

GRIP

EDITED BY J. W. BEECHER

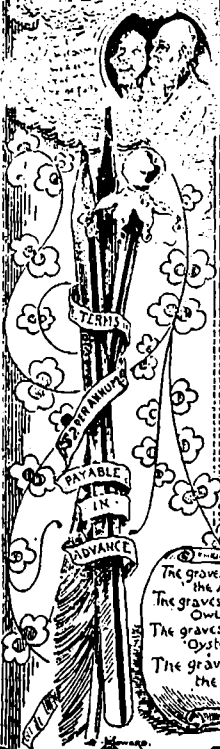
GRIP CO. ENG.

LITTERATURE

DISALLOWANCE.



J. W. Beecher



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

NORQUAY, A PRISONER OF HOPE.

"I had a long and earnest interview with Sir John, and impressed upon him the necessity of allowing the Provinces liberty to charter railways within their borders. I have hopes that the Government will do this." — *Norquay*, in *Winnipeg paper*.

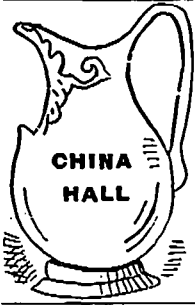
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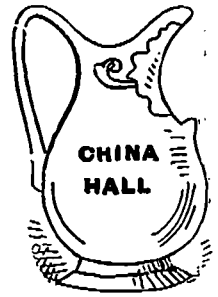
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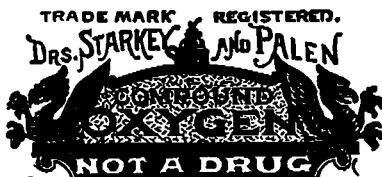
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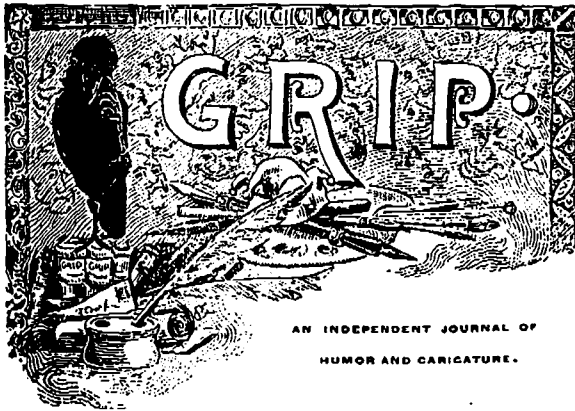
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HUMOR AND CARICATURE.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

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✂ See the announcement under heading "Grip's Gallery of Men of To-day" on page 9 of this issue.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Owing to pressure on our advertising space, and in order to give our usual quantity of reading matter, this issue of GRIP is 20 pages, without any advance in price.

Comments on the Cartoons.



FOOT-BALL AT OTTAWA.—The boys have assembled once more at the big Public School of Statesmanship, and the customary game of foot-ball is about to begin. The debate on the address is nothing more than the general rolling up of sleeves—it is an oratorical invention for the loosening of tongues and the waste of valuable time. "The play's the thing," as *Hamlet* observes. The boys are waiting anxiously for the ball to be dropped amongst them, and then the scrimmage will commence in earnest and the kickers will have a chance. If, as has been hinted, measures involving fresh subsidies to some of the smaller provinces are to be submitted, we trust the kicking will be vigorous and effective.

NORQUAY, A PRISONER OF HOPE.—Hon. John Falstaff—beg pardon, we mean Norquay—has got back to Winnipeg from Ottawa and has been regaling an interviewer there with an account of how desperately he fought the Dominion authorities for provincial rights in the matter of railway legislation. The story sounds very much like old Falstaff's account of his terrific affray with the men in Buckram. We have heard his pathetic narrative before, and we have seen him subsequently knuckle down before his Ottawa master like a very slave. As premier of Manitoba he occupies a pitiable position—entirely of his own making. By weakly allowing the rights of the province to be set at naught—through "party exigencies"—he now finds him-

self Sir John's helpless prisoner, piteously appealing for "liberty," and "hoping" that he may get it.

LORD RANDOLPH.—We see by the papers that Lord Kandy Churchill is going the whole figure in support of Salisbury and his coercion bill. That celebrated letter of Archbishop Lynch's must have miscarried!

THE KERMESSE.

"WHERE are you going, my pretty maid?"
 "I'm going to the Kermesse, sir," she said,
 "Otherwise to the fancy bazaar, kind sir," she said.

"May I go with you, my pretty maid?"
 "If of fancy bazaars you're not afraid—
 If of new-fangled fancy bazaars you're not afraid."

"What meaneth Kermesse, my pretty maid?"
 "Look it up in an etymological dictionary, sir," she said,
 "Webster, Worcester, or even Dr. Johnson, kind sir," she said.

"Will there be pin-cushions, dolls, fancy slippers,
 Antimacassars and other useful articles to buy, my pretty maid?"
 "No, only light refreshments, kind sir," she said,
 "Lightest of light refreshments, kind sir," she said.

"Then the Kermesse is a great invention, my pretty maid!"
 "You just bet, kind sir," she said,
 "I rather reckon it is, kind sir," she said.



AFTER THE KERMISS.

Clara—I suppose, dear, you feel quite wearied after your efforts at the Kermess?

Bella—Yes; the airs those Sniffington girls put on made me dreadfully tired!

Mrs. De Wiggs.—What made Mr. Homan's house burn down, Jack? *Jack.*—Spontaneous combustion, I believe. *Mrs. De Wiggs.*—Is that so! I heard somebody say it took fire of itself, but I didn't believe any such nonsense.

ON their wedding night, after the guests have departed. *He*—These presents are very elegant and must have cost a good deal of money, but of what use will they ever be to us? *She*—Of no use just now, dear; but they will prove very handy to raise money on to pay our divorce expenses.—*Boston Transcript.*

FIRST PASTOR.—I see that the demand for small coins still keeps up. **Second Pastor.**—So I see. Unless it is quickly gratified most of us will soon be preaching to pretty slim congregations. People stay away from church rather than be made to feel uncomfortable by not dropping something into the contribution box.—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

A BLACK RIVER REVERIE.

WITH silvery sheen the rounded moon
Illumines forest, lake and stream;
Like skeletons, the leafless trees
Wave answer back to night owl's scream.

The glistening snow, so pure and white,
Unsulled yet by earth's foul breath,
Mutely pleads for holier lives,
And innocence to last till death.

Fond memory flies, with pensive wing,
To brighter scenes in other lands,—
A father's eye, a mother's love,
The tender care of vanished hands.

And sad reflexion brings to view
Hell's direst curse,—a wasted life;
The closing scene must set in gloom,
When with regrets the heart is rife!

But, hark! what savage yells are those
(Commingled, too, with cries of pain)
That rend the stillness of the night,
And wake the world to life again?

The Indian's war-cry, too, I hear,
(Blood-curdling shouts that chill the heart)
And trampling feet, and shrieks that tell
That life and limb will quickly part.

Some fellow creature in distress,
Pursued by redskin's savage hate;
But vain will be the race for life,
For death will be the runner's fate!

And shall I let these devils wreak
Their vengeance on a white man's head,
And strike no blow, however weak,
To save him from a fate so dread?

With eager haste I seized my stick,
(The only weapon chance could give)
And vow by every sainted name,
"I'll either die or he shall live!"

I rush before the raging throng,
I lift on high my wooden brand;
With scornful jeers they bear me down,
And dash the weapon from my hand.

They raise me to my feet unhurt,
They point to him who flees amain;
With knitted brow they hoarsely shout,
His blood we've sworn our hands shall stain!

What are his faults? what is his crime?
I do not pause to ask or think,
The murderer's thirst burns in my veins,
The thirst that must have blood to drink.

I join as one the savage crew,
Forgetful of my solemn vow;
The madd'ning thirst for living blood
Turns pity into murder now!

By cruel fate, the flier falls;
With brutal yells we gather round;
Fast and furious rain the blows,
And blood-gouts stain the snow-clad ground.

Bereft of friends, bereft of hope,
His life he scarcely cares to save;
Reproachful eyes he bends on me—
Those eyes will haunt me to the grave.

Yet, still like tiger brought to bay,
Our victim fights in wild despair;
'Arf a brick I leave at 'is 'ed—
Somebody's Tom lies purrless there!

THE JUNIOR PICKWICKIANS;

AND THEIR MEMORABLE TRIP TO NORTH AMERICA.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

"WELL, Crinkle," exclaimed Yubbitts, bursting into his friend's room at about eight o'clock a.m., on the following day, "how are you this morning, old fellow? How's the snake bite?"

Crinkle had, for the past hour been tossing restlessly about in bed in all the agonies of a splitting headache, and when Yubbitts threw open his room door and entered his department, he gave vent to a dismal moan.

"Oh! Yubbitts, my end is not far off," he groaned, "I feel terribly ill."

"Pooh, pooh!" cried Yubbitts, "why, man alive, you'll be as right as a trivet after I've administered a dose to you," and he touched the electric knob and summoned a bell boy who sharply made his appearance. "Here boy!" he continued, "bring up a bottle of soda water and some brandy. Stir your stumps; cut," and the boy disappeared.

"How's your fist, Crinkle?" asked Yubbitts, "ha! got it bandaged, I see, well, that's all right. I say, old chap, how muzzy you were, ha! ha!"

"Yubbitts, this is no laughing matter," said Crinkle dolefully. "I should have been a corpse by this time if I hadn't taken proper precautions."

"By the lord Harry!" exclaimed his friend, "we thought you were a corpse as it was when we first found you; but bosh! man, you'll be all right in a brace of shakes. Thanks, boy," he said, as the lad returned bearing the articles Yubbitts had ordered, "here now, take this; there she goes, pop, fizz!"—as he let the cork fly out of the soda water bottle, "now, down it goes while it's fizzing."

"Oh! Yubbitts, why can't you say effervesce!"—

"Drink it up, I say, or I'll shove the bottle down your throat; there now, don't you feel better already?" as Crinkle gulped down the refreshing draught.

"Well, it has somewhat alleviated the distressing sensations I experienced," replied Crinkle. "Yes, I am better."

"Told you so," said Yubbitts, "now, get into your togs and come down. I say, I'm afraid Bramley's booked."

"Booked! how? What do you mean? Surely he does not intend to return to England."

"No, no; you mistake my meaning," returned the other. "No, I don't think he'll go home just yet, what I mean is he's dead spoons on Miss Douglas—clean gone."

"What! Bramley!" cried Crinkle in a tone of intense surprise.

"Yes, Bramley; no less a person than Bramley. Bramley the faultless; Bramley the impregnable; the invulnerable Thomas himself; taken at the first assault of the Douglas battery, ha, ha!" said Yubbitts laughing with an air of keen relish and enjoyment.

"I am surprised," was all Crinkle said; "I am surprised," and indeed he looked so.

"Well, get up, old man; here are your togs," and he threw Crinkle's inexpressibles on the bed; "now, turn out; I'm going down stairs," and away he went, whistling merrily, to find Bramley and Coddleby already in the parlor in which they generally passed their time at the hotel—when not in the dining-room.

"Ha! good morning Thomas, good morning Algeron," he said as he entered. "Why, Bramley, you look uncommonly white about the gills; what's the matter?"

"I do wish you would learn to talk a little more like a gentleman, Yubbitts," replied the person addressed; "your slang is highly objectionable."

"Well, but what's the row with you? Not ill are you?" continued the other, paying no attention to his friend's remonstrance.

"No; I am well, thank you," said Bramley, "but I passed a poor night."

"Ah! symptoms, I see," rejoined Yubbitts slyly.

"Symptoms; symptoms of what, may I ask. You speak in riddles, sir. I trust you have not visited the bar thus early," said Bramley.

"Oh! dear no; but never mind what I meant, it was nothing."

*"She was a charmer, fol de rol de ri do,
She was a charmer too."*

and he hummed a snatch of a song.

Bramley blushed as his friend's meaning dawned upon his mind, but he made no further remark, and in a few minutes Crinkle came quietly in, and sat down.

"I'm glad to see you, Crinkle," said Bramley, extending his hand, "but what ails your hand?" as his eyes fell upon that bandaged member.

"He was poisoned by some species of ivy, so Mr. Douglas said," interposed Coddleby, for he it remembered Bramley had not yet been informed of the true state of the case, and merely supposed that Crinkle had lost his way in the woods on the previous day.

"Yes; I got hold of some plant which injured my hand," said Crinkle, relinquishing the snake-bite theory, "but it is much better this morning." "Ah! I'm glad to hear that, but I—" what further he might have said was cut short by the sound of the breakfast bell, and the whole four went down stairs.

As Bramley was crossing the hall half an hour later, he was informed by the clerk that a gentleman wished to see him, and was waiting in the reading room.

"H'm!" muttered our friend, "wonder who it can be. Surely not Mr. Douglas already. However I'll go and see." Accordingly he stepped into the reading room where he saw a stoutish, respectably dressed man, with bushy side whiskers of the mutton chop design, but otherwise cleanly shaven, and apparently about thirty-five years of age, evidently waiting for some one. Approaching this individual, Bramley enquired if he wished to see him, at the same time stating his own name, which the other no sooner heard than he rose and bowed respectfully.

"Yes, sir," he replied, "you was the party, sir, as I wished to see, or, I should say, as was desirous of seeing me as stated in this letter," and he produced the missive which Bramley had written to Mr. Pengwitch asking him to call.

"Ah! then you are Mr. Pengwitch?" said Bramley, enquiringly, and the other replying in the affirmative, was invited to step up stairs into the sitting room where they would be more private, and where Mr. Bramley's friends had preceded him. Accordingly the two ascended the stairs, and were soon in the presence of Messrs. Coddleby, Crinkle and Yubbitts.

"This is Mr. Pengwitch," said Bramley, presenting that personage, "and now, sir, as Mr. Douglas speaks very highly of you, I should like to come to terms at once, provided, of course, you fully understand the capacity in which we desire to employ you."

At the end of half an hour's conversation, everything was settled satisfactorily to all, and our friends congratulated themselves on having secured the services of a man

who had so recently been over the very ground that they proposed to traverse.

"Sir Jasper, sir," said the new acquisition, referring to his late master, "was a most haffable gent and was pleased to say I gave hevery satisfaction. He hadmitted me to terms of hintimacy, gentlemen, wich was flattering to my feelinks, and I 'ope gentlemen, that my umble endeavors on your be'alves and in your suvvice will be appreciated."

"I've no doubt we shall get on admirably," replied Bramley. "By the way, I think we had better call you Roger; eh, Coddleby, eh, Yubbitts?"

"Oh! decidedly," replied those gentlemen.

"Well, then, Roger," continued Bramley, "I don't know that we shall require you to-day at all; so consider yourself at liberty to do as you please. Be on hand, however, to-morrow morning."

"Very good, sir," replied Mr. Pengwitch, "I 'ave the honor to wish you good morning gentlemen," and with a low bow, the valet, courier and "general utility" man left the room, nearly running over a boy who was just entering it, and who came to inform our friends that Mr. Douglas was waiting for them down stairs, with a young lady, at which information Bramley colored up like a great school-girl, and Yubbitts poked Coddleby facetiously in the ribs, and winked in a laborious manner with one eye.

(To be continued.)



AFTER THE HONEYMOON.

She.—Come, hubby, take me to the theatre to-night.

He.—Can't do it. I've only one ticket, and it's necessary for us to economize now that we are married. Good-bye, love. —Puck.

A NORTH ANDOVER man fell dead from exhaustion while running to a fire. Moral—Ride on the engine.—*Boston Globe.*



HE WAS CORRECT.

Irate Husband.—You've been going through my pockets again, and you've taken that five dollar bill! Now, I won't have it!!
Tantalizing wife.—No, that's so; you won't.

HE—SHE—IT.

A "Story" of Adventure—Rather!

BY RIDE HIM HAGGARD.

CHAP. VI.

LOVE AND FEASTING.

"OH! my darling, beautiful, exquisite Kallikrates," said He—She—It, "whom I have waited for for 2,000 years; come and embrace me. Give me a kiss. Another once again. That's lively! Now let me kiss you, dear." Leo looked shy, but was not the man to run away from this beautiful being. "I must have a tea-party to-night, love, for you and your friends. Go and amuse yourselves now and appear in full dress at 8 o'clock, sharp." We went.

The Guards Band was playing Dream Faces waltz when we arrived. The Amen niggers were busy lighting up. They carried old mummies from the tombs—stuck them up in the ground, and, striking an Eddy's telephone match, lighted the heads. They burned better than the Edison incandescent, and the supply was inexhaustible. Had lively dances with the Amen-niggers. Wanted to hot-pot us and eat us, but we declined. Were just about to transfix us with spears when *He—She—It*—is the *Thing which must not be further Declined*, came to our rescue and blasted them off the face of the earth.

Thus ended the feast.

CHAP. VII.

LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

"Kallikrates, Kallikrates, my darling, we must wed, but you're not fit to mate with me. You must first get perpetual youth. To-morrow we start for the little liver pill factory in the mountains. When you have eaten, you will be all right."

• We started with palanquins. Travelled 5,000 miles in two days. Climbed a mountain 100,000 ft. high. Slid down a hole in the top 20,000,000 miles into the centre of the earth. Feris sweeping all round through a huge cavern boiling caldrons of decoction of little liver pills. "Here we are boys," said He—She—It. "You must get into that caldron and swim about—You will then be young and beautiful for ever. Drink plenty of the fluid." "Go first yourself and see how you like it," re-

torted Leo. "Nay, my beautiful Kallikrates, would'st see me swim. Thy wish is granted."

She unveiled, disrobed, took a header into the caldron and swam about most gracefully, drinking in plenty of little liver pill syrup.

CHAP. VIII.

THE END OF ETERNAL YOUTH.

She jumped out of the caldron and approached us. What a change! Hair dropped off—Skin shrivelled up. The two thousand year old beauty became a little old mummy in two minutes. She shrieked a shriek which echoed through the vast abyss and then fell down dead.

Moral: one or two little liver pills are very good, but don't repeat the dose too often.

CHAP. IX.

WE ESCAPE.

We climbed up the hole 20,000,000 miles. Rushed down the mountain. Found Billy and the bearers. He said, "Where is *He—She—It*, or '*the Thing which must not be further Declined?*'" Replied "expired!" He said "flee!" We fled. Caught two lions and rode them in a bee line to the coast. Time 2.40. Distance 1,000 miles. Took ship and sailed home to Canada, and found ourselves settled in our snug quarters at University College. Thus ended our daring adventure.

THE END.

THE THEATRE FREE-PASS FIEND.

THE Editor of the *Telegraphic World* and I are old friends—very good friends indeed. We two 'ran about the braes and paided in the burn," (what ever that means) many a jolly evening together, and didn't go home till morning either. You bet! and no matter how busy Mac would be he liked to have the lounge around the sanctum. Never thought of knocking at the door, just walked in and slapped him around with all the abandon of old acquaintance. But I was pulled up last Saturday forenoon. Indeed, I haven't got over it yet. You see, I wanted to get a pass for the Opera, and Mac, like the good fellow he is, generally provides me with these handy autographic scraps of paper. So I started up-stairs through the office, and seizing the door knob I applied my knee to the panel as usual, but to my surprise it didn't budge. The door was shut and locked, and on the outside close to my nose was this legend tacked on to the door—in large caps, too,—

GONE OUT.

I was so stunned I could only stare at the card, when a small Diabolus with a handful of copy, nudged me as he passed, and with the leer of a demon enquired softly if I ever got left. I cannot account for the phenomenon, but I observe that wherever there is an embarrassing situation, there also is the small boy taking audible notes. For answer I turned my eyeglass full upon him, when he vanished into the lower regions.

"Ah—wh—where is the Editor?" I turned to enquire of the clerk. That cad merely took his pen from behind his ear and pointed to the legend on the door.

"But, ah, that explains nothing," I cried indignantly. "Where's Mac? When do you expect him back?"

"He ain't coming back!"

"What!" I shouted, staggering back as I thought of the rich Miss Cowboyhat, whom I had asked to go to the Opera that night. "What! do you actually mean to say that Mac has levanted without leaving me a pass for the Opera?"

Before the clerk could reply, the key turned rustily inside the door, it opened cautiously, and through the chink I discerned the eye of Mac gleaming on me like a section of the Koh-i-Noor. Presently his big head, wild and dishevelled, widened the aperture, and glancing cautiously around, he crooked his forefinger and beckoned me to come in. In some alarm I whispered enquiringly to the clerk,—

“D. Ts.?”

He smiled and shook his head.

“Duns?”

“No, Sir! we are spot cash every time.”

“Come in if you’re coming,” growled Mac in a deep basso-profundo. And after taking another look at the pupils of his eyes I followed him into the sanctum, the door of which he shut fast and locked violently.

“Has it come to this, Mac?” I said sympathetically. I was safe to say that whatever was up.

“Yes, it has come to this,” he said, barricading the door with his big chair into which he dropt grimly. “It has come to this that I’m forced to become a prisoner in my own office. Look here, O. B. Sheppard has been the ruin of me. It has got abroad that he allows me the privilege of passing in a few friends occasionally to the Opera house. Very good of O. B., very good, indeed—press privilege and all that. But mark the penalty,—Lucius, I’m a haunted man! all the impecunious cads of the city are after me—”

“Sir,” I interrupted here, “do you mean to insult me?”

“Why! what do you mean?” he queried dreamily; “you are not after me, are you? Oh, I forgot, you want to go to-night; all right! But,” he added with renewed fire: “I tell you it’s terrible, this haunting, this watching, this pursuing, this shadowing of a man for tickets. If a fellow was hard up I’d lend him a dollar, or get him a cord of wood from one of the charitable institutions,—but I’ll be hanged if I think I ought to provide Opera Tickets for people who are too mean or too hard up to pay for them. More than that, all the girls they take with them have high hats—why, bless you, no one who pays for their tickets wear high hats—they are too sensible—too lady-like—too considerate of others. Lucius—here’s a pointer for you, when ever you see a girl with a high hat at the Opera—set her down as a dead-head, then count the number of high hats, and that will give you the sum total of the persecutions I have endured throughout the day.”

So saying, Mac moped his forehead with a morning *Globe* and looked at me. To describe my feelings with ordinary pen and ink were out of the question. I thought of Miss Cowboyhat’s head-gear, and felt a weakness that I could not account for stealing over me. Suddenly we heard voices in the office. Mac put his finger to the side of his aquiline nose, and smiled grimly. “Hush!” he said.

“Don’t know, I’m sure,” the clerk was saying.

“Well, tell him to be sure and leave that pass for me so I can have it as I return—don’t forget, now!” said a voice, and presently the footsteps vacated the office.

“Don’t he wish he may get it?” said Mac, as he opened the door to let me out—“by the way, Lucius—don’t you want that pass,” he added kindly.

“No, thanks,” I replied, and I hurried over to the nearest book store and wrote a note to Miss Cowboyhat, regretting that a sudden indisposition would deprive me of the pleasure of accompanying her to the Opera. After which I went home and went to bed a sadder and a wiser man.

MRS. DOOLAN ENCOUNTERS A DUDE.

’Twas as purty a mornin’ as ever dawned when I started for Peterbory, dressed out in me foinest, to do honor to me arrahstocratic frind, Mrs. O’Hooligan; but as GRIP isn’t a fashion periodical I will lave out the description of me illigant straw bonnet wid blue and purple trimmins’, and me foine red cloak, an’ me green alpaca dhress (jist mentionin’ that I looked very gintale), and procade to descroibe me thravels. Musha! The soights yez’ll sec in yer thravels, sich as ye’d niver know there was in the worrld if yez stayed at home all the toime! Why, I’d hardly got sated comfortable in the car on wan of thim little red sofys that’s provided for the thravellin’ public to sit upon whin I saw the quarest little crayter sittin’ forninst me, wid the slimmest little sthicks o’ legs I iver saw, an’ he wore a pair o’ throwers that was made for a shsmaller pair of legs than the wans they was on, an’ he had the oddest little coat, sich as Patherick niver wore in all his loife, an’ it belonged to somebody else; I’m sure of that, fur it was too short fur wan thing, an’ too big in the shoulders fur another thing, and wan of his oyes was so wake he kept a bit of a glass over it, tied wid a shtring, to hide the wake ness, an’ it giv him sich a gashly look I couldn’t take me oyes off of him. “Av ye plaze, miss,” siz I to the shmoilin’ gurril in the sate behind me, “Wud ye tell me whate-iver is that over there?” siz I, pintin’ him out wid me finger. “Oh,” siz she, shmoilin’ more than iver, “That’s wan of the dudes.” “Dudes is it,” siz I, “Bedad, an’ they’re a quare family if he’s a spicimin’,” siz I. And thore he sat, blinkin wid the wan good oye, an’ workin’ an’ fidgettin’ wid what I tuk to be a cowl’d sore on his top lip, till I couldn’t sthand it to see him, so I siz to him, siz I, “Let it alone, Mистер Dude,” siz I, “It’ll get bether all the quicker if yez don’t meddle wid it,” siz I. “What do ye mane?” siz he, sittin’ up straight, an’ lookin’ mad enough to ait me up for me good advice, an’ the people all around a’ grinnin’ and laughin’ at the bad manners of him; but then I see whin he tuk his hand down the cowl’d-sore was no cowl’d-sore at all, at all, but was going to be a mustache in toime, wid care and the roight tratemint. So I up an’ siz again, “Yiz must excuse me Mистер Dude, for me natural mishtake, but I thought it wuz a cowl’d-sore ye had on yer lip, there.” Wid that iverybody burst out laughin’ again, they was so plazed wid me straightforward apology; but the little fellay had no manners at all, at all, for he scowled blacker an iver, an’ ups an’ shstarts for the shmokin’ car; an’ glory be to Pether! He looked shtranger than iver whan he wiz walkin’, wid his toe turned out and his arms hild in the quarest fashion, wid his ilbows out an’ his hands bent in, for all the worruld (savin’ yer prisence, Mr. Grip) like he was wantin’ to scratch himself, but didn’t loike to afore so many shtrangers; I’ve seen some jist that bashful.

Now, Mистер Grip, I hope yez’ll belave what I’ve tould yez; which is more than Pathrick would do whin I tould him, for he siz, siz Pathrick, “’Twas drammin’ ye wuz, siz he, for his kapers wud niver lit a poor thing like that thtravel about by himself;” but it’s the truth I’m tellin’ yez, an’ he was only one of the many strange soights I saw on me journey.

DERRY DOOLAN.

THE roll of honor—That which has no alum in it.—
Whip.

THE light of other daze—The red nose from last week’s drunk.—*Dansville Breeze.*

THE LOST CORD.

(Music by Sullivan.)

SEATED one day in the office,
I was weary and ill at ease;
And my fingers wandered idly
Among my noisy keys,

I know well of what I was dreaming,
And of what I was thinking then,
Where, where had I laid that string away
Last night at a quarter to ten?

It was just the right length and thickness
For the parcel I wanted to tie,
And I knew I had laid it somewhere—
Where no one could find it but I.

I sought, but I sought it vainly,
That one lost cord of mine,
Which came and was lost, oh! so quickly—
I must look for some other strong twine,

I borrowed a piece of the clothes line,
And the parcel was sent on its way:
When wishing to sharpen a pencil
My hand to vest pocket did stray

In search of a knife, when a tangle
My wandering fingers struck—
And *there* was the string I had looked for!
That's always my sort of luck!

But I put that old string in a drawer,
And labeled it properly; so,
Whenever I want a small piece now,
It's there, and I know where to go.

G. O. N.

WHAT SHALL I DO WITH THE GIRLS?

It isn't the easiest thing in the world for a lady to bring up a family, or rather to speak with the accuracy expected from a Mrs. Pencherman, to know what to do with the girl part of it in a small town like Rural Dell, when having emerged from the tom-boy, bread and butter state, they come home from boarding-school full-fledged young ladies, eager for tasting the delights of freedom, the glories of trains and skirt improvers, and in all the delightful exuberance of that romantic time of life are ready to conquer or be conquered, and not a young man in the place worth the trouble, though I may say *en passant*, that such beaux as we have capitulated without any hesitation before the glowing roses in Molly's cheeks and the elegance of Jane's manners. Naturally I wouldn't feel satisfied to have them begin as Lucius and I did, and work their way up in the world step by step; but then, alas, it is quite true to adopt the sentiments of a poet, that in their native town,

" Full many a girl is born to live un-woo'd,
Or waste her beauty on the *poor and crude.*"

Not but that the few young men in the place are nice enough, hard-working young fellows, honest, and all that sort of thing, but as the dear girls say "they ain't a bit nice," and of course the education my daughters have received makes them a bit particular; they take after their mother in that, though perhaps a passing glance at their Pa as I make the remark may tempt you to smile. Don't. A member of Parliament is elected for greater purposes than other people's amusement. But to return to the girls, we've done our best to amuse them. They've been to Ottawa, and picked up all sorts of nice ideas; not about politics, but sweet, æsthetic ideal theories of life, ideal theories that will require them to marry

millionaires; but being an observant mother, I see no such husbands waiting for them on their native shores, so I am constrained to leave their future to fate, and indeed the present is as much as I can manage to take care of. You see in Rural Dell the people are so busy with the every day affairs of life they do not as a general rule make the pursuit of pleasure the first object in existence, and Molly and Jane find home-life dull in the extreme after the amusements of fashionable society, and they get out of spirits when they contemplate the meagre supply of pleasure offered them in their own town. I've tried giving parties, but with four or five young ladies to every gentleman, they weren't as entertaining as they might be; and then Rural Dell has only two or three bank clerks, which makes matters worse. And time does hang so heavily on Miss Pencherman's when they come home from visiting. Lucius grumbles and wants to know why I don't make the girls useful. Now that's just like a man. After spending hundreds and hundreds of dollars to turn them off ornamental, to expect they'd take kindly to working and sweeping when they're just full of nonsense and looking out for a grand time. As I said to their father, if you'd spent years of your life learning the elegancies of life and literature, and taking care of your complexion, do you think that directly you were finished, you'd enjoy spoiling your hands in the kitchen? In the spring-time of young lady-hood, utilitarian ideas are positively repugnant to girls brought up as my girls have been; time alone can change the effect of their training. Besides, if things were otherwise, I'd like to catch him eating any of their culinary experiments,—only the affection of lovers or newly-made husbands could be equal to such a task. Dear children we've educated them to be highly decorative, as it were, and I'm not going to have them blamed for it, though in thinking of the possibilities of life, I sometimes wonder if for a Canadian Rural Dell existence they haven't got a little too much finish, and in the few quiet moments of a very busy life, I can't help asking myself now and then, What Shall I do with the Girls?

J. M. LOES.



HIS MAIDEN EFFORT.

" Mr. Kicker,—er—I mean Mr. Speaker, your elevation to that chair teaches us all the great benefit of judicious bolting, and I rise to let the Gov'ment know that *my* support this session depends on whether I get that charter I'm after or not!"

A FELLER dond can get away mit himself. So it was besser dot he make himself so goot vat he can.—*Carl Pretzel.*

GRIP'S GALLERY OF MEN OF TO-DAY

No. 1.—SENATOR SANFORD.

WITH this issue GRIP presents free as a supplement, a lithographed portrait of Senator Sanford, of Hamilton, Ontario. In our recently published lithographed plates of Reform and Conservative leaders, the public already have authentic portraits of those in the front rank, and GRIP proposes therefore to occasionally send out a carefully executed portrait, with memoir, of men who, while not so widely known in political life, are nevertheless prominent in their respective parties, and are especially prominent in those pursuits to which they have more especially given their attention. We herewith present the following

MEMOIR OF SENATOR SANFORD

The Honorable W. E. Sanford, we see by the "Canadian Parliamentary Companion," for 1887, is a lineal descendant of Thomas de Sanford who was knighted by William the Conqueror on the battle-field of Hastings. Among his ancestry in the American branch of his family was Ezekiel Sanford, engineer, who built Fort Saybrook, Conn., in the year 1626.

The subject of this sketch was born in the city of New York in 1838. His parents dying when he was very young he was sent ere he had reached his seventh year to live with his uncle the late Edward Jackson, Esq., of Hamilton, Ont., one of the pioneer merchants of that city, whose singular uprightness of life and large benefactions to religious, educational and charitable enterprises gained for him a widespread confidence and respect. In the home of such an one and surrounded by the most salutary influences he was brought up, and to this formative period of his life may doubtless be traced many of those elements of character which have since distinguished his career. His first position was in the employ of the publishing firm of Farmer, Brace & Co. of New York, with whom he remained a number of years. After leaving them he returned to Canada and we next find him in the firm of Anderson, Sanford & Co., carrying on a large foundry business in London, Ontario. It was at this time that he was united in marriage to Miss Jackson the only daughter of the gentleman before referred to. The happiness of his married life was not of long duration, for in less than two years his wife died. The blow was a severe one to him, and withdrawing from the firm and business in which he was engaged, he returned to Hamilton. A long period did not elapse before his restless energy led him to form a combination with some New York capitalists and engage in the wool business, in which line he speedily achieved success and won for himself an enviable name.

In the year 1861 he formed a partnership with Mr. Alexander McInnes, a brother of Senator McInnes, under the style of Sanford, McInnes & Co., and commenced the line of business which he has continued in to the present, and in which he has achieved his greatest success. To this branch of trade Mr. Sanford brought every quality that was requisite to the enlarged development of it. He had an eye to see, a brain to conceive and a hand to execute, and from a small beginning he has succeeded in working up for himself a business of magnificent proportions. The number of hands to which his firm gives employment is probably exceeded only by the large railway and such like corporations, and his business relations extend to every province of the Dominion. The personnel of his firm has changed several times, and now the business of which he is sole proprietor is conducted under the style and firm name of W. E. Sanford & Co.

In 1866 he was united in marriage to Miss Sophia Vaux, daughter of the late Thomas Vaux, Esq., of the House of Commons, Ottawa, a lady whose kindly disposition and active beneficent and Christian work throughout the city have made her beloved and respected.

As a contributor to charitable and religious enterprises his name is well and widely known. In the church to which he belongs he stands as one of its most liberal representatives, and outside the church he figures as a generous supporter of nearly all worthy and

deserving objects. By his action in dividing a portion of the profits of his business among his numerous employes, to which action publicity was given a short time ago, he has shown himself the kind of employer from whom if many would take example the bitter feeling and strife between capital and labor would be largely extinguished. Mr. Sanford is a strong supporter of the Macdonald administration, and in the late political contest did perhaps more than any other man to secure the election of the Conservative candidates for his city.

It has been his good fortune to be honored at the hands of the Government of the day by being appointed to the Senate of the Dominion. Expressions of almost universal satisfaction have been made respecting the appointment. Political opponents and friends have united in commending it, and of his eminent qualification for it there can be no manner of doubt. That he will be able to do good service in the Senate chamber his large experience as well as intimate knowledge of all parts of the Dominion are a sufficient guarantee.

A NEW OVERTURE TO MARTHA.

ONCE more the intrepid Alphonso de Brown evolved a plan to make the fair Araminta Van Goldstein bury the past in oblivion and trust her never-yet-touched heart to his tender care. He was naturally fond of music; so was she. Why, then, should not the advent of Patti, with her train of operatic stars, chase away the long darkness that had clouded their love? This was the question Alphonso propounded to himself as he cut his chin, whilst shaving the morning before the sale of tickets commenced, and as he rubbed a little alum on the wounded part, he involuntarily whistled some of the choicest *morceaux* from "La Traviata" and "The Waterman." Alphonso was enacting a scena from Lucrezia Borgia, assisted by the razor and strop, when a loud knock came at his chamber door.

"Hello," sang out Alphonso. There was no other reply than a second knock on the outside.

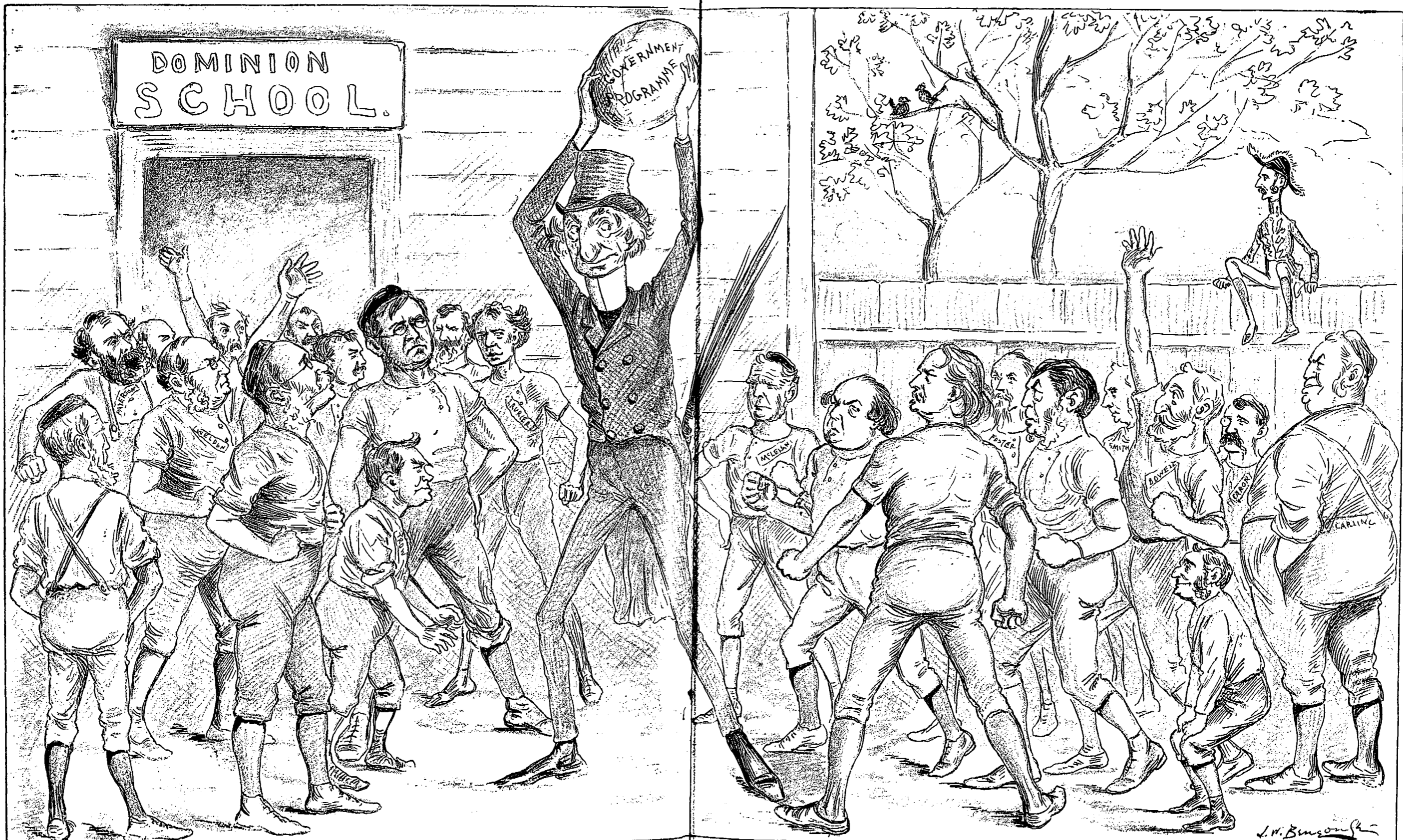
"Come in," warbled Alphonso, as he reached upper G and sliced a piece of thumb off. Still no response other than a series of raps. The amateur tenor wrapped his hand inside a towel, assumed his smoking cap and dressing gown and opened the door. There stood Sally, the servant, holding a letter:—

"Please, Mr. de Brown, missus says if you're not down inside of five minits, you'll have no breakfast." Alphonso seized the letter, paying no attention to the menial's message, and exclaimed, in tones of such exulting joy that Sally bolted down the stairs four at a time, "Great Scott! am I mad? Do I dream? 'Tis—yes, 'tis her own dear little snake-fence hand writing." Hastily tearing open the golden-crested envelope, Alphonso read the following:—

"Dear Alphy,—If you take me to the Patti concert, all will be forgiven. Ma joins me in love. From your own little ten-cent, Minty."

"Not much of the ten-cent about it," muttered Alphonso, fondly, as he pressed the loving epistle to his lips, "unless it's the white rose on the paper," he added, as he removed it. "Ten dollars is nearer the mark; but what of that?"

Another knock at the door. Alphonso replied by his immediate presence. Sally again appeared. "Please, Mr. de Brown, here's the laundresses' bill, which missus says you'll hev to pay yourself and will be glad to get a dollar or two on account of herself." Alphonso dropped an oath and the letter. "Tell the laundress to leave one clean shirt out, with collar and cuffs attached, and I'll call for the rest next week, and," added Alphonso, tenderly, "Sally, let her have ten cents for me like a good girl.



FOOTBALL AT OTTAWA

"I'll pay you back to-morrow, if it costs me two lagers." Sally obeyed.

Alphonso walked forth breakfastless and hungry to business and borrowed ten dollars on his seal-coat from an enterprising member of the second-hand fraternity. He secured two seats in the very front row of the Opera House, where he knew his Araminta could display her new wedding-cake hat to all the audience. He was always thoughtful. For a week he dreamed of Patti, of Scalchi and of Araminta by night and whistled daily all he could remember of operas, comic and otherwise. Every evening he visited the Van Goldstein mansion and was the favored guest. The talisman that gained him admittance was the concert ticket which he sent in with his card; but which he took charge of afterwards by Araminta's request. What a lovely time the happy couple spent during the week! How they played and sang through "Faust," "The Pirates," "Rigoletto," "The Quaker," "Il Trovatore," "Madame Angot," and other classical masterpieces! He whistled and she played the banjo, whilst the toy-terrier added his tribute by a long protracted falsetto whine and the cat ran mewing round the house in alto because the wind was high. But the climax came on the eventful evening, when Alphonso, arrayed in a hired dress-suit and borrowed crush, called with a cab for the sweet Araminta. The neighbors flocked to their windows and gazed as she daintily jumped over the mud-puddles of the front garden and reached the cab door. Dressed in mauve silk, with real lace trimmings, bearing a bouquet of the choicest exotics, the fairest girl of the Van Goldstein family looked bewitching, indeed. Away they whirled and reached at last the Opera House. After considerable pushing and squeezing they reached the vestibule and Alphonso put his hand into his vest pockets, one after another, then through his pants pockets and finally, as a cold perspiration broke out upon his brow, he reached the lattermost receptacles of the hired coat. Almost choking with dismay, he gasped in a whisper to the ticket collector, "I've left them at home." Araminta fell like a chestnut at a minstrel show and was taken home by Alphonso in the very cab that had brought them. He left her still senseless on her doorstep, rang the servants' bell, and ran home, not caring to face her mother. After searching all over his room, he found the tickets at ten minutes past twelve in the revolver receptacle of his nether garments. Araminta recovered at the same hour. P. QUILL.

WE wonder what the bald spot on a temperance lecturer thinks when it is dosed with bay rum.—*Fall River Advance*.

A REQUEST ACCEDED.

"HULLO, Mike; I hear yer on a strike."
 "So I am. I struck for fewer hours."
 "Did you succeed?"
 "Indeed I did. I'm not working at all now."—*The Chief*.

MAC'S POINT OF VIEW.

SPORTSMAN—(trying a greyhound)—"That dog won't do at all, Mac. It never smelled the hare."

Mac.—"Well, I don't know. It's a good dog—a ferry good dog—shust ass good a dog ass you'll maybe get, but—*the hare wass in an awful hurry*."

[Mac. had an interest in the dog.]—*The Bailie*

FROM OUR MONTREAL MAN.

A PAINTING recently donated to the Art Gallery here is one of still life—that is a tramp at work. It is called "Reddin' the Nets."

* * *

THE craze which was so prevalent here some time ago for transforming old towels into anti-macassars and other useful articles of drawing room decoration has become a thing of the past. It was crewel work.

* * *

ARTIFICIAL pressure has put the price of gas stocks at a high figure and the same cause has increased the consumption of gas here. A new fact in science has thus been made known; atmospheric gas, or what is usually known as common every-day air, will burn and is worth \$1.50 a thousand cubic feet.

* * *

LANDLORDS are unable to supply the demand for houses here, and tenants are unable to supply the demand for rents.

* * *

It has often been said marriage is a lottery, but it is also a bet—one to one.

ALAS! POOR BARRIE

MR. GRIP, SIR,—"The destroyer is abroad! and one of the time-honored landmarks of the past is to be swept away! The prosperity of the town is endangered by the passing of a cow by law.

One of the chief attractions of the town is being done away with. No more shall be heard the tinkle of the cow-bell at eventide or the gentle roar of the cow at midnight! The town will fall back into oblivion and obscurity, and the streets will become overgrown with grass!

Now shall timid ladies be compelled to walk on the sidewalk and enjoy the unwonted pleasure of an unobstructed way

The gardener also will fall into poverty because no longer will he be called upon to repair damaged lawns. Why, I ask, is this thing allowed?"

* * *

As these thoughts passed through my mind I was reminded of an unprovoked attack upon another of the attractions of Barrie, the beautiful (*really beautiful*) by A. H. O'B., which appeared in GRIP a short time ago. This notice, I know, affords endless amusement to occasional visitors, and for that reason alone, I think it should be allowed to remain. Another reason why it should be venerated is that it was put there during the time of a council which believed in allowing us all the privileges of having the cows with us. I think it ought to be kept as a memento of that right-minded council. Besides, the fact of the word fence being divided as it was showed a spirit of economy which ought to be *encouraged*.

W. H. B. S

WHEN one girl sees another wearing a new hat, she turns green with envy. When a boy gets a licking he inclines to yell-o. Some men are deeply red, others have a madder color; while an occasional P. green might be found if you rose early in the morning. Any Irishman will a-gray wid this.

A CELEBRATED case.—Sweetzer.—*Texas Siftings*.

A FLAT failure—a poor pancake.—*Boston Courier*.

A PEN picture—a photograph of a piggery.—*Boston Gazette*.

THERE'S nothing strange in a blind preacher's citing the scriptures.—*Yonkers Gazette*.

PATTI says she doesn't dynamite less heartily in spite of the bomb.—*Somerville Journal*.

A LAD cannot expect to be dressed up like a man until he is through being dressed down like a boy.—*Texas Siftings*.

WE dropped our watch the other morning and dented its case. Curiosity seekers can come around any day and see "The Nick of Time."—*Cedar Rapids Gossip*.

HE talked of the woes of the strikers,
And widely he brandished his first,
Till somebody begged a subscription,
And then he was suddenly missed.
—*Somerville Journal*.

"I REACH and reach, but cannot grasp," writes a certain poet. We would advise that poet to adjust his suspenders before he puts on his coat and vest.—*Lowell Citizen*.

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In May last, the Toronto Steel Wire Mat Co., W. J. Ramsay, proprietor, removed to larger quarters, with increased machinery and facilities, on Wellington Street, this city, where they employ some 80 hands, and cannot overtake their orders. The prosperous condition of this Company must be attributed to the successful career of Mr. Ramsay as a wholesale merchant. Energy and rare business tact combined won for him the reputation of being one of the shrewdest financiers and managers in the trade. His success with the Mat Co. is only a natural sequence. These Bessemer steel woven wire mats will not easily wear out; they require no shaking, as they clean themselves; they do not fill with dust and dirt, and can be left outdoors without injury from rain or exposure, being galvanized and japanned in all parts. They are sold, it is said, in all the English-speaking markets of the world, from Ceylon to New Zealand, are adapted for churches, schools, hotels, offices, stores, dwellings, railways, street cars, steamboats. All of the principal banks, schools and churches in Toronto use these celebrated mats.

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THIS is about the beginning of the season when nature thinks most about the clothes of the season.—*Yonkers Gazette*.

BOSTON girls, they say, are not usually successful as telegraph operators. They are so easily shocked.—*Somerville Journal*.

THE wail of the discarded sealskin sacque is: "I'm done fur."—*Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph*.

AN old theatre goer says he has observed that the more homely the occupants of a private box are, the more conspicuous they make themselves.—*Norristown Herald*.

THE way that England pacifies
A tribe, when strife perplexes it;
A garrison she first supplies,
Then captures and annexes it.
—*Texas Siftings*.

IF the surplus has got to be pensioned out we suggest that it be divided among the poor proofreaders who are compelled to read the magazine war articles.—*Railway Advocate*.

JONES (speaking to his friend, the editor, about the death of Brown, the millionaire) — "How much is he worth, I wonder?" Editor (absent mindedly) — "Not much. Not more than a quarter of a column at the outside." —*Graphic*.

FITZGERENCE O'DONOVAN HOOLE,
With a keg of cold powder did fool,
And up from the alley
Fitzterence did sally,
To return when the weather gets cool.
—*Life*.

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TORONTO.

A CORSET is properly described as a mis-shapin' thing.—*Merchant Traveller*.

THE obituary column in the Philadelphia *Ledger* continues to show a striking variety. This is because it is so much die-versified.—*Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph*.

AN agricultural journal contains an article headed, "How to Train Steers." This will probably be followed by an article entitled, "How to Steer Trains."—*Norristown Herald*.



HOLD ON! LORD RANDOLPH!! DIDN'T YOU GET MY LETTER?

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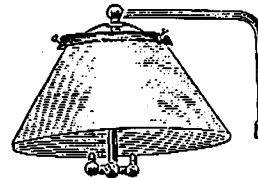
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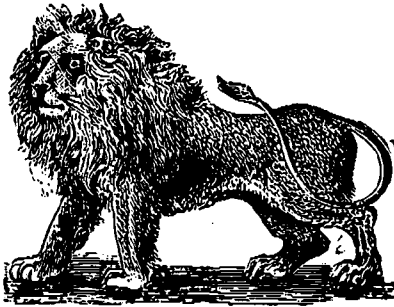
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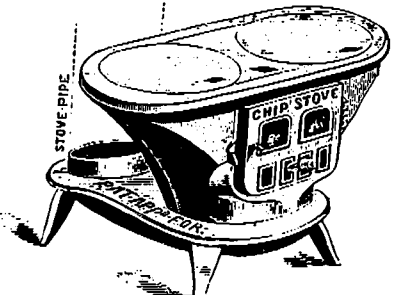
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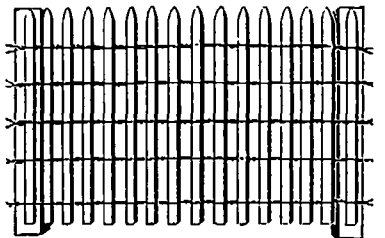


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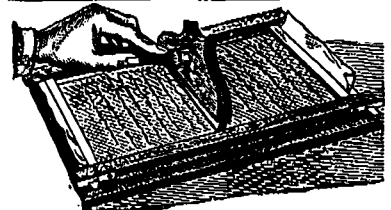
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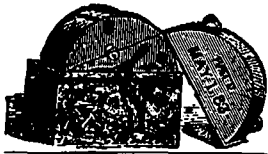
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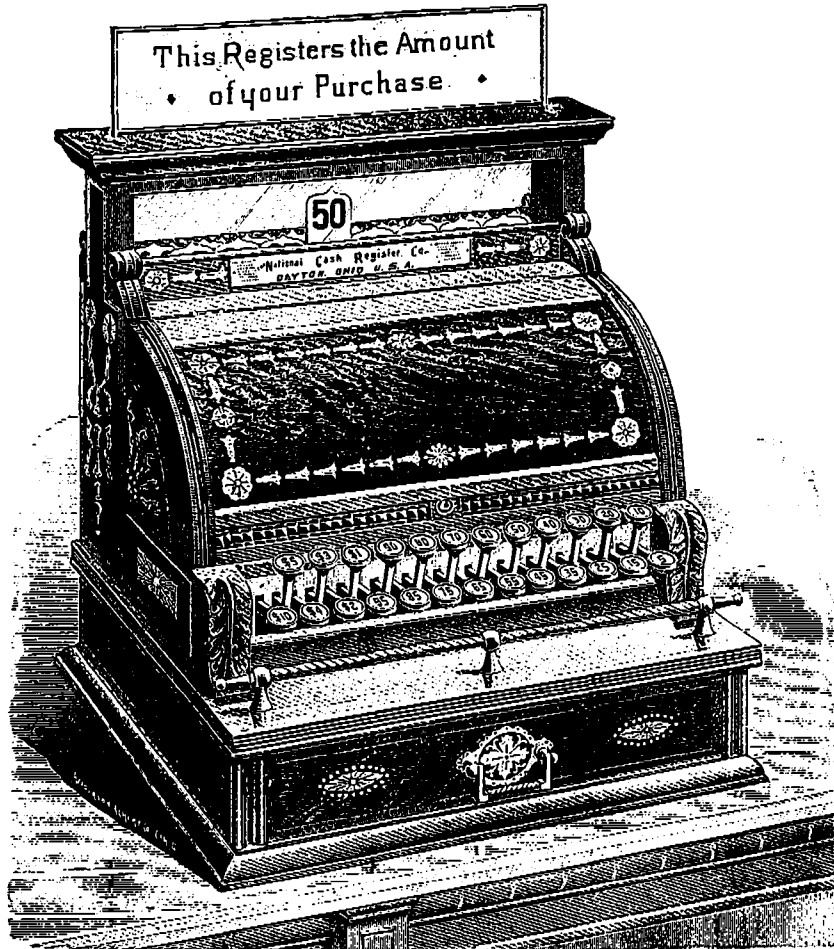
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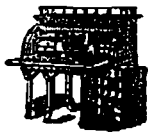
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