

THE GRIP

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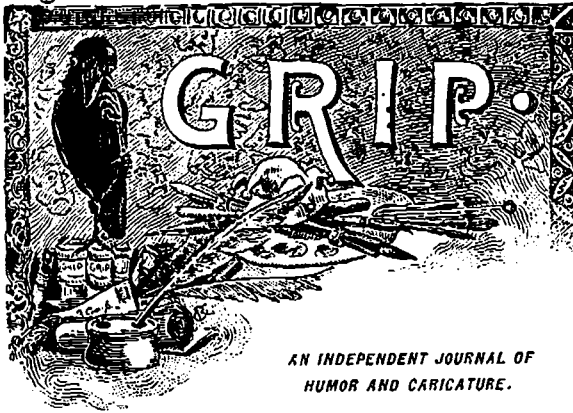
INDEPENDENT JOURNAL OF HUMOR AND CARICATURE



READY TO HIS HAND.

BYSTANDER.—"There, Laurier, I've rolled some good solid balls for you, now let's see you throw 'em!"

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Comments on the Cartoons.



TWO OFFICIAL LANGUAGES.—
 "As useless as the fifth wheel of a coach" is a phrase which has long done duty as a synonym for the superfluous. The well-worn expression might now be superannuated in view of the debate on Mr. McCarthy's bill, and the equally apt and more timely simile, "as useless as two tongues on a North-West cart," substituted. And yet the vehicle in question requires two tongues just as much as the Governmental machine of the Territories does. Notwithstanding the absurdity of the idea, it is by no means

certain that Mr. McCarthy's bill which provides for the removal of the French official tongue will be allowed to pass. Room No. 8 is to be reckoned with, and any institution, however ridiculous and burdensome, which is calculated to serve the turn of the Hierarchy, may safely count upon the support of the French members at Ottawa. The dual language in the North-West is such an institution, for its effect is to keep the people apart, and prevent the growth of a sound public sentiment. The futile hope that in some miraculous way the Great Lone Land may be transformed into a second Quebec, is also present to the minds of these gentlemen, and will strengthen their opposition to the Bill. This means that the measure will be defeated, for such a thing as a patriotic union of Grits and Tories to carry it in the interests of economy and common sense is hardly to be hoped for.

MR. TEMPERANCE FOSTER & Co.—Dr. Landerkin's motion in favor of granting rebate of barley duties to the exporters of fat

cattle as well as to the exporters of strong drink, was brought up in the House last week and defeated by a majority of sixteen. Let not the casual reader conclude that this slim majority was due to a recognition by the House of the unassailable logic of the doctor's resolution. Logic has no weight with party sheep, as everybody ought to know by this time. It was simply due to the accidental absence of a large number of Government supporters, who, had they been present, would have joined their friends in recording their contempt for those unhappy dupes of the N.P.—the farmers. There was no attempt made to justify the position of the Government in extending a favor to the concoctors of drunkard-making liquids which is denied to the producers of honest beef. The only "argument" used was that the rebate "don't amount to much, anyhow," which might as well have been used in favor of as against the motion. The vote puts Temperance Minister Foster in an unenviable attitude before the country, but his feelings are apparently the last thing it occurs to his colleagues to consult.

READY TO HIS HAND.—The last number of *Bystander* contains some valuable hints for the Opposition at Ottawa—specifications of points upon which the policy of the Government can be successfully assailed. It remains to be seen whether Mr. Laurier will avail himself of the Professor's kindness in rolling these formidable balls for him.



THE Franchise Act was metaphorically torn to shreds and tatters in the House of Commons last week. Unfortunately, it was only metaphorically. Notwithstanding the entire reasonableness of all that was urged against it, and the utter weakness of the arguments by which some few ministerialists pretended to

defend it, the shameful measure still disgraces our statute book. We are speaking in no partizan spirit when we describe this measure as shameful, for surely no man of honest and independent judgment will deny that that term is applicable to an Act, the one and only object of which was to secure a party advantage at the general expense, and thus to set at naught the institution of responsible Government. While the Act remains in force it serves to mark the depth to which partizan villainy is capable of going.

PRINCE BISMARCK has been announcing once more his intencion of retiring from the Chancellorship, and "transferring Prussian affairs to younger shoulders." It is not stated that this chestnutty utterance was greeted with tinkling little bells, but we have no doubt it called forth the German equivalent thereof.

THE great subject which Mr. Thomas G. Shearman will deal with in his lecture on the 14th inst.—"The Menace of Plutocracy"—is one which ought to interest the people of Canada as much as their neighbors of the States, for the conditions are the same in both countries. It was this utterance of Shearman's, first made at Portland, Oregon, that gave rise to a debate throughout the Union, which is still raging in the leading newspapers and magazines. What the speaker claimed—and proved—was that the wealth of the United States is going with startling rapidity into the hands of a few plutocrats, and this by virtue of the system of indirect taxation. Mr. Shearman is one of the leading lawyers of New York, and one of the best known and most highly-respected citizens of that great city.

HIS Grace, the most Reverend Archbishop of Kingston, seems to be blessed with a lively imagination. By its subtle working, the matter-of-fact Mr. Meredith, the "pseudo-Conservative" leader of Ontario, who has in a rather halting manner declared for sound British doctrine

regarding the relations of the State to the citizen, has become a "fiery demon from the gates of hell" who "has announced in his hapless London speech that he will run his sword through the Catholic Church and sever the sacred bond of duty and affection and mutual confidence between the bishops and the faithful people."

* * *

GRIP lays a wreath of kind remembrance upon the tomb of the late Mr. John G. Howard, the noble old man to whose generosity Toronto is indebted for the munificent gift of High Park, made some years ago, and which has now been supplemented with a bequest of forty-seven acres of beautiful forest, including Colborne Lodge, the fine residence of the deceased, with its valuable pictures and furniture. Few of our citizens have any idea of the beauty of this park, but as it becomes familiar to our holiday-makers we are certain it will inspire feelings of gratitude and affection which will long keep the memory of Mr. Howard fresh in the popular heart.

SCOTTIE AIRLIE AROUSED.

AIRLIE MAINS, CLYDESIDE,

Jan. 25, '90.

DEAR MAISTER GRIP,—I ken ye'll just be fair upliftit at the thocht o' hearin' frae me again. Indeed, I was just tellin' my freens here the way the hale establishment on Front Street wad be a hooekin' an' hoorayin', an' dancin' fowersome reels on tap o' the dasks i' the office when the letter would come in, an' hoo the very auld stuffed crow, yer ain statue, would open his lang glued beak an' croak oot "Encore!"

Ay! heh! heh! but what a dooncome there'll be when ye ken the way I've been afflicket a'e way an' anither sin' I landit here. It was ill enouch to be tellt that in Canada we a' gaed to the kirk arrayed in snaw-shoon an' shotguns; that Toronto is cradled in the Rockies, an' that the rural toons are infested wi' a kind o' bear they ca' Tramp, that, like the pestilence, stalketh in darkness, an' think's naething o' chappin' at a farmer's door an' demaundin' victuals in braid daylight. An' I felt it *very* keenly when an' auld woman next door speired at me a'e day if my bairns were niggers!

But a' this, Maister GRIP, I bore wi' a patience, an' dignity, an' lang-sufferin' that micht hae drawn pity frae the heart o' a stane. I just calmly laid it a' to their ignorance, an' the way they had been brocht up. But when it cam' to be the Marquis o' Lorne! a man o' eddication an' experience! ane o' oor ain ex-Governor-Generals! misrepresentin' the kintra that he aye pretends to be sic a freend till, my certy! It was mair than I was able to stand. A'e day I sees advertteezed, in letters a fit lang, "Love and Peril: A Story of Life in the Far North-West," by the Marquis of Lorne, A.B.C.D.E.F.H.I.J.K.L.M.N., etc. (I dinna ken if I've set doon a' his titles in cronological order, but hooever, ye'll find them in the alphabet, an' ye can arrange them to suit yersel'.) Weel, I declare, then an' there, I aff wi' my bonnet, an gies a great "hooray!" for noo, says I, they'll get the truth about Canada by ane that kens; an' in I gaes to the shop an' I buys up a' they had o' the paper it was published in, an' ordered fifty mair copies for private distribution. A' that day I daundered up an' doon the streets, an' when I wad meet a freend I wad say, wi' a calm an' serene smile on my coontenance, "Hoo are ye the day? Hae ye seen the new weekly that's oot? A grand an' truthfu' description o' Canadian scenery an' customs in't." An' I wad slyly slip him a copy oot o' my pooch, an' awa he

wad gang, readin' the Marquis's story. At last, when I had distributed aboot a hunder copies this way, in a white heat o' patriotism, I comes hame, an doon I sits an' begins to read the story mysel'. Ye've heard tell, nae doot, o' folk's hair growin' white in a nicht, but my hale face grew white, black an' a' colors, when, readin' the description o' a camp oot on the Saskatchewan, I lights on this oot-racious an' oncalled-for libel, this infernal lee! "*The days now began to be chilly, and the nights far from warm. But we found abundant fuel in the CORPSES that fringed the north bank.*"!!! Weel, I've heard o' corpse cannels, but never o' corpse firewood.

Maister GRIP, I havena sleepit a wink sin' I read it. We are a patient folk, an' put up wi' a gude deal for the sake o' Auld World sentiment, but, ye ken, naebody could submit to be lee'd upon like that. Na! na! we maun draw the line at human cordwood. I'm dunè wi' the Marquis, an' shake his lecin' dust aff my very fect.

Yours, in patriotic wrath,* HUGH AIRLIE.

* We are glad to hear from our honest Scottie, but should not his patriotic wrath, in this case, be directed against the intelligent compositor, who has put an unnecessary "r" in the word "copses," and not against the worthy nobleman who wrote the story in question? This is worth investigating.



PORTRAIT OF MR. BLAKE.

AT THE CLOSE OF HIS ADDRESS IN THE GREAT RAILWAY CASE.

MENTAL ARITHMETIC.

SMART ALECK (*from College*).—"Say, farmer, if I can prove that your two horses are equal to three, will you give me one?"

FARMER.—"Done; it's a bargain."

S. A.—"Well, the bay horse is one, and the white 'un is two, and two and one make three. There! Now, which one may I have?"

FARMER.—"Oh, you can have the third."



THE DINNER BELL.

A COMPANION PICTURE TO THE ANG—L—S.

THE DINNER BELL (with its frame), one of the most expensive works of art in the United States, was painted by John Millet Francois in three assaults with a whitewash brush and a trowel, the sky being laid in with a garden-hose. The work was originally sold as an advertisement for Crushem's Scrambled Oats, and the artist has depicted the peasants at the moment when a loud ding-dong summons them to a trencher full of the delicious and wholesome food. The fragrance of the evening meal will be detected by persons with Roman noses, while the beholder, if his ears are long enough, may catch the ting-a-ling of bells which are kept constantly ringing in a chestnut grove just out of sight in the distance. Fortunately, before this picture was lithographed for advertising purposes it was seen by a member of an American Syndicate, who at once drew his check for \$500,000.00. This extraordinary work of art will make the tour of the United States in a special baggage car of sixteen wheels, and will be exhibited in the leading dime museums between New York and San Francisco.—*Time*.

ECHOES FROM OTTAWA.

(By our Own Sweet Reporter.)

COMPLIMENTED BY A MINISTER—OTHER ATTENTIONS ENJOYED AND ACKNOWLEDGED—SIGHTS, SCENES AND INCIDENTS NOW FIRST AND EXCLUSIVELY NOTED—SOME IMPORTANT STATE SECRETS DISCLOSED.

OTTAWA, Feb. 12th.

HAVE been having a real busy time of it, interviewing ministers and visiting the stores, but as the ministers do not appear to have a great deal of leisure to spare to interviewers, I have all the more opportunity for shopping. I think Ottawa stores are simply delightful, and the gentlemen clerks are all so handsome, well-dressed and obliging. I believe I would not care half so much for this reporting if it were not for them—I mean, of course, the stores.

Would you believe it—yesterday I was complimented on my work by one of the finest-looking and most polished of

the Cabinet. I asked him what he thought of my style—as a writer, you know—and he said, with a positive wink and a graceful bow, that he considered me an exceedingly fair reporter, and he only wished there were a few more like me in the Press Gallery.

I told my male reporter friend, Owen, about this little flattery of my charms—as a writer, you know.

"Who was it?" he grimly asked. "Caron—to know, would you?" I mischievously queried. And the stupid fellow actually failed to perceive my little pun. So much for male obtuseness.

This courteous and obliging Minister, whose name I will not for the world disclose—to Owen—whether he cares or not—told me, in strict confidence, a great many secrets which he had just learned. The Militia Department were preparing, he said, for an insurrection of the Equal Righters, Orangemen, Jesuits and Opposition members of the House combined. This force were making ready for an attack on the Treasury Benches. I remarked that if they took the Treasury Benches away and burned them, there would then be no place for the Government and their supporters to sit, and that consequently they would have to—

"Appeal to the country," interrupted the Minister.

"What for?"

"For more lumber to build new benches, my dear—young lady!" sadly answered the honorable gentleman. And, do you know, I felt real sorry for the poor man, he seemed to view the outlook so gloomily and despondently! He told me a great many more plans which the Government has maturing, but I cannot just think of them at this moment. Besides, I have to get up and fix my back hair in a new style I got acquainted with down in one of the hair-goods stores. Oh, if I had time to write you an account of all the new things I saw and learned in that place!

Everybody who knows me treats me with respectful, and, indeed, in some cases, most marked attention.

One old but gallant M.P., who is very deaf, fancied my name was Miss Nye. He at once concluded that Bill Nye was my brother, and went on to say how much he relished that gentleman's able and scholarly writing, especially on religious topics. Wasn't this just too funny for anything?

Another time, a pale-faced and youthful member of the Gallery corps said to me: "Your name is horribly suggestive of political editorials *Empire* style. But yet, so much do we reporters appreciate you for your intrinsic worth, that we really love to have Anna nigh us!" He said this without a tremor of his voice or a suggestion of emotion on his delicate countenance!

One day, as I was proceeding along a corridor, I encountered a person with his hair parted in the middle, and his face bearing the intelligent look you may have noticed on a crock of hog's lard. With a great effort he enquired: "Aw you—er—the—aw—I mean—aw—er—one of the—aw—new type-writers in the—aw—the—er—the Department—aw—which I am—er—employed in? I—aw—cawn't membaw—the—aw—name at pwe-sent."

I just looked at the unfortunate fellow an instant, and then coldly answered: "What, in the name of peace, would make me a typewriter? And further, if I were, why, under the sun, should I tell you about it? Why, my poor man, as it is now you do not seem to have grasp enough of your mental faculties to—"

But he had tottered away.

I have noticed that a good many members greet me more distantly when their wives are with them; and yet I do really want to know the ladies as well as the gentlemen. You can get more gossip from them, I think.

Mr. H. H. Cook is such a big and fierce man that if I were Mr. McCarthy I would never, never face him in a





MR. TEMPERANCE FOSTER & CO.

FARMER.—"This is not a fair shake—granting a rebate of the barley duties on liquor exported, and refusing it when the barley is turned into fat cattle!"

MINISTER FOSTER.—"Quite so; but what are you going to do about it, Hayseed?"



CONTRADICTORY.

EFFIE—"I do like Mr. Smiler, don't you, Marie?"

MARIE—"Yes, he's so droll."

EFFIE—"He is funny, isn't he, especially when he's serious!"

contest, unless the police were always near. Now, no one ever said this before!

I have a lovely little joke: Why is the average M.P. a lawyer? Because, when he enters the House, he is called to the Bar. Do print this, please! I told the red-nosed member who gave it to me that I would get it put in type for him.

Later on I will try and find time to write up Parliament's proceedings. You'll not mind waiting, will you?

In conclusion, I send you the following memos of work cut out for next week at the suggestion of my friend Owen:—

- (1) Ask Mr. Langevin for a hair of his goatee.
 - (2) Enquire of Mr. McNeill if Jenny ever goes out riding now.
 - (3) See whether Mr. Clarke Wallace really believes that Orange Incorporation will make the fruit cheaper.
 - (4) Prevail on the Governor-General to get the editor of the *Globe* down to Rideau Hall on a visit of friendship—and observation.
 - (5) Tender Mr. McMullen Davy's advice.
 - (6) Get Jim Trow to let me see his whip.
 - (7) Offer to help the Finance Minister to tot up the figures in the increased Expenditure column.
 - (8) Sing for Mr. Blake, "Where did you get that hat?"
- Yours ever, ANNA NYAS.

HEARD IN THE WARD.

MULHOOLY—"Say, Fogarty, do yez iver rade the *Impire*, I dunno?"

FOGARTY—"Yis, begobs, now an' agin."

MULHOOLY—"Fwhat's all the row they do be makin' over Ned Farrer? They say he's a traitor, d'ye mind?"

FOGARTY—"Och, batthershin! fwhat av it, anyway? Sure, ivery wan knows he's a traitor. I've seen him trate meself, many a time."

HIS LAST VOTE.

OLD Podgers always cast his vote
Upon election day,
He braved the rain, or sleet, or snow,
Whoever stayed away.

And though the man he voted for
Was not the one who won,
He always seemed contented with
The sense of duty done.

But illness smote this good old man
Full grievously and sore,
And soon he feared he never would
Deposit ballot more.

Yet when election day drew near,
With many sighs and groans,
He drove out in an easy rig,
And cast a vote for Jones.

His family his zeal extolled,
And bless his memory still,
The proceeds of that ballot paid
The undertaker's bill.

WILLIAM MCGILL.

SCIENTIFIC ENQUIRY.

AN electric light employe was stringing some wire in a small northern town, where the plant was just being put in. A youth from the country, who ambled along, watched him for some time, and then said:

"Say, mister, how big of a hole is through that wire?"

"Hole!" was the astonished reply, "why, there is no hole at all."

"There hain't, eh? Then how in thunder does the electric oil get to the lamps?"

GAGLEY—"Jay Gould is a mighty rich man, but there are times when he doesn't know where he's going to get his next meal."

BAGLEY—"The deuce you say. What times are those?"

GAGLEY—"When he's travelling."



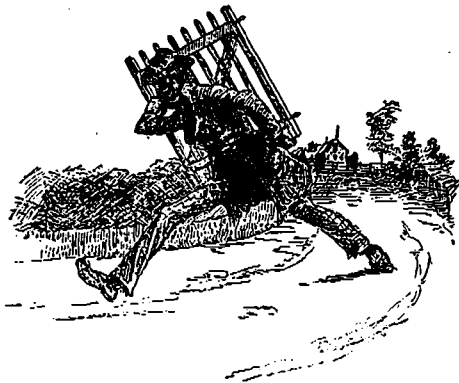
A DOUBTING THOMAS.

"If any one around here is buried in the snow and wants assistance, I wish he'd be sensible enough to say so."

FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS.



"He heeded not her approach so completely was he wrapped in his newspaper."



"With loose swinging gate, but a rapid stride he came up the lane."



"The sudden appearance of the woman whom he supposed dead riveted him to his seat."

SOME SESSIONAL BUSINESS.

THE time for receiving private bills has been extended by the Provincial Legislature.

Among others leave will be asked to introduce the following :—

A bill to copyright the old quips, anecdotes, yarns and jokes of the Reform Club secretary. [This will be Preston the House.]

A bill to provide for Anglin(g) all the year round (despite existing game laws) with a free and full supply of bait, notwithstanding any want of knowledge, skill, or other good qualities. [Something *must* be done in this matter to avoid what threatens to be a mammoth and gaseous nuisance.]

A bill to amend the Taverns License Bill, and to require the Toronto License Inspector to do as King James VI. did when he suspected gunpowder. [Is the Inspector afraid of that "vault-ing ambition which o'er-leaps itself and falls on the other side?"]

A bill to inflict heavy penalties on all members of the House, who, coming to town charged with yarns, attempt to unload them on other members, knowing that they dare not retail them in the presence of ladies and gentlemen.

A bill enabling residents of Montana, Dakota, Oklahoma and other States and Territories of the U.S., to act in various capacities in the House, for a consideration. [The sooner Mr. Mowat gives this *his* consideration the better.]

A bill to amend a bill intituled a bill to amend a bill, intituled a bill to amend a bill to amend the Public and Separate School Act. [This bilious subject will be handled by Bill G. Ross and Bill R. Meredith. Other Bills may dip in.]

The following enquiries will be made :

MR. MEREDITH.—Why was not the honorable member for Kingston appointed by the Minister of Education as his-story-ographer and lie-bray-rian ?

How much is the job worth a year, anyhow ?

Whether the Bar of the House as is the Bar of the House is the only bar *in* the House ?

MR. CREIGHTON. — Whether the Government will arrange for a plebiscite at next general election to ascertain the views of the great Conservative party on the question of a United Empire, as he finds it impossible to act as Emperor in the present state of affairs here and at Ottawa ?

MR. BALLANTYNE.—Whether it is or is not the intention of the Premier to forbid members shouting to him (Mr. B.) when he rises to address this House, "Cheese it, cheese it?" [Do they make his blood curdle ?]

MR. GIBSON (Huron).—When the next general election will be held, and if it is worth \$3,000 a year to do nothing a year, how much should a man get annually for historiographing and librarianizing ? [The latter question has been withdrawn.]

THE GHOST OF BURIED HOPE.

POTTA DESPONDENS—"How cruel the world is towards budding genius! The *Idler* has followed the example of the other magazines, and refused to publish my little poem on 'The Divine Ideal.'"

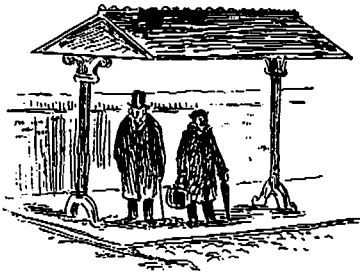
AMICUS CONSOLENS — "Never despair, my dear friend. A future age will find your poem to have been over the head of the sordid journalist."

POTTA DESPONDENS—"Alas! no. If it is ever found at all, it will be found to have been under his table."

RUBB-ISH—The Massage Treatment.

"YES," said the Irish fiddler at the country dance, "they've invoited me here to give *tone* to the feshtivities."

RANDOM SKETCHES AT GANANOQUE.



The Umbrella.
(Cold Weather Station of T.I.R.R.)



"The Neurth av Ireland, begobs."



Gents' Furnishings.



Sleighs and Things.



The Capt'n.



"The Assistant Postmaster-General."



The Beak.



His Worship.

HOOTS FROM THE OWL.

No. 1.

DEAR BROTHER GRIP,—Will you let me make a hoot or two from your perch? I must complain to something else than the moon. These times are so revolutionary that my ancient solitary reign is being sadly molested. Everything is always being "reformed" nowadays. I expect they will soon pull down all the ivy from my tower in order to "reform" that. What changes I have seen in my lifetime, to be sure! In my chickenhood there was only the old church in the parish, to which all, rich and poor, would come of a Sunday. Those were good old quiet times; humdrum if you like, but peaceful. Then came John Wesley and raised a tremendous stir; and soon the chapel was built. After that it was "Hurrah, boys!" all the time; no rest for the wicked, or the godly, either. Denominations multiplied, and the cry was, "The more the merrier; more regiments in the

one army!" At last the old church, with its ivy-mantled tower—Wesleyan, Primitive, New Connection, Congregationalist, Plymouth Brethren, and last but not least, the Salvation Army barracks. It's enough to turn one's feathers the wrong way. In my visit to this new country I find it worse yet. Then all at once, before one has got quite used to this state of things, comes another "Hurrah, boys!" for another "reform." The cry now is, "We are too much divided. Let's unite! Let's amalgamate these regiments; it's only waste of powder to have so many. Unity! Union for ever!"

I must confess this last cry suits me well enough. Let us retrace our steps a little; let us "reform" back again. But all this hurly-burly business in religion don't suit my tastes. And, to tell you the honest truth, brother GRIP, I don't think it has made the world much better, or made men more kindly disposed. There is too much rivalry and opposition about it. This competing, racing, high-pressure, shut-down-the-valves, river-greyhound way of conducting religion may bring some quicker to their destination; but there are too many boilers burst, and snags struck, and steamboat companies embarrassed, and too much obsequiousness to rich cabin passengers, and too little attention to steerage and deck hands, and too great a disregard for the poor wretches on shore who beg for a free passage, to more than balance the account. Oh, yes! Union for ever! I'll gladly join my hoot to the general cry. Perhaps they will leave me my old ivy-mantled tower yet!

Yours,
OWL.

MA GINN TEE

AMONG the falls occurring, ever since that fateful day, When Adam in the orchard gave himself and Eve away There is one which happened lately in this land of liberty— I shall call it, for the present, just "The Fall of Ma Ginn Tee."

Doubtless you have read the story of the fall of Babylon; And know how the Roman Empire burst and went to Sheol and gone; You're acquainted with the tumble that left Nap far out at sea— But not one's a patch, believe me, on "The Fall of Ma Ginn Tee."

When the Tuscan army stormed the bridge, the others let 'er go, And brave Horatius—wasn't it?—prayed: "Father Tiber, O!" Before, with harness on his back, he jumped *a la Brodee*— Well, that picture's not a tin-type of "The Fall of Ma Ginn Tee."

You know all about how Wolsey got a very sudden drop, You can recollect how Cromwell found himself at last *de trop*— Pardon my linguistic license, but I want you all to see That neither fall compareth with "The Fall of Ma Ginn Tee."

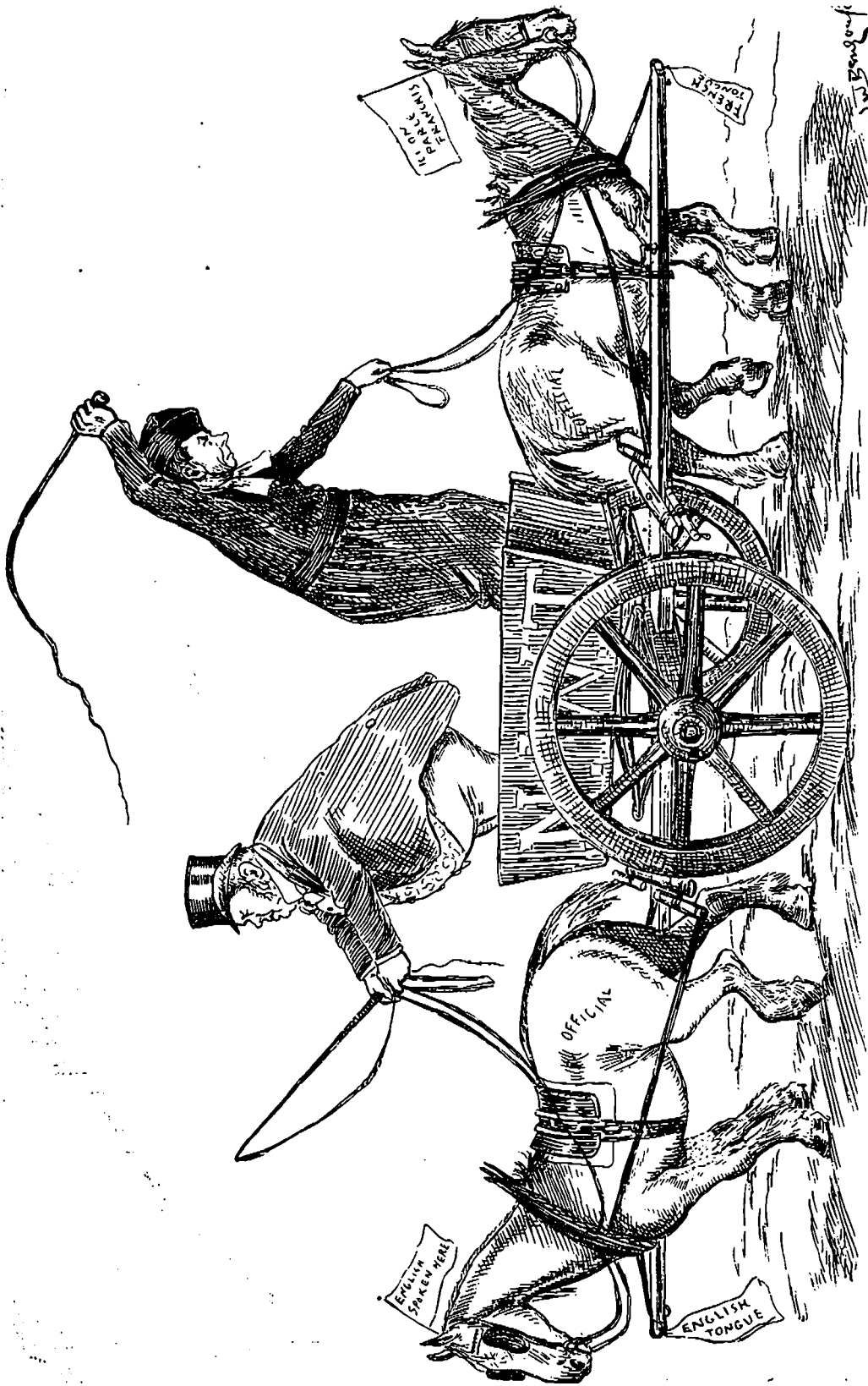
If you care to take Niagara, I'll wager that its fall When set up against my hero's must go flop against the wall. Choose Fall River, Massachusetts, with its hum of industry— Pshaw! It's not the first suggestion of "The Fall of Ma Ginn Tee."

Say you cite the dreary autumn as a likely kind of fall— Why, you'll find it really hasn't got the slightest show at all! Or, "What a fall, my countrymen, was there!"—just let that be, Because it's downed completely by "The Fall of Ma Ginn Tee!"

I'll just tell you of this tumble and relieve you of suspense; I shall do no further betting, and so save you more expense. You might guess from now till Doomsday and never wiser be As to the victim of this fall—"The Fall of Ma Ginn Tee."

So, here goes for the story: But stay! Need I proceed? By the grin upon your faces I suspect you've got me treed, Yes, boys, I'll own the jig is up! You're dead right on to me! The tumble was McGinty's—not "The Fall of Ma Ginn Tee."

T.



TWO OFFICIAL LANGUAGES.

"AS USELESS AS TWO TONGUES ON A NORTH-WEST CART."

HEAD OF FIRM—"Mr. Travers, while you were at lunch, your tailor called to collect a bill. I am surprised and pained, sir, to learn that you are in arrears. Isn't it possible for you to live on your salary?"

TRAVERS—"Certainly it is, sir; but you don't expect me to support my creditors, too?"—*Clothier and Furnisher.*

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary, the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Send by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 520 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

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REV. SANDPATE—"When was he converted?"

DEACON DEWGOOD—"About two weeks after he married that fiery Smith girl."

AN actor must feel quite friendless when he can not get anybody to take his part.—*Boston Com. Bulletin.*

"HULLO, Mithter Ithaacth, whot ever are you doin' of?"

"Why, Mithter Motheth, my daughter Rachael vos married thith mornin', an' they chucked enough rice at her to make a pudden. It theemth a pity to vathte it." (*Works away in the snow in front of his house.*)—*Funny Folks.*

MR. LONELY VILLERS (*turning suddenly to Suspicious Character, who has been following him home*)—"Please, sir, gimme a dime to tigt a cup of coffee; I've just walked all the way from Albany. I don't want it to buy whiskey with—indeed, I don't."

UNSUSPICIOUS CHARACTER—"Blast my soul! To think I've been shadowing a blamed old pauper for over three-quarters of a mile!"

THEY'VE ALL GOT IT!

Bishop Cleary:

Arrah, oft when the evening hour is still,
 I drop loike a saint on my knees
 To pray for the sowl of Meredith Bill
 But the prayer is spoilt by a sneeze,
 Kerchoo!
 Bad scan to the Bill and the sneeze!

Now isn't it quare whin oi'm kneelin' there,
 Big Archbishop down on his knees,
 That Meredith's sowl should be out in the cowl,
 Bekase it was bust by a sneeze?
 Kerchoo, whoop!
 Arrah, bad luck to the cowl and the sneeze!

Wm. Meredith:

While a cold in my head—and pains in my back,
 And the cough is in all of our throats,
 It's pleasant to think that the Archbishop's smack
 Is filling my pockets with votes
 Kercho-o-o!
 Is filling my pockets with votes.

The Protestant horse he is fattening up,
 He has cured him of ringbone and totter;
 I hope to good luck he'll get rily again
 And write me a thundering letter,
 Kerchoo-whoop!
 Yes, a thundering, blundering letter.

The Ladies:

Our noses are swelled, and our eyes are red,
 And our throats are aching and sore,
 Oh, we shed bitter tears as we're tucked in our beds,
 When our lovers are turned from the door,
 Kerchoo-oo!
 When excuses are made at the door.

Ald. Irwin:

I entered the Council this year with a sneeze,
 And will do my work as of ould,
 When Oim asked how I caught the disase,
 I reply,
 Suré I sat for a year in the cowl—
 Kerchoo-oo!
 Yes, a long, long year in the cowl.

Ald. Baxter:

When I sneeze the echoes go rolling away
 Where the city of Brampton doth rest;
 When I sneeze real hard—if I'm permitted to say—
 The buttons are bust from my vest,
 Kerchoo-oo!
 The buttons are bust from my vest.
 —*The Khan, in the Telegram.*

EPOCAL JOKES.

ELLA—"I fell in love for fun. And you?"
 BELLA—"For money."

LADY (*to servant*)—"What is your name?"
 SERVANT—"Marie Antoinette de Latour,
 but I calls mesilf Brigetta because it's more iligant."

WIFE (*looking up from paper*)—"I always told you that beer would be the death of Mr. Sliver."

HUSBAND—"Does the paper say that beer killed him?"

WIFE—"Yes; he was run over by a brewery wagon."

REFORMER (*to convict*)—"My dear friend, hy did you break into that bank?"
 CONVICT—"Cause there was money in it."

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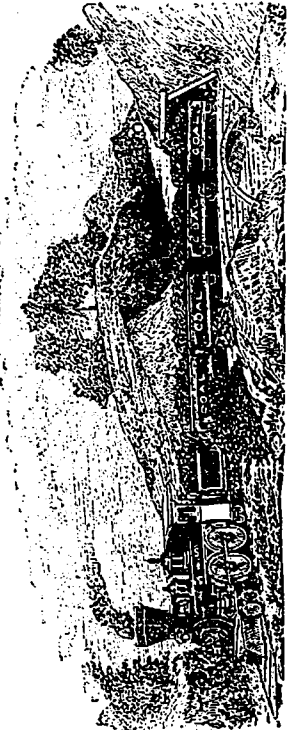
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(See page 110.)

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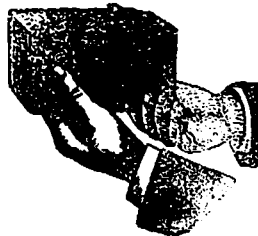


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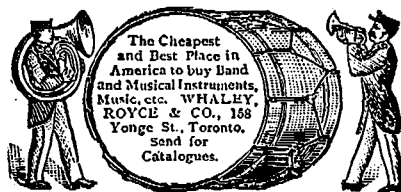
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NORTH AMERICAN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.

THE Annual Meeting of this Company was held at its head office, Toronto, on Tuesday, January 28, 1890. There was a large attendance of those interested in the institution. The Directors' report showed that the new business for the past year was the largest in the history of the Company; also that large increases had been made in every branch of the Company's business, tending to its continued progress and prosperity. It was also pointed out that the greater part of the Company's business was on the Semi-Tontine investment plan, and further that nearly all the Home companies were now issuing policies on this plan under one name or another, clearly indicating that the insuring public prefer this form of insurance. The Financial statement together with the auditors' report thereon, was duly submitted to the meeting. The following is a condensed statement of the same:—

Abstract of Financial Statement for the year ending December 31, 1889.

Cash income for year 1889	\$ 302,680 53
Expenditure (including payments to policy holders of \$59,906 94)	161,687 23
Assets (including uncalled guar. anteed fund)	1,063,250 49
Reserve fund (including claims under policies awaiting proofs \$5,500)	682,870 00
Surplus for security of policy holders	380,380 49

WILLIAM McCABE, Managing Director.

We have examined the books, documents and vouchers representing the foregoing revenue account, and also each of the securities for the property in the Balance Sheet, and certify to their correctness.

JAMES CARLYLE, M. D. } Auditors.
W. G. CASSELS, }

TORONTO, January 14, 1890.

We concur in the foregoing Certificate and have personally made an independent examination of said books, quarterly, and also of each of the securities representing said property.

E. A. MEREDITH, LL. D., } Auditing Committee
B. E. HUGHES, } of the Board.

Mr. John L. Blaikie, Vice-President of the Company took the chair in the absence

of the President, Hon. A. Mackenzie, M.P., who was attending to his duties at Ottawa. The hon. gentleman, however, did not forget the Company with which he has been connected since its inception, and addressed a letter to the Policy Holders and Guarantors, which was read at the meeting. He expressed his regret at not being present and especially so, as the year 1889 was the most successful in the history of the Company, and the statement showed the greatest advance of any year. He also dwelt on the fact that the assets had in every instance been brought down to a cash basis thereby continuing in the same course that had been adopted at the outset, viz.; to build the Company up on a solid foundation.

The letter from the President was received with loud applause.

Mr. Blaikie, the Vice-President, then addressed the meeting and dealt very fully with the main features of the report. He also referred, in fitting terms, to the loss sustained by the death of the late Vice-President, Hon. Alex. Morris, which had occurred since the last annual meeting of the Company. By means of comparisons with other leading companies, he demonstrated, to the satisfaction of all present, that the security offered to policy-holders by the North American, can truly be said to be "Unsurpassed on this Continent."

In referring to the competition experienced from the large American companies, he showed in a very clear and forcible manner, taking the figures from an official statement published in the United States, that the percentage of surplus to assets, of the largest companies, were much less than those of many of the smaller companies. Dwelling on this point, and also on the low mortality that the companies doing business in Canada had so far experienced, and further on the higher rate of interest obtainable in Canada as compared with other countries, for safe investments, he showed very clearly that it was certainly to the advantage of Canadian insurers to patronize their own companies. He stated that the Company's solid investments in mortgages and debentures constituted a relative security for policy-holders never before attained by any Canadian Life Insurance Company, at the same period of its history.

The agents expressed great satisfaction with the reference made to them by Vice-President Blaikie. He commended them for

the good work they had been doing and illustrated, in glowing terms, the advantage to many widows and orphans that had accrued through Life Insurance, which, however, would never have reached them but for the work of the agent.

The motion to adopt the report was seconded by the Hon. Frank Smith, who expressed his opinion that the report was a splendid one and further, that he should say that it would be almost impossible to beat this Company's record in any part of the word.

The usual votes of thanks were then passed. The following gentlemen were elected as directors: Hon. Alex. Mackenzie, M.P., John L. Blaikie, Hon. G. W. Allan, Hon. D. A. Macdonald, Hugh McLennan, Dr. L. W. Smith, J. K. Kerr, Q.C., John Morrison, E. A. Meredith, LL.D., A. H. Campbell, D. Macrae, E. Gurney, Hon. Edward Blake, John N. Lake, Edward Galley, Hon. O. Mowat, B. B. Hughes, James Thorburn, M.D., James Scott, William Gordon, H. H. Cook, M. P., Robert Jaffray, Edward F. Clarke, Hon. Frank Smith, and William McCabe; the addition to the Directorate for this year being the Hon. Edward Blake, Q.C., M.P., the Hon. Frank Smith and Hon. Oliver Mowat, Q.C., M.P.P.

Subsequently the new Board met and unanimously re-elected Hon. A. Mackenzie, M. P., President, and John L. Blaikie and the Hon. G. W. Allan, Vice-Presidents, and the usual standing committees with the addition of the Hon. Edward Blake, Q.C., to the Company's most important committee, viz.: that on Insurance.

Vice-Presidents	President
J. L. BLAIKIE	HON. A. MACKENZIE, M.P.
HON. G. W. ALAN	Managing Director,
	WM. McCABE.

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