



GRIP



VOL. XXXVI.

TORONTO, MAY 9, 1891.

No. 19.
Whole No. 934.



THE MINE-GRABBERS DON'T LIKE IT!

GRIP

AN INDEPENDENT JOURNAL OF HUMOR AND CARICATURE.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

BY THE

Grip Printing and Publishing Co.

26 and 28 Front Street West, Toronto, Ont.

President
Manager

J. V. WRIGHT.
T. G. WILSON.

Terms to Subscribers.

PAYABLE STRICTLY IN ADVANCE.

To United States and
Canada.

To Great Britain and
Ireland

One year, \$2.00; six months \$1.00 One year \$2.50

Remittances on account of subscriptions are acknowledged by change in the date of the printed address-label.

In remitting stamps, please send two-cent stamps only.
Messrs. JOHN HADDON & Co., Advertising Contractors, Fleet St. London, Eng., are the sole agents for GRIP in Great Britain.

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Artist and Editor
Associate Editor

J. W. BENGOUGH.
PHILLIPS THOMPSON.

Comments

ON THE

Cartoons.



THE CONVENIENT WAITING-ROOM.—The Senate chamber, which was designed by the Fathers of Confederation as the exalted abode of Wisdom, has been turned into a sort of paddock for played-out political war-horses. Its atmosphere is as highly charged with the electric

tricity of partyism as that of the Commons, and in no respect is it superior to the "lower" chamber. Even the respect commonly due to gray hairs is not always vouchsafed to our Senators, for too many of them are like the ancients alluded to by Pitt, whose "errors do not cease with their youth, but who remain in ignorance in spite of age and experience." This deterioration from the high ideal of the constitution makers has been brought about by the appointive system. The Premier of the day—who has, as a general thing, been Sir John Macdonald—has had little or no regard to considerations of fitness in making Senators. Men have frequently been deposited there because they could not possibly be elected. Sir John has now discovered a new use for the Senate—that of a waiting-room. Hon. John Carling is the latest addition to the Senatorial ranks, and it is openly stated that he is to occupy a seat in the red chamber only until a constituency can be found for him in the House.

THE MINE-GRABBERS DON'T LIKE IT.—The mining speculators are up in arms against Mr. Hardy's proposed royalty legislation. They declare that the imposition by the Government of a toll of two per cent. upon the value of the ore taken from the nickel mines of this Province will have the effect of driving away the capital which is now seeking investment in the Sudbury and Lake Superior regions, as it is in contrast with the more liberal policy of Michigan and other States. This outcry is perhaps natural enough, human nature being what it is, but Mr. Hardy's ideas are sound, just the same. If the capitalists can find nickel in Michigan in paying quantities, and if the people of that State are silly enough to give their natural resources over wholly to the possession of private speculators, Michigan is the very place for them. Ontario's proposed policy is based on a truth as solid and unshakable as the Sudbury rocks themselves, viz., that the natural opportunities of a country belong to the people of that country and not to individuals. Heretofore the interests of the people have been parted with far too cheaply. The Kingston *Whig* mentions one case in which three American gentlemen secured a few hundreds of acres of nickel lands near Sudbury from the Government for \$1,200, for which lands they were afterwards offered, and refused to accept, \$50,000,000. As there were at least 650,000,000 tons of nickel ore "in sight" on this section, the *Whig* thinks these Yanks showed the proverbial shrewdness of their race in declining. The editor goes on to remark: "On the one hand an amount barely enough to pay a year's salary to a good head master, and on the other a sum sufficient, by its interest-earning power alone, to furnish school books free to the children of Ontario for all time. Under the proposed system of leasing or conditional sale, subject to use and royalty, such an example of the misappropriation of the public estate will be impossible. It is a system admittedly and intentionally hard on mine grabbers, but under which both the prospector and the operating capitalist will have no just cause for complaint." All of which is rock-ribbed sense, and secures our distinguished endorsement.



THE Legislative Committee made short work of Ald. McDougall's scheme for civic reform—which was not Ald. McDougall's after all. It didn't seem to have a friend amongst all the municipal and provincial statesmen present on the mournful occasion, excepting possibly Mayor Clarke.

Mr. McDougall himself, who appeared in the role of foster father, "dam'd it with faint praise." If, in the multitude of counsellors there is wisdom, the conclusion must be that the proposed scheme was really a pretty poor one. But what is to be done now? We can't possibly let things go on drifting. Some reorganization of the civic system must be effected and that soon. How would it do to act on the precedent established by the Athenian Republic, and relegate the whole question to some Solon with absolute authority to formulate a plan and put it into operation, the rest of us promising unconditional obedience until it has had a fair trial? Mayor Clarke would, no doubt, take the job for a reasonable consideration.

BEFORE it is too late GRIP wishes to extend his congratulations to the Harmony Club on the emphatic success of their performances of *Iolanthe*. These were so good that crowded houses are assured for the next appearance, on which occasion it is not unlikely, we hear, that additional local interest will be given by the selection of a comic opera written and composed by Torontonians.

The Province of Ontario Licenses 3000 liquor sellers 3197 Taverns etc Average sales \$30 per day 313 lawful days = \$20,013,120 445 Shops Sales \$40 per day, 313 lawful days = \$5,573,620 27 Wholesale sales \$100 per day 313 days = \$845,000 "GRAND" TOTAL \$27,431,940.00 No Account Taken of Direct and Indirect Damages.	The WHOLE DOMINION of CANADA exported last year: Cattle. \$6,650,000. Cheese. 9,400,000 Peas. 1,600,000 Barley 4,600,000 Horses 1,400,000 Eggs 1,800,000 Potatoes 300,000 Sheep 1,300,000 Pork 600,000 Apples 1,000,000 TOTAL \$28,150,000 Not much more than Ontario's LIQUOR BILL.
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J.W.B.

SOMETHING FOR "SOBER" THOUGHT.

THE sentiment inscribed on the side of Mr. Hardy's slot-machine in our front page picture is our own—not Mr. Hardy's. We do not wish to flatter that hon. gentleman by ascribing to him an amount of economic learning which he does not possess. In some way he has stumbled upon the truth that the mines in Ontario were not intended by the Creator for a few favored monopolists, but for the benefit of the people as a whole. But he has never read or thought the matter out, apparently. He is wallowing in a s'ough of ignorance on the subject of the Single Tax, which is the easy, natural and just method of vindicating the truth above mentioned.

AT the final meeting of the Municipal Committee of the Local House a breezy discussion on taxation was somehow started, and Mr. Tait, the enlightened member for Toronto, said the whole difficulty as to where taxation should begin and end would be solved by the adoption of his Single Tax Bill. To this, says the report, "Mr. Hardy strongly dissented." The man is evidently in a pitiful muddle. We would advise him to camp out for the summer in a lonely part of the Sudbury district with an outfit of Henry George's works and learn something.

NOLENS VOLENS, the city will be obliged to work the street railway for a time, as the tenders submitted have been rejected and others called for. There is an opportunity thus forced upon us to try the experiment of civic control, and if no deliberate blundering is indulged in, there is no reason why it should not be a palpable success. We have yet to hear any serious objections to GRIP's plan, which is as follows: Engage the late manager, Mr. Frankland, and make him Superintendent of the Street Railway Department, with the same powers he exercised under the Frank Smith company, with instructions to submit to the City Council once a quarter or oftener a full statement of the business, duly audited.

Mr. Frankland is universally regarded as a splendid man for the position, and his services can be secured, we understand, for \$5,000 per year. Under this scheme the objections usually urged against civic control would not apply. In any case—allowing the widest margin for possible leakages—the city would make a great deal more money than any leasing company will agree to pay, and there would be no room for litigation and its incidental expenses.

MR. MOWAT defends the fee system as he defended the faith, on the principle that it is right. "The fees are a fair return for the services rendered." It is implied, of course, that an official, such as a registrar of deeds, earns his fees by his individual service to the public. As a matter of fact, it is the institution with its conveniences for the safe custody of documents and its staff of subordinate officials that render the service and earn the fees. These subordinate officials are not paid by fees; only the Registrar—who does nothing—is thought worthy of that honor, and, what is very curious, the less he does the more he gets—that is, the less efficient the service to the public, the less the service costs. This finely illustrates Mr. Mowat's other argument that "fees are a better incentive to work than salaries."

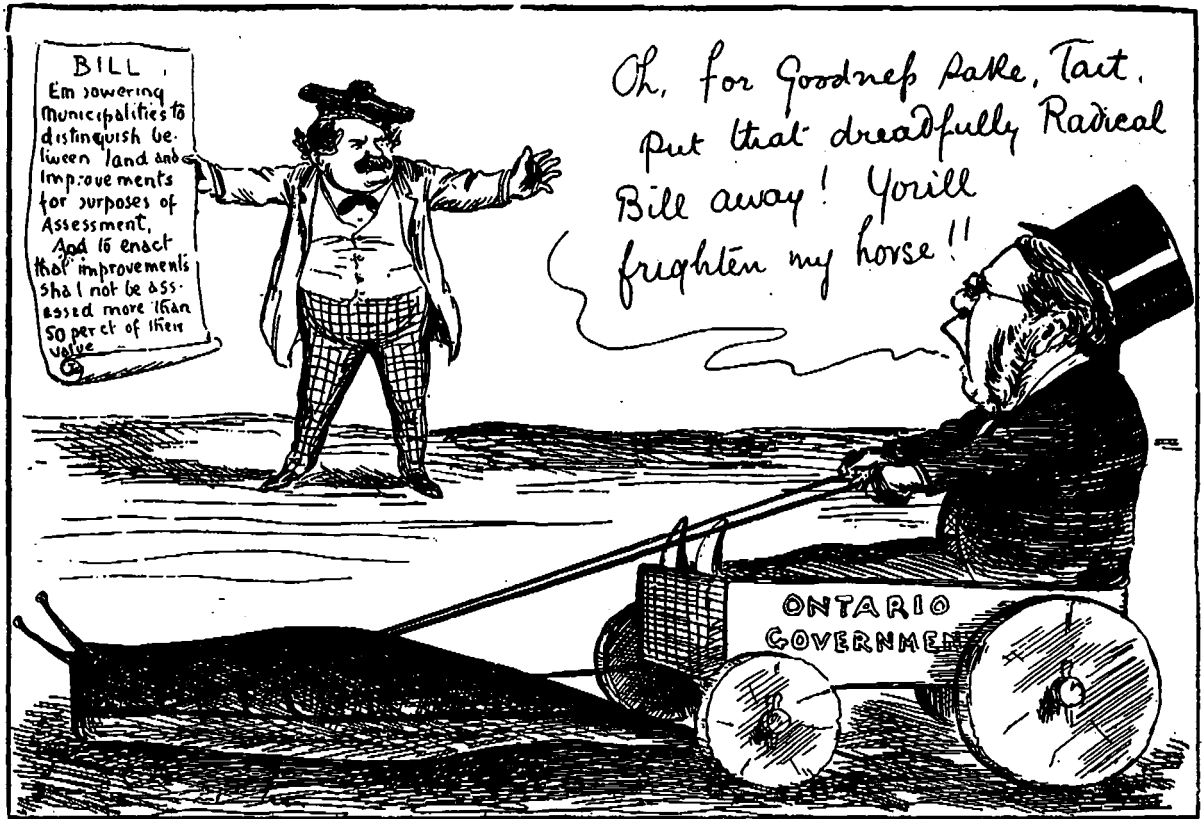
EPI-TAFFY-CAL.



THE elevator carried to our quarters last week (Saturday, it was) one of the played-outest looking Fourth Estaters we have seen in a quarter of a century. He wanted only fifty cents as a matter of pure charity, but, on account of conscientious scruples on our part, we positively refused him a cent unless he would work for it. "Say, GRIP," he pleaded, "just let me have a quarter on account, and I'll come back in half an hour and write you enough for next week's issue." We were inexorable. We said "No!" in small caps, and meant it in twice

the size. He moaned pitifully, and for some seconds studied the toes of his well worn boots. "Say, GRIP, are you a Christian?" he asked. We replied satisfactorily. "Were you ever hard up?" he quizzed. We remarked that our experience in that line was chronic. With a cadaverously grim smile, his chin resting on his breast, he uttered huskily the word, "chestnuts," then, after a pause: "Say, GRIP, I'll give you a column in a totally new vein if you'll give me fifty cents." We spontaneously pledged our honor to a dollar if he would do so in a satisfactory manner. In the course of an hour he produced the following; we produced the dollar, and poor Dick soon disappeared on a downward trip of the hoist:—

"There are two periods in the life of every man when his people don't know very well what to do for him—one is, just before he's born, and the other is just after he's dead. This may seem paradoxical, but I guess you know what I mean. The post-mortem difficulty arises when the time comes to have a suitable inscription carved upon the tombstone, or, more correctly speaking, the monolith. It is easy to tell where he was born and when he died, but the majority of survivors feel like



THE PROVINCIAL SLOW-COACH.

adding a suitable verse or two of poetry on such occasions, and the marble-cutters encourage this mania, because they charge so much a letter for the job. All the best Scriptural quotations have become like old songs, or worse, and verses cribbed from the poets always sound as if they had been made for some other fellow. I propose to organize a society to be known as 'The Ortho-Epi-Taffy-cal Ass ciation,' because it should aim at telling the strict truth in the choicest style of language, couched in such phrase as will make it an utter impossibility to put the same effusion on two or more different fellows' monuments. For example, as I think of some of the mentally gigantic ones who now draw their breath and their pay in my native land, I feel inspired to compose a few samples of what occurs to me in my humble capacity, as the proper sort of thing to 'sculp' in their commemoration. And mark you this, every inscription should be 'like a tale that is told'—there should be no mistaking of the subject. Here is one that strikes me as characteristic :

"They put him in the skipper's place, but he couldn't sail the ship,
The ropes he did not understand, nor aught, indeed, but lip.
So, when his vessel lost a boom, though sound from stem to stern,
Said he, 'You lubbers, let us leave, she isn't worth a darn,
No matter how the winds may blow, or how the seas may run,
'Tis plain to me, as far's I see, the old *Canuck* is done.'

"How would the following do for another :

"A knight was he whose visage dark
Might well portend disaster.
The more he fought, the more we know
His liegemen fell the faster.

"Or this :

"For years he was one of our greatest top-sawyers,
When he wanted new hands he preferred to have lawyers.
If asked his opinion on this or on that,
He never expressed himself frankly or flat.
In youth quite a lib'ral, this rule he laid down,
'There is nought to reform since the death of George Brown.'

"The following is equally true :

"His followers fondly called him 'Old,'
His enemies, 'a fox.'

I can't think just how this man's sepulchral poem should wind up, but I have written enough to give you an idea of how it might go so far.

"The next, though not in verse, embraces much :

"The first year we chose }
The next we re-honored } him.
The third we tolerated }
The fourth we suffered }

"For another, I would suggest that the monolith should be cut in the shape of a big *horn*, on the base of which might be the words :

"He lies here still.

"I am quite certain that an organization such as I propose would take well, and I am equally sure its productions would become so popular that the collection of epitaphs would supersede that of stamps and autographs. For a salary of about \$10 a week and board I am prepared to accept the position of President and Board of Directors, and will also guarantee to supply all the literature as above sampled."



UNDER THE THUMB.

The North-West Territories demand and ought to have the ballot. At present, a large proportion of voters there are under the direct influence of the Government, and the open voting system prevails.

AIRLIE'S LADDIE.

DEAR MAISTER GRIP:—I think the very deil's in that laddie o' mine. He's five year auld noo, an' what he'll be in anither five I daurna think, for here I am noo, a wreck o' mysel, just gettin' better o' concussion o' the brain-pan; a' through that little deevil o' a laddie. I see ither folk wi' three, four, five—aye, an' a dizen youngsters—an' they look aye to the fore, an' likely to be. But, mercy me! a'c youngster's enough for me; if anither ane like this was to put in an appearance, it would be the death o' me—in fack, it's a wonder I'm no dead as it is. That laddie has mair quicksilver in 's composition than a barometer, he's here, there, an' everywhere a' at ance; his mither's reduced to a state o' nervous imbecility wi' his cantrips, the neebors are aye on the outlook for him, he's oot o' a'e mischief into anither as fast as he can skelp, an' he's nae mair reverence or respect for my authority than if I was a nosc'-o-wax. Ye see, he's no what ye would ca' an ill bit creatur, and he's perfectly straucht-forrit in h's way, the trouble is that he's scam fu', an' effervescin' an' just boilin' ower wi' energy, an' we're just at oor wits end what to do wi' him. I said to my wife that if we had only lived twa, three hunder year back, we micht hae gotten Sir Michael Scott, the wizard's familiar speerit, to set him the task o' weavin' a rope o' sand. "Bless ye, haud yer tongue," says my wife, "he couldna sit that lang-still."

"That's true," says I, "an' besides, gude kens, mony a rope o' sand he'll weave if he lives lang enough, purr fellow, sae we'll just e'en let him run the length o' his tether noo."



Wi' that in he comes wi' a bit little misserable lookin' black cat in his airms, an says he, "Here's my cat." That's his way, he never says by yer leave, but "this is my cat." "That's the way he'll bring in his wife to ye some day," says I to his mither.

"He wouldn't be like his faither if he didna," says she, as usual getting the best o't.

The cat was a purr drookit lookin' specimen.

"Whaur did ye git that cat, Hughie, my man?" says I. "Oot o' the hydrant," says he, "they were flushin' the

hydrant, an' first a lot o' sma fish cam bubblin up an' then this cat."

"Hughie, my bairn," said I, in great distress, "d'ye no ken it's a very wicket thing to tell a lee?"

"But I'm no tellin' a lee, faither, I saw the fish come up oot o' the hydrant, an' the cat was eatin' ane o' them on the boolyvard. Eh—maybe the cat had come oot o' the hoose," he added, wi' a kind o' a second thocht.

I faud oot after that he was richt, the fish did come up oot o' the hydrant an' he had taen for granted that the cat had come up wi' them. His mither lookit' at me, an' I lookit at her, an' we winkit an' let him keep the meeserable cretur till bed-time. Then we made a fine bed for it in a corner an' said he would find it there a' richt an' snug when he got up in the mornin'. Quite weel pleased, he went off to his bed, an' his mither, leavin' me to keep hoose, gaed awa to hear a lecture on "*Truth Triumphant*." Weel, I waited till I thocht he was soond asleep, an' then I slips

oot an' takin' a bucket o' water I fills up a muckle ornamental floor pot that was stanin' amang some rubbish in the woodshed, an' there in the gloom an' the darkness I pops in the cat, an' layin' the washboard on tap, I ran an' left the thing to droon, consol-in' mysel that it would be better aff dead than livin', seein' it was sic a purr diseased wretch, onyway. When my wife cam hame frae the lecture she lookit at me an' whispered, "I'st awa?" an' I whispers, "Ay, weel awa. I'll bury it in the yard the morn when he's oot playin'."

Ah, gude fego! when mornin' cam there was he sittin' in the kitchen wi' the black cat in his lap, feedin' it wi' a cup-fu' o' cream that his mither was savin' for a grand five o'clock tea she had invited her friends till that viry afternune! I said naething—I couldna—but I just slinkit awa oot to the woodshed to get an explanation o' this feline resurrection. There was the washboard an' there was the great big floor-pat, wi' a muckle hole in the bottom whaur a' the watter had run oot.

"What are ye lookin' at, dad," says the rascal, wha had come oot after me wi' the beast in his airms.



"GREAT EXPECTATIONS."

BROWN (second day in the country)—"Did you plant the radishes in that bed?"

HIS GARDENER—"Oi did, sor, this mornin'."

BROWN—"Well, what's the matter with them? I'm afraid there won't be one of them up in time for dinner!"



"CHARITY."

! MISS BOA—"How beautifully the sermon illustrated practical every-day Christianity. Now, how nice it would be if people would be kind and charitable to one another, instead of picking each other to pieces, like that old stuck-up Mrs. Jones, with her made-over bonnet and her last season's clothes, trying to put on all the airs imaginable, and her husband nothing short of a thief—failed three times—and they do say that the children are allowed to do just as they like; and as for that eldest boy, why he is—etc., etc., etc."

"Oo, naething, naething," says I. But young een are sharp, an says he, "Dad, *it's a very wicked thing to tell a lee, isn't it?*"

What that lee cost me I'll just proceed to tellye. To keep his mind aff o't, I gaed an bocht a fine velocipede for the young rascal to work aff his superabundant energies on, an' we practised up an' doon the yaird, till at last he could



steer doon the side-walk as straucht as the crow flees, at the rate o' a mile a meenit. Really, me an' his mither was proud o' the laddie. But a'e afternune, as I cam up frae my work, I heard a soond ahint me, an' afore I could turn round to see what it was, the infernal machine cam crashin' in on my legs at breakneck speed an' I was landed heid first on the kerbstane. I've haen time enough since then to repent o' the lee I telled that laddie

—but what can I do wi' him?—there he sits at the fit o' my bed askin' me, "Why didna you hop oot o' the way, dad?—You're old enough now to know better." Can ye recommend me to any manual on the duty o' pawrents, for I'm at a dead stand still. That laddie is maister an' mair—an' yet he's no what ye would ca' a bad wee chap.

Yours paternally,

HUGH AIRLIE.

A SOUND JUDGMENT.

"TIS not a crime to get drunk,"
Says Galt, and Galt is right.
The Judge meant "stavin' full."
And not politely "tight"—
And though some folks are shocked
At such a queer decision;
'Tis law as well as sense,
And far above decision.

The people make the law,
And the law permits saloons,
In which the slave of drink
At Bacchus' shrine communes.
'Tis legal stuff he takes
His manhood to degrade,
"Tis not a crime to get drunk"—
But it *is* to permit the trade!

AT THIS TIME OF THE YEAR.

OH! there's ripping up of carpet,
And a dancing on a tack,
There's a pulling down of stove-pipes
On your head with sudden whack.
There's a tearing costly curtains,
And a breaking bric-a-brac,
Till you swear around for certain
At your wife's "clean-crazy pack."

(Chorus)—

There's a dashing and a gnashing,
There's a crashing and a smashing
Just at this time of the year.
There's a many flight at light,
There's a many "tight" each night,
There's a many fight in sight,
Just at this time of the year.

Oh, there's a going without your dinner—
Just "some grub" at night and morn,
There's a going without a collar,
While dirt your cuffs adorn ;
There's a many scold and wrangle,
As you go to take "a horn,"
There's many a spat and jangle,
Till you wish you were not born.

(Chorus)—

There's a crashing and a smashing,
There's a dashing and a gnashing
Just at this time of the year.
There's a many flight at light,
There's a many "tight" each night,
There's a many fight in sight,
Just at this time of the year.

ROLY ROWAN.

QUINTESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(BY OUR OWN VERY SHORT HANDER.)

OTTAWA, April 29th.

THE House was opened to-day. Everything neat and clean, finishing touches of broom having been put on last night.

Members sworn in six at a time. Probably be more swearing before House rises. Everybody took oath of allegiance without a wince, even Cartwright, Laurier and the other conspirators.

Sir John on hand chippy as ever, with new frock coat and dude pants. Everybody mistook him for Hugh from Winnipeg. Pa and boy came up to table to be sworn together. "Take something with me," says Old 'Un. Force of habit.

Peter White ejected Speaker. No opposition. Neat speech by Sir John. Compliments suffused Peter's bald spot with rosy blush.

Laurier chimed in. No objections to White, but why wasn't old Speaker re-elected? English, you know—and Sir John so dreadfully loyal. Good hit.

Casey handed me this to send you :

We've had some Speakers in the chair
Who didn't do what's right,
But now we feel, with Peter there,
We'll all be treated White.

Speech from the Throne and remarks thereon to-morrow.

April 30th.

Game called at 3 p.m. Usual blackrod, "faithful Commons," and Governor-General in State business. Speech from the Throne. Short and hollow.

Hon. Gentlemen of the Senate—Gentlemen (of the other sort) of the House of Commons :



THE OVERJOYED SENATORS.

"What a glorious time we're going to have this session, to be sure. Seven spivy divorce cases to come up; only think of it!"

Glad to see you. Hope the crops will be good. Expect great things from conference with United States in October. Extend *modus vivendi* for another season. Will submit a measure to you affecting Canadian cattle trade; ditto respecting Courts of Maritime jurisdiction; ditto to simplify and improve our criminal law code. Will ask you to consider measure on foreshores of the Dominion, and amendments to N.W.T. Acts, Exchequer Court Act and Trade Mark ditto.

Gents of House of Commons :

Will let you see accounts for past year. We've got a surplus. Estimates for next year will be brought down.

Hon. Gents of Senate—Gents of H. of C. :

Hope you'll have a good time.

Rather lean bone thrown to eager pack, who drag it helter skelter to Commons Chamber to be wrestled over to-morrow.

May 1st.

Debate on address. Ball opened by Handsome Hazen, M.P. for shores washed by the Atlantic, seconded by Mr. Corbould, M.P. for strand laved by peaceful Pacific. Both did well, for boys.

Laurier in great form. Far surpassed himself, and he's the only man who could do it.

Sir John replied. Endeavored to calm the Opposition's fears that Government will be beaten soon. Said it was his intention to stay there till end of term, if no dissolution of Parliament or himself happened sooner.

Sir Richard Cartwright wiped the floor with the Government.

Hon. Geo. E. Foster countered on Sir Richard and the Opposition.

Prof. Mills looked at the matter through the spectacles of Philosophy, and

Mr. Charlton moved the adjournment of the debate. House adjourned till Monday.

GRIP's forms close Monday noon.

OUR leisured classes—messenger boys and waiters



A SUITE FASHION.

"In the good time coming, Mr. William Morris says that women will be dressed like women, and not upholstered like arm-chairs." And perhaps the ladies will prefer to take the above charming suggestion from our artist, and dress more like "arm-chairs" than ever.
—*Funny Folks.*

THE TRENT VALLEY DEPUTATION.

SCENE—*Department of Railways and Canals.* SIR JOHN discovered seated in an easy-chair, twirling his thumbs and wearing a diplomatic expression of countenance. Enter Deputation.

SIR JOHN—"Good-morning, gentlemen. Pleased to meet you, I'm sure. Let's see, you've come down about—"

MR. CARNEGIE—"About that infernal and everlasting Trent Valley Canal, as you know very well. I made a public vow years ago that unless you started work on it at once I would never vote for the party again."

SIR JOHN—"And last year you—"

MR. C.—"I voted straight, but it is the last time, mind you, if you don't positively do something definite to-day."

MR. MURPHY—"Sir John, this deputation includes representatives of every county along the route of the canal—"

SIR JOHN (*correcting him*)—"The *proposed* canal."

MR. M.—"Yes, the *proposed* canal, and we've come down here in no very friendly frame of mind, you'll please to understand. We want a straight answer from you as to what you *propose* to do about it."

SEVERAL DELEGATES—"Hear, hear! We've stood enough tomfoolery."

SIR JOHN—"Certainly, gentlemen; you are perfectly right. Er—how much will this thing cost?"

A DELEGATE—"A mere trifle of \$10,000,000 or \$15,000,000."

SIR JOHN—"Pshaw, is that really all? I had an idea it was a somewhat expensive work."

ANOTHER DELEGATE—"Perhaps you're not aware that we've supported you politically straight along. Every county on the canal—"

SIR JOHN—"The *proposed* canal."

DELEGATE—"Yes; has returned a Conservative member, and we think we deserve something now."

SIR JOHN—"So you do, most assuredly. Dear me, and I wasn't aware they were good, faithful counties of

that sort. Gentlemen, the canal would be a good thing, don't you think so?"

MR. CARNEGIE—"Think so? We *know* it. It would repay its cost in six months. Why, sir, just look at this map. (*Producing map.*) Don't you see that it will shorten the distance between Owen Sound and Trenton by more than seven thousand miles?"

SIR JOHN (*adjusting his eye-glasses and examining map*)—"Gentlemen, I am at last convinced. You may depart and tell your people that the Government will, without further delay—"

THE ENTIRE DELEGATION (*joyously*)—"Three cheers for Sir John! Hip, hip, hurray! Three cheers for the Government! Hip, hip, hurra a ay!! Tiger! Hurra-a-a ay!!!"

SIR JOHN (*continuing*)—"Take the matter into their consideration."

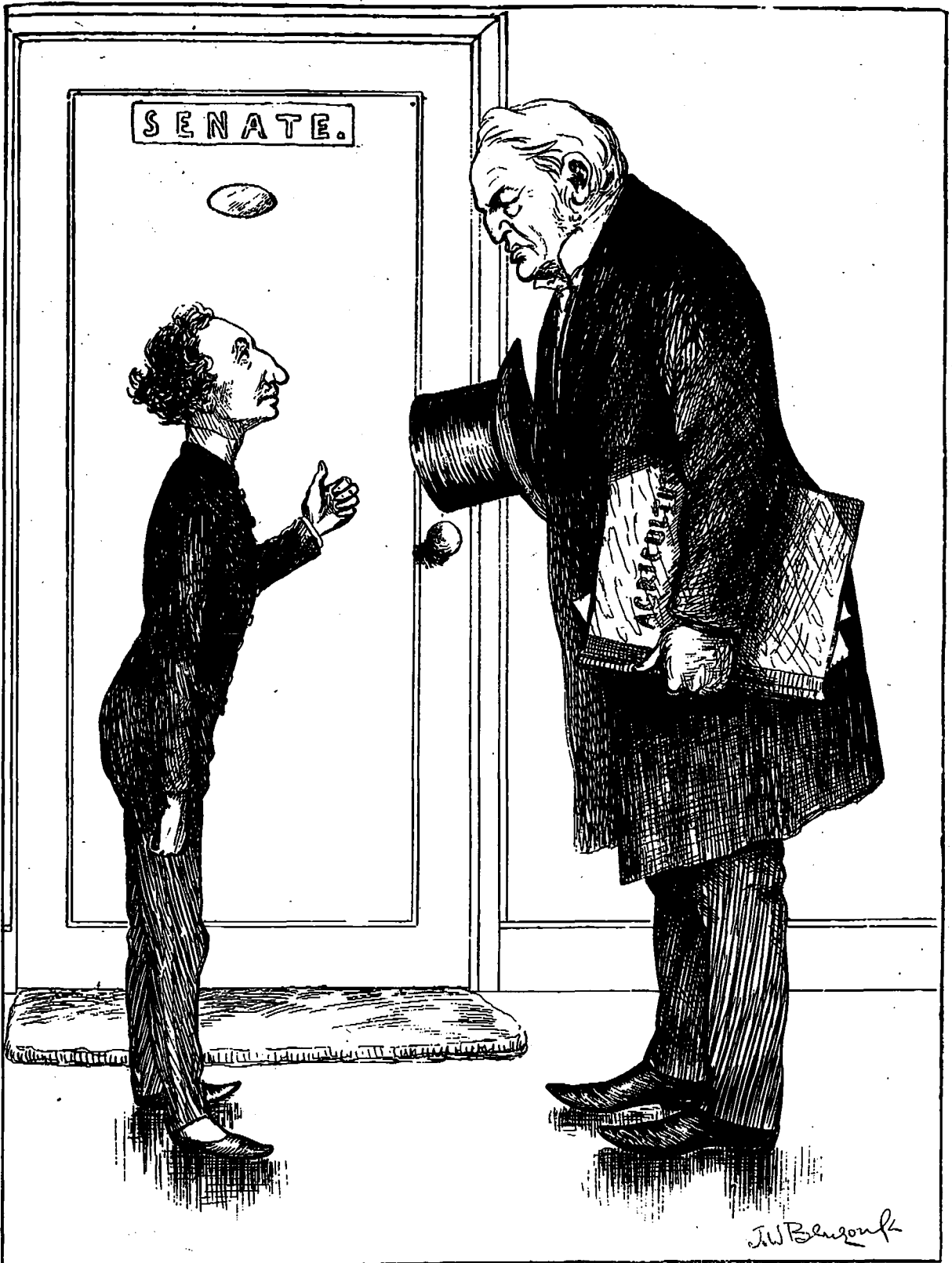
[*The Deputation then retired.*]

A TEAPOT TEMPEST.

MR. GRIP, SIR,—I see by the Speech from the Throne that the Government intend reorganizing the Maritime Courts. I wish, while on the Court subject, they would provide a tribunal in which citizens who have been defrauded theatrically could obtain redress. If such a Court existed I would not hesitate to drag the manager of the Grand Opera House before it, and get him properly punished for inflicting Marie Tempest upon the Toronto public as a great actress, a charming singer and a beautiful woman. The last count I would not press, perhaps, as Miss Tempest was as handsome as much-boomed stage beauties generally are, but upon the other heads of the indictment I would insist. I went to hear *Carmen*, sir, and I think I could safely subpoena every intelligent person in the audience to give evidence that the star proved a lamentable failure. She can neither sing nor act, and what the newspaper puffery euphionously call her *chic* and *verve*, I call by its right name, vulgarity.

Yours, sir,

AN OLD STAGER.



THE CONVENIENT WAITING-ROOM.

HUGH JOHN (*the new boy*)—"THE GUV'NOR SAYS, SIR, FOR YOU TO KEEP YOUR PORTFOLIO AND TAKE A SEAT IN THIS CHAMBER IN THE MEANTIME, AND HE'LL SEE WHAT CAN BE DONE FOR YOU."



AS SOON AS HE GOT OUTSIDE — HIS WIFE BOLTED THE
OF THE HOUSE — DOOR.

ESSA ONTO THE GEWS.

BY THE FLY KID.

THE Gews ar a peccooliar people. They hav hook noses an ceep 2nd hand stores, an sum of them byes old raggs and bottels. They orignaly come from Palestine, or the Wholly Land, somewhere into the East, but wy they call it the Wholly Land I dunno, seein thare is sum lakes thare, so it must be partly water. I gess the reason wy most of the Gews left Palestine was cause they coodent all git a livin by selling 2nd hand clothing to each other, so they had to go whare they was a show fur them to do more bizness. Thare was orignaly 12 tribes of Gews, but 10 of them went off somewhere an got lost, an sum peepel has been busy ever since tryin to find 'em. Ma says the other day, I do hope they wont, says she, fur I'm pestered most out of my life with Gew pedlers ringin the door bell every 5 minutes, an if they find any more Gews an bring 'em here I shall have no peace. I think dr. Wild had oughter have more sense. Gews speak broken English, wich is not surprising. English often git broke by coming in contact with a Gew. They always make lots of money, an though sum peepel laff at them because of their ways, I notis the Gew generally gits the laff onto the "Jentiles," as they kall us afore he gets through. They will buy a old koat for a few cents an go away an sel it for \$1.50. The boys kall them sheeneys, an a grate many of them lives on Queen St. West—I mean the Gews, not the boys, though of coarse thare is boys wich live thare two.

MAY DAY AT OTTAWA.

[The debate on the Address commenced on May 1st.]

(Cartwright, loquitor.)

IF your wakin call me early, call me early, Wilfred dear,
For to-morrow'll be the opening day of the Parliamentary year,
I'm in a regular fever to get at old John A.,
For I'm to be king of the fray, Wilfred, I'm to be king of the fray!

He's feeling rather funky, he knows his day has come;
Before our crushing charges he'll tremble and be dumb;
It needs a change of only twelve to wipe his gang away,
And I'm to be king of the fray, Wilfred, I'm to be king of the fray!

A VALEDICTORY.

WHICH MEMBERS OF EITHER PARTY CAN READ TO SUIT
THEMSELVES.

NOW home the legislator hies
His yearly task is finished,
The money voted for supplies
The surplus {much } diminished.
 {not }

The Government has been sustained
By the allegiance hearty
Of men who {slavishly } remained
 {faithfully }
True to the Liberal party.

Meanwhile upon the other hand
Against their fate contending,
The {valiant } Opposition band
 {factious }
Their energies were spending.

Additions to the statute book
Are ranked 'mongst Mowat's treasures,
Oh never will the public look
For more {pernicious } measures!
 {judicious }

So to our members we may say
"Go home! Your work's concluded,
Ring down the curtain on the play,
Who could do {worse } than you did?"
 {more }

LACONICS.

THE British Parliament, the pride and boast of Englishmen, will never become a peerless legislative body unless it abolishes the House of Lords.

Those who cite the Hindoo race as proof of the sufficiency of a vegetable diet overlook the fact that many of them are always Sikh.

It has been confidently asserted that stock-brokers have most to answer for in sins of commission.

The imperfect of the verb 'to write,' as declined by editors, is 'rot.'

It is only when the wheels of Justice slip off that men put in the *linch* pin.

It is natural that the *Toe-ry* leaders should have a large number of heelers.

WM. MCGILL.

MR. PHIPPS CALLED UP BY TELEPHONE.

"HELLO! Is that Mr. Phipps?"

"Yes."

"R. W. Phipps, Clerk of the Forests to the Ontario Government?"

"Yes."

"It's your business, isn't it, to try and preserve our woods from destruction?"

"Well, what do you want?"

"I just wish to call your attention to a circumstance which it appears to me that you would view with anxiety and alarm."

"Any great destruction of timber taking place?"

"Well, not exactly, but I've noticed lately quite a number of the trees are leaving."

"* * *! ——— ———!! ——— * * *," and more to the same effect.

THE EXCEPTION.

CUMSO—"Familiarity breeds contempt."
BANKS—"But not for money"



O'HOOIGAN'S 'CELLO.

MRS. O'H. (to enquiring neighbor)—"No, ma'am, it's not Dennis groanin' wid agony. Sure, he want to hear Miss Van Der Hende play the chello, an' now he's made wan for hisself, that's all."

CHEAP FOOD.—Dyer's Improved Food for Infants is made from pure Pearl Barley, is highly nutritious and costs only twenty-five cents. Try it. Druggists keep it. W. A. Dyer & Co., Montreal.

HE—"Half-past eleven! Isn't that clock fast?"

SHE—"I think not."

HE—"Well, I guess my watch is like myself. It is slow."

SHE—"But it is not exactly like you."

HE—"Indeed?"

SHE—"No. It goes."—*Jury.*

WOOL—"My cook left to-day in spite of all I could do."

VAN PELT—"What was the trouble?"

WOOL—"The children annoyed her. I offered to kill the children but she was afraid the authorities would detain her as a witness."

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

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

"HAS this dog an affectionate heart?"

"Very. He got attached to a tramp once, and the tramp couldn't leave him without leaving behind him a piece of his trousers to console the poor brute."

MRS. BROOK—"My husband keeps account of every drink he takes."

MRS. BANKS—"Are you sure?"

MRS. BROOKS—"Oh, yes; the dear fellow says he never gets one that he doesn't put it down!"

"ACTIONS speak louder than words." We may never say die, but we've all got to do it.—*Puck.*

INSATIABLE.

ON four seats of a railway car,
Amidst his traps, the drummer sat,
And wished he had but one seat more
In which to place his high silk hat.

CATARRH.—We can radically cure chronic Catarrh in from one to three months. Our Medicated Air Treatment can be used by a child. Send for a list of testimonials. Address, Medicated Inhalation Co., 286 Church Street, Toronto.

A MAY MORNING.

COME; the happy winds are roving far and free!
Nature smiles. The streams are moving—so are we.

Come; with flowers the leas are splendid—blossomed gay—
Ah, alas, our lease was ended yesterday!
In the sky, cloud rents are letting azure through
Down here, also, rents are getting rather blue.

Come, come forth! To some sweet spot, oh, let's depart;
Yes, we will. In fact, we've got to—here's the cart.
—*Puck.*

THE latest musical success is "Danse des Pierrots," by Emma Fraser Blackstock; played by the Zerrahn Boston Orchestra. Mailed on receipt of price, 50c., by the Anglo-Canadian Music Publishers' Assn., 13 Richmond Street West, Toronto.

THE school-boy who spelled robber "rober" must have had a prophetic intimation of the tailors to come.

THE BELT LINE—The Waist.

LUNCH-TIME—Credit at the restaurant.

THE moustache is a thing of beauty, but it never has sense enough to get out of the wet.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER—"Johnny, who was the prodigal son?"

JOHNNY—"Oh, that was the fellow who went away a dude and came back a tramp."—*Puck.*

THE BOSTON MAID.

SHE's sweeter than the flowers she treads,
The day is brighter when she walks;
But, oh, the dictionary feels
Acute lumbago when she talks!
—*Puck.*

CONSUMPTION CURED.

AN old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

WHAT LUCK.

METHINKS I've never been a slave
Unto the tender passion;
O'er woman's charms I never rave
In wild poetic fashion.
But when I heard the prospects great
Of Wilkins' daughter Mary,
I loved her—though I beg to state
I am not mercenary.

She had not pretty taste in dress;
Her form was graceless rather;
Her face was quite expressionless;
But—Wilkins was her father.

I heard with joy beyond control
Of ducats he had hoarded;
I worshipped her—though I've a soul
Above all motives sordid.

Of my proposal for her hand
She could not see the fitness;
And my despair, I understand,
Was terrible to witness.
But see how kindly Providence
Our destiny e'er orders;
The old man failed with loss immense,
And now they're taking boarders.

SOMETHING new in photos at the Perkins studio. See our window. J. J. Milliken, 293 Yonge street, successor to T. E. Perkins.

WE hear of childhood's sweet simplicity, but woman's first exclamation on seeing a baby is, "Oh, how cunning!"—*Puck.*

DISAGREEABLE truth is never hidden in the bottom of a well. It always comes to the surface.

THE "wee sma' hour" glass is an article that causes the sands of life to run quickly.—*Puck.*

"WHERE vas you going, my pretty maid?"
"I'm going a-Maying sir," she said.
"Well, I haf here der finest remedy in der worldt for coughs and colds, only ten cents. Von't you take one?"—*Ex.*

THE ACME OF SHRINKISHNESS.
 "I'll bet," said Chollie, "judging from the way these trousers shrink, the wool was shorn from an unusually timid lamb."—*Puck.*

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Extract of BEEF.


The best and most economical "Stock" for Soups, Etc.

One pound equals forty-five pounds of prime lean Beef.

Send to us for our book of receipts, showing use of **ARMOUR'S EXTRACT** in Soups and Sauces.

ARMOUR CO., Chicago.

HIGHTON—"I am devotedly attached to another man's wife, yet I see nothing wrong in it."
 MISS LIGHTLY—"Are you attentive to her?"
 HIGHTON—"Very!"
 MISS LIGHTLY—"Well, you are frank to confess it. Whose wife may she be?"
 HIGHTON—"My father's!"

ON 40 DAYS' TRIAL THE GREAT SPIRAL TRUSS

 The Pad is different from all others. It closes firmly as if your extended hand was drawn together and the finger pointed in the centre. It is held positive day and night with the slightest pressure, and healed same as a broken leg. You will be allowed three exchanges during the 40 days. There is no duty to pay when received or returned, which many Canadians found more expensive than the truss. It is the easiest, most durable, and cheap truss. Sent by mail. Send stamp for illustrated book. **CHAS. CLUTER, Surgical Machinist, 124 King St. W., Toronto.**

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As a guarantee that this is the greatest bargain ever offered, that the watch is worth FAR more than the price asked, that nothing like this was ever offered before. We refer you to any WHOLESALE HOUSE IN TORONTO. Order now, it's YOUR ONLY CHANCE. Address, SEARS & CO., 112 YONGE ST., TORONTO, CANADA.

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The Bank of Toronto

DIVIDEND NO. 70.

Notice is hereby given that a Dividend of Five Per Cent. for the current half year, being at the rate of Ten Per Cent. Per Annum, upon the paid up capital of the bank, has this day been declared, and that the same will be payable at the bank and its branches on and after MONDAY, THE 15TH DAY OF JUNE, NEXT.

The transfer books will be closed from the 18th to the 30th days of May, both days included. THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of stockholders will be held at the banking house of the institution on Wednesday, the 17th day of June next, the chair to be taken at noon. By order of the board.

D. COULSON, Cashier.

The Bank of Toronto, Toronto, April 22, 1891.

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(Incorporated by Special Act of Dominion Parliament.) Full Government Deposit.
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INCREASE:

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In Interest Income	14,601 00
In Total Income	55,168 00
In Cash Surplus	68,648 00
In Dividends to Policyholders	7,153 00
In Assets	417,141 00
In New Business	706,967 00
In Insurance in Force	1,600,376 00

OVER
\$4,250,000
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Received the highest awards for Purity and Excellence at Philadelphia, 1876; Canada, 1876; Austria, 1877, and Paris, 1878. Prof. H. H. Croft, Public Analyst, Toronto, says: "I find it to be perfectly sound, containing no impurities or adulterations, and can strongly recommend it as perfectly pure and a very superior liquor. John B. Edwards, Professor of Chemistry Montreal, says: "I find them to be remarkably sound ales, brewed from pure malt and hops." **James Good & Co., Agents, Toronto.**

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DIVIDEND 63.

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of four per cent. on the capital stock of the Company has been declared for the current half year, payable on and after the first day of June next, at the office of the company, Church street. The transfer books will be closed from the 17th to the 30th May inclusive. Notice is also given that the general annual meeting of the company will be held at 2 o'clock p. m. on Tuesday, June 2nd, for the purpose of receiving the annual report, the election of directors, etc.
By order of the Board.

S. C. WOOD, Manager.



GOLDEN LION

SPECIAL SALE OF LINENS!

- 50 Pieces Cream Damask Tabling, 25c., 30c., 35c., 40c., 50c. per yard.
 40 Pieces Bleached Damask Tabling, 35c., 40c., 45c., 50c., 60c., 75c. per yard.
 175 Bleached Table Cloths, 8-4, \$1.25; 8-10, \$1.50; 8-12, \$2.50 each.
 30 Dozen Heavy Damask Napkins, Colored Border, 75c. per dozen.
 90 Dozen Heavy Damask Napkins, 5-8 size, 75c., 90c., \$1.10, \$1.35 per dozen.
 75 Dozen Fine Satin Damask Napkins, 3-4 size, \$2.00, \$2.20, \$2.75 per dozen.
 30 Pieces Bleached Sheeting, extra value, English Twill and Plain, 72 inches wide, 25c. per yard.
 40 Pieces Unbleached Sheeting, best make, plain, 72-inch, 20c.; 80-inch, 22½c.; 90-inch, 25c. per yard.
 10 Pieces Linen Sheeting, 80-inch, 70c. and 90c.; 90-inch, 75c. per yard.
 12 Pieces Pillow Linen, 40-inch, 35c., 40c., 45c.; 45-inch, 45c. per yard.
 175 Heavy Honeycomb Quilts, 10-4, 90c., \$1.25; 11-4, \$1.25, \$1.50 each.
 45 Pieces Check Glass Towelling, 7c., 9c., 10c., 12½c. per yard.
 190 Dozen Pure Linen Huck Towels, \$1.20, \$1.40, \$2.00, \$2.20 per dozen.
 50 Dozen Bath Towels, plain and stripe, 25c., 30c., 35c., 40c., 50c. each.
 30 Bath Robes, fancy striped, \$4.50 and \$6.00 each.
 1,150 Pieces Bleached Cotton, 7½c., 8½c., 10c., 11c., 12½c. per yard.
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ACT I.—HAMLET.

(See next page).



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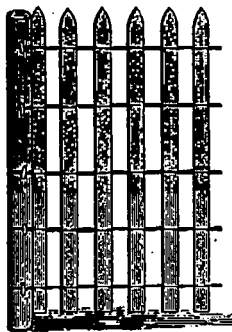


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