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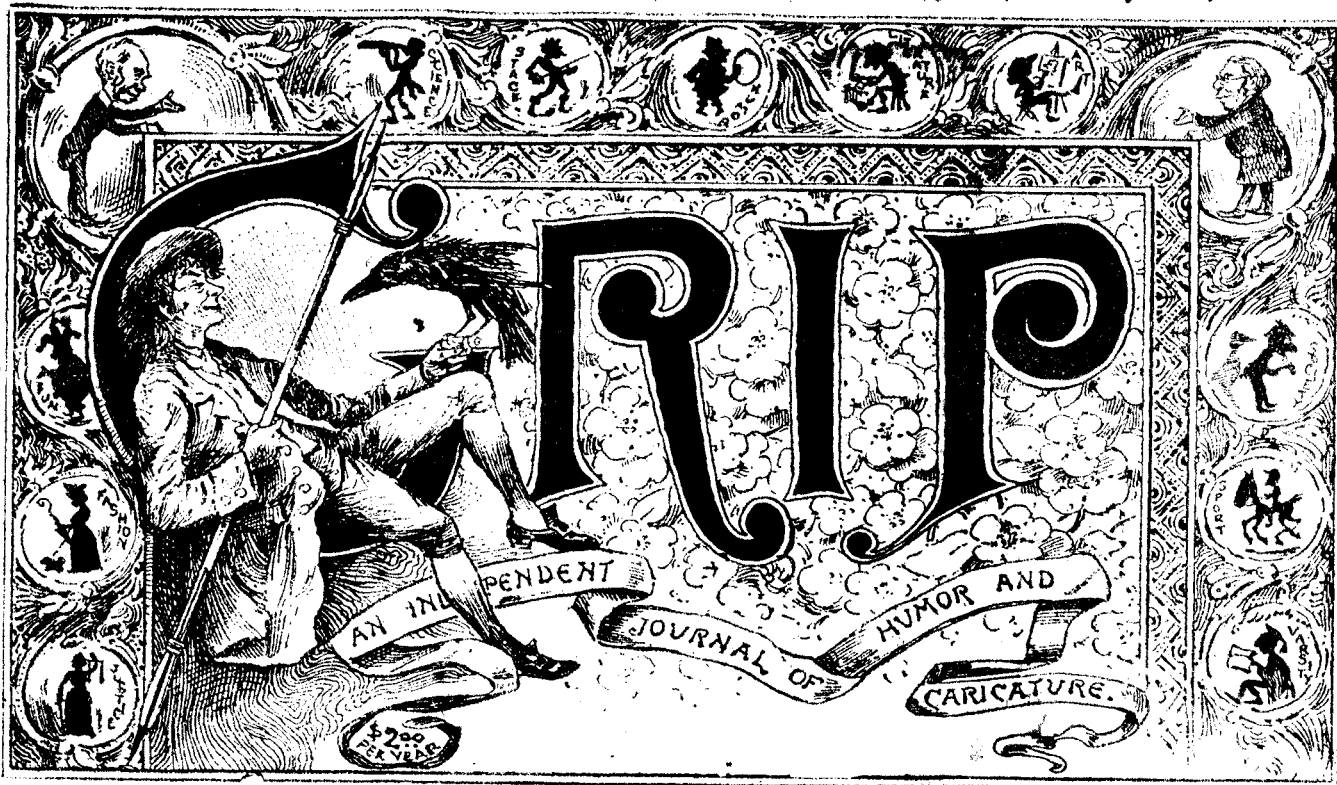
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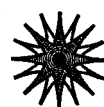
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VOL. XL.—No. 1.

TORONTO, JANUARY 7, 1893

No. 1021.

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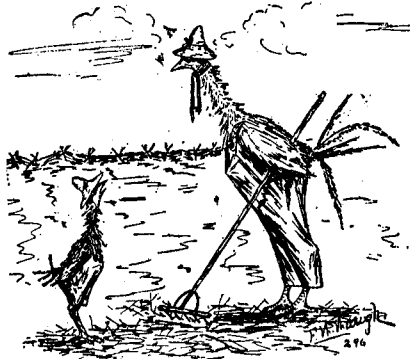
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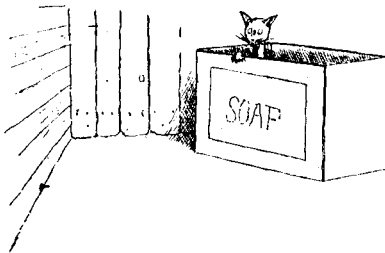
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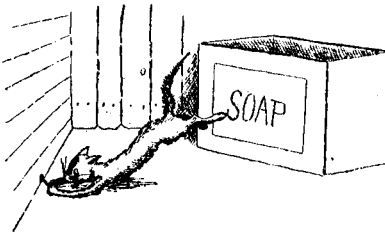
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I.

"WELL upon my word! the very rat I was
looking for!"



II.

"Aha!" (See page 448)

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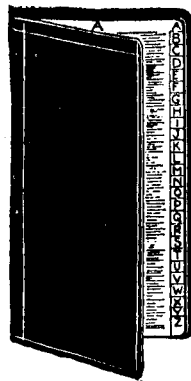
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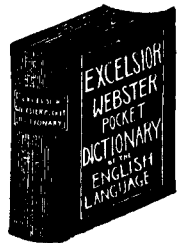
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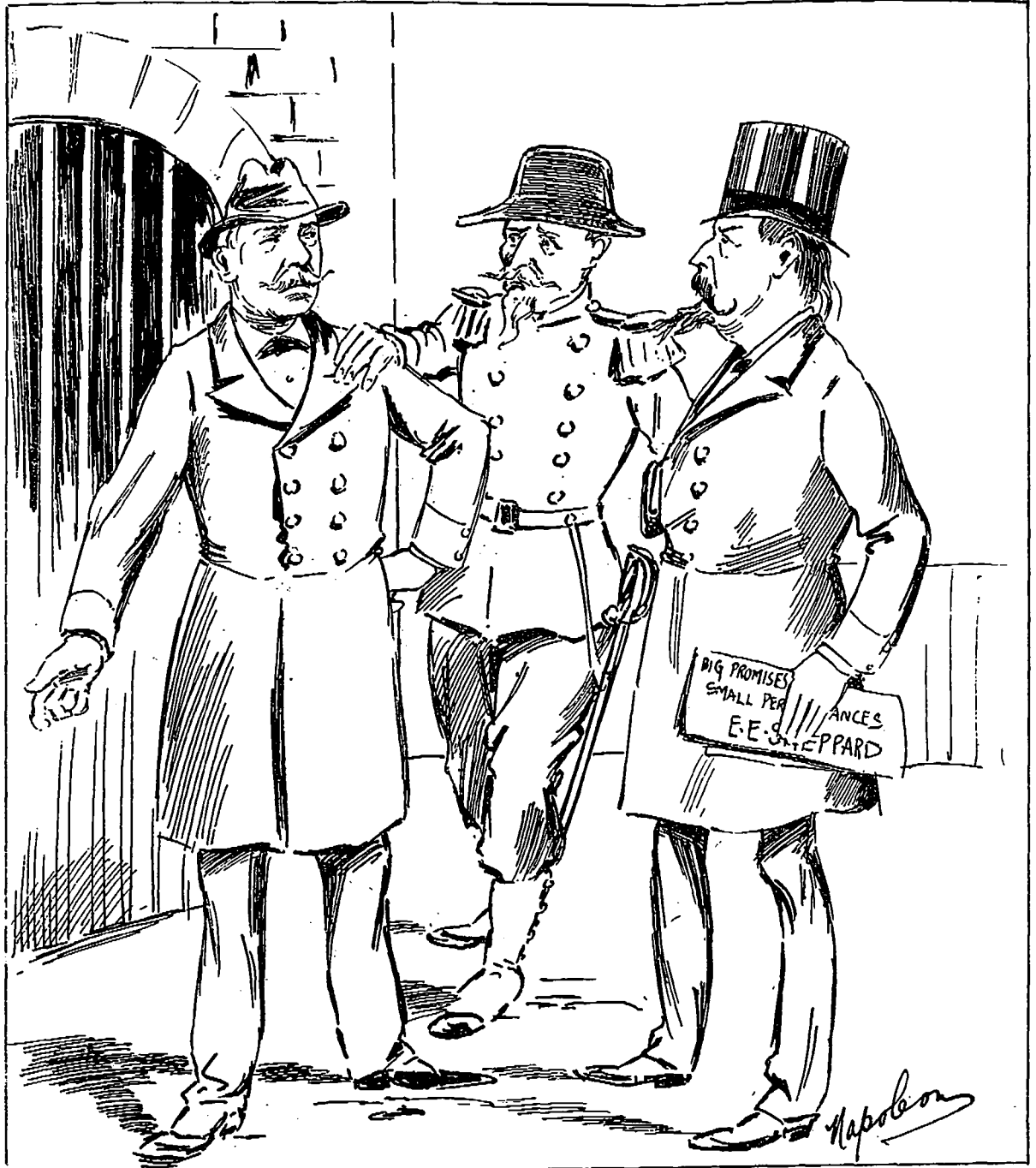
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GRIP

VOL. XL.

TORONTO, JANUARY 7, 1893.

No. 1.
Whole No. 1021.



A WARNING VOICE FROM FRANCE.

DELSSEFS—"Aha! mon ami Sheppard. Ze convict labor feature of your gr-r-r-and canal system ees a mistake. Pour exemple, ef I did adopt zat I should now have to dig ze canal myself. Beware!"



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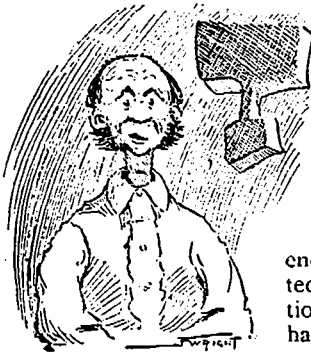
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TORONTO, SATURDAY, JANUARY 7, 1893.



THE fate of the Canadian N. P. was practically decided when Cleveland was elected President of the United States on a tariff reform platform. It may linger on a few years, but public opinion in this colony always, in the end, follows that of the United States on all such questions. Our protective tariff had its inspiration in the U. S. war tariff just as our C. P. R.

owes its origin to the mistaken American craze for subsidizing big railroad monopolies. Our neighbors by bitter experience have discovered their error, and are now struggling to throw off the incubus of tariff and transportation monopoly. Canadians, if too dull-witted to learn from the experience of others have, by this time, ample practical reason to cry halt in the process of impoverishing the masses to build up a few huge interests. But the final impetus will come from the result of the struggle being waged across the border, of which Cleveland's election is an earnest.

IT is not surprising that some of the more astute politicians, foreseeing the downfall of Protection in the near future, are beginning to hedge and suggest modifications calculated to render the tariff less burdensome and obnoxious—on the strength of which bye-and bye they will be able to pose as Free Traders. Mr. Dalton MacCarthy's independent utterances have been followed by a notable speech from Mr. Cockburn, of Centre Toronto, a constituency which, of all others, might be supposed to have enjoyed whatever of local benefit Protection can confer. Mr. Cockburn boldly points out that the effect of the N. P. has been to impart a sickly and spasmodic existence to some industries sustained by an amount of effort and outlay utterly disproportionate to any beneficial result. Now, it is claiming altogether too much to say

that Mr. Cockburn, in contending that it would be better to cease bolstering up these puny exotics and leave them to their fate, has thereby proclaimed himself a Free Trader. But his attitude is none the less a blow at the National Policy which is only sustained by the log-rolling arrangement among its beneficiaries, by which each gang of legalized plunderers agrees to help the others on condition that they get their share. If the props were once knocked away from under the sickly industries the whole rotten structure would come down with a run.

ALREADY the Dominion Government are beginning to weaken in their tariff policy. Saturday's *Gazette* announces the removal of discriminating duties against indirect importations of sugar, so that in future sugar entering Canada by way of the United States will be placed on the same footing as if imported direct. This step is avowedly taken to conciliate the United States, which, on the part of any other than a Tory ministry, would be proclaimed as evidence of the rankest disloyal and annexationist tendencies.

THE *World* is a smart paper, and after the fashion of most smart people given to superficial and flip-pant answers in default of sound arguments. Latterly when anyone has assailed the tariff as oppressive and bearing hardly on any class, the *World* has responded by asking what the contributions of that class are to the revenue. In its issue of the 29th ult, in replying to the *Montreal Star*, it says: "Let it tell us where the farmers are oppressed by the tariff" * * "let him also ascertain what the average farmer's contribution to the revenue of the country is." Of course this is the merest trifling with the question. It may be at once admitted that the average farmer's contribution to the revenue is of necessity very small, because, mainly owing to the tariff, his entire income is small and continually becoming smaller. The farmer's grievance is not so much the amount of his contribution to the revenue as the fact that the tariff narrows his market, blights the general prosperity, and leaves him without the means of contributing either to revenues or anything else. Moreover, the toll levied on industry in all its forms, prevents the money, from which the farmer could contribute in the form of a tax on imports, from ever reaching him.



LE CARON, the spy, as infamous a wretch as ever breathed, has been employed by the British Government to discover the Dublin dynamiters. Their action is as impolitic as it is unworthy of a civilized administration. The man unblushingly boasts of his entire want of principle. He was ready to incite the Fenians to invade Canada in order that he might earn blood-money by betraying them. It would consequently be quite in accordance with his record should he encourage other conspirators to explode dynamite and keep up the scare to his own advantage. The employment of spies and informers has always been a fruitful source of crime ever since the days of Jonathan Wild. If all the rascals of Le Caro's kidney were hanged, as they richly deserve to be, it would do more than anything else to put an end to dynamiting.



TRIFLERS.

AGENT—"Another advantage in our machine, ladies, is that the work is always in sight."
 CHORUS OF GIRLS—"Then it's no good. We prefer our work to be always 'out of sight.'"

THE re-election of Mayor Fleming was a foregone conclusion from the outset of the campaign. He had in his favor the second term tradition as well as the weakness of his opponent who, with many fine personal qualities in his favor, was handicapped at the outset by his association with the worst elements of the old municipal ring. The most satisfactory feature of the result is the evidence it affords of the decay of the power of partyism in municipal contests. It was in vain that the followers of Mr. Sheppard attempted to introduce political issues, and avail themselves of the Tory machine. The failure of these discreditable tactics is a sign of growing popular intelligence.

DEPLORABLE IGNORANCE.

EDITOR GRIP,—In a report of a women's meeting held in support of Mayor Fleming which appears in the *Globe* of the 28th, Mrs. McDonell of the Public School Board is reported as giving her experience on nomination day. She stated that many of the men smoked, and went on to say:

"She felt very sorry for some of the men who did not smoke. They coughed and ran out every once in a while to get a mouthful of fresh air."

And yet, Mr. Editor, there are people who say that women are fit to occupy public offices, requiring a knowledge of practical affairs. Mrs. McDonell is decidedly above the average in point of capacity, but fancy the amazing ignorance displayed in the above quotation. "Fresh air," indeed! Just imagine the average voter on a day when the taverns are open and the amenities of the season induce a spirit of hospitality, contenting himself with draughts of fresh air! It's really too absurd to imagine that mere oxygen would adequately refresh exhausted nature after listening for several hours to the harangues of municipal aspirants. It takes something much stronger.

I'm afraid, sir, that woman will never be a success in practical politics: "Fresh air!" Oh, this is too much! A HE-VOTER.

THE GLAD NEW YEAR.

WHEN the morn of light and liberty
 Drives out both doubt and fear,
 And the dawn of truth that we hope to see
 Lights the toiler's path in the 'is to be,'
 Then we'll get a glad New Year.

When the banker's stocks and the broker's shares
 Will be terms scarce known and queer,
 And the earh for the toiler only bears,
 And childhood's brow is not scarred with cares—
 Then cometh the glad New Year.

When the law of rent will be known no more,
 And the mortgage bonds grown sere;
 And there are no tramps from door to door,
 And the prisoner's wail is hushed and o'er—
 We'll have a glad New Year.

When "cast-off clothing" will be a sound
 The giver will blush to hear;
 Nor sweater's margin he made the ground
 For fame to build on like Babel's mound—
 We'll ring in a glad New Year.

It may come like a lion or gentle bird,
 It's coming be far or near;
 But clad in home-spun or sable furred,
 Each heart with a noble impulse stirred,
 Is bringing the glad New Year.

D. S. MACORQUODALE.

"ANOTHER victim of the Trolley"—E. E. Sheppard.

It is often the man who sleeps soundest in church
 who is widest awake in a political meeting.



HE NEVER WOULD GET THERE.

WIFE—"Why are you looking so downcast, dear?"

HUSBAND—"I got angry at a messenger boy and told him to go to the devil."

WIFE—"That was very wrong; but never mind. If he is like the ordinary messenger boy he will never get there."

MR. PODWINKLE'S ALDERMANIC CAMPAIGN.

DEC 23—I have made up my mind to run for alderman. Everybody says a better class of men are needed in the Council—men of wealth and leisure and public spirit, and really I think it is only right that those of superior position and culture should take their part in public affairs, and not leave them to be managed entirely by the vulgar, ignorant and self-seeking. If I'm successful it will be a stepping stone to Parliament, and in the meantime I hope I can accomplish something to bring up the value of that property of mine on Hogwallow avenue that I was let in for during the boom. Man like myself can't be reasonably expected to give his time to the public for nothing.

Dec 24—Begun canvassing in earnest. Spoke to about a hundred people nearly all of whom promised to support me. I really had no idea that public sentiment was so unanimous. Almost sorry I bothered with City Council at all. Would have been better to have entered the parliamentary field at once. People talk a good deal about Ashbridge's Bay affair, and some asked me what I thought about it. Told them it was disgraceful. Everybody says it's disgraceful, but I don't exactly know what or why.

Dec 25—Christmas Day, also Sunday, but I mustn't lose any time as I've entered the field so late. It seems I shall have to get somebody to go to a meeting somewhere and nominate me to-morrow, and another to second the nomination. Bolliver who knows all about these things was surprised I hadn't attended to it before.

Asked him to see about it. He says Tupkins the grocer would be a good man as he has influence in the ward. Don't like Tupkins—he is a vulgar person and offensively familiar, also apt to be unduly troublesome about his bill. By the way I owe him forty dollars or so now, and if he nominates me of course he'll expect the money shortly. Fancy an uneducated common person like Tupkins having influence; its disgusting. However I'll let Bolliver manage the campaign and make all arrangements. Good fellow Bolliver. Gave him the money to settle Tupkins' account. Also lent him ten dollars.

Dec 26—Well, the nomination is over thank Heaven! I felt positively ashamed of myself when Tupkins nominated me in a most ungrammatical speech in which he dropped all his "h's." But a number of people applauded. The fellow really does seem to have some influence. Somehow my speech didn't seem to take as well. When I spoke of the need of men of superior standing and education taking part in public affairs some brutal and insolent ruffians who looked like common workingmen actually laughed and made insulting remarks. It is a shame that such people should have votes. One of them put some impertinent questions to me—wanted to know whether I was in favor of having questions submitted to the people. Told him I could not think of it for a moment, as the people were too ignorant. Then some of the mob hissed. Tried to explain that I didn't exactly mean that, but was only partially successful. Then another rascal with patches on his clothing wanted to know about Ashbridge's Bay. Told him I thought it was disgraceful, which seemed to strike a sympathetic chord as it were. Then he asked me what I proposed to do about it. "I'm prepared to abolish it at once," I replied—whereupon cheers and laughter. Fancy I scored a point there. I wonder though why a man with patches on his knees should concern himself about Ashbridge's Bay. Can't say I'm altogether satisfied with results of nomination day.

Dec 27—Canvassing all day. Hard work, but the result most encouraging. Fully nine-tenths of those I have asked will vote for me. Bolliver says I've a sure thing. Gave him forty dollars to pay for some cards he ordered. Rather steep price for five thousand cards, but he says printers charge outrageously election time, and he ought to know.



HE WILL BE THERE.

LIMPING WILLIAM—"Goin' ter the World's Fair this year Watkins?"

WAYWARD WATKINS—"Bet yer game leg I am."

LIMPING WILLIAM—"Palace car or steam yacht?"

WAYWARD WATKINS—"Naw, walkin' delegate."

Dec 28—It's shameful, infamous! Here are the papers attacking me in the most scurrilous fashion. The *Evening Sewer-rat* alludes to me as an "upstart whose utter ignorance of public affairs is only equalled by his presumption," and the *Scalliwag* calls me a "pretentious and inflated booby." Never heard of anything so outrageous in my life. No wonder gentlemen are reluctant to come forward when subjected to malignant abuse of this sort. I'll not stand it. I'll instruct my solicitor to bring actions for libel at once. Have been so upset by the affair that I have not been able to canvass much. Bolliver has hired a dozen men to distribute cards at three dollars a day each. Rather high, but he says they have influence, so I suppose it's all right.

Dec 29—Solicitor says libel suit won't lie, as the papers only used the offensive language in a political sense.



MEMORIES OF MUSLIN.

SILAS—"Gosh, mother, that's just like some places I seen when was to Toronto."

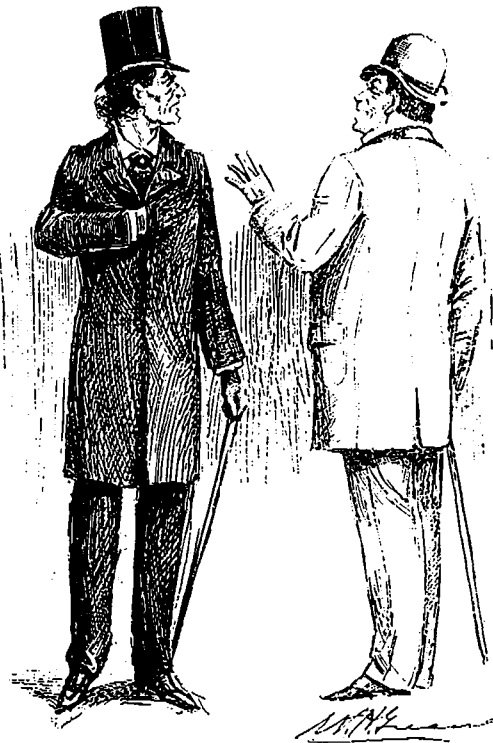
MRS. S—"What is, Silas?"

SILAS—"Ther front seat thar."

It's infamous that because a man is actuated by a sense of public duty he should become a target for every foul-minded scribbler. Papers continue their abuse. The *Scalliwag* wants to know how I propose to abolish Ashbridge's Bay, and characterizes me a "moonstruck and platitudinous imbecile." Bolliver has silenced the *Sewer-rat* by a fifty-dollar advertisement. Had no idea I should be put to expenses of this sort or I'd never have run.

Dec 29—Thank Heaven it's nearly over. Canvassing all day. Have promised positions to about two dozen people, who will all vote for me and get their friends to do so. I will do my best for them of course, but—well, it's no use being too scrupulous, to get elected is the main thing. Bolliver said he must have another twenty dollars for incidentals. Let him have it, but I really can't think it necessary to spend so much money.

Dec 30—All going well. Everybody says the *Scalliwag's* coarse and brutal attacks will help rather than hurt my cause. By actual count 154 people out of 160 I



HE ENJOYED IT.

TRAGEDIAN—"Well, me friend, how liked you me performance of Othello last night?"

HIS FRIEND—"Immense, old boy. Laughed till I thought I'd die. You gave the best nigger show I ever saw in my life!"

canvassed promised to vote for me. My attitude on Ashbridge's Bay universally commended. Success certain.

Dec 31—New Year's Eve. Not much to be done. Bolliver wanted more money, which I positively refused, as it was unnecessary. He said my election entirely depended on it. Don't believe him. Can he have been playing me false?

Jan. 1—Sunday. Preacher alluded to need of electing good men. Put a V on plate, and told Deacon Rackstraw that I intended to give liberal subscription to the church next week. That ought to help.

Jan. 2—Election Day. Voted early for myself. Plumper of course. Saw nothing of Bolliver. Was told he was hustling for Grimshaw, one of my opponents. The scoundrel! Would start in and hustle myself but don't know how. Nobody seems to take much interest. But most of electors have promised to vote for me, so I'll be all right. Better go home and wait the result.

7.30 p.m.—It's all over and I am at the foot of the poll with 261 votes, while the others run up into the thousands. Who could have imagined that men could be such infernal, brazen-faced liars! I've been fooled and swindled all through by that blackguard Bolliver! He has pocketed nearly all the money I gave him for the campaign, and left me with the bills to pay! Of all the corrupt, rotten, pestilential sinks of iniquity our municipal system is the vilest. Abolish Ashbridge's Bay, indeed! It's the City Council and the voters' list I'd abolish if I'd my way!

SWEPT away by the financial deluge — Ark-less Rundle.



CHESTNUTS!

COMPTROLLER WOOD (*vide speech at Frankville*)—"Considered as a whole there is no country in the world where people have less cause to complain than in Canada. Under the operations of the present tariff signs of prosperity are manifest in every branch of our trade and commerce."

FARMER (*wearily*)—"Oh, Chestnuts!"



ENLIGHTENING THE "WORLD."



Heming

THOUGHTFUL AND COMPASSIONATE.

HE—"I get eighteen hundred a year; surely you could live on that!"

SHE—"Yes, but I should hate to see you starve."

NOT SO BAD AS HE THOUGHT.

MRS. ROUNDER—"Our next door neighbors are very angry because you rang their door-bell when you came home last night."

MR. ROUNDER—"Is that so? Then I wasn't so drunk as I thought I was. I thought I was seeing our bell-pull double, and pulled both of it so as to be sure to waken you."

HUMAN FRILITY.

He made a resolution each New Year
That he no more would swear, but he was fat.
He kept his resolution till the Spring-
Time breezes started blowing off his hat.

IN ASSINIBOIA.

HANK THE TERROR—"Hello, stranger! What mout yer business be in these parts?"

DAVID BOYLE—"I'm an archaeologist looking for Indian remains. Can you assist me in the search?"

HANK—"Yer don't say. Is it dead Injuns yer'e after? You're the stuff. Assist yer? You bet I'd like no better fun. Thar's a Blackfoot camp over yonder, an' ef yer wait a half an hour I'll hustle round and git the gang together, an' ef we don't plug half a dozen bucks for yer afore sundown call me a liar. How much a head are ye payin'?"

DROP UPON THE FLOOR.

I RECKON 'twas the durndest sight I ever hear or see,
I 'low it was the durndest luck as ever came to me.
Iuster run the Lion House up thar on Billings' Bay,
An' no galoot as had the stuff wuz ever turned away.

Jim Fleet he run the other shop, by name the Royal Blade,
He had two daughters thar, you know, an' got the drummers' trade.
It had a sorter high-toned style, for Fleet's two girls was proud,
But we raked in the money from the tough, hard-hoozing crowd.

The cause of all the trouble was that thar slab-sided Lee,
Who always raised the devil when he went upon a spree.
He was a holy terror when he loaded up with gin,
And as quick as he got sober he would start to drink agin.

Lee was a durned good lawyer once, but he went quickly down,
Blowed in a client's money, an' the jedge yanked off his gown.
Spent most his time with Fleet an' me, an' on one winter night
Was loafin' in Fleet's bar-room, an' as usual good an' tight.

Along about eight-thirty a stray drummer happened in,
He waltzed up to the counter an' sung out fur Old Tom gin;
"I'm glad," says he, "to meet the boys, and though I cannot
stop,
Perhaps the present company would like to take a drop."

'Twas jest what they was waitin' fur, they swarmed around the bar.
Lee an' some sailor fellers that was winterin' up thar.
Meanwhile that flip commercial gent had sidled to the door,
An' hollered as he opened it, "Just drop upon the floor!"

The humor of that there remark was lost upon the boys,
They kicked about the furniture an' made no end of noise.
They raised the durndest racket in their disappointed rage,
Till Jimmy Fleet sot up the drinks their feelins to assuage.

It should have stopped right thar an' then with "drop upon the floor,"

What did it matter to the gang who chose to pay the score?
It would have stopped right thar an' then, but Lee which had a jag,
Must come across to my hotel to spring that little gag.



He come into the Lion, an', not takin' time to think,
Says, "Step up to the counter, boys, an' jine me in a drink."
They ranged themselves agin the bar, in number half a score,
"All right," says he, "my bloomin' ducks, jest drop upon the floor."

The photographer stood next Lee, a feller named Ted Gough,
And as Lee raised a drunken laugh which ended in a cough,

Says he, "Look here, I ain't so big a sucker as you think ;
You're 'drop' don't go—you asked the boys to join you in a drink."

Now Lee was keeless with his words, an' bein' filled with beer,
His intelleck was clouded an' his brain not very clear.
He called Ted Gough a liar, said he wouldn't pay the score,
It was a drop he spoke of—they might drop upon the floor.

Well, someone dropped upon the floor, an' as it seemed to me,
His figure bore a likeness to a party known as Lee.
Then like a streak of lightning Joe Delany piled on Gough,
An' three or four yanked holt uv Joe an' tried to pull him off.

To tell the details of that fight just now I need not stop.
But ere it ended every man around had took a drop.
I found myself, afore I knew, decanter in my hand,
A-poundin' Davis on the head with Gooderham's choicest brand.

Just then a stick of cordwood stretched me prostrate on the floor,
An' till the row was over I remember nothin' more.
But when I was a-layin' there, how it will ne'er transpire,
The red-hot stove got overturned an' sot the place afire.

I needn't tell how we got out afore the house burned down,
How I quit the liquor business an' shook the bloomin' town ;
How poor Ted Gough with fevered brain for two weeks raved an' swore,
He died, an' the last words he spoke was, "Drop upon the floor."

Now Lee is in the Temperance field an' meets with good success,
His record isn't much behind Frank Murphy or Joe Hess.
He's billed to talk at Billings' Bay before the month is o'er,
And the title of his lecture is just "Drop Upon the Floor."

M. B. McD.

HE WAS WELL-HEELED.

BEESWAN—"Hello, Witherspoon, I hear you're engaged to old Blenkinsop's daughter?"

WITHERSPOON—"Yes."

BEESWAN—"Congratulations, dear boy! The old man is well heeled, I believe."

WITHERSPOON (in a melancholy tone)—"Oh, yes—he is well-heeled. The brief interview I had on the steps with him 'last evening convinced me of that."



MUSICAL ITEM.

"THREE beats to a bar."



NO WONDER.

SMEERE—"What perfect nightmares D'Auber makes of the women in his pictures ! How insanely they are dressed !"

MAHISTICK—"No wonder. He dresses them according to Kits' fashion illustrations in the Mail."

A TYPICAL LOYALIST.



BEFORE all, we want national spirit,"
The orator said,
"How vast the domain we inherit !
How brilliant the future we merit !
How mighty the deeds of our dead !

"We must cling to each grand institution,

The gift of our sires,
And deal out a just retribution
To traitors creating confusion,
Till vanquished, sedition expires.

"Oh, dear is the country that bore us,
Fair Canada's shore,
And the glorious Old Flag waving o'er us
Raise loud to the welkin our chorus
Of ' God save the Queen evermore.'

Cried the people : "Ah he can enthuse us."
Loud rang their applause.
"Be our leader" they said, "don't refuse us,
With true national spirit infuse us,
And champion Canada's cause."

Smiled sadly that orator : "Ah, go
Another to seek,
I'm with you, but hence I must far go
I've just got a sit in Chicago
And leave for that city next week !"

It is easy to understand why a drunkard cannot enter the kingdom of heaven. The straight and narrow path oes him up.

SAMJONES ON THE STUMP.

SAMJONES—our own and only Samjones—than whom none others are genuine, took an unaccountable notion to stump for E. E. Sheppard during the late lamented Mayoralty campaign. He appeared among the flock who are seeking to be led into green pastures and beside the *still* waters at a meeting held at Eureka Hall, Parliament Street, on the 27th ult. As was only to be expected Bro. Samjones' oration was interspersed by those subtle and poignant humorisms, which have made his name a household word wherever the English language and GRIP prevail. It was soon apparent, however, that the intellectual capacity of the audience was not sufficiently receptive and cultured to enable them to appreciate the delicate *nuances*, as it were, of Samjones' chaste and elusive wit. As has been previously observed, it is an acquired taste, and the crowd lacked the insight and mental grasp necessary to a full realization of Samjones.

When he threw off in his usual jaunty and careless style a brilliant epigram to the effect that "The Pope does not rule Canada," his dull and stolid auditors totally failed to catch the spirit of ironical persiflage involved, and insisted on taking the observation as literal and as therefore calculated to alienate the Catholic vote. We grieve to state that not only R. L. Patterson the chairman, but E. E. Sheppard himself

felt called upon personally to disclaim, repudiate, disavow and call down Bro. Samjones on the spot.

Now, a moment's reflection ought to have been enough to convince any person of ordinary intelligence that Samjones' remark was a fine and elaborate sarcasm, inasmuch as it is perfectly evident that the Pope does rule Canada. It was simply one of Samjones' jokes, and if Sheppard didn't expect the only and original to get off jokes, why on earth did he ask him to speak?

Is a man without enough sense of humor to realize the irony embodied in the remark, "The Pope don't rule Canada" fit to be mayor anyway?

THE KIND THAT GIVE THEM.

BBROWN—"Smith is only casually acquainted with Mr. Greatman."

JONES—"How do you know?"

BROWN—"He offered me a letter of introduction to him."

HE REQUIRED ASSISTANCE.

"I AM told that Soffed never does anything without first consulting his wife."

"I thought as much. He couldn't make such a perpetual fool of himself without assistance."



WHAT HE MISSED.

O'HARA—"Sure, an' its a beautif'ul wake yer poor husband is havin'."

WIDOW MCGUGAN—"Indade an' it is that same. If poor Moike were aloive this blessed noight it is proud he'd be that he is dead."

AFRO-AMERICAN APHORISMS.

WEN you stumble 'gin er hen-roost, you had bettah 'fore you go,
Twirl your thumb aroun' de jug'lar ob de cock dat want ter crow.

Wen you heah de rooster crowin' in de centre ob de night,
Den you know de roost am handy an' you' instinc's tole you right.

Ef you's caught around de barn-yard w'en de stars dar vigil keep,
Doan start ter run an' den purtend you's walkin' in you' sleep.

Wen you start to hunt de coon secure you' pocket wid a nail,
So 'quisitiveness folks kaint see de fedders in his tail.

W'en you' aunty cooks de possum wat you ketched de night befo',
Tell her shua doan let de fedders fly around de kitchen do'.

Doan blow you's trained you' possum dog an' bet they's none to lick un,

Kase wen you show him tree de coon he'll likely tree a chicken.

Wen you's a-gwine to de ball an' war you' Sunday suit,
Doan you forgit ter place you' Sunday razor in you' boot.

Doan fret becase you' neighbor's wife shows off a silken skirt,
Dars mokes w'ars cuffs an' collahs too dat doesn't w'ar no shirt.

Wen de candidates am buyin' votes an' gibin folkses guff,
Doan nebbber frow you' vote away widout you gits de stuff.

Ef de mule seems kinder playful hitch you' wagon up wid car',
But ef he's meek an' quiet bettah keep away from dar'!

R. H. E.

THE WAR OF 1912.

A COMING EVENT OUTLINED FROM ITS SHADOW.

AFTER many years of N.P. rule, emigration to the United States had drained Canada of the enterprising and ambitious, to such an extent that when in 1912 the trade troubles between the two countries culminated in war, its population was no greater than it had been a century before. But the Tories were well satisfied with this result, and praised the N.P. as an improvement on Gideon's method of selecting a band of indomitable heroes. They said the poor but hardy yeomen that were left, living from hand to mouth, so to speak, would make the most desperate, hand-to-hand resistance. Having been so long debarred from selling anything, they would be sure to sell their lives to the best possible advantage.

Yet Canada, though poor, could still boast a few monopoly-made millionaires. But these preferred to serve the State in a civil rather than a military capacity. The booming of town sites was more congenial to them than the booming of cannon, for though the latter like the former created an artificial demand for real estate in small lots, none but bona fide settlers could hold them. The *unurned* increment could be manipulated only by the undertaker; there was nothing to attract the speculator in such land grabbing. Yet these rich men disclaimed selfish motives while refusing to enlist. They said, that as they represented the wealth of the land, it would be high treason to expose themselves to the risks of the battlefield. If they fell, like Cæsar, O, what a fall that would be! the fall of the *capital* of their country, none but traitors would put it in such jeopardy. So they generously left to others the bright laurels of war, and with praiseworthy humility applied themselves to the dull drudgery of securing fat contracts for army supplies.

The campaign opened with brilliant prospects for Canada. The aged but indomitable Col. Denison, at the head of a large force of Indians from the Grand River Reservation, carried fire and sword through the more sparsely settled regions of Michigan, scalping men, women and children. The gallant Colonel was determined to outshine the exploits of the British in 1812 in their sacking of Buffalo and other frontier towns, and would doubtless have succeeded had he not met with a misadventure. In looting a small town the Indians discovered a large quantity of fire water, and soon the Colonel found his braves transformed into useless sots. But this remarkable man was equal to the emergency. Hastily improvising a police court, he caused his entire force to be arrested as common drunks, and gave them the usual thirty days. Before this sentence expired, however, the Americans invested the place and captured the whole army. (July 4, 1912.)



IN A BERLIN BALLROOM.

FLOOR MANAGER—"What is the Emperor so angry about?"

HOST—"While he was talking to a friend he laid down his crown, and a fat duchess sat on it."

Meanwhile, the main body of the American army had crossed the Niagara, and found opposed to them only a few companies of raw militia. These were armed with a new untested gun, in the manufacture of which Sir Bogus Boodle, K.C.B., had found fame and wealth. The recoil of this deadly weapon was most effective; the front rank was hurled back upon the others with such force and precision as to throw the entire army into a state of inextricable confusion. The Americans coming up at double quick were thus able to capture it before order could be restored. Then the Canadians recognized in their captors, sons, brothers, and old friends, who had emigrated to the States in former years. The battlefield became a kind of family reunion. The bruises of the wounded were tenderly cared for, and the combined forces made the night ring with the strains of Auld Lang Syne. (July 1, 1912.)

These decisive victories brought the war to a close, and peace was soon after concluded on terms honorable and advantageous to both countries. The hostile tariffs were abolished, and all sources of irritation and friction in trade were removed by the adoption of unrestricted reciprocity, a term which has ever since proved itself synonymous with peace and prosperity. WILLIAM MCGILL.



MATERNAL SOLICITUDE.

MRS. HOGAN—"Oh! Mrs. Flaherty, yer little Jimmy jist fell down in the well beyant."

MRS. FLAHERTY—"Well, I hope he's after takin' the pail wid him so's he can fetch it back full av wather."

IN THE STREET CARS.

FIRST LADY—"Ah, by the way, didn't Lillie Lazuli make a pretty bride to-day?"

SECOND LADY—"Didn't she, though! I hear the bridegroom is very well off. Quite wealthy, they tell me."

FIRST LADY—"Ah! but that isn't the best feature of the match. He is an American, you know, and his family is closely related to that of Washington Irving."

SECOND LADY—"Oh, indeed! How perfectly delightful. Ah—what profession is Mr. Irving in?"

AN ANNEXATION ARGIFICATION.

I'VE heerd of Annexation, an' I've heered a dooced lot
Of Imperial Federation, and of Independence rot;
An' I've a kind of notion, too, no matter what they say,
That this here country's destiny don't lay around that way.

I met a man who blows about the Yankee Stars and Stripes,
He talked of "hearts and hands" until I kinder felt the gripes;
"See here, my friend," says he, "Yer want ter see the land below,
Its business enterprise with which this country ain't no show."

"You fellers here are starvin' an' a hustlin' for the south,
An' real estate an' such-like is away down in the mouth;
This continent was only meant one nation for to be,
With one grand flag—the Stars and stripes—ter float o'er you an' me."

"The government of Yankee land is tip-top as you know;
Her people, as a race, me boy, are anythin' but slow;
The laws is good, the wages high, an' everythin' pit pat,
An' where'll yer find the nation as can boast the likes of that?"

"I read the papers, too," says I—I felt a trifle hot,
"This 'talk of glorious government is simply gol-darned rot,
You shout for equal justice an' the rights of freemen claim,
When the way you treat the Indian is your land's eternal shame."

"The nigger question now, it seems, is both 'rin' Southern folk:
An' Liberty which reared the slave, has got to bear his yoke;
An' when they boast a puffed law, it isn't clear to me,
The likin' that they 'pear ter have fer any lynchin' bee."

"You talk about monopoly, an' its far-reachin' sway
In this here land of ours, but seems to me the other way:
The folk across the border line are groanin' worse than us
Beneath the heel of capital, that all-absorbing cuss."

"Thank God, we have no massacres like Homestead on our roll,
Though some of us is stewin' in the capitalists' bowl:
An' if the times is rather hard, an' trade is sorter glum,
Your yearly failures seem to show that you, too, feel it some."

"I'm not a rantin' loyalist or jingo man, by gosh,
An' ef yer want ter know it, I think all their talk is bosh,
But Canada, my grumblin' friend, won't swing upon yer gate,
Till you 'free' fellers down below can show a cleaner slate."

He didn't like that kind of talk (I 'low 'twas rather plain)
An' said: "Excuse me; I forgot I have ter catch a train?"
But I've been thinking deep upon the question of the day,
An' it seems ter me the riddle can be only solved this way.

We want a feleration of the English-speakin' race,
Throughout the world: with labor in the capitalists' place;
A feleration which shall bring us closer—you an' me,
A union of hand an' heart, enthr'min' LIBERTY.

—C. RNET.

LAMPAY'S LATEST.



R. W. G. LAMPAY, the patriot poet of Ottawa, whose new and thrilling version of "God Save the Queen," has won him so many admirers, furnishes another choice *morceau* this week. GRIP is disposed to take issue with E. C. Stedman, and the editor of the *Atlantic Monthly* who regard Mr. Lampay's bold and unconventional disregard of rhyme and metre as a defect almost sufficient to counterbalance the beauty and suggestiveness of the thoughts embodied in his noble stanzas. On the contrary the poet is to be commended

for having discarded the trammels and limitations of rhyme whenever they marred the flow of his subtle and pregnant fancy. It must be borne in mind that these somewhat captious critics are Americans who of course cannot be expected to understand or appreciate the spirit of loyalty which breathes through every line of the patriot-poet's strains. Here followeth the anthem:

STANDING BY THE STANDARD.

NOW, we stand; by the standard, boys;—
Ready, in every land; that we, are called:—
Up! with the flag of old, my lads;
And dare, everybody, to take, it who can?
Shoulder! to shoulder! and fight; like Britons!
Like our ancestors, of bye, gone, days;
Onward! we go! cheerily! my boys!
At the beat; of the drum, of, old England, my lads.

OTTAWA, ONT.

—W. G. LAMPAY.

DR. HARVEY'S SOUTHERN RED PINE for coughs and colds is the most reliable and perfect cough medicine in the market. For sale everywhere.

GOOD COOKING

Is one of the chief blessings of every home. To always insure good custards, puddings, sauces, etc., use Gail Borden "Eagle" Brand Condensed Milk. Directions on the label Sold by your grocer and druggist.

HEIRESS.—"If I should marry an English duke, what would I be called?"
"PAPA.—"An idiot."

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.

CHRISTMAS CRINKLES.

It requires no outlay of money to wish people a Merry Christmas.

Don't give yourself to more than one girl as a Christmas present.

Don't spend in gifts the money you owe your washer-woman. Presents are not numerous in times where the parents carefully teach their four-year-olds that Santa Claus is a mythical personage.

Price-marks on Christmas gifts are not to be regarded as emblems of veracity.

The woman who can circulate most through the stores the first three weeks of December can approximate most closely the value of the presents her friends received.—*William Henry Smiter, in Christmas Puck.*

SEVERAL noblemen in England are in the habit of giving special orders to makers in Virginia for their supply of smoking tobacco. There is no doubt that by that means they get the very best tobacco to be had, but it costs them about \$2 a pound. The workingmen of Canada are smoking the very same quality of tobacco at 75 cents a pound, and it is known to them by the name of "Myrtle Navy."

A CAUTION,

BEWARE of a single glass;

In that the danger may lie;

How many we see who might be men,

With a monocle cocked in his eye!

—*Smith, Gray & Co's Monthly.*

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.

KICKS FROM BEHIND.

"ALAS, yes," wailed the henpecked one, "my wife is a kicker from 'way back."

"Well," retorted the cynic, "what did you want to go and marry one of those French dancers for?"—*Town Topics.*

WATSON'S Cough Drops are the best in the world for the throat and chest—for the voice unqualified. Try them. R. & T. W. stamped on each drop.

HIER ONLY CHANCE.

MISS FRISKY—"Don't you wish girls could follow their fathers' calling?"

MISS OLDBOY—"Why, my father was a minister. I have no desire to preach."

MISS FRISKY—"No, but you might then marry somebody."

DEAFNESS ABSOLUTELY CURED.—A gentleman who cured himself of Deafness and Noises in the Head of fourteen years' standing by a new method, will be pleased to send full particulars free. Address HERBERT CLIFTON, 8 Shepherd's Place, Kennington Park, London, S. E., Eng.

"So you went to sing in the choir?"
"Yes." "What part?" "Well, I went in as first bass, but they changed it to short stop when they heard my voice."—*Washington Star.*

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

FACIAL REFLECTION.

MAUD—"That is a curious fan of yours—white on one side and scarlet on the other."

MARIE—"Oh, that's my blushing fan. It's awfully handy when a man is paying you compliments. It is so easily reversed."—*Town Topics.*

MAKES no difference what artificial light you use, gas or electric, R. H. Lear & Co can meet your wants. Their assortment is well selected. Their terms are special for December. In a word, Large Stock, Designs New, Prices Low. Same old place, 19 and 21 Richmond west.

KEEPS YOU IN HEALTH.

**DUNN'S
FRUIT SALINE**

DELIGHTFULLY REFRESHING.

Prevents Rheumatism and Indigestion.
Sold by Chemists throughout the world.

W. G. DUNN CO. WORKS. Croydon, England

"PROMPT AND PERMANENT."



RHEUMATISM.—Jan. 17, 1883, GEO. C. OSGOOD & CO., Druggists, Lowell, Mass., U. S. A., wrote: "MR. LEWIS DENNIS, 136 Moody St, desires to say: "ORRIN ROBINSON, a boy of Graniteville, Mass., came to my house in 1881, walking on crutches; his leg was bent at the knee for two months. I gave him

ST. JACOBS OIL

to rub it. In six days he had no use for his crutches and went home cured without them."

Lowell, Mass., U. S. A., July 9, '87: "The crippled boy ORRIN ROBINSON, cured by St. Jacobs Oil in 1881, has remained cured. The young man has been and is now at work every day at manual labor." GEORGE C. OSGOOD, M. D.

IT IS THE BEST.



Invalids, Dyspeptics and the Debilitated

WILL GAIN

Strength, Nourishment, Stimulus

BY TAKING

Johnston's Fluid Beef

The Great Strength-Giver.

An Easily Digested Food.

A Powerful Invigorator.



The Equitable, Savings, Loan

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ON EASY TERMS

Commends itself particularly to the wage-earner as a profitable investment for money.

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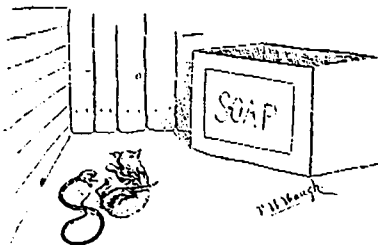
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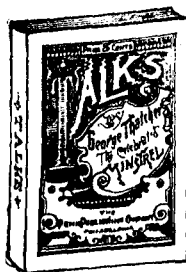
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