



# GRIP



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## AFTER THE NAPIERVILLE RACE.

SIR JOHN (to his jockey)—“What the deuce do you mean by riding a horse from the Opposition stable? What’s the matter with our own animal, ‘N.P.’?”

JOCKEY CHAPLEAU—“‘N.P.’ has gone groggy in wind and limb, sir. I wanted to win this time, and I *did* it!”

# GRIP

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Artist and Editor  
Associate Editor

J. W. BENGOUGH.  
PHILLIPS THOMPSON.



## Comments ON THE Cartoons.

CARLING DISCOVERING THE HOME MARKET.—Hon. John Carling is the bluff figure put forth by the Dominion Government to represent the farming industry, and in him the yeoman of the land finds a guide, philosopher and friend indeed. Hon. (the prefix signifies

Honest in this particular case) John has charming manners, and the most engaging innocence (of all things pertaining to political economy). He means well toward the horny-handed sons of rural toil; he sympathises with them, and always likes to talk to them in pleasant accents. What in other politicians would be at once set down as conscious humbug is, in Mr. Carling's case, properly regarded as mere excess of good nature. For example, during the original N.P. campaign he told the farmers pleasing tales of tall chimneys that were to spring up in all the towns and villages to indicate the advent of factories, whose busy swarms of employees would consume the surplus products of the farms. He didn't spin these yarns like Sir John, Tupper and other wicked politicians, who knew them to be gammon. He believed all he said and more, and we can well believe that he has been both pained and astonished to find the prophecies all unfulfilled. Hon. John is a cheerful soul, however, as a man who is conscious of his own rectitude, and enjoys a very nicely furnished Government office has a right to be; and so we do not find that jaundice or anything of that kind has been permitted to creep into his speeches as a result of the disappointment referred to. He goes before the farmers these days with the same childlike frankness and talks to them as pleasantly as ever. He takes with him a reassuring bundle of

Departmental returns, and from these he demonstrates that the exports of Canada to foreign countries are constantly increasing. The home market seems to have faded alike from his vision and his memory, though he appears to be quite unconscious of its loss. Home markets may come and tall chimneys may go, but Honest John Carling goes on forever—drawing his little stipend at Ottawa.

AFTER THE NAPIERVILLE RACE.—Cynics have said that principle is a superfluity in politics, and the saying never received a more striking or amusing illustration than is furnished in the late election for Napierville, Quebec. Amongst the most notorious facts of the day is this—that the present Ottawa Administration is dead set against Reciprocity with the United States. Its organs throughout the country have so long ground out the tune that Reciprocity means Annexation that they must by this time have convinced even themselves that such is the truth; Cabinet ministers who have referred to the question have treated it with a coldness far below zero, while one of their number, Mr. Colby, has gone to the other extreme and denounced the policy in the hottest terms, declaring even against the free exchange of natural products. Well, when the by-election in Napierville came on, the Grits put up a Reciprocity man, as was naturally to be expected. Then the other chaps nominated a candidate who lost no time in announcing that he, too, was an adherent of the Cartwright policy. Better still, Hon. J. A. Chapleau, who came down to talk for him, quickly learned the new tune, and indulged in an amount of common-sense talk in favor of Free Trade between us and our neighbors that must have been refreshing to Conservative audiences. On this stolen horse the race was won, and now Mr. Paradis, M.P., will sit at Ottawa as the representative of Reciprocity, but with instructions to support a Government which opposes Reciprocity! That it may be known abroad that Chapleau's eccentricity does not indicate any change of heart on the part of his colleagues, Hon. C. H. Tupper has been going it with all his might against Reciprocity in the Victoria contest. The spectacle is most instructive all round. Amongst other things we may learn from it the very flattering estimate that is placed upon the intelligence of the people by some of our leading statesmen.



HY can't our leading dailies report things which are considered worthy of reporting with some regard for the feelings of the intelligent reader? Here, for example, is a specimen of slovenly reporting from the *Globe* of Friday last. Hon. C. H. Tupper's speech at Lindsay was interrupted by a Mr. Phee, who, in response to the statement that

Canada's credit is better to day than ever it was, said, "Then it is singular that when they went to England for a loan for railway purposes the other day, they had to come back without it." "Mr. Tupper," goes on the report, "condemned the Reciprocity policy, spoke on the Behring Sea question and appealed to the electors to," etc., etc.

BUT what did he say in reply to Mr. Phee? That is what the reader wants to know. Are we to suppose that he would do so untuppably a thing as to confess himself beaten and change the subject in this summary fashion? If he made a reply, it is due to him that the reporter should have given it; to pass it over in this way is a meanness too characteristic of our politics and altogether unworthy of a leading journal. If he blushed, stammered, cleared his throat, and then dodged the clincher, the fact should have been stated.

IN this same report we are told that the young Cabinet Minister "flippantly characterized Sir Richard Cartwright as 'the Knight of the Rueful Countenance.'" This was not flippancy; it was merely an indication that Mr. Tupper, like his elders in the Government, is a careful reader of GRIP, and that he was much struck by a

recent cartoon which bore the title he quoted. Yet the young man should take care to state where he gets all the smart things he puts into his speeches.

\* \* \*

**P**UCK and *Judge* came lumbering along last week with cartoons based on the Koch Consumption Cure idea, which this more spry and timely journal used up over a fortnight ago. And yet it is not the least trouble in the world for us to attend to our own business and at the same time keep all our esteemed contemporaries supplied with good original notions. What a mess they *do* make of it, to be sure, when, occasionally, they look elsewhere for inspiration! There was that Xmas cartoon of *Puck's*, for example, in which Miss Canada and her Provinces were represented as looking on with hungry eyes while Jonathan and his States enjoyed their Christmas feast. A trivial notion, with no grain of truth to give it point. Miss Canada is no such female in distress, nor is Uncle Sam, so far as we can learn, overloaded with Christmas cheer at the present moment.

\* \* \*



**R**EALLY, has it come to an open sell-out with our political men? Or is it possible that traffic in human beings actually flourishes in this enlightened land? In the name of Darkest Africa what does this mean:

All of Denison, most of McKim, about one-third of Hyman and of Drury, one-half of Nairn, all of Graham and considerable parts of Bleazard, Fairbank, Craig and Creighton have already been sold.

This cold-blooded announcement we find in an editorial of the London *Advertiser*, and we can hardly express the horror—What's that? Oh, names of townships in the mining region, eh? Well, it's quite bad enough even in that way.

\* \* \*

**V**ICTORIA, by and with the advice and consent of the Legislative Assembly, enacts as follows: "Thus, or to this effect, runs the preamble to the bills passed in the Quebec Local House. It is all a humbug and pretence. For Victoria read Leo XIII., and for the latest illustration in point take the Laval-Victoria Amalgamation Bill just passed amid applause from both sides of the Assem-



FIXED!

He kneels before her—but he is not pleading for her love. Oh, no! he has been putting on her skates, and the knees of his pants are frozen to the ice.—*Mansey's Weekly*.

bly. The union of Laval and Victoria was opposed all round in Quebec, and the House pronounced against it, but Rome wanted it brought about, and so the Papal authorities in that foreign city send a cablegram to Premier Mercier, who hastens to swallow himself and execute their bidding, with the approving plaudits of all parties concerned. This is just a little ranker than the Jesuit Bill business, and indicates that Queen Victoria don't amount to much in the alleged British Province on the St. Lawrence.

## THAT HAT.

**M**ARY bought a big, black hat  
As wide as she could get it,  
And placed it high upon her bangs  
As far as she could set it.

Which ever way Miss Mary hied,  
Did she but walk a mile,  
The little boys all laughed and cried,  
"Where did you get that tile?"

She wore it to the Grand one day,  
To "Faust" at matinee,  
Which made the man behind her say  
A very big, big D!

NORA LAUGHER.

## OVER THE DISHES.

**F**WAT is that you say, Molly, it's a paler that's coortin' av yez? Shure an' it's meself that would give the gentleman a woide berth. For wasn't it wan av thim gintry that coorted me not a twelvemonth ago, bad cess to him. His name was Dan Macquod, an' he stood six fate thray in his boots, an' wid his blue coat, brass buttons an' short stoomp av a shillalah was a foine-lookin' lad intiorely. It was just after the thruble I tould yez av, Molly, an' I was falin' a bit lonesome an heart-bruken at the thought av poor Dinnis an' how his last dthrop choked him. I had a good place thin at the Wist ind, an' Dan was the p laceman on the bate, an' jist to chirk me up a bit I got acquainted wid him. An' moighty fond av me was Dan, an' used to take me out walkin', but that absint-moinded he was, you had to spake foor toimes to his wance. He said it was standin' at strate carners, balancin' his shillaly up his slave on his little finger that gave him the habit. Wance he led me round to the back dure av a saloon an' lift me standin outside loike an omadhaun, whoile he wint in for a glass av the crayther. An' another paler came along an' tould me to move on. I said I wouldn't for the loikes av him, an' kep' shoutin' on Dan. An' whin he came out it was all he could do to dispirse the crowd an' arrist the ring-laders. It was long afore I furgave him, though he pladed wid me wid tares in his eyes, an' said it would niver happen again. I was that simple as to belave him at last an' let him take me to the theaytre wan night. It was a long pace, an' I was fairly worn out wid the loights an' the nise an' the play-actin', so on the way back I was nigh slapin' wid fataygue. But Dan had a good hold av me, an half carried me along until we came to a big buildin' all blazin' wid illictric loights. There he stops, an' openin' a dure drags me after him, an' before I could collect me sinses hands me to another perlaceman an' sez, 'Here, Sargint, I've brought you another faymil dhrunk,' an' thin he goes out. An' the sargint took me, in spite av me sthruggles, an' locked me in a cell all night. In the marnin' Dan comes back wid a great palaver, but faix I would have no more to do wid him or his dhramin schames."

WILLIAM MCGILL.

ALDERMANIC BUBBLES.



HE proceedings at the last meeting of the Council Board were of more than usual interest, owing to the fact that the Street Railway matter was expected to come up, though it didn't. "Is the Street Railway report coming up to-night?" asked an anxious enquirer of Mayor Clarke.

"I really cannot say,"

was the answer.

"And suppose it does, how do you think it will go?"

"Well, said the Mayor, reflectively, "you see that very largely depends upon how the aldermen vote on the question."

"But suppose the vote were a tie?" persisted the questioner, with singular want of tact.

"Ah, a tie? Well, you see, a tie in voting is much different from any other kind of a tie."

"How so?"

"Because it doesn't bind anybody. — See? Excuse me." And he bowed with his customary affability and turned away to discuss municipal reorganization with Ald. Macdougall.

"I don't wonder Mayor Clarke is popular—he is so urbane," said a looker-on to John Armstrong, who was at his post representing the Trades and Labor Council.

"That's so," replied John. "He's the most urbane man I ever knew—excepting one."



"And who was that?"

"Who? Why, Urbain Lafontaine, President of the Dominion Labor Congress."

And then the City Clerk cried "Order! Order!" and the Mayor made his triumphal entry.

Ald. Macdougall introduced his scheme for civic reconstruction, according to which the city will be

divided into four districts in place of the present wards, and the number of aldermen will be reduced to twenty-four.

Ald. Macdougall—

"I've a little scheme for civic reconstruction, Which carefully I've thought over and planned,

It needs from me no lengthy introduction,

You can master all the points of it off-hand;

To save our civic system from debasement

And purify municipal affairs, We must some of us consent to self-effacement,

And relinquish quite contentedly our chairs.

"Don't gasp and look amazed as though I'd hurt you,—

Don't gaze at me in such a tone of voice!



I am sure we only seek the public good,  
If to sacrifice ourselves we are requested,  
It certainly appears to me we should.  
The Council is too large there's no denying,  
I merely state a long-admitted fact—  
So on your public spirit I'm relying  
To expedite the *hari-kari* act.

Ald. Saunders introduced a bill to regulate the planting of shade trees on boulevards, excluding the chestnut and mountain ash.

ALD. HALLAM—"I say, Mr. Mayor, that I can bring authority to prove that the tree question has been entirely misunderstood. The tulip tree and the Norway maple ought to be grown. William Cobbett, the great English writer, says—"

ALD. McMULLEN—"He ought to be good authority on trees. He was accused of treas-on, wasn't he?"

ALD. HALLAM—"Cobbett, the great authority, says that a tree—"

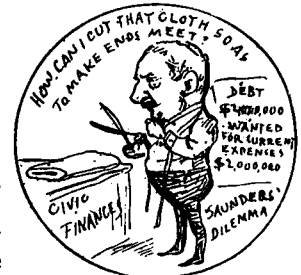


The by-law to set aside the alleged jail farm—the "alleged" applies to the farm, not to the jail—came up, and there was a long wrangle over it.

ALD. PETER MACDONALD—"Put it through. What do we make from the jail farm? Only a hundred dollars a year by growing potatoes. They are no good—they are all rotten. It is a small potato business, in fact. The people want the farm for a park. I claim, sir, that a park is paramount to potatoes. Man, sir, has higher ideals, nobler vistas of future glory and usefulness than potatoes, especially, sir, when those potatoes are a very inferior production. What, sir, is the cause of the misery and depression of my native—beg pardon, I forgot I

ALD. SHAW—"Cobbett don't go! We can't have the chestnuts. Why, the boys are always throwing up stones to bring down chestnuts, when they might get them far more easily by reading the *Telegram*."

Ald. Leslie put in a good word for the chestnuts and mountain ashes, and the clause excluding them was eliminated.



You know self-abnegation is a virtue,  
For a chance to practise which you should rejoice.  
And those who from these halls my scheme will banish,  
While the rest will gather here and draw their pay,  
Should serenely make their bow and promptly vanish,  
For they'll serve the city's interests that way.

"I am sure that we are all disinterested,

wasn't speaking to my constituents—of the people of Ireland to-day, but that unfortunate and wholly unreliable esculent? Briefly I put the case thus. Potatoes are a national calamity—parks are a public benefit. Shall we then defer a public benefit to promote a national calamity? Never!"

There was some hitch over the absence of a surveyor's certificate, but it was got over somehow and the by-law passed.

The Crematory question gave Ald. Moses a chance to use unparliamentary language in accusing Ald. Carlyle of St. Andrew's of falsehood, and afforded Ald. Hallam an opportunity to ring in a quotation from Sheridan in charging the gentleman of patriarchal nomenclature with being indebted to his memory for his wit and to his imagination for his facts. After the interchange of some other pleasing amenities it was referred back.

The consideration of the Street Railway question was deferred to a special meeting on Tuesday p.m.

#### A DEMORALIZING SUGGESTION.

THE other day a tall, angular-looking female, with a countenance homely enough to stop a clock entered the office of the London *Free Press* and enquired for the editor.

"Well, madam, what can I do for you?" enquired that personage, pausing in the middle of an editorial he was writing on the wickedness of Erastus Wiman.

"You can't do anything for me," snapped out the visitor savagely. "Not a thing except to stop your contemptible rag of a paper. It shan't come into my house any more. It's not fit for a decent person to read."

"But, madam, what have you to complain of?"

"What have I to complain of? Oh, how innocent you are, to be sure! Look as though butter wouldn't melt in your mouth, while you set there, you sneakin', deceitful wretch, laying plans to ruin the peace of families, and put the men folks up to all kinds of sly devilment, though, to be sure, it's little enough you kin tell 'em in the way of underhand hypocrisy as they don't know already. And then you turn round just as cool and sassy-like an' ask what have I to complain of. If I wasn't a lady, I'd—I'd—"

"But, indeed, ma'am," said the editor hastily, "I—I—"



#### THE DEAR GIRLS.

ETHEL—"How do I look in this dress?"

MAUD—"Charming. Isn't it wonderful how much a dress can do for one?"—*Munsey's Weekly*.



#### CATTLE-BYRE SENTIMENTS.

"I don't see what good it's going to do Toronto to be overrun by a lot of Yankees."

Such was Ald. Frankland's "loyal" expression when the subject of the prospective visit of some thousands of the leading educationists of the United States to this city was discussed at the last meeting of the Council. If some of the visitors can find time to give this worthy alderman a lesson in the rudiments of good manners the "good" will be apparent to all.

don't know what you refer to. I assure you that our paper is conducted as a model family journal, and nothing of an objectionable character is ever allowed to appear in its columns."

"Well, of all the impudent brazen-faced liars!—I wonder the roof don't fall in and crush you. There, look at that!" she said, thrusting a copy of the *Free Press* under the editor's nose and indicating the following paragraph:

"A man of taste who likes a good dinner and keeps a female cook," said a man of that kind, "should go down to the kitchen once in a while and see how she does her work. Let him give a glance at her fires, take a look at her cupboard, and cast an eye upon her sink, her wash cloths and other things. Let him, once in a while, watch her operations in cookery, her method of preparing soup, her ways of broiling or roasting, and her knack of making the dessert dishes. If he is an epicure, he can give her lots of hints, and, if she is a sensible cook, she will take advantage of them."

"Well, and what's the matter with that?" asked the editor.

"Matter with it? If the man isn't actually tryin' to brazen it out an' deny his own villainy? Maybe you think it's just good fun to be starting all the old bald-headed, snag toothed galoots of men foolin' round the hired girls. Maybe you think a wife ain't got no right to kick when a ridiculous, squint-eyed, rheumatic, old idiot like Josiah Peasley, with a wart on his nose, keeps a-hanging round the kitchen from mornin' till night just to see 'how Hannah does her work'? Call it the business of a model family journal to put a husband and a father of a family up to them kind of tricks, and to find him excuses for philanderin' with a red-headed no-account hussy that can't cook no more'n she can fly? He was just 'givin' her a few hints' he said. I hinted 'em pretty quick, I tell you, an' it'll be a mighty long time before Josiah Peasley goes watchin' cookery operations and casting his eye round—the deceitful old reprobate. And you, mister, may be mighty glad I worked off some of my mad on him afore I come down to give you a piece of my mind about this business. Now, I just want you to stop Josiah Peasley's paper right off. I don't care if it's paid for in advance—an' I'm a goin' to hire an old colored woman of sixty to do the chores round the house and do the cooking myself—You hear me!"



TWO BY TRICKS.

In France it is seriously proposed to lease titles of nobility at fixed prices per annum.

FRENCH DEALER—"Oui, monsieur, you can 'ave a title at what price you choose—from a 'De' at £20, to a 'Highness' at £10,000."

MURRICAN CITIZEN—"See here, sonny, I'll double your highest figure if you'll make me an' my better-half real boney-fidey king and queen."



TWO BY HONORS.

MURRICAN CITIZEN (*in New York, U.S.A.*)—"I'm mighty glad to see you don't forget your aunt and uncle, Peleg. You'll excuse me an' her majesty bein' a bit haughty—we always are from twelve till three—after that, we're free-born republican citizens, you bet."—*Funny Folks.*

## CONVERSATIONS IN THE ELEVATOR.

## II.

[SCENE.—Elevator in *Gl-be* building. Present, the Elevator Boy and Mr. Jos. T.—t, M.P.P.]

EL. BOY—"Where d'ye want to go, mister?"

MR. T.—"To the office o' the editor-in-chief, ye ken, laddie."

EL. BOY—"Oh, yes, I've took you up before, ain't I?"

MR. T.—"You have; several times or oftener."

EL. BOY—"Are you Sir Richer Cartwright?"

MR. T.—"No, my boy, I'm not Sir anybody—as yet; but there's no knowing what may happen if I remain in public life for a few years longer."

EL. BOY—"That's so. My Uncle Jim says nobody can't tell what a day might bring forth. But I know who you are now, mister. I know you by your blonde moustache."

MR. T.—"Well, who am I?"

EL. BOY—"I'll bet you're Mayor Clarke."

MR. T.—"Mayor Clarke! Laddie, ye're ever so much further out than you were before. No; I'm not Mayor Clarke, or you wouldn't find me here."

EL. BOY—"Where would you be?"

MR. T.—"I'd be down in the City Hall writing an address to the citizens of Toronto, telling them that it was not my intention to be a candidate for a fourth term, because I wasn't exactly an 'office hog.'"

EL. BOY—"Well, I guess that's what Mayor Clarke is doin' jest now, 'cause I heard some gentlemen talkin' in the elevator yesterday, and they said Mr. Brock was goin' to be Mayor next year."

MR. T.—Brock? Not him. He's played us a mean trick and backed out, after getting some sweet incense burned under his nose. My laddie, never trust a Tory!"

EL. BOY—"But my Uncle Jim says the Tories are

just the cheese, and it's the Grits I ought to steer clear of."

MR. T.—"Your Uncle Jim is daft. Look at this Mr. Brock, for instance, and judge for yourself. Here's a man who stands high in the community and has the confidence of both parties. He could be elected Mayor in spite of everything if he said the word. He is a man of business capacity, and could do a great deal to get the city out of the mess it is now in. Well, his name was brought up, and a lot of prominent citizens met him at the club and asked him to be a candidate. He knew they were going to ask him, and he went there to give them a chance to do so. Then, what does he do?"

EL. BOY—"I s'pose he makes a speech thankin' 'em and says he'll do it. That's what I would do."

MR. T.—"Laddie, he does nothing of the kind. He declines in the most determined manner, and throws a wet blanket over the whole movement."

EL. BOY—"Pshaw!"

MR. T.—"Ye may well say that. But worse is to come. I hear that the reason he declined was because it didn't suit John A. Macdonald to have Mr. Clarke out of the Mayor's chair just yet, and Mr. Brock, as a good Tory, must do the bidding of Sir John. That's why I say, Never you trust a Tory, my boy."

EL. BOY—"But hold up, mister. You're getting this thing all tangled, ain't you? What has Sir John A. got to do with it?"

MR. T.—"Yes, that's what I'd like to know myself. It's not his business at all, but you see he sticks his finger in the pie all the same. He's working out some sly scheme, I suppose. Anyhow, the general belief is that Mr. Brock would have accepted the offer and given his services to the city if it hadn't been that he was a Tory, and a slave to the old schemer at Ottawa. I repeat once more, laddie, never you trust a Tory!"

[Just then the elevator arrived at the editorial flat, and Mr. T. got out and proceeded to the front room.]



### THAT SETTLED IT.

OUR GIRL—"I want it real nice and tender.

OUR BUTCHER—"Yes, I suppose so. Do you consider yourself a good judge of steak?"

OUR GIRL—"Don't I look like it?"

### THE LEGISLATIVE ROUND-UP.

REGINA, November 29, 1890.

MY DEAR GRIP,—Nothing could be more solemn and imposing than the prorogation of the last session of the Territorial Legislative Assembly, which took place to-day at the usual hour.

Shortly before three o'clock the Government House Cook, who is a French lady, walked into the room and took one of the numerous empty seats reserved for the ladies on the right hand side of the Speaker's chair. As she understood the English language just about enough to enable her to do all her business in French, she could not catch a word of the speech. Many of the frolicsome members of the Assembly wished they were in the same predicament.

The N.-W.M.P. Band was on the ground at half-past two o'clock, and as soon as His Imperial Majesty and escort were in sight, they played a selection from the beautiful Italian opera, "Get There, Eli," by Il Signor Cayleyo di Calgaro.

When the Royal party reached the council chamber, the escort fell into line and stood without flinching, as they did while in Prince Albert in 1885. They stood so well together that there was not the least doubt entertained as to the possibility, in case of riot, of a man escaping through the front door without being shot.

At three o'clock His Majesty, who, like McGinty, had on his best suit of clothes, and was surrounded by four officers of his dear N.-W. Mounted Police (two of them keeping on their hats during the whole ceremony), he delivered himself of the usual speech, which, I am sorry to say, I cannot give you in full. It was something like this:—"Gentlemen of the Legislative Assembly,—I am

indeed very sorry that you should have misunderstood me from the first. It cannot be my fault if Sir John has made it so that you cannot do without me, though I can without you. As this is the last session of this Assembly, I would like to embrace you all before you go, but as that is impossible I will content myself by embracing the Advisory Council." The Clerk of the Assembly then declared in his very pleasant voice, from under his fine moustache, curled up like a gopher's tail, that it was the will and pleasure of His Majesty the Lieutenant-Governor that this House be prorogued.

After the ceremony, when the crowd, to wit, the Governor's Cook, emerged from the hall, it was found that the escort was nowhere to be seen. Great anxiety was felt as to their fate, but on enquiry it was learned that while the ceremony was being performed the Member for Western Assinoboa, Mr. Davin, who is an Irishman, was seen sauntering towards the Council Chamber with something of a very suspicious appearance sticking out of his overcoat pocket. The escort, commanded by Inspector Primrose (who made such a famous arrest in Lethbridge about a year ago), thinking it was a dynamite cartridge, immediately galloped to the barracks for reinforcements. An orderly was despatched to bring them back, but it took fully an hour to persuade them that what they had taken for an infernal machine was only a folded copy of the inoffensive speech made by Mr. Haultain in the House the night before.

Thus, my dear GRIP, ended the third and last session of the first Parliament of the North West Territories.

MUGGS.

### THE MESSAGE.

"I AM dying!" ran the message—  
That she read, and nothing more;  
For the paper with its presage  
Fluttered, crumpled, to the floor.  
And the walls about seemed reeling  
In a half-impervious mist,  
Till the carpet and the ceiling  
In their swaying almost kissed.

"I am dying!" With numbed fingers,  
And her face grown gray with pain,  
She stoops to where it lingers,  
Picks the missive up again.  
Turn its o'er—with indignation  
Reads the sequel in a line:  
"I am dying!—of starvation;  
Have some supper, love, at nine!"

Ottawa.

C. G. ROGERS.



A RISING MAN OF BUSINESS.

Munsey's Weekly.

### THE THOUGHTS OF THE THINKER.

If you could but think how I think and think  
 How fair your enchantments be,  
 You would think with surprise how you ever could link  
 A doubt in your thoughts of me.  
 But that somebody else may be thinking the thought  
 That I think, is a thought I think  
 Till my ruminant mood to such frenzy is wrought  
 That I wish that I never could think.

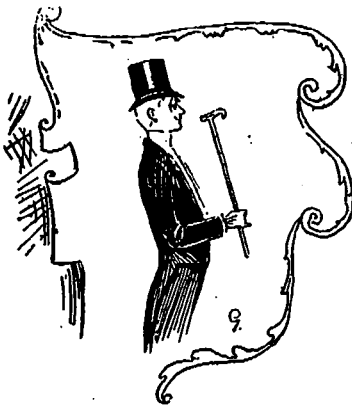
Do you think that if I could really think  
 What you really think of me,  
 And were I to compare it with what I think—  
 There would any difference be?  
 For in thinking of all these thoughts, I shrink  
 From thinking that you, perhaps,  
 Are thinking the thoughts that of you I think,  
 About some other chaps.

But these thoughts that I think of these thinks are so great  
 That I think—at the thought my heart sinks!  
 I will think myself into a permanent state  
 Of perpetual thinking of thinks.  
 And I think that the think-well that holds my supply  
 Of thinks, will decidedly sink,  
 And will run just as clean and tectotally dry  
 As the one that is holding the ink.

Ottawa.

CHAS. GORDON ROGERS.

### RUTHVEN'S REVENGE.



"GET out!" Charles Wentworth Ruthven drew himself up proudly as these words passed the lips of a middle-aged and consequently bald man, in the latter's sumptuous office. The young man's mouth twitched, and his fingers worked nervously—as he tied the strings about his canvassing bag.

"I shall remember you, sir," hissed

Charles, when he had put two tables, four chairs and a wire screen between himself and the rude, bold man. "You will have reason to remember Charles Wentworth Ruthven."

"I have no doubt," sneered the bald man. "And now—git!" And Charles "got."

"Refused!" muttered the young man, as he walked quickly over to the shady side of the street to trade a copy of his work off for a glass of lager. "Henry M. Stanley's work refused! But to be told to get out! It is too much!"

The next day the man who had told C. W. Ruthven to "get out" had seventeen visitors—fourteen of them were book-agents—nine of these were canvassing Henry M. Stanley's work. The bald-headed man stood the test pretty well, but he looked relieved when evening came. When he got home he found his wife had had eleven callers. Ten of these had been book-agents; seven of these had been selling Henry M. Stanley's work. The bald man breathed hard and low.

The second day was a magnified repetition of the first. He had twenty-three Stanley visitors in all. They came in twos, threes; literally in shoals. They gave him no peace. They were unctuous, suave, inoffensive. If told to "get" they heaved big sorrowful sighs, tied up

their books, said "good afternoon, sir," and went. But they came again.

The man now began to have dreams, visions, nightmares. Henry M. Stanley danced an African war dance on a pile of books, in the centre of a score of circling, smiling, dancing book agents. The title-page of every book he opened seemed to have engraved on it "In Darkest Africa." The papers seemed to contain nothing else.

He began to get thin; he lost his appetite, his rest; was haunted by terrible spectre book agents as well as material ones. And one day, when he sat there at his desk, a bowed and broken man, a step came, the door opened and a book agent—of course—walked in. It was Charles Wentworth Ruthven!

"Will you have Henry M. Stanley's book *now*?" said the visitor with a grim smile.

"I have fifteen copies of it," moaned the poor bald man, as a large salt tear fell with a loud splash on the surface of one of the books in question, which he was using as a paper weight.

"My wife has seven. My family is well nigh starving. My eldest son has left me and gone to explore Africa, the North and South Poles, and Chicago, to christianize the heathen."

"I spare you," said Charles Wentworth Ruthven. "I see my revenge is accomplished."

But the next day the agent saw crape on the office door, and he passed silently by. C. G. ROGERS.

### "SOCIETY AS I HAVE FOUND IT."



BY A COMMERCIAL TRAVELLER.



BY A BOOK AGENT.





CARLING DISCOVERING THE HOME MARKET.

HONEST JOHN—"Don't you see it? Right alongside of those tall chimneys that are springing up all over."

ANAT'IAN FARMER—"But I don't see no chimbleys springin' up, Mr. Carlin'."



#### TROUBLE WITH THE "R."

MISS DE JONES—"Aw you a lovah of hawmony, Mr. Le Dewd?"

MR. LE DRWD—"No—er—cawn't say I am. It don't seem to agwce with me as well as oatmeal for bwcakfast."

#### THE MURDERER A LA MODE.

THE scaffold having largely taken the place of the gladiatorial arena in our modern civilization, and the class of tight-rope dancers thereon having rapidly increased in numbers and influence among us, it may be of general interest to point out a few facts deducible from the brilliant career lately closed at a certain western town.

In the first place, it is evident that the high-class criminal should possess a fair education. He may not win scholarships, indeed, and the rewards of pedantry must ever appear mean and trivial to an ambition which soars to the top of the gallows tree. But, though his education may fitly end with an expulsion, it must yet be sufficient to stamp him above the unlettered clown. The boorish murderer is getting out of date. Competition has raised the professional standard. The illiterate *habitant* or laborer can no longer successfully compete with born gentlemen in catering to the taste of a fastidious public. Granted that Great Britain possesses in her feudal laws and social customs as unequalled facilities for the production of first-class criminals as her iron and coal mines give her in the manufacture of steamships, yet patriotism should urge us to do all that we can to overcome our adverse conditions. Indeed, already a noble foundation has been laid by our Government in the protection of monopolies, large land grants to individuals and corporations, and the otherwise fostering of the few at the expense of the many. All this is well so far as it goes, but if some special scheme of education for murderers could be devised it would fill a long-felt want and make us independent of foreign countries for our supply of polished felons.

One of the principal aims of such public training schools should be to give a good social education.

Pleasing manners and a good address are necessary qualifications for those who would fill this high position. The murderer is essentially a public character, and in the prosecution of his calling comes into contact with men of all classes. He should therefore be able on every occasion to comport himself with grace and dignity.

Good birth and breeding are also of great advantage to the criminal. Though the possessor of native talent will seldom fail of having justice done him, yet to his other gifts must be added that of social rank, in order to win the most shining success, such is the toadyism of court circles.

But the chief care of the murderer should be to cultivate the virtues. Let him not suppose that the huge fracture of the moral law which holds him fast like a crack in a glacier, renders its other precepts less binding upon him. Nothing so charms and mystifies the public as a contradictory character. The word of sympathy, the little act of kindness, the cup of cold water from a bloody and manacled hand, how they touch the heart and exalt humanity! Ah, how much better would we all appear if by some act of atrocity we could magnify and throw into bold relief our remaining virtues!

WILLIAM MCGILL.

#### POSITIVE OR NEGATIVE.

MCTAVISH—"The McKinley Bill is a positive disgrace to any country."

BEEWAX—"Ah, that's a new view of it. From the fuss which the papers are making about it in connection with hen-fruit I should have thought it was a negative measure."



#### PAWN MY WORD.

Mr. Jacobs, the eminent pawnbroker, says that what he does like about his daughter is, that she dresses "so stylish, and, above all, with such an eye to bithness, ma tear." [He hadn't seen the new "Toreador" hat before.]—*Funny Folks.*

**A WARNING.**

Oh, wild is the glare in the editor's eye,  
 Oh, why doth he splutter and rage,  
 As he paces the office way up near the sky,  
 Like a tiger confined in his cage?  
 Oh, list, he is swearing betwixt his clenched teeth,  
 It is plain he is harassed and vexed,  
 And he stamps till he loosens the plaster beneath—  
 "Just let me get hold of the next!"

A light, jaunty step, on the stairway is heard  
 And there gracefully enters a youth—  
 "If you've leisure to spare just permit me a word,  
 I'll not keep you a minute, in truth,  
 I have here a short poem—" the editor's eye  
 With frenzy intense seemed to glow,  
 "'Tis a lyric of winter—my terms are not high—  
 A song of the Beautiful Snow!"

\* \* \*

Oh, place him on file in the family vault,  
 Bear his mangled remains to the tomb;  
 Emblazon his virtues—but pardon the fault  
 Atoned by his premature doom.  
 And let memory heave a soft sigh o'er the dead,  
 Though much it assuages our woe  
 To reflect that by no mortal eye will be read  
 That song of the Beautiful Snow!

**BLUE-ROOM PHANTASIES.**

No. I.

**"ALARIC!"**

No answer.

"Alaric, my love!"

Still no answer; only the crunching of the slate and egg shells—that the cook had intended to land in the next door neighbor's yard—as the young man strode down the gravelled path. The gate closed, and Alaric was gone!

Alaric was gone—out into the cold, relentless cynical world, with only one pair of suspenders and the average appetite. Kathleen di Medici threw herself unfeelingly against the grate and grated her teeth. She had knocked her elbow on some of the cornice work.

Kathleen di Medici loved Alaric Behyryng-Sea with a deep, ten per cent. indigestible love; a love above the sordid contemplation of a prospective ice-cream; an

affection that stayed not to barter for caramels and reserved seats and tutti-frutti. But a love fated to receive that parental shower bath at 40 degrees that chills the soul and blights the erstwhile smiling hope of future happiness.

Kathleen's father, old Si Medici, was a rich, influential man. He owned an extensive match factory, in which, however, he refused to manufacture matches for his daughters. Alaric was poor, and old Si laughed at his pretensions. He, a penurious youth, marry Kathleen di Medici! The thing was monstrous! barbaric!

Two years had elapsed and Kathleen had not seen Alaric. The old man had turned out a good many matches in that time, but of late trouble had come into his factory. The men were discontented. Numerous strikes were in progress in other establishments, and in old Si Medici's place there seemed to be some agent at work to set the men at defiance with the established rules of the place.

The old man strove to discover this rebellious, leading spirit, but his matches could throw no light on the subject. One morning matters came to a focus. The men had struck. They were there in a body, three hundred of them. One of them, a man with a long black beard and whiskers, came forward and said:

"Sir, we demand our rights. We want shorter hours. We work no more except under the eight-hour system."

"Who are you?" cried old Si, as he lit a match by force of habit.

The other tore off his whiskers, and terrible he was to look at. He had not been shaved for a week. His eyes flashed, his ears seemed to stand out. He cried out so that old Si could hear him:

"I am Alaric Behyryng Sea! I swore to compass a revenge. Give me your daughter now, or I will make things look blue for you," and he struck a match and held it close to where five million matches lay.

"Stop!" cried the old man—"she is yours—on one condition!"

"And that is—"

"That you will not live at home on me!"

With a wild cry Alaric threw down the match. Match maker as he was, it had burnt his thumb.

C. G. ROGERS.

IN buying Diamonds and Fine Watches, this issue of GRIP invites its readers to call on the well-known firm of D. H. Cunningham, 77 Yonge Street, two doors north of King. Manufacturing to order, and a large stock of unset diamonds.

CABINET Photos \$2.00 per dozen at the Perkins studio, 293 Yonge Street. One extra photo mounted on fancy mount with each dozen. Cloudy weather as well as sunshine. J. J. Millikin, successor to T. E. Perkins, 293 Yonge Street.

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 St. W., Toronto.

LUCY—"Papa, could you see already, when you were born?"

FATHER—"What a silly question! Of course, child, I never was blind."

LUCY—"Yes, you were, pa. Lately, when you were so awful cross, you said to mamma: Oh, I was surely blind when I married you!"

GRIP'S ALMANAC FOR '91.

SOME of our readers have not yet possessed themselves of copies of this, the latest issue of GRIP's celebrated annual. Thus they have up to date deprived themselves of a literary and artistic feast which would only cost them 10 cents apiece. The Almanac this year is, in the opinion of many, the best of the twelve issued. It is full of bright original fun and capital pictures. The double-page cartoon is a very amusing burlesque of Meissonier's celebrated painting 1807, in which are introduced caricatures of a great number of Canadian public men. The chronological tables are immensely funny, and in fact the entire contents are good. A few copies yet remain unsold, and we would advise our friends to send the price to the publishers without delay and secure copies before the supply is exhausted. Send now.

CHICAGOAN (*seriously*)—"It has been a terrible struggle for us to decide where to hold the World's Fair."

VISITOR (*quickly*)—"It has? Why, I could have decided that in a second."

CHICAGOAN (*surprised*)—"Where would you hold it?"

VISITOR (*walking away*)—"I make it a rule to hold the world's fair about the waist."

BAD Blood results from improper action of the Liver and Kidneys. Regulate these important organs by the use of that grand purifier Burdock Blood Bitters.

The mother of Chs. L. Ainsworth, 41 Vance Block, Indianapolis, Ind., says, she "finds Burdock Blood Bitters a very efficacious remedy for Liver Complaint."

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.

CHRISTMAS WEEK, Jacobs & Sparrow's Opera House, commencing Monday, Dec 22nd. Matinees Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday. Steele Mackaye's Masterpiece, Paul Kauvar. A story of the French Revolution, the Dream of Anarchy, a play beyond comparison. Powerful cast, special scenery and 100 auxiliaries. Under the direction of Eugene Robinson. Popular prices—15c., 25c., 35c. and 50c. Grand Christmas matinee Thursday.

## PINE ROSE AND FLEUR DE LIS.

By S. Frances Harrison (Seranus). Toronto: Hart & Company. Mrs. Harrison is well known among literary people, though her *nom de plume* "Seranus" may be better known than her real name, and we are glad she has in this case used her own. This volume of verse contains a section called "Down the River," of great interest, describing a trip down the St. Lawrence, but mainly descriptive of French Canada, and very fitly, therefore, modelled upon the old French forms, among which are forty-four original Villanelles. These carefully executed little poems deal with phases of picturesque French Canadian Life, and are greatly enhanced by the occasional use of musical motives, taken from the primitive chansons current among the habitants. The book is beautifully printed on fine laid paper in French faced type. The binding is unique. The whole forming one of the handsomest books issued from a Canadian press.

"GOLLY," gasped little Johnny, as he finished the second crock of stolen preserves, "I feel as if I had been smoking pa's pipe."

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## THE SONG OF THE EXILE.

A CANADIAN EPIC. By Wilfred S. Skeats. Toronto: Hart & Company. The "Song of the Exile" is by a young Englishman who has made Canada his home, and is descriptive of his wanderings from Quebec to the Pacific Coast. On reaching Quebec, its foundation by Champlain and capture by Wolfe form the subject of his thought. Passing on, Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto, Niagara, the Prairie, the Rocky Mountain, Victoria and other places are visited, and much local and historical disquisition introduced. The book is nicely printed and neatly bound. Messrs. Hart & Company are to be congratulated on their ability to turn out such a handsome specimen of book-making.

THE Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys and Blood perform vital functions in the animal economy. The best purifying medicine for these functions is Burdock Blood Bitters.

Jacob A. Empey, of Cannamore, having taken Burdock Blood Bitters with good results in a lingering complaint, says he can "gladly recommend it to all."

MISS SUMMERGIRL—"Why, how do you do, Mr. Summerman! Don't you remember me? I saw you at the beach this summer!"

MR. SUMMERMAN—"What, recognized in the city by a girl whom I met at the beach? No, it can't be!" [*Faints.*]

CATARRH.—We can radically cure chronic Catarrh in from 1 to 3 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.

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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, Asthama 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.

"YOUR point is certainly well taken!" said the man-about-town, as he arose from the chair nearest the stove and removed from the widest part of his pants an able-bodied tack which the grocerman had "carelessly" left in the chair. "Oh, excuse me; I thought you simply arose to a point of order," said the grocer.

WATSON'S COUGH DROPS are the best in the world for the throat and chest, for the voiced unequalled. R. & T. W. stamped on each drop.

LADIES and gentlemen.—You will find a very choice assortment of Christmas cards, carefully selected by an artist, at the Golden Easel, 316 Yonge street.

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LOVELY DAUGHTER—"Well, papa, after all, is it not better to live in a cottage with the one we love than to dwell in a palace with one we do not love?"

FATHER—"Certainly, my daughter."  
LOVELY DAUGHTER (*beaming with smiles*)—"Then why do you offer such serious objections to me marrying Mr. Short Banks?"

FATHER—"Because he hasn't even the cottage, my child."

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The strongest, nobbiest children's sleds, 24c., 62c., 98c. each, and cutter sleighs 36c., 49c. up to 84c. each. At these prices Santa Claus ought to use many of them. Christmas cards and booklets 3c., 4c., 5c., 8c., 10c., 15c., 17c., 19c. Albums—Photographs, 14c., 29c., 48c., 75c., \$1, \$1.05, \$1.08, \$1.10, \$1.12, \$1.14, \$1.27, \$1.49, \$1.84, \$1.99, \$2.13, \$2.60, \$2.74, \$3.48 and \$4.88. Scrap albums, 10c., 12c., 16c., 20c., 36c., 39c., 50c. Bagatelle boards, with all the newest and best improvements 25c., worth 50c.; 59c., worth \$1; \$1.14, worth \$2.50; \$2.49, usually \$5; \$4.99, worth \$8. See our catalogue for our other games. Santa Claus' headquarters for games.

Toys—We cannot name them here, but get our holiday catalogue, sent free on application. Our glassware section furnishes many a beautiful Christmas present. Elegant lamps, \$2.44, worth \$4.50; 98c., worth \$2. Beautiful tea sets, 64c. 89c. to \$1.14. Silver-plated Ware—Best quadruple plate. Tea knives, \$2.34, worth \$4. and dinner knives, \$2.44, worth \$4.50. Forks, \$1.99 per doz. Solid Nickel Goods—Same metal all the way through, durable as solid silver. Tea spoons, 83c. per doz.; dessert spoons, \$1.68 doz.; table, 19c. each or \$2 doz.; dessert forks, \$1.68 doz.; table, \$2.10 per doz. Space is up. Send for catalogue and come and see us.

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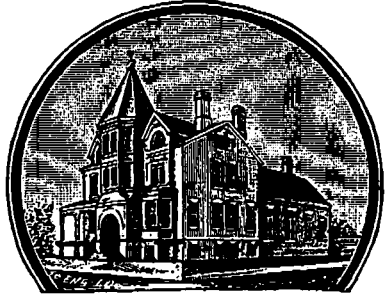
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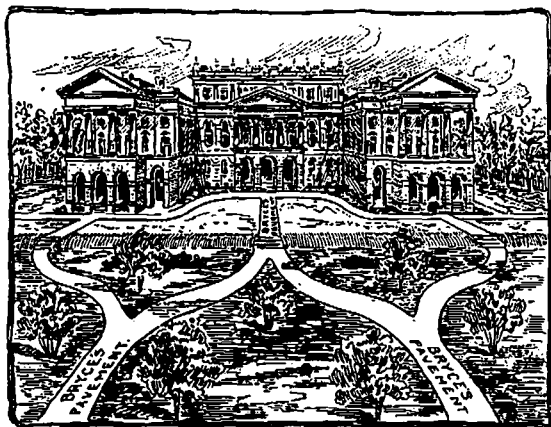
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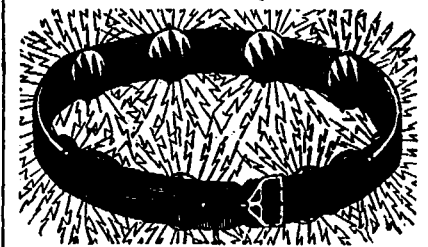
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