



GRIP



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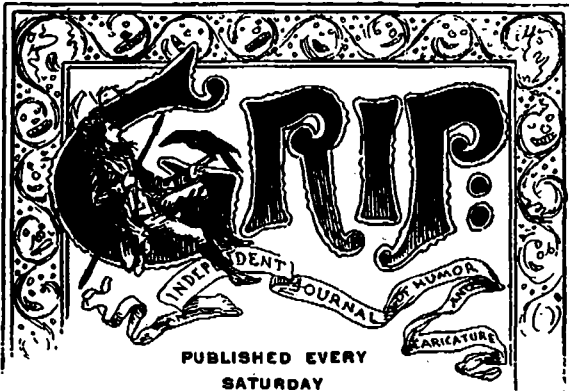
TORONTO, JULY 11, 1891.

No. 2.
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" DICTATION FROM WASHINGTON ! "

DRILL-MASTER MCKINLEY — " COMPANY, ATTENTION ! DROP SUGAR DUTIES ! ! "



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SATURDAY

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Artist and Editor
Associate Editor

J. W. BENGOUGH.
PHILLIPS THOMPSON.



Comments

ON THE

Cartoons.

BECOMING TWEED SUITS.—Just what M. Côté means by this, GRIP's commentator would prefer to leave to the perspicacity of the individual reader. The parties in the picture bear a certain amount of resemblance to the Honorable Thomas McGreevey and the Hon-

orable Sir Hector Langevin. The fact that they are arm-in-arm, thus indicating a degree of affectionate intimacy, increases the probability that the figures are intended for the honorable gentlemen named. When, however, M. Côté refers to the clothing of the two honorable gentlemen as "Becoming Tweed Suits," we must beg to differ with him. The pattern strikes us as being exceedingly loud. We very much doubt whether either of the honorable gentlemen

named (if we are right as to their identity) ever wore anything so pronounced, even when disporting themselves at the seaside in summer "blazers." Indeed, to our notion, the pattern is even suggestive of prison garb, an idea which cannot possibly have been in the artist's mind. To be sure, Messrs. McGreevey and Langevin happen at present to be mixed up in a case similar to some which have been tried in other countries, and which have led the way to penitentiary—such as the Tweed case. Can it be that M. Côté has any sly reference to that historical precedent when he refers to the suits being of "Tweed?" Probably not; but the coincidence seems rather suggestive. Of course he must know that whatever the outcome of the enquiry may be—and, after the evidence given by Mr. Owen Murphy a verdict against the accused seems a certainty—there will be no talk of anything so vulgar and matter-of-fact as prison. It is only in the United States, where political morality is at a very low ebb, that they put boodlers and bank defaulters behind the bars, and dress them in costumes of such fantastic pattern. As before stated, we must really leave each intelligent reader to interpret this mysterious cartoon for himself.

"DICTATION FROM WASHINGTON."—It has been the fatuous policy of the Conservative party to maintain the absurd proposition that Canada can "hoe her own row" without reference to the doings of the United States. In so far as this refers to the maintaining of our own political institutions it is true enough, but much more than this is meant. Men who refer to the influence which the great and powerful nation on our border necessarily exerts over the policy of the Canadian Government have been cried down as traitors, and the existence of such an influence flatly denied. All this nonsense has been talked in the name of "loyalty," which has been the convenient refuge of red-parlorism. Well, the demonstration of the existence of such an influence in the matter of the Canadian sugar duties has been striking enough to convince the most stupid of the deniers. We have abolished those duties *volens volens* because the Americans abolished theirs. The fact is well pointed out by the New York *Commercial Bulletin* as follows:—"The announcement that the Canadian Government will repeal the import duty on raw sugar is a striking reminder of the obvious but unrecognized fact of the natural intimacy of our relations with the country adjoining our borders. There is little reason to suppose that Canada would have made sugar free at this time if we had not done so. Our action in taking the duty off an article of general necessity led to an immediate agitation for such action in Canada, enforced by the practical impossibility of preventing smuggling if the Canadian duty were maintained. The authorities have taken the only course that was open to them, and in so doing have illustrated the absurdity of a public policy based on a denial of the harmony of interests on the two sides of the border, and pursued with an apparent intent to resist as far as possible the natural tendency toward closer relations. Every illustration and reminder of the natural closeness of our ties and identity of interest is to be welcomed at a time when they are so strangely and persistently ignored by our legislators, and when both Canada and Mexico seem more inclined than ourselves to recognize the mutual advantages to be attained by more intimate relations."



THE Hon. Richard Harcourt is an able man and the makings of a most useful Minister, but it wouldn't do him any harm to put in his spare time reading Political Economy. The Single Tax Society can give him some valuable advice as to the books he ought to get for this purpose. At the Commencement exercises of the Ontario Agricultural College the other day, the Hon. Richard made a very fine speech. It was neatly worded, and ornamented with apt poetical quotations, but there was one sentiment in it which must have struck the orator himself and his audience as somewhat horrible.

THE passage we refer to was that in which Mr. Harcourt predicted "good times" for the agriculturists of Canada in the not remote future as the result of the United States becoming a grain-importing instead of a



WHY THE STREET RAILWAY RECEIPTS HAVE FALLEN OFF.

"DON" (*vide Saturday Night*) has taken to pedestrianism and doesn't patronize the street cars now.

grain-exporting nation. There is no question this *would* be a good thing for Canadian grain-growers, but it would just as certainly be a calamity to our neighbors. Doesn't it occur to Mr. Harcourt—who is a man of kindly instincts and wide sympathies—that there is something wrong about a system of political economy which countenances the idea that a misfortune to one nation can be a blessing to another? Mr. Harcourt is a Christian, and it would be interesting to know how he squares such a doctrine as this with the teachings of Christianity. A careful study of Henry George's "Progress and Poverty" will show him clearly just where the "snag" is.

THERE is another gentleman even more distinguished than Mr. Harcourt who has something yet to learn about Political Economy, and that is Pope Leo XIII. This exalted personage has just given to the world a pronouncement upon the Labor Question, in which he makes two things tolerably clear—first, that he has a kindly heart and good intentions toward mankind, and second, that he is as much muddled as any ordinary mortal could be over the distinction between land and the products of labor. In declaring for the principle of "private ownership," without excepting from the things which may be privately owned, the raw material of nature, land, air and water, the Pope practically declares himself on the side of land monopoly, and while land monopoly continues there can be no solution of the labor question. It is necessary to the well being of society that land should be held in undisturbed possession by

private individuals, but only for use, not, as at present, for speculation. There is all the difference in the world between private possession and private ownership, and so wise a personage as the Pope is supposed to be ought to be able to see this. It is evident that his infallibility does not extend to the domain of economic science.

THERE appears to be an agitation on foot in the Old Country intended to injure the Canadian cattle trade. Sir Charles Tupper, who put a feather in his hat once before by hustling in the interests of this important branch of business, might add to his laurels by taking a hand in the present discussion. He can at any time secure proof that cattle are now shipped from Montreal to Liverpool far more safely and comfortably than from Ireland to the same port. A Canadian shipper who has just returned writes to the *Montreal Witness* that he took over a cargo on the steamship *Lake Ontario*, landed them in as good condition as when they left this side, and sold them all before eleven o'clock next morning. As he says, it was a pity Mr. Plimsoll wasn't there to see.

MR. FOSTER is catching it for his "moment of weakness" phrase. But all the same his confession was a manly one, and his expressed determination to vote hereafter in accordance with his convictions and regardless of any lash that may be raised outside the House, is worthy of the imitation of other members. Many a bad measure has been passed at Ottawa by the votes of men who in their inmost souls were convinced of its badness, but who were dominated by a craven fear of their constituents who had sent them to "support" the party, right or wrong.

READER, will you oblige by taking a look at the address-label on the wrapper which enclosed this copy of GRIP? Observe the date marked thereon. Is it a date in the more or less remote past? If so, you owe us some money. Calculate how much it is, at the rate of \$2.00 per year—and, like the straightforward, up-and-up subscriber that you are, just enclose the amount of arrears in the form of cash or P.O. order to yours ever faithfully, GRIP. Do this at once, before other business drives it out of your head.



HIS HOME MANNERS.

THE HOSTESS—"Now, please don't stand on ceremony. Do just as you would at home."

MR. GOURMAND—"In that case I'll take another helping of the meat."



NO DANGER.

HENPECK—"Are we not in danger, standing under this tree during a storm?"

BOLDWIG—"No; the wind isn't strong enough to blow it over on us."

OUR COUNTRYMEN ABROAD.

SCENE—A seaport town in any foreign country. ENTER a Canadian in distress. To him a native of the place:

CANADIAN—"Can you direct me to the office of the British Consul?"

NATIVE—"I can, and will be happy to do so. You are evidently in distress."

CANADIAN—"I am, unfortunately. I am a sailor, as you may perhaps have guessed. I belong to a Canadian vessel which was wrecked in the recent gale, and I find myself upon a foreign shore without money or friends."

NATIVE—"I feel sympathy for you, and if you will permit me to be of assistance I will gladly advance you enough money to take you to your own country."

CANADIAN—"You are very kind, and I am grateful to you, but my self-respect still remains, notwithstanding my ragged and forlorn appearance. I cannot accept of private charity. Besides, it is not necessary. As a Canadian I belong to the glorious British Empire, and Her Majesty's representative will, of course, provide for me as is usual in such cases."

NATIVE—"As you please I have no doubt you will find all you need in the way of succor under the folds of your country's flag. The Consul's office is just across the way. Adieu."

[Exit Native. Distressed Canadian crosses the street and enters office of British Consul.]

CONSUL—"Well, my man, what can I do for you?"

CANADIAN—"I am one of Her Majesty's subjects, in distress, and among strangers without money. I come to you for such assistance as will enable me to return to my home."

CONSUL—"You shall have it, of course. The hand of Her Gracious Majesty is always outstretched to help her loyal subjects under such circumstances."

CANADIAN (*proudly*)—"That I know full well. And our gracious Queen hasn't in her world-wide Empire a more loyal subject than I. When at home I am a steady supporter of a good Conservative Government in whose platform the Old Flag is the principal plank."

CONSUL—"Your trust in that standard of liberty shall not be betrayed. (*Getting out blank form and proceeding to fill up same*). What is your name?"

CANADIAN—"John Thompson Abbott."

CONSUL—"From what colony?"

CANADIAN (*swelling with pride*)—"The Dominion of Canada."

The Consul gives a disappointed whistle.

CONSUL—"Er—Canada, you say?"

CANADIAN (*puzzled*)—"Yes, sir, Canada. What's the matter with Canada?"

CONSUL—"I don't know, but *something* is the matter with Canada. It would be advisable for you to try and find out when you return, if you ever do. I can only say that, as British Consul, I cannot recognize a Canadian nor extend any assistance to him."

CANADIAN—"I don't understand you, sir. Isn't Canada a colony of Great Britain—in fact the finest colony Great Britain possesses?"

CONSUL—"Perhaps so; she is at all events the meanest. My instructions from the Imperial Government are very simple and emphatic. You may convince yourself of that, if you will just look over this circular."

[Hands circular to distressed Canadian, who reads as follows:

[CIRCULAR].

FOREIGN OFFICE, May 31, 1890.

SIR,—With reference to previous circulars relative to the relief of distressed British subjects, I am directed by the Marquis of Salisbury to state that, in view of the refusal of the Government of Barbadoes and the Dominion of Canada to refund expenses incurred for the relief of distressed Barbadians and Canadians, you should hereafter refrain, under all circumstances, from affording them any relief on behalf of her Majesty's Government, as the Treasury have intimated that claims for the repayment of sums advanced for the relief or repatriation of British Barbadian or Canadian subjects cannot in future be entertained. I am, sir, your most obedient humble servant,

T. V. LISTER.

To Her Majesty's Consuls.

CANADIAN—"Good heavens, sir! Do you mean to say that the Canadian Government has been guilty of this baseness and treachery to the country?"

CONSUL—"You see it for yourself. For more than a year Canada has been pilloried before the world along with Barbadoes as—well, I needn't rub it in. I can see you feel the shame and rage any decent man would in a similar case."

CANADIAN—"And this is the loyalty of the 'Old Flag' Government! It's a disgrace to the name of humanity! Never will I set foot in Canada again until this vile blot is wiped out."

CONSUL—"Though I cannot assist you in my official capacity, I will do so privately, if you will permit me."

CANADIAN—"I never supposed my Government would force me to become a recipient of private charity, but there is no help for it, sir. I will thankfully accept assistance to the United States, and you may depend upon my repaying any loan you may be disposed to make me at the earliest possible moment."

CONSUL—"Though the Canadian Government is evidently not to be trusted, I have every confidence in you. Come along, then, and we'll see what can be done for you."

SIR JOHN MACDONALD'S MONUMENT.

THE DAY OF THE FUNERAL.

SIR JOHN must have a monument,
 'Twould be a burning shame
 If no memorial were reared
 As tribute to his fame.
 I'll give ten dollars at the least,
 To show appreciation
 Of the great statesman who has built
 Up this Canadian nation.

THREE WEEKS AFTER.

Sir John should have a monument,
 I think we all agree
 That it is wise to recognize
 True patriots such as he.
 But every man should pay his share,
 Nor leave it to a few.
 I think a dollar bill from me
 Will pretty nearly do.

THREE MONTHS LATER.

Oh, ah! about that monument
 We talked of for Sir John.
 Well, I don't know—how very slow
 The scheme is getting on!
 And really I don't just see why
 I'm called to give a cent.
 You'd better get a good-sized grant
 Put through by Parliament.

A KEEN EYE FOR A JOKE.

A GROUP was standing around the window of a news depot on Yonge Street last week gazing at GRIP's cartoon of "The Empty Saddle," and passing comments thereon. Suddenly one of the party who had been intently scrutinizing the picture broke into a subdued laugh, and exclaimed, "Well, now, that's a pretty good one. Too bad, though, to joke about the Old Man's death, but them fellers which gets up funny papers have no respect for anything. Darned good joke though."

"There's no joke in this cartoon I tell you," said another, indignantly. "Taint meant to to be funny."

"Aint, eh? I guess I know a joke well enough when I see it. Blamed funny joke, too. Aint any of you fellows caught on yet?"

"Well, where is the joke? Show us it if you're so almighty smart."

"Why don't you see; its a saddle-horse. That means that the country has met with a sad loss—saddle-hoss—sad loss. Do you chumps catch on now?"

"Well, now, I believe you're right. It never struck me that way. It is kind of funny, but it's a darned shame all the same to go making jokes about any man that's dead, let alone Sir John."—*Labor Advocate.*

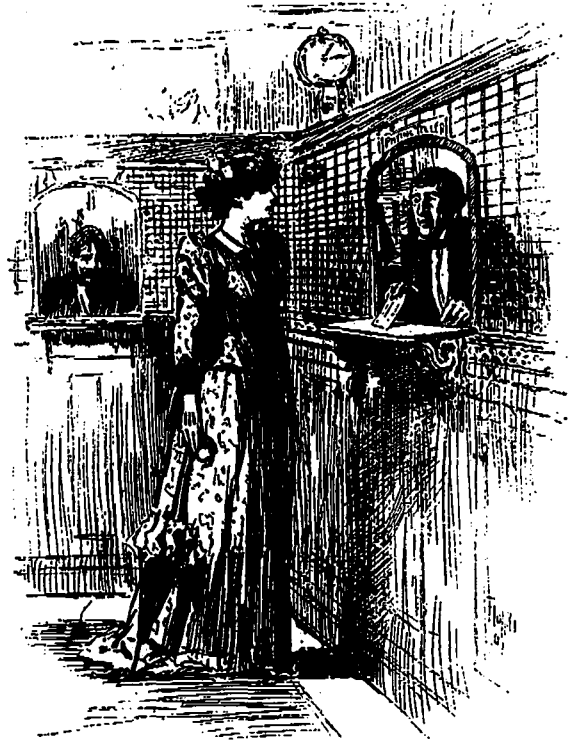
A BARREN IDEALITY.

GOLDSTEIN—"Ach, Isaac, id makes me sad ven I dinks vot de Hebrew nation haf come to. I would haf liked to lif in de oldt dimes ven ve had our own gountry."

JACOBS—"Dot vos voolishness, Jacob, mein vriendt. Auf ve Hebrews vas all by our sellufs vy ve vould sdarve trying to make a lifing selling cheap glothing undt shewlry to each other. I wants to be vere dere ish some Gentiles to do beensness mit."

A QUESTION OF LETTERS.

"THE Postmastership would nicely suit me,"
 Said that Governmental Pet, Adam Brown, M.P.,
 "Nothing simpler, dear boy," said the Cabinet—"ahem!
 Just reverse your M.P. and write it P.M.!"



SNUBBED.

PAYING-TELLER—"You will have to be identified—have some one introduce you to me—before I can cash this check."

YOUNG LADY (*haughtily*)—"But I do not care to know you, sir."—*Judge.*

THE ROYAL COMMISSION.

"OF course," says Mr. Foster,
 "I favor Prohibition;
 But then, you know, our revenue
 Is in a queer condition;
 Besides, the country isn't ripe
 To render a decision,
 And so it seems my duty to
 Propose a Royal Commission.

"You see, we'll chose a score of chaps
 To form this Royal Commission,
 Who'll jaunt around, and sit and talk,
 And get an acquisition
 Of several tons of evidence
 To show the real position
 Of various foreign States and such
 Where they've tried Prohibition.

"We'll print (at Chappleau's Bureau
 In a nice, half-calf editon,
 In sixteen volumes) the result
 Of this patriotic mission,
 And then—who'll read it? No one
 In a mentally sound condition;
 But, don't you see, this clever scheme
 Of a solemn Royal Commission,
 Will give the Government a rest
 From troublous Prohibition!"

CRUEL.

GEORGE—"Oh, Amelia, for years I have loved you with the most passionate devotion. Oh, say that you will return my love!"

AMELIA—"Why, certainly, George; I really have no further use for it."



SHAK. ILLUSTRATED.

"My best endeavors shall be done herein."

—*Merchant of Venice, Act II. Sc. 2.*

J. R. R.

ON Friday last the boys of Upper Canada College assembled in the old hall for the last time, and gave an enthusiastic greeting to a man whose name is likely to be popular in the institution as long as it will endure—Mr. John Ross Robertson. There is a strong vein of sentiment in John Ross, and his reference to his boyhood days in the dear old school were decidedly touching. He is, as everybody knows, the donor of the "Robertson Prize," which is valiantly fought for each year as one of the greatest honors obtainable, and on this occasion he announced that he has arranged to have the prize continued after his demise—which GRIP hopes will not take place for at least half a century yet. John Ross Robertson is the sort of man who deserves to prosper, for his heart is always bigger than his purse, and he doesn't know the meaning of the word selfishness.

HOW TO DO IT.

"LA PATRIE," of Montreal, is greatly agitated over the Whiskey Combine, and demands that it be broken up by the Government. There are four distilleries, whose proprietors are millionaires, and who each continues to make a princely fortune every month, according to our contemporary. There is one obvious way of destroying this Combine, short of Legal Prohibition—which is coming in a few years—and that is for every other citizen of Canada to do as MR. GRIP does, and leave the product of the stills severely alone.

LIGHT ON THE SUBJECT.

BORAX—"This baccarat affair has enlightened the public a good deal as to the habits of the Prince of Wales and his associations."

SAMJONES—"Yes, this scandal has thrown a considerable light on the ways of high society."

ALBERT EDWARD'S SOLILOQUY

TO play or not to play, that is the question.
Whether 'tis better patiently to bear
The slings and arrows of the press and pulpit
Till meek submission ends them, to enwrap
My royal visage with the sackcloth cloak
Of harsh repentance, vow to sin no more,
And by such penance win the sovereign people
To ratify my future sovereignty.
Or shall I, stooping not to quiet them,
Continue in my present course of life,
Take arms against the puritanic mob
Of howling pietists, scorn public scorn,
Play a bold game my empire for the stake,
Live as I list, nor care what people say,
I doubt not were I thus to brave it out,
There still would be apologists in scores
To cloak my conduct with absurd excuse,
And prove that England's prince could do no wrong,
Like LL.D in the *Week*, but would the country
Endorse their mediæval sentiments?
Yet though I thereby missed the crown, what then?
The loss were but a puppet royalty,
A round of irksome, foolish ceremonies
Exchanged for free, untrammelled way of life.
The veriest clown that in sun smitten fields
Sweats out his days, and at the village inn
Squanders his hard-earned wage with brother sots
In hiccupping debates on politics,
Casting in ballot-box his one poor vote,
Has freer life and truer manliness,
Holds more real power in his rough, dirty fist
Than I, although a sceptre waits my grasp.
Then, though the shadow failed me if I gained
The substance it would be a consummation
Devoutly to be wished, a normal life
Of work, perchance of want—ay, there's the rub!
For in that nobler life what ills would come
To one so ill prepared for useful task,
So unacquainted as I for sojourning
Through a wide commonwealth within whose bourn
No traveller's foot can find a royal road
To any good. This thought must give me pause,
And makes me rather choose to bear restraint
Which grants free access to the exchequer,
With leave to roll up debts for fools to pay,
Than fly to freedom, making others free
From settling bills I ought to foot myself.

WILLIAM MCGILL.

IN SPITE OF THE WEATHER.

BORAX—"Did you have a pleasant outing on Dominion Day?"

SAMJONES—"You bet. We did better than we expected. The rain rather heightened our enjoyment than otherwise."

BORAX—"How so?"

SAMJONES—"You see we hadn't taken anything to eat but when we arrived at Lorne Park we found the banquet (banquet)."

WELL ORGAN-IZED.

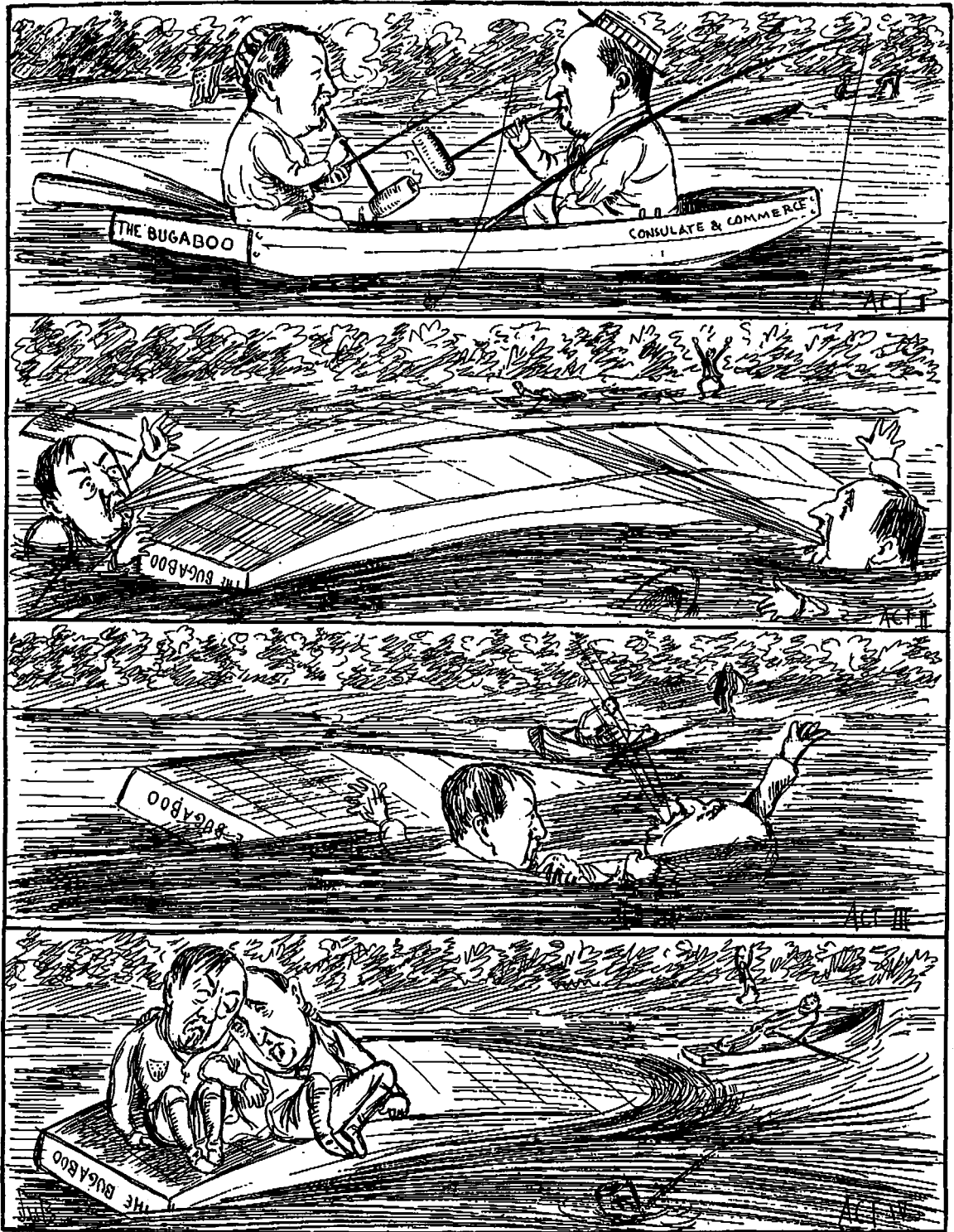
PLUGWINCH—"I don't think that the labor unions are at all consistent in objecting to the immigration of Italians."

BIGGLESWADE—"Why not? Don't the Italians compete with them in the labor market?"

PLUGWINCH—"That's where you're mistaken. No class is more thoroughly organ-ized."

GWILYM GWENT, the eminent Welsh poet, died suddenly on Saturday at Plymouth, Pa., aged 56 years.

Oh, Welshmen, all his llot llament,
No longer could he stay,
Gwre llonely lleft by Gwilym Gwent,
For Gwilym Gwent away.



FISHING AS SHE IS DONE AT BREWSTER LAKE.

THE TRAGIC TALE OF THE CONSUL AND THE BANK MANAGER WHICH HAS BEEN KEPT OUT OF THE PAPERS.

REJECTED.



I.

SHE—"I wondered who it was."



II.

"Ada, I have come for the last time."



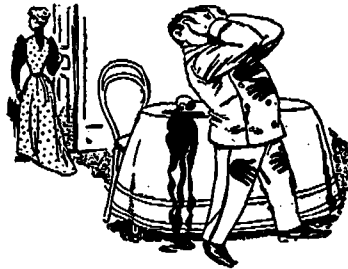
III.

"My heart is beating time with my love."



IV.

"The light of my existence is gone forever, and—"



V.

"Dark shadows hover around me."



VI.

SMALL BOY—"Serves yer right to fight with a sweep!" —Pick-me-up.

SAMJONES' APPEAL

TO THE STREET RAILWAY COMMITTEE IN FAVOR OF CIVIC OPERATION.

OH, city fathers, I am here
To ventilate my views;
I hope that what I have to say
Some wisdom may infuse.

I'm sure you will not lease the line
When I have clearly showed
That thus disposed of you will get
Leased value for the road.

Now my appointment I have kept
That I this point may urge,
A-point-meant to impress your minds
Without a needless splurge.

The syndicates 'heir figures raise,
And as it seems to me
This s-indicates the value of
The franchise, as you see.

Don't barter off the people's rights
As has been done so long,
'Twould alto-gether be too bass
To sell them for a song.

The man who has an axe to grind
Is hardly true as steel,
Or else that *axe'll* not be put
Before the public *wheel* (wheel).

And though there may be boodle in
A crooked *deal*, no doubt,
I guess you'll *pine* and *baul*-some when
The people find you out.

Continue then the road to run
At least one year or more,
Nor venture to discharge your Gunn,
He ne'er was fired before.

Why should monopoly prevail
And gobble all in sight?
Now if you want to get our votes
You've got to do what's right.

The very horses would cry "Neigh!"
Ere with the road they'd part.
These few remarks I've made to-day
I trust you'll lay to heart.

IN MEMORIAM.

"OLD TO-MORROW."

The Right Hon. Sir John Alexander Macdonald, late Premier of Canada.

"PUNCH" sympathizes with Canadian sorrow
For him known lovingly as "Old To-Morrow."
Hail to "the Chieftain!" He lies mute to-day,
But Fame still speaks for him, and shall for aye.
"To-morrow—and to-morrow!" Shakespeare sighs.
So runs the round of time! Man lives and dies.
But death comes not with mere surcease of breath
To such as him. "The road to dusty death"
Not "all his yesterdays" have lighted. Nay!
Canada's "Old To-Morrow" lives to-day
In unforgetting hearts, and nothing fears
The long to-morrow of the coming years.

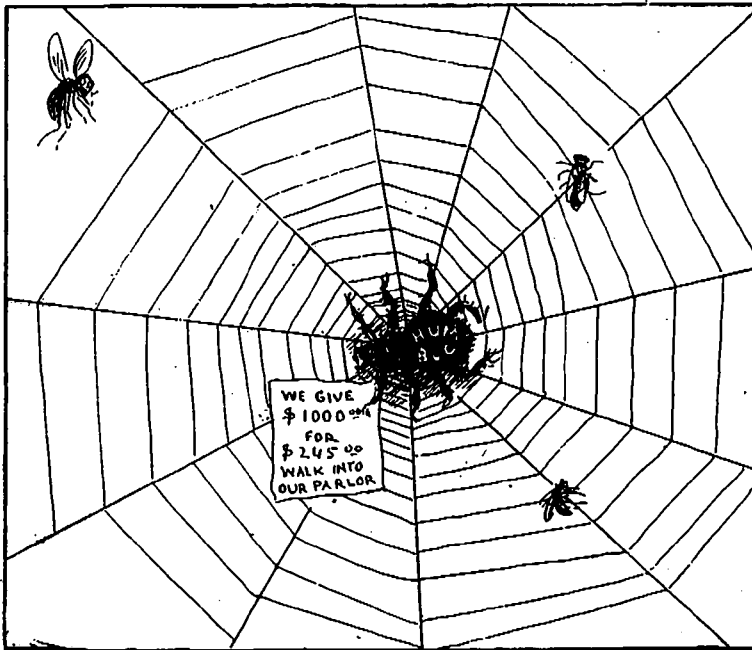
—Punch.

MOTTO OF WILLIAM III. OF GERMANY—What the deuce
is the good of being Kaiser if a fellow can't Kaise?



L. CÔTÉ

A POLITICAL FASHION PLATE.
BECOMING TWEED SUITS FOR CONTRACT JOBBERS.



ANOTHER "ORDER OF CANADIAN HOME CIRCLES."

MAUD TO NELL.

(ANOTHER LETTER.)

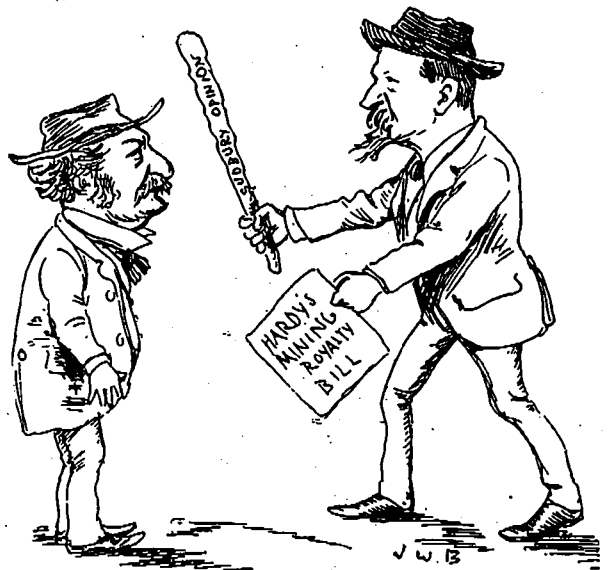
SALEM, June 16, 1891.

DEAR NELL:—We have been yachting, and I know you are dying to hear about it, for Charlie, your *fiancé*, was one of the party. There were six of us—Mr. Capstan, of the Marblehead Yacht Club, Mr. Noodle (who is said to be an English nobleman incog.), and Charlie. There were two other girls and myself; it is not necessary to name the other girls, for, as Shakspeare or Lord Byron or somebody says, they were not in it. All three of the boys were, of course, really at *my* feet, and merely took the other girls because it would have looked shabby to leave them behind. We started out at ten in the morning, and did not get back until after four. Mr. Capstan said that we had been nearly a mile from land. Just think of it! It's awfully dangerous out as far as that, for the ocean is ever so much deeper out that far, and therefore there is more danger of being drowned. We were "becalmed" about three hours. I don't know what that means, but at any rate that is what Mr. Capstan told me. It frightened me awfully. However, I always was brave, as you know, so I got along all right. You would have fainted, I know. After we had been "becalmed" about an hour, and had got used to it, Mr. Capstan made me steer. I did so all the rest of the time we were becalmed, and I am sure that I never looked better in my life. Mr. Noodle made a splendid joke. He told me to "be calm." They all laughed. I don't see how people can laugh when they are a mile from land on the great deep ocean, and becalmed. Then Mr. Capstan said that Mr. Noodle was an ocean swell, which made me laugh, for it was a joke I had never heard before.

We had a splendid lunch—champagne, chicken salad, sandwiches, and all that. The champagne made me feel very queer—just as jolly as could be. Mr. Noodle said I was the kind of a girl he liked. That made Charlie angry, for you know until I discarded him and advised

him to talk to you instead; he used to be absolutely infatuated with me. So Charlie made me go up into the bow of the boat with him, and he put his arm around me and kept me there. We were almost hidden by the sail, and of course I *had* to let him kiss me. I knew you wouldn't care. He tried to get me to say I'd marry him after all, promised he'd break with you and all that, but you know I am too much your friend to permit any such thing. You had better marry him, my dear, as I have said before. He is not good looking, and has more bad habits than money; but, after all, he is the best chance you ever had, and you are growing old, too. Charlie said that while he did not love you, he had a high regard and a great respect for you, and I am sure it is a great thing for you to have the great respect of any man. I am sure you will marry him, and be very happy in your humble little home. By the way, I told Charlie that if he married you, you would not expect a servant girl, or anything like that, but would do all the work yourself. Now, my dear, I hope you will appreciate the

fact that I have been working all this in your interest. By the way, Charlie appreciated it so much that he insisted on making me a present of a diamond ring last night. *At my earnest solicitation* he is going to make you a present of a fan that will cost as much as ten dollars. He is going to try to get it at wholesale, however, so it may not cost that much. And now, dear, write soon to your best friend, MAUD.—*Tom Hall in Munsey's.*



SUDBURY AROUSED.

REPRESENTATIVE PROSPECTOR AND MINE-OWNER—"Now then, Hardy, repeal this Royalty Bill or we'll smash the Government!"

JOHN JOSEPH CALDWELL ABBOTT.

JOHN JOSEPH CALDWELL ABBOTT ;—

Bless the name in all its glory !
I can't get my name to blab aught
But these words, famed in the gory
Fight between the Grit and Tory ;
How they roll
Across my soul !

Praise the power that shaped a name
So fitted to our Premier's fame.

John Joseph Caldwell Abbott, —
Poets have had inspirations,
Painters their penurious dab lot,
Eked by true interpretations ;
Children blessed their wise relations ;
Soldiers danced and (sometimes) fought,
For a name with not a jot
Of your round
Continuous sound !

Weak-brained rhymsters' darts can stab not,
John Joseph Caldwell Abbott.

John Joseph Caldwell Abbott, —
Our land is famous, rich, prolific,
Grant when political confab hot
Burns, you scorch the Grit terrific :
O gerrymander scientific !
Stab their fifth rib,
And in our crib,

Like Joseph, gather corn and honey ;
Our cry " For God and Land and—money."

John Joseph Caldwell Abbott, —
I've a son now at the bottle,
It shall be our darling Bab's lot,
Though it sticks within his throttle,
Ere he first begins to tottle,
To wear your name
And lisp your fame.

Begone ! vile names. Hence ! Bill and Jim !
I'll John-Joe-Caldwell-Abbott him.

John Joseph Caldwell Abbott ;—
When I nod good-bye forever ;
When I have my marble slab bought ;
When my soul and clay dis sever
And I go to come back never,
On my tomb
This finds room,

One precious grief was his and shame,
John Joe Cal. Abb. was *not* his name.

JAMES BARR.



AFTER THE RACES.

"What you huntin' for, bub ?"

"I hea'd dey was a heap of money lost heah yis'tidy, and I's lookin' ter see ef I kaint fin' some of it."

THISTLEDOWN, PUFF-BALLS AND WHIFFETS.

BY ACUS.

IT is no recommendation to say of a soothing-syrup that children cry after it.

One does not need to study market quotations to know that there is a rise in baking-powder.

"Hic jacet" often describes the inebriate's condition very well, especially the "hic."

If they would give one the prize trip round the world in advance, it would be an inducement to try the word-competitions ; because one could easily work the thing up while travelling.

Enterprising journals desiring to offer trips on the above terms will kindly not all speak at once.

The business of the engrosser might be described as the engrossery business.

One would hardly think they would need an additional conductor on an electric car.

The staff of the "loyl" *Empire* probably regard themselves as united *Empire* loyalists.

I suppose *Globe* "extras" might be called globules.

"A long pull and a strong pull," is the toper's motto.

When they speak of a "flood of eloquence," they probably refer to Nicholas Flood.

That fish and brains go together is shown by the remarkable inventive ability of fishermen.

AN OFF-HAND DEFINITION.

PLUGWINCH—"A lot of new words seem to be coming into use that are quite strange to me. I came across the word 'altruism' the other day. What does that mean, now ?"

JAWKINS—"Mean ? Why, everybody might easily know what that meant even if he had never heard it before. It means something that's all true, of course."



AT AN AFTERNOON TEA.

MRS. CHATTY—"Oh, yes, I have been there, and I can assure you that most of the people in the tropics sleep during the afternoon."

MRS. WEARY (*yawning*)—"What an awful amount of senseless gabble they must escape !"



BUTTER AS IS BUTTER.

GROCER—"Will I send it up for you?"

CUSTOMER—"That wouldn't be necessary; it's plenty strong enough to go up by itself. But really I haven't any use for axle grease, so I won't take it."

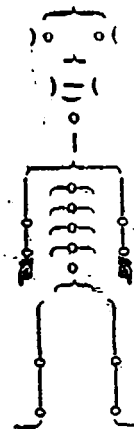
MRS. JIMPSECUTE ON FREE LIBRARIES.

"AND so they are going to shut up some of those free libraries," said Mrs. Jimpsecute to her neighbor Mrs. Flanerty. "I'm real glad to hear it; if there ever was a nuisance and a pest it is these libraries. Why, it's a downright shame that honest, hardworking people should actually be taxed to buy novels and such rubbish to turn the heads of all the silly girls and lazy lubberly boys in the place by reading such trash. It's bad enough that people are allowed to sell such books at all, and indeed, if I'd my way I'd like to put Wilkie Collins and Rider Haggard and May Agnes Fleming and the rest of them in the penitentiary or somewhere, where they'd have to make shoes or break stones or do some kind of work—the lazy good-for-nothing, idle, mischief-making set who do nothing at all but write a lot of lies and nonsense to make young people dissatisfied and give 'em notions above work. It's shameful and I don't see what the aldermen and the members of Parliament and Queen Victoria can be thinking of to allow it; but I suppose that the Queen, poor woman, has all she can do just now to look after her own troubles, what with the terrible way the Prince of Wales is going on with this baccarat game, whatever it is, and they say that he gambles away all his money and she such a good woman, too. But somebody ought to see to it, for ever since those free libraries was started it's terrible the way young folks have been going on, reading all sorts of stories about dukes and earls and pirates and Indians. Here's my girl Lucinda now going on eighteen, that doesn't know how to cook potatoes and can hardly make her own bed—would you believe it ma'am, she's day and night reading about lords and ladies and the ways of high society in those stories that was wrote by Mrs. Braddon,

so that her head's full of them all the time, and she won't do a stroke of work about the house, just lolls round and swings in the hammock, reading about how the Earl made love to the poor girl and basely deserted her, and the Duke poisoned the Duchess so he could marry some one else that he took a notion to; and from the airs she gives herself I really believe she fancies that a lord or an earl is going to come along and fall in love with her: and Johnny, he wants to go off and be a pirate or a highway robber, just because he's been reading about the 'Boy Pirate, the Terror of the Seas,' and would you believe it, he's gone and bought an old pistol somewhere, and is always talking of what he'll do when he comes back with a bag of gold. Why, the men that write such things ought to have a downright good thrashing—nothing else would ever do them any good—and here's taxes gone up again, just because the Council is spending money in buying that sort of trash. And they say the people must have free libraries 'to improve their minds,' improve their minds indeed, by putting such wild, fly-away, conceited notions into their heads, and making them so uppish and idle that they won't do any work, and think and talk of nothing but the doings of the aristocracy. No wonder you can't hire a servant-girl who knows her place for love nor money. Why, they all think they're going to marry dukes and be rich and live in Paris and make love to other womens' husbands—the hussies! Oh, it's scandalous the harm these free libraries have done, and I'm glad they're going to close some of them up, and if they would only send Mrs.

Braddon and Rider Haggard and the rest to jail, and set 'em picking oakum on bread and water, that would take some of the nonsense out of them."

THE *Empire* goes for the traitorous Grits for refusing to adjourn over Dominion Day. Bully for the *Empire*. But where was the loyal majority of the Government that it couldn't vote down this outrage?



WARNING.

Gaze at his bare un nourished bones,
Would you could hear his hollow tones—
This is about the average size
Of the man who does not advertise.

—Hamilton Times

RACING ON THE SWEATING SYSTEM.



I.
"JOCKEY—"Train down a bit, m'lord? Why, cert'nly."



II.
"Take off a bit more, m'lord? With pleasure."



III.
"Well, p'raps I *could* lose another half-pound, m'lord."



IV.
"Couldn't lose another 'alf ounce to save my life, m'lord."

EXTRACT.

[FROM THE VALEDICTORY OF MR. J. T. THUCYDIDES THRUPSTON, AT THE COLLEGE COMMENCEMENT.]

. . . . And to you, our worthy and honored President and Professors, the Class of '91 renders profound and heartfelt thanks.

You have watched over us with zealous care, encouraging when encouragement was needed, restraining when, as sometimes happens, we were inclined to leave the path of safety.

Now we pass away from your immediate personal care, but your influence will ever be with us; and our success will be the success of our Alma Mater.

When we stand in the pitcher's box and by curved and tortuous delivery of balls propel the opposing team into the centre of the approaching hebdomad, the glory will by no means be ours alone. It will belong in no small measure to our worthy teachers and to the institution where we were taught so well.

When we corral the redhot grounder and freeze to it, the plaudits of the grand stand will not be for us merely, but also for the college on whose rolls our names will soon appear as alumni.

Some of us will handle the willow, and the skill with

which we pound three baggers will elicit enthusiasm of the spontaneous variety; yet even then we can never forget that the ability to call forth torrents of applause by our intelligent slugging was obtained at your college and under your guiding care.

When we plentifully smear with whitewash the aggregations of misguided ball tossers who may have the temerity to cross bats with us, the shut out and the goose egg will be so many marks of honor on the record of this College.

In all our heroic slides to third, and close scratches to reach home, through all the cheers of friends and the disappointed, hopeless yells of foes, we shall ever remember that we are bearing aloft not only the banner of our great national game, but the honor of our college also.

When on pay days we shall come forward to draw our large sized checks and corpulent rolls of greenbanks, we will think with gratitude of the institution where we learned so lucrative a profession, and be proud that we have helped to demonstrate that college education is not a failure.—*Munsey's*.

THE great Conservative party of Canada rejoices in a Baroness. This sentence is somewhat ambiguous when spoken, though it looks all right in print.

GRIP is amused to hear that much delicacy of feeling exists at present amongst certain sufferers from nervousness, run down constitution, overworked brain, melancholia, hysteria, morbidness and dyspepsia. Many of these sufferers are using Paine's Celery Compound, but compel their druggists to fill smaller bottles from the original one, to give it the appearance of having been prescribed by a physician. While it is extremely wise to use this great remedy, we cannot forbear remarking that this action in changing the bottle savours more of moral cowardice than it does of delicacy of natural feelings. It is well to show the cold shoulder to ordinary patents; but Paine's Celery Compound cannot be ranked with such nostrums.

BURDOCK Blood Bitters enter the circulation immediately to purify, enrich and vitalize the blood, thus renovating and invigorating all the organs and tissues of the body.
Alonzo Howe, of Tweed, suffered thirty-five years with a bad fever sore. Six bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters cured him, which he considers almost a miracle.

EVERY MOTHER INTERESTED.—Dyer's Improved Food for Infants is made from pure Pearl Barley can be used by the most delicate or healthy infants, and it is highly recommended by leading physicians. Twenty-five cents. Try it. Druggists keep it. W. A. Dyer & Co., Montreal.

AIR ships should be furnished with Keeley motors. This would add to the harmony of their uselessness.—*Martha's Vineyard Herald.*

BURDOCK Blood Bitters cure Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Biliousness, Constipation, Headache, Loss of Appetite and Debility, by the unequalled purifying regulating tonic effect of the medicine.
Rev. W. E. Gifford, Bothwell, was cured of Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint by three bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters, previously his life was almost burdensome with suffering.

EVERY man knows something about some other man that would make some women in the world uncomfortable.—*Atchison Globe.*

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

A CAKE WALK—The dude's promenade.

HEALTH giving Herbs, Barks, Roots and Berries are in Burdock Blood Bitters, which regulate all the secretions, purify the blood and strengthen the entire system.

Annie Heath, of Portland, states that her face was disfigured by eruptions, but she regained her former pure complexion by using Burdock Blood Bitters.

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See next page.

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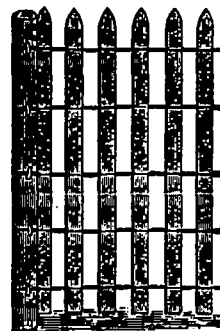
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