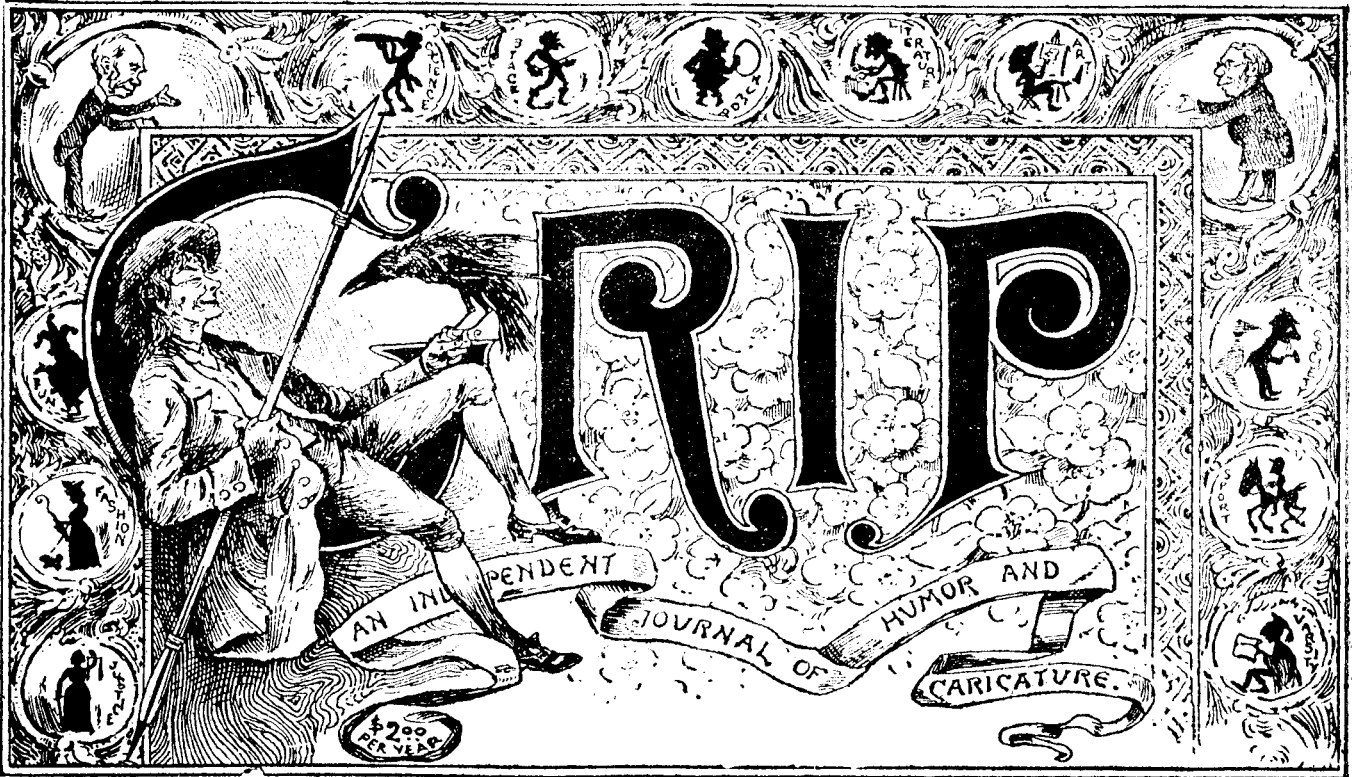


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VOL. XLI.—No. 28.

TORONTO, JULY 15, 1893.

No. 1048.

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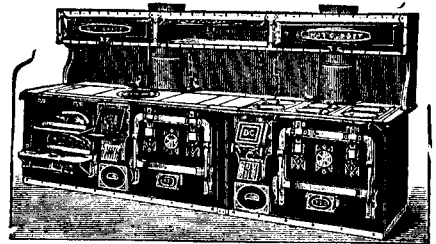
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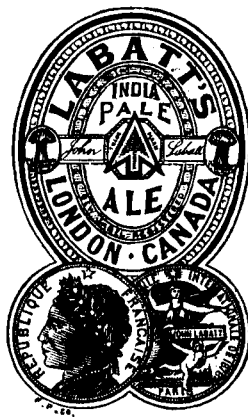
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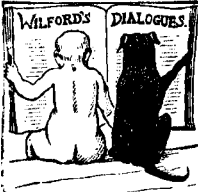
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W. H. BANKS, Asst. Sec'y.
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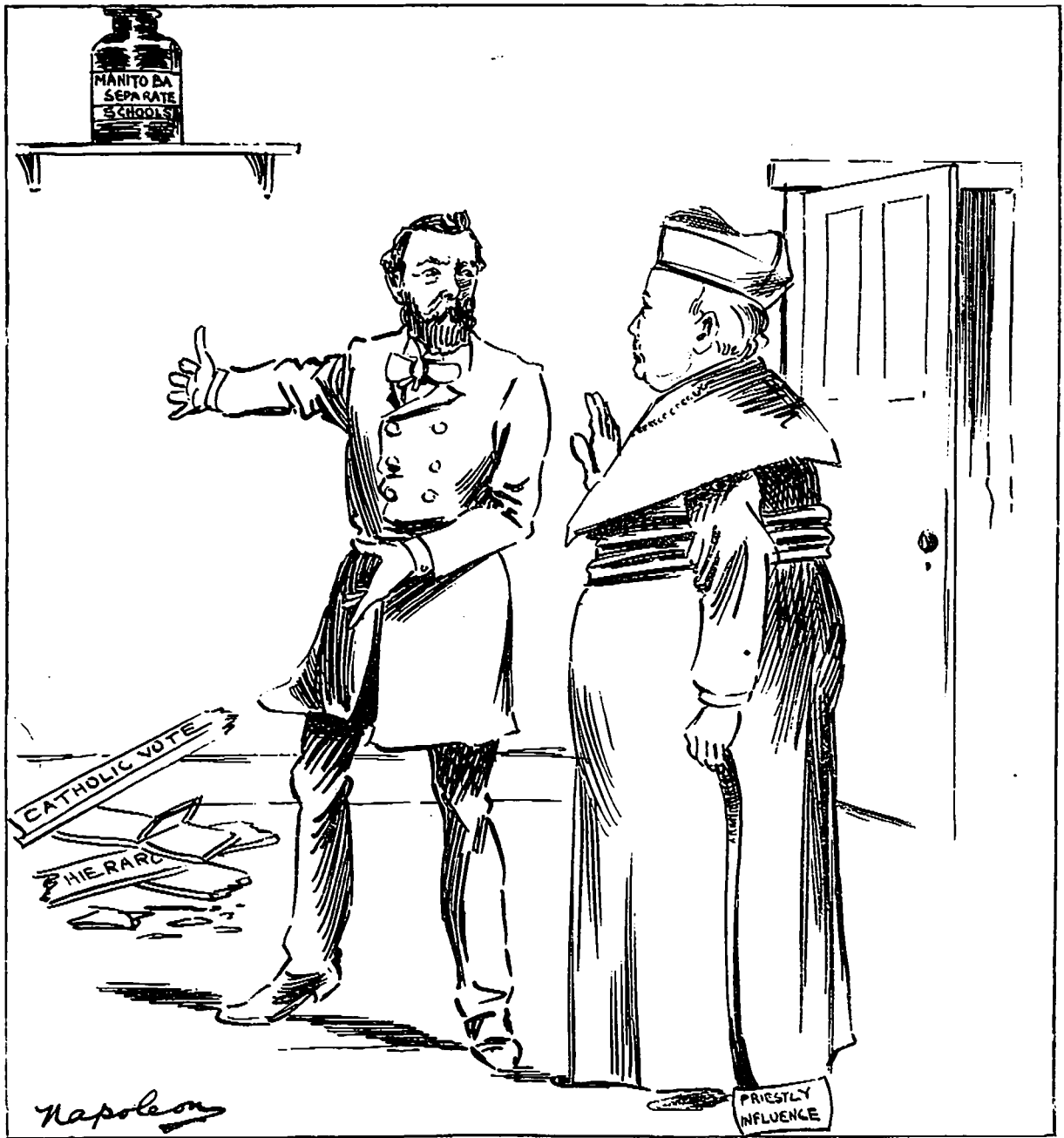
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GRIP

VOL XLX.

TORONTO, JULY 15, 1893.

No. 28.
Whole No. 1048



WHEN THIEVES FALL OUT, ETC.

TARTE—"It was you, Monseigneur, who put it out of our way."

TACHE—"My dear sir, I'm not big enough to reach that high."

TARTE—"No, but you've broken the ladder by which we might have reached it."



*The gravest beast is the Ass; The gravest bird is the Owl;
The gravest fish is the Oyster; The gravest man is the Fool.*

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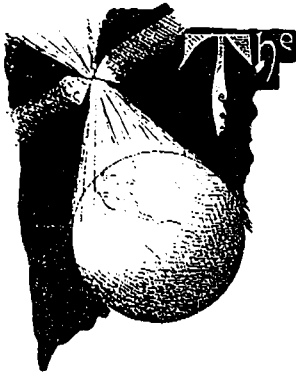
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TORONTO SATURDAY, JULY 15, 1893.



City Council have decided to let the question of Sunday street cars go to a vote, the date of polling being fixed for August 26th. The Street Railway Company bear all the expenses of submitting the question to the electors, in addition to whatever they may have expended as bribes to journalists and aldermen. Evidently the company are extremely anxious to secure

the last remaining concession which it is in the power of the citizens to give or withhold, and this fact ought to make the electors pause before voting away for nothing an extremely valuable franchise. It would be an act of short-sighted selfishness if, to secure immediate convenience, we should give the monopoly the coveted privilege without conditions. The point of the value of the extra franchise to the company has been almost wholly lost sight of in the heat of the theological discussion. Before any intelligent citizen sanctions by his vote the proposal to run cars on Sunday, he should insist on two conditions—an adequate provision for the protection of the employees against overwork, and a substantial money payment from the corporation bearing some proportion to the estimated value of the additional traffic.

THE wedding of the Duke of York and Princess May of Teck took place according to programme on the 6th inst., amid great rejoicings, and an avalanche of presents from every quarter. While we have nothing but good wishes for the young couple who have begun married life under such fortunate auspices, it must be said that it is a satire on civilization to see society combining to heap costly and useless presents representing many million dollars upon people already wealthy, when so much abject misery and destitution remains unalleviated. The families of the victims of the terrible Thorndale coal mine catastrophe and the *Victoria* disaster have claims, not on public charity, but for support

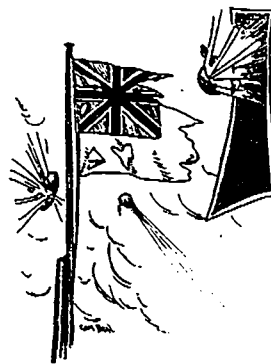
as a matter of right. Yet how few of those who open their purse-strings to show their devotion to royalty will contribute a cent to pay the community's debt to the widows and orphans?

JIM HUGHES' heelers on the School Board are still endeavoring to create unnecessary offices for their friends. Having been compelled to retire the supervisors because of the illegality of creating an office not provided for by law, they are now trying to get over the difficulty by increasing the number of Inspectors and creating a "Board of Inspectors," which will simply be perpetuating the evil of supervisors under another name. It is to be hoped that the legality of this audacious project will be tested. It is strange that at a time when economy is the watchword in civic affairs there should be so little public protest against depleting the school funds by foisting a horde of superfluous highly-paid officials on the public. Is it because Hughes is using his Orange influence to hypnotize the press?

THE *Canadian Magazine* for July is a specially bright and readable number. If ever a native monthly is destined to succeed there should be hope of the *Canadian* making a permanent place for itself, as it is a thoroughly live, timely and interesting periodical and an arena in which the best thinkers and writers of the country have an opportunity to express their views upon vital questions unfettered by other restrictions than those of decent controversy. At a time when there is so much talk of patriotism there could be no better practical manifestation of it than giving a generous support to a native publication well worthy of a more liberal appreciation than usually accorded to such enterprises in the past.

MANY distressing accidents would be avoided if pedestrians would remember that in case of uncertainty as to which can soonest pass a given point, the trolley is always entitled to the benefit of the doubt.

THE question of the Laureateship appears to be practically settled, an ode on the Royal Marriage having been written by Mr. Lewis Morris by special request. Messrs. James McIntyre, the cheese poet, John Imrie, Robert Awde and the Khan are not in it.



NPardoning the three so-called Chicago Anarchists, so long unjustly imprisoned for a crime the perpetrator of which is to this day unknown, Gov. Altgeld, of Illinois, has performed the bravest political action in American history since the signing of the Emancipation proclamation. As his reward he has been subjected to a storm of abuse and denunciation from the capitalist press of all shades of politics. It is quite probable that he has killed himself politically, as his enemies say, but his memory will live as that of a man who dared to do justice even at the sacrifice of his political future, when his time-serving detractors rot in deserved oblivion.



NOT FAREWELL.

TORONTO—"I think we must only say 'au revoir,' doctor."

HOW TO WRITE A POPULAR SONG.

DO you want to gain fame as a popular bard,
By producing a song that will go?
The road to success you'll not find very hard,
And wealthy and famous you'll grow.

First pick out some smooth-sounding feminine name,
And be sure it is easy to rhyme,
Such as Peggy Mulrooney, or Isabel Lee—
You can manage that every time.

Let said female by all means reside in a cot
In a valley, or woodland, or dell;
Though why she should choose such a singular spot,
Is more than I really can tell.

Twine honeysuckle around the door,
Or roses, if such you prefer;
Then turn yourself loose and be somewhat profuse
In your lavish encomiums of her.

Endow her with eyes that are black as the sloe,
Or blue as the skies, if you will;
Her cheeks must be red—not the hair of her head—
That wouldn't at all fill the bill.

Her lips and her neck, and her teeth, and her feet,
Must come in for appropriate praise;

Such as "ruby," and "pearly," and "coral" and "neat,"
But employ no original phrase.

Having duly enlarged on her various charms,
'Tis in order to state that you find
A continual longing to fly to her arms,
And remain on her bosom reclined.

Remark that you mean to commingle your lot
With Jennie, or Peggy or Belle—
The female that lives in the rose-covered cot
In aforesaid lone valley or dell.

Have a chorus in which you repeat her dear name,
And give vent to your feelings intense;
But be sure that there isn't a line all the same,
Of true poetry, fancy or sense.

Then steal some old tune that the metre will fit,
With some slight variations to suit;
And the chances are good you will make a big hit,
And a nice pile of money to boot.

PAINFUL DEPRAVITY.

BORAX—"And to signify their disapproval of his
conduct they ducked him in the bay."
SAMJONES—"Wat-er-fowl proceeding!"

SUNDAY STREET KYARS.

DISCOURSE BY VERY REV. ARCHDEACON DIAPHONOUS
DIXIE, D.D.

ELUBBED brudderin an' sistern, I'se gwine fur ter deliber a few perfunctuary observashuns onto de question dat am now agitatin' de *World-Sunday* street kyars. I dun wrote dat paper a correspondence gibin' sebeteen superfluous reasons wy we doan' orter bust de Sabbath in no sech a way, but dey neber printed it; an' wen de chieftain ob de clan McLean am a-runnin' fur Parliament agin dem ob you wich hab votes in de consistency ob East York wants to

gib it to him whar de chicken got de axe. Kase he ain't gibin de culled man no fa'r show. An' right hyar I would jest remind Sistah Eulalie Bates dat it am highly derogatory an' inopprobrious fur one wich has jest jined de church ter be writin' notes onto her pra'r-book an' passin' dem ober ter Methusalem Jackson.

Whar wuz I at, brudderin? Sunday street kyars am immoralizin' in dar tendencies. Kase ef dey run dem, fust t'ing you know jest erbout half ob de congregashun would quit assemblin' darselves togedder an' go off onto picnics an' excursions. We'd hab dem scatterin' ober de suburbs an de parks takin' dar pleasure in de sunlight an' baskin' into de shade, rowin' onto de lake an' eatin' dar lunch on de sho', makin' de woods an' valleys resoun' wid dar unhallowed lassure an' de sacreligious strains ob "Daddy won't buy me a bow-wow." Wy dat would take all de moun'fulness out ob de day ob rest! De melancholy and gloom ob de occashun wich am gratifyin' to de sanctimonious mind would vanish like de Jew ob Hermon. De public would forgit dar 'ligious trainin' an' de exhortashuns ob de faithful ministry so fur as actually to enjoy darselves! And in dat case brudderin we mout inscribe de word "Ickerbod" onto de portals ob de tabernacle wich am a allegorical phrase an' means "de business am gone up."

'Cose ef de people is gwineter git off to de parks and sech dey kaint go to chu'ch—an' ef dey doan go to chu'ch dey ain't gwine to put no money onto de plate. How do you suppose den we's gwine to continue dese weekly ministrashuns ef de contribushuns gib out? It am mighty hard scratchin' fur us to git erlong brudderin, ehen de way t'ings am, wen de sinners am druv to chu'ch kase dey am no udder form ob recreashun fur dem, an' de chance to make a mash on de homeward way am mo' attractive to de carnal min' dan loafin' aroun' in dar shirt sleeves an' readin' a back number ob de *Police Gazette*. But ef dey git a chance to go ter High Park or Rosedale de stuff dat dey puts inter de plate in responsibility to de solicitude ob de deekins am gwine to swell de coffepots ob a bloated monopoly. It stan's ter reason den dat de cause ob true 'ligion am boun' ter suffer, an' de struggle to pay yo' pasture's stipen' an' gib a stand-off to

de second mortgagee am gwineter culminate in disintegration if we get dem Sunday kyars. Selah! Also Beulah!

Am Toronto de Good gwine to fall from her lofty pedestal among de nations ob de airth? Am de scoffer an' de *World-ly-minded* to hab de chance to pint de finger ob scorn an' say unto us in de language ob de prophet, "Go to?" Brudderin, let us rise in our might an' tell dem to go dar deirselves. We doan want no Sunday kyars to bust up de sanctuary an' gib de sinner an' de profligate a chance ter git away from de soun' ob de Gospel, an' dispel de hallowed solemncholly ob de day.

De choir will emit de customary warblement wile de deekins elicit de thank-offerins commencing' at de do' so's none ob de flock kain't make de pusillanimous sneak fo' de plate gits roun' ter dem.

AN EXPERT'S OPINION.

MRS. CHURCHLY—"We are getting up a church fair, Count, for the benefit of the organ fund, and we want your help. We have to raise \$10,000."

ITALIAN NOBLEMAN—"Vat-a? Ten thousand dollar for von organ! Zey giva you ze monk in for zat?"

OVER HEAD AND EARS.

JAGSWORTHY—"What did you mean by saying I was over head and ears in debt?"

POTTERSON—"Why, you told me yourself that you got that hat on credit."

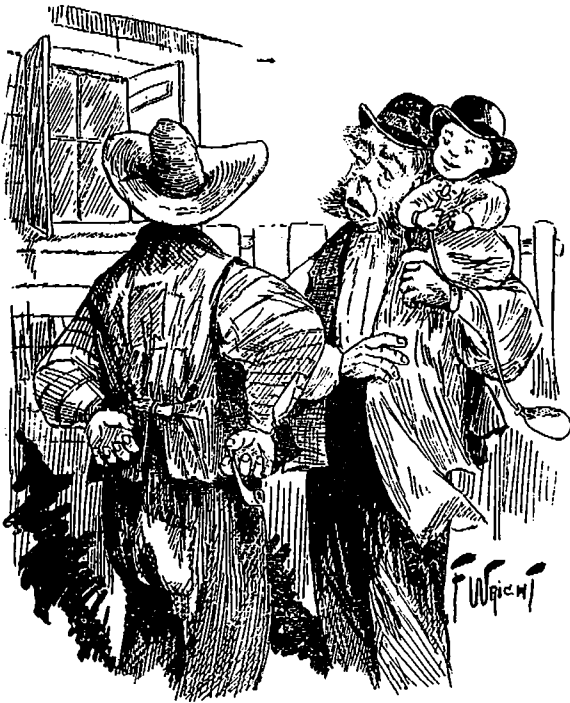


A DOUBTFUL HONOR.

ALKALI IKE—"That last tenderfoot that struck the town was a picture, I tell yeh."

ARAZONA BILL—"What became of him?"

ALKALI IKE—"He was treated as a picture should be—he was hung—and on the line at that."



REMARKABLE FORESIGHT

HOGAN—"What'r you going to make out o' him, Dempsey?"

DEMPSEY—"The old woman tho't when he grow'd old enough to 'prentis him as a blacksmith, but by the way he hollers and cuts up every night I think he will want to be one of them college students."

THE CONSERVATIVE OUTLOOK

SPEECH OF SIR HOGGERY GRABSNEAK, K.C.M.G., AT A RECENT TORY CAUCUS.

MR. CHAIRMAN and friends, the allegiance hearty
Which we owe to the grand old Conservative party
Now prompts us to rally our forces again,
In view of the coming Dominion campaign.
Since the Grits are preparing to storm our position,
It's well to get into good fighting condition,
To refurbish our weapons time-honored and trusty,
And see that our armor is not getting rusty.
I'm sure by the manner in which you enthuse
That we entertain wholly unanimous views.
Our creed's but a short one, and none in our ranks
Want to shove in confusing, irrelevant planks.
"When you've got office, keep it"—what's plainer than that?
No need of enquiring where we are at.
If we're ever put out, that's the time to look round
For some popular cry that will cover the ground,
And to take up with fads which may win us support,
But progressive ideas are ruled out of court.
They are all well enough when you've office to win,
But we've much better cards to play when we are in,
We've offices, contracts and boodle to share,
And what for new fads do our followers care?
The N.P. has swelled each manufacturer's pile,
They will come to our aid in the usual style,
So that all we need do is to wave the old banner,
And extol the N.P. in our regular manner,
To repeat the old platform in substance entire,
Some slight change in the wording is all we require.

I'll allow that there seemed some slight cause for dejection
Arising from Dalton McCarthy's defection,
But all that's passed away like the snow in spring weather
McCarthy has got to the end of his tether.
He can do us no harm, though the crowd he may sway,
They'll fall into line before balloting day.
We'll buy the bell-wethers—we know their price well—
Just the way that we bought over King William Bell.

When a fellow like that makes a kick in the traces,
It means he's been left in distributing places.
If we've reason to fear that his influence might harm us,
Do you think we allow such a thought to alarm us?
Not at all—we appraise him at what he is worth,
And he quickly subsides when we find him a berth,
And as to the crowd whom he thinks he controls,
Two dollars a head will square them at the polls.
Now this being thus, you can easily see
The movement's as hollow as hollow can be;
When we get in our work it will quickly collapse,
And all come to nothing beyond a perhaps.

Moreover, it's always an excellent scheme
To save bursting the boiler by blowing off steam.
There are people—there's no use the matter in blinking—
Who like to imagine they do their own thinking.
They are mostly quite youthful and fresh, to be sure,
And will get over that as they grow more mature;
But they've got to be humored—don't hold them too tight,
Let them think as they please, if they only vote right.
Young Conservatives soon mean to hold a convention,
As a safety-valve plan I approve their intention.
Let them gather and give their opinions free vent,
Until their superfluous energy's spent.
Although it is true for free speech I've a loathing,
The young men can commit the old party to nothing.
They'll all go home tickled and thinking that they
In running the party are having a say;
And then when next year the real issue's at stake,
They'll be all the less likely to make a wild break.
Pat the youths on the back, call them brilliant and clever,
And they'll pull in the traces as meekly as ever.

The Grits may profess to be sure of success,
Their writers and stumbers could hardly say less.
As a party I think they can scarcely be matched
At the counting of chickens before they are hatched,
But why they should think so—if really they do—
I cannot imagine from my point of view.
I'm sure there is nothing to make us afraid
In a kind of a leaning to British Free Trade
Mixed up in a platform of grievous verbosity,
With a hint at a measure of half-Reciprocity,
It's just the old cries which have failed them before,
And the N.P. will certainly triumph once more.
With the Old Flag above us—I'll break off right here,
As the place for a hearty spontaneous cheer.



ABSTRACTED VISION.



A TENDERFOOT.

EXTREMES MEET.

PARCHER—"Absolute prohibition is the thing this country needs to save it. I don't believe in any half measures."

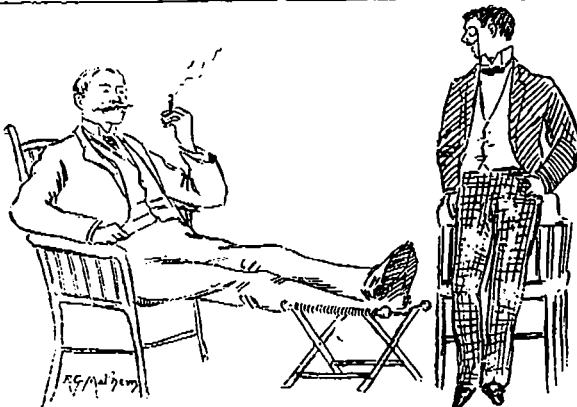
BUZEY—"Yer righ', ole man (*hic*), 'swat I shay. Barkeeps can't ring in no ponysh on me."

OUR EXECRABLE COUNTRY ROADS.

PILGARLIC (*rusticating at Mudville-in-the-Swamp*)—"Hello, Binkerton! Delighted to see you, old man. How did you get here?"

BINKERTON—"Oh, I just rode over from Slowtown this morning."

PILGARLIC—"Rode over! Surely not! Oh—ah—in a boat, I suppose."



AN ESSENTIAL FEATURE.

HIGGINS—"Hah, Jack, can you tell me what's a good thing for a moustache?"

WIGGINS—"Why, yes. Hair."

BY BOTH FATHER AND SUN.

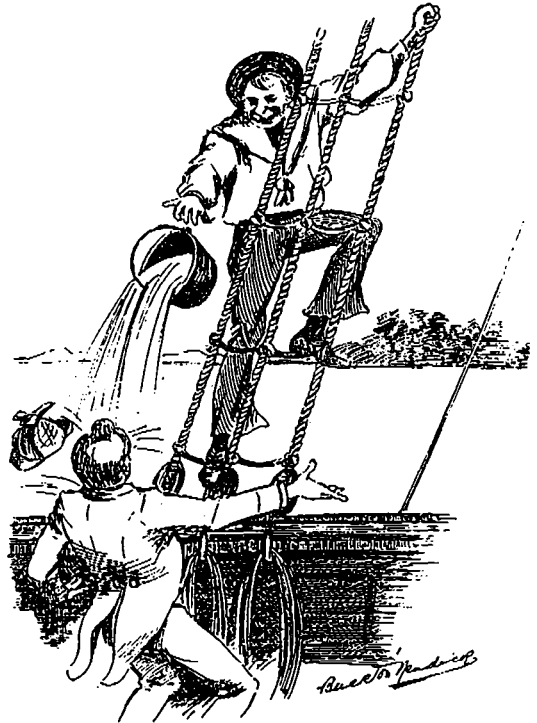
JOHNNIE says the summer weather
Is more than he can stand,
Because, however good he is,
He's always getting tanned.

A SERIOUS OMISSION.

"**WOULD** you like something to read?" said the tract distributor who was making her rounds in the Ward to one of the unemployed who was lounging upon a doorstep and spitting tobacco juice in an absent-minded kind of a way at a potato bug that was crawling along the sidewalk.

"Thankee ye, ma'm, I don't mind. I hain't nothin' else ter do these days."

"Here is a tract on 'The Healing of the Leper,'"



BELOW THE SALT.

which I think you will find helpful and instructive."

"Humph! another of these here fakes, I guess," said the man as he glanced carelessly over it, "but she struck the wrong customer this time."

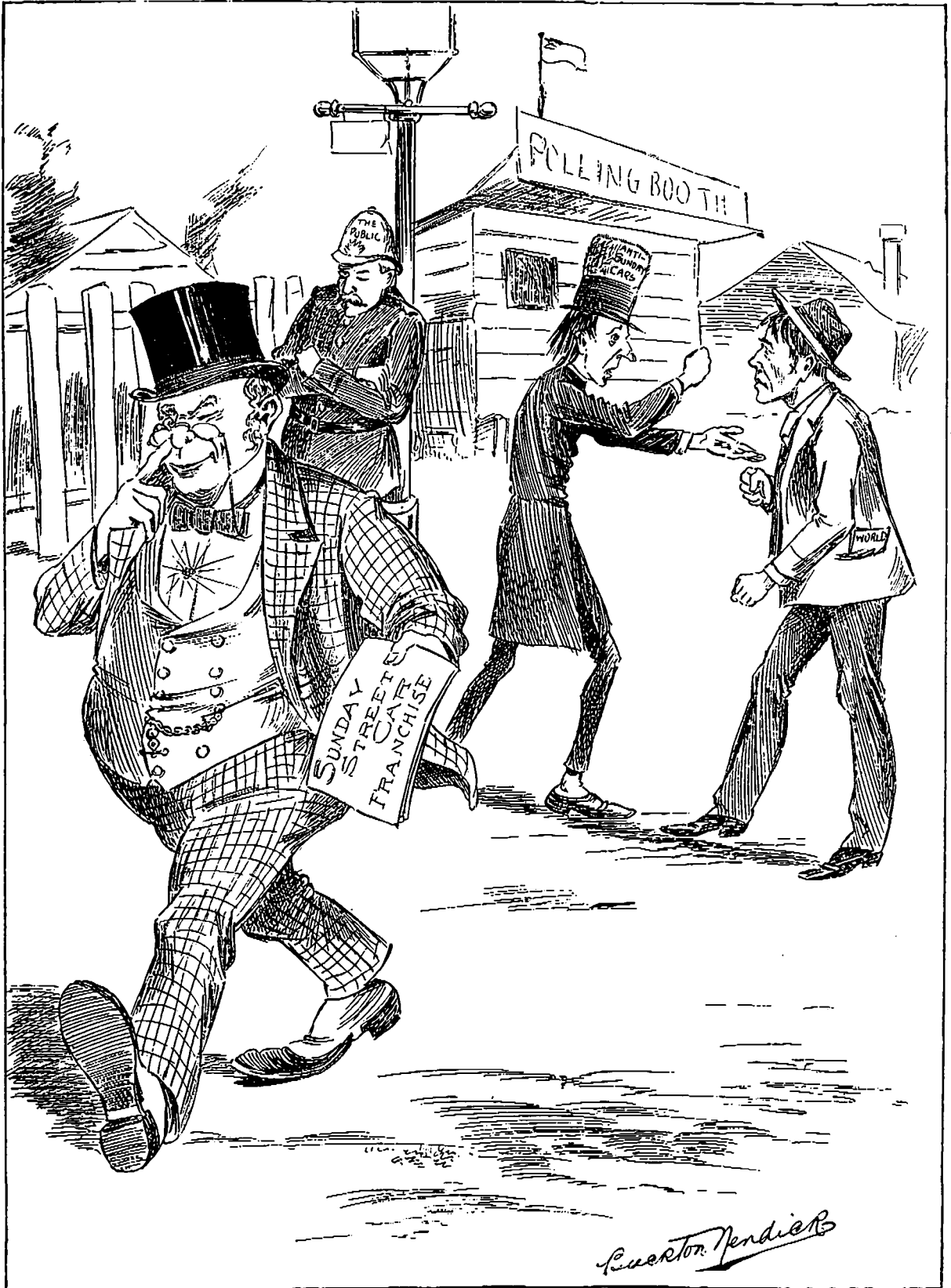
Returning that way an hour or so afterward the distributor saw him gazing at the tract with a puzzled expression as though he were turning over some abstruse problem in his mind.

"How did you like the tract?" she asked.

"Fus' rate, marm. It's jest as good a story as you'll see in any of the papers, but there's one thing seems blamed funny about it."

"What's that? Perhaps I can explain."

"It tells about the feller bein' cured, but it don't say nothin' about buyin' some feller's medicine at a dollar a bottle warranted to cure the most hopeless case. The printer made a bad break when he left that out."



STOP HIS LITTLE GAME.

STREET CAR MONOPOLIST—"WHILE THOSE TWO BLOKES ARE ARGUING IT OUT I GUESS I'LL VAMOOSE WITH THE FRANCHISE SWAG. THE COP'S ASLEEP, ANYWAY."



HARD LINES.

BENEVOLENT GENT—"What was the worst case of misery you saw during your travels?"

TRAVELLER—"I saw a deaf mute strike himself on the thumb with a hammer one day. It was horrible to see his agonized expression at not being able to swear aloud."

THE GILDED SORROWS OF A ROMEO CRANK.

MOST potent, grave, and reverend seigniors,—Grant me comfort, like cold porridge, while I relate my particular grief, the fruit of rashness. Alas! alas! A fool's bolt is soon shot, misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellows; but I will be brief—brevity is the soul of wit.

In fair Verona dwells a maiden, so still and quiet, but i' faith she can cut strange capers. She has brown hair, more hair than wit, methinks now, and speaks small like a woman. She hath more qualities than a water spaniel, she can fetch and carry; and marry, she can milk, sirs—a sweet virtue in a maid with clean hands. Her face nothing like so clean kept, but methought, when we are married and have more occasion to know one another, we will dispense with trifles. Money is a good soldier, and oh, Kate, my heavenly jewel, my dainty Kate, the fairest Kate in Christendom, though thy nose looks red and raw, thy father, Kate, hath gold—glittering, precious gold—which will fill, methought, my beggarly array of empty boxes.

Her father, sirs—with age his body uglier grows—loved me, oft invited me. His yellow stockings most villainously cross-gartered and a world too wide for his shrunk shank; his breeches cost him but a crown, thrice turned, rich but not gaudy; his coat an everlasting garment, a kind of cameleon; an old hat, too, with the humor of forty fancies pricked on it,—verily a king of shreds and patches. But gold, gold, glittering, precious gold! Oh, what a world of vile, ill-favored faults

look handsome on three hundred pounds a year!

O Kate, plain Kate, and Kate the curst. Albeit I will now confess thy father's wealth was the first motive that I wooed thee, so young and so untender.

Good sirs, have patience, I will be brief.

Grim looks the night, the rain it raineth. O night, with hue so black. O wall, O sweet and lovely wall, that standest between her father's ground and mine. O sweet and lovely wall, my cherry lips have often kissed thy stones with hair and lime knit up in thee.

Od's pittikins, what was that? Methought I heard some noise. O list, list! O list! I will be bold—true nobility is exempt from fear. I dare do all that may become a man, who dares do more is none; 'tis the eye of childhood that fears a painted devil.

Softly I must climb her window (the ladder made of cords), like a true, devoted, passionate pilgrim, for journeys end in lovers meeting. Then we will away with wings as swift as meditation on the thoughts of love. Ah, me! Better bear those ills we have, than fly to others that we know not of; but hanging and wiving goes by destiny, for many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage.

Gold, glittering, precious gold will give me strength, and strength shall help afford!

Soft! what light through yonder window breaks? I'll sing:

"O mistress mine, where art thou roaming?
O stay, and hear your true love coming."

"Sweet lamb, sweet love, sweet life, it is my lady, is my dainty Kate, Kate of my consolation. She leans her cheek upon her hand. O that I were a glove upon that



CORRECT.

SHE—"Really, Mr. Ardent, the idea of my marrying you is very unexpected."

HE—"I am so glad."

SHE—"So glad."

HE—"Yes. Because the unexpected always happens."

hand, that I might touch that cherry nose, those lily lips, those yellow cowslip cheeks beautied with cunning plastering art. My lips two blushing pilgrims ready stand; but peace, she hath spied me already with those sweet eyes."

She speaks but she says nothing; what of that? The brightness of her nose would shame the stars if they did shine. (Ah, me! Gold, glittering, precious gold!)

Her eye discourseth. I will answer it.

"Lady, sweet Kate, my dainty Kate, by yonder blessed moon (marry, 'tis dark, this lantern doth the horned moon present, myself the man i' the moon do seem to be), I swear I love thee. Doubt that the stars are fire, doubt that the sun doth move, doubt truth to be a liar, but never doubt I love. That I love thee, most best, believe it, and therefore am I moved to woo thee in these festal terms to be my wife. Come away, come hither, come hither!"

Hark! I hear her sweet voice:

"By my troth, I was looking for a fool when I found you; thou art made like a goose.

I'd rather be married to a death's head with a bone in its mouth. You are as ugly as a bear. I'll sit in a corner and cry heigh-ho for a husband ere I'll be married to a sponge. Sirrah, begone! O worthy fool, motley's the only wear! Parting is such sweet sorrow. Adieu, adieu! remember me. Sweets to the sweet, farewell!"

O treble woe! shards, flints and pebbles on my cursed head, like an untimely frost upon the sweetest flower, and water! (O, would it were clean!) Ah, too



A VISION OF BEAUTY.

MAMIE—"He calls me a dream of delight."

GLADYS—"How insulting!"

MAMIE—"What do you mean?"

GLADYS—"Dreams never come true."



THE "WORLD" GETS FIRST BLOOD.

much of water hast thou. Alas! I am slain by a fair, cruel maid. Remember thee? Ah, thou dishonest Satan—I call thee by the most modest term—what a thrice double ass was I to worship this dull fool. Oh, woe, woe, woe! there's something rotten in the air. O frowning fortune, cursed, fickle dame, for now I see inconstancy more in woman than in man remain. O woman, I'll none of thee; a vain and doubtful good, a shining gloss that fadeth suddenly.

O mercy! mercy! I have fallen, like a blessed martyr, from my pedestal, as the gentle rain from heaven upon the place beneath, to an unknown bottom, in a dark uneven way. I can no further crawl, and—O horrible, horrible, most horrible! Be thou a spirit of health or goblin damned? Something doth approach under yon yew trees. My eyes like two stars start from their spheres—I do fly, curst and sad.

A monster, a very monster, a cur, sirs, most potent, grave, and reverend seigniors, in such a questionable shape, and faster he did fly with intents wicked and uncharitable. Oh, 'tis a foul thing when a cur cannot keep himself in all companies, one who takes on him to be a dog at all things! Marry, gentle sirs, that dog was a cur, he did a tail unfold of my old coat. Ah, he jests at scars that never felt a wound. Lord, we know not what we are and little what we may be. O gold, glittering, precious gold, who would not wish to be from wealth exempt, since riches point to misery and contempt?

Oh, woman, thou art—

FITZ.

"OUT for the stuff"—the small boy at a picnic.

A DANGEROUS SUGGESTION.

The humor of the school-room is too valuable to be lost. Every teacher should record the humorous answers and the amusing incidents in connection with her class. Teachers' Associations should appoint Recorders of Humor, to whom all teachers should send the merry sketches of their schoolrooms.—James L. Hughes in *Canadian Magazine*.

WE are surprised at this display of ignorance on the part of the Inspector. He really seems to think that schoolroom humor is a spontaneous growth, whereas, as every practical humorist knows, it is like all the other kinds of humor, an article manufactured to order at the regular joke factories. A first-class article of school joke can be laid down f.o.b. at twenty-five cents per joke, or \$2 per dozen, in neatly assorted packages. If Teachers' Associations have any use for it they will find it a great saving of time and trouble, and more economical in the end, to order a supply in the regular way of business, rather than to induce teachers and pupils to furnish a crude home-made production necessarily inferior to that turned out by skilled artisans.

In the interests of the profession we protest against the sinister attempt to teach in a slipshod fashion the rudiments of our calling. It isn't a fair thing to spend the public money in turning out a set of half-trained humorists to increase competition in the already overcrowded joke-market. There are too many botches in the business already who are cutting down wages and demoralizing the public by supplying a cheap and inferior class of humor liable to get out of order and become unserviceable after a few months wear. Where will you find any of the productions of these modern scab humorists that can begin to compare in toughness of fibre, durability, succulence, and availability for general purposes, with the mother-in-law, the summer girl or the dude jokes—all the work of well-paid and thoroughly trained professionals, who took a pride in good workmanship.

No, we don't want the profession degraded and the standard of humor lowered by an influx of scab humorists who will joke for starvation prices. The representative of the Humorists' Union in the Trade and Labor Council has been instructed to bring the matter before the Educational Committee of that body, and Bro. Hughes may expect to hear from them shortly in no uncertain tones. We are not going to let ourselves be ruined by cheap schoolboy humor without making a big kick.



IN THE ORANGE PROCESSION.

THE HORSE—"I don't care, anyway. I'm as much like the white horse as he is like King Billy."

AN ORIGINAL ORATOR.

PIGSNUFFLE—"You heard Hon. Flapp Dewdell's great Dominion Day speech, didn't you? It was a masterly effort—so brilliant and original."

PLUGWINCH—"Oh, yes; pretty good speech, but nothing particularly original about it that I noticed."

PIGSNUFFLE—"Why, yes; he said that Canada extended 'from the Pacific to the Atlantic.' I never heard it put that way before."

POOR CONSOLATION.

PIGSNUFFLE—"This business stagnation is terrible. If it keeps on much longer I'm ruined."

BEAVERDAM—"Cheer up, old man. Every cloud has its silver lining, you know."

PIGSNUFFLE—"Humph! Mighty poor consolation that with silver only worth 57 cents on the dollar."

HAD GOT PAST THAT.

BELLA—"Did Willie kiss you when he proposed?"

EVA—"What a stupid question, Bella. Why, we reached the kissing stage months before."

ÆSOP TO DATE.

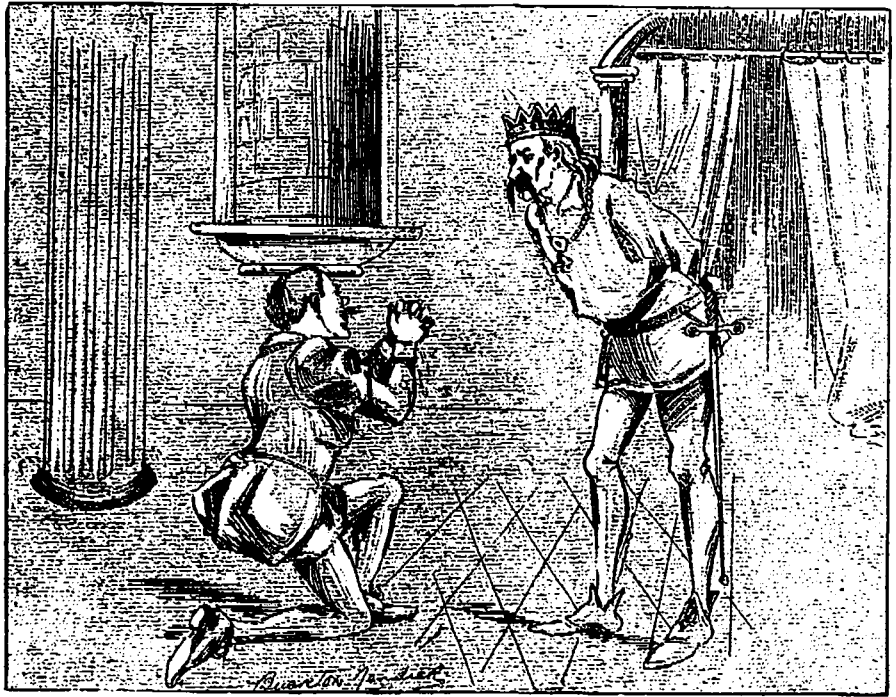
No. 14.

THE KING AND THE COURTIER.

A CERTAIN Courtier, in an Uncertain Age, being accused of a Heinous Offence, was condemned to Instant Execution by his King. In Despair, he fell at the Monarch's Feet, and prayed for every Torture rather than Death. Perceiving his Abject Misery, the King Relented, saying: "I will have Pity, unhappy Man, and will only keep you Immured from your Fellow Men; furthermore, I will Supply you with Books to wile away the Weary Hours." So he was Cast into Prison, and presently a Menial Arrived with an Armful of Books which he Deposited on the Table. Eagerly the Courtier sprang towards Them, but dashed them down with a Deep Curse when he Discovered they were only Tracts, Religious Magazines, etc. Day after Day fresh Armfuls of such Literature Arrived, till the Cell became Sulphurous with the Courtier's Curses; and when, one Fine Morning, the Warden started to tack Religious Mottoes on the Wall, he turned into a Gibbering Maniac. Years after, when they let him Loose as a Harmless Idiot, he went About the Country expatiating on the Benefits of Capital Punishment, in preference to all other Forms of Torture.

MORAL.

When a Man gets what he Wants he's sure to Kick; it's the Way of the Cuss.



VERY DISCOURAGING.

A YOUNG angel who had been trying his wings saw an older one leaning on the boundary wall looking over. He came behind and tried to see what he was looking at.

"What is that strange noise down there?"

"That is two men discussing the Sunday street car question."

"Why do they make such a noise?"

"Because each of them sees a different side of the question and thinks the other is not a good man."

"And are they both right?"

"They are both partly right."

"Then why do they fight?"

"Because each man thinks he is all right and the other is all wrong."

"Can a man see only one side of a question?"

"Most men can only see one side of a question, but a few can see two sides."

"What do they do then?"

"Oh, these men don't live long; everyone else thinks they are hypocrites. Any man that can see good on both sides they call a hypocrite."

"And so they fight all the time?"

"Most of the time."

"Isn't that very sad?"

"About as sad as most things are down there. You see they like to fight."

"Do they? I thought it was wrong to fight."

"It would be wrong for you to fight, but men are different. Perhaps it will be wrong for men to fight some day."

The young angel sighed; this was too much for him.

"I think I'll fly a little now. May I ask more questions some other day?"

"Whenever you like, my little dear," and the other angel looked over the wall again.

Penny.



UNCLE SAM'S NIGHTMARE

THE Canadian cheese trophy at Chicago is the mitiest ever seen.



THE MOTORMAN.

A MODERN WASHINGTON.



HIS year his Excellency the Governor-General has had poor luck at fishing. He and his party have just returned from the Grand Cascapedia, where they killed in all only seventeen salmon. It is hardly likely, however, that anybody will have to be put on short rations at Rideau Hall, for the supply of provisions in the country abundant.—*Mail*.

LET prating innovators rail
At Rideau Hall's expense,
Their notions never can prevail,
We've too much common sense.
And surely we should not repine
Though Governors come high,

Mark Derby's sense of honor fine,
He cannot tell a lie!

A fisherman of common mould,
If small his luck had been,
Would certainly a lie have told
His ill-success to screen.
But noble Derby owns the corn,
He doesn't stoop to try
Deception—for he holds in scorn
The piscatorial lie.

Therefore, we say that to such rule
We should forever hold,
Compared with Truth's most precious gem
Say what is store of gold?
So where corruption runs at flood
And falsehoods multiply,
Let's keep one man of noble blood
Who cannot tell a lie!

THAT'S WHY THEY SUBSCRIBED.

PLUGWINCH—"I see that the subscribers to the present for Princess May contributed \$672.25 all told."

PEAVICK—"All told! Why you bet they did and will keep on telling till you can't rest."

A STRICT CONSTRUCTION.;

BORAX—"Come, now, give the devil his due."
PARSON—"Certainly, my dear sir, but it is my business to put an end to his reign."

DR. HARVEY'S SOUTHERN RED PINE for coughs and colds is the most reliable and perfect cough medicine in the market. For sale everywhere.

WATSON'S Cough Drops are the best in the world for the throat and chest—for the voice unequalled. Try them. R. & T. W. stamped on each drop.

HIGHWAYMAN (to Mr. Levy, second-hand dealer in miscellaneous property)—“Your money or your life.”

MR. LEVY—“Mine frendt, you cannot expect me to gif you my money for nodings, and mine life von'dt do you no goot. But I tells you vot I will do—I will buy dot bistol off you at a fair brice!”

“THREE kinds of juries figure prominently in trials now,” remarked McCorkle.

“What are they?” asked McCrackle.

“Grand jury, common jury, and perjury.”

CITIZEN—“Why are you trying to shoot that dog?”

POLICEMAN—“He's mad.”

“How do you know he's mad?”

“He refused water.”

“Toronto city water?”

“Yes.”

“Bah! That's no sign.”

SHE.—“Isn't your determination to get married rather sudden? I didn't know that you even thought of it.”

HE.—“I didn't. But I have just heard of an excellent cook I can get.”—*Brooklyn Life.*

STAMINAL

supplies the feeding qualities of

BEEF AND WHEAT

and the tonic qualities of

HYPOPHOSPHITES

combined in the form of a

PALATABLE BEEF TEA

A Valuable Food and Tonic

MILK GRANULES

The Ideal Food for Infants!

It contains nothing that is not naturally present in pure cow's milk.

It is absolutely free from Starch, Glucose and Cane Sugar, and when dissolved in the requisite quantity of water it yields a product that is

The Perfect Equivalent of Mother's Milk

Johnston's Fluid Beef

is the product of

Ox Beef of Prime Quality

It supplies the life principles of Beef in a form

Easy of Digestion

The Great Strength-Giver

NO MORE CRYING BABIES.

DYER'S Improved Food for Infants is acknowledged by mothers as being the best food in use for infants. It is easily digested, and babies love it. Druggists keep it. 25c. per package. W. A. Dyer & Co., Montreal.

HARKAWAY—“Just before you were married you told me that you loved me. But you need not fear that I shall tell your husband of it.”

MRS. CUTTING.—“Indeed I told him of it long ago, but he said it was impossible.”—*Vogue.*

OH! Maiden with the golden hair!

'Tis real gold—you do not dye it.

And 'tis your own, O maiden fair—

I know exactly where you buy it.

TOO WELL GUARDED.

JUNIOR PARTNER—“You know that buyer I expected in from the West. I am afraid I won't be able to sell him much.”

SENIOR PARTNER—“Why not?”

JUNIOR PARTNER—“He brought his wife with him.”

BY EASY DEGREES.

AN old and well posted goat which was kept by a secret society for use of initiations, was chewing the leg of a boot when a young kid came along and asked:

“Say, doesn't it make you awful tired to have those duffers in the lodge ride you so much?”

“No, not much. You see I get used to it by degrees.”

A SQUARE DEAL.

TWO vagrants called on a kind old lady in the suburbs of New York.

“To which of you shall I give this nickel?” she asked.

FIRST TRAMP—“Give it to him, madame. He has purchased the route from me and I am taking him around to introduce him to the customers.”

SAFE STATEMENT.

EDITOR—“In the story on the De Kash's ball, you speak of the daughter's gown as a 'poem.'”

SPACERYT—“Yes; but it was even worse, if anything.”

JOHNNY—“What is heresy, papa?”

PAPA—“A means of getting plenty of cheap advertising, my boy.”

MR. M. A. THOMAS is now at St. Leon Springs, where he has assumed the management of the Palatial hotel there.

OWNED TO.

MAGISTRATE (to diminutive prisoner)—“There is no use your denying that you struck the policeman, and that you were drunk.”

DIMINUTIVE PRISONER (pointing to gigantic policeman)—“Is that the policeman I struck, your worship?”

MAGISTRATE—“Yes.”

DIMINUTIVE PRISONER—“Then I must have been drunk!”

It does seem a little odd that a good “trusty” grocer rarely succeeds.

FAMILIAR RESEMBLANCE.

PHOTOGRAPHER—“Your son ordered this likeness from me.”

“It is certainly very much like him. Has he paid for it?”

“Not yet.”

“That is still more like him.”

COMPENSATION AND RETRIBUTION.

“I SEE that an eastern paper is investigating the question: ‘Do men neglect their wives?’ What do you think about it?”

“Well, if they do, it's ten to one that other men don't.”

PUZZLED.

“I CANNOT understand ze American papers,” said the educated foreigner. “Here is one zat says ze bank is gone up, and here is one zat says ze bank is gone under.”

THAT INEVITABLE POSTSCRIPT.

SMITH—“What has become of your wife? I have not seen her for some time past.”

JONES—“No wonder. She has been staying with her mother for the last two weeks. I got a six-page letter from her this morning.”

“What does she say?”

“I don't know. I haven't got to the post-script yet.”

KEEPS YOU IN HEALTH.

**DUNN'S
FRUIT SALINE**

DELIGHTFULLY REFRESHING.

Prevents Rheumatism and Indigestion.

Sold by Chemists throughout the world.

W. G. DUNN CO. WORKS, Croydon, Eng and

WITHOUT AN EQUAL.

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THE GREAT REMEDY FOR PAIN

CURES RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, LUMBAGO, SCIATICA,

Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Swellings.

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 Odors**

- Double Parma Violet
- Sweet Pea
- Egyptian Bouquet
- Corinne Bouquet
- Lilac Blossom
- Tea Rose

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**Columbian Exhibition
 Footwear**

All who intend visiting the Chicago Exposition will need a COMFORTABLE FITTING SHOE.

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