

GRIP

EDITED BY J. W. BENGOUGH



GRIP ENG



LITIER - ATUPE

MUSIC

DRAM-A

WISDOM WEARIN THE MASK OF FOLLY

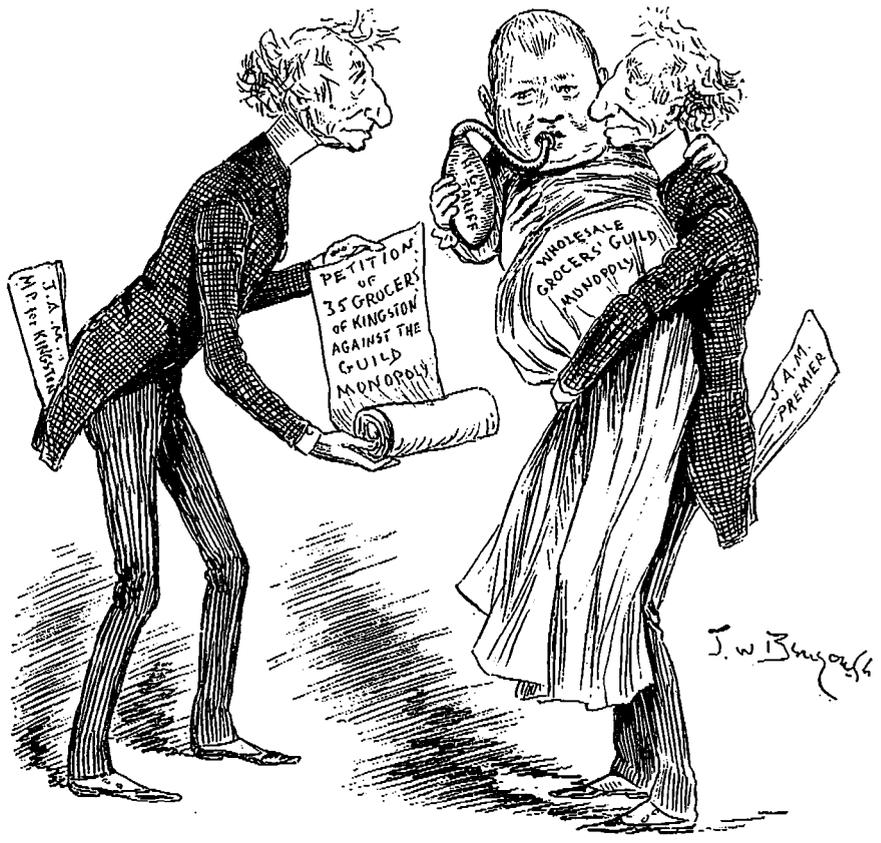
TERMS

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The gravest beast is the Ass.
 The gravest bird is the Owl.
 The gravest fish is the Oyster.
 The gravest man is the fool.
 — J. W. BENGOUGH



J. W. Bengough

"CONFLICTING CAPACITIES."

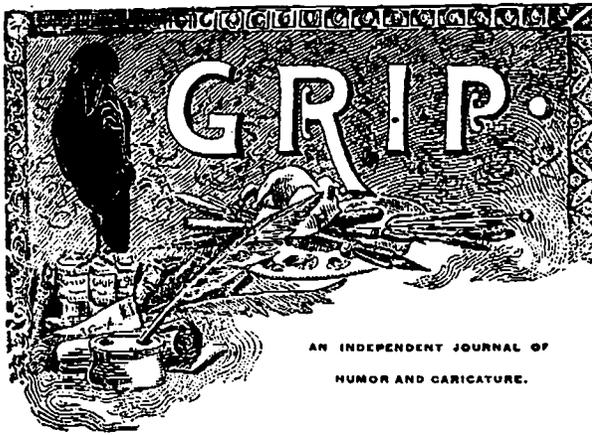
"Sir John Macdonald had a peculiar duty imposed upon him to-day. As member for Kingston he presented a petition of thirty-five grocers of his constituency, representing practically the whole trade of that place, against the character and operations of the Dominion Grocers' Guild. Practically the Premier was put in the position of praying for Parliament to destroy the child he had created, increased through a somewhat troubled infancy, and brought to a strength and maturity dangerous to the commercial life and freedom of the whole country."—Globe, Tuesday.

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Comments on the Cartoon.



THE WEIGHT OF ARGUMENT.—Although Sir Chas. Tupper has been prevented by illness from taking any actual part in the great Reciprocity debate, he has given no intimation of his dissent from the amendment to Sir Richard Cartwright's resolution, in which the Government declares against Reciprocity with the United States except upon the impossible terms of retaining "Protection" to Canadian manufacturers. It is fair, therefore, to put the Minister of Finance forward as the representative of Restriction, as he is unquestionably the greatest figure in the Cabinet. At this writing the debate is still going on, and some able speakers are yet to be heard on both sides. It is not likely, however, that anything really new will be contributed to the discussion. The case has been ably argued *pro* and *con*, and may even now go to the jury. Let us sum up the chief points very briefly. The friends of Reciprocity have shown clearly (1) That, from whatever cause, Canada has suffered a serious loss of her population, and is now in a far from satisfactory position financially. (2) That these unfortunate facts cannot be accounted for on the ground of anything essentially wanting in the climate, soil, or situation of our country, or in the character of our people; but are the demonstrable effects of our fiscal policy. (3) That that policy (Protection) benefits the few at the expense of the many, and is in the last degree cruel and unjust to the great producing classes upon which the prosperity of the land chiefly depends. (4) That it is the first duty of Canadian statesmen to be loyal to Canada; that is, to the interests of the vast mass of our population. (5) That Unrestricted Reciprocity with the United States would not only be a great boon to Canada materially, but would subserve the highest political interests of Great Britain, in helping to cement the

good feeling existing between the English-speaking nations; it would also, unquestionably, prove to be in the interests of British trade, by increasing the purchasing power of the people of both Canada and the United States, who want British goods. In reply to these and many other considerations which have been supported by facts, figures and authoritative documents, what have we had? (1) That our infant industries must be nourished. (2) That it would be disloyal for us to seek Unrestricted Reciprocity with a foreign country. (3) That we can't get it, anyway, so there is no use trying. (4) That if our population is diminishing it is not because of a market artificially restricted, but because the newly-arrived emigrants are driven away by alarmist speeches of the Opposition. (5) That the prosperity of the mass of the people depends on the prosperity of the factories, and not *vice versa*; therefore the interests of a few manufacturers are of more importance than those of many farmers, lumbermen, fishermen and cattle dealers. But let every one of our readers peruse the debate on both sides from beginning to end—it is well worth while to mark the utter weakness of the ablest men of the Government to meet the stubborn facts presented in favor of Continental Free Trade.

CONFLICTING CAPACITIES.—Sir John can no doubt sympathize with the Lord Chancellor in *Iolanthe*, who points out the inconvenience of being "a man of two capacities," when these are conflicting. His Lordship of the comic opera found himself in a delicate situation in a matter of the heart. Having fallen in love with a Ward in Chancery, it became necessary that, as a suitor, he should get the consent of the Lord Chancellor, and he felt a natural diffidence in approaching himself on the subject. The scene in the House at Ottawa the other day, when Sir John, as member for Kingston, presented a strong petition from the grocers of that city against the wholesale grocers' monopoly, of which Sir John is, by virtue of the tariff, the official protector, was almost as ludicrous and quite as embarrassing. It is not stated, however, that the Premier gave any token of appreciating the humor of the event.

THE "Third Party" was ushered into existence at Shaftesbury Hall on Wednesday of last week. The Provisional Committee of midwives saw fit to admit only those delegates who would sign their names to the platform of nine principles—the same not to be open to discussion for the present—and this gave rise to a meeting of Dissidents, at which a resolution condemning the course of the managers was passed. No doubt a satisfactory understanding will be arrived at in due course, but meantime the scoffers are enjoying their *bon mot* that the Prohibition Party was born twins.

THERE are two or three planks Mr. GRIP would like to see added to the platform of the New Party when it comes to be thoroughly ventilated in the more or less remote future. One of these is Continental Free Trade. Restriction, repression, utter prohibition—this is sound policy toward one line of business—that of drink and drunkard-making. But every honest and legitimate industry should be given freedom and encouragement. If we cannot yet have free trade with the whole world—which will come with the advance of civilization—let us at least abolish the barbarism of a continental tariff, which is not merely silly but unchristian.

AND, because it is the part of common sense and sound political economy to remove artificial barriers from the path of commerce, we go in for another plank, to wit: the abolition of taxation on individual industry. The present system of collecting taxes is unjust, cumbersome and expensive; in some of its departments it offers a premium on lying, and as a whole it is in the interests of monopoly. The new party should declare for local option in the matter of taxation, giving each municipality the right to say from what source it will collect its necessary revenue.

SPEAKING of taxation, notwithstanding that we are now docked on income, real estate, personal property and on everything we wear and eat, the public treasury is so poorly off that some of the most important and deserving of causes have to be refused needed help, or at best assisted meagerly. Take the Industrial Schools, for example—grand institutions that are engaged in picking waifs from the gutters and setting them on the road to good citizenship. Has the state any more practically useful work than this, of transforming incipient criminals into good and law-abiding tax-payers? And yet the Government of this premier province groans at giving \$1,000 per year to the school at Minico, where magnificent work is being done. Where can we get a fund for the support of this essential state-work?

* * *

WE'LL tell you. Let us have a law such as they have in England—a probate tax of \$5,000 on all wills involving aggregate bequests of over \$50,000; and graded fees on amounts below that. Fix the figures in whatever proportion may seem meet, but haven't we here a plan by which these splendid institutions may be helped without putting the whole burden on private individuals? Many of our rich citizens depart to the better world without making any provision for these objects. It is a mere matter of forgetfulness, of course. But with such a law in operation, the defects of their memories would be nicely supplied.

* * *

WHEN our sickeningly sycophantic Aldermen name a street after Gladstone or Bismarck and then write to the distinguished personage to tell him they have done so, do they as a rule get the customary mug-and-spoon of the traditional god-father by way of acknowledgement? If so, what becomes of the table furniture? We ask in the interest of an anxious public, knowing how necessary it is to enquire about spoons that may be left around the city hall.

* * *

IT begins to look as if the glorious days of '49 are a out to be re-enacted in north-western Ontario. The alk in and around the Soo (by which phonetic inspiration they have shortened down Salt Saint Maria) is all of gold and silver and precious stones. The mining fever is breaking out all over Algoma and dreams of wealth are the order of the day and night. Our friends, R. T. Lowrey & Co., notwithstanding they are publishers, have been touched by the complaint, and, throwing off the air of simple content with a humble lot which distinguishes publishers, they have joined the wild race for riches. They lead the van, in fact. But they know a trick better than going into the mining business, at which only a few millions can be made in a year. They want a big scoop or nothing, so they have decided to start a new monthly publication to be called *The Nugget and Algoma Literary Journal*. Need we say we wish our enterprising friends success?

* * *

THE London *Advertiser* declares that the platform of the New Party is simply that of the long established Reform Party, with the addition of a straight declaration in favor of Prohibition. Yes; it is too bad that those cranky temperance people are so impatient and precipitate in their action. If they would only "hold up" a couple of centuries or so the grand old party would probably give some consideration to the anti-liquor plank. It's too bad

THE *Globe* expresses astonishment and anger at certain members of the House at Ottawa who cried out "No! No!" when Mr. Barron declared that it was the duty of members to "consider Canadian interests even if they did conflict with those of Great Britain." The *Globe* will, no doubt, be glad to learn that the interjections were the result of a misunderstanding. The gentlemen in question are advocates of "Canada for the Canadians" and some of them would wade through gore to protect Canadian rights; they couldn't therefore have meant that Canada's interests were to be sacrificed for Great Britain's. But they misunderstood Mr. Barron. They thought he said John A's *not* John Bull's.

* * *

REV. W. T. McMULLEN, of Woodstock, in a public letter says, "I am not in sympathy with those who advocate a painless death as the punishment of a brutal murder." Like Gilbert's "Mikado," this good gentleman believes in "making the punishment fit the crime," and he would be a very good man for the proposed office of public executioner. There is just a danger, however that under the guidance of his sweet and tender philosophy, we would shortly have a revival of the good old days of thumbscrews and racks. Isn't it wonderful how like to savages are some cultured Christians!



SYMPATHY.

She.—"I hear that you have lost your valuable little dog, Mr. Sissy."
He.—"Ya'as, in a railroad accident. I was saved but the dawg was killed."
She (shocked).—"What a pity!"

THE deputy-postmaster at Kingston was suspended on Saturday on the charge of abstracting money from letters. We object to hanging for small offences.

A YOUNG artist was showing a visitor a water-color sketch of his of a certain picturesque rural summer resort

Visitor.—A nice place to rusticate, eh? Is it a pretty place, this Zephyr's Falls?

Young artist (with dignity).—Sir, my picture answers that question.

Visitor.—Ah—um! On that recommendation I don't think I'll go to Zephyr's Falls.

THE LAST RESORT.

I'm a man devoid of capital,
Without a regular trade,
And many things I've tried by which
A living may be made ;
I was educated for the law,
But found it much too slow,
And having neither friends nor cash,
I didn't get much show.

When tired as briefless barrister
Of respectable starvation,
I determined as a book-keeper
To seek a situation.
And for six dollars weekly pay
I slaved from morn till night ;
I threw it up in much disgust
And left with pockets light.

I then got on a newspaper
To win my way to fame,
I wrote some strong sensations up
But soon came in for blame ;
For people said I slandered them.
And proved it, too, quite clear,
And half-a-dozen libel suits
There ended my career.

My father planked some money down
To give me one more chance,
I opened out a grocery store
And credit did advance ;
For the way that they do business now
Compels a man to trust,
The consequences need I relate ?
In half-a-year I bust !

Since then I've been an auctioneer,
A civil service clerk,
A stumper at election times,
A preacher in the park ;
A book agent, a hack driver,
A shoveller of snow,
I've advertised a fake recipe
To cause the hair to grow.

Although so many things I've tried
I've not been a success—
I've dead loads of experience,
But ready cash far less ;
And now at last the end has come,
None can escape his fate—
I'm opening out an office
For the sale of real estate !

THE DUDE'S REVENGE.



OR several years the dude has been the butt of the reporter and paragraphist. What countless jokes have been told or invented at his expense! How his dress and manners and supposed peculiarities have been held up to ridicule in every possible way! He has been lampooned, burlesqued and aspersed, until the public are tired of hearing or seeing the word. But the tables are at length turned and the dude's turn has come. With the advent of society journalism the much abused dude has become an im-

portant and much sought after personage. Society papers must have society news items and the dude having the run of the charmed circle can get them, while his old enemy, the ordinary journalist is hopelessly debarred. It is a glorious revenge for the dude. He can have the satisfaction of mingling in exclusive circles and jotting down

items for sale to the society press while his maligners hover in vain around the portals and can obtain nothing in the way of information but a few vague generalities. The "brainless dude" can market the report of a fashionable entertainment at a figure which is enough to make his hated Bohemian detractor turn green with envy. It is now his turn to laugh. Verily, as the poet has somewhere remarked—"The mills of the gods grind slowly but they get there with both feet at last," or words to that effect.



AN INTERMINABLE DISCUSSION.

THE Canadian literature question continues to occupy the attention of the *quid nuncs cognocenti*. We don't clearly know what the latter term implies, but it imparts an air of erudition to the observation, so let her go G— beg pardon, we mean *litera scripta manet*. That's better. We were about to remark, that Canadian literature appears to be entering upon a critical stage of its career. (Mild witticism.) Everybody who has ever written a letter to the press appears anxious to have a hand in the controversy, and if the maxim that in the multitude of counsellors there is wisdom held invariably true, we should by this time be in a state of perfect enlightenment, instead of being still in doubt as to whether we have a Canadian literature or not. Briefly and succinctly stated the question at issue is "What constitutes a literature? and what or who is a Canadian? if we have a literature, is it Canadian? if we haven't, why haven't we? if we have, and it isn't Canadian, why isn't it? if it is what is all the talk about anyway? and if it isn't, how is it to become so by means of certain valuable critical and enthusiastic wet-nurses and foster-fathers of C. L. writing letters to the newspapers discoursing thereabout?"

GRIP's idea on the whole complicated problem is that the only way to produce a literature is for somebody to set to work and write books so good that the public will buy, or at any rate borrow, and read them, assimilate their ideas and not have to be continually reminded of their existence to prevent their forgetting them. An ounce of real original creation is worth tons of criticism and wordy windy talk about literature. Such books by Canadian writers as may escape the oblivion which fortunately is the lot of ninety-nine works out of every hundred will do so, not because they are "Canadian," but because they are in the true sense "literature."

There is one thing to be said in favor of the discussion. When a writer is arguing over the merits of our native literature he can't be also writing about the tariff. If only for this the controversy should be encouraged.

AIRLIE IN PARIS.

(SECOND EPISTLE.)

DEAR MAISTER GRIP,—



IRST an' foremost I maun tell ye a' about ma interview wi' the Grand Auld Man. Ye see I had just waukened up an' was stannin' glowerin' oot o' the window, scartin' ma head an' raxin' ma jaws a wee when wha does I see but the letter carrier comin pooterin' along the ither side o' the street. Sae I opens the window (thae French windows just open like doors, ye ken) an' sings oot "Hae ye onything for me there." "Jenny Comprong Pa?" says he, luckin' up.

"No" says I. "I'm no' Jenny Comprong's Pa; a' the family I hae is a'e wee bit laddie. My name's Airlie—Hugh Airlie—ye'll see't on the letter if ye'll only tak the trouble tae luck."

Weel the stupid fellow jist shook his head an' said again, "Jenny Comprong Pa," sae I tuk for granted that Jenny's faither was the only man in the buildin' that had a letter comin till him. Accordingly I steekit the window an' had just gotten comfortably intae ma breeks when a ring at the door o' the flet I bide on waukened up Sandy. Ye see, Sandy, bein' a marrit man, bides in a very decent flet in the Shargs Louisa, an' I bide wi'



A broken wall and a building outside his parlour and handkerchief round his ears

or all bags or any thing that came handy

SOME EFFECTS OF THE NEW YORK BLIZZARD.

(REPRODUCED FROM A PRIVATE LETTER OF A CANADIAN RESIDENT OF GOTHAM.)

Sandy; it's cheaper than rentin' rooms frae the heathen Parlyvoos. So when the ring cam, Sandy sings oot, "Are ye up, Airlie?"

"Hoots; I, this oor an' mair," says I.

"Weel then, I wish ye wad see wha that is at the door."

"Wi' the greatest pleasure" says I, "Sandy." For ye see I aye try to be polite when I'm in France.

Awa I gangs to the door, an' wha d'ye think it was but the wee bit wizened mannikin they ca' the concierge, an' gabblin' something or ither in his outlandish tongue, he hands me a letter wi' the Florence post mark on it. It was addressed "Hugh Airlie, Esq., Special Correspondent Toronto GRIP, Champs Elysees, Paris." Wi' some trepidation I opened the letter an' read as follows:—

"MY DEAR AIRLIE,—

"As I will be passing through Paris to-morrow, will you come down to the station and meet me when the train arrives at noon. I cannot allow the opportunity of making myself acquainted with such a remarkable man to pass without availing myself of it. Besides, there are certain matters which I should like to enquire into personally, chief of which is the working of Home Rule in Canada and the feeling of the masses in regard to Ireland. Before proceeding to England I wish to be assured of the moral support of Canadians, which the treatment of Editor O'Brien had led me somewhat to doubt. I have the honor to be, my dear Airlie,

"Yours very sincerely,

"W. E. GLADSTONE."

Wi' the letter i' ma hand I steppit ben tae Sandy's room, an' chappin' at the door, I says "Sandy McDaunder, for gudesake tell yer gudewife tae hurry up an' licht the fire an get me a bite o' breakfast."

"What's yer hurry?" says he.

"I've just gotten a letter frae the Grand Auld Carle Gladstone, an' he's made a tryst wi' me tae meet him at the station at noon," says I.

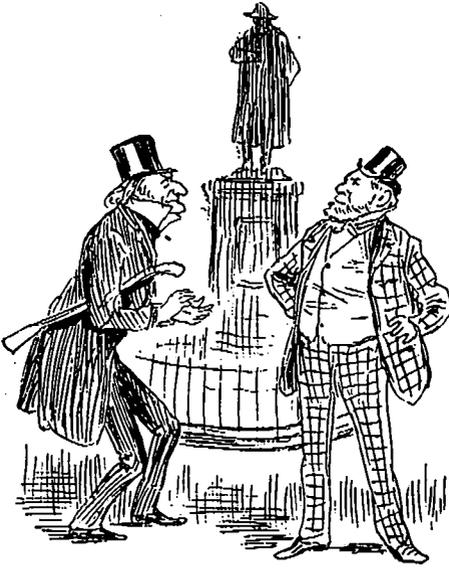
"No' possible," says Sandy, jumpin' oot o' bed. "Just wait a meenit, I'll be there the noo." An' wi' that, ben he comes an' quo he "Weel, Hugh! ye'll better tak the len' o' my silk hat gin ye're gaun to see Gladstone. Hae ye a clean collar tae pit on?" says he.

A cauld sweat brake on me when I minded that I had gein ma last collar tae the washerwoman, but Sandy again cam tae the rescue, sae, after a gude breakfast, I got rigged oot in ma best checked tweed an' Sandy's black silk hat. It was a fine hat—as far as it gaed, but that wasn't a very far, for it just sat up on the croon o' ma head, an' deil a bit further doon could I get it. Hooever, as there was nae wind tae speak o', it managed tae stick on. Ye may be sure I kept up the dignity of ma poseetion when I gaed marchin' up an' doon the platform waitin' for ma freen, but at length the train cam slowin' in, wi' a venerable nose an' chin that I recognized the meenit I clappit ma een on them, stickin' oot o' the car window. I wasnae sae sure though about him kennin' me in Sandy's silk hat, sae I never let on but stood richt in front o' the platform carefully readin' GRIP, for I kent he wad recognize me by that. Sure enough, wi' the tail o' ma e'e I see's a fine white hand stretched oot o' the car window an' a voice sayin', "How's a' wi' ye, Airlie?" An' afore ye cud say Jack Robinson he was oot on the platform wi' an axe handle in a'e hand an' a volume o' Dante in the ither, crackin' awa to me like ony five-year-old.

"Noo," says I, cleekin ma airm intill his, "you just cam awa wi' me, an' the first thing we'll go tae the tomb o' Napoleon."

Well, when we cam doon the Boulevard Invalides, an' at last stood luckin doon wi' oor hats off at the last restin' place o' the great destroyer, Gladstone he luckit at me an' I luckit at him, but for a meenit I could only say "Hech! Hech!" After a wee, hooever, a cauld draught made this sort o' thing a wee tiresome, sae, clappin' on ma hat again an' straikin' a becomin attitude, I said:—





"Maister Gladstone, G.O.M., this is the proodest moment in ma life. This meenit, sir, that witnesses this remarkable meetin' atween the Great Destroyer—noo dead, Gude be thankit—an' the Great Restorer, livin' an' likely to live—Lord be praised. When I luck at that axe in your hand, sir, an' think hoo it hammered down the dungeon doors at Naples, an' helpit Garibaldi to smash the chains that a monstrous superstition had forged roon the bonny ankles an' shapely wrists o' dark-eyed Italia,—hoo, like the iron hatchet o' the prophet, it swam, aye an' crossed the Gulf an' pried open the coffin lid, whaur Greece lay kickin' after just waukenin' up an' findin' herself buried alive; when I think on hoo it hammered awa at the oppressors of the Montenegrins an' was aye gien the ither clip at a' kinds o' despotism an' tyranny, baith at hame an' abroad—I declare tae ye, sir, that gin ye wad only leave me that axe in yer legacy, I wad hae it embalmed in a wreath o' ivy an' putten under a glass case an' sent doon tae the Museum at Ottawa as a reminder o' what a'e simple weapon in the hands o' an earnest man can accomplish.

"On the ither hand tak Boney lyin' there. Kent ye ever a name more applicable to ony human bein'? Boney! the man was a manufacturer o' bones—he turned Europe intill a vast bone-yard; he was the genius o' destruction, a human Juggernaut whose devotees were sae drunk wi' glory an' ignorance as tae throw themsels doon tae be crushed aneath his chariot wheels. An' after a' his chariot got nae farther than St. Helena,—an here lie his puir bones. Boney in life—hoo much mair boney in death. France has been a gude deal better tae him than he ever was tae her. For his ain glorification he watered the plains of Europe wi' French bluid; for his ain glorification he left French bones for the vultures to pick, an' for manure for foreign vineyards (bones are a splendid thing for vines) but France brocht his bones hame carefully an' built this fine kirk on tap o' them an' paid sentinels tae watch them nicht an' day. I verily believe if the deil was dead a' mankind wad subscribe tae raise a monument abune his sulphurous carcase."

When I got through, the Grand Auld Mon stuck his Dante in his oxter, his axe aneath his airm and clappit his hands till I declare I was fered he would wauken auld Boney oot o' his nap; sae I implored him no' tae

dae sic an ill turn tae puir Boulanger, wha was quietly waitin' to thresh the Germans in order tae show something tae justify the extraordinary high opinion the French had somehoo gotten o' him.

After that we tuk a cab for the station, an' ye may be very sure I didna fail tae gie the auld mon a piece o' my mind aboot what I thocht o' the French ha'ein' naked worren an' men stuck up on a' the public buidlin's, some o' them wi' the duds drappin' off their backs an some wi' deil a steek o' claes on ava. I'm just shakin' every time I turn a corner, an' that's a'e thing I maun say in favor o' that auld infidel, Voltaire; he had the decency tae tak his auld cloak aboot him, afore he got set up there in the middle o' the street for folk tae glower at.

Yours, till the next time,
HUGH AIRLIE.

Daggers.—I saw you give a dollar to that organ-grinder who played in front of your house the evening of your wite's party. What made you so extravagant?

Swaggers.—I had good reason to be. That organ-grinder is my wite's brother; and if I didn't come down handsomely when he comes round, he'd give the relationship dead away.

MISS JONES' ARISTOCRATIC MARRIAGE



R. JONES was an old man, a very old man; a man, however, still retaining all his faculties—especially memory. He forgot nothing. A long career of honorable industry had brought its reward of an affluent old age—his children had all married well, so far as the world goes—that's to say, they, having shown themselves to be possessed of the necessary pile, had been admitted into society, married in society, and held their heads high therein. In their cup of worldly pleasure, however, there was mingled one drop of gall, and that was "pa's frightful memory." It so happened that both daughters had married bank

dudes—these dudes having left their polygog state of existence in the aristocratic frog-ponds of England, and come thither to swell out their waistcoats in a differently developed state of society. Canadian society has this contemptible weakness, that instead of being proud of having achieved the means of purchasing this world's coveted pleasures by honorable industry or rare business talent, it is ashamed of it—and the moment the most brainless idiot hailing from aristocratic England appears upon the scene, even though he may for the credit of the family have been packed off with an allowance to the colonies, to be out of the way;—that instant Canadian society, instead of calmly investigating his claims to be admitted into its inner circle—pales, blushes, rushes to cover up with a silken curtain the honorable past, lest forsooth the wholesome sweetness of honest labor might not be pleasing to the unhealthy tastes of his possible lordship. Mr. Jones was a singular man. Though he had, like the spider, worked with his hands at one time, still he neither spoke bad grammar nor used his h's promiscuously. Yet there were times when his daughters, had it not been for the sin of the thing, would have wished he was dead. The youngest sister of all was yet to marry, and the elder sisters were determined

she should marry a lord, a *bona fide* English lord, and there would be an end to the persistent turning up of certain noses in society, the noses of those who always made a point of refreshing the memory with Mr. Jones' hard-working past. These people always made it their business to buttonhole Mr. Jones, when in company, with a "Mr. Jones, do *you* remember when that line between So-and-So was built—I—ah—," to which the answer would come in the most delightfully honest manner, "Well, I ought to, when I watered that same road with the sweat of my brow—that was before I got my first contract—and I had hard work to get my old boss to go my security, too." These people were the Jugsons, whose paternal and maternal ancestors were remembered as standing for many long years behind the greasy counter of a beery-smelling corner grocery, where the men customers used to open the door and walk straight through into some mysterious recess behind the hogs-heads which stood conveniently piled at the end of the counter. This was the dirty chrysalis out of which the Jugsons emerged into their present butterfly state of existence. Between the two families there had always been a bitter feud, which was kept up by the most studious politeness the ladies never omitting to kiss on meeting. At the time of which I write however, it ran rancorously high. Parties and balls were being given, each out-vieing the other in display—for the long-sighed-for eligible had come at last, and the game of catch-who-can was being played. Papa Jones grumbled about the bills, and much more at being gagged as to all reference to his origin in presence of young Dawdle.

Young Dawdle had as yet no title, but he was heir presumptive to his uncle, the Earl of Dawdlehope, and successor to the baronetcy of his father, Sir Soso Humph Dawdle.

The title, and the consequent *entré* into the aristocratic circles of England being simply a matter of time, the fair anglers adroitly threw the bait, the fish chose the bait of the contractor, being the largest, and was well-nigh landed into the Jones family basket, when Mr. Jones nearly jerked the hook off one evening, when, waxing confidential over a bottle of wine and a cigar, he launched forth into his favorite topic—"old times." Much to the merriment of the bridegroom-elect, he told how Jugson had been nearly ruined by the corpses of two rats having been found by the shop boy at the bottom of the syrup-barrel, and how rusty hams and tainted herrings had formed the basis of their present fortune. For his own part, though he had worn out many a pair of overalls, and had spat in his hard palms many's the time, he would never have been where he was now if he hadn't used his head as well as his hands. He always managed to apply for a contract just before election day, and gave them to understand that his men were all solid on the proper side; never exactly said so, you know—but he always got fat contracts.

It was only when he caught a glimpse of his daughter standing aghast in the door of the library that he dimly suspected he was putting his foot in it some way or other



—but he precipitated matters by saying, "Come in, Ada. Dawdle won't think any the less of you for your father being an honest and upright working man."

This was too much. Ada fainted dead away; and when she came to she was lying on the lounge with Dawdle's tearful countenance bending above her, and his trembling voice exclaiming, "Ow! ow! my dawling! live—live faw me. I am pwoud to think you are a daw-taw of the people. I shall take you 'ome with me, my beautiful, my pee-ah-less bwide, and your father himself, the noblest specimen of 'umanity it 'as been my lot to witness, shall also stand in the 'alls—my hancestral 'alls."

"Shake on that!" said old Mr. Jones, who was so touched by the young man's nobleness of nature, that he doubled the *dot* he had originally intended for this, the last of his daughters.

When it became known that the marriage was to actually take place, the Jugsons, in a fit of chagrin, packed off the day previous to Paris, and the brilliant wedding was celebrated without them.

But Mrs. Dawdle had determined to see Paris also, and thither they accordingly went, "for a prolonged tour on the continent."

One day they met Mrs. Jugson and daughters in the Bon Marche, but Mrs. Dawdle only bowed freezingly—she was now the future Lady Dawdle, and could not afford to take cognizance of people yet redolent of a corner grocery—besides, Dawdle disliked trade so very much. Subsequently they were walking in the Rue de Rivoli, when two gentlemen passed, and, following close on their heels, the whole Jugson family. As the gentlemen passed, Mrs. Dawdle heard one of the exclaim, "By Jove! speak of the devil—There he is now!" And on the instant Dawdle was seized by the collar in the stalwart grip of one of the men, who shook him like



a rat, and applying the tip of his boot to the rear of Dawdle's person, he sent him flying over the curbstone into the roadway. Then, politely lifting his hat from a very handsome head, he bowed to the bewildered Mrs. Dawdle. "Excuse me, madame, if I have disturbed you, but I advise you to have nothing to do with that rascal. He is an ex-valet of mine; his name is John Tompkins, and, I am informed, has been passing off as myself. I trust he has not deceived you. Here is my card."

As in a dream, poor Ada took the card in her trembling fingers, and read thereon, under the family crest, "*Hon. Herbert Dawdle.*"

And she had loved him so!



BACK-BONE FETCHES THE GOVERNMENT.

SIR JOHN.—Hello! Greenway! Martin!! Stop! Come back, and you can have what you demand! For goodness' sake, don't go home and tell the people I refused to grant your request! Hi there! Come back. Oh, come back!!

HE WAS LOOKING FOR AN OPENING.

I LIVE in a little town which, like most places from which the returns have come in, has been engaged in a mill with Hard Times during the last twelvemonth, and been worsted in almost every round. It is also a Prohibition town, which, I think, is a good thing. But it is very near an able-bodied young city where there is no Prohibition, which, I think, is a bad thing.

As I sat in the office, the other day, calculating on the prospects of a new run of advertising trade, when the sheriff, the assignee, the composition creditors and other official and commercial relatives had taken leave of my old customers, a young man came in who had a respectable business air about him that assured me he was no wholesale paper-house drummer. He also wore clothes which I know from personal experience, were not the ready-made variety. Furthermore, he was intelligent-looking and self-possessed.

Casting a search-warrant look at a big map on the wall, which had cost me \$5 trade and which I was daily prepared to sacrifice at \$2 cash, my young friend abruptly said: "What kind of a place is the Soo?"

For a brief moment I was tempted to cast care to the winds and declare with an angelic smile, that if he would only give the place its strictly Parisian name, he would call it about So-So.

But a glance at my calendar sheet, on which I put X's to denote little bank engagements, checked the rising hysteria, and I calmly replied:—"Sault Ste. Marie is reported to be going ahead wonderfully. Are you thinking of moving out there?"

"Well, I dunno," he answered, sinking into the other chair, and taking a match to light a fresh cigar in a familiar sort of a way as though I had a companion picture to it, and we were on a perfect equality in the possession of these luxuries. As a simple act of courtesy I re-lit my clay pipe and thoughtfully awaited hostilities.

"Business in this town," said my distinguished guest, "is flatter'n flat!"

in the world is goin' to stand some chance. What about the Soo? You noospaper men know all these things I guess."

Involuntarily my sympathies went out to this ambitious young man. I said to myself, here is a youth who has an aim in life. Rough and uncultured he may be, but he has manly stuff in him. Adverse fortune he has buffeted with nobly. The times have been hard with him, but he means to rise superior to the times. Not being cumbered with a newspaper establishment, he will leave the scene of his present unrequited labors, regretfully it is true, but yet resolute and hopeful that in a new part of the country just waking into vigorous and promising existence, he will, by energy, application, and lofty aspirations, strive to achieve fame and fortune. So I opened out my heart to him there and then, as if he were a banker I was trying to negotiate a small loan with. I told him I believed he had the right field in view. I said it was tough to find he had been frittering away precious time in a town that really didn't hold out a show to an active, progressive, wide-awake young man with apparently good business capacity. I continued that I fancied the Sault was attracting men and money from all quarters, and that if he contemplated moving he might safely do so at once—and good luck to him.

He lit another cigar, thanked me for my information and rose to go. Then it casually dawned on me to ask him his intentions in the Land of Promise. A dim suspicion haunted me that I had seen him before; but whether he clerked, or ran a butcher shop, or was an artizan, or an agent, or what, was bothering me.

With his hand on the door-knob, my ambitious and noble young visitor carelessly answered my enquiry in these words:—

"Well, if biz. at the Soo looks anything like, I'll open in the old line. Ever since this cussed Scott Act struck this town it has knocked us all silly. I've been tendin' bar for Jack' Ealand while he took in California. When I prospect at the Soo for a few days, if it's anything near what you make it out I'll stay—and start a saloon. Good-bye!"

T. T.



THE WEIGHT OF THE ARGUMENT IS FOR RECIPROcity.

CATARRH.

CATARRHAL DEAFNESS AND HAY FEVER—
A NEW TREATMENT.

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

JACOBS & SHAW'S OPERA HOUSE.

BENJAMIN MAGINLEY was greeted by a good-sized and well pleased audience at the above house on Monday night, where he appeared for the first time in this city as Brian Maguire, in the romantic Irish drama, *Inschavogue*. The play is one that W. J. Florence made known a number of years ago. The company is very strong, and scenic effects fine. Will run all the week, with special matinee on Good Friday.

BOOK NOTICES.

"MARVEL," by the Duchess, is the latest work of this prolific writer, and sustains her high reputation as a vivid story-teller.

"A FALSE START," is a sporting novel by Captain Hawley Smart, who has already done several smart things in the novel way, and improves with every effort.

"A LIFE INTEREST," by Mrs. Alexander, is a charming story, as those who are familiar with this writer's works will not need to be told. All these works are issued by the National Publishing Company, Toronto.

"THE PASSENGER FROM SCOTLAND YARD," by H. F. Wood, is a bright detective story, very cleverly written. It has nothing in common with the penny-dreadful detective series in vogue of late, but is the work of a scholarly writer.

"THE EPISTLES O' AIRLIE" has made a great hit, as we knew it would. Wherever you go in the Dominion you are sure to find somebody to ask, "Have you read that droll work of Scottish humor, the 'Epistles o' Hugh Airlie'?"—and if you haven't, an expression of pity comes over your friend's face. We have a few copies left, which will be sent on receipt of the price, 25 cents. Address Publishing Dept., GRIP Office.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. 25c. a bottle.

GAGLEY: "By Jove, Skinnem, I can't see why you don't keep your office warmer." Skinnem: "Can't afford to; coal's too high." Gagley: "But it's just the same when coal is cheap." Skinnem: "Oh, I don't make anything then, and have to economize."—*N. Y. Life*.

Consumption Surely Cured.

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

Respectfully,

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



TORONTO'S CULCHAW.

At the Campinini concert on Wednesday, the encore fiends of Toronto's cultured musical society were more than ever industrious in trying to get double their money's worth. Our special reports that the only subject on the programme not redemanded was the "Interval of five minutes," and he further asserts his belief that, when the Angel Gabriel blows his trumpet, the Toronto people, if they have reserved places, will certainly applaud and cry encore.

THE lecture on "Trifles," by Rev. Dr. Deems, of New York, was, as anticipated, a great treat. The lecturer justified all that has been said in praise of his wit and eloquence, and exhibited in full effect that peculiar charm of manner which, before the opening sentences are finished, makes every member of the audience his special personal friend. It will be safe to predict very large and enthusiastic audiences for Dr. Deems in Toronto hereafter, and we hope to welcome him often.

\$93 Sewing Machine Free!

We want one person in every village, town and township, to keep in their homes a line of our ART SAMPLES; to those who will keep and simply show these samples to those who call, we will send, free, the very best Sewing Machine manufactured in the world, with all the attachments. This machine is made after the SINGER patents, which have expired. Before the patents run out, this style machine, with the attachments, was sold for \$110; it now sells for \$93. Reader, it may seem to you the most WONDERFUL THING ON EARTH, but you can secure one of these machines ABSOLUTELY FREE, provided your application comes in first, from your locality, and if you will keep in your home and show to those who call, a set of our elegant and unequalled art samples. We do not ask you to show these samples for more than two months, and then they become your own property. The art samples are sent to you ABSOLUTELY FREE of cost. How can we do all this?—easily enough! We often get as much as \$2,000 or \$3,000 in trade from even a small place, after our art samples have remained where they could be seen for a month or two. We need one person in each locality, all over the country, and take this means of securing them at once. Those who write to us at once, will secure, FREE, the very best Sewing Machine manufactured, and the finest general assortment of works of high art ever shown together in America. All particulars FREE by return mail. Write at once; a postal card on which to write to us will cost you but one cent, and after you know all, should you conclude to go no further, why not have it done. Wonderful as it seems, you need no capital—all is free. Address at once, TRICE & CO., AUGUSTA, MAINE.



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Notice to Contractors.

Sealed Tenders, addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed, "Tender for Carpentry, Joiner, and other Works, &c., of Parliament Buildings," will be received at this Department until twelve of the clock, noon, on Tuesday, the SEVENTEENTH DAY OF APRIL next, for the carpentry and joiner, roofing, slating, iron work in roof construction, etc., painting and glazing, labour and materials, and other works, etc., in connection therewith, required for new Parliament and Departmental Buildings.

Printed forms of tender can be obtained at this Department, and persons tendering are specially notified that they will not be entitled to have their tenders considered unless the same are made on and in compliance with these printed forms, signed with the actual signature of every person tendering (including each member of the firm), followed by his postoffice address, and with all blanks in the forms properly filled up.

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted bank cheque, payable to the order of the Commissioner of Public Works for Ontario, for the sum of three thousand dollars, which will be forfeited if the party tendering declines or fails to enter into a contract based upon such tender, when called upon to do so. Where the party's tender is not accepted, the cheque will be returned.

For the due fulfilment of the contract, satisfactory security will be required on real estate, or by the deposit of money, public or municipal securities or bank stocks, to the amount of five per cent. on the bulk sum, to become payable under the contract, of which five per cent. the amount of the accepted cheque accompanying the tender will be considered a part.

To each tender must be attached the actual signature of at least two responsible and solvent persons, residents of Ontario, willing to become sureties for the carrying out of these conditions, and the due fulfilment and performance of the contract in all particulars.

Printed copies of the specifications can be obtained on application at the Department.

The Department will not be bound to accept the lowest or any tender.

C. F. FRASER,
Commissioner, &c.

Department of Public Works for Ontario,
TORONTO, 24th March, 1888.

YOUNGER'S Counting House Guide.

Simple and practical, clear and concise, free from useless technicalities and useless details. Has variety of useful suggestions as to Balances, etc. Original Tables of Interest and Exchange, etc., etc. *The Merchant* says:—"The author has outlined the true system of book-keeping with singular clearness and brevity."

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THE ANNUAL MEETING

OF THE

Temperance and General Life Assurance
Company of North America

Was held on Wednesday, 14th March, 1888, at the Head Office of the Company, 22 to 28 King Street West, the President, Hon. Geo. W. Ross, in the chair. The Managing Director read the annual report of the Directors, which was as follows:—

The Directors have great satisfaction in presenting to the shareholders and policyholders their annual report for the second year ending the 31st December, 1887, containing a full statement of the affairs of the Company.

The number of new applications for assurance was 1,050, for \$1,770,600; of these 83, for \$164,500, were declined, held in abeyance, or not completed. The number of policies issued was 957, for \$1,605,000, with an annual premium income of \$38,289.96.

We had anticipated very favorable results on account of the equitable principles upon which the Company is based, but they have exceeded our most sanguine expectations, notwithstanding the fact that considerable financial depression existed for a portion of the year. We are pleased to report that the business of the Company exceeded that of any other home Company for its second year. This was accomplished in the face of keen competition, and in a year in which the new business of a number of the old and well-established Companies was less than that of the previous year.

The Directors are much pleased to be able to state that there was only one death claim for \$1,000, and that was caused by an accident. It was paid promptly on receipt of the claim papers. The Company continues to receive a most liberal support from Total Abstainers, as well as from assureds in the general class.

Notwithstanding the fact that Total Abstainers, who insure on our various plans, are kept in a separate section, there was a general desire that a table should be prepared for them specially, on the natural premium plan, giving them the advantage of a lower rate of insurance. To meet this desire a new feature was introduced, which is known as the "Total Abstainers' Graded Plan," which seems to meet with general approval.

Your Directors had the valuations of the Company's policies made by the Insurance Department of the Government, and the result is submitted in the statement of assets and liabilities. This was not obligatory, but was the outcome of a desire to present unimpeachable testimony regarding the Company's full obligation to the policy-holders, obtained from an independent source.

It is with feelings of the deepest regret that we are called upon to report to you the death of Mr. John Harris, one of your first Directors, who always took a lively interest in the affairs of the Company. This vacancy has not been filled, and it will be for you to determine whether it is expedient to do so.

All the Directors retire, but are eligible for re-election, according to the Act of Incorporation.

STATEMENT OF RECEIPTS AND DISBURSEMENTS FOR 1887.

RECEIPTS.	
On guarantee fund	\$1,130 00
On interest account	3,524 34
On premium account	36,450 27
Total	\$40,104 61
DISBURSEMENTS.	
Paid for death claim	\$1,000 00
Written off preliminary expense account	1,000 00
Paid for re-insurance	406 59
On Expense Account.	
Commissions and salaries to agents	\$9,285 03
Head office salaries	3,950 00
Medical fees	2,162 00
Advertising	1,506 53
Printing and stationery	865 58
Rent, taxes, license, etc.	788 95
Traveling expenses	878 00
Directors' fees	526 42
Postage, expressage, telegrams, exchanges, etc.	370 81
Solicitors' charges and head office sundries	294 35
On Assets Account.	
Bills receivable taken for premiums	\$6,662 65
Agents' ledger balances and advances	2,072 04
Commuted commissions	1,687 77
Paid for office furniture and fixtures	554 40
Items in suspense	39 34
Less decrease of assets (written off preliminary account as above)	1,000 00
Increase in cash balance	7,054 99
	\$17,070 29
	\$40,104 61
ASSETS.	
Government deposit	\$50,000 00
Cash in bank and at head office	10,963 54
Bills receivable	7,958 19
Balance of preliminary expense account	3,000 00
Agents' ledger balances (advances, etc.)	2,104 58
Commuted commissions	1,687 77
Office furniture and fixtures	1,144 38
Items in suspense	39 34
Interest due and accrued	34 49
Net outstanding and deferred premiums (full net value held in reserve at Government standard)	6,674 29
Balance of guarantee fund subscribed but not called	40,000 00
	\$123,606 58
LIABILITIES.	
Insurance reserve, as per certificate of Superintendent of Insurance at Ottawa	\$28,500 66
Less value of policies re-insured in other companies	211 94
Rent, medical fees, etc., due (since paid)	614 00
Premiums paid in advance	56 70
Surplus—Security to policyholders	94,637 16
	\$123,606 58

Geo. W. Ross, <i>President.</i>	H. O'HARA, <i>Managing Director.</i>
	J. B. FUDGE, <i>Secretary.</i>

We have made a careful audit of the books and accounts of the Temperance and General Life Assurance Company for the year ending 31st December, 1887, and hereby certify that the accounts as set forth are true exhibits of the books of the Company to that date.

R. H. TOMLINSON, } *Auditors.*
DAVID MILLAR }

TORONTO, March 9, 1888.

We have made an independent examination of the receipts and disbursements for the year 1887, also of the assets and liabilities of the Company, and find them as set forth in the above statement.

SAMUEL TREES, } *Auditing*
JOHN FLETT, } *Committee.*

TORONTO, Mar. 13, 1888.

The Hon. G. W. Ross, President, in moving the adoption of the report, said:

Gentlemen,—It affords me more than ordinary pleasure to move the adoption of the report of the Directors just read. It is very gratifying to know that, although we have been organized less than two years, the business shows the vigor of a company of many years' standing. I had the pleasure of congratulating you last year on a business of \$400,000; this year I have the pleasure of congratulating you on a business of \$1,605,000. We have now 1,099 policies in force (representing 999 lives), amounting in all to \$1,874,100. Between the two annual meetings the business of the Company has exceeded \$2,000,000. When we compare the number of policies that we have issued during the year, and then take into consideration those issued by much larger companies than ours, the superior position of this Company is very evident, and the fact is apparent that we are rapidly gaining the confidence of the insuring public. The Canada Life issued 881 policies for \$1,156,835 in its twenty-second year; the Confederation for its fifth year, 1,005 for \$1,383,000; the Sun Life for its tenth year, 573 policies for \$926,371; the North American Life for its third year issued 687 for \$1,347,088; while the Temperance and General for its second year put in force 967 policies for \$1,605,000. These figures show, first, that the Company has been pushed vigorously by its Manager and Directors, and second, that our Company fills a place to-day never taken by any other Canadian Company. If we compare our Company with some in Great Britain, it is very gratifying to observe that the Canadian insuring public appreciate the advantage of a company giving total abstinence the benefit of their good lives in a greater degree than British assureds. The United Kingdom Temperance and General Provident Institution (of Great Britain, established on principles similar to our own, secured in its fifteenth year only \$1,339,250; the Scottish Temperance Life Assurance Company, recently established, secured only \$732,228 in its third year.

Another feature of the year's business, which will, I am sure, be very gratifying to the shareholders and policyholders, is that while the business of some of the oldest and strongest institutions has decreased, owing probably, to the tightness of the money market, the reverse has been the case with our Company. Now, in securing business for the past year, the cost has been comparatively small, compared with other companies, viz., \$1.28 per \$1,000 in our second year; while in two other companies, looked upon as very economically managed, the business cost \$2.37 and \$3.48 respectively for the second year. The intention of the Directors is to continue to extend the business as they have been doing for the past year, and to open up territory that is at present unoccupied. I can say nothing more than simply this: we have met frequently, and at every call the Directors were prompt and attentive to the duties incumbent upon them.

The Managing Director of the Company has labored hard and assiduously to place the Company before assureds, and I am sure the report that has been submitted to you is very satisfactory. I now move the adoption of the report of the Directors.

In the absence of the Vice-Presidents (Hon. S. H. Blake (unavoidably detained at Whitby) and Mr. Robert McLean (who was ill), Mr. Burton, Chairman of the Executive Committee, seconded the motion for the adoption of the report, and said: I will not take up any more time than I can possibly help, but I would like to say one or two things. I was asked to call in at any time and examine this Company's books; accordingly I called down at the office a few nights ago, and made a thorough scrutiny of the accounts of the Company, and I may say that I am myself perfectly satisfied that the affairs of the Company are carried on in a perfectly satisfactory manner. Very great credit is due to the Managing Director, as well as to all those connected with the institution, for the success which we have had. It has far surpassed anything I had expected. I never imagined that we would have secured anything like the present amount of business. I thought that a company established on our distinctive principles might secure considerable business, but nothing like what we have realized. We ought to feel exceedingly well pleased with the report submitted to us. Taking the results as a whole, it is very evident that the general management of this Company has been exceedingly good, and I think we cannot do better than express ourselves well satisfied with our brilliant success.

The report was unanimously adopted.

Dr. Nattrass, Medical Referee, presented a very able and comprehensive report, which was adopted and ordered printed for circulation.

Votes of thanks were unanimously passed to the President, Vice-Presidents, Directors, Managing Director, Secretary and office staff, inspectors and agents, for their attention to the business of the Company.

Messrs. Henry Lowndes and Gavin Lawrie were appointed scrutineers for the election of Directors, and they reported the re-election of the old Board.

The new Directors met and re-elected the Hon. Geo. W. Ross, President, and Hon. S. H. Blake and R. McLean, Vice-Presidents.

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HUSBAND: "Nothing whatever; not even the death of anyone we know."

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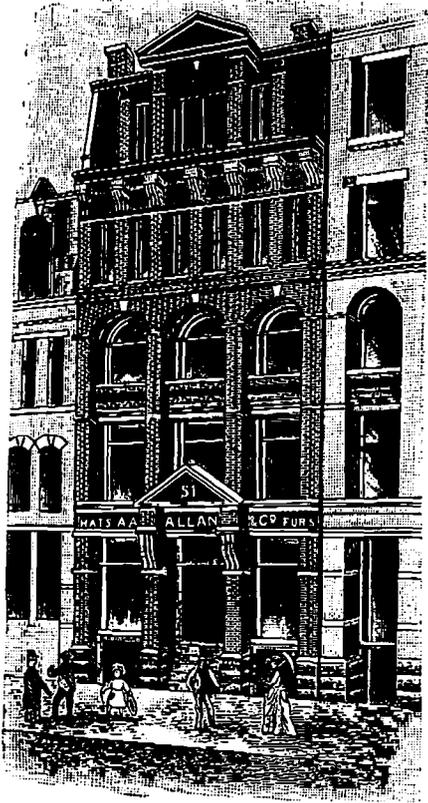
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