

# GRIP

EDITED BY J.W. BEEGCOGH

GRIP ENG.

LITTERATURE

MUSIC

DRAMA

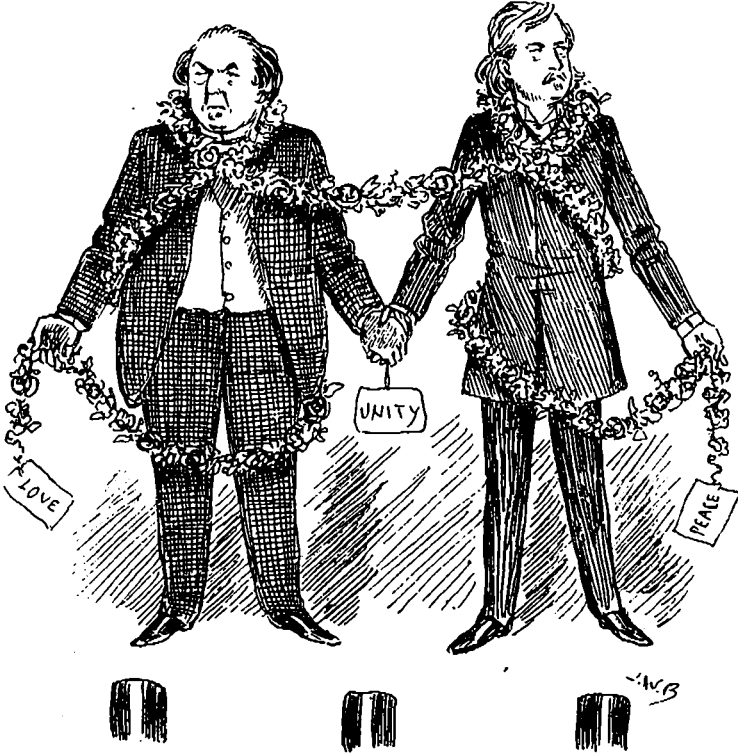
TRAMP

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The gravest beast is the ASS.  
 The gravest bird is the OWL.  
 The gravest fish is the OYSTER.  
 The gravest man is the fool.

J.W. BEEGCOGH



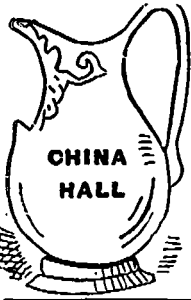
### TABLEAU !

MESSRS. LANGEVIN AND CHAPLEAU AS THEY ARE, HAVE BEEN, AND EVER SHALL BE—ACCORDING TO THEIR OWN ACCOUNT, AND THEY OUGHT TO KNOW !

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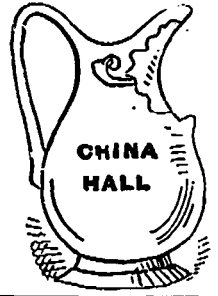
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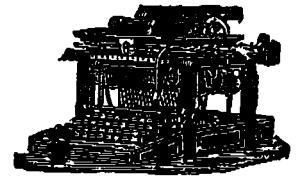
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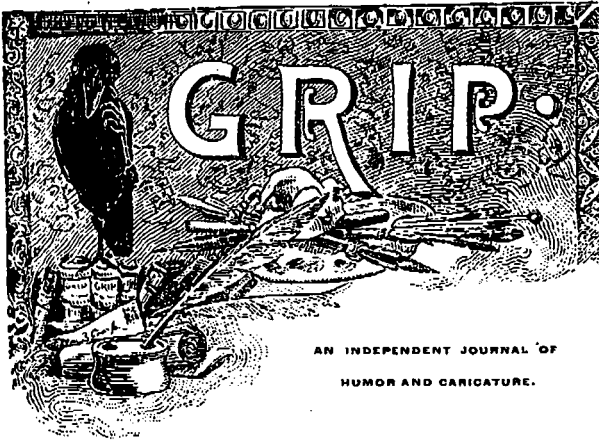
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PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

BY THE

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26 and 28 Front Street West, Toronto, Ont.

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|--------------------------|--------------------|
| President                | JAMES L. MORRISON. |
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Comments on the Customs.



THEY'VE OUT-GROWN THEIR CLOTHES.—There are signs that at last the public intelligence is aroused against the system of indirect taxation—the cloak under which the people have been mercilessly robbed for generations. In Canada the question has been precipitated by the resolution of the Inter-Provincial conference in favor of an increase of the subsidies, a suggestion which is received with very general opposition, especially in Ontario. The *Hamilton Times*, one of the leading journals of the Reform party, publishes an open letter to Hon. Oliver Mowat, in which, after expressing surprise that a Reformer of Mr. Mowat's standing should have put his name to such a resolution, the writer goes on to show that direct taxation is not only the better system economically, but the only one which is sustained by the great legal authorities of Britain. Simultaneously with the appearance of this significant article, the question is up for discussion in the associations both of Young Liberals and Junior Conservatives. In the latter club Mr. T. S. Wood has placed a motion in favor of the Henry George scheme of a single tax on land values squarely before his conferees for discussion. GRIP is glad to note these signs of the times, for they indicate the early demolition of the present system of taxation, which is the source of nearly every evil with which society is afflicted. The young men of both parties have manifestly out-grown the old party garments, and it behooves their political pa's to note the fact.

TABLEAU.—The newspaper correspondents at Ottawa may not be the most voracious persons in the world, but we are hardly prepared to believe that the tales about the Langevin-Chapleau unpleasantness, which have been their stock in trade for the last few sessions, are all pure inventions; and yet, if the solemn assertions of the Ministers just named are worth anything, it is even so. Sir Hector and his esteemed colleague gave an interesting theatrical exhibition of Love, Peace, and Unity at Montreal a few days ago for the express purpose of reassuring the Conservative party, and giving the *quietus* to the fabricators at the capital. We trust the wicked quill-drivers will stand corrected, and hereafter make a note of the billing and cooing.

QUEBEC'S "DOG OF WAR."—Major Dugas, of Montreal, is reported as complaining that GRIP caricatured Cardinal Taschereau on the occasion of that dignitary's visit to Toronto. This is not the case; our caricature was leveled against our own co-religionist, Lt.-Gov. Campbell. But the Cardinal has now invited a stricture by declining to speak a mollifying word to the misguided people of Quebec who were bent on mobbing the Salvation Army. The mayor, himself a good Catholic, knowing that the civic forces were unable to cope with the rioters, and also knowing that one word from the Cardinal would do the business, made the reasonable request for His Eminence's influence to restrain the rioters until the rights of the Army could be decided in a court of law. We cannot see how the Cardinal can be excused for his refusal, which was in fact tantamount to an official encouragement to the law breakers.



A SNOWY DAY.

AFTER LONGFELLOW—WITH BOTH FEET.

The day is cold, and blustering wildly;  
We walk along the sidewalks mildly,  
And often slip as we wend our way  
O'er the glistening planks where children play—  
But some sidewalks must be icy.

Be still, sad heart, and cease your sorrow,  
But grimly pray it may thaw to-morrow.  
Thy fate is the coming fate of all;  
Each winter scores of us have to fall—  
For some sidewalks must be icy.

CURRENT EVENTS.

THE Mormon Brethren have applied to the Porte for permission to establish a colony in Turkey. Their action in this case is not harem-scary 'em.

An affray between moonlighters and police has occurred at Castle Island, and two constables were shot. The loss of two coppers is not much to a secret society receiving American subsidies.

A DEAD HEAD.—Deploing the death of President Nelles, *The Varsity* says:—"It will be no easy task to replace at the head of Victoria College a man of his broad views." Now, who ever proposed such a very resurrection proceeding? Or, does *The Varsity* say something it doesn't mean?

## TO MY FRIEND STIGGINS ON HIS BIRTHDAY.



TIGGINS! you are a man of many parts  
 But folks don't know it,  
 Down where the Don its silvery waters darts  
 You live and go it;  
 A humble dry-goods man you are by trade,  
 But not by nature;  
 For if we had our rights you are just made  
 For legislature.  
 The way you handle of your goods is fine,  
 There's no discounting;  
 Much finer than the goods, which I opine,  
 Are not amounting  
 Quite up to what you crack 'em to the buyers,  
 But that's no matter;  
 For it's well known as retail men are liars  
 When they chatter.  
 And so are politicians. When you talk  
 You can persuade  
 The blackest charcoal is the whitest chalk,  
 And ain't afraid  
 Of any Ananias business when  
 You've finished that;  
 But if it's necessary you turn round again  
 And prove quite pat  
 That whitewash is as black as any coal,  
 And that's the nature  
 Of men who sit without an ounce of soul  
 In the Legislature.

HENRY 'OPKINS.

## COMMERCIAL AND LEGAL MORALITY.

MR. GRIP,—In *re* J. B. McKay & Co., the Toronto Board of Trade say they will not flinch from investigating and punishing such cases “with a view to enforcing that *straight-forward honesty and rectitude* so essential to the proper conduct of business everywhere.”

The *Canada Law Journal* commenting on this says “We think that a good moral may be derived from the report of our own Law Society, who, it is to be hoped will always enforce with equal firmness any *crooked* or *unprofessional dealings* among members of the profession which may be brought to their notice.” Sec. xxiii L.J. 381 & 397.

Will you Mr. GRIP, as our great censor of public morals, please to ask the *Journal* why he hopes the Legal Society will always enforce crooked and unprofessional dealings, while the commercial body is enforcing straight-forward honesty and rectitude?

SOLICITOR.

## DR. CLEARY VS. BISHOP OF KINGSTON.

SCENE, Kingston. Farewell function prior to departure of the R.C. Bishop for Rome. Dr. Cleary is speaking:

“Assure your parishioners that if the Bishop of Kingston should ever hear anybody accuse the public school girls of immodesty, in any public assembly in Canada or elsewhere, he is prepared to stand up and indignantly repel it!”

Voice from audience—“You should have been up at Napanee the other day!!”

“COMPANY in distress makes trouble less.” A company of defeated soldiers does not,

## WHY WE MOVED.

We had no fault to find with the house—none whatever. It was well built, comfortable, “with all modern conveniences,” as per advertisement. Moreover, our neighbors on both sides seemed to be very decent people indeed. And again, moreover, there was a nice little girl next door to the left whom I used to watch going and returning from down town at all odd hours of the day. Nothing gave me greater pleasure than to watch her coming home and to meet the sly glance of her dark eye as it swept our windows rapidly in passing. Oh, I liked our new house very well indeed—suited me to a T. Sometimes I met her down town, and though she pretended not to see me I could tell by the expression of her face that she knew I was the young man who lived next door. That is, I really began to feel interested in the little thing, who I judged must be musical from the fact of her carrying a music book. But one morning about six o'clock (you know I never get up till eight), I was awakened by what I thought was a death howl uttered by some stray dog in the back yard. I shuddered, and ducked under the blankets—when a shriek, loud, long, and dying off into a shivering wail brought me up with stiffened ears to the surface. “Curse the cats!” I muttered, and tucking the blanket closer around my back I turned to enjoy my morning nap. Alas! like Macbeth I could sleep no more, for again that shriek, but this time winding up with a ha-ha-ha aw-aw-aw smote upon my tympanum with redoubled force. This was followed by a succession of the most demoniac sounds within the range of two and a quarter octaves. In fact, from the hollow tooting of a fog horn to the tuning up of a bagpipe. To say that I got up with a headache but ill describes my condition physically and mentally.

On completion of my toilet my first plunge was into the kitchen to demand the reason of such a deuce of a row at that hour in the morning. But one glance at Bridget's innocent face and unkempt locks as with unbuttoned wrapper she lit the kitchen fire convinced me that none of her relatives were dead, and that therefore she had not been rehearsing a “keenin” in advance of the wake. “Did yez hear that murderin' howl, sur?” she inquired, turning on me her large blue eyes. “Shure but it was a grate warnin' thin.”

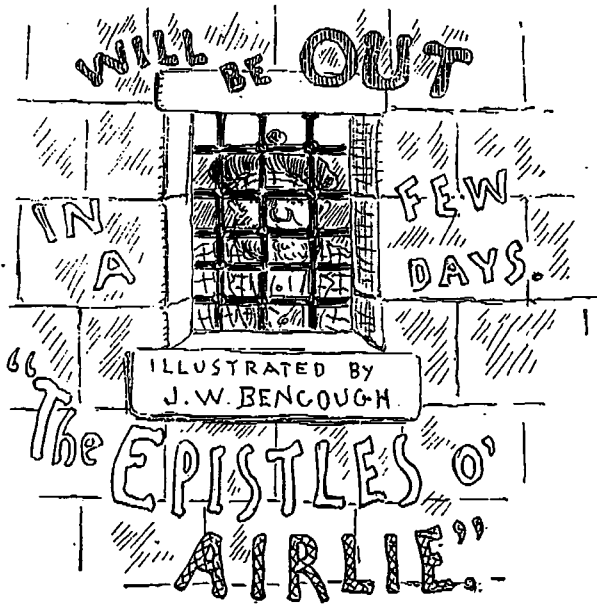
Before this the sounds had subsided. So too had my irritation, although my wonder as to where the sounds came from puzzled me all day. So much so that I made an entry to “Mr. Deathhowl” instead of to “Mr. Donald.”

I retired early to make up for my lost two hours, gloating not a little on the luxurious nap I should have next morning. Well, sir, next morning, just as the six bells ceased clanging there broke on my ear the identical shriek of the previous morning. A large blue cussword escaped my lips as I leapt from the bed, and seizing the boot-jack strode to the window prepared to fire it at the first animal that hove in sight. But no animal appearing I returned, shivering with cold and rage, to my bed. And, sir, that howling went on uninterrupted for a full half hour. And in that time I made a discovery—the sounds issued from the next door to the left! A lunatic must be confined there, I said to myself—and I thought with pity of the little girl with the dark eyes. Imagine my surprise when Professor Bragadocio informed me that I lived next door to his most promising pupil, and that he expected her to make a sensation in the musical world, as a result of the course of study she had just begun. “Begun!” I gasped. “When will she end?”

"Oh, in about six years or so."

I went to the landlord and asked him if the people next door would be likely to move soon. He didn't know—didn't think so, as they owned the house they lived in.

Now, honert, I tried hard to be resigned. I tried to think I would get used to it, but it was no use; that awful doh-doh-doh see-see-see—oh-oh—ah! would have enriched the undertaker with my hard-earned dollars in another fortnight. So I dug, but I took good care to see that there were no embryo public singers next door before renting another house. Oh, I like that girl all right, but live next door to her—no, siree!



FISHERY COMMISSION.

THE Fishery Commission met this morning. The press was rigidly excluded with the exception of GRIP.

After the commission had all blown their noses and crossed their legs, folded their arms and unfolded them, they settled down to work. The following interesting discussion took place:

U. S. Commissioner.—Mr. President, as we are all anxious that this conference should be conducted in the best spirit, and should speedily reach an amicable conclusion, I think we should first settle what subject should come up for discussion. Now, to eliminate, as far as possible, all topics on which we might differ, I propose to exclude the Behring Straits question. I would like to know how this generous proposal will be met.

Mr. Chamberlain.—Mr. President, I cordially reciprocate, on the part of the government I represent, the noble and generous spirit displayed, through its representative, by this great people. I have frequently predicted, both at home and since my arrival in this country, that an amicable settlement of our dispute would be a very easy matter. Now I am sure of it. Yes, let us by all means, cultivate the eliminating spirit.

U. S. Commissioner—I presume, then, Mr. President, that we may confine ourselves to the fishery question pure and simple. I will not say anything about the conduct of the Canadian Government, during the past two seasons, in maintaining its supposed rights. I will

only draw your attention to our interpretation of the three-mile limit, as being the only reasonable one, when we want to get into your cod and mackerel grounds, but which might not be reasonable, if we had the grounds and you wanted to get into them.

Mr. Chamberlain.—Very true, very true! But we don't! That's just the point.

U. S. Commissioner.—Now, a shore is a shore.

Mr. Chamberlain.—Hear, hear! A fact!

U. S. Commissioner.—And a shore is a shore whether it runs straight or curves.

Mr. Chamberlain.—That's true. 'Tis very clear.

U. S. Commissioner.—Therefore it stands to reason, that an imaginary line drawn three miles from the shore must follow all the indentations of the shore.

Mr. Chamberlain.—Of course, why, I never thought of that!

U. S. Commissioner.—Therefore we have a right to go into all your large bays and estuaries—just where the fish are.

Mr. Chamberlain.—It's as clear as water. Of course he's right. We'll have to give up the idea of a line drawn from head-land to head-land, and then the three mile limit beyond that. That'll settle the matter. Knew we could come to an easy settlement—always said so. Told the newspaper reporters so, in New York.

Sir Charles Tupper.—Mr. President, I beg to state that I cannot agree with the gentleman who has just addressed you, and whose views, I am sorry to say, my colleague seems to consider so fair. Representing the interests of Canada, I must insist on the same law for us as for the United States, and not one law for one country and another for the other. Our interpretation of the three mile limit, viz., a line three miles outside a line drawn from headland to headland, is the only interpretation known in international law, and is the rule claimed by the United States, where its own fishes are concerned. In fact, in the Behring Strait question, the United States does much more. It draws a line across an open sea, and refuses to allow our sealing vessels to enter those waters for the purpose of taking seals. It—

The President (interrupting with signs of evident consternation).—Gentlemen, I think we must adjourn for luncheon. Sir Charles may continue some other day. (GRIP walked out unobserved with the crowd).

GRIP AND THE "LABOR REFORM" EDITOR.



GRIP—So you have discovered that it is a bad thing to increase the Provincial subsidies, because Ontario must pay more than her share, as she pays the greater taxes per head?

L. R. Editor—Certainly.

MR. GRIP—Then we had better do away with all Provincial subsidies?

L. R. Editor—Well, no, I did not exactly—

MR. GRIP—But you must have meant it. And we had better stop all taxation whatever, as we pay a greater share per head, eh?

L. R. Editor—Bless me! Why, it would break up the Confederation! I did not just see—



### THE SCHOOL TEMPERANCE TEXT-BOOK IS WHAT HE NEEDS.

*School Marm Science*—Master Macdonnell, if you'll take your place with the infant class, I'll endeavor to teach you something about alcohol. You seem to be laboring under the impression that it has some qualities of nutriment in it. You need instruction.

MR. GRIP—In fact, you were manufacturing a party point and have prodded yourself with it. My good sir, in the confederation into which we have entered, Ontario pays the greater share per head, as she uses most taxable articles per head. We are supposed to receive corresponding advantages. If we do not, remedies such as Commercial Union are the thing. But, if more money is needed for the Province, it is better for Ontario that it be raised in a way which will give her some return, than in subsidies to other Provinces, of which she pays the greater share, and gets none.

#### ODE TO SNOW.

##### THE FIRST FALL.

THE snow has fallen, so have I,  
I cannot tell exactly why,  
Unless it was that sympathy  
A poet feels for snow ;  
But somehow when I did espy  
The first flakes in the cold air fly,  
I tripp'd down stairs, and here I lie  
Prostrated with the blow.

A little piece of orange peel,  
All unperceived beneath my heel,  
Despatched me like a trap of steel

From stoop to these hard stones ;  
And bruis'd all over now I feel  
A sense of aching o'er me steal,  
As pain devours a hearty meal,  
From all my bruised bones.

My mission seem'd to be far higher,  
Impell'd by warm poetic fire,  
To greet the snow I so admire  
On its first fall ; but now  
My love, alas! has chang'd to ire,  
My feelings sweet are cut most dire—  
The poet always was a liar ;  
I'll get up any how.

FIZZLES.

#### FROM MONTREAL.

DEAR GRIP,—Your cartoon of Hughie hugging the cook took immensely down here ; and now we want you to portray the witness man as one of the "followers" whose rights he so feelingly portrays. He assures us that "free intercourse with the other sex is essential to a young woman's happiness," and that "all her hopes and dreams are of getting married," and adds that "the girl who has no admirers is to be provided for" that is that mistresses should provide them with followers, but

he admits that "there are countless difficulties in the way, and *it is not ours* to say how it is to be done." Why not? Having made such a startling suggestion, why should not the witness man be required to say how it is to be carried out? And if 'tis to be done let it be done quickly. Why not let Hughie and the witness man, and a few other old bachelors form themselves into a committee to provide followers for forlorn domestics, and to compel mistresses to admit them?—the followers of course.

MORRIEL.



AULD SCOTIA.

THE testimonial meeting in honor of Canada's Grand Old Poet, Alexander McLachlan, is set for Thursday evening, 8th inst., at Association Hall. This gathering is to be held as the first step in an effort, which we know will be entirely successful, to present Mr. McLachlan with an acknowledgment of his services to the country in a substantial shape—a fund large enough to keep him in comfort for his remaining days. As becomes such an object, the whole Dominion is to share in it. Rev. Principal Grant, who "belongs to the whole country," will preside, and speak on this occasion, and addresses will also be delivered by Dalton McCarthy, Esq., Q.C., Hon. G. W. Ross, Dr. Daniel Clarke, Rev. Dr. Dewart and other prominent gentlemen. Miss Jessie Alexander will read several selections from the poet's works, a feature which cannot fail to be highly enjoyable. We anticipate a very large audience of Toronto's foremost citizens in furtherance of the worthy object in view. The admission is free; tickets may be had on application to Geo. Kennedy, Esq., LL.D., Crown Lands Department, or to Ald J. L. Morrison, 26-28 Front St. West.

MESSRS. WILLIAMSON & Co. are now prepared for the rush! They have received the consignment of the book which has been so eagerly waited for by hundreds—"David Kennedy, the Scottish Singer," a work which has been pronounced by competent critics the "juiciest publication of the day." Who doesn't want to revive his loving recollection of the genial, witty and gifted Scotchman? Here we have him pictured to the life, and we may follow him from the cradle to his last resting-place, sharing all his joys and sorrows, his failures and triumphs. The book is very ably written by Miss Marjory Kennedy; and contains also a supplementary account entitled "Singing round the World," by David Kennedy, Jr.

"THE EPISTLES O' AIRLIE," a selection of our own "Scottie's" wise and witty contributions, with new and original illustrations, is in course of active preparation, and will be ready for delivery in a few days.

THE REASON.

FIRST Car-passenger, reading *W*— newspaper.—"I can't find anything readable in this thing, can you?"

Second Car-passenger, reading *W*— also.—"Well, I'm reading the *W*—, but I can't find anything here either."

First C.-p.—"Why is it, do you think?"

Second C.-p.—"Well, I should imagine both publisher and editor were hard up, the one for 'copy,' the other for cash."

First C.-p.—"Poor M."

Second C.-p.—"Poor M."

(Did they mean 'man?')

THE LAMENT OF THE FELLOW THAT HAD TO WAIT.

DAUGHTER of Eve, I muchly grieve  
To lay this charge furnest you,  
But though it's sad and I feel bad  
There's really this against you.

I wish to state you're always late  
When any place you'd go to;  
While (what I hate) I have to wait  
To meditate and rant and rate;  
You really hadn't ought to.

Let others sing some other thing,—  
The high hat intervening  
So that, poor wretch, you have to stretch  
To see the upper screening.

But for to-day he this my lay  
And mayhaps, too, to-morrow,  
For yesterday t'was the same way;  
Though what's to come one cannot say,  
So trouble let's not borrow.

I hope this letter'll make you better;  
And as it's done I'll post it,  
Seeing, my dear, that you're not here.  
The mail is—I am late I fear—  
The mail is gone, I've lost it!

W. H. P. W.

PUBLIC OPINION.

PA is looking at the portraits of the Fishery Commissioners in last Saturday's *Globe*. Enter little daughter, aged six.

"Are those the men that were hanged, pa?"

"No, my dear, they are the gentlemen that deserve to be if they give away our fisheries without getting a fair equivalent."

P. S.

As soon as the Irish question is settled, the English Liberals are going to disestablish the liquor traffic and the Church in Wales. The new campaign will probably begin in A.D. 2887.

*Apropos* of somebody's assertion that what is seen on the full moon's surface is not the figure of a man with a bundle, but the face of a beautiful woman, a person writes to ask the cause of this appearance. We thought everybody knew it was *moon-shine*.





### MUM'S THE WORD.

*Anxious Friend*—Why, your lordship, what's the matter? Deaf?

*Bishop Cleary*—No; but the women folk talk so modestly now that I can't hear them.

### THE SERVANT QUESTION.

THE PROBLEM OF THE DAY.

(See the *Montreal Star*.)

GRIP doesn't offer \$50 for the best letter on this subject. He has no need to puff his paper by such sensational expedients. His circulation grows of itself, without booming of any description. Yet he offers this letter to the public as one of exceptional interest:—

DEER MISTER GRIP,—

Would ye please insert this letter from yer loving friend Sairey, which it is to say I woodn't not send no sich if a letter to the Star, bad cess to it, which it went for to say, it woodn't not consider gramer or speling in the servants letters, as if we coldn't spel like the mistres. Yes, Mister Grip, this is a cold world, and the insults which the lik of it i never seen, all along 'o them mistres which they don't no how to treet helps, that's wat Ann and me says, and that's wats the mater with the problem, which they cal it. if mistres wasn't so auty and comed down stairs to helps parler, or invited helps up stair to play the pianer ther woodn't be no sich of a problem. often says I to Ann, which the accomplishments is throne away below stairs, we have soles and harts. we want kultur. if mistres wood invit us to play the pianer and read the art maggieseens we woodn't keep no lo compny nor have no folloers, which it makes all the fus agan and agan.

another thing of the problem which it makes helps discontentd is the lo sallyries. my last mastur, which he made \$20 a day, practsng of the law, and how much d'ye think, mistur editur, he guv yer humble servant, the best cook in all the city? \$12 a month and washng out, which it is a shame fur to say, as if cooking wasn't harder ner writin law papers and making speeches. when helps get proper sallyries which works harder than masters an mistres, which they lik to be called, tho it ant scriptural and shoodn't be did by Christians, which i don't think they is, as they woodn't be so auty with a Christan spirit, helps woodn't be discontentd. as I told Ann, we aut to have a nights of labor and strik so they coldn't get nothink to eat and do ther own work carrying pales of water and all sich like which they wood rather be out driving, or

at 5 'o tees. and another thing which they tauk about in the probm is a training schol for servants which it aut to be for the mistres to train them to get up in the mornins and not to be lying in bed, and which I told Ann not to teech us to tel lys to say not at home when they are up in the *boodoor* and just in *dishabellies*, and she said where did ye lern sich fine french, which I told her it was a french gentleman which I met abroad down to portland.

and another thing which they tauk in the probm which they cal it is that the demand is grater than suply and that they must bring chiney gurls and blacks and sich lick to put more servants in the market, which it is a shame to bring them heathens which they work fur nothing to turn us out of place. o Mistur Editur which I ask is this a christrin contry. to think of them mistres which I have seed myself not know how to even boil potatos tauk of training schols and bringing heathens it is downright wicket which they aut to know better. as if white helps wood company with them blacks which they may be from afrika and Kaniballs and may cook there mistres and eat them and good enuf fer them to which I sed to Ann and the chiney gurls which no decent gurl wood leve her own country in chiney which I red it in a travel book. and Ann she said Sairey my word fur it they wont bring no sich of gurls here and its only to fright us

which i said Ann yer rite.

which i hope Mistur Editur this will settle the problem

yer frend and cnstant reder

SAIREY

TORONTO, Nov. 17, '87.

### AD CLEARIUM.

SURE the Bishop's all right and the Bishop's all wrong,  
And his heart it need not be a troublin';  
Our girls are all right in their mirthsome delight—  
Shure its Kingston he's in and not Dublin.

Dear sir, if they taze you, its only to plaze you,  
Their hearts with sweet merriment bubblin'.  
Now tho' you correct them, I pray you respect them—  
Its Kingston your in and not Dublin.

If the stork in its greed must on carrion feed,  
To the swamps it will always go grubblin'!  
But let me remind you, we want, sir, to find you  
In Kingston, no longer in Dublin.

The feminine gender will find a defender  
In lovers no edict can sever,  
And brothers with pride will stand by your side,  
Dear sisters, to guard you forever.

W. A. SHERWOOD.

"GIVE a dog a bone in his mouth, and you may kick him and he can't bite." I tried this experiment and lost most of a pair of pants before it was finished.

WE often hear Quebec spoken of as an impregnable fortress, and yet Wiman, the Commercial Unionist, captured it single-handed, without any trouble, the other day. Such is the power of truth.

MR. CLARKE's head campaign manager assures us that though Mr. Rogers is a Quaker now, he will be a Shaker after the election. Whether this means that he will have a lot of hand-shaking to do, or something else, we must leave the electors to decide.





THEY HAVE OUTGROWN THEIR BABY CLOTHES.

"When such ideas are filling the heads of the young men of the country, it is time for Mr. Mowat, as well as Sir John Macdonald to make a note on't."—Hamilton Times.

## WHO WROTE SHAKESPEARE ?

HOW THE ELEMENT OF "DOUBT" LEADS TO GRAND ACHIEVEMENTS.

THE world is agitated again over the question of who was the author of Shakespeare's plays.

The world is full of doubting Thomases. The man who has been successful in exciting the present momentary interest in the subject is, like most successful agitators, an Irishman. He claims to have discovered a cipher running through the Shakesperian plays which proves them to have been written by Lord Bacon. It is also claimed that there is a cipher in the epitaph on the moss-grown tombstone, which, properly interpreted, leads to the same conclusion.

This age shows a decided inclination to pry into mysteries.

It can make no difference to Shakespeare now whether the world believes he wrote the plays that bear his name or not.

The plays are immortal.

Ignatius Donnelly cannot rob us of these grand works, even though he should succeed in robbing Shakespeare of his glory.

Were it not for doubting Thomases many of man's great accomplishments would never have been brought to successful issue.

Men have been stricken down without warning. Doubt put in motion the investigation which ascertained the cause. After the discovery of the cause. The world was ignorant of any remedy with which to stay the terrible slaughter of humanity, and medical science said it was impossible. Doubt led the way to the light, and Warner's safe cure solved these seemingly unsolvable problems. Its friends tell us with conclusive proof that the unsuspected kidney disease befools the blood and causes most of our diseases!

For years the heart was looked upon as the most important organ in the body, but doubt led to further inquiry, which developed the fact that the kidneys are the real blood purifiers of the system and these organs now attract the first attention of the careful practitioner. It is now a recognized fact that if they are put in a healthy state by the use of that remedy possessing such wonderful curative and cleansing powers most of the prevailing diseases of the system will be easily overcome, since their cause will be removed.

How unimportant, in comparison with such problems, is the present discussion as to the authorship of Shakespeare!

LOVER (passionately)—"My sweet! My darling! I love you with all my heart! Be mine!" Fair maiden—"Oh, William, this is so sudden; I must have time—" Lover—"No, no! I must have my answer now, for I have my eye on another girl."

YOUNG lady—"And so you've really been off on a whaling voyage, Mr. Hardyman?" Mr. Hardyman—"Yes." Young lady—"How delightful! I am passionately fond of fishing, too, but I feel sorry sometimes for the poor, little, helpless, wriggling things, it seems so cruel."

"My son," asked a proud father, after the usual greetings upon the young man's return from college, "have you a microscope among your traps?" "A microscope, dad?" replied the astonished youth. "Yes, my son; you have been in college, you know, for years, and I thought if you had a microscope handy I should like to see how much you have learned."

WHEN a tramp sees a woman with a pistol or a gun in her hands he goes right on without winking, but let her appear on the scene with a dipper of hot water and he makes tracks like a kangaroo.

A DRY-GOODS clerk took his girl out for some ice-cream the other night, and in a moment of absent-mindedness, thinking that he was waiting upon a customer, said cordially: "Anything else?" She took lemonade and cake.

THE millionaire was dying. He was surrounded by his friends. "What can I do for you, my dear friend?" he exclaimed, as he grasped the hand of his old legal adviser. "Everything I have I owe to you, and I will do anything you may ask. What shall I do?" "Make a will," replied the lawyer laconically.

AT a fancy-dress ball given by the subalterns of an English infantry regiment a lady was brought by chance to the side of one of the chief military authorities of the place. Said she to Col. Z.: "May I ask, Colonel, what you are?" "Oh," answered the Colonel, who was evidently not in one of his happy moods, "I am nothing. What are you?" "I am next to nothing," was the prompt rejoinder.

"CHARLES," said a sharp-voiced woman to her husband, "do you know that you and I once had a romance in a railway car?" "Never heard of it," replied Charles in a subdued tone. "I thought you hadn't, but don't you remember that it was that pair of slippers I presented you seven years ago last Christmas—the Christmas before we were married—that led to our union?" "Yes." "You remember how nicely they fitted, don't you?" "Yes." "Well, Charles, one day when we were going to a picnic you had your feet up on a seat, and when you wasn't looking I took your measure. But for that pair of slippers I don't believe we'd ever been married." A young, unmarried man sitting near by immediately took his feet down from a seat.

EVERYBODY has read the marvellous stories of travelling magicians mystifying people by exhibiting their skill in public places. Of all the leading wizards such stories are published, and in fact they have the discernment to see that no better advertisement of their performances could possibly be obtained. One day, Baron Seeman was riding on a San Francisco street-car, and taking in his fellow-passengers with the usual blandly unconscious eye of the prestidigitator, when he suddenly turned and said to a rough-looking young man on the same side: "Pardon, my friend, but you will lose your watch—the chain is hanging." "Hain't got no watch," growled the youth. "Excuse me, but you are mistaken. Look there!" The hoodlum who unfortunately had been at the theatre the evening before, and who had just recognised the magician's face, took hold of the chain, pulled the watch out of his pocket, stared at it a moment, and then said: "Why, to be sure, how careless of me! 'Bliged to you, Baron," and stepping briskly from the dummy, ran up a neighbouring alley, leaving the Baron staring after his stem-winder with a paralysed expression.

## DEEP SEA WONDERS

exist in thousands of forms, but are surpassed by the marvels of invention. Those who are in need of profitable work that can be done while living at home, should at once send their address to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, and receive free, full information how either sex, of all ages, can earn from \$5 to \$25 per day and upwards, wherever they live. You are started free. Capital not required. Some have made over \$50 in a single day at this work. All succeed.

LITTLE Elsie, looking at the soldiers, "Say, Auntie, what are all the other men here for who don't play in the band?"

ONE of the greatest puzzles to the observant spectator who watched the youngsters playing Copenhagen at a children's jubilee, was to know why those little girls who fought so against being kissed, played the game at all; they didn't have to.

A NEW YORK young woman, en-route for Boston, on her first visit, "Can you tell me, please," she said to a lady in the chair ahead, "if Springfield is where the trains stops for refreshments?" "No, madam," was the response; "Springfield is where the passengers stop for refreshments." She had run up against a Bostonian the very first thing.

ENGLISH TOURIST—"An' now me letter of credit is cawshed can you direct me some spot in this blawsted country that will equal Pipe-weed - under - Taycopse - Herfordshire-heath, North Staffordshire, England, for a flip at salmon?" Banker—"I seldom fish myself, but I understand that Mud-creek-over-against-Bill-Simmons'-mill-pond, Knox County, Maine, United States of America, is a fair sporting ground."

A WITTY old judge, who had spent an evening with a young lawyer in the country, whose office was on the second storey, on taking his departure, stumbled on the stairs, and fell to the bottom. The young lawyer, hearing the noise, rushed out, and seeing the judge lying on his back at the bottom of the stairs, hastened down and with great anxiety asked, "Is your honor hurt?" "No," said the judge, scrambling to his feet, "but my legs are."

## MAYORALTY, 1888.

### YOUR VOTE AND INFLUENCE

Are respectfully requested for

# E. F. CLARKE,

The People's Candidate, as

## MAYOR FOR 1888.

ELECTION WILL TAKE PLACE  
MONDAY, JANUARY 2nd.

"A ROLLING stone gathers no moss," but if it is a grind stone it can just break the heart of the farmer's boy who wants to go a-fishing.

**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.

THE man is at the desk. He is an Editor. What is in his hand? It is a microscope. What does the Editor want of a Microscope? He is looking for his salary.

**CATARRH.**

CATARRHAL DEAFNESS AND HAY FEVER—A NEW TREATMENT.

SUFFERERS are not generally aware that these diseases are contagious, or that they are due to living parasites in the lining membrane of the nose and eustachian tubes. Microscopic research has proved this fact, and it is now made easy to cure this curse of our country in one or two simple applications made once in two weeks by the patient at home. Send stamp for circulars describing this new treatment to A. H. Dixon & Son, 303 King Street West, Toronto, Canada.

A THREE-YEAR-OLD discovered the neighbor's hens in her yard scratching. In a most indignant tone she reported to her mother that Mrs. Smith's hens were "wiping their feet on our grass."

**NEW MUSIC**

- CYNISCA WALTZ, Perrot, . . . . . 60c.
- BLACKBERRIES Polka, Van Biene, . . . . . 40c.
- THEY ALL LOVE JACK, Lancers (Specially arranged for Bombay or Saratoga), by Liddell. . . . . 40c.

May be obtained of all music dealers or mailed free on receipt of price by the Anglo-Canadian Music Publishers' Ass'n, 38 CHURCH ST., TORONTO.

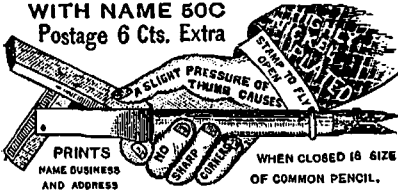
*Gentlemen's Slippers.*



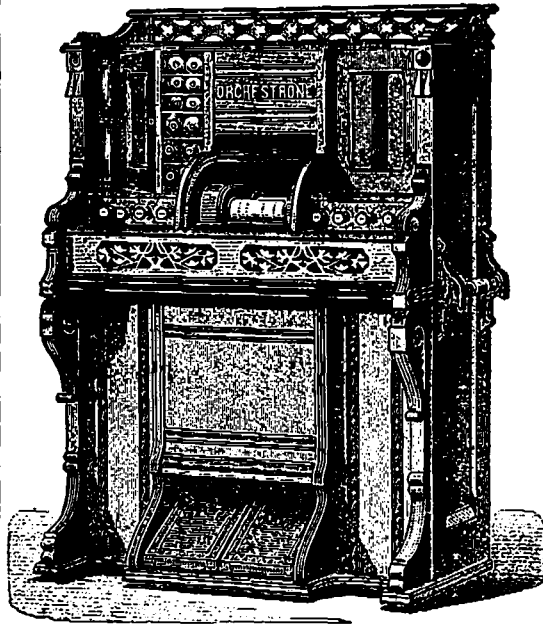
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It is a pleasure to us to be able to inform these unsuccessful ones that WE HAVE FOUND THE ROYAL ROAD TO MUSIC, and by giving FIVE MINUTES' INSTRUCTION, we can enable them to play better music than 999 out of every 1,000 can on the ordinary Organ or Piano. We invite lovers of music to call and see these wonderful Instruments at

Thos. Claxton's MUSIC STORE,

197 YONGE STREET, TORONTO.

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JOHN KAY, being desirous of clearing out the balance of the large cash purchase of best five frame Brussels Carpets, being sold at \$1.00 Cash, has as a further inducement to purchasers reduced a lot of other numbers to the same prices, so that they will have a good assortment to select from.

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vors, but having all the necessary elements of the beef,  
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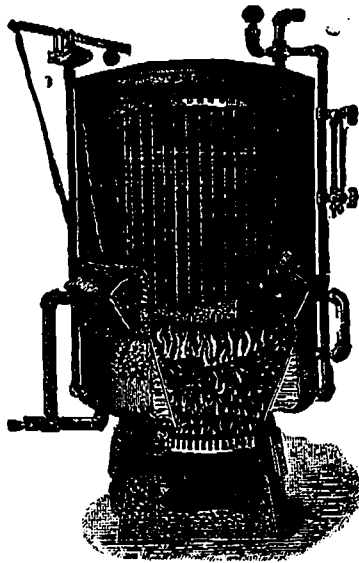
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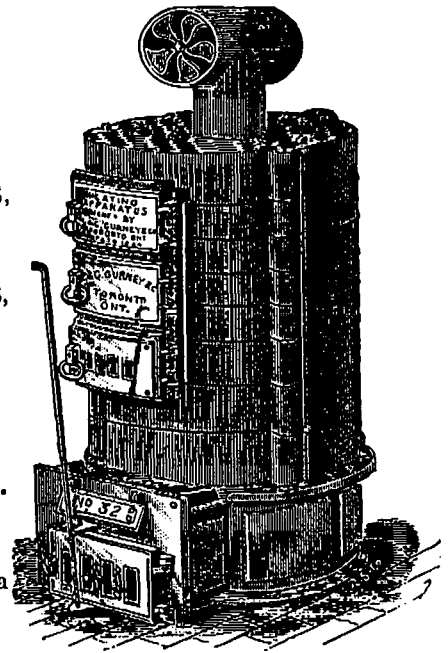
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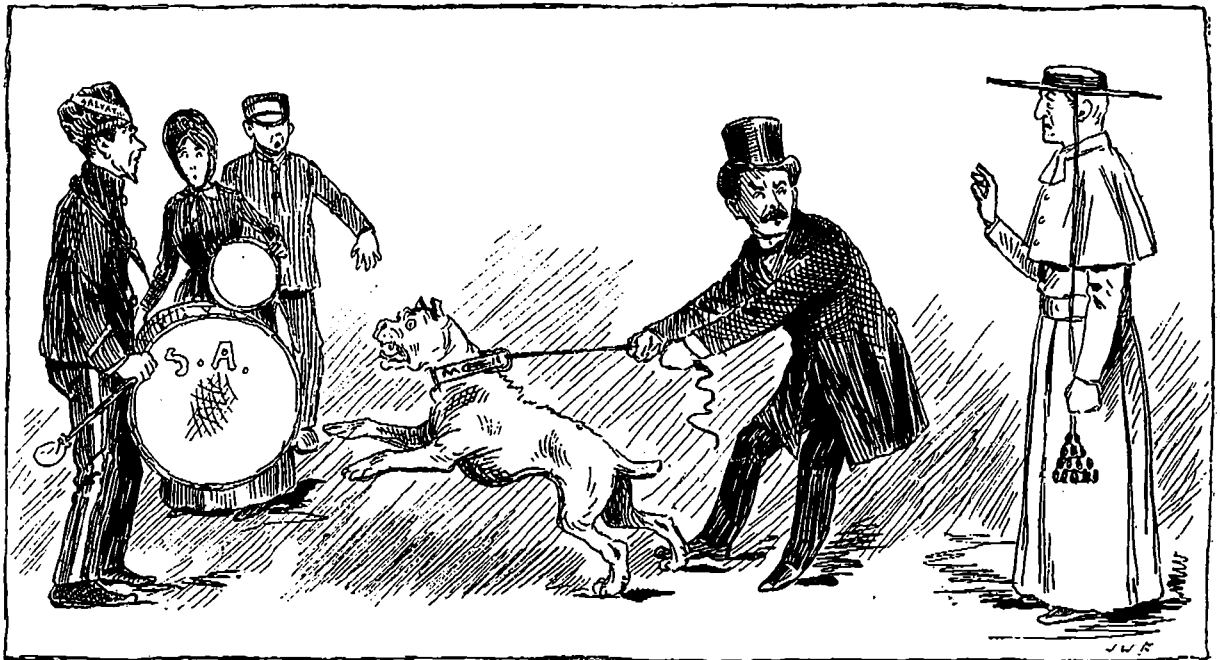
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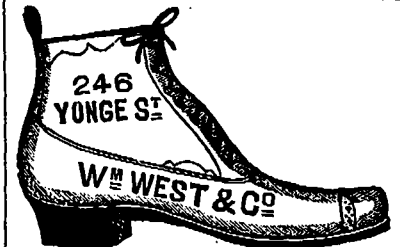
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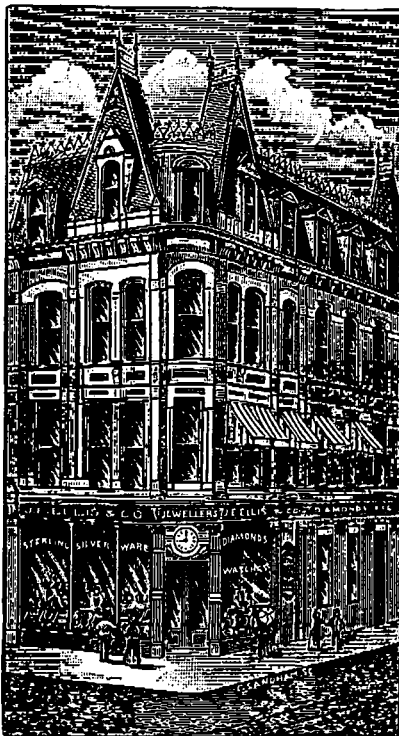
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**Notice Respecting Passports.**

Persons requiring passports from the Canadian Government should make application to this department for the same, such application to be accompanied by the sum of four dollars in payment of the official fee upon passports as fixed by the Governor in Council.

G. POWELL,  
 Under Secretary of State.

OTTAWA, 19th Feb., 1886

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TORONTO, 18th Oct. 1887.

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**T. B. PARDEE,**  
 Commissioner.

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