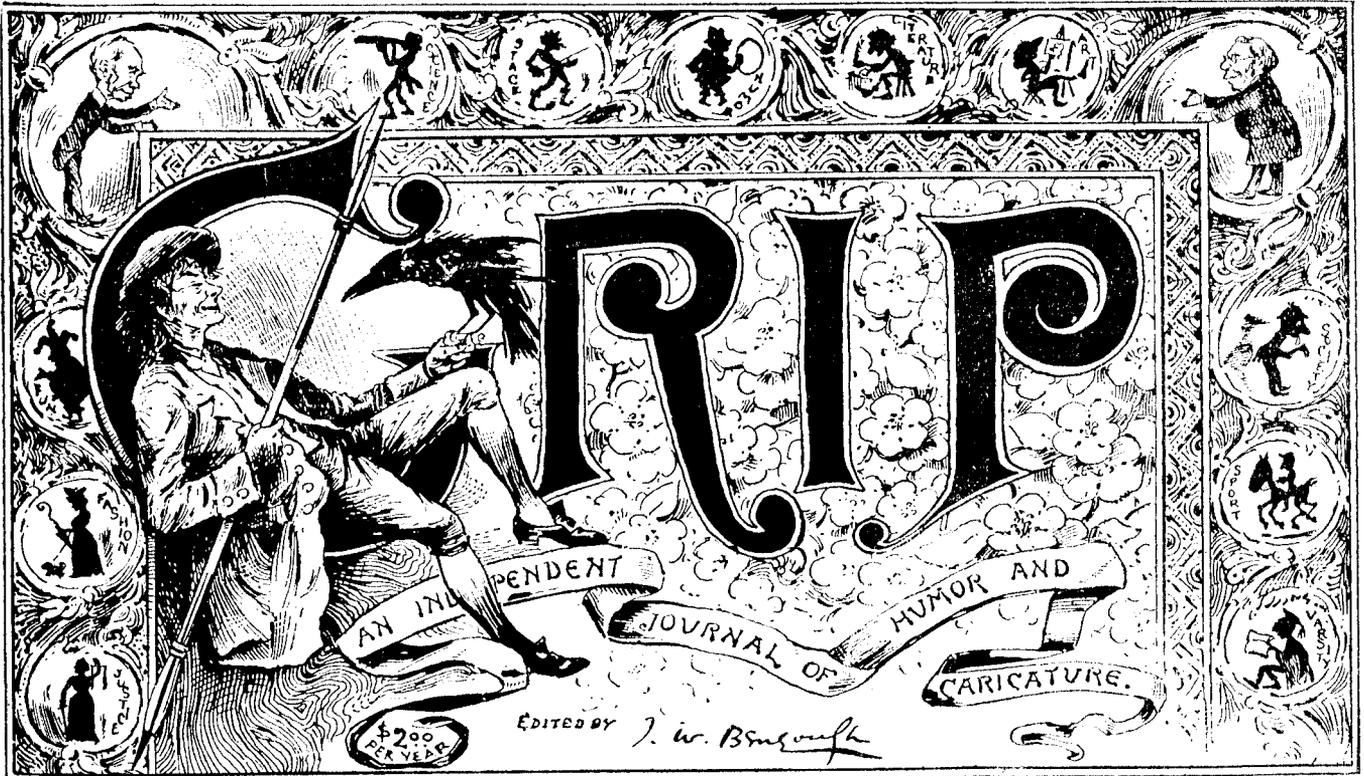


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VOL. XXXVIII.—No. 7.

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 13, 1892.

No. 974.

CANADIAN TESTIMONIALS

Strong Facts from London, Ont., Where Microbe Killer is Thoroughly Appreciated

OFFICE OF WM. ELLIS, WHOLESALE SADDLERY HARDWARE,
94 DUNDAS STREET, LONDON, ONT., December 30, 1891.

C. W. EMAN, ESQ., General Manager, Radam Microbe Killer Co., Toronto, Ont.:

DEAR SIR,—Many cases have come to my notice recently which testify to the efficacy of your Microbe Killer. My mother, now in the eighty-fourth year of her age, had a severe attack of La Grippe, with congestion of the lungs, fever and prostration, for a time unconscious, and given up by the doctor, has now, through using the Microbe Killer, been enabled to once more get around. Col. Moffat, who has been a prolonged sufferer from Liver troubles and calculi, has also been brought around to good health by this remarkable medicine. Indeed, it would take a volume to write all I could tell of what I have witnessed or which has come under my own notice during 1891. I consider this as the most important discovery of any century, and if it were not opposed by a world of power, namely, doctors and druggists, it would be boomed from one end of the world to another. But notwithstanding all this, Microbe Killer must and will be the means in the future to be relied upon to cure disease, as its curative principles become known, in spite of all opposition. If sickness were after this to break out in my family I would as soon call for the blacksmith as for the doctor. I am firmly convinced that this remedy is the only one known to mankind that can be relied upon in any emergency. Wishing Radam's Microbe Killer all the success it deserves, I am,

Yours truly,

WM. ELLIS.

A Grand Testimonial Unsolicited

COOKSHIRE, QUE., Dec. 22, 1891.

RADAM'S MICROBE KILLER CO., Toronto, Ont.:

GENTLEMEN,—It is with pleasure that I send you this statement with regard to what Microbe Killer has done for me. I have been a sufferer from Dyspepsia and Liver troubles for about fifteen years, and about seven years ago it went to my lungs. Ever since that time I have coughed and expectorated continually. I consulted a number of physicians, but all without any benefit; at last they advised me to change climate, which I did. I went to Europe, but received no permanent benefit; so then I went next to California and remained there for awhile, but receiving no material benefit. Finally I concluded to come back home, with no other expectations than to sink into an early grave. I had been home only a short time when I heard of your Microbe Killer, so I sent and received some of your pamphlets. I read them, and noting the principle upon which this medicine was based, I concluded to try it; I began taking the remedy last July, and used about four gallons before I gained any in mastering my diseases, but after that I began to mend rapidly, and am now able to take full charge of my office practice again, as well as to take my position as "Leader of the Choir" and sing, something I have not been able to do for over six years. My cough is all gone, and in fact in every respect I am a new man now. I have used seven gallons of this remedy to date. My afflictions had reduced me to 104 pounds weight, but at this time I am back again to my standard weight, that of 125 pounds. You are at liberty to use this statement freely in hopes of attracting the attention of other like sufferers, and so lead them to do as I did, to use M. K. Anyone wishing to do so can refer personally to me for particulars.

Yours respectfully,

W. MACRAE, L.D.S., Cookshire, P. Q.

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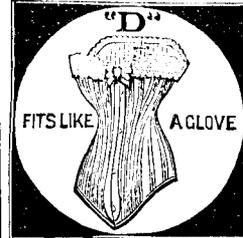
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GRIP



VOL. XXXVIII.

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 13, 1892.

No. 7.
Whole No. 974.



VAN'S "RESERVE" PUDDING.

MISS CANADA—"YOU SEEM TO BE DOING PRETTY WELL, MR. C.P.R."

VAN HORNE—"O, YES, FAIR TO MIDDLING. THIS IS A JIM DANDY PUDDING—THE ONLY TROUBLE IS IT ISN'T BIG ENOUGH."



TORONTO, SATURDAY, FEB. 13, 1892.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

HUMOR COMPETITION.

\$50 in Cash Prizes to be Given.

With a view to encouraging the humorous pens of the Dominion (and there are many of them as yet unknown to Fame), GRIP has decided to offer the following Prizes:

For the best short humorous article, a prize of \$30 cash will be given. For the next best, a prize of \$20 cash, and for the third in order of merit, a prize of \$10 cash.

The conditions of the competition are:

1st. No article to contain more than 750 or less than 300 words.
2nd. None but original articles will be entered in the competition. Articles may be in the form of prose or verse, stories, character sketches, satirical skits, or in any other literary form whatever.

3rd. Articles will be judged not so much for literary merit as for the merit of the humorous idea involved.

4th. All articles submitted to be marked "competition," and to be the property of the Grip Printing and Publishing Company.

5th. Mr. J. W. Bengough, Mr. Phillips Thompson and Mr. J. V. Wright will act as judges in the competition.

6th. It is not necessary for any competitor to subscribe for GRIP, nor to send money for any purpose whatever.

7th. The authors of all articles which are, on a preliminary examination, considered meritorious enough to be placed in competition, will receive a copy of GRIP gratis for four weeks from receipt of article.

8th. All articles to be sent in by March 1, 1892, when the competition will be closed.

9th. There is no limit to the number of articles that may be sent in by any competitor.

The result of the competition and the successful articles will be published in GRIP as soon afterwards as possible. The best of the non-successful ones will also appear.

COMMENTS ON THE CARTOONS.



ABBOTT TO THE RESCUE.—We are prepared to hear GRIP denounced as a highly unpatriotic print for venturing to picture Canada as in a condition of distress. Patriotism of the fashionable brand requires that facts of an inconvenient kind shall be overlooked. A little lying, indeed, is by no means reprehensible, if it is necessary to make black look like white. As we have no ambition to figure amongst the fashionable patriots, we decline the conditions. It is true—most lamentably true—that this country, from end to end, is suffering from a trade depression. Any intelligent man who entertains a doubt on this point can easily set the question at rest by making a visit to the country, and getting on confidential terms with the first farmer he meets, whether Grit or Tory. He will probably learn that his entertainer has just put another mortgage on the place, in order to raise money for immediate and pressing needs, and that no farmer in the neighborhood is doing more than making ends meet. This being the condition of

agriculture, that of all the other branches of trade and commerce, which depend upon this main vine, can be readily guessed. Now, Canada happens at the moment to enjoy the services of a Government which holds the doctrine that trade depressions are amongst the things which statesmen can control, that is, statesmen who are not mere "flies on the wheel." To her Government, accordingly, Canada turns at this time, to ask the much needed assistance. And she gets it—in the form of perfervid orations on the old flag, and burning appeals to stand by British connection!

VAN'S "RESERVE" PUDDING.—There is a great deal of uneasiness manifested in British Columbia over the grabbing policy now being carried on by the C.P.R., with the consent of the Provincial Government. The Napoleonic Van Horne seems to have set his heart on taking possession of the entire mining region in the "Sea of Mountains," and several great slices of territory have already been reserved in connection with the projected railway to the Kootenay district, which is, of course, controlled by the Canadian Pacific. The Nelson *Miner* has been protesting against the granting of these reserves with all its vigor, but so far quite in vain.



THE Session of Parliament, soon to open, promises to be another season of scandal-investigations. Mr. Haggart is likely to be invited to listen to the inside story of Section B., in the presence of a committee. He will, no doubt, welcome the opportunity of establishing his innocence. Sir Adolphe Caron's management of the

Militia Department is also liable to be enquired into, although that distinguished statesman has been removed to the Post Office Department. It is a pity that the business of the country must thus be side-tracked, for of a truth it requires immediate and careful attention. But the investigations take scriptural precedence—"first pure, then peaceable."

* * *

IT is understood that Principal Grant cast his vote for Mr. Medcalf, at the Kingston election, the other day. Assuming this to be true, we have a right to ask the good Doctor to explain himself. It is not a question of Mr. Medcalf—who is no doubt, a very worthy gentleman, personally—it is a question of principle, and also Principal. The Doctor claims to be an Independent, and he has taken pains to denounce the "foul birds at Ottawa," and more particularly Mr. John Haggart. But according to report, he cast his vote in support of these very chickens, for, of course, he knows that's what a Medcalf ballot meant. Dr. Grant is not a private man. He is a public teacher, who wields an enormous influence, and he, no doubt, has an adequate sense of his responsibility. He must, therefore, feel that he was justified in voting for the government candidate. He ought to publicly state the ground on which he did so. The young men of the country who look up to him are awaiting the explanation.



A FASHIONABLE EPIDEMIC.

DUNNEM—"When will you be able to settle that little account, sir?"

MR. SPECELING—"Well, to tell you the truth, I've had the influenza so bad that I've not been able to sign any cheques, but I'll be all right soon."—*Sydney Bulletin.*

THE advocates of Unrestricted Reciprocity are commonly charged with being Annexationists. They deny the soft impeachment, but supposing they *did* favor such a scheme, it is worth while enquiring whether they could possibly carry it out if they were in office and had the unanimous support of the country behind them. The consent of Great Britain would be the first essential thing. Could that be got? This is a matter of opinion, but some of the leaders highest in the Grit ranks, as we happen to know, are ready with the reply "No, certainly not; Great Britain would not consent under any possible circumstances." It might be as well for Mr. Sol White and his coadjutors in the west to make a note of this.

THE city authorities have foolishly granted permission to the butchers to use bay ice for refrigerator purpose, against the protest of the Medical Health Officer. It now only remains for the citizen to protect themselves either by abstaining from meat altogether, or by patronizing only those dealers who do not use bay ice. And apropos of this, it is in order to enquire, what is the use of employing a Medical Health Officer—presumably an expert in sanitary matters—at a high salary, if his opinion on a vital point like this is to be ruthlessly set aside?

A LITTLE trip into the adjoining Republic is interesting and instructive to the man who has his eyes and ears open, even if he goes no further than a few miles below the boundary line. The first thing that strikes him is the marked difference between the Canadian and

American people. This is quite remarkable, considering that we are of the same blood and lineage. No sooner does he cross the line than he hears the universal nasal tone, and the peculiar pronunciation with which we connect the personality of Sam Slick. Well, it is hardly universal, for he is sure to run across Canadians very frequently, and then he hears English undefiled, of course. There is a difference also, quite as marked, between Canadian and American towns and villages. The smallest places on the other side aspire, as a rule, to city fashions. In the hotel, for example, you are apt to find a telegraphic call, by which you can summon a messenger—a thing which you will look for in vain here outside the cities. The average village also has its opera house, park and band-stand, and there is everywhere noticeable the effort to be a big place.

AS to the ever-recurring Canadian ever there, he is pretty sure to express himself in favor of Annexation if you bring up the subject of political relations. He tells you that he can see no other probable destiny for Canada, if it is granted that she cannot remain for ever in her present colonial position. This is, of course, very unpatriotic sort of talk, but what else can be expected of citizens who have already accomplished Annexation for themselves, and find it a good thing?

ANOTHER "institution" which flourishes in the States perhaps more generally than in Canada is the 'cute youngster—the little boy or girl of about five, who has all the maturity of thought and expression of an adult,—who is in an extreme sense "old fashioned." Children of this sort are usually classed as "unsufferable little prigs," by admirers of genuine childhood. But it is rash to assert that they are always forward and "spoiled." On a recent ramble of a few days in N.Y. State (which is the occasion of these reflections) we were brought in contact with some good specimens of advanced Young America, who were at the same time delightfully well behaved; quite models of propriety, in fact.

THE ART OF RECREATION.

What would'st thou have for casement after grief,
When the rude world hath used thee with despite,
And care sits at thy elbow day and night,
Filching thy pleasures like a subtle thief?

—A. Lanfman.

THUS Lanfman queries, and it seems to me
The answer much depends upon one's taste:
Some find that howls of whiskey two or three
Have oft the tired spirit much up-braced;
Others again will go to see a play,
And greet with plaudits loud their favorite actor;
It is conceivable that people may
Drive away care by studying the *Factor*:

There's quite a lot of sport in killing flies,
Some housewives think the bed-bug is more gamey,
Some go in for GRIP'S competition prize,
While others meet as followers of Bell-amy.
To deftly build conundrums gives delight;
There's solace found in canvassing for votes;
There's fun in ringing door-bells on dark nights,
And balsam for the soul in rearing goats.

Music of hand organs distracts the mind
Betwixt the intervals of dodging duns;
More satisfaction waits the more refined
In listening to Samjones emitting puns.
In short, so various are the modes men choose
To rest and recreate the tired frame
From bigamy to bicycling—that who's
I wonder, going half of them to name?



WHAT'S IN A NAME ?

SHE—"What dreadful daubs."

HE—"Why, those are by Whistler."

SHE—"Oh, aren't they perfectly beautiful?"

HE WON'T BE INTERVIEWED.

AS is well known Prof. Goldwin Smith utterly detests the custom of interviewing. Naturally modest and retiring, he dislikes nothing so much as to be "held up" by an enterprising reporter and questioned as to his views upon public affairs. Notwithstanding his persistent refusal to submit to the process, Prof. Smith's ideas on the political situation continually find their way into the newspapers in the form of alleged interviews.

When in New York the other day, the professor was waited on by a young man, who was courteously received, and introduced himself as the representative of the *Daily Hustler*. The following conversation ensued:

PROF.—"I am always glad to meet a representative of the press. But I must positively decline to be interviewed. I object, on principle, to the practice. It is nothing short of downright impertinence."

REPORTER—"I am sorry you take that view of the matter, Professor. My instructions were to ask your

views on the relations of Canada and the United States and the feeling in the Dominion with regard to annexation."

PROF.—"I cannot deviate from my invariable custom. It really seems to me most objectionable. It lowers the tone and dignity of the press. But I may say, privately, that I think the signs of the times point to great changes of public opinion in Canada, with regard to annexation in the near future. The country is suffering severely from exclusion from the American market. The census returns plainly indicate the folly of the policy of restriction, which an infatuated party, with the aid of lavish corruption, has imposed upon the people. But you fully understand, I hope, that this is not an interview."

REPORTER—"Certainly, Professor. After the decided opinions you have expressed on the subject, I would be guilty of unpardonable rudeness, if I urged the matter. But you were saying that—"

PROF.—"Yes, the N.P. is a dismal failure. The country is being depopulated. Enterprise is checked by a double row of custom houses along the imaginary border line which separates the two great branches of the Anglo-Saxon race upon this continent. Ultimately, no doubt, geographical considerations and the practical interests of the people will prove stronger than the sentimental objections to continental union or the efforts of a few self-seeking and corrupt politicians to keep us from our natural markets."

REPORTER—"Yes, Professor. Then you think that the feeling in favor of annexation is growing?"

PROF.—"Remember, if you please, that this is not an interview. I think so decidedly. There are signs of it on every hand. Everywhere, are heard the most outspoken expressions of discontent, and but for the social terrorism and intimidation exercised by the office-holding patriots and the protected manufacturers, there is no question that public opinion would be overwhelmingly in favor of a change."

REPORTER—"Thank you, Professor—good morning."

PROF.—"Good morning, I am sorry you should have put yourself to the trouble of obtaining an interview, but I really could not make an exception in your case, I never allow myself to be interviewed. By the way, if you make any use of the points which I touched on, in the course of our—ahem—conversation, I would like to see a proof before it is published; you'll attend to that matter will you—Thanks, good day."

A DANGEROUS EXPLOSIVE

(Conundrum, only to be tried on the very hottest kind of Conservative, or else on the very meekest and funniest Grit, except by telephone, and not quite safe even then.)

"WHY is Sir Richard Cartwright evidently no relation to Richard 1st of England?"

"Give it up."

"Because Richard I. was Richard Coeur de Lion."

"What?"

"Richard cured o' lyin."



A BIG ORDER.

DOCTOR (to new patient)—“Well, now, what’s the trouble?”

PATIENT—“Well, I’ve been reading the newspapers, and have got every one of the symptoms described in all the quack doctors’ advertisements.”—*Sydney Bulletin.*

ACROSS THE PRAIRIE.

“ALL aboard going West!” You start with fevered haste,
You have read, and smoked, and dozed, and read again;
But the bustle comes at last, for you sight the vessel’s mast,
That is to say, the smoke-stack of our train.

You’ve got your luggage checked, and perhaps it’s all correct,
Unless the baggage-smasher’s been too “smart”;
But if they’re strong and good—made of iron and hardwood—
It’s odds that they’ll at least survive the start.

You’re surprised to see so many people going this long journey,
But half a week’s a trifle in the cars;
You can sit or lie at ease, and do everything you please,
Read your novel, twirl your thumbs or smoke cigars.

If you smoke, you take a “smoker,” but if you can’t stand a
choker,
A rich upholstered first will suit you quite;
There’s the “dining” car, the “parlor,” the “colonist” and
“tourist.”
And, if you like, a “sleeper” for the night.

It’s not so very charming to talk of land and farming
If you haven’t got an acre of your own;
So you speculate a quarter in a little reading matter,
And try to feel that you’re amused until the journey’s done.

The depot’s left behind, we’re going “like the wind,”
Though thirty miles an hour’s about the speed;
We soon get past the houses to where the broncho browses
Upon his native prairie, and many cattle feed.

These cattle of a thousand plains, with homesteads, settlements and
grains,
And miles on miles of grassland pass the view;
Lakes dark with ducks and geese, that never seem to cease,
Perhaps you think I’m “hatching,” but it’s true.

There’s the ever-present gopher (he’s a breakfast for the badger),
And many a fat buck-rabbit hops around;
The odoriferous skunk is there, the coyote, fox, perhaps a bear,
While here and there the antelope is found.

The prairie’s one big yellow, for the grass is sere and mellow,
Very dry, except in places round a slough;
Quite often in the fall half-an-hour destroys it all,
Just a spark blown from an engine will blacken all the view!

“What’s that dark line ahead?” “That’s the bush,” your neigh-
bor said,
And very soon you “get there” with a rush;
The oaks, the poplars slim and tall, the slender birch towers over
all,
Entangled in an undergrowth of brush.

You leave the sound of axe: for the foot-hills making tracks—
The prairie’s slowly breaking into “waves,”
Like the great Atlantic Ocean, sudden stopped in its commotion,
’Tis here the slaughtered “buffler” have their graves;

For their bones lay strewn around, and whitened all the ground,
Till lately they’ve been gathered into piles.
Gone, too, most all the Indians who roamed around these regions,
Scarce a sign of their existence, save the long-forgotten trails.

The foot-hills of the Rockies, where nearly all the stock is,
Droves wandering o’er the uplands at their will;
If you’re bent on having sport, ’tis the region you have sought,
With plenty of big game to try your skill.

Far above us, crowned with ice, the rugged mountains rise,
And we take an “observation car” to get a better view;
There’s nothing half so grand in the whole of Switzerland
As the glaciers of the Selkirks, and the defiles passing through,

Where the Fraser river winds, banked with firs and giant pines—
The woodlands and the fisheries of Columbia are her boast.
Here you take your fill of pleasure, and fish or shoot at leisure,
While the train goes speeding downward to the coast.

When I started this effusion, I was under the delusion
I could make a score of verses without coming to confusion;
But I’ve wasted too much time (and I’m badly fixed for rhyme),
So I guess I’ll bring this poem to a most abrupt conclusion.

PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE.

W. T. NEWSON.

THE TRIUMPH OF INTELLECT.



‘T WAS a calm, clear
night and the
starstinkled serenely
in the ether above,
while the electric light
flickered spasmodically
in the widely
dispersed lamps. All
was silent save the
shriek of a distant lo-
comotive, the whoops
and yells of a party of
passing roisterers and
the gabble of a group
of females returning
from an adjacent sew-
ing society, together
with a few minor
sounds which it might
be deemed superflu-
ous to embrace in the
catalogue. On a su-

burban street a youth and maiden swang languidly
upon a gate in front of a spacious mansion with a capa-
cious mortgage on it. ’Twas the lover’s trysting place.
Those who have been accustomed to trust themselves,
can alone realize the significance of this phrase. The
custom of trysting on a gate is an old and time-honored
one. Poets have embalmed in it their lays. It was,
doubtless in reference to this habit, that the Scotch bal-
ladist wrote in those touching lines:

I gaed a waeft’ gait yestreen.

But we digress.

“Algernon,” said the maiden, “do you really love
me?”



BE THE HOCKEY-POKEY!

CASEY—"Look, Sullivan! Get on to the new stoyle av walkin' cane, wud yez!"

She had made this remark for the fourteenth time in the course of the P. M. But artless utterances of this sort, vapid though they may seem to those who are not in it, so to speak, fall with a potent thrillfulness upon the ear of the true and soulful wooer. Repetition palls not to the heart sustained and soothed by the assurance that the bull-dog is chained up in the backyard, and the old man laid up with the grip.

"Do you *really, truly* love me, Algernon?"

"Oh my angel, do you, can you, doubt my eternal devotion?"

And then they trysted some more in low, faint gurgles, till the gate creaked on its hinges. Algernon, as he paused for a breathing spell, thought of a pun about the h-injury inflicted on the portal, but wisely refrained from emitting it. Nothing mars the sympathetic flow of feeling on such occasions, like a crude and untimely jest.

"And you are *sure* that you *do* love me more than anything?" cooed Matilda.

And for reply he reached for another mouthful of pearl powder.

"I have but one wish—to make you happy, my gentle cherub. Oh, I would lavish all the treasures of earth at your feet. Let us not linger, but grasp the bright future, which destiny has showered upon our pathway. Fly with me this hour?"

"Nay, but Algernon, consider our poverty. Had I the dower of a princess, all—all—should be yours—but alas, we are penniless!"

"No," he cried triumphantly, giving vent to his emotions, "Say not so. I am no longer poor. I have wealth, ber-right glittering gold and you shall live in luxury."

"But what—how?"

"List—I have succeeded in a great venture. After devoting weary days and nights to wrestling with a problem, before which some of the keenest intellects of the age have shrunk back baffled and appalled, at last—at last I have solved it and acquired fame and wealth. I have won the first prize in the great *Weekly Sockdologer* competition, entitling me to a Dominion senatorship, a hundred acres or land, a mansion on Jarvis street and an untarnished escutcheon—and all—all—is yours, for keeps, if I may thus express myself."

"But, oh, Algernon," cried Matilda, as she wept tears of joy and convulsively carressed his north-westerly ear "how didst thou, at one bound achieve that for which men have struggled for weary years?"

"Thus," replied Algernon, drawing himself up with a flush of manly pride, "I gave the first and only correct answer to the question 'If my mother's son is my sister's brother, what relation would I be to my father's mother-in-law?'"

"Ah!" exclaimed Matilda. "Then, indeed, I am yours forever. 'Tis not title or land or wealth, that lures me to your side. No 'tis admiration for the intellect, the comprehensive, far-reaching mental power, the dominant and subtle brain which could solve that most intricate and perplexing of problems. Oh, how proud I am of you, my hero! I am yours from this hour."

And the deep baritone of the bull-dog lapsed into silence, as the moon, emerging from the rim of a fleecy cloud, smiled a benison upon the two fond hearts thus linked for life's toilsome journey.

THE PLAIN FACTS.

WE parted in the twilight
You bade me "go,"
Your mother, I remember,
Had wish'd it so.
I summon'd all my courage
And, feeling flat,
I mutter'd, "she's a tartar,"
And grabb'd my hat.

You curl'd your little rose-lips,
And look'd divine;
I press'd them, in a frenzy,
Quite close to mine.
Then came a sound of sweeping,
Throughout the room;
And, though I did some leaping,
I got the broom.

Then, gazing through the shadows,
Beyond her reach,
I heard that queen of terrors,
Your mother—preach.
The mem'ry of that sermon
It haunts me so,
Methinks it was a foretaste
Of endless woe.

Your face was full of beauty,
Your temper sweet,
I love you still and hope we
May some day meet;
But, love, I'll never seek you
In this dark world,
For fear of that same broomstick
Your mother twirled.

As patience is a virtue,
Let's wait awhile,
Until we reach the region
That's free from guile;
And then, sweet love, we'll wander
White-rob'd, feet bare,
Upon a golden pavement—
No "tartars" there!

ERNEST E. LEIGH.

THE *Hamilton Herald* complains that some of the policemen of that town are in the habit of loading up. The best thing to do with a loaded policeman is to fire him.



ABBOTT TO THE RESCUE.

CANADA—"CAN'T YOU DO SOMETHING, SIR, TO HELP A POOR WOMAN, WHOSE CHILDREN ARE IN DISTRESS?"
PREMIER ABBOTT—"CERTAINLY, MADAM. SUCH AS I HAVE I GIVE UNTO THEE. BE YE WARMED AND FED!"



"FANTASIA ON WELL KNOWN 'AIR."

BY PADREWSKI.

ENGLAND'S FUTURE COURT.

(AS IT WILL BE IF THE FIFES COME TO THE THRONE.)

LONDON, October 29, 19—

HER MAJESTY held a drawing-room last evening. Among those present were Baron Gumperdorfer, the German ambassador, Hon. B. Jabers, American minister, and lady, Earl Chamberlain, Sir Thomas Pignuffe, the Duke and Duchess of Killiecrankie, Earl Tullochgorum, Master of the Buckhounds, Lord McTavish, Keeper of the Latch-key, Lady Gowanbrae, Mistress of the Robes, Sir Donald McCrimmon, Custodian of the Sneeshinmull and other notables. In reply to an enquiry as to the state of her royal health by Hon. Mr. Jabers, Her Majesty was pleased to reply, 'Brawly mon, brawly, an' thank ye for speerin'.'

This morning the corps of Highland pipers, under the direction of Sir Dougall McIntyre, who has recently been appointed director of the London Conservatory of Music, played for an hour in front of the Castle, rendering a number of pibrochs and strathspeys with fine effect.

Orders have just been issued, in accordance with which the Highland costume will henceforward be worn by all the flunkies and other liveried servants of the Castle. The change creates great consternation among those affected.

Owing to the difficulty of communication between Her Majesty's family and their English *entourage*, Professor Colin Gillespie, of Edinburgh has been appointed court interpreter. It is understood that the appointment is only to be a temporary one, as since Her Majesty's

accession the higher classes are rapidly familiarizing themselves with the Scottish language, and Her Majesty and the Duke of Fife have less trouble than at first in making themselves understood.

Sir Alexander Gaberlunzie, Bart., recently appointed Poet Laureate vice Baron Tennyson, deceased, has completed a beautiful birthday ode to Her Majesty, commemorating in fit terms that auspicious event for the Scottish nation. The first verse begins as follows:

Aweel ye swankies dinna thole
Wi' muckle feckless wae mon,
Oh wha wad jouk, gin swithers roll
An' ilka glowkit sae mon.

The *Spectator* pronounces it the finest poetic gem that has enriched our national anthology since the death of Burns, and infinitely superior to anything written by Milton or Shakespeare.

It is proposed to make the study of the Gaelic compulsory at Oxford in place of Greek. The disloyalty of Professor Fordivel, who strongly opposes the innovation, has caused strong feelings of indignation.

[COMPETITION.]

THE SPECTACLE TRAGEDY.

I WAS a-settin' in my rockin' chair, a-narrowin' the toe of Ezra's sock, when a horrible catastrophe was navigated behind my very eyes, and the reason I saw it with my back I will tell ye if ye promise to keep it a secret. It s true as gospel, mind ye, and I tuk it every bit in by means of me specs, wich set well out on the sides of me head. I cud see in the specs what was goin' on and I sot stiff and dignigraphed. I wasent afraid durin' that sad festivity, my mind was as clear as soup, my head sweetly stufferated, and my feet fold'd beneath the wings of my lustre gown. No, I wasent afraid. I had been renovated by noble thoughts all day, thinking as how stewed prunes was healthy for boarders, and how my old bunet wud luk like new if I wore it back end first and put new strings to it, and when that dark celebration tuk place behind my eyes, my head was as calm as the Falls of Niagara. But great minds never gets cogitated, and so I sot solid and reckinifed and came out of that blissful ceremony with eyes foremost and feet downwards. Me cap was on me head, do ye know, as firm as ever, and it was funny do ye know, but my knittin' was in me hand, and me a-workin' on it just the same as ever.

I was even a-smilin' seraph-like and a-restin' contentiously in me chair. Few sperits wud have come through that bustulated tragedy without hystericatin' or captivat'in', but *my* tempestuous sperit wafted itself to realms of bliss without a pang.

But, ah me! when I saw in my glasses them two blood-thirsty spiders walk consecratedly out on the hearth, halve and desseck that agonized beetle, strip bare his spinal column, saw asunder his jug-o'-rum vein, then eat him every scrap, it's a miracle I'm alive to-day.

ALICE DOROTHY BARTON.

17 METCALF ST., TORONTO.

A LITERARY LIGHT.

THE *Globe* appropriately refers to the poet Lampman as one of the brightest lights in Canadian literature. The characterization is felicitous. A Lamp-man ought to be a bright light, and we are pleased to see that our contemporary intends to illuminate its pages with a little of his radiance.



"THE MAN IN THE CLOUD."

—London Free Press.

COMPETITION.]

THE LETTERS AND THE LOCK.

HE.

HER letters had been stamped and mailed and posted and delivered nearly two weeks ago, and though he had carefully and deliberately removed the perfumed envelopes (an envelope is not a letter any more than a pod is a pea), the silly rubbish had cost his purse a twelve-inch foot line of ten cent stamps and the registered fee to boot. Well, well. There *was* a time, when those same *billet-doux* (queer Monsieur says billy ducks isn't the correct pronunciation of that compound word. What should he of waxed moustache and eau de cologne know about our Saxon translations of French sentiments? Darling, darling, duck, duckling. Great Scott! the back of my neck is getting warm. The air of this room could be stirred with a stick).

Yes, I *was* a fool, and if it had been but once—and if a fool but once—but hang it, I'm mixed up worse than this bundle. And now she wants her lock of hair. What's the color of her hair, anyhow? Golden, of course. But is it [golden brown or golden yellow? I

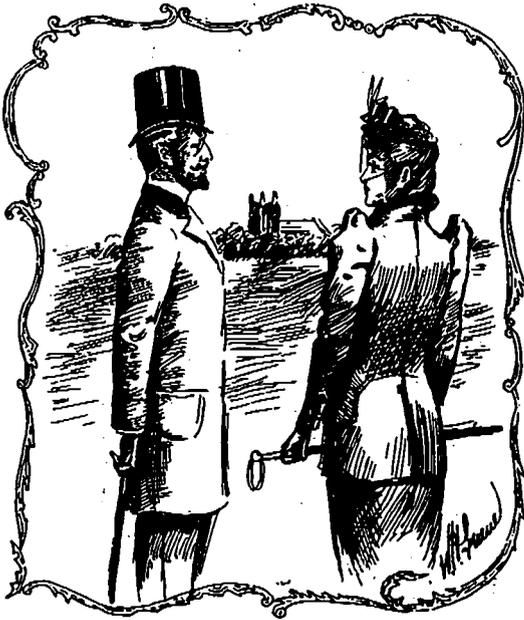
have on hand a sample of each. Yes, as I was saying to myself a short ten minutes ago, there *was* a time when those letters used to impress me with such a clever appreciation for my genius and such natural admiration for my physical attractions, that two opera tickets seemed to cost less than a few postage stamps. But a man can't be mean at any time, or at least not at all times. I'll do the generous thing this once.

SHE.

A letter, and this large bundle in that familiar hand I'll read the letter before examining the package.

CHICAGO, ILL., Feb. 1, 1892.

DEAR MISS ONEOF THEM,—Yours of 30th ult. to hand. Pray make no apology for troubling me, and let not this terminus of the affection we used to write about bear the impress of anything that might be defined as a want of delicate thoughtfulness, and such would be the case were I to allow you to think I was troubled or put out in any manner by your request. I have always striven to cultivate considerateness for those who belong to the same persuasion of sex as my mother and sisters. Consider-



A LEAP-YEARISH SUGGESTION.

BON (*her cousin on a visit*)—"I've been taking a stroll 'round the village. What a pretty, romantic little church that is yonder."

MAUD—"Yes. That is where nearly all the weddings take place. Wouldn't you like to see the inside of it with me?"

ateness for the feelings of those round about us and those far away assumes the proportions of kindness only when it is enhaled with, and sanctified by, special attention to individual claims. Then let me say over again and repeat it, make no apology for requesting me to forward your lock of hair. By this mail I send you a package containing all the locks of hair that I have received from the various young ladies whom I have been engaged to marry. You will observe that they are of so many different shades of color and such various degrees of coarseness and fineness, and they have got so mystically intertangled that it would be impossible for a man to tell which is which or which isn't which. When you have picked out yours kindly return the rest at my expense. I'll pay the postage *myself*.

Your sincere well-wisher,

FELIX SCAREDOVER.

M. H.

PAT'S DILEMMA.*

WIRRA, wirra, yer Rivrince! O'im moighty throobled—
O'im the man had the weddin' this day, Pat Malone,
And now young Moike Casey has made me onaisy
As to whether O'ive wan wolfe, or two woives, or none.

Devil take Moike!—Och, thin, in the loikes of this prishince
Is it shwearin' O'im afther, sorr? Sorra a shwear!
But me head it is tornin', me heart it is bornin'—
If a bad word should shlip, jost purtind yees don't hear.

It was this way: Ould Misthress O'Toole had twin daughters.
(Ye moind the O'Tooles, sorr, o' Ballymaglash?)
They wuz loike wan to other as Adam to's brother;
And it's *thin* is the causes of all the stramash.

They wuz loike in their iligant figgers and faytchures,
So that which wan was which it could never be known;
They wuz both fair-complected, and both well affected
(Always savin' yer prishince!) to me, Pat Malone.

* An Irish Protestant minister relates the incident (or accident) to which these verses refer.

And Oi wasn't the cowl'd-hearted blagyard to scorn him;
Long before Oi had sinse to go courtin' their charrums,
In the groves when Oi wandered the babbies Oi dandered,
The wan on me back and the tother in arrums.

And as toime it passed on, sorr, whatever the shindy—
A wake or a weddin'—ye'd foind us all three;
And a photygraph crathur took our landskips from nathur—
Here 'tis, and the man in the middle is me.

Och, yer Rivrince, it wuz an expyairience bewitchin'
To walk wid the girlreens hooked on to me toight—
Swate Mary a foshin', swate Kathleen a bloshin',
And the boys invyin' me and admoirin' the soight.

Is it which did Oi love? It wuz *both*, plaze yer Rivrince.
Is it which did Oi coort? It wuz all wan to me.
Wud Oi make a reflection on alther's perfection?
Oi coorted the darlints in aigual degree.

Sure they had but one sowl. Whin Oi whispered to Kathleen,
'Twuz Mary that cast down her beautiful oyes;
And loikewise contrary whin Oi shpoke to Mary,
'Twuz Kathleen, the jewel, that made the reproikes.

Is it which did Oi wed? Faix! but that's *your* conundrum—
O'ive giv it clane up after guessin' me fill—
Says you to the wan dear, "Do you take this man here?"
And quick as a flash says the other, "Oi will!"

'Dade it niver seemed strange till the boys began jeerin',
And thin Oi wint in for a bit of a foight.
Oi've hate Moike and Teddy to flinders alreddy,
And there's two or three more that Oi left for to-noight.

But the girlreens! They're down in the glen be me cabin—
They're watchin' and wearyin' for Pat at the door.
Is it me that's to say, sorr, what'll droive wan away, sorr?
Och, Mary Avourneen! Och, Kathleen Astore!

Is it Torks that yer Rivrince is namin', and Mormons!
God forgive ye for thinkin' me that kind of man!
Whin their dear names Oi'm sayin' 'tis blissins Oi'm prayin'—
And by the same token Oi'll tell yees me plan:

If ye'll draw up a bit of a wroitin', bequaithin'
The cabin and Phaylim (the pig, sorr, Oi mane)
To Kath'een and Mary, Oi'll lave Tipperary,
And niver see thim or ould Oireland again.

And yer Rivrince, be koind to the girlreens, poor crathurs,
And break to thim gintly that Patrick is flown.
And oh! for my sake, sorr, whose heart's loike to break, sorr,
Lit thim NOTH take the toitle of Misthress Malone.

ADAM.

CHINESE JEWS.

BUFFALO, Jan. 31.—Jew Ah Ling and Jew Ah Len where formerly deported yesterday. These are the two Chinamen who were found to be in the country unlawfully at the Albany term of the United States Court last week. Marshal Colt escorted the two as far as the Canadian border on board a Toronto train and then left them.

WE give Bro. Samjones suggestion that the U. S. is quite right in undertaking to suppress *jew-alling* (we suppose he means "duelling"), for what it is worth. But, looking at the question more seriously, do not the names of these Celestials afford food for thought to the people who are so solicitous to find out what became of the Lost Ten Tribes? Some time since, there was a learned discussion in the American press, as to the origin of the term "Sheenies," as applied to our Hebrew friends. The names of these two Celestials would seem to indicate that it may have come from Chinese. Can anybody prove that the two are not identical? Here is a splendid chance for somebody to ventilate a brand-new original theory, as to the identity of Israelites and Chinamen.

THERE is going to be a hair-pulling match between Davin and Dewdney when the House meets. We are putting our bets on Nicholas Flood.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.



ST. VALENTINE'S DAY falls on the 14th inst. Mr. Valentine, whose other name is not recorded in history, who was the original patentee, if not the inventor, of the scheme associated with his anniversary, is deceased. He lived in Rome in the third century, and comparatively little is known about him. It is not surprising, under the circumstances, that he voided publicity, as do most of his latter day votaries. That was just where Val showed his tact and presence of

mind. The ancient Romans were a somewhat austere and haughty crowd, and took a serious view of things. They were deficient in that fine sense of humor which is essential to the proper appreciation of a valentine. It is exceedingly probable, that, when a consul or lictor, or other magnate received by mail a villainously executed hand-painted daub, purporting to be a representation of himself, with an abnormal nose, of a Tyrian purple hue, and ears four sizes too large, with a poetical effusion, such as the following, appended—

You boozey old chump the girl who would wed
An object like you would be out of her head.
You are no good at all you measly galoot
With your spindly shanks and your grog-blossom snoot
To hang myself sooner I would incline
Than ever I would live to be your valentine.

—he would grow highly indignant over it, and swear by all the large and well-selected assortment of gods, which the Romans kept in stock for the purpose, that he would be revenged. People nowadays have no idea what a touchy and irritable set those old Romans were. They never could take a joke. So Valentine continued for many years to shroud himself in obscurity, and ran his valentine factory in an underground and intermittent sort of a way to avoid being arrested by the Pretorian guard. Owing, no doubt, to the difficulties under which he laboured, his artistic designs were characterized by considerable crudity. A less important department of his business was furnishing to love-lorn swains and damsels, those metrical epistles, supposed to be expressive of affection, in which the rhymes "heart" and "dart," "love" and "dove," occur with painful reiteration, accompanied by representations of Cupids and other appropriate symbols. Val's strong point was not startling originality. Finally an outraged public seem to have got onto him, for it is recorded that he was beaten with clubs, and finally beheaded. His remains are preserved in the church of St. Praxedes at Rome, and his memory is enshrined in the hearts of the public, who are indebted to his invention for a cheap and easy way of getting even with anyone against whom they have a spite.—R. I. P.

A NURSERY RHYME RE-MODELLED.

"**W**HO comes here?"—"A Grenadier."
"What do you want?"—"To be officier."
"How is your bank account?"—"Pretty slim."
"Clear out young fellow, you ain't in the swim."



HOUSEHOLD ECONOMY.

MRS. JIMSON (to new "help")—"Why, Susan, you have cut off the roots of the celery."

NEW HELP—"Yes, ma'am; but they won't be wasted. I like that part of it, so I'll eat them myself."

"MISTAKES OF BOB!"

MR. MAYOR FLEMING is inspired by democratic instincts, and has, we believe, a desire to follow a bee line of sound sense. But like a good many other would-be democrats, he has a strange tendency to state socialism, which is, in its essence, the antipodes of true democracy. It is announced that the Mayor has determined to use his influence to compel members of the civic service to pay their debts to local tradesmen. At first sight this may seem a commendable course on his part. It is easy to understand that a man of high honor is disgusted to see civic employees, who are well able to pay their way, keeping their grocers, bakers, etc., waiting for their pay, and making frequent dunning excursions to City Hall. But Mr. Mayor must not forget to remember that he is elected as Chief Magistrate, not as Head Bailiff. He has no more right to interfere in the private affairs of corporation employees than in those of citizens at large. He will find plenty to do in looking after the legitimate duties of his onerous position without undertaking any such futile task as he appears to have set himself. If he feels bad about the unhappy creditors, let him advise them in a fatherly way to give no more credit to fellows who won't pay up. This is as far as he has any call to go.

EXPERIENTIA DOCET.

A FOOL
A mule
Once tried
To ride.

When licked
Mule kicked,
Then stopped.
Fool dropped
Against
T a fence.

Since then he's got a heap more sense.



No. I.

No. II.

APROPOS OF THE SYDNEY TAILORS' STRIKE.

HIS WIFE—"Augustus, if you will get the material.... I really do believe I could make you a pair."

No. 2—And she succeeded.—*Sydney Bulletin.*

THE COMPETITION.

THE Canadian woods appear to be full of humorous writers. A vast mass of matter has reached us in connection with the Humor Competition announced on page 4, and every mail brings additions to it. Although the formal adjudication on the articles has not yet begun, a preliminary examination discloses the fact that there are many skits of high merit in the big bundle. We have thought it advisable to publish some of the articles in advance of the judges' decision, as a sort of criterion to intending competitors. No opinion is expressed by such publication—the articles published may be the best or the worst sent in. The effort of subsequent writers must be, of course, to surpass them.

HOW HE IMPRESSED THEM.

MISS WATERLOO—"So you have had J—R—R—lecturing in your town on Freemasonry. Did you see him?"

MISS BERLIN—"Oh yes, as the Irishman saw the moon—at a distance."

MISS WATERLOO—"What sort is he?"

MISS BERLIN—"Grand—gloomy—and peculiar."

MISS WATERLOO—"I heard they would not allow any ladies to attend the lecture. I suppose for fear they would know too much of the craft."

MISS BERLIN—"Oh no; for fear we would find out how little there was to know!" JOYCE HETHERTON.

A CRUEL JOKE.

FLIPJACK—"Morning, Hostetter. This is a great piece of business, eh?"

HOSTETTER—"What?"

FLIPJACK—"Why, haven't you heard? The Universal Bank has closed its doors."

HOSTETTER—"Geewhittaker, you don't tell me! I hold ten thousand dollars of their stocks. I am ruined. The scoundrels! What could have caused it?"

FLIPJACK—"The cold weather, I guess. You wouldn't want them to do business with the snow drifting in, and the thermometer way down near zero, would you?"

OBVIOUSLY DEFECTIVE.

CONTRIBUTOR—"I called to enquire whether you had looked over my article on Theosophy and Spiritualism."

EDITOR—"Yes, here is the manuscript."

CONTRIBUTOR—"Isn't it up to the mark? What's wrong with it? I have endeavored to embody all the latest results of psychological investigation."

EDITOR—"Yes, that's all right, but you have unaccountably omitted the Shakespearian quotation, 'There are more things 'twixt heaven and earth, Horatio, than ever were dreamed of in our philosophy.' No article on those subjects is complete without it. Work her in somewhere and it goes."

THE "EMPIRE" TAKES THE CAKE.

MANY years ago an impudent boy went into a Quakers' meeting house in London, England. The spirit not having moved any one to speak there was a profound silence. Young Impudence, holding up a penny cake in his hands, was moved by the spirit to say, "This cake is for the one who will tell the biggest lie." Up rose a white-haired Quaker who said, motioning off the proffered cake, "Friend, I never told a lie in my life—go away." But Impudence with a flash of genius, thrusting the cake upon him, instantly replied, "Sir; the cake is yours."

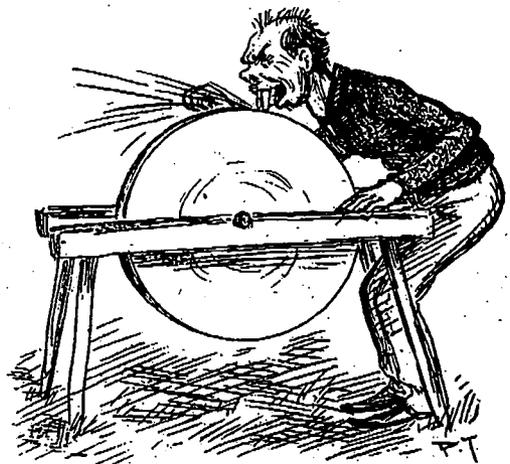
The *Toronto Empire* has issued a circular again claiming that "it has the largest circulation of any morning journal in Canada." This is notoriously untrue, as all news vendors know.

The *Empire* having imitated the white haired Quaker—"I never told a lie"—GRIP has much pleasure in handing the cake to our journalistic Munchausen.

WHAT THE LAIRD PUT UP.

DURING the recent sittings of the Crofters Commission on the Clyth estate, one of the crofters on being examined before the Commissioners, said he had put up a new dwelling-house, a new barn, a new byre and stable. "And while you were putting up all these did not the laird put up anything?" asked one of the Commissioners. "Oh, ay, sir," said the crofter, "he put up the rent."—*The Peoples' Journal, Scotland.*

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FIRST three months free of charge. On account of the large number of invalids who have been unable, owing to the rush, to consult the staff of eminent physicians and surgeons, now permanently located at No. 272 Jarvis street (near Gerrard) before January 1st, these eminent doctors have kindly extended the time for giving their services free to March 1st, therefore all invalids who call upon them before March 1st will receive services for the first three months free of charge. The only favor desired is a recommendation from those whom they cure. The object in pursuing this course is to become rapidly and personally acquainted with the sick and afflicted.

The doctors treat every variety of disease and deformity and will perform all surgical operations free this month, viz.: The removal of cancers, tumors, cataract, polypi, etc. All diseases of the eye, ear, throat, lungs, heart, stomach, liver, kidneys, bladder and all female difficulties arising from whatever cause, nervous prostration, failing vitality and all diseases originating from impure blood are treated with the greatest success.

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Invalids will please not take offence if they are rejected as incurable. The physicians will examine you thoroughly free of charge, and if incurable they will positively tell you so. Also caution you against spending more money for useless medicine.

Remember the date and go early, as their offices are crowded daily. Hours from 9 a.m. to 5, and from 7 to 8 p.m. Sundays from 2 to 4 p.m.

KENTUCKY should be represented on the national flag by a shooting star.—*Puck*.

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MOTHER—"Have you seen Mr. Brown's son since he got home from college?"

DAUGHTER—"Yes, I saw him last night."
"Has he improved much?"
"Oh, awfully. He's got a moustache."

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.

FEATHERSTONE—"I wonder where those trousers are that I ordered?"

RINGWAY—"Why, I thought you said you couldn't afford any more clothes?"

FEATHERSTONE—"I couldn't; but I got a new tailor."—*Clothier and Furnisher.*

THE Superiress of the House of Bethlehem, Ottawa, says of Dyer's Improved Food for Infants: "We have made use of Dyer's Improved Food for Infants, and certify that it has been a most beneficial nourishment to the infants under our charge."

READERS of GRIP this week, will do well to notice the "front page," as same contains some very strong recommendations from parties who have been restored to health again through the use of Radam's Microbe Killer; something which ought to be of interest to any who are, or have friends suffering from so-called incurable diseases.

GROCER—"Have you any references, young man?"

APPLICANT (for job as salesman)—"No, sir; but I can tie up a package of sugar with a knot that the customer can't untie in half an hour."

He got the job.—*Chicago Tribune.*

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WAITER—"Afraid I can't, sir. The water's off the bile."

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—*Puck.*

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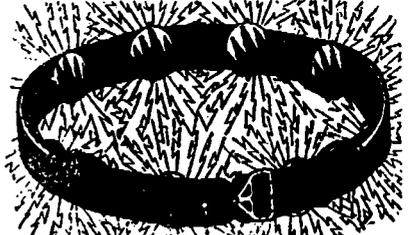
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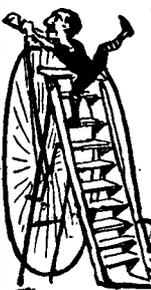
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