

THE GRIP

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INDEPENDENT JOURNAL OF HUMOR AND CARICATURE



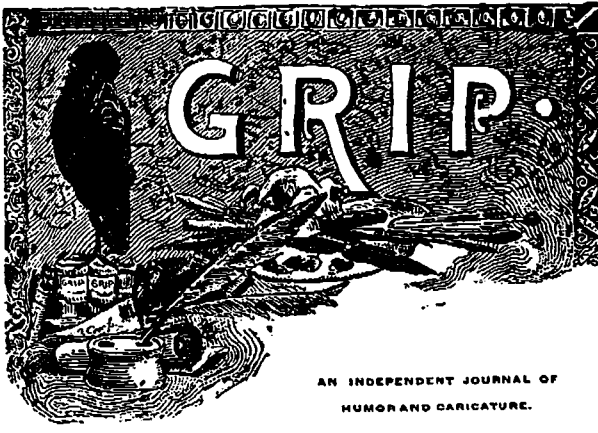
THE PUBLIC SCHOOL PROGRAMME.

"The policy which I have outlined shall be carried out in its integrity. We shall not be terrorized by violent agitators nor deterred by timid and irresolute allies, but we shall move as deliberately and yet as quickly as the interests involved may justify. We are confident that the people of Ontario prefer the counsel of reason and prudence to the voice of passion or prejudice. The honesty of purpose already evinced will be taken as an earnest of what is yet to be done. On these lines we shall appeal to the people of Ontario when the proper time arrives, and await their verdict as calmly as the 'man who wraps the drapery of his couch around him and lies down to pleasant dreams.'"—Hon. G. W. Ross' Speech.

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BY THE

GRIP PRINTING AND PUBLISHING CO.

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Comments on the Cartoons.



THE GOBLINS. — James Whitcombe Riley's little poem has been so frequently recited in public that most of our readers' are probably familiar with its refrain—

"The goblins'll git you ef you don't watch out!"

It is calculated to fill the infantile heart with a wholesome dread, and we see no reason why its warning words should not be uttered for the admonition of that political innocent—Ontario's little

Oliver. Is he not surrounded on all sides by goblins? And wouldn't they give almost anything to "git" him? See that big, voracious-looking French goblin, who has grabbed hold of the schools at both ends of the Province and is squeezing all the English out of them. Pretty soon he will have half a dozen members to represent him in the Local House, and then what can Oliver do about it? And see that Ottawa goblin, who is so anxious to "scrunch" Oliver that to do it he would sacrifice his political reputation, if he only had one. Then there is the Opposition goblin, which keeps its glaring eyes on Oliver's record, and never misses an opportunity to weaken his hold on the country. But will these goblins really git Oliver at the next election? Probably they will "ef he don't

watch out."

THE PUBLIC SCHOOL PROGRAMME.—Having done his share in urging the Local Government to take action upon the question of the French schools of Ontario, Mr. GRIP feels it his duty, as a matter of fairness, to give prominence to the response of the Government, officially uttered by Hon. G. W. Ross, at the Liberal picnic on the 29th. A glance at our cartoon will acquaint the reader with the "programme" which it is the intention of the Minister to carry out "as deliberately, and yet as quickly, as the interests involved may justify." Whatever criticism may fairly be levelled at Mr. Ross' deliverances on other important questions, such as the School Law Amendments—and, we observe, he is being sharply taken to task by correspondents in the daily press—his proposed method of dealing with the French school difficulty seems to us satisfactory. We presume that if any other practicable steps can be suggested to hasten the work of transforming the schools complained of into English institutions, Mr. Ross will be ready to give them a place in his programme. As to the German schools, which the Minister "brackets" with the others as open to precisely the same objections, it would appear that they really have no existence, at least so says the *Mail's* correspondent, "Berlin." English is already the language of instruction in the German school sections, and what is equally important the Ontario system is loyally accepted and lived up to otherwise by our Teutonic citizens. If all this is true Mr. Ross' task is so much the easier. It is formidable enough in any case, and will require his utmost ability. We sincerely hope, for the country's sake, that it may in due time be successfully accomplished.

IF it wouldn't trouble our esteemed contemporary the *Globe* too much, would it kindly point out any passage or passages wherein the *Mail* has, during the Jesuit discussion, (1) spoken of its intention to smash Confederation; (2) attacked the religion of our Roman Catholic fellow citizens; (3) given countenance to the idea of taking away any just rights or liberties of French-Canadians. We note that this ill conduct of its neighbor is frequently rebuked by the *Globe*, and of course a truly good journal must have facts to go upon. Up to date, however, we have been quite unable to find anything in the *Mail* to justify the strictures. Perhaps our microscope is out of order. We await the information.



A FEW days ago a mad dog dashed down one of our residence streets, but, as it had upon its collar the license tag of the city authorities, of course it didn't bite any person. It may be incidentally mentioned that no person happened to be in the way. The animal was subsequently shot by its owner, who must be a Prohibitionist, as he evidently had no faith in the potency of the tag to protect the citizens. He was a

crank, of course; but the matter is a serious one, and we earnestly call the attention of the City Council to the fact that there are thousands of vagrant curs running round the city without tags on. What if one of these went mad? Something ought to be done to avert this danger without delay, and GRIP is of opinion that the right thing to do is to prohibit dogs being on the streets at all unless under the control of their owners, and to authorize the police to shoot all unaccompanied canines on sight.

GRIP is glad to see that the Police Commissioners have fittingly recognized the brave conduct of Constable Lilly, in connection with the arrest of a gang of desperate burglars on the night of the 23rd ult. The

gallant officer has been promoted in the ranks, and been awarded a merit mark in the books. No city on the continent has a finer lot of "peelers" than Toronto—and they were never better managed than under Chief Grasset, who is every inch a soldier and a gentleman. Go on, Lilly—may you make your mark as the "Flower of the Force."

* * *

MR. G. W. ROSS' law partners will have to take him into the private room and talk to him seriously, if he persists in explaining the School law to public audiences. His deliverances are so foggy that the point is always dimmer after he gets through than it was at first. Of course, allowance must be made for political exigencies, but it is a bad advertisement for the law-shop, all the same.

JOHN CALDER'S EXPERIENCES.

MR. GRIP,—The ither day a man cam into my shop and handit me a letter. I was frae Mr. Mowat. I read it. It said, "My Dear Calder, this will introduce to you my esteemed friend the Honorable G. W. Ross, my Minister of Education. Hitherto he has had his garments made in Strathroy by the village tailor, but having seen the suit you recently made for me, he has concluded to get a similar rig-out. Do the best you can for him. I am off for Europe and will be away for a few days. Yours truly, Oliver Mowat."

As a matter o' coorse I was glad to see Mr. Ross, an' says I till him, haudin' oot my haun, "Hoo are you sir? Man, but you hae a gey het time o't the noo, but I howp you're able to tak your parritch reg'larly a' the same. Whatna kin' o' claiht dae you think you're wantin' na?" Weel, he settlet on a bit dooble breedth guid grey Scotch tweed at \$3 a yaird, sic like as cauna be bocht in ony ither shop for \$4, an' I begood to measure him. As I stretcheed the tape across his shooters says I, "Yon's an unco breeze they're makin' anent the French schules," says I, "what think you, 'll be the ootcome o't? Is there muckle in this Orange collieshangie?" says I. "It just depends," says he, an' at that I gaed roun' fornent him an' grippit him by the haun an' says I, "that's my ain opeenion."

"Of coorse," says I in a wee while, "when you staid in the Hoose that the bairns in a schules were learnin' English, you nae doobt said what was perfectly true accordin to the measure o' your knowledge an information at that time. Noo, hooever, that you hae had mair licht, what are you gaun to dae about it?" Says he, "Make the sleeves pretty long, Mr. Calder, for I'm not one of those who think it necessary to prove that I have on a clean shirt, by exposing a pair of hugh cuffs, with great buttons on them. In fact I dispise men who wear large cuff buttons and finger rings, and part their hair in the middle."

"Quite richt sir," says I, "I dinna like it mysel. Did you ken," says I "that there was sae muckle French and nonsense awa up about Essex? Man, its just awfu' the wye things are gaun on wast as weel's east."

"You'll be kind enough to put shammy leather in the watch pocket," says he.

"Oo aye," says I, an then as I took the length o' his legs, I remarkit as follows, "You'll be introduc'in a bill to rectify a' thae things at the next session o' Paurlement, I'm thinkin', an' I'm sure I wush you weel, for you hae your ain fash wi' sae mony to please an' a wheen darty canservative whalps yelpin' at your hee's frae mornin' to

nicht. I wadna be Minister o' Eddication for \$10 a day," says I, "an' I'm wae to see you lookin' sae worn like. Hae you'nae help?" says I.

"That's just what's the matter" says he, "I have help, and I haven't, but we pay for it all the same."

"Noo, Mr. GRIP, its perfectly wonnerfu' hoo muckle information I whiles get frae great public men, for it seems to me that they regard mysel' as a man they can trust impleecitely an' they get relief to fin' a man tae open their hairts till, although I canna say I ever got muckle oot o' the late minister an' twa r' three mair that we howp hae gaen whaur they hae nae politics an' nae election."

My esteem for Mr. G. W. Ross is higher nor ever it was afore, for I ken noo, that me an' him are baith o' ae opeenion, an' that he'll dae the richt thing whan the time comes. Alloo me to say that I got frae his ain mooth that his middle name is not Washington but plain William aifter his gran'-faither on his mither's side. She was a McTavish, an' her faither's name William McTavish. His ain father was a Geordie, an' this accounts for the twa names. I'm prood to think that the heid man o' eddication i' this country is a Scotsman, although gin I maun till the Guid's truth I wad be better pleast to hae one frae the Sooth rather than a body wi' sae muckle Hiellan bluid in his veins, for I'm tauld that the Hon. G. W. can gabble awa at the Gaelic wi' as muckle ease as gin he had been born at the tap o' Ben Voirlich.

JOHN CALDER.

P. S.—I nicht jist remark that Mr. Ross gangs till Auld St. Andrew's kirk, and his claes 'll be ready for him to waer next Setterday nicht.



OUR DOUBLE-ACTION LANGUAGE.

MR. FLESCHMANN—"Hello, Cholly, what's up? Training for a race?"

CHOLLY—"No; racing for a train."

SOCIETY NOTE.

THE many friends of Capt. McCorquodale, of the *Cibola*, will be glad to learn that his jaw is all right again. It was not a compound fracture, as at first feared, but a temporary displacement, brought about by the Gaelic Society's excursion. The Captain had not spoken his mother tongue for years, and went at it too suddenly.



LOVE A LA MODE.

HE (*ardently*)—"Adelina, I would give ten thousand dollars to win your love!"
SHE—"What, cash down?"

THE WORLD DO MOVE.

PEEPS INTO THE FUTURE BY "GRIP'S" OWN
CLAIRVOYANT.

"A BOON TO SUFFERING HUMANITY."

(*Toronto Mail, June 30, 1890.*)

WE had started early this morning to write an article under the caption of "Romish Aggression." The subject is one of vast moment to the imperilled people of this fair Province of ours. As matter of fact, there is no concern of greater importance agitating Ontario at the present time than this one—involving, as it does, our most sacred liberties and those cherished rights and privileges without which life would be practically intolerable, and which it has for some years past been the duty of this journal to do battle for single-handed and alone.

But just as we were in the middle of our most impassioned appeal to lovers of Protestant liberty to be up and doing, Col. Mendacity Puff, the able and well-known general advertising agent for Quack and Killen's Sock-dolger Specific, dropped into the sanctum to say that he was just in receipt of a telegram from one of the most influential farmers of Mossback township, which he desired to have published in our editorial columns. We readily and cheerfully acceded to the gallant Colonel's modest request, and herewith present to our readers the telegram in question:—

"MIASMAVILLE, MOSSBACK TP., June 29th

"This is to certify that I was suffering from an attack of combined fever and ague, inflammation of the lungs, diabetes and dysentery, somewhat aggravated by jaundice, small-pox and brain trouble. Seventeen doctors yesterday pronounced me deader than an Egyptian mummy. An autopsy was about

being held on my emaciated remains, when I noticed a big poster on a wall opposite my residence, announcing the recent discovery of Sockdolger's Specific. I gently but firmly asked to have a dozen bottles brought to me, and, upon taking the eleventh, I found myself able to get up and resume a job of ploughing I had been reluctantly obliged to abandon two weeks before. I write this letter in deep gratitude to the discoverers of the Specific, and after having eaten a hearty meal of flap-jacks fried in hog's lard, I never felt better in my life. This is voluntary, unsolicited testimony, and if you think it worth notice you can print it in the papers and send me the bill for the same.

(Signed) "HIPPO KONDRIACH."

No one can tell how overwrought were our feelings on receipt of this powerful and convincing testimony to the merits of Drs. Quack & Killen's great medical reorganizer. It is indeed a veritable "boon to suffering humanity," as the title of this article expresses it. Gladly, joyfully do we substitute this telegram for our intended Romish Aggression leader, satisfied that the people will hail the good news with unfeigned delight.

As to Mr. Kondriach's hint about the cost of publication, we simply smile at it. The Colonel offered us one thousand dollars for our space, but the money was politely refused. We do not publish such glad tidings as paid advertisements. We give them gratis, as a contribution to the health and happiness of our readers.

PURPOSELESS POEMS.

BY A LYRICAL LUNATIC.

No. I.—THE COUNTRY IN DANGER.

ON a bank where the violets glistened with dew
(Over-due since the 2nd of June,
A circumstance clearly that nobody knew)
Three persons were talking—or wasn't it two?
No matter—we'll get at it soon.

"This store seems deserted," the customer said,
"For the cow stands unmilked at the door;
Can any one lend me a needle and thread
And I'll fasten my hat to the top of my head,
As it wants twenty minutes' of four."

"But stop," said the Heeler who happened along,
"First fasten your eyes on that goat—
By throwing bananas and nuts to the throng,
And soothing their passions by sounding a gong,
We can capture the Jesuit vote."

"But the goat, why the goat? What on earth has a goat
To do with the matter in hand?"
"Tis a deep, subtle plot," said the Heeler, "your brain
As your hair's growing thin might collapse with the strain,"
Then he swallowed a mouthful of sand.

"But a goat," said the other. "Now wherefore a goat?
Bananas are easy to twig,
Pumpkin pie, lemonade, or a file of *The Week*,"
Here a tear slowly stole down his adamant cheek,
"Why goat? let us rather say pig."

Then he rushed from the scene in a fit of despair,
Crying "chestnuts!" though outwardly calm,
And the Heeler determined to write to Sir John,
To ask him if this sort of thing could go on
Without doing the party some harm.

When the storekeeper entered and finding his bills
Had been met by a check on the bank
(The dew-covered bank which we mentioned before)
Told the Heeler he'd better remain in the store
For the butter was mellow and rank.

But the public got onto the matter next day—
Or next year—for the goat was let out,
And who could suspect that a feasible plan
Could thus be destroyed by a dynamite can
Which blew all his sweetbreads about.

"But what had the goat—?" Oh, come off! don't you see?
When to rhyming your time you devote.
You'll discover it makes quite a saving of time
To grab hold at once of a passable rhyme,
And we wanted a good one for "vote."



HAPPY THOUGHT.

MERCIER (*observing placard of wonderful curiosity now on exhibition at Hanlan's Point*)—"Mowat, there's the design for a Dominion Flag! Put a Union Jack in one hand and a Tricolor in the other, and it would most admirably symbolize the Unity of our country!!"

SHLEEFENHEIMER'S SAYINGS.

TO run a newsbaber vas an easy chob. Dot is, ven you run it to suit yourself—not odder beeble.

MOST auf us like to hear a goot sermon. But a preacher vot hits us vere ve lif, dot aint der kint auf a goot sermon ve vant to shmile abouid und braise.

DON' you simbly say der world owes you a lifin'. Rustle 'round und get dot old 'gount settled up. Der haus is pooty good pay auf you look after it.

"A PIRD in your hand vas vort a couble in der pushes." Dot sounds ride. But I see me somedimes a man mit a pird in his hand vot ain't no goot, und dot man petter leafen dot pird go, und look into der pushes mit his drap-cage.

"DER Gash System" ain't bossible most auf der dime. Aber ven a man runs a viskey pill at a shaloon, der grocer vants to keeb a pooty shmall shlate for dot feller!

I ALWAYS like to shtraiden up mit my shoe-maker. It ain't visdom to veer oud boots you houghten valkin' around plocks away vrom der gobbler's shtore.

SAY, mine vrent, you man vot vights around home und shlams your wife und shildren abouid! Ain't you dot

same veller a chap chust half your size tole you down town you vas a liar vour dimes, und all you did vas to dreaten him mit der boleece court?

YUST so, young man; yust so! "Ve are der beeble!"—you und me und der rest auf der poys. But, subbosin' dey gif us dis gountry to run. Don't you kess ve vant to peen somepoddy else? You didn't look at it like dot vay, eh? Vell, all ride. I let you off dis dime. You go on pein' der beeble, ride along shtrade; aber don' you forgotten dere vas peezness in der world vich you sooner see oxecooted dan take holden of mineself. Und don' you chump up und kick ven dot peezness runs somedimes so you vall ofer und get chammed a leedle.

T. T.

AS THEY DO IT NOW.

JUDGE—"Why did you arrest this man as a thief?"
DETECTIVE—"Because he looked at me stol-id-ly."

AN OBSERVATION.

GERMANY already has her share of the Island, but she wants Samoa.



THE TOPIC OF THE TIME.

REV. MR. MILDMAJ—"My dear, it has come to a fight, after all."

MRS. M.—"What? with those horrid Jesuits?"

REV. MR. M.—"Jesuits? No! Sullivan and Kilrain."

THE POET'S STRATAGEM.

I.

It was a long-haired, pale-faced Bard, who, though for years inditing Burning words in finest frenzy, could not get in print the writing.

"Chill penury" and Editors repressed his noble choler, But raised his ordinary wrath until he could not toler-

Ate it longer, so, at last, his rage to fury lashing, He sought an Editor, intent to give the same a thrashing.

But calmer thoughts succeeded when he saw that able person, He thought he would try reason first, so asked why was his verse un-

Accepted by the magnate for the pages of his journal. "My dear sir," said the potent 'We,' "just look at that infernal

Litter in that basket, sent by scribblers such as you are. If I tried to read the half of them I never should get through or Have any time for other work. Just let me tell you something, We never print from unknown pens; it's sure to be a rum thing."

Then spake the angry Poet, and he fetched a bitter groan, too, "Yet I've read in your proud pages things my muse would scorn to own to."

What you say," replied the other, blandly, "may be very true, sir, But those scribes are somehow known to fame—that's what you should be, too, sir."

II.

The Poet in his study sat, his noble brow was wrinkled With furrows of eroding thought, his frenzied eyeballs twinkled

With passion's wild and awful light—it was no tale nor sonnet, But the dictum of the Editor, he meditated on it.

III.

That night when from his office this same Editor was walking, From a dim, deserted alley came a muffled figure stalking,

And clapped a pistol to his head, and cried in tones of thunder, "Come, hurry up and say your prayers, for you must soon go under."

"Have mercy, man! here, take my purse, take everything about me, But spare my life—my wife and kids, what can they do without me?"

"And dost thou think, thou base-born wretch, that I would steal a dollar? Not for thy money, but thy life, I have thee by the collar.

"For know in me the nameless Bard whom thou wert lately scorning; I'll earn a name and widespread fame before to-morrow morning.

"They'll give me but a lifer, and from Kingston's haunts romantic I'll pipe, they'll print all jail-birds' songs, I'll soon be in the Atlantic."

He ceased to speak, the Editor to live—and for his booty He gained the freedom of the press, the law performed its duty!

His verses date from Kingston, whose environments are healthy, And all the papers print them—they have made him very wealthy.

WILLIAM MCGILL.

OUR AMBASSADORS ABROAD.

[SCENE I.—*Capel Court. Tenders for the Toronto Loan have just been opened.*]

THE MAYOR—"Well, I call it a howling success. Three and a half per cents. placed at 98! This ought to settle the question of my financial acumen, and make my third term sure."

COADY—"But where do I come in?"

THE MAYOR—"True, you deserve *some* credit, Richard. I wouldn't go for to deny that you have assisted slightly in the result."

COADY—"Slightly, hey? Why, man, I did the whole thing."

THE MAYOR—"Coady, see here, you're too grasping altogether. Let us look at the facts calmly. Do you mean to say that these investors know anything about *you*, personally?"

COADY—"Perhaps not, but——"

THE MAYOR—"Exactly; but they know of Toronto; its high standing, its exemplary morality, its wealth, its progress, and its——"

COADY—"So they do—but they don't know any more of *you* than of me."

THE MAYOR—"Don't interrupt your chief magistrate, please. I was about to add,—its mayor. Everything depends on how a city is governed, and the British investor knows mighty well that Toronto has never been governed so ably as since I——"

COADY—"Oh, come off; you're getting too large for your clothes. Look at the strides Toronto is making under McMillan's management. Why, several new streets have been opened since you left."

THE MAYOR—"There, there, Richard, my boy, don't let us quarrel about it, anyhow. We're away from home, and ought to preserve harmony in the presence of strangers. So long as I have the sweet consciousness that *I* did it, I can afford to let the matter drop. Come and have a cigar." [Exit.]

[SCENE II.—*Hotel Metropole, after dinner. THE MAYOR is seated in profound thought in the parlor. Enter COADY.*]

COADY—"Why thus abstracted, Edward? A great financier ought to feel cheerful after such a remarkable achievement."

THE MAYOR—"Coady, I was thinking of those pesky Jesuits. Do you know, I dreamed of the miserable cusses last night."

COADY—"Yes, I am aware of it; heard you tossing about and mumbling, 'Gentlemen, I have no sympathy with this agitation. I'm a member of a great political party,' and so on. Come, cheer up, man! It'll be all right."

THE MAYOR (*with a great effort*)—"Let us trust so. 'Hence, horrible shadow!' That's from Shakespeare,

and I propose that we go and see Irving in *Macbeth*, by way of celebrating my financial success."

COADY—"Good idea; you may get some pointers on the dangers of vaulting ambition."

THE MAYOR—"Ambition? Don't know that I'm troubled that way. I don't have to be; I seem to go ahead, anyhow."

COADY—"Do you mean to say you're not aspiring to a third term, to a seat in the House of Commons, to a portfolio in the Cabinet, and——"

THE MAYOR—"No, sir, Ned Clarke is——"

COADY—"Sir Ned Clarke? Ah, that's the little scheme now, is it?"

THE MAYOR (*brightening, as new idea strikes him*)—"Coady, why not? Haven't I done more than any one of the Canadian Knights? Why shouldn't I get it? Not that I care for such baubles myself, but I think my little boy would like something of the sort to play with. Coady, I thank you for the thought. We'll not go to the Lyceum to-night, but I'll call round on Tupper and see if this knighthood business can't be managed. Egad, Dick, I'll recommend you for a C.B. at the same time."

COADY—"Do; that would sit prettily on me. I suppose it stands for City Bonds." [Exeunt.

THE PATHMASTER.

A PAPER READ BY JOSEPH KLEVIS, BEFORE THE JUNE MEETING OF THE MUDVILLE GRANGE.

ONE of the surest signs that the spring is in its grave, and that summer reigns in its stead, is the mound of rough clods which marks the progress of the pathmaster and his gang along the rural highways. As his horse stumbles over the unsightly obstructions, the traveller is made aware of the fact that seeding is over, realizing at the same time the truth of Watts' couplet, "Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do."

The moralist and school reading-book compiler have somewhat singularly overlooked the dignity of pathmastership in their search for inducements wherewith to fire youthful ambition. This is much to be regretted, because to its other attractions the office adds in large measure a charm which more lauded aims possess in but infinitesimal degrees—the charm of attainableness. Every boy may not become President or Premier, but almost any country lad of pluck and spirit, who makes the most of his opportunities and brings a resolute will to bear upon the perversities of fate, may reasonably look forward to becoming a pathmaster. And, although this high dignity belonging to the "primrose path" of rural life may not satisfy the most vaulting ambition, nevertheless the pathmaster is a potentate in his own way. His powers in certain directions and within definite limits are despotic. He can say to one, Come, and he cometh, to another, Go, and he goeth, and to his next door neighbor, Do this, and he doeth it. If his temper be impetuous and domineering, he will shout his orders like the captain of a seventy-four, and wear his blustering honors thick upon him. "Dressed in his little brief authority," he will "play fantastic tricks," and manage at least to make his neighbors perspire. But if his nature be mild and placable, he will suggest rather than command, insinuate more than rebuke. Under his mild sway much statute labor will be done on fence rails and beneath the shade of trees. Such must have been the character of the road overseer under whose directions the heroes of the following tragic tale expended their energies. It is



"KNOWLEDGE IS POWER."

SCENE—*The Cyclorama Theatre of Varieties. Distinguished journalist viewing the mermaid.—A fact.*

J. R. R.—"Don't you see how it's done? Why, it's simple enough. The nether extremities of the lady are in the tail, you know!"

from "Modern Georgics" by Virgil Meadows, and is called

A STATUTE LABOR TRAGEDY.

Two farmers of an ancient date,
Old Hobbs and Cobbs his neighbor,
Went punctually forth at eight
To do their statute labor.

Like soldiers marching on the foe,
Destructive arms they carry,
Sharp hoes the thistles to o'erthrow,
The wayside weeds to harry.

They found a fence by shady trees;
A top-rail with a split on
The under side served well for these
Industrious men to sit on.

They lit their pipes and talked away
For many an hour together,
On prospects of the wheat and hay
And problems of the weather.

The poet here occupies several pages in enumerating the subjects of their remarks. I have taken the liberty to omit these verses and subjoin the *denouement*, which is as follows—

The rail collapsed beneath the weight
Of these hard-working neighbors,
And broke their necks; mourn not their fate,
They're resting from their labors.

WILLIAM MCGILL.

THE town of Resort at the confluence of the Rhine and the Rhue is flooded. The people already Rhue it; for it will be a place of no Resort this year for travellers with the ready Rhine-O!

OLD MRS. NOODLE—"Yes, I'm eighty to-day. I suppose they'll be calling me an *octopus* now."



AWKWARDLY WORDED.

SOCIETY LADY (who gets younger every year)—“Well, Mr. Jones, and how old do you think I am?”

JONES—“I should say about twenty-five. What's your guess, Smith?”

SMITH—“Well, say twenty-eight.”

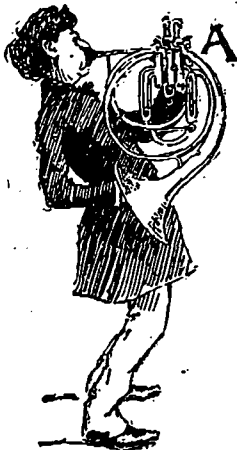
LADY—“And now, Mr. Robinson, what do you say?”

ROBINSON—“Well, taking it altogether, I think the gentlemen are about right.”

POETRY vs. TRUTH.

“OH! What so rare as a day in June?”
True, oh Poet! the song you chant.
The birdlings warble their sweetest tune,
And the sunshine is filling a long-felt want,
And the flowers which spring from the dewy earth
Are blooming and blooming for all they're worth,
But yet methinks that in one respect
The poet is out in his observation;
June's days are thirty if you'll reflect.
Now by arithmetical calculation,
If February has twenty-eight,
It's days are rarer, I beg to state.
I hate to spoil a good verse, I vow,
Or prove to poesy's fire a damper,
But Mr. Lowell should not allow
Enthusiasm with fact to tamper,
So when he issues a new collection,
I trust he'll profit by this correction.

A FIRST OF JULY ORATION.



ALL the patriotic orations delivered at the Exhibition Grounds on the glorious First were practically lost because, on account of the babel of noises going on in the vicinity of the grand stand, the voices of the speakers could not be heard. What the orators really said is therefore a matter of conjecture, but Mr. E. E. Sheppard is understood to have delivered himself of the following:

FELLOW-CITIZENS,—We meet together this day under the blue canopy of heaven to celebrate the twenty-second anniversary of our entrance upon

Nationality. We have good reason to jubilate, for no land on earth approaches ours in extent, in beauty, in resources, in all that goes to make up a great and glorious commonwealth. From ocean to ocean we are a united people, and one impulse of patriotism to-day animates all hearts. Such a thing as partisan rancor is not known amongst us. Such a thing as abject poverty on the one hand or fabulous unearned wealth on the other we know nothing of, because our just and admirable laws secure to all Canadians access upon equal terms to the land of the Dominion, from which, by the application of labor, wealth is drawn. Happily for Canada, common sense reigns at Ottawa, and the nefarious systems in vogue in less intelligent countries, under which the people as a whole are taxed for the benefit of a few, have met with no favor at the hands of our statesmen, and would, if seriously proposed, meet with the indignant reception which their madness and their cruelty merit. We are a free people—a self-governing people. We wear the shackles of no slavery, either of body or mind; no one man power dominates us; no party leader is so idolized that he can drag his followers through the mire of dishonor. No despot dares to trifle with our voting lists, or to gerrymander our constituencies. The road to preferment in this glorious land is the path of merit, and that alone. Our wives and children nestle in security beneath the broad shield of the law, and no barbarous Drink Traffic is licensed to lacerate their hearts or to destroy their bodies! To-day we celebrate Confederation—Unity! We are one. No Province entertains the wild, fantastic dream of setting up an *imperium in imperio*; we speak the one language—the undying tongue of Shakespeare—we have the one code of laws, and we doff our hats to the one flag, the red-cross banner of Britain, which has braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze! Why, then, should we not astound the heavens to-night with fires of a thousand colors, and awake the echoes with the shouts of national jubilation? Why, my countrymen, why?

SONG OF THE INDEPENDENT KICKERS.

TORY.

O I go in for Equal Rights,
For Country and for Queen,
I'm down upon those Jesuites
And business I mean!
I'm down upon the pesky Grits
Who voted 'gainst O'Brien,
Next 'lection we will give 'em fits
And send their ranks affyin'.
Hurrah, hurrah for old Sir John,
The man the people know,
Hurrah for Billy Meredith,
For Mowat's got to go!

GRIT.

I'm strong on Disallowance
Of the wicked Jesuit Bill,
And shout for brave O'Brien
With heartiest good-will,
But till we get the Tories
Who voted wrong turned out,
It really won't do any good
To merely cheer and shout;
They must be kicked from office
And better men put in,
So I'll vote with my party
And help the fight to win!

BOTH.

O yes, we're independent
And our cry is Equal Rights,
We'll each stick to his party
To beat the Jesuites.

[Excitant arm in arm.]



"THE GOBLINS 'LL GIT YOU EF YOU DON'T WATCH OUT!"



THAT BOY AGAIN.

TOMMY—"Say, Mr. Dryleigh, you can try it on me if you like."

REV. MR. D.—"I don't understand you, my child. Try what?"

TOMMY—"Why, Ma says you can put anybody to sleep in five minutes." (*Tableau.*)

"GRIP'S" CRONY CLUB.

FOURTH NIGHT.



"GENTLEMEN," said MR. GRIP when the applause which greeted his appearance upon the platform had subsided, "I am glad to see that the attendance at these weekly reunions keeps up so well, notwithstanding the high-handed conduct of the thermometer. I am informed by the Scrutineers that we are to have a contribution to-night from another journalist. Mr. J. Ross Robertson (loud applause) has drawn the blank ballot. Will Mr. Robertson please step forward?"

"Well, boys, I suppose there's no help for it," murmured the *Telegram* man, as he made his way to the platform, where he stood for some moments in an attitude of deep meditation,

endeavoring to stroke some ideas out of his chin whisker. "What am I supposed to do, anyhow? This is a new racket for me. If it was only a Masonic Grand Lodge, now——" he began.

"Give us a song!" shouted the company as one man.

"Oh, come off," pleaded John Ross, "I'm no good on the sing, but since you've mentioned it, I'll do it just to get even with you. I only happen to know one tune. It's called, 'His Heart was True to Poll.' The words were written for me some time ago by my young editor." The pianist having tastefully played the prelude, the Star of the evening proceeded as follows:

When I was but an infant,
And wore my dresses long,
I'm told I wasn't pretty,
But my intellect was strong.
My dotting parents used to say
To visitors who came,
'He's not so very handsome,
But he'll get there just the same.

"He'll get there just the same,
He'll get there just the same.
He has lots of enterprise, and no matter what he tries,
He will get there just the same."

When I got into breeches,
They sent me off to school,
But I didn't learn my lessons
As a very general rule;
Whene'er a circus struck the town,
Then hookey was my game—
I knew, of course, 'twas wrong to go,
But I got there just the same.

I got there just the same,
I got there just the same,
I didn't have a cent, but I crawled beneath the tent,
And I got there just the same.

On reaching grown-up manhood,
I'd marked out my career,
Says I, "I'll be a journalist,
And a daily I will steer;
I know there's money in it,
And I'm certain sure of fame."
They said I couldn't do it,
But I got there just the same!

I got there just the same,
I got there just the same,
When I lay my plans, by thunder, things had better stand from
under,

For I get there just the same!

My first newspaper venture
Was called the *Telegraph*,
(You mind those cute police reports,
That used to make you laugh.)
It failed, and folks said "Told you so!"
But I felt no sense of shame,
Says I, "Stand back and give me air,
And I'll get there just the same!"

"I'll get there just the same,
I'll get there just the same,
I'll have to shorten sail, but there's no such word as 'fale,'
And I'll get there just the same!"

Not very long thereafter
I got another press,
And started up a paper
Called the *Evening Express*;
This also proved a fizzle—
I don't know who to blame—
But I never thought of doubting
That I'd get there just the same.

I'd get there just the same,
I'd get there just the same,
Crash! down they go, all ten; well, set 'em up again,
I'll get there just the same!

I never sat and whimpered—
That ain't the sort I am—
But pretty soon I caught 'em
With the *Evening Telegram*;
'Tis true that Madam Fortune
Is a fickle sort of dame,
But I kept on gently wooing her,
And I got there just the same.

I got there just the same,
I got there just the same,
They thought I was a noodle, but I now have plenty boodle,
'Cause I've got there just the same!

So here I end my ditty—
It's just a trifle long—
And now I beg to give you
The moral of my song;
You ought to get it printed,
And put in a golden frame:
"Just keep on persevering,
And you'll get there just the same."

You'll get there just the same,
You'll get there just the same,
Just think of J. R. R., persevere and persevere,
And you'll get there just the same!

SPECIAL.—In our last issue we promised that this week's GRIP should be printed on a superior sheet of paper, and be otherwise improved. We regret to say that in consequence of the non-arrival of the new paper this improvement must be postponed another week. We have had the invoice in hand for several days, and quite expected to have a supply for use for this issue; but we cannot do more than express disappointment at the delay.

OPPOSITE 5TH AVE. THEATRE.

WHEN going to New York, stop at Sturtevant House, Broadway cor. 29th. Very centrally located. American and European plans.

No sympathy is given to sufferers from neuralgia, dyspepsia, loss of appetite, etc., who will not give Dyer's Quinine and Iron Wine a trial. Its efficacy is beyond question; druggists keep it. W.A. Dyer and Co., Montreal.

DRS. R. & E. W. HUNTER (of Chicago and New York), the well-known specialists in throat and lung diseases, have opened a branch office for Canada at 73 Bay St., Toronto. Dr. Robert Hunter is here in person, and during his stay can be consulted on consumption, catarrh, bronchitis and asthma. Their treatment is by medicated air applied directly to the tubes and cells of the lungs. A pamphlet, giving all particulars, will be sent on application.

THE PREMIUM PLATE.—A very large number of old subscribers are sending for the "Horse Fair." This picture, as is universally the case with premiums, was intended to stimulate new subscriptions. We have, however, arranged to accommodate present subscribers by giving the picture to all who pay to the end of 1889, and enclose 25 cents for expenses. This will give to all the average footing of new subscribers. But many send the 25 cents and forget the other part of the condition. Be kind enough to read our offer at the foot of the advertisement.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. 25c. a bottle.

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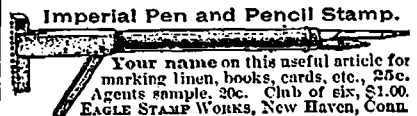
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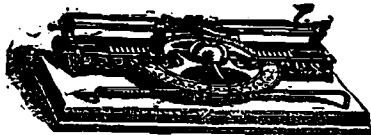
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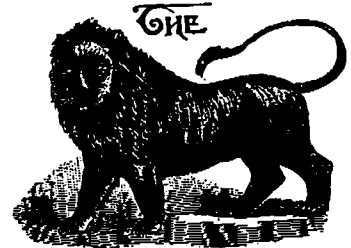


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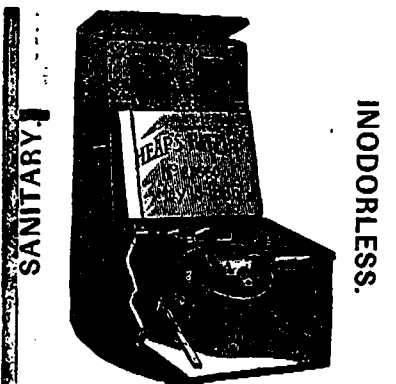
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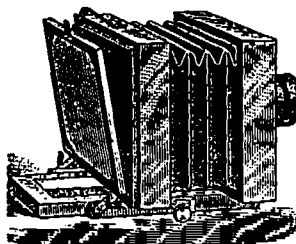


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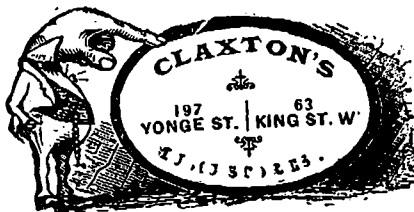
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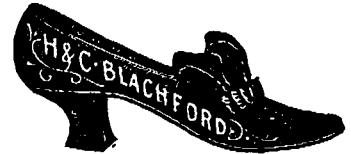
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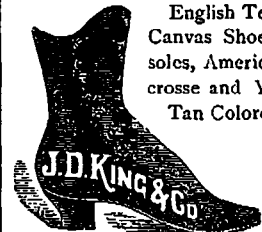
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Realizing what the possibilities of the future were, the house, as far back as twenty years ago, adopted the departmental system, the only true system of successfully carrying on a large importing business. A few years later it conceived the idea of sending its departmental buyers to Europe, in order that they might personally make their purchases from the leading manufacturers (not merchants, be it noted) of Great Britain and the Continent. Later still it resolved to make its purchases in every case where it could obtain an equivalent for cash only. Each purpose so framed the house has carried out with manifest advantage, it believes, to all who have entrusted it with any portion of their trade.

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was formed, the head of which received the following instructions:—

1st. You are to regard yourself as the representative of the customer in the filling of the order.

2nd. You are to select every article from the various departments personally and with the greatest care, that nothing but the best style and the best quality may be sent.

3rd. You are to procure such goods as may not at the moment be in stock.

4th. You are to send prices and patterns when the same are requested.

5th. You are to write fully assigning reasons, if in any case any line from any cause had either to be omitted or substituted.

6th. You are to have the order despatched with the least possible delay.

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2nd. When goods are wanted of particular quality or pattern, to enclose small cutting, remembering, however, that exact style in pattern cannot always be duplicated. In such case the same class of goods as near as possible would be sent.

3rd. To state if goods not in stock should be procured, and

4th. To state whether any change in mode of conveyance is desired.

5th. In addressing letter to put at top

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