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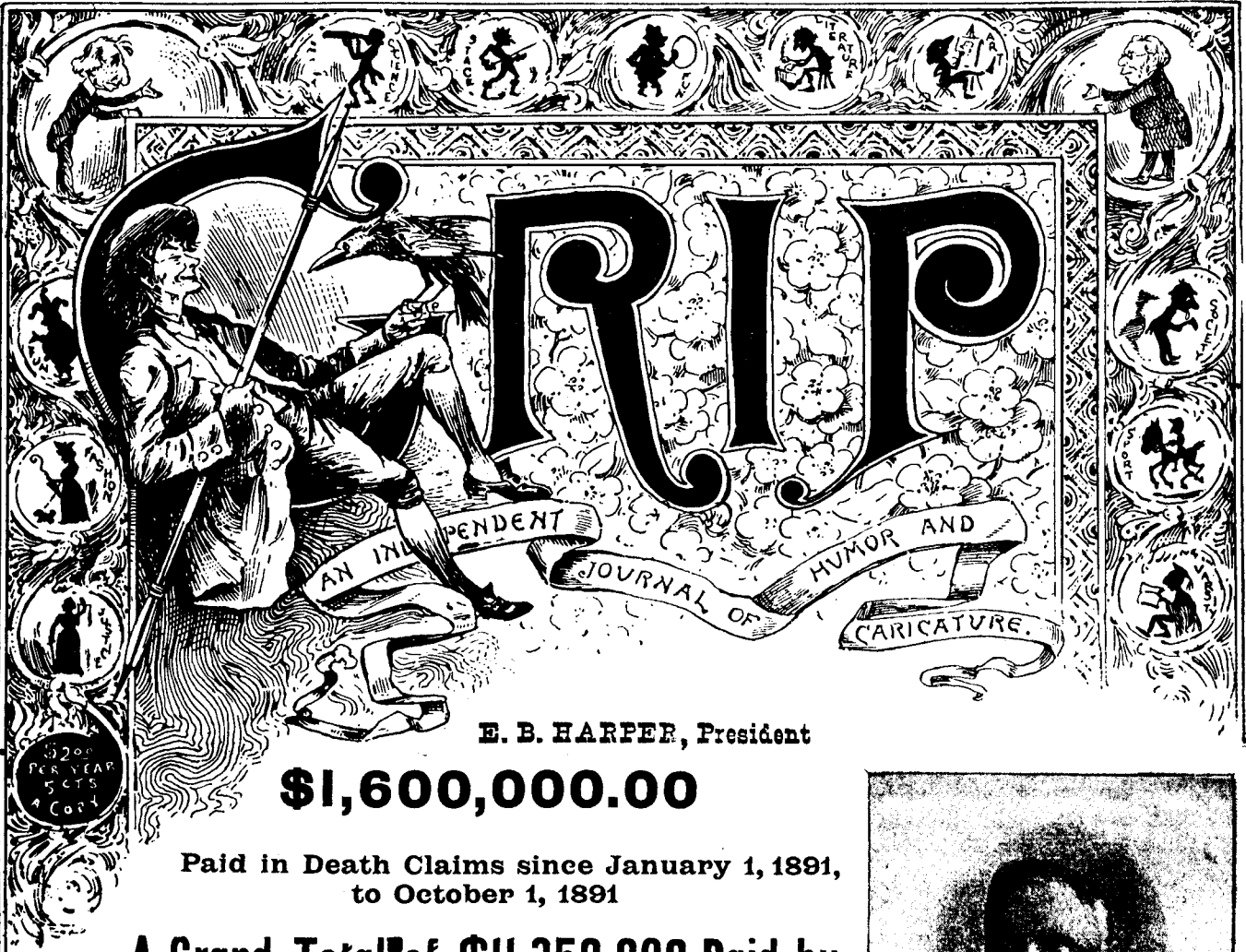
VOL. XXXVII.—No. 16.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 17, 1891.

No. 957

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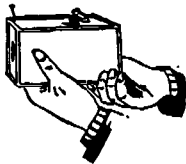
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GRIP



VOL. XXXVII.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 17, 1891.

No. 16.
Whole No. 957.



DISTRESS AND DISAPPOINTMENT

OF THE DOMINION GOVERNMENT AT THE POSTPONEMENT OF THE RECIPROCITY CONFERENCE AT WASHINGTON.



PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

BY THE

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Artist and Editor
Associate Editor

J. W. BENGOUGH.
PHILLIPS THOMPSON.

COMMENTS ON THE CARTOONS.



A SUGGESTED JURY.—As if to reduce the Premier's high-sounding phrases about "punishing the guilty, high or low," to the last degree of ridicule, the Cabinet left it to a committee, consisting of Messrs. Foster, Dewdney and Haggart, to report upon the evidence and determine who should be prosecuted! Sir John Thompson, as Minister of "Justice," was a party to this grim joke, and stands ready to proceed with all necessary severity against the poor little penny-ha'penny boodlers of the Departments, a few of whom will be the only persons indicted. In order that this new scene in the comic opera of "Trial by Jury" may be made complete, we recommend the Government to act on the sugges-

tion of our cartoon, and emp nel Langevin, Chapleau, Haggart, McGreevy, Murphy, Rykert and Connolly as a special jury to try the case. The only difficulty to be apprehended would be that the defendants' counsel might raise the technical objection that these gentlemen are more than the peers of the accused—at boodling.

DISTRESS AND DISAPPOINTMENT!—We are conscious that our effort to depict the anguish of the Government on hearing that the Washington conference must be postponed is inadequate. There are some emotions which it is almost impossible to express pictorially, and extreme grief is one of them. It is difficult to imagine, much less to depict, the overwhelming distress with which the Cabinet heard this news. Here were our statesmen eagerly and anxiously awaiting the arrival of October 12th, the auspicious day on which they were to have opened negotiations which they ardently hoped and believed would end in the securing of the great boon of Reciprocity—the thing which Sir John Macdonald tried in vain to bring

about with the N.P. They were counting the hours and minutes, and trembling with alternate hope and fear for the outcome of the Conference. Oh! how anxious they were to secure Reciprocity! Then, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, this cruel disappointment bursts upon them. Mr. Blaine is not very well, and nothing can be done for some weeks—perhaps months. The shock was terrible! The suddenness of it struck the Ministers with a species of hysterics. They laughed and capered about the Privy Council Chamber, looking like men who were beside themselves with delight, instead of crushed with sorrow. But of course we all know they were sorry—very, very sorry.



THE *Globe* seems to favor the giving of the Island railway franchise to a private corporation. This may be taken as an example of *facilis decensus Averno*. Since we have renewed for thirty years the lease of the City lines, the cry must be "Everything goes!" Isn't it sufficiently plain to the *Globe* yet, that Toronto made a big blunder in this Keily-Everett business? It is a fact, whether the *Globe* sees it or not. The aldermen committed an "indiscretion" which we will have to get along with the best way we can for the next thirty years. Let us have some sense now, and if there is anything to be made out of the Island franchise, let the whole of it go into the public till.

THERE is another "if" in this question—viz.—if the city has any control over the Island for railway purposes. The Island is considered for taxation purposes to be simply a part of the city, and if so, the privilege of building and operating a street railway line there already belongs to the Keily-Everett syndicate. These gentlemen will no doubt be wide enough awake to see that they get all that belongs to them. So perhaps after all we need not bother ourselves about the matter.

WHEN Mr. Erastus Wiman refers to Canada as his dear native land, some uncharitable people accuse him of hypocrisy, and point to the fact that he continues to reside and make money in Yankeedom. We are not of those who have any suspicion of the genuineness of 'Ras' Canadianism, but even his carping critics must admit that he may sincerely call this country his "deer native land," seeing that he comes over every year about this time, to slay venison in the forests of Muskoka. He is now here on that butcherly mission.

MR. CHAPLEAU says he has always been opposed on principle to the interference of the clergy in politics, and that when he was Premier of Quebec, he worked earnestly to keep the pulpit in its proper place. Our impression is that the priests of Quebec used to toy with politics by giving the faithful straight instructions how to vote, the interests of the Church, as a financial rather than as a moral institution, being invariably the paramount consideration. We can conceive that a statesman like Mr. Chapleau would be against this sort of thing, where the instructions from the altar happened to hit him or his party. It is not on record, so far as we know, that he ever protested vehemently against it when the other fellows were the victims.



J.W. Beaulieu

CLEVELAND'S BABY;

A NEW "ISSUE" WHICH MAY ENSURE A DEMOCRATIC VICTORY IN THE PRESIDENTIAL CONTEST.

HE considers the present utterances of the ministers on the scandals to be in the same category of "interference in politics," though they have a purely moral bearing. This, of course, is absurd, as Mr. Chapleau knows quite well. If the pulpit has a mission at all, surely it is a legitimate part of it to denounce public wrongdoing. Of course in this instance the preachers are mistaken, as we have Mr. Chapleau's word for it that there is nothing in the so called scandals, outside of the Langevin case, and in that instance the bad Sir Hector has been "condignly punished" by a virtuous Government. Under the circumstances we cannot blame the preachers so much as the mendacious newspapers, which have deceived them by publishing the particulars of certain alleged investigations at Ottawa.

* * *

HERE is a conundrum, esteemed reader, for you to turn over in your mind during these long evenings, if you are in quest of useful mental exercise: The territory of the Dominion of Canada is capable of supporting in ample comfort a population of 500,000,000. The present population, if stretched out in a line, hand in hand, along the frontier, would not reach one quarter of the distance across the continent. There would appear

to be plenty of room, at all events. And there is an abundance of work to be done, for we have just begun to build a nation. Alongside of these facts place this one: Every day a crowd of able-bodied, intelligent, earnest, and in some cases desperate, men may be found waiting at the *Telegram* corner, to pounce upon the paper as soon as it is issued, and hungrily search it for advertisements offering employment. When any chance is announced, however menial or poorly paid the work, there is a general stampede to secure it. How do you account for such a paradox? Go at it and think it out.

A GENEROUS ENTERPRISE.

NOW that Toronto has taken her place as one of the great musical centres of the world—and this is the proud claim which Mr. Torrington is prepared to justify after his late tour of inspection through Europe, where he junketed and hobnobbed with all the high harmonic swells of the day—we have a right to expect all sorts of musical "new departures" here. With a multiplicity of Conservatories and Colleges, Vocal and Philharmonic Societies and Orchestras, we have had concerts of every species, from the stiffest and starchiest of classical piano recitals, to the most easily grasped of popular performances—garnished with Jimmy Fax. The man who would undertake to give an entirely new programme in the concert line would die a miserable death by the overstraining of his ingenuity. There was an opportunity for only one innovation, and Messrs. Glendon and Farwell have captured it—to wit, the giving of high-class concerts free of charge to the



MR. SCHUCH.

public. Perhaps there are not many other music enthusiasts in town who particularly object to this enterprising firm having a monopoly of this "soft snap," for it is not common to find, even in a great musical centre, many who are anxious to pay good artists for their services out of pure affection for the public. Such rare birds, however, are Messrs. Glendon and Farwell. True, the carping critic may point out that these gentlemen have pianos to sell, and may indirectly find the free concerts a good investment. So they have, and so they may. For our part, we hope they will treble their sales, for the instruments they handle enjoy a high reputation, and are, we doubt not, good value for the figures asked. But it is a base insinuation all the same, to hint that anything but a desire to assist in cultivating our tastes, led them to go into this enterprise. We scornfully repudiate the idea—without consulting the firm. Well, the first concert of the series took place on Tuesday evening of last week, on which occasion the room was crowded. Some of us, in fact, ornamented the stairway for a considerable distance down. There is no question of the wisdom of complimentary invitations, if you want a big audience. The genial and ample



MR. FORSYTH.



MRS. GREENWOOD.



ENVY.

UNEMPLOYED—"Do they git that often?"

KEEPER—"Reg'lar, twice a day."

UNEMPLOYED—"Ah! I wish I could git a billet 'ere as a wild beast!"—*Sidney Bulletin.*

Mr. Schuch had charge of the programme, and conducted it with all the skill of a great master. On the platform stood a Steck "Baby Grand," upon which Prof. Forsyth discoursed some classical gems with nimble fingers. (Here again the captious critic may see something suspicious in the fact that this piano was brought from the wareroom on the ground floor, and not hired for the occasion from some other firm, but once more, we hustle him to one side with his bilious carpings. The piano was a most excellent one—that is all we need care about the matter). Miss Gaylord, a young lady with a bright and flexible soprano, contributed some vocal numbers, and a brilliant instrumental solo. Mrs. Percy Greenwood—a recent acquisition to Toronto's vocalists, made her first public appearance here, and was found in possession of a very rich contralto, which we hope to hear frequently. Mr. Harold Jarvis did some of his languishing tenor love songs in his own charming manner, and Mr. Schuch called upon himself for some assistance, which was obligingly given in the shape of some good baritone songs. All in all, the programme was a complete success—just such as we usually pay 50 cent and 75 cents to hear. As the great throng filed out, everybody bestowed a smile of approval on Messrs. Glendon and Farwell, and thanked them for a very pleasant evening. Hundreds may have gone back, oh, carping critic, to buy Baby Grand Stecks, for aught we know. And why shouldn't they, if they can afford it?



MR. HAROLD JARVIS.



MISS GAYLORD

buy Baby Grand Stecks, for aught we know. And why shouldn't they, if they can afford it?

A TALE OF RONG.

Dam-Rong, brother to the King of Siam, is about to visit England, and is probably entrusted with important communications on the subject of French encroachments in the Mekong Valley.—*Mail.*

PUT it strong,
 Dam-Rong,
 About French encroaching;
 They have long
 Mekong
 Slightly been approaching;
 Sound your gong,
 Dam-Rong,
 And denounce such poaching!
 And when England hears
 You need have no fears
 But she'll come out strong,
 And pronounce it wrong,
 Dam-Rong,
 To invade Mekong,
 With an armed throng,
 When the country doesn't to them belong,
 Very wrong!
 Though perhaps to fight
 They mayn't think it right
 For Mekong
 Though with loud applause
 They may cheer your cause,
 Dam-Rong
 And doubtless the other side will claim
 That a gent with such a heathenish name
 Couldn't be right,
 Say what he might,
 As he'll always be Dam-Rong.
 And really there does seem someone to blame
 God-father, god-mother,
 Or someone or other,
 Who marked you out from the common throng
 By a name which sounds so very wrong,
 Dam-Rong.
 However, name and all, you came,
 And are fairly launched on the tide of fame,
 Henceforth to shine in story and song,
 And be remembered for ages long:
 So long,
 Dam-Rong!

PLENTY OF TIMBER.

"CABINET RECONSTRUCTION—Premier will have no difficulty in finding timber," is the heading of a *World* despatch from Ottawa. If it's timber that Abbott is after, what's the matter with Wood of Hastings? Or, he might look for material to some of our Boards of Trade. But it might have been supposed that we had had enough Governmental blockheadism to last for a while. It is to be hoped at least that he won't select any more crooked sticks for his Cabinet-making—like those discredited ministers, concerning whose defects it may be said that the half was not to'd (knot-holed).

TOO MANY FRIENDS.

"I HAVE fifteen thousand friends in this town and twenty thousand enemies," said E. A. Macdonald. "That will give the *Factor* a circulation of 35,000." Assuming this calculation to be approximately correct, it is to be feared that E. A. places entirely too much confidence upon his friends. He'd better try and make a few more enemies.

A POINTER FOR KEILY.

BILLINGER—"What do you think of the theory of thought-transference?"
 MCCORKLE—"Dunno as it amounts to much, but I reckon the street railway folks might as well give it a trial. It couldn't be any worse than the present transfer system."

THE ALDERMAN'S LAMENT.

I'M all mixed up—I'm off the track,
I don't know where I stand,
This re-construction is a blow
To all the schemes I'd planned.
I'd like to fix things for next year,
Don't know how to begin it,
And really I begin to fear
That I'm no longer in it.

St. Beeswax ward, the good old ward
Which I from boyhood knew,
That scene where hallowed memories cling
They've gone and cut in two,
And mixed it up with other wards
Until I hardly know
Just where I am or if I shall
Have any kind of show.

The heelers who for me have worked
As comrades true and tried,
(And some of them convicted too)
On whom I have relied;
Where are they now, and where am I,
Of their support bereft?
It seems to me my chance is good
Of getting badly left.

The votes I've cast no longer count,
The fellows I've put in
To comfortable sits can't help
To put me in again.
Think of the money I've blown in
With "workers" getting full
To cultivate their friendly aid,
And now they've got no pull.

Why did they want to ruin all
By such a crazy scheme
Which makes our hold on civic rule
An "iridescent dream?"
For one, I really can't conceive
Why it was brought about,
Unless, perhaps—Oh, horrid thought!
'Twas just to keep me out!

BOB'S BRIGHT IDEA.

A STORY OF POLITICAL ECONOMY.

CHAPTER I.

"BILL, I've got an idea."

So spake Bob to his old shopmate as they stood at the *Telegram* corner among the crowd of out of works. The evening paper had been issued, and scanned in vain for the chance of a job, and both the cronies, in common with the general crowd, were in the last stage of down-heartedness.

"An idea, have you?" replied Bill, with something approaching a gleam of hope in his eye. "Well, Bob, if there's any money in it, out with it."

"Oh, I don't know as it's such a very bright notion," said Bob. "In fact it's a wonder it didn't come into my head before. It's just this: Since nobody wants me to work for *them*, and I've got to work for somebody to keep myself and my wife and youngsters from starving, it just occurred to me that it would be good plan to work for *myself*. That's all."

"Well, that is a sort of a rum notion, when you come to think of it," responded Bill, with more animation. "I call that really a happy idea. How did you come to get hold of it?"

"Oh, it just came into my head," replied Bob, with the deprecating air of a profound philosopher who is modest about his own wisdom. "I started thinking this way—" "I don't own anything to speak of but *myself* and those that depend on me. I've got a *right* to myself, anyhow, and a right to life. I can't live without working, and I'm willing to work, so as I said, if nobody else wants me to

work for *them* then I'll work for *myself*. That's the whole thing. It seems plain, don't it?"

"Plain as a pikestaff," replied Bill, earnestly. "If God gave you life, and the powers to do the work necessary to sustain life, it's your duty to use those powers and live."

"Yes," replied Bob, "and He's given us the material to work with—this earth He's placed us on. So what's the use of our wasting any more time loitering here when nobody wants our services. Good-bye, Bill, I'm going to put that idea into practice."

CHAPTER II.

Two years have passed. In a cleanly-kept though very simple little abode on the outskirts of the city, Bill and his wife and children are living in rude comfort. The home is one which he constructed for himself, with the aid of some of his kindly disposed neighbors, whose services he subsequently reciprocated as opportunity offered. It was built of lumber which he got on easy terms of payment after frankly stating to the dealer his "bright idea" and paying a little money down. In a similar manner he had obtained a little outfit of gardening tools, and a modest stock of vegetable seeds and roots. The rest of the story was hard work early and late, digging, planting and looking after his "farming" interests generally. Having committed the seed to the earth, after having duly prepared the ground, he patiently awaited the fruits of his honest toil, meanwhile doing such odd jobs as he could get to earn an honest penny and supply his family with their daily bread. His crop turned out well, and he found himself provided with enough corn, potatoes, etc., to supply his own table for many months, as well as a small surplus which he sold in town and turned into clothing for his family. The winter was severe and poor Bob had no great pic-nic, but he was decidedly better off than his chums who still stamped the pavement at the *Telegram* corner. The second year proved more prosperous, and Bob felt the rising tide of hope and happiness in his heart. He worked hard, but his toil brought a fair recompense, and not the smallest part of it was to see the glow of health once more returning to his wife's cheek. As for the children, they were happy as spring lambs. "By George!" said Bob to himself, "this is a good idea! I wonder why I didn't think of it before!"

CHAPTER III.

It need scarcely be said that Bob's experiment was watched with a great deal of interest by Bill, and the city out-of-works generally. When they found how it succeeded in his case, there was soon a wide-spread determination to follow his example, and in due time the corner was well nigh deserted. One after another the seekers for employment had got to working for themselves, some in the market gardening line, like Bob, and others in the quarrying of stone, the digging out of gravel and other primitive occupations. The city labor market being thus relieved of the glut of would-be workers, it soon came to pass that the tables were turned, and work went in search of workers. At the same time wages went up for nobody in town would consent to work for less than Bob was making "on his own hook." A new era seemed to have dawned, and the future for the community looked rosy.

CHAPTER IV.

All of a sudden there was a terrible transformation. The train from Chicago one evening brought amongst its passengers a fat gentleman who put up at the Queen's. He wore a shiny plug hat, and a white waistcoat which



RIGHT AND LEFT.

HE—"I think you love me. Am I right?"
SHE—"No; you are left."

he filled completely, and upon which rested an enormous double gold chain, which gracefully curved from the centre button to the pockets on each side. The gentleman from Chicago had come in response to a startling message from his agent in Toronto, to the effect that he was being robbed in the most outrageous and high-handed manner. "We'll straighten this thing out, you bet, if there's any law in Canada!" he puffed, in an apoplectic passion, as he retired that night to the choicest bed in the house.

CHAPTER V.

Next morning found the gentleman from Chicago closeted with his lawyer. The results of that consultation may be stated in one sentence. Bob was ejected from the land upon which he had contumaciously "squatted," and the results of his toil were ruthlessly confiscated. It appears that the gentleman from Chicago owned that vacant land. "He wasn't using it," said Bob, "and I thought perhaps God meant it to be used. But it seems, whatever He meant, that the law considers that I have no right to use it without agreeing to pay to this fat foreigner about all that I can earn by working it. I'll have to move out further." The same thing happened in all the other cases, but most of these ejected ones returned to the city to stamp about the *Telegram* pavement again.

CHAPTER VI.

Still clinging to his "notion," poor Bob pulled up stakes and moved further out. Here, of course, he was again pounced upon by an "owner"—another absentee—and once more he "moved on." Again he squatted, and once more he found himself in the clutches of the law. The end of it was that by the time Bob got far enough away to be legally free to squat, he found himself so distant from the centres of civilization that life was not worth the living—could not be lived, in fact, except upon a miserable hermit scale that Bob's nature revolted against. He did the only thing that was left for him to do—he died.

CONCLUSION.

These things came to the knowledge of the Canadian Government and a change was made in this cruel law. It was decreed that whereas land was made for use and not for speculation, all land not already in use should be at the disposal of those who wished to till it or build upon it, on one single condition, that they should pay, in common with all landholders, a fair annual rent for the bare ground, into the public treasury. Further, that in view of this annual payment, all taxes, direct and indirect, now levied upon the people of Canada, should be absolutely abolished. Whereat the fat gentleman from Chicago kicked as vigorously as his anatomical development would permit.

THE END.

ONE ROAD TO FAME.

RATSLEY—"There goes Waddikins, the celebrated Canadian archæologist."

YAWPER—"Never heard of him before. What has he done?"

RATSLEY—"Done? Why he's discovered an entirely new origin of the name Toronto."

HEARD IN THE LOBBY.

ROUGE—"Savez vous pourquoi on appellait le feu Sir John Macdonald par le soubriquet 'Old Tom-morrow?'"

BLEU—"Non.

ROUGE—"Eh bien, c'est parceque il gaguait ses victoires par un coup *de-main*."

GOING OTTAWA ONE BETTER.

HE—"We have some beautiful scenery in Ottawa. The 'Lovers' Walk,' behind the Parliament Buildings, is too sweet for anything."

SHE—"Yes, but in Toronto we shall do better than that. We're going to have a bridal path in the Queen's Park."

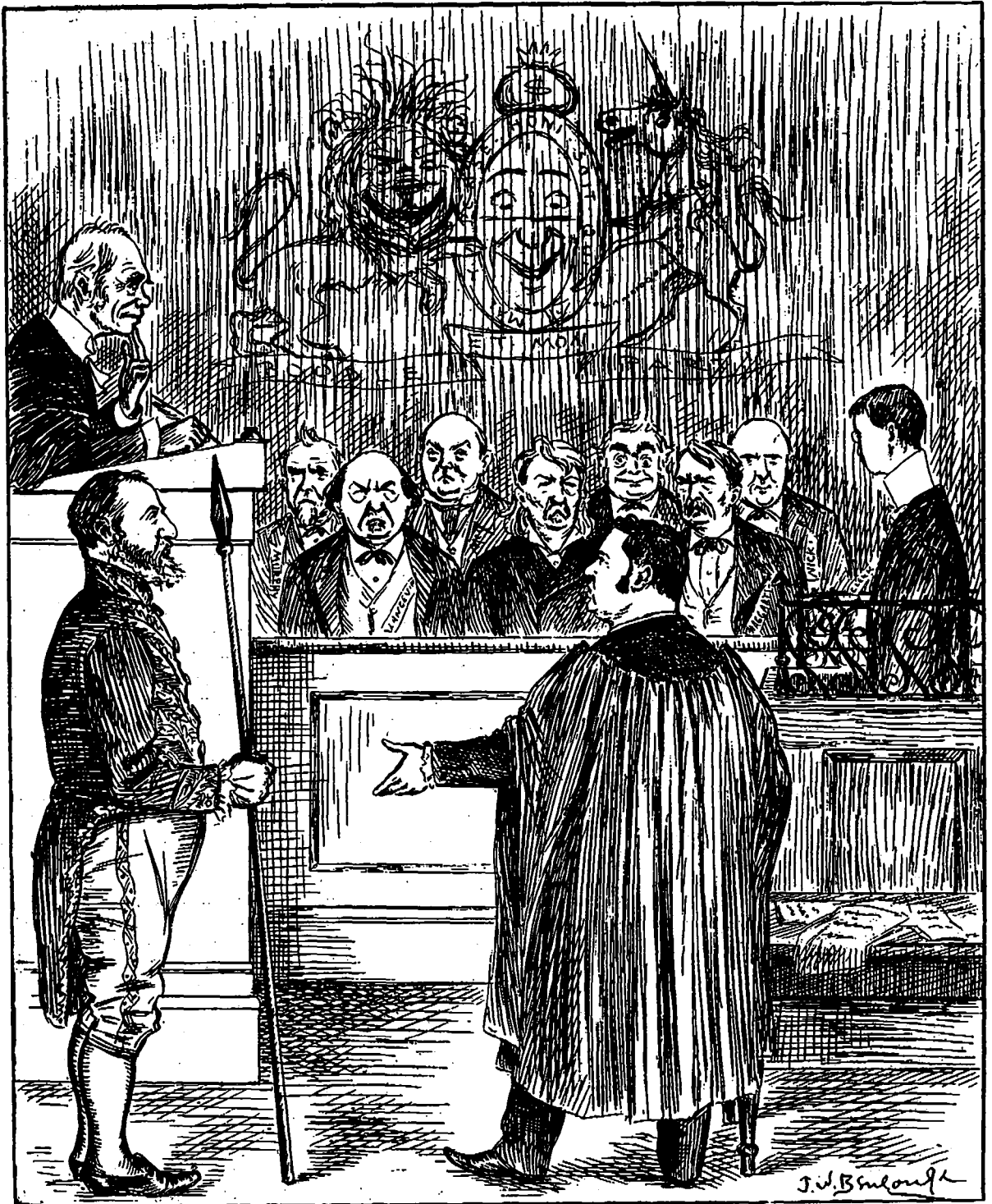
PRONOUNCEDLY SO!

TORONTO has its Rotten Row,
We're getting stylish now,
But Ottawa a week ago
Wound up its Rotten Row.

A TEDIIOUS TASK.

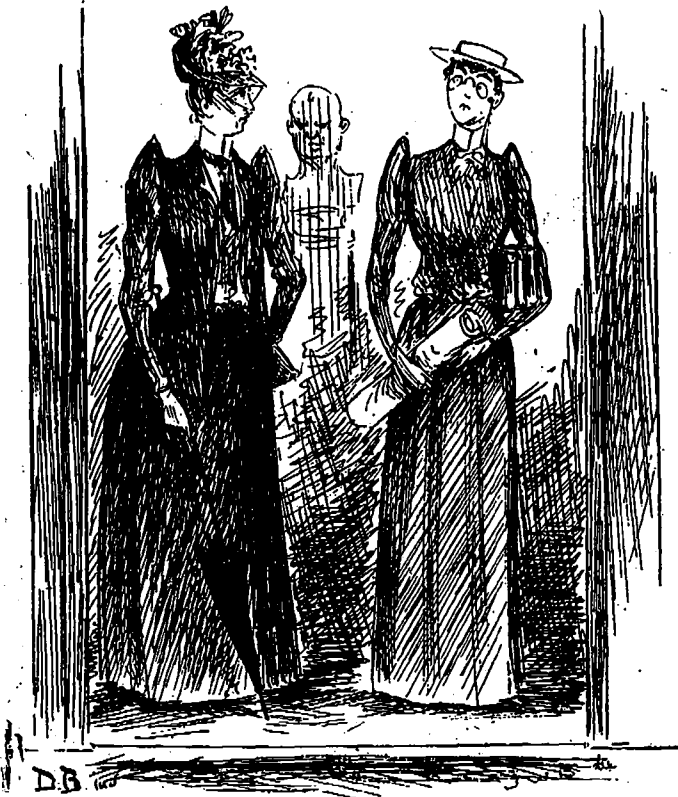
MR. SICOVIT—"How much longer are you two going to stay in the parlor?"

MISS SICOVIT—"I really don't know, pa. He hasn't started to say good-bye yet."



SUGGESTED JURY

FOR THE LEGAL PROSECUTIONS ABOUT TO BE INSTITUTED AGAINST THE SMALL FRY BOODLERS OF THE CIVIL SERVICE.



THE CUT PEDAGOGIC.

SCENE—Normal School Entrance.

VISITOR (*in quest of some local information*)—"Er—are you a student of the Normal School?"

MISS GOGGLES (*witheringly*)—"No; I am a student of the School of Pedagogy."

POETRY AND POLITICS.

POET W. W. CAMPBELL'S CLAIMS TO A GOVERNMENT BERTH.

THE proposed appointment of William Wilfrid Campbell, the Poet of the Lakes, to a position in the Government library at Ottawa has excited considerable interest in literary and political circles. Any number of party journalists have been appointed to government situations, in recognition of their services in beslaving the ministry with fulsome praise and abusing their opponents, but the purely "literary feller" has not been in it. The contemplated new departure therefore has been widely criticized from many standpoints. At considerable expense GRIP has interviewed *viva voce* as well as by mail, telegraph and telephone a number of leading men whose opinions are given below.

HON. OLIVER MOWAT.—Poetry is one of the arts which tends to humanize and refine mankind. I would not wish to be understood as admitting that the corrupt Ottawa administration could possibly make a good appointment, but bearing in mind the influences surrounding them I am not prepared to say that they might not have made a considerably worse one. But it would be obviously indelicate in me to express an opinion on the subject.

N. CLARKE WALLACE, M.P.—I am glad Campbell is going to get something. He ought to have been given a position long ago. I am a great admirer of his poems.

Where can nobler or more patriotic sentiments be found than in that spirit stirring lyric:

"Ye mariners of England
Who guard our native seas,
Whose flag has braved a thousand years
The battle and the breeze!"

There is nothing finer in the English language except "Boyne Water." The Government in making provision for his declining years has my cordial approval.

ROBT. BIRMINGHAM.—It makes me tired. Who is this man Campbell, anyway? What did he ever do for the party? Where did he get his pull? I never heard of his contributing to the election funds, or making speeches or hustling for votes on election day. Poet, is he? I bet nothing he wrote ever changed a single vote. There ain't half enough offices to go round among the boys that have worked hard for them, and to fool them away on fellows with no sort of claim is rank ingratitude. It would never be done if Sir John was living.

PATRICK BOYLE.—Campbell? Campbell? Another of these greedy Scotchmen, of course. They get everything that's going. Sure it's not that I don't appreciate poetry. Every true Irishman does. We're the most poetic people in the world. If the Government is going to encourage poetry that way it's all right, but 'pon me soul I don't think it's fair play to overlook the Irish.

E. A. MACDONALD.—If Campbell had a genuine poetic insight and an eye for the picturesque and beautiful he would have written something about Bellamy, which is unexcelled in these respects. I don't think that a so-called poet who has shown himself so defective in appreciation of one of the loveliest spots in Canada has any claim upon the score of literary merit (25 cents per line).

HON. MR. HAGGART.—It's a bad precedent. Just as though the country wasn't swarming with poets who have just as good claims as Campbell. If we once appoint anyone on that ground we shall have thousands of applications from needy scribblers. Besides, I have a friend who could fill the vacancy more acceptably. No sir, I did *not* say a lady friend. The question of sex is irrelevant.

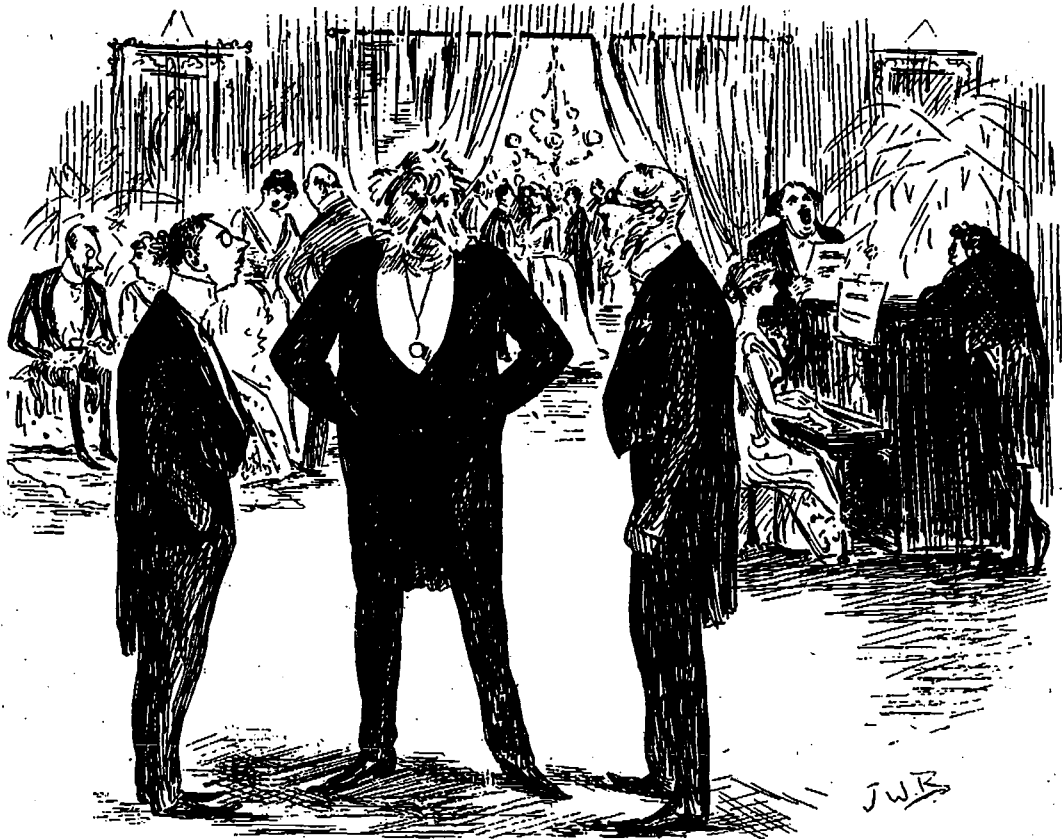
SIR DANIEL WILSON.—I approve of the suggested new departure. So far as practical politics are concerned anyone in my position is *vox et præterea nihil*, but I trust that hereafter the claims of literary genius may be more fully recognized. I am not unmindful of the classic adage that "*poeta nascitur non fit*," but it would be misleading to infer from this that a poet is necessarily unfit for a berth.

SAMJONES.—When the Campbell (camel) humps himself he's bound to get there. It is pleasing to see him attaining his deserts.

G. MERCER ADAM.—I am delighted with this evidence of an appreciation of Canadian literature. But yet—ahem—I think that if such recognition is at this late day to be accorded there are those who have equal, not to say superior claims on this score.

DALTON MCCARTHY.—If you can assure me that W. W. Campbell is not a Jesuit in disguise I would be disposed to favor his appointment.

SIR RICHARD CARTWRIGHT.—One of the most insidiously corrupt actions ever perpetrated by a putrescent Government. This appointment is simply a bribe to



"AH! I HAVE SIGHED FOR REST!"

LITTLE BOREMAN—"But have you ever heard Peanutti sing the 'Tower Song' from *Il Trovatore*? He does it magnificently, don't you know. I heard him sing it at Jarvison's the other evening, and it positively carried me away!"

CAPT. DOWLER (*to the Host*)—"Then get him to sing it now, Smithkins, if you possibly can!"

enlist the literary element in support of the tottering fabric of Ottawa misrule. All the poets in the country will be seduced by thus dangling the glittering bait of office before them and will be led to prostitute their talents to the cause of Toryism. I am disgusted. I may add that I am always disgusted with anything that the Government does or thinks of doing.

THE KHAN.—Here is a little trifle on the subject which I have just dashed off. Very busy threshing just now, and the hired man laid up with a kick he received trying to take the burrs out of the tail of the brindle mule. See my poem on the subject in the Dundas *True Banner*.

Office for poets—good enough!
Glad we are going to have a show,
We are the people, we're the stuff,
We lead the country, don't you know.

Abbott's got sense don't you forget;
Campbell is well enough to begin,
When a portfolio's vacant, you bet,
Then you will see where the Khan comes in.

E. E. SHEPPARD.—It is all right so far as Campbell is concerned, but what I'm afraid of is the boom it will give to the poetry business. I have an assistant editor who does nothing else than receive poets and look over manuscripts, and if this thing starts several hundred more new poets we shall be perfectly inundated. It ought to be understood that it does not constitute a precedent.

H. K. COCKIN.—Of course I think it's a good thing, but still if it is intended to encourage literary merit it

does seem to me that some poet whose writings tend more directly to encourage national sentiment and arouse military ardor might have been chosen.

W. A. DOUGLAS.—Campbell may be all his admirers claim, but I think he has blindly ignored some great economic truths. He writes nicely about the lakes, but man is a land animal, and so long as the land owner is permitted to appropriate the unearned increment it makes no sort of difference who fills the offices.

THE HIGHLAND LADDIE.

OH, where, and oh, where, has your Highland laddie gone?
He's gone to take his trousers off and put the tartans on,
And it's oh, and it's oh, but the boys will have great fun!

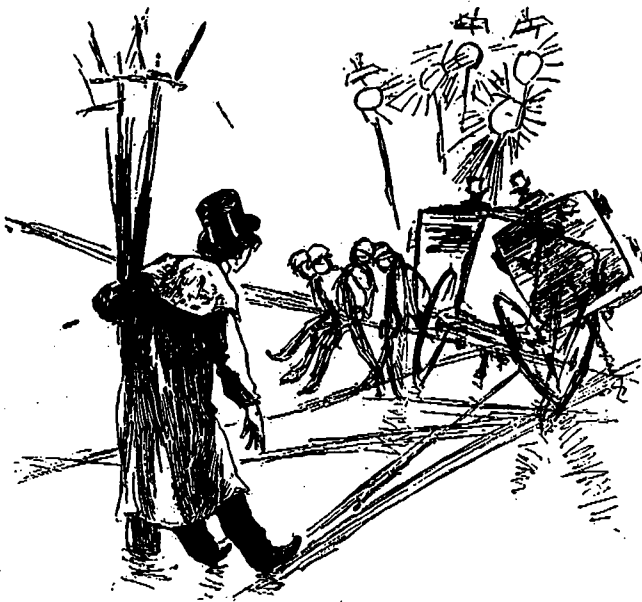
And what, and oh, what, will your Highland laddie wear?
And won't the 'skeeters have a chance to bite his limbs so bare?
And it's oh, and it's oh, but I think I hear him swear!

And what, and oh, what, is your Highland laddie's height?
He measures only five feet six, his weight is rather light,
And it's oh, and it's oh, but he's spoiling for a fight.

And how, and oh, how, can your Highland lad enlist?
Recruits must stand full five feet nine the officers insist,
And it's oh, and it's oh, I'm afraid such don't exist!

AT 1. A.M.

HE—"I am a man of leisure."
SHE—"I know; but I think I'd like your leisure better if allowed to enjoy it in small consignments."



REMARKABLE PERFORMANCE

OF A CAB AT 2 A.M., AS OBSERVED BY YOUNG MR. VANDERBEER.

LITERARY ANECDOTES.

THE poets Coleridge and Wordsworth on one occasion took a trip through the Black Country:—"I should not like to spend my days in this neck of woods," remarked the former. "The surroundings are not congenial. Had I been born and brought up here I could never have penned a line of poetry." "Don't say that, old man," replied Wordsworth. "The prevailing *genius loci*, which is Latin, appears eminently conducive to the production of your style of alleged poetry. Look around and you will see *coal ridges* till you can't rest." "Yes and those coal ridges are valuable, but what are Wordsworth?" was the instantaneous repartee of his friend. And they turned into an adjacent public to partake of half-and-half. This spot is still pointed out to the traveller, and the mugs used on the occasion are preserved in half a dozen different museums.

Sir Walter Scott was a great admirer of the manners and customs of the Middle Ages, and had no sympathy with the modern contempt for the ways of our ancestors. Walking one day through Holyrood Palace, Edinburgh, with Douglas Jerrold, he descanted on his favorite theme with much enthusiasm and eloquence. "Gaze on these storied (four-storied) walls, this proud memorial of the chivalry, the romance, the fine poetic and devotional feeling of the vanished past so ably depicted in my historical novels—which I may be permitted to remark have been very favorably noticed by the critics—survey these relics of a bygone age, and then say if you can that its spirit was wholly rude and barbarous." "Yes," said Jerrold, dexterously avoiding notice of the outstretched palm of the volunteer guide who had been following them around, "I think that, judging the Middle Ages by your own criterion, you will on mature consideration admit that it was wholly rude (Holyrood). Catch on? Guess I'll work that up for *Punch*." And so terminated their life-long friendship.

When James Hogg, the Ettrick shepherd, was first introduced into London society he was somewhat diffident, and owing to his lack of self-assertion was sometimes exposed to the ridicule of the regular drawing-room habitues. One of these, at a dinner-party at Holland House, said to the poet in a supercilious tone: "This sort of thing, don't ye know, must be wather a new experience for you, Mr. — aw — Pig."

The poet's eye flashed fire, and with that readiness of repartee for which he was noted, he exclaimed: "Hech! aweel aiblins glaiket, I wad no be blate muckle a donnert unco gowk, forbye a wheen thrawkie, ettlng siccan auld-farrant randy gangrel."

His interlocutor shrunk away abashed, as the Archbishop of Canterbury, grasping him by the hand remarked: "Very true—very true and well put. Your sentiments, sir, do you honor, and I am proud of having made your acquaintance."

Thus we see that sterling integrity and manhood will command respect even in the most cultured circles.

The historian Gibbon, wrote his celebrated work, "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," in the direst poverty. A large portion of the concluding volume was written on envelopes inclosing dunning letters, he being too poor to buy paper for the purpose. When the work was published, a critic praised the remarkable elevation of its style. "It was written on the fifth story," remarked Gibbons, "which accounts for it." Probably this may strike the reader as a chestnut, but it wasn't when Gibbon got it off.

THE MELANCHOLY DAYS.

THE season's changes fill my soul
With many a painful pain;
A sadness that I can't control
Comes o'er me now again.

'Tis not that summer days have fled,
And winter now is near;
Nor that to face the chilling frost
And numbing blast I fear.

It is not that in field or wood
No longer I can rove,
Nor list the music of the birds
Which echoes through the grove.

I do not care my bark to sail
On blue Ontario's surge;
Nor in Queen's Park with social swells
Attempt to make a splurge.

But, oh! it fills me with dismay
To think I'll have to take
And put the stovepipes up next week,
And all the carpets shake.

CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES.

EDITOR, writing a treatise on "Woman," in his office bursts out:

"Lovely woman! Nature's noblest work,
As man's best blessing sent;
How can in thy kind heart e'er lurk
Aught else but good intent?"

Half an hour later, going home in the street car, four ladies on each side, spread out, taking up all the room, never a budge to make place.

EDITOR (*sotto voce*)—" * * * !! selfish creatures. Look at 'em! Beats all. Talk about the proverbial dog in the manger! Ugh!"

CHATTER.

THE man who claims to know himself is usually a know-nothing.

KNOCKOUT—"Did your lawyer work hard on your case?"

JUMPUPPE—"I should say he did. He worked me for all I was worth."

JUDGING from the amount of beer-drinking that is done nowadays, this must be the glassical age.

ETHEL—"Clara seems fond of violin playing."

MAUD—"Yes. She is trying to get the fellows on the string."

JACK—"I told her that my heart was on fire with love for her."

TOM—"And what did she do?"

JACK—"She immediately proceeded to throw cold water on my suit."

CHOLLY—"Time flies when I am with you."

MAUD—"Yes, it flies to me. It seems to hang doubly heavy on my hands."

SANSO—"How is the meat market now?"

RODD—"There is a brisk demand for sheep and cows. Spring lamb and veal is in season, you know."

HE—"Will you promise to be my wife?"

SHE—"On one condition."

HE—"A hundred if you wish."

SHE—"One is sufficient—on condition that you do not ask me to fulfil my promise."

SANSO—"Politics are very foul."

RODD—"Very fowl indeed! Disgraceful schemes are constantly being hatched out."

CITY COUSIN—"I must hurry back to town. I am going to make my *debut* this season.

AUNT PEASTRAW—"Indeed? What are you goin' teh make it out of?"

SANSO—"Money will do anything for a man in this country."

RODD—"No it won't! It won't come to him of its own accord."

SANSO—"This bacon was not well cured."

RODD—"No, indeed. It tastes very ill."

JACK—"I have quite a pull with the girls at this hotel."

TOM—"You don't say."

JACK—"Yes. Unfortunately I can row."

SANSO—"That musician has a marvellous delicacy of touch."

RODD—"He has indeed. Yesterday he touched me for an X., so gracefully that I couldn't refuse him."

DR. HARVEY'S SOUTHERN RED PINE for coughs and colds is the most reliable and perfect cough medicine in the market. For sale everywhere.



"KEEPING LENT."

JUBBINS—"You don't seem to have so many books in your library as you used to have."

DOGSEER—"No; I have made a good number of new friends since I came o live in town."

A BAD GIVE AWAY.

"YES, somebody did write to the *Mail*, mentioning my name as a candidate for alderman," said Pecvick, the contractor; "and a few of my friends have been urging me to run, but I really couldn't think of it—not at all—haven't time, and if I had I have no inclination to take part in city affairs. You just make enemies and get no thanks for it. No, sir, I'm not in it. My ambition don't lie in that direction—I've all I can do to attend to my own business, and I wish to goodness the *Mail* hadn't have mentioned my name. I've been bothered to death about it since by people that want me to run. I don't think it's right to drag a man's name into the papers that way, without so much as saying by your leave."

Just then the office-boy entered, and laying down a bundle of *Mails*, said: "The newsdealer said he didn't have more'n fifteen of to-day's papers left, but if you like he'll make up the rest of the four dozen from the back numbers. He said he guessed they'd do you as well, seeing they had the coupons in just the same."

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

THE old wards are so cut up that they can scarcely recognize their own members. * * * The bereaved alderman may not irreverently be compared to that donkey, who, standing between two haystacks, could not make up his mind which to tackle first, and consequently starved to death.—*World*.

The comparison is not exactly irreverent, but don't you think it's rather rough—on the donkey.

EXPLAINED.

BINKERTON—"Seen anything of Budger lately?"

MCsorley—"No. He don't show up much now. He's down on his luck, and most of his outfit is at his uncle's."

BINKERTON—"Ah, that explains his absence from his 'aunts."

FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

JUDAS was not the last man who professed sympathy for the poor to hide his own meanness.

A PEG-TOP

Is a first-class cigar and made of good tobacco. Try it—it will please. L. O. GROTHE & Co., Montreal.

THE world is more likely to speak well of a man when he is dead than when he is dead-broke.

NERVOUSNESS, Weakness, Debility often arise from wrong action of the Stomach, Liver and Bowels, and are best treated with B.B.B.

THERE is nothing of the highway robber about a pair of suspenders, even if they do "hold 'em up."

"WHAT'S the reason you didn't speak to Boreham when he passed us?"

"He insulted me the other day—called me a freckled idiot."

"Called you a freckled idiot? How absurd! Why, you are not freckled!"—*London Fun.*

"I HAVE a weight upon my mind,"
I overheard him say;
"That's good," said she "'twill keep the wind
From blowing it away."
—*Detroit Free Press.*

WHAT IS SAID IN FAVOR OF DYER'S IMPROVED FOOD FOR INFANTS.

THAT it is prepared from pure pearl barley, easily digested, highly nutritious, and sold everywhere at 25 cents per package. W. A. Dyer & Co., Montreal.

SNODGRASS—"I have all my clothes made by Koffkowsky, a Polish tailor. Poles make the best tailors in the world."

SNIVELY—"Nonsense!"
SNODGRASS—"It's a fact. The needle is true to the Pole, you know."

"HAVING used Burdock Blood Bitters for General Debility, Weakness and Lack of Appetite, I found it a safe cure."—HENRY HOWARD, Brownsville, Ont.

ONE thing of Noah must be said—
Nor will the truth be strained;
Without a doubt he knew enough
To go in when it rained.
—*Hay Press.*

"WHY should we not cry over spilled milk?" asked the teacher. "Because," replied the favorite scholar, "we can recover about half of it by going to the nearest hydrant."—*Burdette.*

A HORNET'S sting is a red-hot thing,
And gets there without fail;
It points a moral in language oral,
And, besides, adorns a tail.
—*Ashland Press.*

DISEASE is the beginning of death and should be earnestly combatted. There is nothing so good as B.B.B. to overcome disease.

75 penny transparent cards etc. and our agents' names bound sample book all for 25c. please Address: Banner Card Co., Oshawa, Ont.

NEW YORKER—"I was just now reading an item about 'Chicago Limited—'"
CHICAGOAN—"Chicago Limited! What an idea! Why, sir, Chicago is illimitable!"
—*Boston Courier.*

DR. T. A. SLOCUM'S

OXYGENIZED EMULSION OF PURE COD LIVER OIL. If you have any Throat Trouble. Use it. For sale by all druggists. 35 cents a bottle.

DRUNKENNESS is sometimes an amiable weakness, sometimes a vice. It depends upon whether he is a man of property or a tramp.—*Texas Siftings.*

MR. W. PEMBERTON, editor of *Delhi Reporter*, says, "he considers B.B.B. the best medicine out."

ANYONE furnishing their homes and requiring anything in the way of gas or electric fixtures and globes should call on R. H. Lear & Co., 19 and 21 Richmond Street West. This firm is headquarters for goods in these lines. We would advise you to go direct to them and get their quotations.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

AN old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands, by an East India missionary, the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper. W. A. NOYES, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N.Y.

These five rings and agent's list book of sample cards only cost 25c. Banner Card Co., Oshawa, Ont.

1,900,000 BOTTLES SOLD IN CANADA IN TEN YEARS.



A CURE IN Every Bottle A {Sure Permanent Prompt} CURE

SUFFER NO LONGER Rheumatism Neuralgia OR ANY OTHER PAIN.

DIAMOND VERA-CURA FOR DYSPEPSIA AND ALL

Stomach Troubles, INDIGESTION, Nausea, Sour Stomach, Giddiness, Heartburn, Constipation, Fullness, Food Rising, Disagreeable Taste, Nervousness.

At Druggists and Dealers, or sent by mail on receipt of 25 cts. (5 boxes \$1.00) in stamps.

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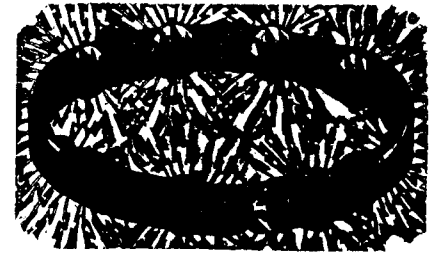
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