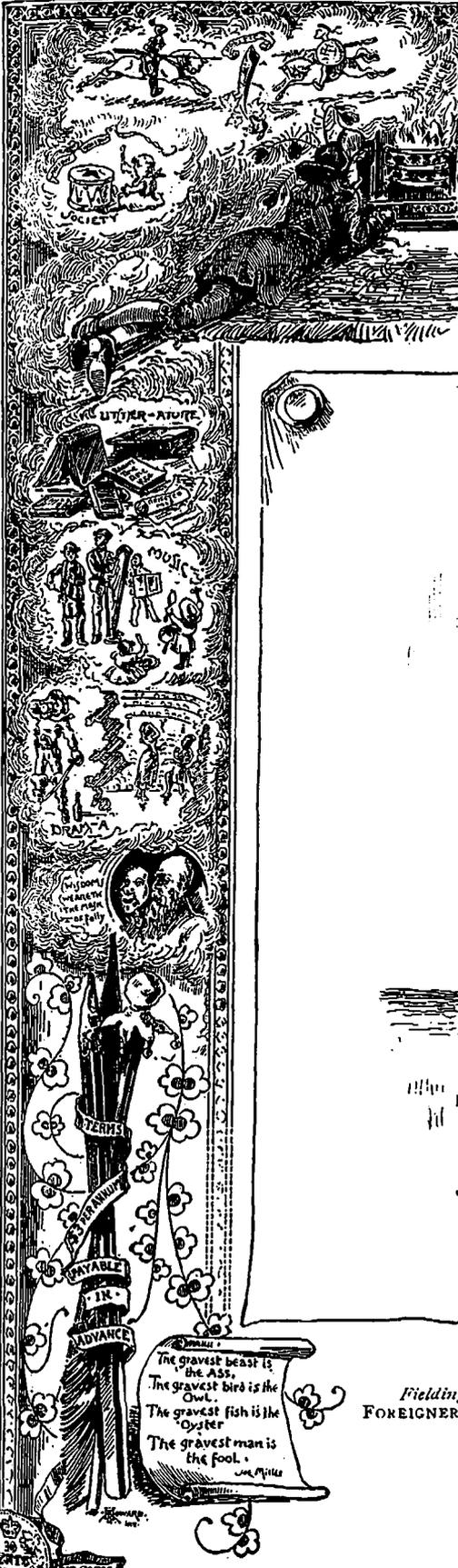


GRIP

EDITED BY J. W. BANGOUGH



NOVA SCOTIA'S ATTITUDE.

Fielding.—SHAKE? NO! I DON'T KNOW YOU. YOU'RE A CANADIAN FOREIGNER!

The gravest beast is the Ass.
 The gravest bird is the Owl.
 The gravest fish is the Oyster.
 The gravest man is the fool.





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Globe Office, Toronto, May 27th, 1886.
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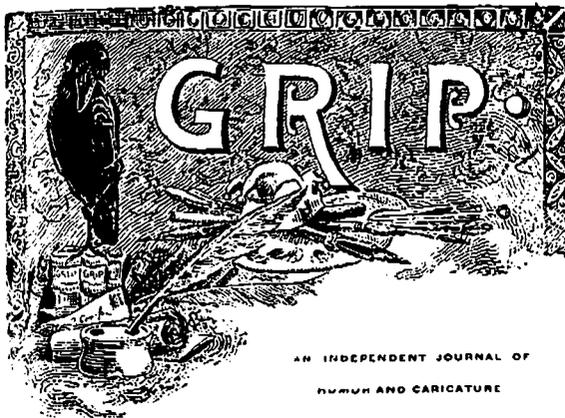
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J. W. BENGOUGH

EDITOR.

VOL. XXVII. TORONTO, JULY 10TH, 1886. No. 1.

Remittances on account of subscriptions are acknowledged by change in the date on the printed address-label—in the issue next after our receipt of the money. The date always indicates the time up to which the subscription is paid. We cannot undertake to send receipts aside from this.

Comments on the Cartoons.



LEADING CARTOON.—"Prohibition doesn't Prohibit."—This is the pet phrase of the liquor men and their friends and sympathizers. Of course the reference is to the sort of Prohibition advocated by those who would wipe out the criminal business of rum-selling, and it is based upon the comparative failure of local option laws which have been in many counties betrayed by recreant or unprincipled officials. But, nevertheless, no person is a more thorough believer in Prohibition than the Rum-boss; and nobody knows better than he that it *does* prohibit when there is an adequate power behind it. Look at his own experience, lo! these many years. Has he not at this moment a prohibitory mandate in force on the leaders of the Grit and Tory parties in this country—a mandate forbidding them to take any official notice of the wishes of the people in reference to the liquor traffic? And are they not both crouched at his feet in abject obedience? Now, Prohibition would prove just as effective in the interests of the Home as in those of the Saloon, if temperance men proved themselves as much in earnest at the ballot box as the rummies do. Votes are the only things that count with politicians.

THE NOVA SCOTIAN POSITION.—Formal notice has been given through the leading Government organs of Nova Scotia that the secession movement has no reference to Ottawa, and that no change for the better of the administration of Dominion affairs will at all affect the opinions of the Province. The same paper now habitually alludes to the people of the Upper Provinces as Canadian foreigners. In view of all this, the interpretation given to the recent Nova Scotia vote by *Harpers' Weekly* (expressed in Nast's cartoon which we copy in this issue) would seem to be not far astray.

THE LAW AND THE FACT.—Americans are expressly prohibited from fishing in our waters just now, but they continue to fish, and that, of late, without molestation. And yet the Government allege that no relaxation of the regulations has been made at the suggestion of the Home authorities or otherwise. There is something fishy somewhere about this.

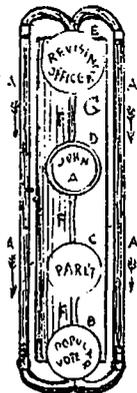
"SKETCHES thrown up for artists" is the announcement of a London photographer. As if London artists do not understand emetics!

"MACHINE POLITICS."



THE other day, Sir John with great assurance stated that he was going to win the next election. He repeated the statement twice for emphasis, and GRIP has taken the trouble to investigate the ground of the old gentleman's confidence. He finds it amply sufficient. Sir John has been spending a good deal of his spare time since the close of the session in figuring out his chances, and, with the assistance of the Minister of Finance, who is of course a mathematician, the matter has been resolved into geometrical shape. At vast expense GRIP has secured the diagram, which is herewith presented. It requires no explanation as it must be quite apparent that the position which the Premier occupies (Fig. 1.) is simply impregnable to Grit votes.

But Sir John, not content with mathematical certainty, has called upon his inventive faculty to make assurance doubly sure, and as the result of a good deal of brain-worry and over-work he has produced a machine which will keep him in office as long as he wants to stay. This piece of mechanism is veritably Perpetual Motion, and the Eganville Genius who thought he had discovered that long-sought principle the other day, and sent his plans to the patent office at Ottawa, will find that he has come too late. Sir John has taken no particular pains to keep his invention secret, and we have had no difficulty in securing the accompanying cut and explanation of it.



By a peculiar contrivance known as the N.P. (which we cannot undertake here to explain) the body D was first of all poised in the exact spot desired in the cylinder F. This spot is technically referred to in the specifications as *Office*, and it is from this position that the gifted inventor worked in completing the machine. It may be stated that the body D was forced into position by a strong infusion of public feeling passing from B through C. Like most great and startling inventions this one is very simple. It was only necessary to make the body E, and place it in position, supporting it by pressure of a subtle agency known as *pap* from D. It is now evident that if force can be steadily exerted from E upon B perpetual motion is attained. This is what was effected, after an interesting series of efforts which are fully described in the Franchise Act. By means of the brass tubes AA, AA, (for quality of brass consult Boyd & Morgan) an irresistible pressure is brought to bear on B, which in turn keeps C and D in their respective positions, and thus accomplishes the object aimed at. And this thing goes right on *ad infinitum*, the motion being just the reverse of what is known as the "want of confidence motion."

LIBERALITY.

Winnipeg has organized a Junior Conservative Association, with Mr. R. G. Macbeth as President.

We are agreeably astonished to find the above paragraph in the *Globe* under the head of "Political Intelligence."

(All rights reserved.)

Mammon's in the Way.

HE who attempts to right a wrong,
E'en in our boasted day,
Has need of faith and courage strong,
For Mammon's in the way.
If with a wrong that's lived too long
You hint what you would do,
Be sure at once both knave and dunce
Combine and turn on you.

The gods will try you in their schools,
With deep humiliations ;
Let loose upon you all the fools
With horrid imprecations.
Some old iniquity ye'd crush
That's been a plague for years,
Lo ! what a host of hornets rush
All buzzing 'bout your ears.

And Ignorance and Impudence
Will in their wrath belie you,
All flunkeydom in anger come
To insult and defy you ;
For if you would do any good
To our benighted race,
Look out for base ingratitude
And insult and disgrace.

You're told reform will ruin bring ;
And every precious dunce
Will prove that 'tis a wicked thing
To cease to steal at once ;
The devil is to go ahead,
The world in bondage stay
Because some coward is in dread
That Mammon's in the way.

But he's the Hero who can brook
The insult and disgrace,
And yet has nerve enough to look
The devil in the face.
Be sure ye're right, and then proceed
To sweep the pest away ;
Those very men that now condemn
Will in the end hurray.

Time on his route wheels things about :
Those that to-day look grim
Will be the very first to shout
" We aye believed in him."
Then never faint in self-restraint,
Nor yield to passion's heat ;
'Tis not by roughs and fisticuffs
That Mammon can be beat.

ALEXANDER M'LACHLAN.

WHAT MR. BLAKE MUST HAVE SAID.

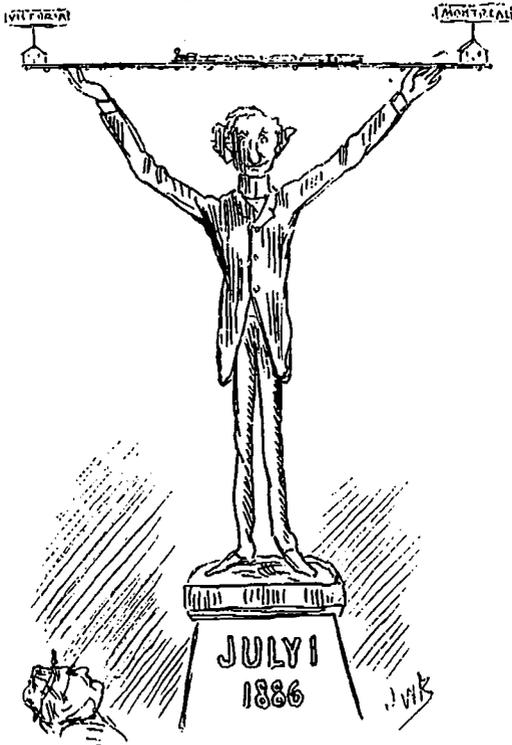
DEAR GRIP—I don't know where you read the report of Mr. Blake's speech which you so heartily commended last week, but in any case it was not the official report, for Mr. Blake assumes no responsibility for the *Globe's* utterances, editorial or otherwise, and is no party to the "purity business" in which the *Globe* represented him to be senior partner ; while of course the *Mail* is not to be depended on in anything it says about Blake. Knowing Mr. Blake as I do, I feel confident that what he said on the Temperance question was not the colorless stuff the *Globe* attributed to him, but the following straight and manly deliverance :—

"There is another question, young gentlemen, which is rapidly coming into the arena of practical politics, and pressing for settlement ; and if we do not grapple vigorously with this new antagonist it may prove too strong even for us who feel safe in the intrenchment, formed by those great liberal principles which we hold, and which I have been expounding to you. I refer to the question of the total suppression of the liquor traffic by a general

prohibitory law. You will remember in discussing this question with your neighbors, that the present measure of prohibition by counties and cities was given to the people by the Reform Government of Mr. Mackenzie, of which I had the honour of being a member. At that time both Conservative and Reform temperance men urged upon us the passage of a measure of total prohibition, but Mr. MacKenzie, with that canny shrewdness characteristic of the race to which he is an honor, told the advocates of temperance that he would give them only a tentative measure in order to test their sincerity. The Temperance Act of 1878, popularly known as the Scott Act, was therefore passed. Since then our friends, the temperance people have succeeded in carrying the Act in sixty-six counties and cities in Canada, and at the present moment the greater portion of this Province is under the operation of the prohibitory law. The majority by which this Act has been carried—some fifty thousand—has emboldened the temperance men to ask in louder tones for what was demanded in 1878—a measure of total prohibition of the liquor traffic throughout the Dominion. In view of our possible return to power, as the result of the next general election, it behoves us as statesmen, present and prospective, to calmly and judiciously consider this question from the standpoint of practical politics, if not philanthropy. I have already laid down the simple principle upon which my own conduct as leader is guided, and on which I desire that those who are enrolled under the Liberal banner should be guided. That principle is for each one of us, leader as well as follower, to follow the dictates of that inward monitor called conscience, even though the jangling of party dispute and the blare of party trumpets threaten to drown its tones. A party may suffer temporary defeat by keeping too close to this principle ; but, gentlemen, I trust you will always put principle before party. Looking at this question, then, in this light, let me remind you, young gentlemen, that some years ago I gave up entirely the use of wine, not in my own interest, for that was never allowed to suffer by its use, but for the sake of young men such as I see before me to-day, the flower of my native and beloved land. In that case I followed my conscience ; and though it was a somewhat bold step, exposing me to the charge, even by my own political friends, of asceticism, I am happy to-day to state that my example has influenced others to such an extent that public banquets are now common in which no intoxicating liquor is used. This being my personal conviction and experience, my attitude towards the question in its broader aspect can be readily understood. That same course of reasoning which made me a personal prohibitionist, makes me also a public prohibitionist, and I desire that you young gentlemen will come out firmly on the side of the only true temperance—moderation in things which are good, prohibition of things which are evil. I need not here discuss the effect upon my party of the stand which I have taken on this important question. Even though it should strain the allegiance of that section of our party who are allied with the accursed traffic—happily a comparatively small and unimportant section—and much as I desire that we, as Liberals, should enter upon this arduous struggle as one man ; yet let us keep our consciences clear in this matter, regardless of temporary defeat, for—

Right is Right, as God is God,
And Right the day must win ;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin."

At the end of the speech, Mr. Stalwart, President of the local Electoral Union, moved a hearty vote of thanks to Mr. Blake for his manly and statesmen-like utterances on the burning question. Though he (Mr. Stalwart) had voted Tory for the past twenty years, he desired thus publicly to announce that he would support Mr. Blake at the next general election—(Cheers)—adding, "We prohibitionists have got the balance of power in this constituency, and we're going solid, Grits and Tories alike, for the man that stands square on two feet on the prohibition question. (Laughter and applause).



STATUE

ERECTED BY MR. GRIP IN COMMEMORATION OF THE FIRST THROUGH TRAIN ON THE CANADA PACIFIC RAILWAY.

THE JUNIOR PICKWICKIANS,

AND THEIR MEMORABLE TRIP TO NORTH AMERICA.

CHAP. V.

"Ah! I might have known that," continued the other, who was the third mate, Mr. Grumshaw by name, "or you would have recognised the rig of that vessel at once; not but that she don't look a good deal like a schooner rigged corvette as you made out, sir, but you will observe that her peak halliards are carried further abaft than those of a 'schooner rigged corvette' would be: you observe that, sir, don't you?"

"Mr. Yubbitts, taking another look into his telescope, admitted, with a show of reluctance, that he *did* perceive a slight peculiarity about the peak halliards of the craft in question, now that Mr. Grumshaw had pointed it out.

"I knew you would, sir, and it is that one peculiarity which distinguishes a Chinese junk from any other vessel," went on the third officer with a look of tremendous gravity on his usually beaming countenance. "That there vessel, sir, is one of the junks you've been reading about that are smuggling opium into England;

no man-of-war can catch them, as they sail almost in the wind's eye"—the note-books of Messrs. Bramley, Coddleby and Crinkle were all out now, and this valuable information was being transferred to their pages as fast as the motion of the vessel would allow—"and as you know, sir, it takes a pretty smart Queen's ship to come up within thirty points of *that*."

Mr. Yubbitt said he should rather think it did, and the other three remarked that *they* should think it would be impossible for any ship to do it, at which Mr. Yubbitts smiled feebly, becoming all the time more and more ghastly in the face, and winked at Mr. Grumshaw in a manner that was intended to imply that his friends did not know much about the matter, but that they meant well.

"It's no use me trying to tell an old hand like you about ordinary sea matters, sir," went on Mr. Grumshaw, addressing Mr. Yubbitts, "but this is something a bit out of the common, so I made bold to correct an error that an admiral might have fallen into."

Mr. Yubbitts expressed himself as being obliged for the information, though he gave Mr. Grumshaw to understand that he rather thought that mariner was taking a slight liberty in venturing to give it at all.

"Now, sir," continued the officer, "if you'll come down to my cabin any time after eight bells, we'll have a sociable chat over a glass of grog, for it'll be my watch below then, and I think you might put me up to a thing or two; bring your friends, there's plenty of room."

Mr. Yubbitt stated that it would give him extreme satisfaction to come downstairs to Mr. Grumshaw's room as soon after eight bells as he chose, say nine bells or thereabouts, and the other gentlemen also assured him that nothing would delight them more than to accompany their friend.

Mr. Grumshaw, begging the Pickwickians to excuse his departure, as he had to go "forrud" to see about getting the gas turned on as it was now beginning to grow dusk, hurried away, and was shortly after to be seen relating something to another officer, which seemed to afford them both the keenest relish and delight.

Mr. Yubbitts, handing his telescope to Coddleby, stated his intention of taking a stroll by himself, as he wished to think over what he had been told by Mr. Grumshaw, and intimating that he felt somewhat inclined to disagree with that officer regarding the peak halliards of the Chinese junk.

Mr. Crinkle ventured to suggest that Mr. Yubbitts appeared, not so much as if he disagreed with Mr. Grumshaw, as if something had disagreed with him, this insinuation being received with the scorn and contempt it deserved, and Mr. Yubbitts hurried away, and was soon after leaning over the bulwarks in contemplation of the seething waters below.

Whilst in this attitude of thought and contemplation, he was rudely seized by the shoulder by one of the stewards, who, with the words "Go over to leeward, sir, please," hurried him across the deck and placed him on the opposite side, where he left him.

Charles Hyperion Crinkle, who up to the moment of Mr. Yubbitts' departure had been in fair spirits, suddenly complained of a sense of chilliness, and declaring that he really must step "downstairs" and write his diary, took a hasty leave of his friends, and thinking discretion the better part of valor, resolved to forego the pleasure of visiting Mr. Grumshaw in his cabin at "nine bells" and deliberately went to bed, where he remained for the two succeeding days, and all well-meant offers of food on

NEVER DOES RUN SMOOTH SEQUEL TO TRUE LOVE



It isn't very long ago her heart was all my own,
 The love that languished in her eyes belonged to me alone,
 It seems but yesterday since she would sit upon my knee,
 And I was all in all to her, she all in all to me.
 No other hand than mine could sooth, no other voice could cheer,
 No other kiss could give her bliss, or brush away a tear,
 Her eyes with tears would bubble when I fain would haste away,
 With joy would dance & sparkle when I promised her to stay.
 But now I'm rather in the way, a nuisance, I discover,
 You see - I'm only her papa, and he? O! he's her lover.

the part of Messrs. Bramley and Coddleby being received with dismal groans and deep moans of agony on the part of the sufferer.

Those two gentlemen, when deserted by their companions, remained for some time on deck, not feeling inclined to go below, but ordering one of the stewards to bring them something to eat where they were, the dinner hour, half-past six or "five bells," being long past. Their order being obeyed, and a plentiful supply of cold ham and chicken, and a couple of bottles of Mr. Bramley's favorite stout being produced for their delectation, they sat down on one of the hen coops, and despite the rolling of the *Chinaman* and their feelings of homesickness, managed to acquit themselves very creditably.

In the middle of their repast, Mr. Yubbitts reappeared on the scene, with a face whiter, if possible than the chalky cliffs of Old England, so recently left behind, was about to state that he had come to the conclusion that the third officer was right about those peak halliards, when, catching sight of the cold ham, he gazed solemnly at Mr. Bramley for the space of ten seconds, whipped suddenly round and rushed away with more expedition than dignity.

"Strange," said Coddleby to his companion, as the latter poured out a glass of the creamy-topped porter from the second bottle, and took a long draught, "strange that Yubbitts should suffer as he appears to do; I think that sailor's correcting him about that ship has upset him. You see, a man of Yubbitts' experience would naturally feel nettled at having any little mistake

pointed out to him by an inferior, I should not like it myself;" and he rose and assumed his most Napoleonic attitude, with both hands behind him, whilst his head was allowed to droop forward on his breast. "I shall devote a chapter of my forthcoming Great Work to the effect produced on sensitive natures by the ill-judged advice of those who are unable to understand or appreciate such natures."

"There is a great deal of truth in what you say, Thomas," answered Coddleby, finishing the bottle of porter, "but I think Yubbitts is *too* keenly sensitive on some points. Being as he is a particularly well informed man, he should make some allowance for the lack of information in others. How quickly he turned away just now. Is it possible that we could, by look or action have affronted him in any way?"

"I think not," responded the other, looking preternaturally solemn and Napoleonic. "I fancy it was not so much anything that we did or said that caused him to leave us so abruptly, as the sight of this ham. Yubbitt is not well."

"Possibly, nay, probably, now you mention it," assented the other. "I had observed that Vereker has looked pale all this afternoon; he said it was the lobster salad that did it, and I believed him. Surely at this, the very outset of our undertaking, he is not deceiving us. I trust not—I sincerely trust not."

"We should regard the weaknesses of our friend with a lenient eye," Algernon, rejoined Mr. Bramley, blowing his nose in his most sonorous and impressive manner.

"and if he has deceived us, it was out of regard for our feelings, knowing that as he suffers so must we suffer. I have laid it down as a maxim, and I shall take occasion to refer to this matter in a chapter of my Great Work, that truth and sea-sickness cannot exist in one person at one and the same time. Algernon, were you ever sea-sick?" and Mr. Bramley frowned in a fearfully Bonapartist way at his friend.

"I never was, Thomas," replied Coddleby.

"Nor I," answered the other, "but you, in the course of your deep scientific research, must have become acquainted with the fact that it is very terrible; I believe —"

The speaker was here interrupted by a small boy, who stated that Mr. Grumshaw would be very happy to see them in his cabin.

"Tell Mr. Grumshaw, with our compliments," said Mr. Bramley, "that we will join him shortly. Is it yet nine bells?"

The boy stared and then burst into a laugh.

"There ain't no sich thing as nine bells, sir," he said, seeing the question was asked in perfect good faith, though he could hardly suspect a person of so outrageously solemn a countenance as Mr. Bramley of joking.

"My lad," said Bramley, if there are eight bells, why not nine?"

This was a poser, and the boy hesitated before replying.

"I don't know vy there ain't, but there aint; maybe 'cos it would tire a cove to strike so many bells if it went on that way."

"Then what, my boy," continued Bramley, producing his note-book, whilst Coddleby did the same, "what comes after eight bells?"

"Vy, one bell in course, and goes on every 'arf hour up to height, and then begins all over agin."

"Thank you," replied Bramley, noting this fact in his book. "You may tell Mr. Grumshaw that we will be with him in a few moments," and then turning to Coddleby, as the boy took his departure, "this is a most valuable piece of information, and one which I think our friend Yubbitts has forgotten, for I am positive I heard him mention nine bells. Thus, at the very commencement of our travels, have we learnt a fact of which we might have remained in ignorance had we stayed at home. I am much pleased;" and by the light of the moon he made a copious note upon the subject. "Let us go and look for Yubbitts."

(To be continued.)

A POINTER FOR HON. EDWARD.

MR. BLAKE lately laid it down as the rule of his political conduct, to obey the dictates of his conscience on every question, regardless of party interests. He further said he expected each of his followers to do the same. Now, in accordance with this excellent principle, the hon. gentleman can have no excuse for withholding an explicit declaration in favor of total prohibition, as we are informed and believe that he favors that measure. If he *did* make the declaration he would be surprised perhaps at the tumultuous cheer that would greet it all over the land.

CAN a man intoxicated by music be said to be air-tight?—*Texas Siftings.*



FOR THE NURSERY.

Ride a cock horse
In the annual farce,
See the Inspector upon his high horse:
Toddling boys and girls in nice clothes,
And a brass band and banners wherever he goes.

"ETERNAL FITNESS."

- MR. HUNT follows the London hounds.
- MISS WEAKLY, a Woodstock lady, has been ill.
- MR. KICK is a Sweaburg man who owns a fast horse.
- MR. SPANKLE has been appointed Inspector of Schools at Kingston.
- JAMES GAY is a 76 year old Guelph citizen who plays a flute on the street.

HOPE'S PRISONER.

THE air is soft and balmy, resembling those days palmy
That usher in the springtime after months of frost and snow:
The bobolink is singing while its airy flight 'tis winging
With its frolic jingled carols. How I'd like to roaming go!
The south wind bloweth fragrance, enticing humming vagrants
To sip the sweetest honey from plum and apple blooms,
The lambs in meadows bleating now skip their dams a-meeting,
But I cannot leave the precincts of these weary jail-like rooms.
The perfume of the flowers float 'mong the happy bowers,
And oriole's soft warblings cheer his mate about to hatch;
All nature smiles delightful, but I cannot leave till night come,
For that unmethodic cobbler hath my only boots to patch.

WM. BEATTIE.

"ARE you having a pleasant time?" asked a lady of a little miss at a fashionable children's party. "Delightful, thanks." "And will your papa and mamma come later?" "Oh, dear no; papa and mamma and I don't belong to the same set."—*Harper's Bazar.*

THE SONG OF THE SALOONIST.

Oh, first I was a bootblack,
A jolly, jolly bootblack,
And on a King Street corner I put in most my time.
I had my box and brush,
And you bet ! I made things rush ;
And when I caught a greeny I would charge the chump a dime,

Then I got to be a bell-boy,
A neat and natty bell-boy,
I would sit down in the corridor of an A1 hotel.
My hair was brushed and parted,
I was always first that started
To skip up to a chamber at the ringing of the bell.

Next I became a bar-keep,
A jolly, jolly bar-keep,
And every day I used to knock a couple of dollars down.
I raked in lots of tin,
And I wore a diamond pin,
And a suit of clothes as nobby as they built 'em in the town.

And now I'm a saloonist,
You bet ! a gay saloonist,
And I want no bums or suckers around my flash saloon.
I'm down upon the Scott Act
Tho' I know that it will not act,
If it does then all my bus'ness will go up in a balloon.

Thus mused the budge dispenser,
The jolly budge dispenser,
Not a thought for all the men he has brought to the ditch.
What a blessing for us mortals
If he had to close the portals
Of his trap that takes the last cent from the poor man and the rich.

BOYLAN.

PEACE OR WAR.

A WEAPON OF REVOLUTION.



WHEN a being so intelligent as man gradually awakened in the course of progress to his various powers, it was but natural that such of them as required least exertion in use should be most exercised ; while other faculties really more important, but not so easily set in motion should be disprized. Much less effort is required to move the muscles of the human lips and tongue than those of the hand and arm ; from this some evils worthy of note have resulted. Educated people, the people whom communities have respected, honored and handsomely paid, have chiefly been people skilled to move lips and tongue so as to speak correctly the names of things. The men skilled in the use of words, able to pronounce them accurately, spell them correctly, and put them together into sentences of sonority and effect have been given the world's chief places. A man might know all about trees—where different kinds of them grow; how best they may be planted, pruned and hewn down ; which ones are best for shade, for fruit, for ships, wheels, floors and bridges ; how best to dispose wood for strength, durability, grace—yet for all that such a man might think and work in wood, truly and industriously, for his own and his neighbour's good, he would not be esteemed educated. That term would be reserved for some man who could talk about trees eloquently and learnedly, but who perhaps never

planted one in his life, and never converted one to any human benefit. All this has made for war between the highly rewarded talker class and the workers whose share of things has not been enough. There can be no peace nor stability among men where tokens are held in more account than coins, symbols than the symbolized, words than things. All this is beginning to pass away, and that things may be more honored than their names, skill in manipulation than glibness of speech, wise instructors alert to see the signs of the times are sharpening a weapon of educational revolution. That weapon is to be impelled by no explosive. Its sharpness is to be a useful sharpness. Its contest is to be against the baneful drift which makes men love to know nature at second hand, verbally ; not directly by contact with her forces, her phases, her methods. The weapon is not new or unfamiliar, it can be purchased without a license at a dollar or less in any village in the land. It is that rather ordinary implement known to commerce and carpentry as the Jack-Plane. It and similar weapons from the armory of genuine toil are needed to war on the folly of reliance on printed pages and spoken words for education. An education at bench and lathe, in engine room and ship yard, in fields and forest, in mines and sea coasts, will give us men with hands and eyes, trained to do, to see, and to really know, who when they become social and industrial leaders may be less talkative than the present race but who will help to bring the Peace between Much and Little, Learning and Labor, Talk and Toil, for which the world is waiting and suffering.

PECKS AND CAWS.

"WHAT'S His Offence ?" is the title of a story in the *Globe*. Which one of the Tory members do you mean ?

ACCORDING to one of the papers, "M. Pasteur states that he has many times noticed a marked improvement in the general health, weight, and condition of persons who have become inoculated after having been bitten by rabid animals." This is respectfully but firmly offered to persons who have gone the rounds of the patent medicines and want a change.

LISTEN to this from the Galt Tory paper :—"We confess that it is not satisfactory to find the secessionists in Nova Scotia nearly made a clean sweep of the Province at the local general elections." Well, we should rather say it wasn't ! As a matter of fact, it would seem to be a trifle of a disappointment—to both parties, with a decided distinction as to the nature of the disappointment.

In the window of a Buffalo saloon is conspicuously displayed the sign, "Notary Public." "Tell me," said a customer, "what need under heaven can there be for a notary public in a bar-room?" "To swear off the customer who wants to reform," replied the quick-witted proprietor.

ANOTHER "no tarry" sign in a bar-room, it may be incidentally observed, is the absence of a free-lunch counter and chairs.

GRIP'S SUMMER NUMBER

WILL appear next week. It will contain 28 pages loaded down with good things. Amongst the bright contents may be mentioned a comic history of the Knights of Pythias and a full page cartoon in honor of the meeting of the Supreme Lodge in Toronto. Price to our subscribers, 25c., including the elegant presentation plate, representing a group of "Leading Conservatives."

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APPLY TO
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ALL ATTEMPTS AT
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OR THE IMPROVEMENT
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TOTALLY
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RUM POWER.

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MORE DESTRUCTIVE
THAN WAR, FAMINE AND
PESTILENCE COMBINED
— CLADSTONE



PROHIBITION DOES PROHIBIT!

A BOHEMIAN IDYL.

How pleasant is a country cot—what lot
Is half so happy? Oh! I hate great state
And ceremony, such as still will chill
The uncut diamond of crude, rude brood,
Who can't contrive to make a bow, "no how,"
Who will, in any chance, dance, prance,
And rushing with but little grace, race-pace,
With elephantine hurls and twirls, whirls girls
In boorish gallantry. A rough, tough muff
Such as society-folks in town, frown down.

Ceremony! Society! I abjure your poor
Conventionalities and laws, 'cause paws
Are handier much than forks to eat sweet-meat.
And when we are at tea, see me
From out the saucer, not the cup, sup up
The too-warm bev'rage; no one may say nay.
My elbows on the table I'll pile, while
I wait to have the cake that's but cut, put
Within my easy reach, and then, when ten
Or more are waiting for a nice slice, twice
Ransack the plate to find a tit-bit, fit
To set my sharpened appetite right, quite
Regardless of all etiquette yet set.

THE EX-BANK PRESIDENTS' AND CASHIERS' ANNUAL BANQUET.

THEY REVEL IN THE DELIGHTS OF CANADIAN IN-
DEPENDENCE.

THE annual banquet of the American Ex-Bank Presidents' and Cashiers' Association took place Monday evening at Sharper's Hotel, city. Mr. U. Ino occupied the chair, and Mr. O. Slipover the vice-chair. Good nature and high spirits were observable in all parts of the room, and the way the viands were attacked showed the banquetters to be possessed of keen appetites and satisfied consciences. Groans were heard at intervals, but these proceeded from the heavy laden tables.

After the tables were cleared the chairman gave the first toast: "The Bank Presidents Across the Line," and said he felt proud to meet the honorable gentlemen present. He would much rather meet them under the present conditions than over the line under any other. (Uproarious laughter.) He wished his brother presidents across the line well in their good work, and trusted that no unnecessary complications would arise to prevent a goodly number of them coming over and joining the Association. (Cheers.) Unpleasant things had been said concerning them by the Canadian press; but he asked what would the gentlemen of the press have them do? Would they have them return to their native land to enjoy far less comforts than the fair Dominion afforded? (Cries of "No, no," and "shame.") The ex-presidents and cashiers were a very sensitive class, and had as great a dread of hard beds and scanty food as would the gentlemen of the press were they placed in a like position. (Cheers and laughter.) The toast was drunk amidst great enthusiasm. Mr. Golightly sang the effective song "I've got those Thousands a Year, Gaffer Green," and was loudly applauded.

"The Land of Our Birth" was the next toast, and was replied to by ex-Cashier John G. Rabb. It was somewhat interesting, he said, to note how circumstances alter cases. Once he had a great love for the land of his birth, but somehow of late that love had waned. Canada had thrown around him a fascination which all the delights of the old land could not overcome. (Loud laughter.) The snug banking offices, the luxurious mansions of his native land were all right and comfortable, but the so-called

places of retirement from the cares of the world were not; and as matters stood at present, he felt bound to give due consideration to both sides of the question. (Applause.) He wished the old land well, he had succeeded in getting his fortune out of it, and he trusted many others would do likewise. (Vociferous cheering.) Mr. Samuel Mum sang "Skipped by the Light of the Moon," and being vehemently encored responded with "By-and-Bye you will Forget Me."

The chairman then gave "The Commercial Interests of the United States," and called upon Mr. Horatio F. Boodle, a temporary resident lawyer, to respond. Mr. Boodle alluded to the immense wealth of the United States as compared with the wealth of Canada, and contended that it was not wrong to bring American money into the Dominion for the purpose of benefitting it. Of course there arose a slight difficulty as to whether any other than the rightful owner should dispose of his money. That, however, should not trouble those present. ("No.") There were also many on the other side utterly incapable of taking care of their wealth, and was it not far better for the money belonging to such people to be wisely spent in Canada than foolishly squandered in the States. (Cries of "Yes, yes," and loud cheering.) He believed the old land would lose nothing by their absence, and what little they had brought away would never be missed. Mr. Boodle sat down amidst thunders of applause. "Absence and Return" was then warbled by a very stout ex-cashier with a very thin voice. The next toast, "Canada our Home," brought the company to their feet, and it was drunk in a delirium of delight. ex-Pres. Reuben Trotter responded. He rose with heartfelt pleasure. What would have been the result had there been no fair Canada for them to find a home in? (Groans.) He blessed the British for having kept together the great Dominion to benefit such as they. (Jubilant cheers.) Previous to his arrival he had had no particular liking for Canada, a country of chilblains and snowshoes, but all antipathy vanished as he crossed the Niagara river. He could not now praise Canada too much. There was a far greater proportion of happiness to be obtained within its borders than in the choicest part of the United States. (Applause.) Unless important alterations were made in the United States laws he should live and die in fair Canada. (Prolonged cheering.)

Other toasts, songs and speeches followed, and the happy gathering broke up at an early hour.

THE IMPORTED NATIVE.

"WHAT is the booking to the Yo—don'tcherknow?" said a dude from the headwaters of Dude creek to the ticket clerk.

"The what? If you mean the fare, it's thirty for the circle—the ring trip, don'tcherknow."

"Lemme see—that's six pun something, isn't it? Deucedly high, don'tcherknow. That—aw—that includes my luggage, doesn't it?"

"O yes, we'll slam it into the 'van.' You can 'tip' the guard to look after it," said the ticketman, winking at the bystanders.

"Aw—yaas—of course. Just—aw—just book me, and take it out of this fifty. I've nothing but Yankee money with me. Give me a few shillings in the change, as I've got to stop at the toffy shop and get some lollys for my girl, don'tcherknow."

"Some lollys?"

"Yaas—some sweeties—yerknow."

"Guess that's an Englishman," said the next man in line, as the dude moved along.

"Englishman be derved," growled the agent. "I went to school with that fellow. His name's Jim Dougherty, and his father is a hog-packer at Butchertown. But he's a clerk in the Anglo-California bank, and he belongs to the San Rafael lawn-tennis-club—so he's got it bad, you see."

And the entire orchestra whistled "Oh say, did you ever get on to the dude?" as the imported native adjusted his eye-glass, pulled on his dogskins and shuffled out.—*S. F. Wasp.*



HER SOLOQUY.

Who is this impudent and sneaky-looking wretch who has been following me for the last two blocks? I do wish I could see a police— Ah! why to be sure, now I recognize him! He's the society reporter for the *Weekly Fry*, and he's making a note of my dress, I do believe. What a bright, intelligent looking gentleman he is too, and so respectful!

A PSYCHOLOGICAL INTERVIEW.

"Don't say a word!" exclaimed Bilkins, impressively, as a gaunt, unshaven man entered his office. "Don't speak; don't utter a syllable. I have acquired the gift of mind-reading. A mysterious sympathy is established between us. I read your purpose—you have come here to collect Keen & Blunt's little bill. Is it not so?"

"It is. You are quite right," replied the gaunt, unshaven one. "I, too, have been a mind reader in my time. The power is on me now. I know your thoughts. I can tell you what the speech you are now framing will be. You are going to say: 'I am very sorry, but you will have to call again.' Am I not right?"

"Marvellous!" ejaculated Bilkins. "I can go further," resumed the prophet, in a hoarse whisper. "You will tell me to come up about the middle of next week."

"Miraculous!" cried Bilkins. "But I have not yet done. I can see into your very soul. You will answer: 'I have been coming here now every week for the last two years, and it's high time you settled up.'"

"You astonish me!"

"Yea, more! you will threaten to bring suit against me."

"Just what I was going to do; but I carry my spiritual communion still further. You will say, 'Sue, and be—blanked.'"

"My dear sir, you are inspired. You ought to be a weather prophet."

"And then, after I give you a little back talk, you will wait me into the street."

"There is no use fighting against destiny," responded Bilkins, and a few moments later, as the gaunt, unshaven mind-reader, collected his remains from the sidewalk, he was overheard to remark that the next time he met a physician, he would pass him by unnoticed.—*Chicago Rambler.*

POEMS OF PLACES.

There was a small boy of North Bay
Sent to work in the field raking hay,
But he dropp'd rake and fork,
Bounded off like a cork,
And was fishing for trout
All that day!

There was a small boy of North Bay
Treading slowly and stealthily his way,
And he said, "I'm a fool, for I'm sure that *Home Rule*
Is a bill that will pass when I'm back,
So he picked up his minnows
And flew!

There was a small boy the next day
With the *achers* not measured by hay;
The *rod* he eschewed for a 4 x 8 shingle,
The *tackle* was followed by tears that now mingle
In grief for the life that he led
In the shed!

T. O'H.

Picture Dealer.—Please take care, sir!—your coat-tails don't—ah—by chance—sweep against my "old masters"! *Amateur.*—O—bless my soul! What, ain't they dry yet?—*Ex.*

He (at the bird store)—How brilliant these Brazilian birds are! Just look at their plumage of red, yellow and black!

She—Yes, brilliant enough; but what wretched taste!—*Ex.*

"ARE you afraid of scarlet fever among your children, Mrs. W.?"

"Oh, no," replied Mrs. W., "not very. It ran through my sister's family of six children and she only lost two."—*Ex.*

Mamma (at the doll counter)—Now, Flossie, here is a very large assortment to select from. What kind of a dolly would you like to have?

Flossie—Twins, mamma, if you please.—*Harper's Bazar.*



98 GAMES IN THE SERIES.

Club.	Won.	Lost.	Club.	Won.	Lost.
Toronto	28	14	Utica	22	14
Rochester	24	15	Buffalo	17	21
Syracuse	23	15	Binghamton	11	29
Hamilton	23	17	Oswego	19	32

A BLANK ALUMNI.

Customer.—Mr. Fillroller, I want two pounds of alum right away.

Druggist.—Sorry, sir, but I haven't an ounce of alum in the shop; just this minute sold the last. I have a very good article of baking powder, however, indorsed by Professors—

Customer.—First-rate; give me a pound can. There's a little too much alum in it, but I can make it do.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

CONTAGIOUS DISEASES.

"Did you know," said Jones, "that chills were catching?"

"Never heard of it!" answered his friend.

"Well, it's a fact. I caught 'em in a barber's chair the other day, for when I got out of the chair I was shaking like a leaf."

"Don't say! How do you account for it?"

"Well, the fellow that was in the chair before me had been shaking dice all night, and had won over two hundred dollars."

"Who did he win it from?"

"From me."

"Ah! that accounts for it. Don't blame you for catching the shakes. But what did he catch?"

"Well, from the size of my pocket-book the next morning, it was evident he had caught a sucker. Good-day."

"Day."—*National Weekly.*

EXTRAORDINARY MEDICAL SKILL.

ONE stormy night, when the roads were well-nigh impassable, a son of Erin came into a doctor's office and desired the dispenser of physic to go to see a friend who was "just a-dyin'." He would not take no for an answer; so, putting the saddle-bags on his horse, the physician started out upon the journey. As soon as he saw the sick man he knew that it was nearly over with him, and remarked to the courier:

"Peter, you told the truth, your friend is just at the point of death."

"Can't ye do anytheeng for heem?" replied Peter.

"No; it is too late."

"But, docthor, ain't ye going to give heem anything at all, at all?"

"It will do no good."

"But, docthor, ye have come so far, it would be too bad to go back without doin' anything."

For the peace of Peter's mind the doctor now took a small quantity of sugar from a phial and placed it upon the dying man's tongue just as he was drawing his last breath.

Peter, seeing his friend's head drop back, looked up to the doctor with big eyes and said, half in a whisper: "Oh, docthor, an' didn't ye do it quick!"—*Harper's Magazine.*

SHORTHAND!

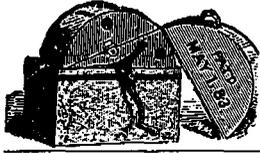
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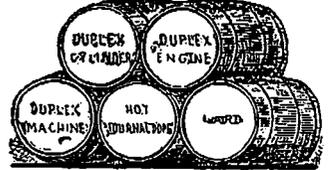
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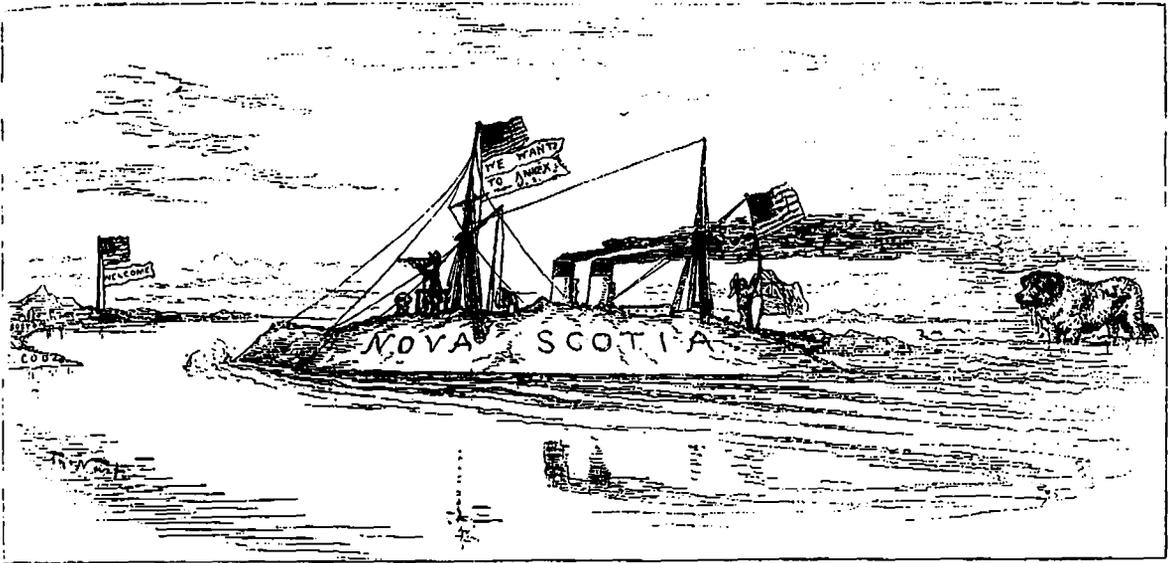
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NAST'S IDEA OF IT.

WHAT NOVA SCOTIA SECESSION MEANS IN THE OPINION OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

J. FRASER BRYCE,

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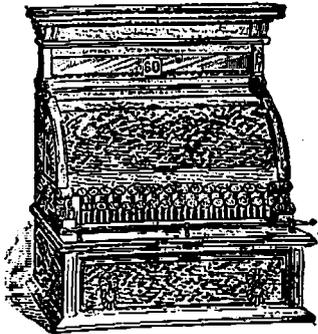
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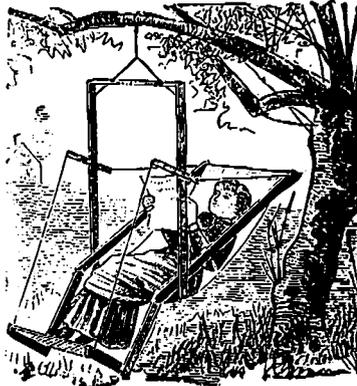
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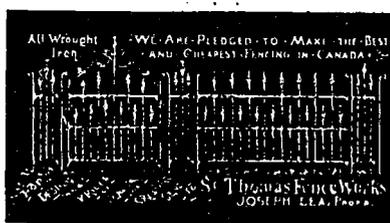
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