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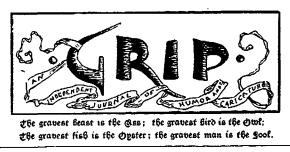
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AN UNWELCOME SUITOR.



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TORONTO, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1892.



ERO-WORSHIP is a poor business at the best, even when the idol selected for popular adulation is one who has deserved well of his fellows. It generally spoils its object and results in a reaction when the fickle multitude discover that their ideal lacks absolute perfection. But what worse degradation of character can be imagined than that indicated by the popular deification of a thing

like John L. Sullivan—it is unfair to call him a brute, for he lacks the better instincts of the higher orders of the animal creation We are not all disposed to join in the general chorus of exultation over his downfall, because we do not regard the fallen champion as half so much to blame for the outrage on civilization involved in his career as the American press and public who lifted him from the obscurity which nature calculated him to adorn, and made a demigod of him. It is the very men who are loudest in execration of the fallen idol, whose adulation and sycophancy raised him to his pedestal. They deserve kicking a great deal more than he does. When Caligula made a consul of his horse, it wasn't the poor beast's fault.

IN a paragraph on the immigration question. the Mail contends for "the maintenance of a proper equilibrium between the various classes of immigrants rather than the exclusion of any. If we could obtain enough agriculturists, they would provide employment for many more mechanics." Rot! The Mail ought to know that in these days there is no hard and fast lines between "agriculturists" and other laborers. Even if there were, Canada offers no inducement in the way of steady employment to farm laborers—who at the end of the harvest season usually drift into the cities to swell the crowd of unemployed laborers, or become dependent on charity. To encourage men who have nothing but their labor to depend on to take the desperate chances of our greatly overcrowded labor market is a crime against humanity.

THE New York Standard, the organ of the Single Tax, established by Henry George, has been discontinued. It had always been a losing venture, and was only maintained by the liberality of friends of the cause who from time to time provided the sinews of war without hope of any financial return. The Standara's demise will be widely deplored by progressive thinkers, as it did good service, especially in the early days of the movement, in disseminating sound ideas with regard to the causes and remedies of social injustice. The principal cause of the failure of the Standard to find wider appreciation and a more remunerative constituency, was the fatal mistake made by Henry George and his associates in allying themselves with the Democratic party, in the vain hope of being able to convert that corrupt and hide bound organization to their principles, instead of taking independent political action. Like many another good cause, the Single Tax movement has been ruined by partyism, and the endeavor to become "re-spectable," in the conventional sense of the word, which alienated the sympathies of the most earnest and enthusiastic social reformers.

BY the death of John G. Whittier, who passed away last week at the advanced age of eighty five, the famous New England school of writers who have done so much to mould American thought, becomes almost extinct, its last surviving representative being Oliver Wendell Holmes. They leave no successors. Though the number of writers for publication has increased a hundred fold, there is not one of the thousands struggling to gain the ear of the public who can compare with the great ones passed away. The intense materialism of the age, the desire for immediate wealth, popularity and position is fatal to the highest and truest forms of intellectual development. Hence we have thousands of clever versifiers, but no poets—multitudes of prose writers, but no philosophers—platform gabblers as thick as summer



leaves, but no orators.

Whittier, Longfellow, Emerson, and their compeers, had begun, as does the modern litterateur, by trying to write, not what they felt to be true, but such things as would please the public; if they had systematically suppressed their best instincts and withheld utterances **a** s such might offend the prejudices of their day, they would doubtless have found such a course more immediately profitable, but they would

never have risen above the crowd of mediocrities and literary hirelings. It is precisely because Whittier braved a debauched public opinion and devoted his genius, not to championing popular wrongs and abuses,



but to denouncing slavery at a time when an abolitionist was hated and despised worse than an Anarchist is today, that his name is now held in grateful remembrance by those whose fathers and grandfathers held the cause for which he wrote in abhorrence. It may fitly be said of him in the words of one who also sung and suffered for liberty:

-Nor did he wait till Freedom had become The popular shibboleth of courtier's lips. But smole for her when God himself seemed dumb, And all His arching skies were in eclipse. He was a-weary, but he fought his fight, And stood for simple manhood, and was joyed To see the angust broadening of the light, And new earths heaving heavenward from the void. He loved his fellows, and their love was sweet--

He loved his fellows, and their love was sweet-Plant daisies at his head and at his fect.

APPROPRIATE.

LACKEM—" It is very appropriate that the American silver dollar should have an eagle on it." GOTTEM—" Why?"

LACKEM-" Because the eagle is a very wary bird and haunts inaccessible places."

TORONTO THE GOOD.

- ' PA, this city deserves to be called 'Toronto the Good.'"
 - "Why so, Frankie?"
- "Because they are even converting the streets."
- "Take care, my son : here comes the trolley."

WILL J.

THE EVERGREEN OLD MAID.

USED to love her in my youth, We parted. Time rolled on, And she is still so sweet and young She wants to wed my son.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

ARIZONA BOB-"Thet tenderfoot had a narrer escape last night."

BLIZZARD BILL-"How ?"

ARIZONA BOB-" He called for water with his whiskey, but when he saw the fellers reaching for their guns, he said that he always used water to rinse out his mouth so that he could get the full flavor of the licker."



A BIG DIFFERENCE.

HE (*impatiently*)—" I tell you I'm not engaged to her.' SHE—" What is the difference pray, between an engagement and an understanding?" HE (*sententiously*)—" Humph ! \$150. Least calculation at the very outset. I should think you'd know enough for that."



A CASE OF TOUCH AND GO.

LOVELY WOMAN.

"HE may be the weaker vessel, But, tell it not in Gath. No feeble vessel can well contain So strong a brand of wrath.

AIRLIE RETURNS FROM ABROAD.

M.R. GRIP,-Nae doot ye'll be glad to hear that instead o' comin' hame a full fledged Mahatma, I've arrived safe frae Thibet just my ain worthy sel'. I tried lang an' sair to dijest the Theosophical ideas, sittin' glowerin' at naething for hours at a time in the hope that the speerits we hear sae muckle aboot would begin to make their appearance, but never a speerit could I see, glower as I liket. When I complained to the chief Mahatma he said : "You are too stiff-necked and too practical a subject to come properly under the influence of Theosophy, and you have too much materialism still rankling in your soul. Tear up hankerings after earthly things by the roots; eradicate them entirely; become passive as a graven image, and with your mind thus open to spiritual impressions, you will soon fall under the influence of the spirits that people the Theosophical world." I didna think the game worth the cannel, hooever, an' so I persuaded the auld man to dismaterialize me so that I could travel cheap an' without a railway ticket. He was very obligin', I must say ; but just as I fand mysel' meltin' into a sort o' a gray mist, warranted to travel wi' the wind at the rate o' a hunder an' fifty miles the meenit, it strak me forcibly that Mrs. Airlie michtna recogneeze me in my spiritual body, an' that, ye ken, would be an awfu' business for a wife no to ken her ain man. I felt certain

that no amount o' reasonin' would ever convince her that a stoot, able-bodied, wicelike man like me, could ever be converted into a licht an' airy spook ; an' then there was nae mortal possibility o' me kcepin' up my usual dignity, because ye see I was sae wamful, aye doublin' ower to a'e side, an' wiggle-wagglin aboot for want o' my banes to prap me up. I never in a' my life realized the worth o' my skeleton afore, the worth o' a solid foondation to my cheracter. Lordsake! man, for a meenit or two I felt like a dude bereft o' his cane an e'e-glass - a pitiful nonentity. My hair sprang up on end at the possibility o' this backbaneless condition becomin' permanent, when, terror-stricken I roared oot, "But hoo am I to get mysel' thegither again? When I get to Toronto will I hae to stand an' jeel like potted-head?"

≤GRIP

"Get on a street car whenever ye strike the Queen City," says he; "by the time ye get hame to your ain door ye'll be as hard as a fossil, an' as auld."

I took his advice an' boarded a street car early in the mornin', an' in aboot twa oors we had gotten half a block up Spadina an' I had materialized sufficiently to be veesible to the naked e'e o' the conductor, for he cam round an' held up his pirlypig for me to drap my fare in-Then he speired if me an' the rest o' the passengers to. would be kind enough to stap oot and shove the car on the rails, but I thought I had better let ither folk do that, an' so I sat still while the ithers lifted the car, an' me intill't, a sair blamed an' misunderstood man-for hoo could I explain to them that I wasna sufficiently jeel'd yet for hard work. There was a general resurrection o' street car rails gaun on an' our progress was consequently slow, but aboot eleven o'clock at nicht I at last got to my ain door, only to find the way in blocked up by a high sand bank, into which I sank ower the head when I tried to climb ower. There I lay a' nicht, an' the first thing Mrs. Airlie saw when she wakened up an' lookit oot o' the window was your humble servant wrigglin' up oot o' the sand, an' I can tell ye her tongue wasna in her pooch. She actually accused me o' bein' drunk an' incapable : wouldna listen to me when I telled her hoo I had been melted to mist an' firmed up again, and wanted to ken if I wouldna like her to try her hand at dismaterialization. I said naething in reply-the man that is fule enough to argue wi' a woman has neither the wut nor the wisdom of HUGH AIRLIE.

AN UNWELCOME SUITOR.

MISS CANADA'S REPLY TO BROTHER IONATHAN. . (See cartoon on first page.) N vain you strike the dulcet lute, You cannot move my heart, I will not listen to your suit, Or with my freedom part. How should I trust your amorous plea When you such temper show? A union with you would be I fear a source of woe. Were you more amiable and fond, We might be happy yet, But how can my free heart respond To love enforced by threat i 'Tis vain, the man by whom I'm wooed . Must in love's ways be versed, Not by Soo tolls can I be sued, I'll never be coerced !

AMONG THE TRAMPS.

WRAGGLES-" I hear that you have been workin'." SCRAGGLES, (guiltily)—" Well, a fellow must have some relaxation."



RICHES.

BY ELDER WEEDLESNICK. Munny maiks thee mare tew go An' the trolly car also.

—Ibid.

THEE grate ame of man iz 2 ackwire ritches. but thare iz butt few hoo kin shute strate. Ritches hav wings an it folloze therefour that in order tew git abolt uv them a man has tew be fly.

It is sed that ritches can knot konfer hapiness—well, praps knot, but tha kin projuce sech a good imitashun ov the genwine artickle that 95 per cent. ov the pecple wil knot no the differense.

Annyway I hav yit tew diskover a man which woodent be willing to maik the experimint.

I hav red uv flosophers wich unanimousli choze the blessins uv poverti, but tha hav awl been ded fur sevril senturies an the breed has run out.

The man hoo did not want tew bee ritch cood easili maik hiz forchune az a freak intew a Dime Mewseum, but the more he kept wishin tew be poor the ritcher he wood git, so that—but this is gittin intew the rejion uv metterphisicks, so Ile drop it rite hear lest reeson shood totter on her thrown.

The fraze that ritches ar a delushun iz proberly korrect. Tha kin delood fokes intew the beleaf that a durn fool iz a smart man, that a homely old made of 48 summers an goodness knose how many winters, iz a dazzlin vishon of bewty, ore that a miserli old skinflint is a jenerous an publick spiritid citezen.

With the man wich haz got ritches everything goes (even hiz money sumtimes). He kin buy a seet in Parlyment, or a nice new wife tew taik the plase uv the old one wich worked herself tew death helpin him tew saive, or a good reputashun. Sum pecple even beleave it will buy an entranse to the home beyond the sky; but befour expressing an opinyun on his hed I shoold prefer to wate till the returns ar in.

The poet hast sed in langwidge wich waz earli impresed with shingles and straps an so 4th onto mi youthful mind :

Earli tew bed an earli tew rise, Maiks a man helthy, welthy an wize.

In the lite of matoor speriense \cdots is kandid opinyun ov the man wich rote them lines iz that hiz trolly wuz orf. In reel life the man wich seeks his couch an presoomably finds it if he aint tew blamed full about I in the morning, an leasurli strolls down tew hiz orifice at 10.25 the follerin a.m., iz the one wich iz welthy, wile thoze wich rize with the lark an high them 4th tew onist



A STORY WITHOUT WORDS.



labor hav mitey hard scratchin to rays enuff monney to by $\frac{1}{2}$ a ton ov koal, and save the diskount ontew thare water rates

Sum peeple sez that richness brings manni evals in itz trane, incloodin irreligon an practickle infidelty. I dont take no stock intew this theary sinse I hav notised the solicitood ov ritch men tew carry out that bewtiful an consolin tex ov Scriptur, "The poor have ye allwaze with yew" Tha air ever reddy to see that the supply ov paupers iz kept up tew the mark in order that the truths ov the Bible ma be sustained.

In conclushun I ma stait that pursonally I dew knot hanker after gold. I wood sooner hav a good sized roll ov billz anny day.

A TOUCH OF NATURE. Men denne svarar : "Jag vill dat icke Om detta varar, Jag aldrig blicke In i den boning, der forr jag var I tjenst hos fadern sa manga dar." *—Skandinaviske Canadiensaren.* JF we may judge of matters by This burst of runic rhyme Our Scandinavian settlers Are fond of a good time. Still to his"jag" this skald returns— A skald may well resemble Burns.

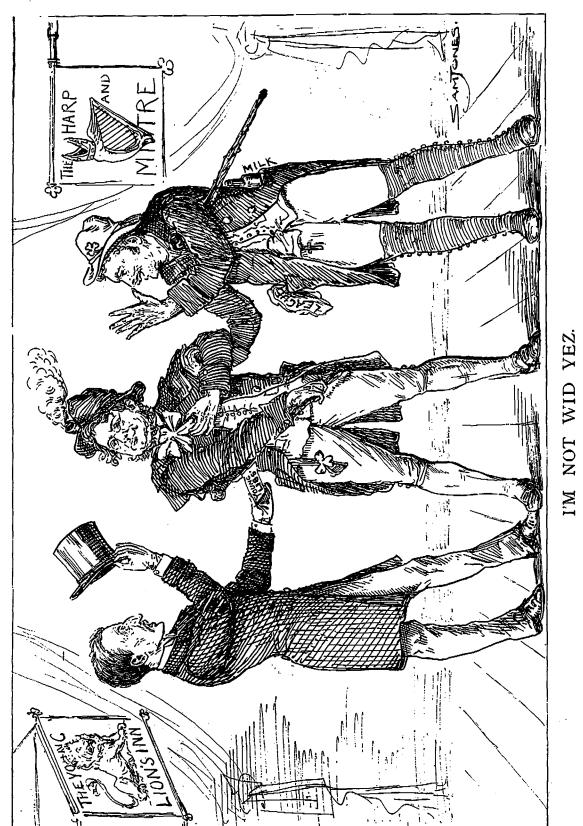
OF PARAMOUNT INTEREST.

BUMSTEAD—"If I were engaged to a girl I should not care a snap who her relations were. If I loved her I'd marry her, though she were the child of a pauper."

SKEESICKS—" Well, I look at these things differently. When I marry, the question of what her pa amounts to will be one of supreme interest."

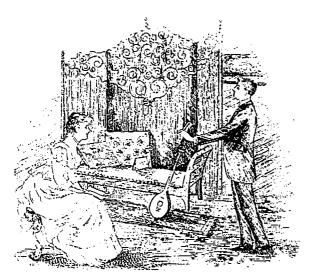
BUMSTEAD-" Of par-amount importance, in fact."





DOMINICK BLAKE-" No, I'M GOIN' WID ME FRIND, MR. LYNCH. YOUSE FEILOWS OVER AT THE OTHER HOUSE DIDN'T TRATE ME WELL FWHIN I WAS WID YEZ AFORE."

 $\equiv GRIP =$



MEAN THING.

PLUNKETY plunked on my "Fairbanks and Cole,"

Till my fingers were blistered and sore, I wrestled with "Comrades," "The Darkies' Patrol," "Annie Rooney," and jigs by the score.

I told *her* just how a good banjo is made, Explained all about "bridges" and "frets," "Harmonics" and "drum chords," and how they are played, And how to get pretty "effects."

I tuned up the strings so they wouldn't sound false, And dashed off an "essence" or two, A "juba," two "reels," a "gavotte" and a "waltz," "Sweet Violets," and then "Peek-a-Boo."

I worked in a series of rich "florid chords,"

Then played "Home, Sweet Home," escaping discords, And finally breaking a string.

It was then she looked up, cutc, cunnin' and coy, And said, in a voice blithe and gay,

" If you are so fond of the banjo, dear boy,

I wonder you don't learn to play.'

MAXWELL DREW.

÷

A TROTTING HORSE AT A RIFLE MATCH

SOME years ago a rifle match was being held at a Canadian frontier town on the banks of the St. Lawrence, at which an amusing incident occurred.

A heavy storm came up about noon, and drove all the competitors into a large refreshment marquee, where they were soon sampling the sandwiches and beer. The tent was roomy, and an American gentleman, a very horsey-appearing man, had driven his handsome trotter under the canvas for shelter. The animal soon attracted the attention and admiration of all present, and particularly of a certain captain of rifle volunteers known among his friends as a bit of a wag, and whose soubriquet was the Dark Captain.

The conversation naturally turned upon the subject of fast trotters and fast time generally on the turf, and the D.C. stated to his companions that he had seen some very fast time made by trotting horses, and once he had been present when a mile was made in 1.95.

"Where was that?" asked some one of his friends.

"On the road between Troy and Albany, N.Y.," quoth the D.C., who had kept his eye on the owner of the handsome trotter, and observed that he was listening attentively to the conversation.

"I'll bet \$100 no such time has ever been made!" shouted the horse owner, coming up to the D.C. with The blood in his eye and a big roll of bills in his hand. friends of the captain here whispered to him to be careful, as this man would probably know more on that subject than he would, and above all not to risk any money ; but he would not be warned, and said to the excited horse owner:

"I don't care to bet so much as that, but I don't mind a small amount on it."

"Well, I just bet you \$10 to \$1 on this thing, if you like," said the horse owner.

"Done with you," said the other, and then divers of the bystanders intimated their willingness to put up \$10, and very soon some half a dozen bets were made, and the money deposited with the barkeeper.

"Now, Colonel," said the horseman, " will you tell us when that mile you speak of was made in less than two minutes?"

" I bet," said the D.C. quietly, "that the mile was done in 1.95.

"Well ! thunder ! Ain't [that less than two minutes?"

" If you ask my candid opinion," quoth the captain, "I should say it is not, but you can figure it up for yourself; in the meantime I claim those stakes."

And then a something seemed to strike that horse owner, and he looked round at his friends, who in turn looked at him, and then at each other, and finally at the only open eye of the horse, the other being closed in honor of the African he had discovered in the fence.

"Sold ! by thunder 1" he roared ; "1.95 takes the bun. Colonel, what will you and all your military friends take ? Set 'em up, barkeep !"

And then there were

Little drops of liquor, Little lumps of ice, Little grains of sugar, Little lemon slice. Little dash of bitters, Little shake and strong, Little silver taken, Nod ! Gulp ! So long !

F.C.D.



THE ENGAGED ONES.

SHE-"No, birdie, no! Do not ask your own petsy-wetsy to imb over this stone fence. Let us go home by the mill. I have climb over this stone fence. my reasons, birdie ! "--- Life.



WITHOUT A MICROSCOPE.

CHOLLY-" You don't seem to like my moustache." MAUD-" No, but I have noticed it. Isn't that sufficiently complimentary?"

GRIP'S EPIGRAM CONTEST.

OUR Epigram competition resulted in the receipt of so many contributions of superior merit that it was a matter of some difficulty to select the prize-winners. Out of a very large number which fully complied with the conditions, we award prizes to the following on the ground of their literary merits and especially their clearness, finish and neatness of expression.

1st Prize, \$10. GEORGE CHAMBERLAIN, 44 Arthur Street, Toronto.

> Boldness and daring, Tory ranks delight, Timidity to Grits, it seems, belongs ; Grits grow fainter in defence of right,

Tories bolder when they champion wrongs.

and Prize, \$5. D. S. MACORQUODALE, 260 Lisgar Street.

'Twist Tory keen and Grit intent

As positive and sure as fate

A difference is in Parliament.

Somewhere tween one and eighty-eight.

3rd Prize, one year's subscription to GRIP. LOTTA E. MILLER, Berlin, Ont.

Both are composed of rogues and fools, the Conservatives chiefly rogues; the Liberals mostly fools.

It is noteworthy that the great majority of the contributions sent in emphasized not the difference but the similarity of the two parties. Evidently the public are being roused to the fact that there is practically no dif-ference in principle between Grit and Tory, and doubtless our competition, in addition to proving a source of innocent merriment, has done something to set many people thinking as to the folly of wasting time and means in the struggle between the place-holders and place-hunters.

Among the contributions not previously published are the following :

The Tory gerrymanders like a fool, The Grit like one who learned the art at school.

The Tory catches on To office and holds fast, The Grit can only clutch at it As it is going past.

See GRIP

Their object's the same-on the Government hill, One party Jack and the other Jill, Are taking their pail to the Government mill.

Politics are a dread disease For which the patients receive the fees, Grit phase catching - Tory hereditary-Both parasitical, therefore predatory.

Grits in bye-elections licked, Think " Heaven doth whom it loves afflict." Of Tories it is understood That "some one' to his own is good.

The Tories are rascals by habit and heredity, the Grits are rascals by unexpected and infamous choice.

> The Grits who ask for Customs' union Are charged with disaffection, The Tories fearing not to stand alone Would fall without protection.

They differ in nothing and still getting worse, Both anxious, like Judas, to carry the purse, Miss Canada thinks both a terrible curse.

Both scramble, cater to Rome, sacrifice principle for and dearly love office ; Grits have better policy and principles. Tories subservient, united, better organized.

> For Grit or Tory evermore To govern well a hopeless task, Nothing to nothing stands the score, The sweets of office all they ask.

Grits of changes they fain would have, Show quite a lengthy docket ; While Tories object to any change That they can't put in their pocket.

Alike in greed, alike in gab, They differ in opinion As to which should hold the reins of power For the good of the Dominion.

The Tories united by boodle - Grits divided by fads.

Both on the whole work toward one end Our country's weal to increase Grits seem to grasp reforms by wholesale, But Tories piece by piece.

The Tories ne'er a fair wind skip, But Grits, you will observe, Let many glorious chances slip Because they lack the nerve.

The Grit he hides all Tory right And blows all party wrong, Just so the Tory serves the Grit In prose as well as song.

Kindred bodies designed to demonstrate the elasticity of political consciences.

Tory—The party protective, close clinging to power; Grit—The party subjective, dejective and sour. Two parties have we You'll agree

They differ but scarcely a whit,

Without the N.P. As I see

'Twere hard to tell Tory from Grit.

The Tories' policy is to have a leader-the Grits' leading idea is to have policy.

NOT INFRINGING.

REV. WHITE—"I am surprised to find you making use of such an argument. It is an invention of the Evil One."

BADUN-" Well, as far as I know, he hasn't had it patented."



DISPUTED OWNERSHIP.

FARMER SNAFFLES—"Say, sonny, is this my car to the Union Depot?"

NEWSBOY-" Your car ! Oh, come off ! That car belongs to the Street Railway Co."

BADLY FOOLED.

HUSBAND—"You needn't grumble. When we married you took me for what I was worth."

WIFE—" No, I didn't. I took you for what I thought you were worth."

VARIOUS OPINIONS

ON THE CONTEMPLATED POLITICAL DEAL AT OTTAWA

SIR JOHN THOMPSON—" Impossible to make any other arrangement. I am the great indispensable, and the rest are simply not in it with me."

HON. G. E. FOSTER—" If I had only changed my creed when I did my opinions on the prohibition question, I might have been equally available."

SIR ADOLPHE CARON—"Tres bien, faute de mieux. Ze sacre Orangistes vill be mad, but ze Premier should be un Français as well as Catholique."

HON. MR. HAGGART—" It's all right so long as he's got the pull and can keep us in. That's all I care about seeing I've no show for the place myself."

HON. MACKENZIE BOWELL—"Pretty bitter pill for the lodges to swallow, but they'll toe the mark and take their medicine just as usual. They're getting used to it by this time."

DALTON MCCARTHY---- 'I have eaten crow in my time, but there are viands which I consider preferable as a steady diet. No more of it for me."

W. R. MEREDITH—" From attacking Separate schools in Ontario, where they are protected by the Constitution, to forcing them on Manitoba, where the people have the matter in their own hands, is a rather sharp curve, of course—but still it really is about time I was getting into office somewhere."

SIR OLIVER MOWAT—" There is one thing in Sir John Thompson's favor—he never was an annexationist, and if I felt assured that he would purge the Tory party from the stain of disloyalty and suppress Sol. White and E. A. Macdonald, I should view the change with approval."

SIR RICHARD CARTWRIGHT—"It simply means ruin to Canada. That, however, is a triffing matter, as Canada has been ruined over and over again, but the people don't seem to mind it. The serious part of the business is that we can't attack him without alienating the Catholic Vote"

LORD STANLEY—" John Thompson is an awfully plebian name, don't you know. Might be a common tradesman or mechanic. There's a sad lack of tone and dignity about the politics of a country where a John Thompson can be chosen Premier. Shan't be sorry to get back to England."

DOMINICK BLAKE—" Divil a wan av me cares av he can do anny good fur this country or not. Is he in favor av Home Rule for Ireland ?—that's fwhat I'd like to know."

COL. O'BRIEN—" Those who are familiar with the classic drama will doubtless remember the brass doorplate episode in the play of 'Toodles'—'Thompson !— Thompson with a "p"! Damn Thompson with a "p"!' I unqualifiedly endorse the sentiment."

SAMJONES—" The appointment seems Antigonish-tic to the Protestant sentiment of Ontario."

THE FLAG ON THE SCHOOL-HOUSE.

I truly loyal School Inspector for the hoisting of the Old Flag on all school-houses in his diocese on the following occasions:-

Public holidays.

British national anniversaries, excepting, of course, St. Patrick's Day.

Orange anniversaries.

Anniversaries of all skirmishes known to history during the war of 1812 and Mackenzie's Rebellion, regardless of which side whipped.

Whenever a governor, premier, lord, knight, worshipful master or anybody who is anybody in particular comes to town.

Whenever anybody who is celebrated or notorious enough to get a half-column obituary notice dies.

When the Legislature opens and prorogues.

When the City Council meets.

When a deputation of aldermen start on a junketing expedition.

Election days.

Opening and closing of navigation.

Birthdays of prominent Canadian politicians.

And generally when anything happens, or is expected to happen, worthy of such a recognition.

CONJUGAL AMENITIES.

SHE-"I was a fool when I married you."

• HE—"Aren't you a fool still?"

SHE—" No, I am not."

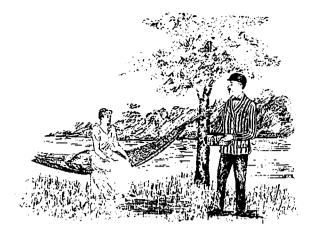
HE—" Then you should be thankful to me for reforming you."

A PLAYED-OUT DODGE.

BIGHEAD—"The insanity dodge is getting rather played out in the criminal courts. Good judges now look on it with disfavor."

MUDDLEHEAD-" That's true. It is now so unpopular that no one but a lunatic would think of entering it."





A WARNING TO AMATEURS.

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHER—"Beg pardon, Miss Ethel, but will you allow me to take you-?"

ETHEL-" But, Mr. Jackson-Charlie-this is so sudden. Ycu will have to ask papa.

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHER--" Great heavens ! " [Kodak given away next day,

ANTICIPATION AND REALIZATION.

WELVE months ago, he always found his mother up before him; She built the fires, bustled round, and got his breakfast for him,

But now, alas ! at six o'clock he gets up with a groaning, And stubs his toes, his knuckles knock, meanwhile his fate bemoaning.

When he was younger by a year he never had sawed wood, He wasn't able—that was clear—he said he never could. But now each evening after tea we find him in the shed, He saws his own wood now we see, in spite of what he said.

He never gave a single thought to aught but recreation, He never thought his garden plot would need some cultivation, But now he's seen with sun-burnt brow a weeding in the garden, He never finds a minute now for reading Enoch Arden.

On carpets, cleaning house and such, he hadn't meditated, Or even given a thought thereto with love and joy clated, But now on hands and knees he'll get to pry the tacks up sudden, And erstwhile wipes away the sweat that o'er his brow seems buddin'.



Re stove-pipes ; it was not his place to krow at all about 'em. At home his father got a man to help, and did without him ; But now he finds that he has need of help from other quarter, The more he tries, the less they heed, and, tumbling, rile him sorter.

He seemed to fancy that his mind would ne'er be troubled, never, He never thought that he would find some worry for it ever. But now each morn he's asked to get bread, meat or wood, 'tis funny

How things like these will run away with all his pocket money.

A year ago he thought his days would all be fair and bright, Beginning with the rest induced by slumber sound at night, But now the morning hours he spends in shovelling off the walks ; 'Most every night his voice now blends with baby's as he rocks.

Twelve months ago he thought that life would be all joy and bliss If he possessed a darling wife and cottage—naught but this. But now he thinks that life's a stage, on which the moving factor Is a young babe of six weeks old, and he unwilling actor.

LEWIS PHILIPS.

TO GRIP'S BOYS.



NELSON PRIOR.

awarded; from it we will make a cut for this column. Madoc, Ont., got the Rogers jack-knife, as his letter with remittance was opened first.

Another knife will be given to the boy whose letter with money and orders is opened first on Tuesday morning. The list of prize winners appears this week. There are quite a number of them, but who the winners of the big prizes will be we can't tell. It's getting very near the time when the big prizes will be awarded, and there will likely be some smart hustling during the next few weeks. Oct. 15, 1892, is the day the competition closes for the prizes mentioned in previous issues.

PRIZE WINNERS.

For week ending

May 28th, A. Bardwell, Guelph.

- June 4th, Albert S. Moore, Gananoque.
 - 11th, Henry Bulford, Athens.
- 18th, Arnold Anderson, Morrisburg.
 25th, Tom Power, Orillia.
 July 2nd, Willie A. Prosser, Kemt tville
- 9th, Wylam Richardson, Port Stanley.
- 16th, Sam Papernich, Toronto. 23rd, Ernest Meason, Windsor. "Fred Urstadt, Waterloo. "
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- ...
- ..
- 30th, R. Pettipiece, Calgary. 6th, Willie A. Prosser, Kemptville. 13th, John McLean, Glencoe. 20th, Nelson Prior, Exeter. "W. Honeyford, Toronto.
- Aug.
- ..
- 27th, Claude Fisher, Amprior.
- Sept. ' 3rd, Harry Ash, Markham.

THE winner of the Student Camera offered to the boy who sold the largest number of GRIPS in any town during the week ending Sept. 3, 1892, all previous prize winners barred, was Harry Ash, Markham, who sold 30 copies.

On receipt of his portrait we will send him the camera.

The picture that appears this week is that of Nelson Prior, Excter. He won the prize offered for the weck ending August 20, 1892.

The prize for the week ending September 17th, is another Student Camera and complete outfit, to be given to the boy who sells the most GRIPS during the week, all previous winners barred out.

That for the week ending Sept. 24th will also be a Stu-dent Camera and complete outfit. It will be given on similar conditions.

The winner must in all cases send his photo or tintype before he can receive the prize for this column. W. Bristol,

180

FALSE ECONOMY

Is practised by people, who buy inferior ar-ticles of food because cheaper than standard goods. Iinfants are entitled to the best food obtainable. It is a fact that the Gail Borden "Eagle" Brand Condensed Milk is the best infant food. Your grocer and druggist keep it.

R. H. LEAR & Co., of the Gas and Electric Fixture Emporium, are not exhibiting at the Fair this year, but giving all time and energy to their palatial show rooms, 19 and 21 Rich-mond street west, and will be pleased to see any out-of-town customers there. Special quotations during Fair.

HEALTHY CHILDREN.

THE use of Dyer's Improved Food for Infants has been proved of great value in preserving the health of infants. It is made from pure Pearl Barley, is always fresh, and sold at 25c. per package. Druggists keep it. W. A. Dyer & Co., Montreal.

A PEG-TOP

Is a first-class cigar and made of good to-bacco. Try it it will please. L. O. Grothe & Co., Montreal.

AMONG the many attractions to our visitors during Exhibition week, perhaps there is none that attracts more attention or calls forth so many favorable comments as the handsome display of the boots and shoes shown in the windows of H & C. Blachford, 83-89 King street east This firm have always been noted for their large and varied assortment of footwear. They are particularly noted for their assortment of ladies' French and American evening shoes. In ladies' walking shoes they have to be seen and worn to be appreciated. They are very handsome, comfortable, and perfect fitting. The Messrs. B. also pride perfect fitting. The Messrs. B. also pride themselves on having the most complete assortment of childr.n's shoes in the city. Within the past year they have added a special department for men, which they have filled with the newest and most fashionable footwear from leading American and Canadian manufacturers. We would advise those wishing to see or purchase fine footwear to call on the above firm.



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WHAT this warm weather suggests is something that will boil the kettle, cook an egg, or fry a beefsteak in a hurry. Harvie's kindling wood is just the thing. Try 6 crates a dollar, delivered. Harvie & Co., 20 Sheppard St. Tel. 1570.

LIVE men wanted on salary who won't lose their heads while making big money. For full particulars address Brown Brothers Company, Toronto.

ALEXANDER (the Great)-" If I were not

Alexander I would be Diogenes." DIOGENES—" Confound you ! don't you know a good thing when you've struck it ?"

A QUESTION OF SECONDS.

THAT is the title of a capital little sketch in black and white from the brush of H. F. Farny. It shows a train on a siding in the woods, a crescent moon lighting dimly the tops of the dark pines. Beside the engine stands the conductor, lantern on arm, in consultation the conductor, faithern on arm, in consultation with the engineer, who has just climbed down from his cab. They are comparing their watches, and it is "a question of seconds" as to peace or peril. The sketch was drawn for the great Dueber Watch Case Company and was the idea of President Dueber to show enchanged by the incorting to life and limb of graphically the importance to life and limb of "a question of seconds" in watches. A sec-

ond too slow, a second too fast, means much with railway men. That's why they all use the ever accurate Dueber watches. Messrs. Frank S. Taggart & Co., S9 King street west, Toronto, are special selling agents for Canada. Write them for descriptive list of these celebrated watches.

THE smoker who has not yet tried the "Myrtle Navy" tobacco has a new pleasure before him in the use of "the weed." An investment of twenty-five cents will furnish him with the means of giving it a fair test Let us advise him to make the experiment; he will find the tobacco to be all that its thousands of friends claim for it, and they are far from stingy in their praise.

"I DON'T take any stock in that old saw, 'Two heads are better than one,'" said the man who had just fitted out his two boys with new hats. "My gracious ! I do," said the hatter.

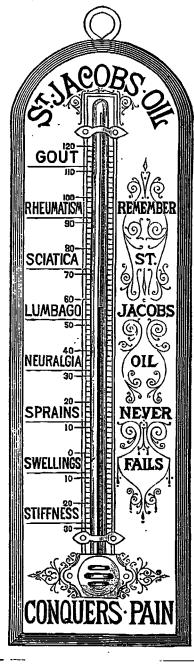
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If the truth were only told on the marble monuments which mark the resting place of the departed, how many would bear the above inscription?

Dear reader, do you use liquor to excess? are there any of your acquaintances who are slaves to Bacchus? If so, remember there is yet a salvation for you.

No Matter How Long Standing the Habit May Be

No matter how much the quantity drank, the International Liquor Cure Co., 337 King Street West, Toronto, Ont, Can Cure You as they have cured hundreds of others. Call or write for circulars.

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337 King St. West, Toronto, Ont.



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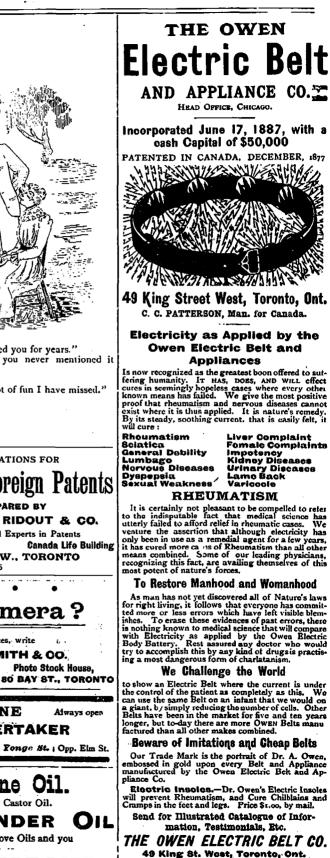
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