

CRIP

EDITED BY J.W. BENGOUGH

CRIP ENG



"UNRESTRICTED RECIPROCITY!"

Unelo Sam (to Miss Canada).—I DON'T SEE RUT WHAT TRADE IS PRETTY FREE BETWEEN US, AFTER ALL!

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

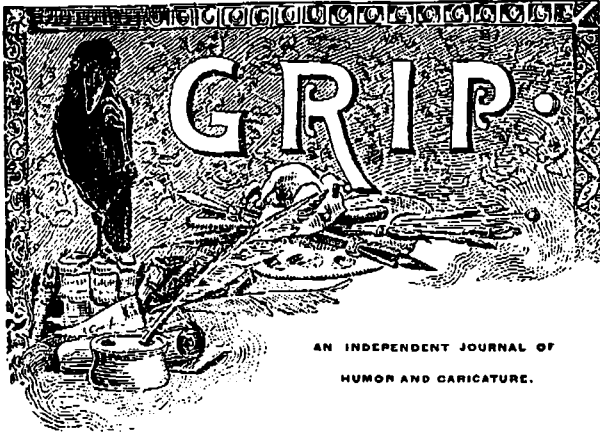
J.W.B.

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President JAMES L. MORRISON.
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 Artist and Editor J. W. BENGOUGH.

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THE MANITOBA VIGILANTS.—It has dawned upon the Federal Government that, in all human probability, their game is up in Manitoba. There is no longer a John Norquay to fool with. The new fellows in charge there appear to be of the rugged, red-shirted, western sort—men who have a clear idea of right and justice and are determined to have their full measure of both. *Finesse* and bamboozlement are no longer of any avail. Sir John has to deal now with straight-out opponents and not with pliable friends. So, down he comes with a proposed “compromise.” “Dear Mr. Greenway,” he says, if “you’ll only keep quiet I’ll stop disallowing after 1891!” “No, sir!” replies Greenway,

“You’ll stop right now—or you can go on, just as you like. We are going to run this Province according to the Constitution, not according to the C.P.R., and what you may do or not do doesn’t signify a straw!” This is not polished diplomacy, but it is sound statesmanship, and it is the sort of talk the people of Manitoba, without distinction of party, like to hear. Its spirit is well illustrated in the following dispatch in the *Mail* of the 3rd. ;—

Happening into Attorney-General Martin’s office to-day, *The Mail* correspondent, in discussing the Red River Valley railway question, asked Mr. Martin if the new Government would assuredly build the road. He replied in positive terms that not the slightest apprehension need be felt on that score; as the Government would build that road or die in the attempt. “But, how are you going to get over the legal difficulties?” “We are simply going to build the road.” “How about crossing Dominion lands?” “We are going to cross them.” “How about the C.P.R. track in your western extension?” “We are going to

cross the C.P.R.” “But did not Mr. Norquay fail in these things?” Mr. Martin laughed, and said, “People may talk about Mr. Norquay having tried to build the road, but I am as firmly convinced as I am of anything that Norquay did not try to build the road. I do not think there is any difficulty if people try. The difficulty was that no genuine effort was made.” “And the money?” “Don’t fret about the money. It will be forthcoming when wanted.” “But your Acts will be disallowed?” “I suppose so, but that won’t affect us. We intend to build the Red River Valley railway.”

UNRESTRICTED RECIPROCITY.—Mr. Butterworth’s bill has not yet passed the the House and Senate at Washington and been duly ratified by the Commons and Senate of Canada, so that, in the meantime, the lines of custom houses still stand along our frontier for the due discouragement of mutual exchange in goods. We enjoy full and unrestricted reciprocity, however, in the other thing—to wit, delinquent bank officials. Toronto has, especially, been doing a brisk export trade in this line of late. A great gap has been made in our choice society by the sudden departure of persons whose health demanded a climate free from all germs of liquidators, masters-in-ordinary and other fatal indisposers. And meantime Uncle Sam has been keeping the account balanced by sending us similar products. This is civilization. Barbarism would probably suggest a high tariff on defaulters and free trade in goods, but who would dream of going back to barbarism?

IT is to be hoped that the *Globe’s* long and lacrymose article on Sir John Macdonald’s attempt to “bribe” Ald. Hallam, will help to keep the Premier in memory of the tax on books. As was pointed out to him at the Public Library, the duty is a direct impost on knowledge, and serves no good end whatever. Of course, Sir John said he would “lay the matter before his colleagues,” but everybody knows this means much less than Mr. Mowat’s “consideration” chestnut. After reading the *Globe* article referred to, Sir John ought, at all events, to remove the duty on elementary books of humor, so that our esteemed contemporary may not hereafter make itself ridiculous by mistaking a transparent joke for a gross attempt at bribery.

* * *

THE new Provincial Minister of Agriculture will, we presume, be placed in charge of matters pertaining to Agricula. Or is it the intention of Mr. Mowat to model the new department on the Federal portfolio? In that case Hon. Mr. Drury (or whoever the new minister may be) ought to have the general superintendency of Sunday schools, the oversight of toboggan slides, and control of ferry boats placed under his care. These matters are surely as cognate to farming as is the subject of copyright, which, as everybody knows, is embraced in the portfolio of the Minister of Agriculture at Ottawa.

* * *

RIDDLEBERGER ought to be adopted as the patron saint of the dealers in fraudulent deposit receipts and other Canadians of similar banking proclivities now resident across the lines. Riddleberger is the Yankee statesman who is doing his “level best” to beat the amendment to the extradition treaty which proposes to make defaulters amenable to the law. It is generally supposed that his determined opposition to the amendment arises from Anglophobia, but this is probably a mistake. Mr. Riddleberger is a humane person, and he naturally fears the result of suddenly sending back so many interesting invalids to this inhospitable climate.

* * *

LIBERTY of the Press is a splendid thing, of course, but liberty of the news-boy is open to argument. What we refer to is the liberty this lively street merchant enjoys to bawl out his own version of the contents of the journals under his arm. He is obliged to condense the substance of a sensation into a brief sentence, and in so doing he is very likely to do a cruel injustice to some of his fellow citizens. People on the street on

Tuesday of last week were startled at every corner with shouts of "All about the arrest of Manning and Rogers!"—which must have been very pleasant for the families and friends of those prominent citizens, especially as they had *not* been arrested, but only summoned. Of course it is the first duty of the public to buy the papers and read the particulars, but some people will evade duty, and those who did so in this case got a decidedly wrong impression. The two names selected for use by the news-boy, belonged to the two men who were, in the opinion of the police magistrate, subsequently expressed, the least guilty of all the alleged "compounders of a felony." Mr. Rogers was discharged at the preliminary hearing, and the evidence against Mr. Manning was very slight. Can anything be done to bridle the newsboy's tongue or to edit his utterances. His present liberty is certainly a "crying evil."

SURPRISE is expressed at the energy, perseverance and industry of Prof. Goldwin Smith in connection with the great scheme of Commercial Union. Easy-going people can't understand why a gentleman of means and leisure should trouble himself about a subject in which he has no personal end to serve; but at the same time they are not prepared to give the learned Professor credit for entire disinterestedness. Some think he is working for fame; others (his enemies, of course,) declare that he is doing his best to ruin the country. It is time that GRIP made a plain explanation. Mr. Smith is simply impelled by business considerations. He is a history manufacturer, and in bringing about Commercial Union, he is getting out raw material for future work. Having written up all that is worth attention in the past, he is now laying the foundation for fresh labors. It has long been his ambition to write a great history of Canada's National Greatness, and as he knows this will date from the establishment of Commercial Union his anxiety to have the date fixed soon becomes perfectly intelligible.

SHOWS.

BILL NYE proved a deplorable failure in his alleged comic lecture on "The New Sourh." He talked for about three-quarters of an hour, and it was quite long enough for most of his hearers. Mr. Nye writes some very readable things, but really there is something required to fit a man for the platform beyond a whimsical name and a bald head.

MR. GEORGE BELFORD, the reader, had fine audiences on Monday and Thursday, evenings of last week, and he gave high satisfaction. In strongly dramatic pieces, in pathos, and in light comedy he is strong; in broad humor he is decidedly weak. His rendering of the "Rubenstein Piano"—a favourite selection—was poor, and quite unworthy of the applause it received.

H. B. JACOB'S Co., in the great melodrama "Wages of Sin," will be the attraction all this week. An exchange says:—"H. R. Jacobs' company, which is presenting 'The Wages of Sin' at the Academy this week, is considered one of the strongest and best selected organisations on the road to-day. It is composed of first-class actors only, and they have been secured because of their fitness for the parts to which they have been assigned. The piece itself has proved a strong attraction everywhere. It is well written, contains much originality, and presents many striking characters. Already both the company and the piece have made a favorable impres-

sion in this city, as the thronged houses which have greeted every performance testify, and the present engagement will undoubtedly prove successful. Both Mr. Jacobs and the amusement loving public are to be congratulated upon having secured such an exceptionally fine company to present this excellent piece."—*Post Express.*

BILL'S HAUNTING PRESENTIMENT.

THE editor of this journal received a courteous, but imperative request from the great cyclone humorist, Wm. N. Y. World Nye, to visit him at his palatial suite of rooms on the morning of his arrival in Toronto. After considerable difficulty we located him, and found him in a depressed mood. Something was evidently preying on William's bloated intellect, and had already laid bare his scalp in the demolishing process. He arose as we entered and staggered into our outstretched arms. After a few minutes of soul communion he led us to a divan, which had also grown bald in the life labours of a soap-box, and William placed himself before us on a chair that had lost a leg in the war of 1812. As he arose wearily from the floor, and toyed with fragments of said chair, we had an opportunity of studying the various formations of his physical structure. The most interesting deposit was his head, It was a series of knobs, prairie



SCRIPTURAL.

MacGrit (veteran curier).—Now, Minister, as ye's the only guid man amang us, cast the first stane!

and mountain ranges of volcanic origin, bald as an oyster, and had a good-sized town lot tattooed in the centre.

He (*N. Y. W. Nye*) then proceeded to interview us. He was suffering from aggravated melancholia, and wore a 2 x 40 inch face.

"My dear boy," said Bill, "I am in deep mental trouble. You wouldn't think so from my facial expression, but I am. I want your advice; I am a new arrival in this country, and have had no opportunities of measuring the humorous qualities of a Canadian audience. I want to find out, before administration, how much fun you Kanucks can absorb without exploding. This is what makes me mourn. You know I am the great American humorist, and as a professional laugh-producer



"A DISTINCTION—WITH A DIFFERENCE."

First Stall-keeper (to customer)—"I ain't got no change": (then to second stall-keeper)—"Kin you give this woman change of five dollar bill?"

Second Stall-keeper—"I guess I kin."

First Stall-keeper (to customer)—"There, that lady will give you change." (A fact.)

I am a paragon. I am just bubbling over with a stock of original jokes on Canadian subjects, but I am afraid of the consequences if I spring them all on you in the course of an evening. There is a great fear haunting me that I may become an unintentional murderer. Tell me—tell me quickly, as you are the only authority to which I can refer, are my fears well founded? Must I eliminate some of my most dangerous explosives?"

Here the despondent William stepped to the grate and wrung out his handkerchief. We requested him to reel off a few samples of his goods, and in broken accents he remarked:—

"Why, yes; of course, of course. Just use this table cloth if you have no handkerchief. I will open something like this:—"Ladies and gentlemen, I feel justified in remarking that I hope no one will pay attention to any new reports of bank failures while I am speaking. There is no available train to-night, and by listening attentively you will be better able to bear the financial depression to-morrow.

"Among your manufactures I observe that Canadian trunks can't be beat for price. I used one of your Grand Trunks on my trip from the Falls, and found I had to pay full fare or miss the train.

"You have always been happy in your selection of a Governor-General. The last one, as I remember him, was a genial gentleman, but the Princess had a sad, take-me-back-again look in her eyes. It was natural though as she lived for Lorne."

With a deep groan we begged of the immortal Nye to desist. We silently wrung his hand, and assured him that he could fire away with that sort of ammunition all night, and not raise a hair. The only danger lay in the possibility of the gun itself exploding, as he appeared to be loaded to the muzzle.

Before proceeding out into the feverish atmosphere we attempted to fortify our nerves from a decanter which stood on the table, but, behold! it was empty. And the mystery of Nye's misery was explained. SAM STUBBS.

BLIZZARD is the comparative form of "blows hard" used in the North-Western when it blows harder.

GIVEN that the new German Military Bill will cause an expenditure of 243 million marks; find how many marks make a Bismarck?

LORD and Lady Randolph Churchill signalized themselves in the eyes of Europe by going on the Spree together the other day—at Berlin.

DR. JOSEPH KENNY says Mr. O'Brien's nervous system is completely shattered. Do you mean that Balfour's political medicine is likely to Kil,—Kenny?

IF Mr. Morley speaks in Dublin, will the British Government act Morley-niently with him than with Irish orators, and will they let the Marquis rip-on as he likes?

COLONEL KITCHENER is no drawing-room officer. He was severely wounded in the Soudan by rebels, and has one to Cairo for treatment—better treatment, we hope.

STEERING.

LITTLE maiden went a sleighing—
Tum, te te—
Cupid out that eve came straying—
Tum, te tum.
Fanny sat in front of me,
While behind I steered, you see.
Down the chute we went in glee,
Tum, te te, te tum.

I showed Fanny how to steer—
Tum, te te—
But the showing cost me dear—
Tum, te tum—
For while fixing her to start,
In the wraps I lost my heart—
She said "yes" ere we did part—
Tum, te te, te tum.

Then when wed I had to learn—
Tum, te te,
That she could steer the whole concern—
Tum, te tum—
And through life we bump and glide,
Striking snags on every side,
While behind I passive ride—
Tum, te te, te tum.

W.H.T.

TALKS WITH THE FAKIR.

II.

"WELL, Fakir, how does it go?" said the assistant editor, as the Fakir entered with a look of weariness and disappointment on his countenance.

"Oh, so-so!" was the reply. "I'll fetch 'em yet. But I never saw a lot of business men so slow to catch on to a good thing as we've got in Toronto. No enterprise—no snap about 'em. Now, if I'd have floated this scheme of mine in New York or Chicago the money would have been put up the first day and the work half done by this time. I tell you, gentlemen, what this town wants worse than anything else is about a hundred first-class funerals in commercial circles. There's a lot of pompous old chumps that ought to have died a century ago who are a positive drawback to all progress. By the way—seen the prospectus?"

And he passed around several copies of the prospectus of the "Granolithic Pavement Advertising Co.—Limited," setting forth in grandiloquent language the advantages of utilizing the sidewalks for advertising purposes.

"Limited," said the advertising canvasser. "Yes, I guess so—very limited. Ain't many cranks who have money to fool away on no such wild-cat scheme."

"Oh, I can understand all that from you. When once this thing gets started your occupation and that of a lot more useless drones and parasites on the public will be gone. That explains the attitude of the press. Of course we expect to have to fight those personally interested in upholding the present system. But that's not what I came in to talk about. I guess I shall have to wait a little to get the syndicate together, but in the meantime I've struck another idea which I can go right ahead with. Do you know that one great inconvenience and annoyance in our present complex society is the trouble of recollecting people's names?"

The staff, for a wonder, unanimously concurred with this proposition.

"Nobody but a man who knocks around in business, running across a hundred or so new people every day, can realize it. You're always meeting with people who seem to know you, but, for the life of you, you can't re-

member their names. Why, only yesterday I walked into an office—the sign on the door was 'Popkins & Co.' 'How do, Mr. Popkins?' I said to the fellow. Knew I'd met him before, but couldn't just place him. 'Excuse me,' says he, 'Mr. Popkins is dead—died two years ago. My name is, as I think you ought to know, Jimson.' 'Why, of course! How stupid of me! How are you, old man?' said I. It was a man I'd know for a dozen years—boarded at same house for a long time. But it was no use my apologizing. He was huffed because I didn't know him at first, and I couldn't talk him round."

"Well, what is your scheme?" queried the literary editor.

"Simplest thing in the world. Wonder it hasn't been introduced long ago. Have everybody wear a neat little metal badge on his coat with his name on it. Just think how convenient it would be—how much trouble it would save. You go into an office, and instead of asking, 'Are you So-and-so?' or 'Where is Mr. Thingumbob?' you just look at the badge, and there you are. No mistaking the clerk for the boss or the boss for the clerk. No need to work off the old familiar chestnut, 'Your face is quite familiar but I really can't recall your name.' I'm going to introduce the thing right away. Can get 'em made for about ten cents each and sell for a quarter. Here, you may as well shove this ad. in your next issue—'Agents wanted; \$10 per day easily made.' You had better charge it. So long. See you subsequently."



A SKETCH ON KING STREET.

Gamin.—Jiminy! Patsy, its alive!

As every other European power talks of fight, Spain proposes to leather somebody, and will make the attempt in Morocco. We expect to hear no Moor about it, however.

We observe there is to be a meeting of the Synod of Nova Scotia for the purpose of electing a Bishop. The names of Drs. Courtenay, Langtry and Carry are mentioned. The former is a gentleman of eminence in Massachusetts, while Drs. Langtry and Carry are well known to Canadians as men of letters. Both are somewhat broad and of great weight. Should Drs. Courtenay or Langtry not be chosen, it is to be hoped the election will not Miss Carry.



SOCIAL SILHOUETTES.

DENIS MACGEOGHAN OF THE CIVIC CORPORATION.



It's little indeed that the ladies and gentlemen of the city knows how we're killed and starved intirely with so much hard' work, and very little for it, without a word av a lie, for countin' wet days, an' days whin it's too cowl'd, and days whin the rheumatism prevints ye from takin' hould of a shovel, we sometimes don't make more nor three or four dollars a week, an' whin ye take a dollar out for rint, tin cints for tobaccy, an' tin cints more for a couple of glasses of beer with your chum, it doesn't leave much to come an' go on in supportin' a wife and eight or nine children.

If I could save an' lay by about twinty or thirty dollars I could make my fortune in the whole-sale fish an' orange, or ould iron business. But the rich min take mighty good care never to give a poor boy any chance to rise in the worruld, at all, at all.

The property that belonged to my forefathers in the Ould Country, an' that was tuk away from thim distraudulently, would qualifyme for an alderman, fit to rai-prisint any ward in thiscity: so it would, d'ye moind, now? But here I am, with not a ha'porth tocall me own beyant the shmall shticks o' furniture ye can see, and three

bits in theroomforne st ye. Sure, in the Ould Country the likes of me could keep a slip of a pig, but here, in Taranto, nivr a pig can a fellow have beside him at all, at all, barrin' the boss of our gang, an' it's an Englishman he is.

It's a quare worruld, all the same, sorr, an' hivin be praised for His mercies! for if there was no work for a poor man like me to do, how would a poor man git any work to earn his daily bread at all, at all?

Oh, yis, indeed! the children go to school ivery day in the blissid week, barrin' the first and the last, and it's proud of thim I am, too, ye may be sure, for ye wouldn't be after comin' across six foiner gos-soons in the three counties than the same half-dozen young Macgeoghans, by the same token.

Roight for you, sorr, the rint is too hoigh considerin' all things, but still, an' it's in this Canady I'd be tin times over, before I'd go back to the ould place, though I do be lovin' ivery fut of the beautiful green' turf that covers the blissid isle.

Betwixt yersilf an' me, an' the dure-post, I've a shmall account for the matther of mebbe a hundred, an' mebbe two hundred dollars in the savings' bank, but there's many a raison for a man not to thraavel among his fri'nds whusperings so that they may all know he's wealthy, eh, d'ye moind?

No thanks at all, sorr, I'm obliged to ye for callin' and may ye niver die by foul manes, without the binifit of the clargy. Good evening, sorr, an' the saints make yer bid.

NO POLICY.

"And the mask of hypocrisy stript from them, what other policy have they?"

THUS endeth the reading of the lesson of the election trials, in the *Empire*. Of course the writer's conundrum refers to the pestilent Grits. It is easily answered. They have none. And the *Empire* ought to know how to sympathise with them, for the Tories are in the same lamentable plight. From the organ's own columns we learn that Sir John made a public application to the Manufacturers' Insurance Co. for a policy—which shows that he is conscious of his present lack.

WHY was the moon on the 28th ult. like an editor? He clips.

GOVERNOR SEMPLE has signed the bill giving women the ballot in Washington Territory.—Woman's rights is a Semple matter there.

A DAKOTA RATIONAL ANTHEM.

WITH APOLOGIES TO THE "NATIONAL."

LAND of a sunny sky.
Land where the buggies fly
While sleighs glide here ;
Land where I long to go.
And skip this cold and snow,
Where killing blizzards blow
Six months a year.

Oh, how my yearning heart
Calls loud for me to start
For warmer clime ;
Yet pockets louder call :
You can't light out at all,
For you've no "wherewithal,"
Nary a dime.

So here I sit and weep
While arctic breezes creep
Up shaking spine ;
Both ears are growing white,
Jack Frost begins to bite ;
Sad, sadder while I write
This plight of mine.

Come, gentle zephyrs, come,
Blow, balmy breezes from
Far southern lands,
E'en while I'm sitting here,
Coal stove and grate quite near,
I have—oh, dear ! oh, dear !—
Frozen my hands.

W. H. T.

MY FIRST PAIR OF SKATES.



HEY were a Christmas present from Uncle Jabez. I was 11 years of age ; now I am 62, yet it seems but yesterday that I tied on them skates for the first and last time. I remember with what a proud, haughty air I strutted toward the mill-pond, and how jealously Bobby Jones watched me from the top of a fence, as I strapped the glittering steels upon my feet and stepped confidently on

the ice. Oh, yes, I can remember this quite distinctly, thank you. There is also a vivid recollection of a sudden upheaval of the ice, a rotary whirlwind movement, a broken mixture of head, feet and skates, and a wild yearning for a cushion. When my several extremities had assumed their ordinary poise I glanced around and saw Bobby Jones climbing up the fence from which he had fallen in his sudden paroxysm. I saw the corners of his mouth sticking out past his ears. At that period of life my pride was easily wounded. This time I felt that it was mortally hurt if I didn't show Bob Jones that I could skate. Cautiously creeping to the shore I walked away a couple of rods, brought myself right about and faced the enemy. I charged it. I came down at it like a Dakota cyclone in red paint, and with a war whoop glided away across the ice. After shooting about a rod one foot took a sudden fancy to explore the southern shore and the other wanted to go home. I tried to do both, and I did it tolerably well. I decided to lay down and rest, but my feet tore right along and I followed in my bearskin. I believe we faithfully pulverized every promontory and warty excrescence on that four acres of ice. Starting due north my feet collided with a chunk of ice which gave

us a fly-wheel motion as we whirled away to the south-east and finally brought up with one leg on each side of a stump. Oh, no ! the dust doesn't need to be swept away from my memory in order to bring that day to light. It has been incised so deeply on my brain that a ten-foot pole can't touch it. I still see myself clinging to that stump with the grasp of a drowning man and yelling murder half an hour. I feel the dizziness that overcame me for a week afterwards. I see the hideous look of concentrated exultation on Bob Jones' face as I crawled slowly past him on my way home. While I lay in bed I piously resolved to present my skates to Bob Jones, and had them forwarded there and then. Four weeks afterwards we met again. He was walking with a crutch and sported three square yards of court-plaster and had his jaws tied up. He thanked me for the skates ; said he never had so



much fun out of anything in his life, and his paw was going to buy him a season ticket at the rink. But even as he spoke effort caused a howl of pain to exude from between his lips, and a wait-till-I-get-well glance shot from his livid eye as I hustled home, more conscious than ever of the truth that "it is more blessed to give than to receive."

SAM. STUBBS.



INFORMATION !

Miss Quizzie.—"O, Madge, Miss Jackson was asking about you yesterday."

Miss Squelcher.—"Indeed?"

Miss Q.—"Yes ; she wanted to know if you were really engaged to Mr. Boodleman, and I didn't know what to say."

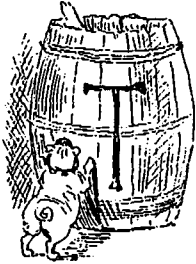
Miss S.—"Why didn't you tell her the truth?"

Miss Q. (with suppressed emotion)—"But what is the truth?"

Miss S.—"Why, that you don't know anything about it ! (Sudden fall in temperature.)"

ASPHODEL CANTATA.

THE TRAGIC HISTORY OF THE FIRST, LAST AND ONLY
CANADIAN POET.



HERE has of late years sprung into print a controversy as to whether there is such a thing or not as a Canadian Poet. Ever since the question was first mooted there have been claimants for the supposed honor; but as there is no salary attached the competition has not been very keen. It is a pity no Canadian Laureateship exists, so that the matter might be settled by a Government appointment with a small stipend and a barrel of whiskey thrown in, after the fashion of the English. It is rather strange, too, this has not been thought of before; as Canada has copied so much in the foundations of its Royal Academy, Institute, etc.; but it is never too late to mend—even Canadian poetry.

Now I am not at all prejudiced as a critic, nor do I purpose editing or publishing after this has seen the light, the many beautiful poems of the talented but unknown author. This is no preliminary puff or advertising dodge to secure public attention to the fact that shortly a selection from the divine works of the great unrecognized will be issued. Nor am I a personal friend of the author, combining business with gush to make a few dollars and boom his verses at the same time. No, gentle reader, this may be the current practice with a great many persons we know, who aspire to the proud position of original thinkers and beautiful writers and therefore take it in turn to belaud the members of their own little clique and belittle everyone outside it. No! this is a self-imposed labor of love, undertaken solely to bring to daylight a child of genius who has been relegated to oblivion by the churlish ingratitude of his fellow creatures—to rescue from the mire some of the diamonds of fancy that should and yet shall glitter in the hitherto empty crown of Canadian fame.

The reason I do this is because the poet is not known at all and has never yet had a chance. His effusions have been sent with punctual regularity as soon as the fine frenzy has finished with them to every newspaper editor in the Dominion, and still not one has been printed. It has been a journey of love, occupying me the last five years, to wander round all the newspaper offices in Canada and recover all I could of these priceless pearls thrown to—well, editors is a synonym in this case. Before illuminating the pages of GRIP with some of the choicest fragments, however, a slight sketch of the man will not be amiss. Asphodel Cantata is not an assumed name as it would appear; but a veritable heirloom of family nomenclature. He was the son of a travelling Italian musician, still living on the streets of New York, and his mother was a lady who supplied the button-hole market with floral offerings at reduced rates. On this account he received his euphonious name as a perpetual reminiscence of his illustrious parents. What but a child of fancy could we expect from the auspicious union of Apollo and Flora. True the Apollo ground a piano-organ and Flora made up wire-bound button-holes; but the principles of art and nature were there and in the form of their single offspring found the light. Under these circumstances I ask confidently could Asphodel Cantata ever be anything but a poet? Events will show that he certainly could not and certainly did not in spite

of every effort to alter him. This heir of the beautiful in nature and the exquisite in art was ushered into existence on the 1st of April, 1868. Observe the fitness of the events connected herewith. This was no ordinary coming into the world; no commonplace entrance upon the stage of life. Asphodel was ushered in, as became so rare and once-a-century personification of the ideal. The circumstances of his birth were probably not those of the majority of the newly arrived—for he was found by a Japanese pug, who was looking for bones in an overthrown ash-barrel. This is ever the way with genius. It is not to be looked for in a palace. That Jap pug would not have sniffed around the drawing rooms of Rideau Hall in that search for osseous relics which was to result in the discovery of an Asphodel Cantata. Petrarch was not born in a Quirinal, nor Homer in a Basilica; Shakespeare was not found on the throne of Queen Elizabeth and therefore it was not likely that Asphodel Cantata should be discovered anywhere but in a corner—so to say; for an ash-barrel may not have a corner, exactly speaking. However, he was found anyhow, and almost anywhere on the 1st of April, 1868—date ever to be remembered by future sketchers of Canadian literature, compilers of Canadian birth-day books, lovers of Canadian taffy done up in poetry, and all who honor that venerable date and everything connected therewith. Having been found, the question at once arose, "What was to be done with him?" and this question has not been solved yet and never will be until by a consensus of opinion he shall be placed in the highest niche of the Valhalla of Canadian poetry. But that is as yet away off in the dim and indiscernible beyond, whither all embryo poets are struggling; but as yet none has done more than tumble into the holes of the walls of that Valhalla and the niche is still unoccupied. Well, to get back to the Jap pug and more congenial business. The Jap pug conveyed the news to the cook, who transmitted it to the mistress, who referred it through the telephone to the police, who communicated with the Orphan's Home, who declined to receive it without an order from the Mayor, and owing to the delay in transferring the piece of joyful intelligence the town of Boomerville lost its chance of being the foster parent of Asphodel Cantata, for in the middle of the transaction, whilst the mistress of the house, which owned the lucky ash-barrel, was telephoning the police, a poor woman coming along was attracted by the joyful barking of the Jap pug, and looking into the aforesaid ash-barrel, saw the child of nature and the prodigy of art. The thermometer opposite the ash-barrel registered 16° below zero, but the warmth of a woman's love overcame the weather's noticeable coolness, and chipping away the ice-bound rubbish that surrounded the child with the metal plate of her false teeth. She dragged forth the babe in triumph, dropped it in to her market-basket and continued down town to do her shopping.

(To be continued.)

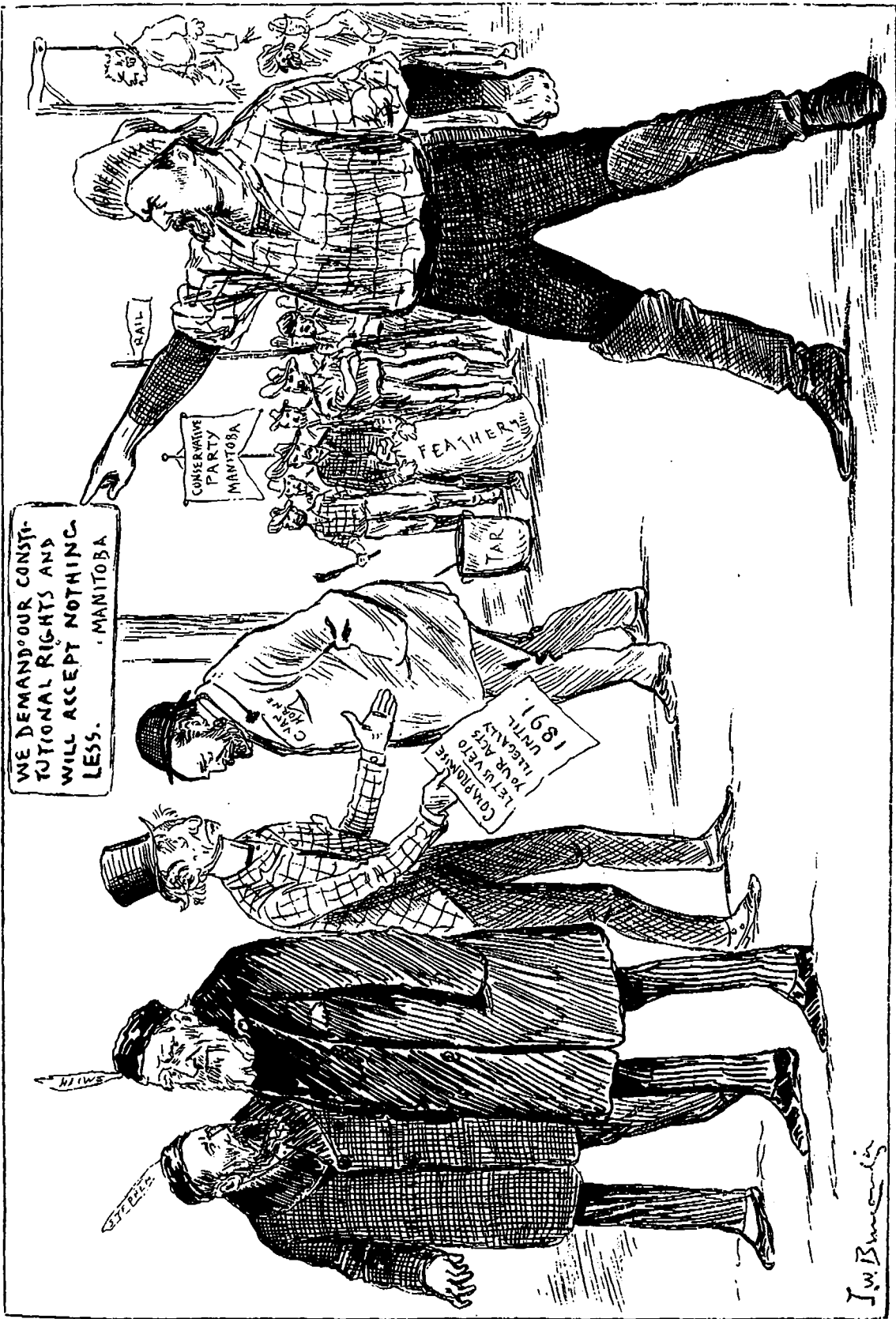
THE old German *Military Bill*—The Emperor.

THE mayor's salary rise is Eddy-fying news—for the mayor.

LORD Charley Beresford is said to have been succeeded by Sir George Tryon. Is it a fact or a try on?

THE telephone business must be at a stand still in the city, as no one desires any connection with the Central.

THE latest about the Crown Prince—He is not going to pot, but to Potsdam. There is a great deal in the difference.



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In the matrimonial breakers the more "rocks" you strike the better.

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BOBBY—"Clara was telling ma that she had a call from you through the telephone yesterday, Mr. Featherly." Featherly—"Yes; and what did your sister say, Bobby?" Bobby—"She said that it was the pleasantest call she ever had from you."

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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.

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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.

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

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can be made for every hour's work. We will show you how to do it, reader. All is new, sure, light and pleasant. Both sexes, all ages. Business admits of your living at home. We start you free. Any one can do the work. Many make much more than \$1 per hour. No special ability or training required. Reward sure. All workers meet with grand, rushing business. Address at once, Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine.

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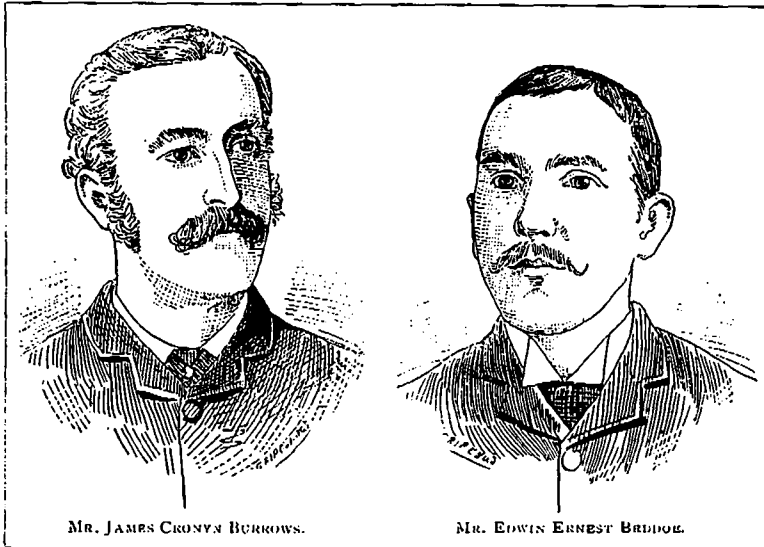
We are children who cheerfully join in the chorus When Breadmaker's Yeast is the subject before us— Mamma tried all the rest, So she knows it's the best, 'Cause her bread is the whitest, her buns are the And we eat all the pancakes she dare set before us. Lightest. BUY THE BREADMAKER'S YEAST. PRICE 5 CENTS.

THE TEMPERANCE ERA.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT THE AUTHOR AND HIS FRIEND.

MR. JAMES CRONYN BURROWS is a Canadian by birth, but English by parentage and education. He is a graduate of Toronto University in Arts. Has been altogether five years in Canada, residing chiefly in Toronto.

Mr. Burrows is related to the Honorables E. and S. H. Blake. He has recently taken up his abode in the east end, where he is a considerable property owner, and is taking a deep interest in temperance reform, being a member of the Good Templar Order, through which he became acquainted with the author of the "Temperance Era." Mr. Burrows though still a student, nevertheless finds time to interest himself in these matters.



MR. JAMES CRONYN BURROWS.

MR. EDWIN ERNEST BEDDOE.

education at the Lord Dartmouth Estate Academy, West Bromwich, Staffordshire, and his business qualifications were matured under the well-known firm of Tangye Bros. who took up the business of that world-renowned engineer "James Watt." Mr. Beddoe was highly esteemed by all employed under the firm, which may be evidenced by those mechanics from Tangye Bros. (and not a few) who are now stationed in Toronto.

MR. EDWIN ERNEST BEDDOE was born in the Midland Counties of England and received his

He has resided in Canada for nearly four years, during which time he has taken a deep interest in public affairs, most notably, the Don River Improvements, which he urged upon the citizens of Toronto to adopt; the maintenance of a better Smallpox Hospital, and its removal to a more appropriate site; from a sanitary view, to confine the width of our streets to sixty-six feet, the opposition to pauper immigration to these lands, the proper administration of our police force in by-ways, likewise gas lamps, and last but not least, the great question of the day, "Temperance Reform," to which object "The Temperance Era" was compiled by him. In times of severe opposition, Mr. Beddoe has always held the lever of the right, never flinching from anything which he was convinced furthered the interests of the workingmen of the city, and his views on questions pertaining to their welfare have always been harmoniously endorsed by the Trades' and Labor Council and in letters from The Right Hon. John Bright. Both of these young men are energetic, and are deserving of great praise for their unhesitating sacrifice of expense in placing before their fellowmen that which inspires a straight and uncompromising policy with the purpose of securing the premium of success.

Western Canada Loan & Savings Company.

The 25th annual meeting of this Company took place, February 1st, at the Company's Offices, No. 70 Church Street, Toronto, the President in the chair. A large number of Shareholders were present. The following financial report was read and adopted:—
The Directors have much pleasure in submitting to the Shareholders the Twenty-fifth Annual Report of the Company's affairs.

The financial results of the year's business show that the profits, after deducting all charges, amount to \$153,782.42, out of which have been paid two half-yearly dividends at the rate of ten per cent. per annum, amounting, together with the income tax thereon, to \$133,199.49. The balance remaining, \$20,583.02, has been carried to the Contingent Funds.

The amount placed with the Company by Investors, on Deposit and in Debentures—continues to increase—the Deposits now being \$1,292,807, and Debentures \$2,641,002; or a total of \$3,933,809, as against \$3,784,672 last year.

The amount of money loaned on Mortgage security during the year is \$1,105,339.02; and there has been paid back by borrowers \$1,339,256.74, viz., in Manitoba, \$123,909.59, and in Ontario, \$1,215,287.15. The increasing volume of the Company's business rendered it necessary during the past year, to further increase the Capital Stock, in order that the limit of the Company's borrowing powers, in proportion to their Capital, as prescribed by law, should not be exceeded.

The Directors therefore issued 10,000 new shares of Capital stock, at a premium equal to the existing Reserve Fund, and upon which twenty per cent. was called in. The whole issue was taken up and the premium carried to the Reserve Fund.

Since the last Annual Meeting the Board has lost by death one of its oldest members, the late Mr. Samuel Platt, who for about twenty years has been a valued and efficient Director. The vacancy oc-

casioned by Mr. Platt's death has been filled by the election of the Manager, Mr. Walter S. Lee, to be a member of the Board.

It having become necessary to make certain alterations in the Company's by-laws, in order to bring them into conformity with the Amendments to the Act of Incorporation, they have been carefully revised by the Board and are now submitted to the Shareholders for their approval and confirmation.

The Balance Sheet and Profit and Loss Account, together with the Auditor's Report, are submitted herewith.

G. W. ALLAN, President.

Statement of Liabilities and Assets of the Western Canada Loan and Savings Company, 31st Dec., 1887.

Liabilities.	
TO SHAREHOLDERS.	
Capital stock	\$1,400,000 00
Reserve fund	700,000 00
Contingent and Guarantee Funds }	101,252 09
Dividend, payable 8th Jan., 1888.....	66,157 01
	\$2,267,409 10
TO THE PUBLIC.	
Deposits and interest	\$ 292,807 58
Debentures and interest	2,641,002 16
Sundry accounts	3,933,809 74
	853 22
	\$6,202,072 06
Assets.	
Loans secured by mortgages	\$5,907,995 23
Office premises	19,895 51
Cash in office	240 64
Cash in banks	244,044 00
Cash in bankers' hands in Great Britain.....	29,426 92
Sundry accounts.....	469 97
	\$6,202,072 06

<i>Profit and Loss.</i>	
Cost of management, including salaries, rent, inspection, valuation, office expenses, branch offices, etc.	\$37,042 29
Directors' compensation	3,690 00
Dividends and tax thereon	133,199 40
Interest on deposits	50,110 90
" debentures.....	121,610 90
Agents' commissions on loans and debentures.....	7,433 69
Carried to contingent and guarantee accounts.....	20,583 02
	\$374,570 20
Interest on mortgages, etc.	\$374,570 20
	\$374,570 20

WALTER S. LEE,
Managing Director.

JANUARY 30th, 1888

To the Shareholders of the Western Canada Loan and Savings Company:

GENTLEMEN.—We beg to report that we have made a thorough examination of the Books of the Western Canada Loan and Savings Company for the year ending 31st December, 1887, and have pleasure in certifying that the above Statements of Assets and Liabilities and Profit and Loss are correct, and show the true position of the Company's affairs.

Every Mortgage and Debenture or other security, with the exception of those of the Manitoba Branch, which have been inspected by a special officer, have been compared with the Books of the Company. They have been proved to be correct and to correspond with the totals, as set forth in the Schedules and Ledgers. The Bank Balances have been proved and we certify to their correctness.

W. R. HARRIS, }
FRED. J. MERRITT, } Auditors.

J. P. EASTWOOD,
Solicitor, Notary Conveyancer, Etc.
20 Queen St. West, Toronto, Ont.



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When I say CURE I do not mean merely to stop them for a time, and then have them return again. I MEAN A RADICAL CURE. I have made the disease of

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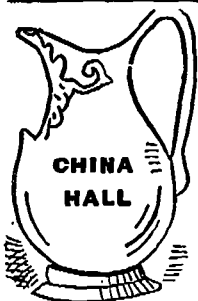
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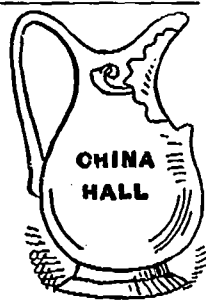
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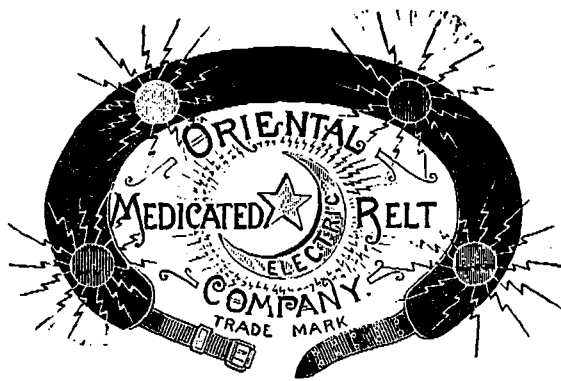
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\$3. Medicated Electric Stomach Pad, \$3. Medicated Electric
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LADIES.—Our Belts are peculiarly adapted for your use. It weighs but three
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TO THE ORIENTAL BELT CO.

I have experienced such happy results from the use of Electric Belt supplied by you, that I am con-
strained to express my gratitude and strong recommendation to any one (suffering as I have done for years) to
lose no time in securing and wearing one.

You may make use of this letter in any way you choose.

Very sincerely yours,

Mrs. S. M. WHITEHEAD, 518 Jarvis Street.

Jan. 10, 1888.

TO THE ORIENTAL ELECTRIC BELT CO.

This is to certify that I was for nearly nine months almost helpless with Rheumatism in my arms and
shoulders. During that time I tried many highly recommended remedies but all failed to give even tempo-
rary relief: at last I was induced to try your Electric Belt and Shoulder Appliances which in a few days helped
me, and after two months wearing the Appliance, I am happy to say, that I am almost well. My case I be-
lieve to have been a stubborn one, but finally yielded to the treatment, which is simple, without deception or
humbug. You are at liberty to use this statement in any way you think proper, hoping that it may come to
the notice of some unfortunate afflicted as I was. You may also refer any one to me who may want more
particulars about the cure effected by your treatment.

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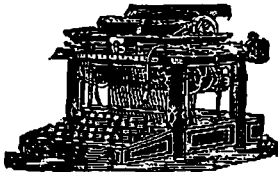
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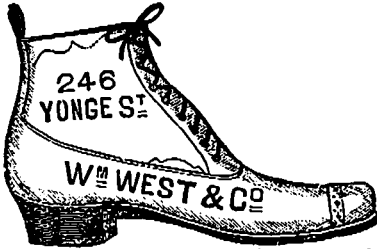
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