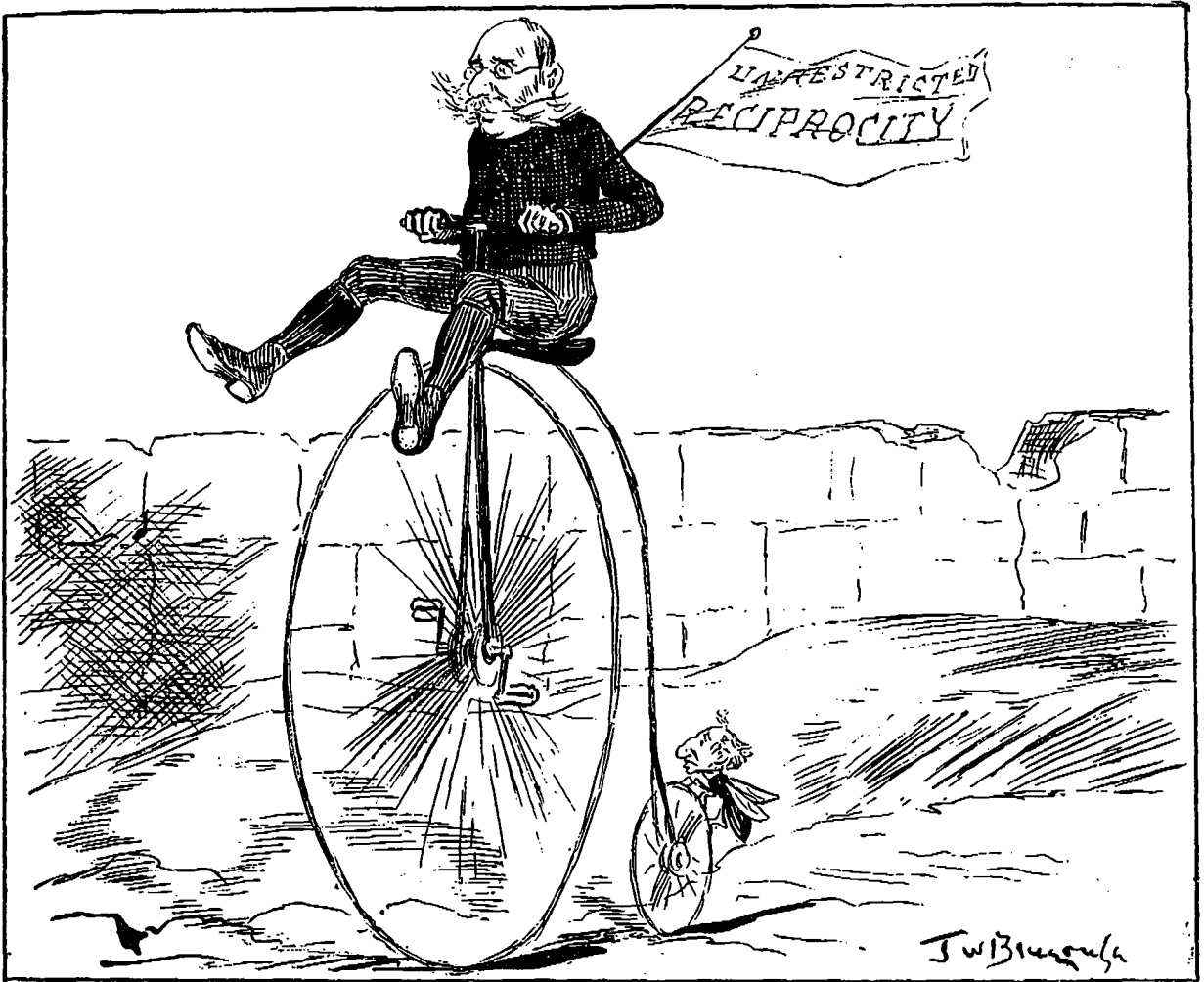
EPIGRAM.

BY A CLEAR GRIT.

McINTOSH ran for Russell
And played the usual frauds,
But the Government's McInations
Didn't McAny odds.

IS HE JOKING ?

A CORRESPONDENT writes to say that it is a great pity the custom of keeping a Court Jester has gone quite out of use. He proposes that in this democratic country there should be appointed in each city Civic Jesters whose duty it shall be to afford merriment to the community at large for a stated salary per annum. Our correspondent adds that he himself would with pleasure apply for the post in Toronto, did he not think our city is already even too well supplied with Civic Jesters in the shape of our aldermen. Their jokes he thinks are really capital, if a little too practical. The Water Works joke, the Board of Works joke, the hose contract joke, the University lease joke, the losing of documents joke, the being too late with bills joke,—all these, he says, has enabled him to enjoy hearty laughter. Only one thing troubles our correspondent, he thinks he is made to pay a little too highly for these jokes. He confesses they make him laugh and that his digestion has vastly improved since our city fathers recognized what their duties really were, but could not, he asks, Toronto obtain Civic Jesters who would amuse our inhabitants at less cost?



WHO'S THE FLY-ON-THE-WHEEL NOW?

GEORGIE AND I.

In childhood's sweet morning we rambled together,
 When life was a compound of smiles and bright weather,
 With never a sigh,
 Nor a tear in the eye.
 With a laugh on the lips and a joy in the heart,
 That life's riper manhood can never impart,—
 Georgie and I!

Georgie and I! What a picture before me
 Arises! What long-lost sensations come o'er me
 Of days long gone by,
 When with hair all awry,
 We ran and we shouted in turbulent play,
 Or hand-in-hand wandered the long summer's day,
 And laughed the light sorrow of childhood away,—
 Georgie and I!

And then the old orchard! How well we both knew it,
 When summer's soft breezes were whispering through it!
 No tree was so high
 But Georgie and I
 Would venture its low-laden branches to gain
 And build there sweet infantine castles in Spain,
 Where, ever and aye,
 For a year and a day,
 We should live both together, with never a sorrow
 No tear for the past, and no fear for the morrow,—
 Georgie and I!

We're older now,—older by many a day,
 And childhood's bright visions have vanished away;
 Its freedom has died,—
 My collars are wide,
 And I groan in the glory of sophomore pride;
 And oft in my heart for the days have I sighed
 When we boldly the mandates of fashion defied,—
 Georgie and I!

And Georgie—ah, pardon me!—now Miss Georgina,
 A proper young lady of modest demeanor;
 She talks in a way
 That is wholly *au fait*
 Of countries and customs far over the sea,
 With an air and an accent she brought from Paree.
 But the glasses astride
 Of her nose cannot hide
 A stray gleam of mischief that comes there and goes;
 And I know she'd rejoice if the chance e're arose
 To sting for a day
 Her fetters away,
 And with me in the orchard unheeding to stray,
 To swing in the breeze
 In the old apple trees,
 As we used in the days that are vanished for aye,—
 Georgie and I.

—Caret.

'Tis the voice of the slugger, I hear him complain
 That he could'nt down Mitchell, but is sure of Kilrain.—*Ex.*



PROPER PRIDE.

Tramp (to dude who has been walking behind him for some way).—LOOK YERE YOUNG BOHERLINK, Y'D BETTER GO BACK 'OME. PEOPLE'LL BE TAKIN' ME FER YER KEEPER. SPOSIK' I WAS TER MEET SOME ER MY RELATIONS, WHAT'UD THEY THINK?

THE DRUGGIST'S ASSISTANT.

"How well I remember," said Mr. Caddy, as he puffed at a fragrant Havana, and gazed dreamily at a bottle of cough syrup he held in his hand, "how well I remember my woeful experience as an aspiring young drug clerk in my 'young and callow' days. I would wander down town, and gazing at the long vista of bright shining bottles and resplendant showcases, garnished with glittering articles too numerous to mention, I would make a solemn vow to devote my colossal talents to learning the wonderful secrets and mysteries of the drug business. So it came to pass one bright morning as I flattened my nose against the window and watched the languid 'front shop' clerk sprinkle twenty-six cents worth of perfume on his manly person, that the proprietor, attracted no doubt by my engaging appearance, called me in and enquired 'if I wanted a sit.' I said I did. 'Can you come to-morrow?' said he. 'Guess so,' said I, and so it was arranged that I was to come the following morning and for the gigantic salary of eight dollars per month, was to work in the back shop and look as intelligent as I could.

"Mr. Barber, the front shop clerk, received me in the morning and volunteered in the most affable manner to 'show me the ropes.' 'All you have to do this morning,' said he, 'is to sweep out the shop, clean the lamps, clean the graduates, wash fourteen dozen bottles, and steer clear of the arsenic.' With this jocose remark Mr. Barber kindly invited me up to smell a bottle of liquid ammonia, and by the time I had rallied from the shock and somewhat recovered my breath, he was beaming over the counter at an auburn-haired girl who wanted four cents worth of camphor. I tasted all the patent medicines, and wore two or three porous plasters, just to see how they worked; I fairly revelled in dirt, and lost all respect for myself in four days. When business was slack I washed myself; trade was generally quiet about once a month.

"One eventful morning Mr. Barber failed to appear at the shop and we soon learned that he was slightly under the weather. Now was my golden opportunity, and I grasped it with both hands, but alas! it was the cause of my downfall and forever blighted my budding hopes of being a full fledged Druggist, and the proprietor of some infallible Corn Cure. 'Now, Fred,' said the genial apothecary, as he prepared to go to dinner, 'be very careful and don't touch anything you are not conversant with.' 'You can depend on me,' I said with an air of calm assurance manufactured for the occasion. Heretofore my mighty intellect had only been utilized in mixing horse powders in the back shop; altho' one red-letter day I had ventured, only clothed in a little brief authority and a soiled apron, to sell a quart of coal oil, and two pounds of whiting. The trusting public little know the awful risks it ran, tho' on the occasion I was as calm and confident as possible. True, it might have been carbolic acid.

"My first customer was a doctor's assistant, a lanky, mil-dewed looking person, who wanted ten grs. of opium. I hopped around, looked thoughtful, put it up for him and booked it; then a little girl came in for fifteen cents worth of chlorate of potash, I put that up in a large paper bag, with the aid of a tin scoop; then a consumptive looking man sporting a you-can't-wear-me-out paper collar, drifted in and wanted a Dover powder for a cold. I told him we were just out of that kind of powder and to try the hardware store next door; and then a little fat, red-faced man with a kink in his breathing apparatus, trotted in, and asked for a dose of cod-liver oil with a little vinegar in it. I struck the vinegar all right, but missed the combination of the oil. He gulped it down and then such a look of dismay and horror came into his face I thought he had the Jim-Jams. 'Give me an emetic,' he yelled 'give me an emetic, ugh! ugh! oh you wooden headed idiot,' and then he glared at me and played a beautiful bone solo with his teeth.

"'Now fatty,' I said, pointing my finger and jabbing him with cheerful vigor in the ribs, 'don't get nervous; you're all right;' with that I poured him out some of our three-ply-always-knock-em Ague Cure; he took a mighty horn and then fell down on the floor and squirmed around and said something about an infernal idiotic imbecile and a depraved abandoned ruffian. I have since wondered in my artless way if he meant anything personal. The proprietor rushed in and enquired if the place was on fire. I calmly took him aside and said it was my private opinion that the man was a confirmed sot and that he now had a mild attack of the D. T.'s. He grew very red in the face and said it was his father-in-law; then the irascible old gentleman arose and said I was a pie footed 'villain of the lowest type' and that I had given him castor oil on purpose; then the lanky man ambled in and wanted to know why I had sold him logwood instead of opium. 'You asked for logwood,' I said, transfixing him with my eye. 'I did no such a thing!' he said, bristling up. 'Oh, very well,' said I, casting my eyes up and looking at the ceiling with saintly resignation, 'anything for peace!' Then the little girl came in and said she wanted 'chlorate of potash,' and not washing soda. 'Now my dear little girl,' I said, remonstrating with her, 'why did you ask for washing soda if you didn't want it? I am surprised that you would do such a thing.' At this juncture the long slim man

winked solemnly at the little fat man, he darted a look of deep meaning at the druggist, the druggist looked at me with a cold gleam in his eye and ordered me into the back shop; then he quieted things down, and came out and said he was very sorry, but' he thought I had better evaporate; so I gave him the sack and he was obliged to run the store himself.

A SONG.

BEARING ON THE REPEAL OF THE SCOTT ACT IN NINE CANADIAN COUNTIES, APRIL 19.

Air.—Three Fishers Went Sailing.

DRY, cobwebbed old counters must now soon be wet,
And musty old tumblers with "mountain dew" sweat,
The silver must jingle, the "chips" gaily chink,
As each social young fellow steps up for a drink.—
For man must drink, be it brandy or gin,
He's cold, or he's hot, or he's fat, or he's thin—
And the devil's to pay in the morning.

Old poets have hung wreaths of song round the bowl,
The fountain of wit, and the balm of the soul;
'Tis a strange fascination, a couleur de rose,
But it clothes not, nor feeds not—only paints up your nose.
So man must drink, be it brandy or gin,
He's wet, or he's dry, or he counts it no sin—
And the devil's to pay in the morning.

This world is a stage, and this life is a play,
Each moment an actor speeds swiftly away,
The days will not linger, our sun will soon set,
So let us keep jolly, with whistles well wet.
For man must drink, be it brandy or gin,
And he seldom leaves off if but once he begin—
Though the devil's to pay in the morning.

'Tis a sorcerer's flame, 'tis a snake in the grass,
'Tis a scorpion-like lash, 'tis a chain,—let it pass;
'Tis a sprite that misleads you, a flambeau that wrecks,
'Tis a smouldering fire out at sea between decks.
And must man drink either brandy or gin,
Be a foe to himself, and his kith, and his kin,
And the devil's to pay in the morning?

—Daleth.

NOT SETTLED YET.



INCE our reference to Senator Alexander's charges against Sir John Macdonald, Hon. G. W. Allan, and Sir D. L. Macpherson last week, the Senate has taken action in his case, but action that is either illogical or inadequate. The Senators have passed a resolution censuring Alexander for having used his franking privilege to scatter broadcast a document which is declared to be libelous. This does not at all meet the case. If it is supposed to be the final action, then it practically amounts to a refusal of the parties charged to prosecute their defamer, and the public is left to conjecture their motives for this leniency. Somebody ought to be turned out of public life as unworthy to occupy a place among honorable men—

either Senator Alexander, as a slanderer; or Messrs. Allan, Macpherson and Macdonald as bank-wreckers. A fair, full trial alone will decide the merits of the case. If Senator Alexander cannot prove the charges he makes so persistently, it is simply intolerable that he should longer be permitted to occupy a seat in the chamber.



THE MONTREAL AUCTIONEER.

"Going at 45; no price at all, you ignorant louts; a more thick-headed lot of duds and duffers I never saw in my life; 45; going! Nobody in this snide gang give more?" etc., etc.

OUR KAPSHUS KRITIK.

MR. WILL CARLETON was greeted by large and kindly-disposed audiences because everybody loves him for his good, sound heart. He recited a programme of his own pieces, which abound in humor and pathos, and in their easy rhythm, literally read themselves. This is fortunate, for Will is about as poor an elocutionist as there is going. His gestures are awkward to a degree, and he sets all the rules of emphasis and expression at defiance. It is no small tribute to his poetry to say that it calls forth hearty applause even when recited by himself.

* * *

OUR winsome Agnes Thomson is one of the Queens of the Ballad, and it is not in accordance with the wishes of her admirers that she should depart from her own realm to compete for the sceptre in the realm of Italian opera. Her efforts to interest her hearers in musical exercises in a foreign language, and in bravura passages, trills, runs and all the other vocal gymnastics of the *prima donna* are no doubt well meant, and cost her a great deal of hard study, but it is a mere wasting of sweetness on the desert air—and most of these florid operatic airs are desert-like. Let our Agnes give us only those charming English ballads, that have soul and sentiment in them, and which she can sing like a veritable angel.

* * *

THE Minstrels did a good business, of course. Mr. Thatcher puts some brains into his specialty—a little confidential address to the audience, delivered with a comical trick of hesitancy and repetition. There were also two very fine tenor vocalists in the party, and a little Frenchman with a phenomenal voice for yodeling. For the rest, the average of decent minstrelsy was not surpassed, except in the item of costumes, in which the troupe shone resplendent.

(Drawn for Grip)



SOLUS.

Visitor, to little girl.—Where are your sisters and brothers, little one?
L. G.—I aint got none. I'm all the family we've got.

THAT VEIL.

It was dusk; she wore a veil. Have you noticed how pretty veils make some women look? There is something fascinatingly coquettish about the transparent pseudo-artless (how like the sweet creatures that wear them!) way the dainty material just comes to the tip of the nose and pretends to hide the killing eyes beneath. Well, this was the case with this particular veil. Its attractiveness tempted me to try to get a nearer glimpse of its fair wearer. To my astonishment she bowed. Here was a dilemma. Did she know me, or (was it within the bounds of possibility? I *had* heard of such things) was she taking advantage of leap year? "You don't know me, Mr. Smith." She was right; I did not. But what *was* I to say? She knew *me*; that was certain. What was to be done. I tried to remember every man, woman, and child I had ever known. If I had not been flurried I should have left out the men and children and limited the women to young ones—for she looked young. But there was no knowing how much this was owing to that rejuvenating veil. She expected me to say something. What *could* I say? I hum'd, I haw'd, I stood on my right foot, I stood on my left foot, I perspired, I got red, I looked polite, I continued to look politer and politer as the minutes fled. "Miss Blank," she said in a sweet whisper, "how blind you are." "Oh, ah, ahem, yes, of course, how stupid, the dusk you know, of course, delighted 'm sure; will you allow me—ahem, to be your escort, Miss Blank?" This is what I *said*, what I *thought* had better not be printed; for who Miss Blank, this pretty Miss Blank, was, I could not for the life of me

remember. "Young ladies, ahem, change so much as they, ahem, grow up, grow into womanhood," I hazarded; "jolly age yours, jolliest time of life, ahem." Miss Blank stared. "Curious, too, how a veil alters the face, makes it look older, you know." "Sir!" "That was why I didn't know you, you know." I meant this for a compliment (she *did* look youngish), but it was not taken as such I assure you, for at that moment we reached *our* door, and Miss Blank, as she entered, removed her bonnet, displayed her grey hair, and, with a wilting glance, said, "You don't seem to be quite yourself to-night, Mr. Smith, not to recognize your landlady."!!! I devoutly wished *she* had not been herself but quite another person, for I owed her a month's board. M.

AT M'GILL.

"Young ladies," said the venerable McGill professor, as he entered the classroom, "I am about to chew over to you the lecture I've already delivered to the gentlemen. It's a perfect absurdity, this wasting of vital energy in repeating lectures, and you ought to be ashamed of yourselves. If Principal Dawson could only bring himself to believe that you could behave as well as the little girls in the public schools do, we could have co-education in this college, and save half the labor and expense we are under at present."

The young ladies adjusted their spectacles and tried to look innocent.

Archbishop Lynch,

BORN 1816; DIED MAY 12, 1888.

WITH bowed, uncovered head,
Amid the throngs of honest, tearful souls
We stand, as old St. Michael's bell out-tolls
To mourn the Prelate dead.

We mark the empty throne,
Sic transit gloria mundi, sadly sigh,
Yet tears like these are for no office high,
But for a MAN alone.

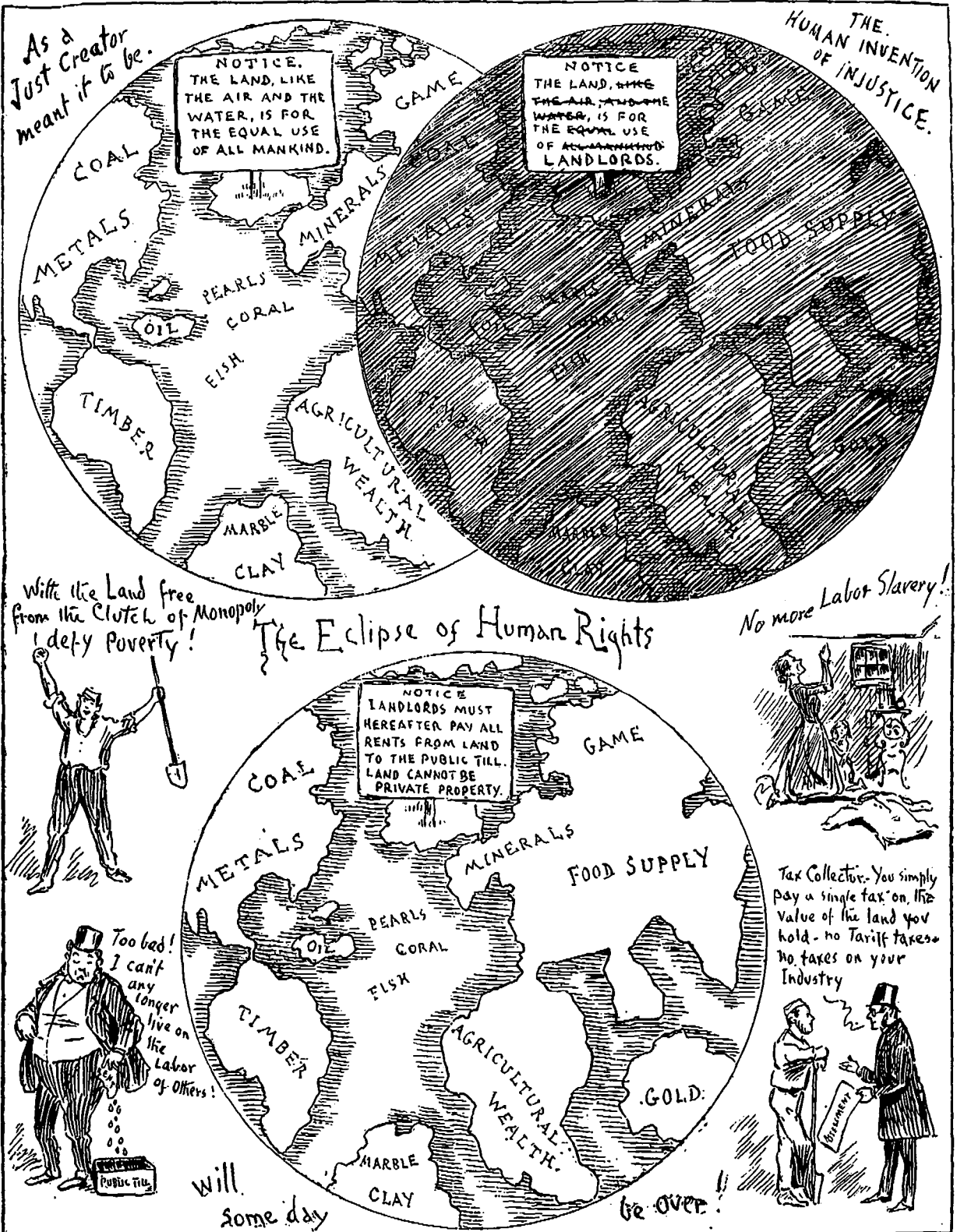
Honored and loved of Rome,
None wore her dignities with simpler grace,
Or, loved of people, held a warmer place
In every Catholic home.

And we, not of his fold,
We, too, have known his kindly Irish heart,
And in his people's sorrow claim a part,
As when his praise is told.

J. W. B.

THE COMING KNIGHT.

THE Queen's birthday will see,
As Knight, Sir Joseph Hickson, K.C.B.,
Wherever he may go
"Toot, toot!" the Grand Trunk whistles blow!
Ten thousand trainmen dance with glee
For Sir Joseph Hickson, K.C.B.



THE ECLIPSE OF HUMAN RIGHTS.

WITH A VIEW OF THE SIGN-BOARD AS IT WILL BE AFTER THE DARK SHADOW OF LANDLORDISM HAS PASSED OFF.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

We call the attention of our subscribers to the dates printed with their names upon the address labels. These will intimate, in every case, the date to which the subscriber has paid; and a great many will find that they have fallen behind. We wish it understood that subscriptions in arrear are to be paid at once. We are doing our best to make the paper all that it professes to be; and while it gives manifest pleasure to its thousands of readers, we want them to bear in mind the commercial side of the arrangement, and to pay up all arrearages without obliging us to undertake anything to jeopardize the pleasant relationships which bind us even to our tardiest friends. Please do not mistake this as one of the humorisms of the paper,—it is the production solely of the business department.

"ONE OF THE BRAVEST."—A sensational comedy-drama, entitled "One of the Bravest," is now running at the Toronto Opera House every night this week, and on Tuesday, Wednesday and Saturday afternoons. This play is designed to illustrate the dark side of life in New York city, and the players in it are Charles C. McCarthy, William Cronin (formerly of Scanlan and Cronin), Clara Throop, Lottie Blair, Pearl Martin, E. A. White, H. F. Clarens, George Reynolds, Ned Barry, Thos. O'Brien, H. S. Parker and Charles G. Clark. Much stress is laid on the scenes representing a steamboat explosion, a fire, the docks of New York and an opium joint.

THERE has lately come to our notice some of the work of the young Canadian Artist, C. H. Ahrens, who is just starting out. We were struck with the rare talent he exhibits. He has been held back for many years, knowing full well the struggles and difficulties of getting started in this profession; but encouraged by the suggestions of his friends, he has entered the field, and offers a chance for the art loving people of Canada to lend a helping hand to home talent in landscape painting. This country has not yet turned out very many great artists; but from what we have seen of this gentleman's work, we feel assured he will soon be upon the list.

WE want to show every business man in Toronto the advantages of our typewriter over all others, and any merchant who will kindly let us know that he wants to see our machine, we will send one for inspection. The Hammond typewriter is fast becoming the most popular machine on the market, and all who contemplate purchasing a typewriter should not fail to examine the Hammond before purchasing. The office is located at 65 & 67 Yonge Street.

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

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.

CATARRH.

CATARRHAL DEAFNESS AND HAY FEVER—A NEW TREATMENT.

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

Consumption Surely Cured.

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

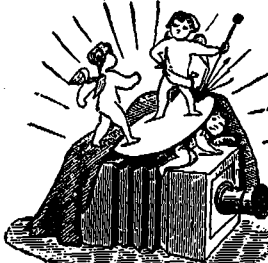
Respectfully,
Dr. T. A. SLOCUM, 37 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

PROFESSIONAL PROMPTNESS—Lady physician—"Dear me, I wonder if it is ever going to clear off? A patient sent for me two days ago."—Puck.

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QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY.

RETURN TICKETS

Will be issued between all Stations in Canada, and to Detroit (via Windsor), Port Huron (via Sarnia), and Buffalo (via International Bridge),

At Single Fare, on Thursday, May 24th, 1888,

Valid for return until the following day; also at Fare and One-Third on Wednesday and Thursday, May 23rd and 24th, valid for return until Monday, May 28th.

Children between 5 and 12 years of age, half fare. Tickets will not be good on Limited and St. Louis Express trains on Southern Division, nor on train leaving Point Edward for Toronto at 3.10 a.m.

A number of Special Excursions have been arranged for the Queen's Birthday, for particulars of which see posters, or enquire at any of the Company's Ticket Offices.

J. HICKSON,
General Manager
MONTREAL, May 14th, 1888.



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Capital and Funds now over \$3,000,000.

Income over \$2,000 daily.

Business in force about \$15,000,000.

J. K. MACDONALD,
Managing-Director.

WARNER'S SAFE CURE

ST. CATHARINES, Ont., Jan. 24th, 1887.—About six years ago I was a great sufferer from kidney disease, and was in misery all the while. I hardly had strength enough to walk straight and was ashamed to go on the street. The pains across my back were almost unbearable, and I was unable to find relief, even temporarily. I began the use of "Warner's Safe Cure," and inside of one week I found relief, and after taking eight bottles, I was completely cured.



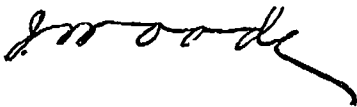
Manager for American Express Co.

TORONTO (18 Division Street), Sept. 17, 1887.—Three years ago last August my daughter was taken ill with Bright's disease of the kidneys. The best medical skill in the city was tasked to the utmost, but to no purpose. She was racked with convulsions for forty-eight hours. Our doctor did his best, and went away saying the case was hopeless. After she came out of the convulsions, she was very weak and all her hair fell out. The doctor had left us about a month, when I concluded to try "Warner's Safe Cure," and after having taken six bottles, along with several bottles of "Warner's Safe Pills," I saw a decided change for the better in her condition. After taking twenty-five bottles there was a complete cure. My daughter has now a splendid head of hair and weighs more than she ever did before.



THE GREATEST BLOOD PURIFIER,

CHATHAM, Ont., Mar. 6, 1888.—In 1884 I was completely run down. I suffered most severe pains in my back and kidneys, so severe that at times I would almost be prostrated. A loss of ambition, a great desire to urinate, without the ability of so doing, coming from me as it were in drops. The urine was of a peculiar color, and contained considerable foreign matter. I became satisfied that my kidneys were in a congested state and that I was running down rapidly. Finally I concluded to try "Warner's Safe Cure," and in forty-eight hours after I had taken the remedy I voided urine that was as black as ink, containing quantities of mucus, pus and gravel. I continued, and it was not many hours before my urine was of a natural straw color, although it contained considerable sediment. The pains in my kidneys subsided as I continued the use of the remedy, and it was but a short time before I was completely relieved. My urine was normal, and I can truthfully say that I was cured.



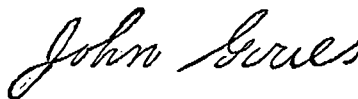
296 McNab St. North, HAMILTON, Can., Nov. 2, 1886.—I had been suffering for over twenty years from a pain in the back and one side of the head, and indigestion. I could eat scarcely anything, and everything I ate disagreed with me. I was attended by physicians who examined me and stated that I had enlargement of the liver, and that it was impossible to cure me. They also stated that I was suffering from heart disease, inflammation of the bladder, kidney disease, bronchitis and catarrh, and that it was impossible for me to live. They attended me for three weeks without making any improvement in my condition. I commenced taking "Warner's Safe Cure" and "Warner's Safe Pills," acting strictly up to directions as to diet, and took thirty-six bottles, and have had the best of health ever since. My regular weight used to be 180 lbs. When I commenced "Warner's Safe Cure" I only weighed 140 lbs. I now weigh 210 lbs.



REGULATES EVERY BODILY FUNCTION

GALT, Ont., Jan. 27, 1887.—For about five years previous to two years ago last October, I was troubled with kidney and liver trouble, and finally I was confined to my bed and suffered the most excruciating pain, and for two week's time I did not know whether I was dead or alive. My physicians said I had enlargement of the liver, though they gave me only temporary relief. Hearing of the wonderful cures of "Warner's Safe Cure," I began its use, and after I had taken two bottles I noticed a change for the better. The pains disappeared, and my whole system seemed to feel the benefit of

the remedy. I have continued taking "Warner's Safe Cure" and no other medicine since. I consider the remedy a great boon, and if I ever feel out of sorts "Warner's Safe Cure" fixes me all right. I weigh twenty pounds heavier now than ever before.



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Notice is hereby given that a Dividend of five per cent. on the capital stock of the Company has been declared for the current half year, payable on and after FRIDAY, THE FIRST DAY OF JUNE NEXT, at the office of the Company, Church street. The transfer books will be closed from the 17th to 31st May, inclusive. Notice is also given that the general annual meeting of the Company will be held at 2 o'clock p.m., on Tuesday, 5th June, for the purpose of receiving the annual report, the election of Directors, etc. By order of the Board.

S. C. WOOD,
Manager.

TORONTO, April 25th, 1888.

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(Signed) JOHN R. ROBERTSON, Editor.

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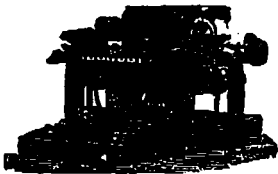
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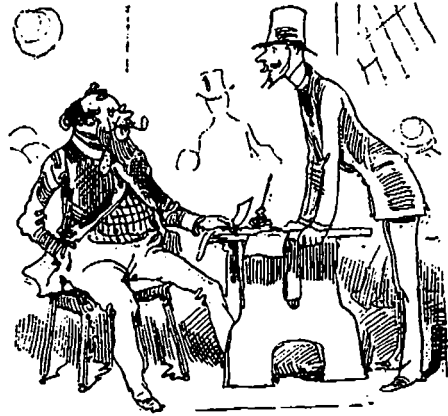


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(See Debate in Parliament, May 8th.)

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Mortgagor.—Oh, all in good time. My plan is this: It is now \$10,000, with interest at 7 per cent.; I will renew it, with interest at 6; then again with interest at 4, and in due time I will thus wipe it out.
Mortgagee.—But the principal?
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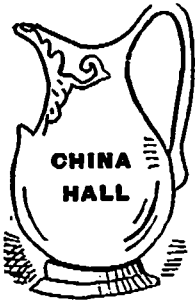
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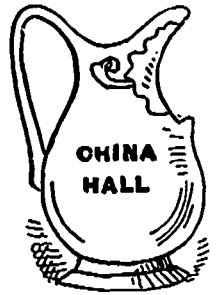
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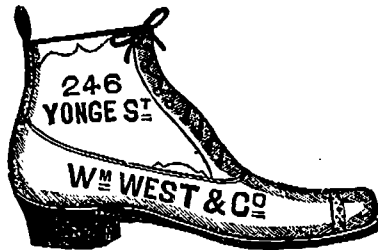
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20,	One of the Bravest Produced with Grand Scenic Effects.	20,
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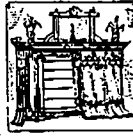
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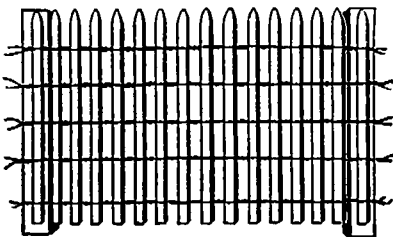
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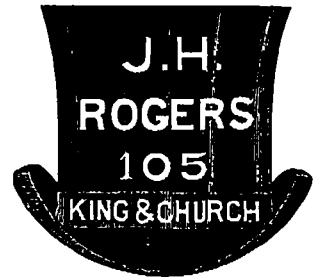
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