



# GRIP



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J.W. Benson

**CHAPLEAU REFUSES TO PLAY SECOND FIDDLE ANY LONGER !**

# GRIP

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Artist and Editor  
Associate Editor

J. W. BENGOUGH.  
PHILLIPS THOMPSON.



## Comments

ON THE

## Cartoons.

OUR RATHER HIGH COMMISSIONER. — Sir Charles Tupper has not yet returned to his duties in London. It probably doesn't matter, as society in that village will be able to get along with their "functions" in some way without him, and beyond attending dinner parties and

talking platitudes he does not appear to have anything in particular to do there which cannot very well be left to the small army of subordinate parasites who make up his retinue as "High Commissioner." He remains in Canada, notwithstanding that the object for which he came over—the salvation of his own bacon—has been accomplished. In this way he emphasizes the fact already mentioned, that his so-called duties in London are merely nominal. As a bad example to set before other Government employees, this deserves censure, but as already stated, otherwise it really doesn't matter. And if the members of the Government have no objection, on the score of dignity, to Sir Charles' peculiar way of spending his self-given holiday, perhaps the rest of us should be content. Still, the dignity of the Government is public property, and it is not pleasant to see it so completely set at naught. Instead of devoting his leave of absence to pursuits befitting a private citizen, Sir Charles seems to be taking charge of public affairs in general. He has been more *en evidence* since the election than any member of the cabinet, not excepting the Premier, and now he is mentioned as one of the three representatives of Canada who are to go to Washington to confer on the subject of

Reciprocity. Has Sir John resigned the leadership into the Baronet's hands? If not, we would enquire with Shakespeare—

"Upon what meat doth this our Caesar feed  
That he has grown so great?"

JOYFUL NEWS FOR THE FARMERS. — The Quebec *Chronicle*, which is looked upon as one of the "inspired" mouth-pieces of the Dominion Government, came out a few days ago with the important intelligence that the Government had evolved a brand new policy in the interests of the great farming industry. The disloyal suggestion of wider markets as a way out of the prevailing depression, having been scrunched under the heel of an outraged populace, the problem remained in all its original force, and a thrill of pleasure must have shot through the agricultural bosom at this announcement in the *Chronicle*. The farmer must have sat down to read the charter of his deliverance with the liveliest anticipations. We do not venture to trace the ebb and flow of his feelings as he read on, but we feel safe in asserting that after he had finished the article he did not leap from his seat and caper about with delighted cries of Eureka! Eureka! It is quite possible, on the contrary, that he was tearing mad, and flung the *Chronicle* away as the medium of a cruel hoax. For what was this new and original policy? That our farmers should go in for improved methods of agriculture, and that they should give particular attention to the breeding of a superior grade of cattle! It was a pronounced case of giving a stone when asked for a fish. Our farmers are asking for money to pay off their mortgages, and a paternal government offers them glittering generalities.

NO SECOND FIDDLE.—*On dit* that there is trouble ahead in the Government orchestra. The accomplished political violinist, Chapleau, refuses any longer to play second fiddle to Professor Langevin, and threatens to break up the overture if he is not given the leading instrument.



ALL this blatherskiting about having the largest circulation, between the *Mail* and *Empire*, has become a weariness to the flesh. It is evidently a game of bluff on both sides, and with the flourishing of \$8,000 cheques it has become a positively demoralizing business. Where are the police with all this bare-faced betting going on before their eyes? So long as these two journalistic slangwhangers

refrain from printing the figures of their daily circulation at the head of their editorial columns, people will be justified in believing that neither of them has a circulation which will stand comparison with that of the *Globe*. Gentlemen, put up the figures, and give us a rest.

"A LOYALIST," writing in the *Empire*, concludes as follows:

Another question is here suggested. It is as to the course to pursue toward the "veiled" and unveiled "treason" which of late has been playing its part in our midst. Is it to be allowed to fester in our clubs and boards of trade and halls of legislation, and, less publicly, to poison the minds of the young, the ignorant and the unsuspecting? Are its emissaries to be allowed, in the future, as in the past, to go throughout the land "scattering firebrands" in our peaceful country? Or are they to be restrained in the future and punished for the past?

Persons guilty of high treason, or known to be meditating high treason, are to be punished, sir, and the punishment, if we remember rightly, is "something lingering with boiling oil in it." The plain duty of a "Loyalist" like this writer, who professes to know that the Liberal leaders are traitors, is to take steps to have them formally indicted and tried. Writing to the *Empire* is not going far enough.

THE Crofters will have the sympathy of the world against the landlords. They and their forbears have inhabited the lands from time immemorial, and they should not be turned off the



SIGNS OF SPRING.

This wicked utterance is quoted from the *Montreal Witness*. It will surely shock Principal Grant and other non-believers in Henry Georgeism, and if it does not ruin the reputation of the *Witness* as a respectable and law-abiding journal it will be a wonder. For what does it really mean? It is an open encouragement to the crofters to trespass on land contrary to the owner's wishes! It implies, that, in the *Witness*' opinion, the landlord in question does not really own the Island of Lewis, although he has the royal parchment in his strong box; and this involves the assertion that no king could grant a title which would over-ride the natural rights of the people at large. It is a bold, anarchistic, radical position for a nice family paper to take.

\* \* \*

If it keeps on thinking along this line, our *Montreal contemporary* will shortly arrive at the conclusion that land is not a legitimate object of private ownership, except on the condition that its rental value be annually rendered up to the community by the owner. It is safe to say that on these terms the owner of the Island of Lewis would not hold the property very long as a deer park. We will be glad to welcome the *Witness* as a recruit to the grand and growing army of the Single Tax.

\* \* \*

We are glad to hear that those who have been sadly counting on the aldermen blundering as a matter of course and giving away the street railway franchise to a private monopoly for the next thirty years, are likely to be pleasantly disappointed. The prospect now is that

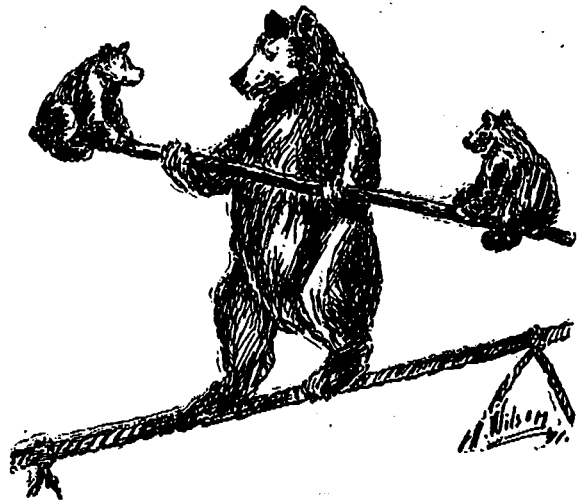
the road will be worked as a civic department for an experimental term. The aldermen, as well as the citizens at large, have been doing a good deal of thinking on the subject, and the folly of throwing away this golden opportunity seems to have impressed everybody. All that is required to ensure the success of the experiment is the appointment of a competent superintendent who will be guaranteed freedom from outside interference.

FOOLING THE BRETHREN.

At the meeting of L.O.L. 2,963½ on the 1st inst., the business had nearly been concluded when Bro. Kil-dogan rose with an expression of deep concern on his expansive features and thus addressed the chair:

"Worshipful master and brethren, I'd like to bring before yez a matther av gr. at importance that has kem to me knowledge to-day. I am informed, sir, on the best authority, that the government av the Province have ordhered that no liquor is to be sould on the Queen's Birthday an' the Twilft' av July this year. (Sensation.) Language, sir, might well fail me to spake in sufficiently opprobrious terms av such an outrage as this, in which the insidious hand av Rome is but too plainly apparent. (Cheers.) Sir, it is only another evidence av the complete subserviency av the Mowat Government to a disloyal and treasonous clique, who have taken occasion, as the price of their support at the polls, to shtrike a deadly blow at the Produstant religion an' the sentiments av loyalty, sir, which we all profess. An' I feel, sir, that this lodge ought to take speedy action in the matter."

"Is the Bro. sure that his information is correct?" asked the Master. "If it's the case we may well feel that our glorious cause is indeed in danger. For how could a loil man, brethren, display that enthusiasm for the throne av our gracious Majesty—an' the glorious, pious an' immortal memory av the great and good King William III. (cheers) widout a dhrop av somethin' to dhrink? A dhry Twilft' would be an—an anomaly in a manner av spakin'. Dye mind now the Jesuitical maneness av the inemy in selecting the very days sacred in the estimation av all loil min to prevint them obtainin' the materials for a proper celebration, while the Papists was allowed to have all they wanted on the Siventeenth (Shame.) I can hardly



"A BEAR POSSIBILITY."



DIGGING THE GRAVE FOR PROTECTION.

belave it's true. Would Bro. Kildogan kindly state the source av his information?"

"Yis, sir. For the matter av that, I may as well tell yez I had it from Peter Ryan this mornin'. He was boastin' about how they had fixed the Orangemen this time, an' I up an' tould him it was a lie. 'Sure there's no Government,' sez I, 'would dare to do the likes av that.' An' what does he do but pull out a big wad; 'money talks,' sez he. 'I'll put up \$50 on it that not a saloon in this city'll be open on the 24th av May or the 12th av July.'" (Groans.)

"Perhaps some brother will frame a strong resolution denouncin' the outrage," suggested the Master, "an' in the meantime I'm thinkin' we'd better be considerin' the propriety av changin' the date av our annual celebration an' houldin' it maybe on the 11th or the 13th to sarcumvint the Jesuit schamers." (Hear, hear.)

"Has any brother present such a thing as an almanac," asked another brother, "so we'll see what day av the week would suit us best."

After some searching an almanac was procured and handed to the Master who hastily turned up the month of July. Suddenly his countenance broke into a broad smile.

"Bro. Kildogan," he said, "do yez want to make an April fool av the lodge or what? Av coorse there'll be no liquor sould on the 12th or the 24th ayther, for the very good rayson that both av thim falls on a Sunday. This lodge is now adjourned, an' av Bro. Kildogan's the square man I've always tuk him for, he'll make the only reparation in his power for the scare he gev us by a treat all round."

"I ALWAYS use steel pens," as the forger remarked.

#### A COMPLIMENT FROM THE WORLD.

THE *World*, in a recent article, expresses the fear that the Single Tax movement is being pushed by some of its advocates to extreme lengths in the direction of what it calls "anarchy" and "communism." In warning the disciples of Henry George against this tendency it takes occasion to say:

The fact seems to be that once a man reasons himself into the Single Tax idea he is irresistibly carried to lengths of which at the outset he never dreamed. A very fine perception and powerful grip may save some.

Thanks. The power of GRIP will always be exerted in the direction of securing justice to the toiler, as against the exactions of monopoly, but should we notice any disposition on the part of our co workers in the cause to drift into "the whirlpool of anarchy" the influence of which our contemporaries speak in such complimentary terms will certainly be put forth to avert the disaster.

#### HIS LAST—AND WORST.

GUBBINS—"Yes, he draws a pension from the Imperial Government. Says he fought at Inkermann, but I really can't see why the public should be taxed to keep him on that account."

SAMJONES—"Ah, then you consider his pension a sort of—ah—unearned Inkermann-t, I suppose."

#### SWEEPING.

CHOLLY—"Did she reject your proposal?"

CHAPPIE—"Yes, bah Jove! and me, too."

## WHEN THE TRIAL COMES OFF.

## FIRST MEETING.

SCENE—Committee Room somewhere. Present:—The "Mail's" Arbitrator, the "Empire's" Arbitrator and the Arbitrator chosen by these two. The latter in the chair.

CHAIRMAN—"Now, gentlemen, let us get to work. First of all, as a matter of form, I will state the terms of the contest we are to decide. The *Empire* newspaper alleges —"

EMPIRE ARB.—"Excuse me, it is the *Mail* which alleges."

MAIL ARB.—"No, the chairman is right; it was the *Empire* which first made the allegation."

CHAIRMAN—"Order, gentlemen. It doesn't make any difference. This is the point in dispute: The *Mail* claims to have the largest circulation of any daily paper in Toronto."

MAIL ARB.—"Pardon me, but that is not the point in dispute, as I understand it; the point is —"

EMPIRE ARB.—"Oh, shut up, and give the chairman a chance. He's quite right so far. Its perfectly plain what the point is."

MAIL ARB.—"Then what do you mean by trying to obscure it? I tell you —"

CHAIRMAN—"Gentlemen, it seems quite clear that we are not in a judicial frame of mind at this moment. I move we —"

EMPIRE ARB.—"You can't move a motion. You're in the chair."

CHAIRMAN—"Well, let somebody else move that we adjourn till to-morrow evening."

MAIL ARB.—"I move that"

CHAIRMAN—"Carried. I declare this meeting adjourned."

## SECOND MEETING.

All present. Third Arbitrator in the chair.

CHAIRMAN—"Now, gentlemen, I do hope we'll get on. To avoid delay and misunderstanding, let us first get the matter clearly before us. Mr. *Mail*, please state the question as you understand it."

MAIL ARB.—"With pleasure. The *Mail* wagers \$8,000 that it has a larger circulation than the *Empire*."

EMPIRE ARB.—"No, sir, that isn't it at all. The *Mail* pretends —"

MAIL ARB.—"Pretends? Mr. Chairman, I demand that he take back that word. It is not civil, sir."

CHAIRMAN—"I hope —"

EMPIRE ARB.—"I say 'pretends,' for it is nothing more than a pretence,—but if you don't like the word I'll say 'claims.' The *Mail* claims that the *Empire's* circulation is not one-third the size of —"

MAIL ARB.—"Stop, stop! You are foxing again. It was the *Empire* that talked about 'one-third.' No, sir, our claim is —"

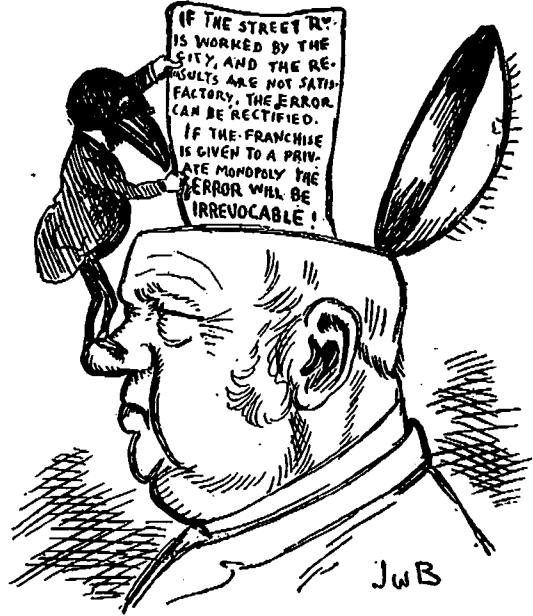
CHAIRMAN—"Well, gentlemen, let us leave that point and get to business. Have you brought your books? Yes? Very good. We will first take a look at the *Empire* book for February."

MAIL ARB.—"No, you don't. I happen to know that the *Empire* sent out a lot of dead head papers during the election, most of them in February."

CHAIRMAN—"What do you say to that Mr. *Empire*?"

EMPIRE ARB.—"I say it is simply a red herring drawn across the trail. He wants to back out. Let us look at the *Mail's* book first."

CHAIRMAN—"As you please."



AN IDEA WE WANT TO GET INTO THE ALDERMANIC HEAD.

MAIL ARB.—"No, sir, I won't permit it. The *Empire* as the challenging party ought to show up first."

EMPIRE ARB.—"I tell you the *Mail* was the challenging party."

MAIL ARB.—"Nothing of the sort. Didn't the *Empire* say —?"

EMPIRE ARB.—"It doesn't matter what the *Empire* says, it —"

MAIL ARB.—"I know it doesn't, because in hasn't any circulation, and nobody ever sees it."

CHAIRMAN—"That's the very thing we want to find out, isn't it?"

EMPIRE ARB.—"No; not as I understand it. The question is —"

MAIL ARB.—"Mr. Chairman, I thought we agreed to lay that point aside. I move we adjourn."

CHAIRMAN—"I'll be glad to, I assure you."

EMPIRE ARB.—"I second the motion. The *Mail's* afraid to come to the scratch."

MAIL ARB.—"When you get one eighth of the *Mail's* circulation, it will be time enough for you to —"

CHAIRMAN—"Adjourned—and this time *sine die*!"

## AT THE ROYAL CANADIAN ACADEMY.

BIGGLESWADE (*looking at catalogue*)—"Within the City Limits—Mower Martin," Well that's a good one—trees and fields and not a house in sight."

MCGORLICK—"Absurd!—false to nature!—Never saw anything more ridiculous in my life—"

BIGGLESWADE—"Oh, you're quite mistaken—It's an excellent picture—I know the locality well—what's wrong with it?"

MCGORLICK—"Wrong with it—good deal wrong with it; why, he hasn't introduced a single real estat agents' sign board!"

**EVEN THE ART SHOWS ARE NOT RELIABLE.**

**THE GREAT CIRCULATION CONTROVERSY.**

*(From the Squigglechunk Indicator.)*



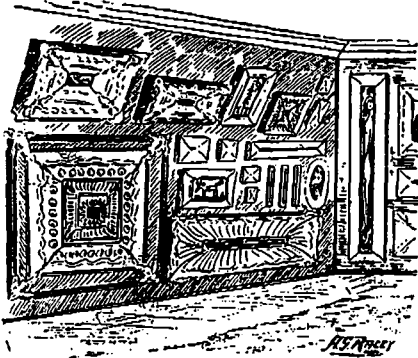
I.

When we see a placard like this, we enter the gallery expecting to —



II.

See something like this, but —



III.

This is all we can find.

**OF COURSE.**

**EBENEZER**—"What are the balls ofer the pawnshop made of, vader?"

**FATHER**—"I don't know, Ebby; but it's somedings cheap."

**STRANGE.**

**HE**—"Talk is cheap."

**SHE**—"And yet they say 'speech is silver.'"

WE understand that the repulsive and wall-eyed old miscreant who inflicts the *Paralyzer* upon a disgusted but too long-suffering community has had the unparalleled effrontery to assert that the circulation of that pestilential sheet exceeds that of the *Indicator*!!! Talk about his circulation, indeed! He has no circulation, in the proper sense of the word, though it is true that a few citizens have permitted their good nature to get the better of their judgment, and through pure benevolence succumbed to the pitiful appeals of a grovelling mendicant who but for their misplaced charity would speedily be driven to seek refuge in the poor-house. The *Indicator* has five—ten—twenty times the circulation of that despicable rag.

*(From the Squigglechunk Paralyzer.)*

The blear-eyed drunkard whose delirious and splenetic ravings are permitted to disgrace this town through the columns of the *Indicator*, parades his infamy to the world in a more than usually audacious and dastardly manner in his last issue. For ourselves we could afford to treat with quiet and gentlemanly scorn the outpourings of his venomous spite, but when he dares to assert that the circulation of the *Indicator* exceeds that of the *Paralyzer*, our duty to the community compels us to challenge the vindictive and brutal ruffian to prove his assertion. We will bet him one hundred dollars—though it is hardly within the bounds of possibility that he could raise such an amount to save his worthless neck—that he cannot substantiate his statements. Now put up or shut up!

*(From the Indicator.)*

The *Paralyzer* scoundrel is evidently determined to provoke an exposure of the infamous fraud which he has so long practised upon the people of this town. Well, we will gratify him. The money (\$5 in hard cash and the balance in perfectly good notes of hands, I.O.U.'s, etc., with our annual railroad pass to Toronto, as collateral security), has been deposited with Mr. P. McGinnis, of the Traveller's Rest. Now let us see whether the impudent braggart of the *Paralyzer* will dare to cover it!

*(From the Paralyzer.)*

The despicable and cowardly libeller whose crazy lucubrations in the *Indicator* excite deserved contempt, has been forced reluctantly to accept our challenge or stand before the public as a self-confessed liar and slanderer. We have covered the stake with a valuable silver watch and a second mortgage on our office plant. Now let the blackguard go ahead and prove if he can that the *Indicator* has "twenty times the circulation" of the *Paralyzer*.

*(From the Indicator.)*

Our foetid and pernicious adversary wants us to prove altogether too much. We believe we did say in a sort of metaphorical way that our paper had twenty times the circulation of the *Paralyzer*, but we didn't expect it to be taken in the literal sense. There's no backdown about us, however. We are prepared to prove, if access to the sheet of paper on which our contemporary scratches down the names of his handful of subscribers be afforded, that the *Indicator* has a larger circulation than the *Paralyzer*. Now see how the crawling reptile will try to sneak out of it!



## AS USUAL.

TORONTO WILL COME OUT OF THE SMALL END OF THE (VAN) HORN.

(From the Paralyzer.)

Well, as we expected, the drunken old scalliwag of the *Indicator* has flunked in the most contemptible fashion. He first claimed that his beastly and traitorous publication had "TWENTY TIMES" the circulation of the *Paralyzer*. Now, when driven to bay, he admits the utter falsity of his impudent assertion. The citizens of Squigglechuck can now judge for themselves as to the reliability of his statement. He needn't think, however, that we shall allow him to draw his stakes and escape thus easily. Oh, no! We demand that he adhere to his last proposal to prove that his circulation is greater than ours. Only, we must insist that the dozens of unsold *Indicators* used as waste paper every week in Porker's butcher shop are not to be included in the count.

(From the Indicator.)

Aha! Didn't we tell you so? We knew we had the *Paralyzer* in a tight place on a fair square proposal to compare circulations. What right has he to insist that the papers circulated as wrappers to beefsteaks and sausages sha'n't be counted? Doesn't he know that such papers go into the best families—the people who can afford to buy fresh meat regularly? Don't they circulate? Of course they do. We have exhausted our patience in trying to pin this fellow down to some definite conditions, but he won't be held to anything. We'll have nothing more to do with him, and the bet is off.

(Note from Mr. P. McGinnis to the Editor of the Indicator.)

DEER SIR,—I send you back, ercordin to your note, them papers as you put up on a bet with the *Partlizer*. Sorry I can't send the 5\$. The judges wich was to deside between you met sevril times waitin fer you & the other feller to toe the scratch, an they naturally blowed the 5 in for drinks, also the *Parlizer* man's wotch, but the other steakes were No Good so they are herewith returned.

Respectually,

P. MCGINNIS.

## EXCELSIOR.

STUMP ORATOR (who had evidently some time been in the upholstery business)—"A glorious future lies before us, my friends, if we will but rise to the occasion. Let us not sit idly by and allow other nations to outstrip us in the race for greatness and honor. Let us arise and be doing Ever onward, ever upward; let our motto be —(aside) what the deuce is that word?—(resuming)—let our motto be, my friends, ex-er-r-that stuff you make mattresses out of!"—(Loud applause.)

WHEN you scrape an acquaintance with a man in Kentucky don't say, "Do you drink?" Say, "Are you a native?" If he answers in the affirmative, give your order to the bartender.



"GET A MOVE ON!"

#### THE FEDERATIONISTS' OPPORTUNITY.

THE time seems ripe for McCarthy, Denison and Co. to strike a blow for Imperial Federation. Canada has just placed herself in the position of a Hebrew servant who has elected to remain in her master's household forever. Her ear has been bored to the old flagstaff by Sir John A. Macdonald, and there is now no reason why England should withhold from her a place in the Imperial kitchen, and access to the pots, pans and kettles of the scullionship she has chosen. She has made great sacrifices to secure this position of dependence. The Yankees fought on account of a small tax on tea, but Canada has re-imposed on herself a high tax on everything in order to avoid even the appearance of the evil of separation. It would be a shame to allow the monopolists to monopolise the whole benefit from such a loyal determination to be bled to death for the old flag. Let the Federationists seize the golden opportunity to consolidate their forces and march to victory. Let them show by thus rallying round it that the Union Jack has not lost its nobler attractions, in having lately served as an auctioneer's banner to gather a vulture crew where a Judas politician sold his countrymen for 30 cents on the dollar.

By taking timely action in urging the claims of Canada's noble self-sacrifice, important concessions could doubtless be obtained from Great Britain. Perhaps it would be too much to expect preferential trade, that Archimedean standpoint from which the Federation cranks expect to move the Old and New Worlds into juxtaposition. But other favors almost equally desirable may be readily secured. There is the matter of court presentation. I have no doubt our noble Queen would be willing to permit Canadians the same privileges now enjoyed by Americans, so that the lowly-born might not be barred from the Royal Presence merely on account of the accident of loyalty. Or if court etiquette be found too rigid to allow an obscure subject to kiss Her Majesty's hand, the Imperial great toe might be specially set apart for colonial osculation. Thus might the humblest Canadian find access to Royalty's Holy of Holies. This would be indeed a great concession, and among so sentimental a people as ours, would perhaps alone outweigh the pecuniary disadvantages of union on a free trade basis.

Then again it might become Canada's proud privilege to support some branches of the Royal Family. Grandchildren not in the direct line of succession, such as are at present outlawed from the Imperial Exchequer, might be given seats in the Canadian Senate, so that our plebian institution, now a byword and laughing stock, could be enriched from the stock of kings, and become in time the rival in august inutility of the House of Lords itself.

Such are some of the glorious boons it is in the power of the Federationists to secure for the Dominion, and by so doing earn for themselves the undying gratitude of their country. It is given to them to shape the destiny of this land in a manner worthy of its U.E.L. founders. Canada as a republic could have no future before her which would not be overshadowed and belittled by her southern neighbor. But as a transatlantic repository of old world ideas, kingship, lordship, class distinctions of every sort, as a kind of political junkshop, or antiquarian museum, where old cast-off fetters, and missing links of civilization may be displayed in all their harmless desuetude, her career may be pre-eminently unique, interesting and instructive.

WILLIAM MCGILL.

#### IN DAYS OF OLD.

O'BRIEN—"Yis, sor, as I was sayin', me family is descided from Brian Boru, wan av the ould ancient kings av Ireland in the days fwihin she was an independent nation, an' the bloody murtherin' Saxons was nothin' but savages."

MULLIGAN—"Sure, I'm descided mesilf from the Earl of Innishowen, more betoken."

O'BRIEN—"Av coorse! Ivery thrue Irishman can thrace back his ancistors to kings an' earls an' jukes an' the likes av thim in the days av ould."

(A Pause.)

MULLIGAN—"Say, Pat!"

O'BRIEN—"Fwhat?"

MULLIGAN—"I'm thinkin' that av a felly had lived in thim days it wud have been a foine sight entoiroye to see about two dozen av thim kings an' earls workin' on the railroad, wid their golden crowns an' illigant robes hangin' up on the finces contagious."

#### GO-AT HIM.

THE *Labor Advocate*, commenting on the fact of Mr. Coatsworth, M.P., for East Toronto, having given a pledge to support an eight hour measure predicts that the capitalists will do their best to knife him if he keeps his promise and adds, "We only wish that we could feel equally certain that if he violates it the workmen, without distinction of party, would down him on the first opportunity. They could if they would but——" What does the *L. A.* take the workingmen of this city for anyway? Goats?

#### CAN SUCH THINGS BE?

SAMJONES—"Awful affair, that murder!"

JIMKINS—"What murder? Hadn't heard of any."

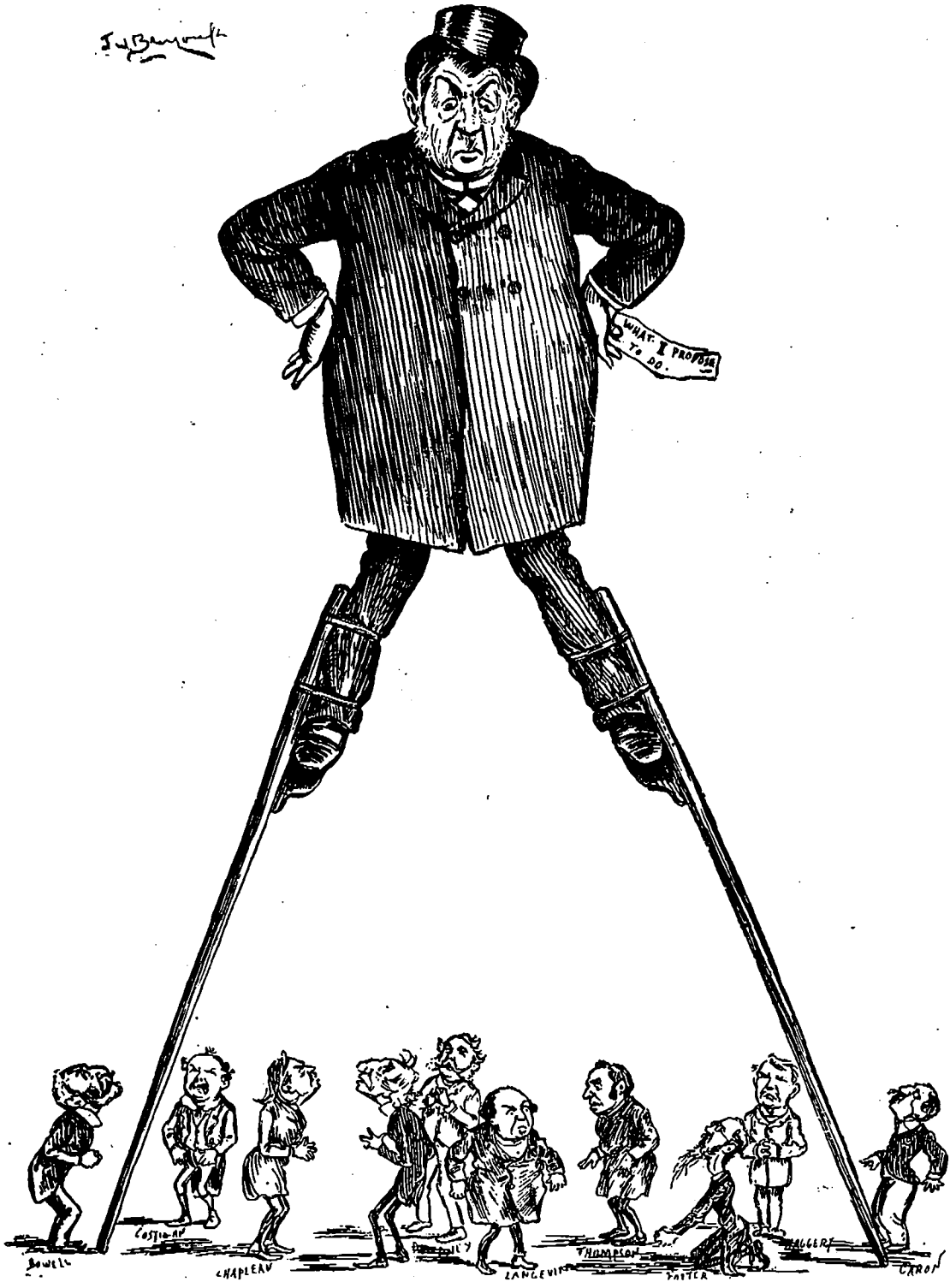
SAMJONES—"Why, the murder of Dean, whose remains were discovered tightly sealed up in a tin box."

JIMKINS—"You don't tell me. What Dean was that though?"

SAMJONES—"What Dean? Why sar-dine!"



*I. J. Bennett*



OUR RATHER HIGH COMMISSIONER.

"WHY, MAN, HE DOTH BESTRIDE THE WORLD  
 LIKE A COLOSSUS, AND WE PETTY MEN  
 CREEP UNDER HIS HUGE LEGS AND PEEP ABOUT  
 TO FIND OURSELVES DISHONORABLE GRAVES

*-Shakespeare.*



## YES, "IF."

CHOLLIE—"Have you read Lord Tennyson's last poem in the magazine?"

CHAPPIE—"Yaas; but I don't think much of it, don't you know. I could write as well myself, if I had a mind."

## THE NEWFOUNDLAND QUESTION.

NEWFOUNDLAND—

You fishing Frenchmen on my coast,  
You get right out of here.

Fishing French—

Bah! Vat you do about it, sare?  
Ve 'ave treaty rights, by gar!

Newfoundland—

John Bull, hear that! We call on you.  
Those treaty rights must go!

John Bull—

Er—well, no doubt—ahem—that is—  
Er—er—exactly so.

Newfoundland—

We'll stand no fooling, Mister Bull,  
We're mad as we can be.

John Bull—

Dear France—ahem—would you oblige—  
It's awkward, don't you see?

France—

Certainment—ve oblige ver' quick  
If you oblige us too.

John Bull—

Ah—mutual concessions—hem!  
What would you have me do?

France—

Our fishermen will leave dat coast  
If you from Egypt get.

John Bull—

Indeed—well, er—that's fair, of course,  
But still—ahem—but yet—

(The question stands.)

## NONCHALANT.

CUSTOMER—"Confound you, you have spilled that water all over me!"

WAITER—"Very sorry, sir. But it's good it wasn't soup I spilled on your clothes, isn't it?"

## THE THIEF OF TIME.

MR. FUNNIEBONE (at detective headquarters)—"My house was burglarized last night and a couple of watches stolen."

DETECTIVE (taking out note-book)—"Have you any clue?"

MR. F.—"No, nothing beyond the name of the depre-dator."

DETECTIVE—"Ah, that's a pretty straight one. Let's have it."

MR. F.—"Procrastination."

DETECTIVE (puzzled)—"He must be some new crook from across the line. Never heard of him before."

## EXPLAINED.

BOBBY—"Why do they call it Good Friday, ma?"

MA—"Because, as a general thing, my dear, Friday is a very unlucky day."

## SOMETHING OUGHT TO DROP.

PEMBERTON—"I understand that Dr. Allen is of opinion that the city water is full of organic matter."

MRS. PEMBERTON—"You don't say! Some dirty Italian organ-grinder I suppose has fell into the reservoir and got drowned! Ugh! It's about time that Mayor Clarke was unseated, or something."

## SOMEWHAT DUBIOUS.

GEORGE—"Oh, Amelia, ever since our first meeting have I yearned for the solace of thy love! Do not spurn me thus. Oh, say that you will be a helpmate to me."

AMELIA—"Well, since you put it that way, I may safely promise to be assister to you."

AN intending immigrant writes to the Commissioner asking if the bears that infest the country would prevent the keeping of sheep in Nova Scotia? The difficulty in the settled parts of the Dominion is not so much from the bears as from the bores. In the absence of the High Commissioner on important business in Canada, this reply has been sent by one of the numerous Deputies.

## KNOWN AIM.

A FEATURE of our enterprising contemporary, the Boston *Arena*, is the publication every month of a "No-Name Paper"—good scheme—so many of the papers published in the magazines these days have an unknown aim, so far as the ordinary reader can discover.

## OUR PROPOSAL.

[West Toronto Junction wants to have the "West" omitted from its name.]

A THREE-PRONGED name, it really is absurd, By all means let em ldp the initial word; And while they're at it cut off "Junction" too, Anull the town and let "Toronto, do!"



JOYFUL NEWS FOR THE FARMERS.

SIR JOHN—"Listen! I have evolved a new Policy to save you! It is this—go in for an improved system of Agriculture, and put your confidence chiefly in a superior grade of Cattle!"

## A COMMONPLACE ROMANCE.



## FRENCH vs. ENGLISH.

HE—"Miss Oldegal is a little *chic*, don't you think?"  
SHE—"little chick? An old hen, more like!"

## ANTI HOME RULE ARGUMENTS.



TORY EDITOR—"Say, Jimson, write an article on the Home Rule question. Point out that the Irish people by abandoning Parnell prove themselves to be a fickle, ungrateful lot, under the thumb of the priests, and therefore unfit for self government."

JIMSON—"But is it so sure that they have abandoned Parnell? Seems to me that he has a pretty strong hold on them yet."

TORY EDITOR—"Oh, is that so? Then write an article pointing out that by continuing to give their confidence to a man of besmirched moral character, and condemned by the Church, they show an utter disregard for the principles of morality and religion, and a slavish devotion to an ambitious leader, which demonstrates their complete unfitness for self government. D'ye catch on?"

JIMSON—"All right. I'll sock it to 'em."

## THE DEAR GIRLS

ETHEL—"There are no wrinkles on Miss Frostique's forehead yet."

MAUD—"No. There is no room for them."

## UNKIND.

DEBUTANTE—"I simply adore the music in that new opera."

CHAPERONE—"Is the leading tenor really as handsome as all that?"



ONEY mansion, spacious grounds,  
Fountains, gravel paths, and sich.  
Who lives there? Why, Russler does.  
Rich? You bet your life he's rich!

That's he, now, just driving home.  
How his pair of bloods *do* prance!  
Yes, he's had a great career—  
Sort of commonplace romance.

When from academic halls  
To the business world he came,  
'Twas in journalistic field  
First he courted wealth and fame.

Pretty soon he chucked the pen,  
(Money doesn't come that way),  
And renown he couldn't win,  
Notwithstanding his B.A.

Next he took to teaching school,  
As a step to something higher,  
Which was physick, for at length  
He to doctoring did aspire.

In which line he almost starved,  
Ere he very plainly saw  
That by natural aptitude  
He was just cut out for law.

So in time he duly passed  
The exams. at Osgoode Hall,  
Then a year or two disclosed  
'Twas an error, after all.

Then he took to keeping store,  
At which biz he flatly failed,  
Then in turn he auctioneered,  
Peddled, life-insured and sailed.

Still Dame Fortune held aloof,  
He began to curse his fate—  
hen—but you have guessed the rest—  
He went into Real Estate!

## THE dance loved by the ladies—attendance.



## HER DEVOTION.

AUNT MELINDY—"I trust you observed Lent as a fast time, dear."

MISS FLY—"Oh, no faster than usual, aunty."



### HOOLOGAN ON THE ROCK.

MRS. H.—“Shure, Mrs. Finucane, since the ould man has been out av work, he’s turned his moind to inventions. Just look at his lovely rackin’-chair—he’s made it all himself, out of his whalebarrow an’ his shpare pickaxes.”  
—*Funny Folks.*”

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**OLD vs. NEW.**

LADY DOROTHY—"These are the portraits of some of my ancestors. They were painted hundreds of years ago."

MISS NOUVEAU RICHE—"H'm, I don't think much of those old pictures. My papa always has his painted to order!"

*Pick-me-Up.*

ARMOUR & Co., have published a new receipt book showing the use of Armour's Extract of Beef in Soups and Sauces. Among the receipts is the following which we consider excellent:—

**SAUCE PIQUANTE.**

Place on the fire a chopped onion with a cupful of vinegar, reduce until nearly dry, moisten with a pint of soup stock No. 1, adding a teaspoonful of Armour's Extract of Beef, strain, boil up, adding a tablespoon of capers, a few small minced pickles, four minced olives, mix and serve with cold meats.

This cook book can be had free by addressing Armour & Co., Chicago, Ill.

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

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THE actress believes in long "engagements;" but she seems to favor short marriages.—*Puck.*

MISS FASHION—"How do you keep track of all your admirers?"

MISS FIRSTYEAR—"I memorize them by the letters of the alphabet."

MISS FASHION—"And may I ask by what letter Mr. Flower is known?"

MISS FIRSTYEAR—"Certainly; beau K."—*Long Island Life.*

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See page 228

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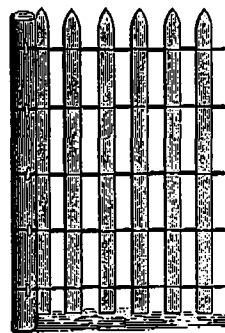
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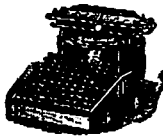
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