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NO - CHARGE - IF - NOT SATISFIED.

The Railway and Steamboat Times, December 11th, 1893, says: "Science has only begun. Many things undiscovered up to the present date, one in particular being a cure for baldness or falling hair."

I assert positively that I possess that cure, and guarantee to produce an entire new growth of hair. Any person (extreme old age excepted) can be treated at

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EDITED BY J. W. BENGOUGH

Vol. 42. *Literary and Artistic Contributions are Solicited. Rejected MSS. will be Returned if stamps are enclosed.*

No. 1084

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No. 10.

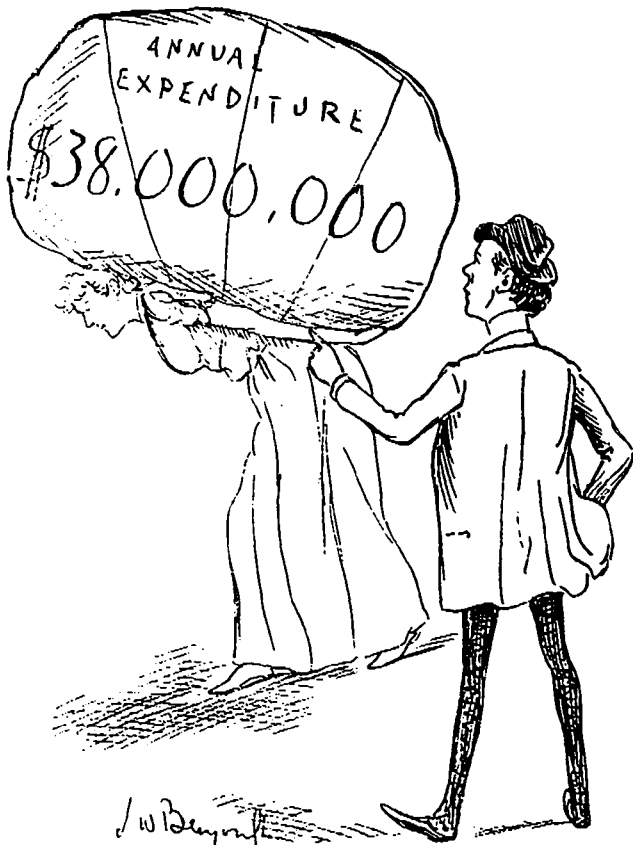


"CONFLICTING EMOTIONS."

MADAM CANADA—"Won't you please 'take up' this issue, Mr. Laurier; I would feel so much delighted —"

MR. LAURIER—"Pardon, madam; er—I know the way to a woman's heart is through her child, and I'm very fond of children, but —er—ahem —"

THE LIQUOR POWER—"Don't you dare to touch that Issue, see?"



A TEMPTING OFFER.

LAURIER—"Give me charge of your affairs, madam, and I'll reduce that burden by at least two millions, right away!"

SUSANNAH IN TOWN.

v.

HERE it is Fall fair time, an' the mornin' glory leaves are turnin' yaller, an' as usual we all let on we are so s'prised, jest as ef it hadn't come on us sudden every year sence we wuz born. That fair's goin' to be a big thing this year, an' I tell you I'm goin' to take in as much of it as I can get in several days reg'lar attendin'. Seems as ef the Council wuz kind of tryin' to run Mr. Hill 'bout who he's to get to work fur him. It's plenty easy to find fault, but it does seem's ef he ought to be let fix that hisself. It's all very well to say he's got to hire folks what's hard up, but sometimes there's reasons fur folks bein' out of work that ain't hard times. He's got to see his hired men are good at doin' his work; ef he don't something'll happen to his show an' he won't need any one to work. I guess he knows what he's about—Mr. Hill does. I've heard he's considerable of a pusher an' mighty good at plannin'.

On Sunday I went to hear Mr. Wallace preach, him that belongs to the Bloor Street Baptist church, an' that church wuz a dreadful restful place. Seem's ef it wuz built for worshippin' more'n fur show, an' front seats ain't so much a inch, I guess. I ain't a Baptist myself, but my grand-folks wuz both baptized, an' that kind of gives a Baptist streak to us. So the baptisin' place don't s'prise me nor make me chilly nor gaspy, seems real nateral. Mr. Wallace he jest talked Scripture, not the fancy kind of argusyin' style, but the kind that good folks live by. The people listened, an' I guess it wuz doin' 'em good. I've been to some churches that wuz mostly a millinery show, bein' a fussy lot of people in a awful fixed up place. I don't wonder there's so many of them sceptics when I see some of

the places where they're sot down to get their spiritual vittles. I aint sure its as charitable as might be, but it does seem to me like's ef those what hadn't a taste for the architecture of the place or a liking for fashions wouldn't get much to interest 'em nohow. I didn't; but of course I can't take in the highest flower stuff yet. I aint got my dictionary eye-teeth, nor I aint what they call a theolog, up to the Varsity.

There's somethin' strikes me as dreadful in the city, an' that's folks squanderizin' money what ought to pay their debts. There's women at seaside places, cuttin' round fit to kill, an' their dresses ain't got their makin' paid fur, an' sometimes the sewin' women had to get the findings an' trimmin's with their own good money. An' there's folks off pleasurin' what owe butchers, an' bakers an' grocers. They're the ones that are so s'prised when the storekeepers give up and fail. Aint it mean of 'em? Honest debts is an awful load to honest folks an' I pity them that owe more'n they can pay, but my sakes, it don't seem right to skite around and not go on scratchin' hard to give folks their own.

In the country they owe some store bills an' settle up when they sell the grain. Ef they go on owin' somethin' happens an' they lose their farms or their fifty-acre lots or whatever they've got. But here they move around an' don't pay rent, an' borrow from Peter to pay Paul, an' all the other 'postles, an' they keep borrowin', an' cheatin', an' failin' and gettin' the best of folks, an' it takes a long time fur anything to hurt 'em much. They're so dreadful cute in the wicked ways of hangin' on to what ain't they're own. They're worse than Becky Sharpe, which wuz a woman that lived on buyin' 'thout payin' but she was in a book.

Aint it queer how soon you get tired or things, even ef you've wanted 'em awful bad. There's somethin' saddenin' to me in watchin' how quick folks git used to theirselves after they've got rich, or built a big house, or got married or bought a garden hose, or even new clothes. One day they want somethin'—want it bad, right down to frettin' after it. Next day they get it, an' strut around feelin' considerable stuck up an' awful uncomfortable. Next day they're gettin' used to it, and begin to wonder how folks get along



A NIMBLE IMAGINATION.

FORTUNE TELLER—"Your husband will be rich, handsome and clever."

BROWN (to fiancee)—"By Jove! Wonderful! How did she guess it?"



SAVING THE FEE.

MR. SMALLBORE—"I understand that you sometimes give advice as a friend, and not as a lawyer; do you?"

MR. LUNAH—"Yes, certainly; I sometimes do."

MR. SMALLBORE—"That's all right then. I want to know if I can sue Jones?"

[Proceeds to state particulars of the case.]

bein' jest such folks as they wuz up to very recent. That lookin down of folks standin' around your old shoes is pretty mean, but it's one of the things you hev to fight agin'. Seem's ef it wuz dreadful human nater to do it.

SUSANNAH.

"DON'TS" FOR VISITORS.

EVERY one of our thousands of country visitors to the Exhibition is admonished to cut out the following and paste it in his or her hat for constant reference:

Don't get on a street car where there isn't room for another passenger.

Don't expect your family party to be heartily welcomed at your city cousin's residence just because you heartily welcomed him and his to the farm this summer.

Don't get into the habit of going into the Exhibition without paying the entrance fee.

Don't say anything disrespectful about Ireland to any Toronto policeman.

Don't exclaim, "Gee, whizz! don't she jest skite!" when you take your first ride in the trolley.

Don't (you single young bucks) cast your killing glances at the girls you meet on King street. They are very susceptible and really can't stand it, you know.

Don't (this for the visiting ladies) expect to find any of those wonderful bargains you read of this morning when you call at the store. They will have been just sold out, but there will be something rather better in stock, though of course, a trifle higher in price, etc.

Don't try to understand the genufections of shape in the hats you see on the heads of our city women. 'Twill give your brain a fatal twist.

Don't say you ever expect to see a finer Exhibition on earth than this one.

"YE MAUN be o' Scottish extraction, aw'm thinkin' maybe a distant relation o' my ain. Ma name's Laurie," said a burly Manitoba settler to the distinguished leader of the Opposition.

"Scotch, certainly," replied Wilfrid, "more so even than yourself. You're Laurie, but I'm Laurier."

THE POOR LITTLE PRINCELING.

THE attention of Mr. Kelso is directed to the statement made in the public prints that Master Edward Albert Christian George David Patrick Andrew whose other name is York is being shamefully neglected by his parents, grandparents and great-grandma. Her Majesty hasn't so much as seen the little chap since the christening, and his dad and mam have scarcely been more worried over him. Isn't it about time for Mr. Kelso to step in, or is this melancholy case outside of his beat?

ROSEBERY'S SHORTCOMINGS.

A WITTY writer in the Montreal Star is responsible for this:

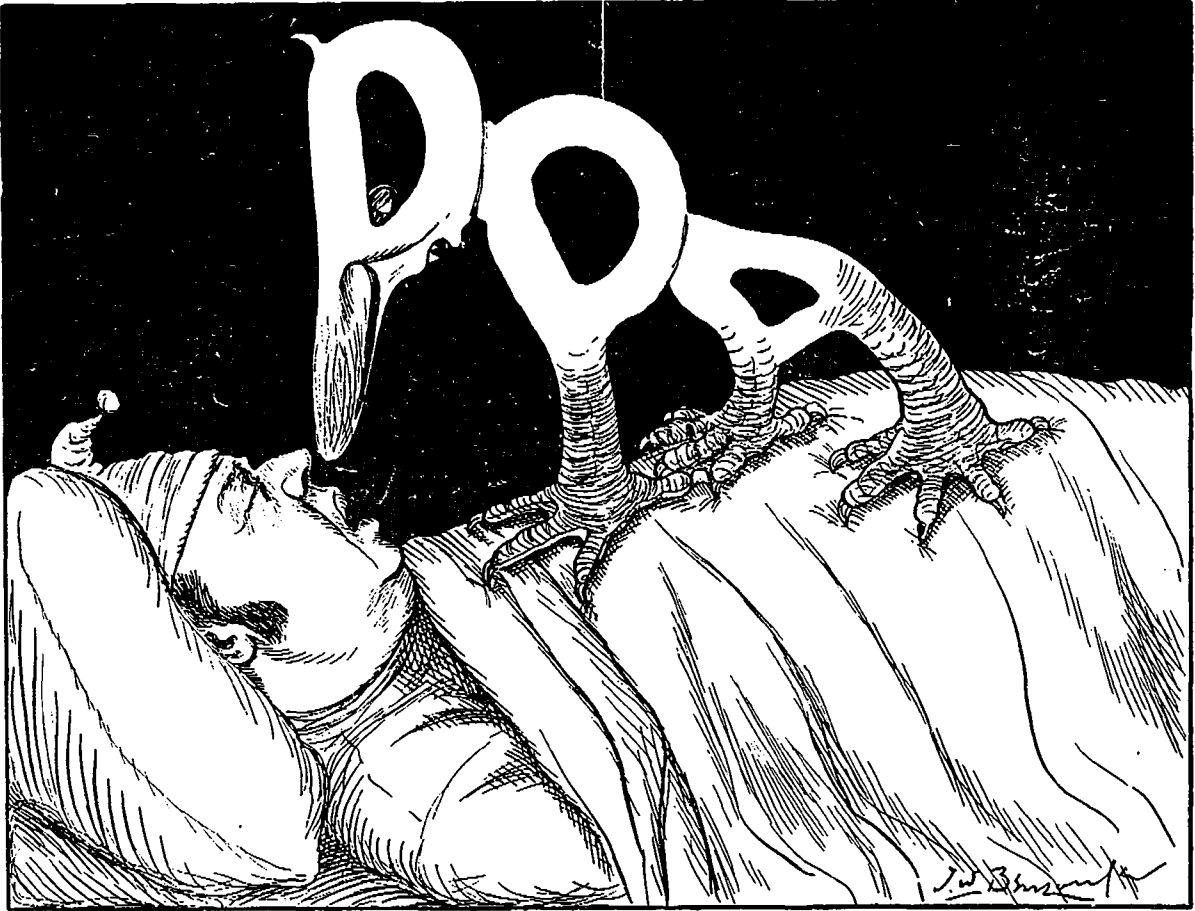
"Lord Roschery does not seem to be taking the responsibilities of his Premiership seriously enough to suit some of his followers. Apparently the sin is that he is enjoying his vacation in too enjoyable a way. He has gone off hunting with a party of "chums"—i. e. of Peers; and from the nature of things a good many of them must be Tory Peers. But this sounds badly in Radical circles, where they would like a staid Premier like Mr. Gladstone until they are strong enough to put a Radical there. Writing theological polemics, taking sober walks in the balmy air of Southern France at a pace warranted not to jostle the massive brain, breaking out into frisky debauches of tree chopping, are the recreations that Whigs and Radicals would prescribe for the holidays of their leaders. But then what could they expect when they selected a Premier from among the belted Earls? It is a cruel contrast that Mr. Gladstone has put before the country by subscribing to the Home Rule fund and writing in defence of orthodoxy, while Roschery is rollicking with Tory "bloods" in the Highlands.

WHEN Old Probs says "Fair to-day," he refers to the great Industrial. Don't forget to take your umbrella.



APOLOGETIC.

MR. HOOLIGAN—"Ye'll excuse me, Fing Wing, for radin' over yer shoulder, but its mighty interested I am in the news from the sate av war."



AND NOW IT IS SIR JOHN'S NIGHTMARE.

IN THE NEAR FUTURE.



When Maxim puts the finishing touches to his flying machine, what a boon it will be to the base-ball umpire!

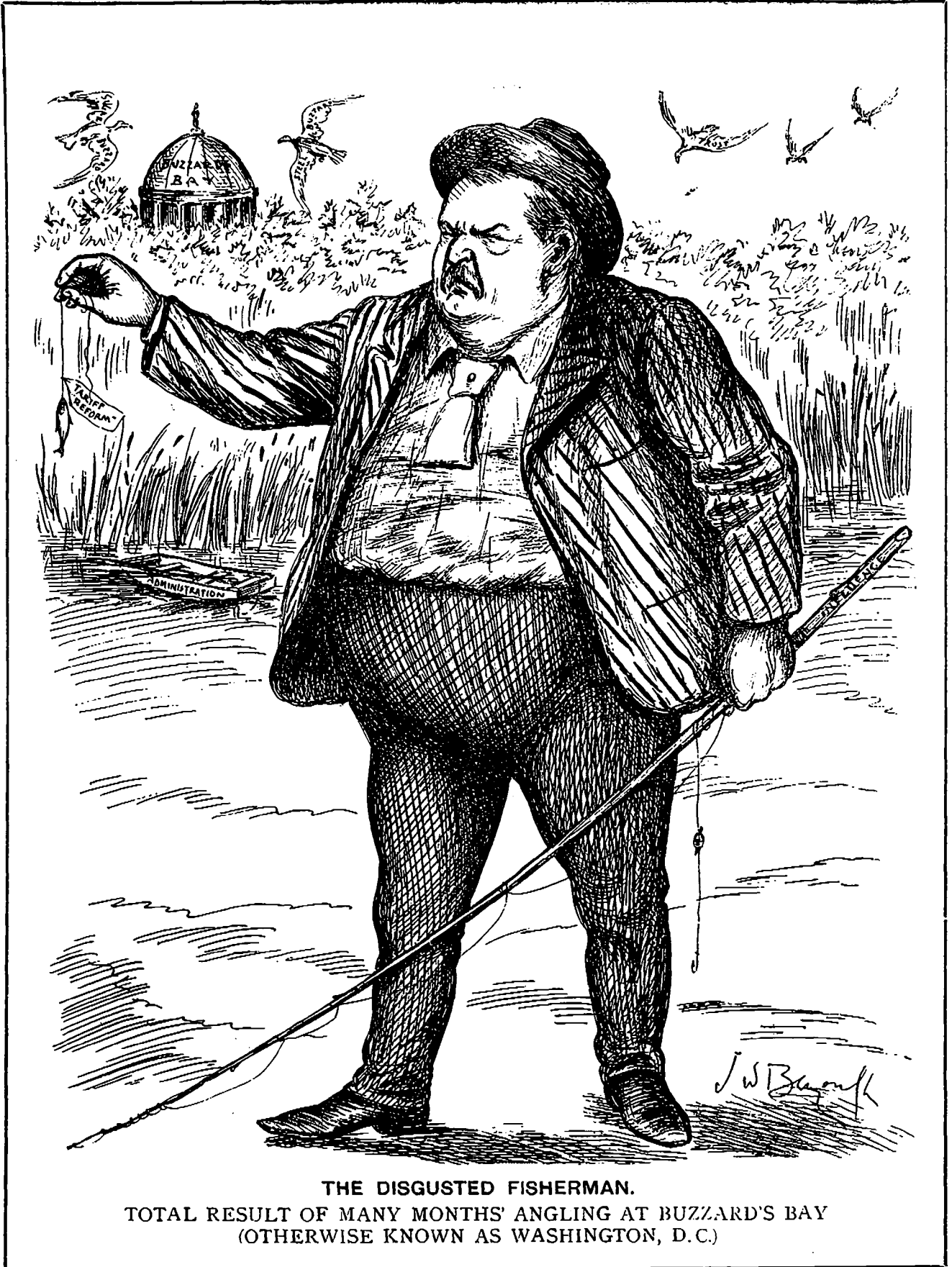
A NOTE FROM OUR CRITIC.

IT is a mistake to call Mr. Sol Smith Russell an actor, if an actor is understood to be a man who is able to delineate character apart from his own personality. Mr. Russell happens to possess by nature a quaint, serio-comico-pathetic manner, and it is this which has given him the fame he enjoys. He is precisely the same Sol whether in private life or in any of his stage representations, and he will, no doubt, achieve the greatest success of his life when he appears in a play entitled "An Evening with Sol Smith Russell." In this respect Mr. Russell is a counterpart of Mark Twain. Neither has the power to "act" at all, though perhaps nothing could be more amusing than each happens to be in *propria persona*. This note is merely in the interests of exactness. Don't refer to Mr. Russell as an actor; call him a genial, kindly, exemplary and amusing gentleman, and the most captious critic cannot object.

OUT OF PROPORTION.

THE undaunted G.O.M.
 Would the tide of error stem,
 And Besant he deems as worthy of his steel;
 True, her Theosophic trash
 In the *Nineteenth* he docs smash,
 But it's "breaking a mosquito on a wheel."

DETECTIVE MacKenzie whose magnificent and statuesque figure has long been an ornament on Hamilton street corners has been reduced to the ranks. This is what we call a rank outrage.



THE DISGUSTED FISHERMAN.
TOTAL RESULT OF MANY MONTHS' ANGLING AT BUZZARD'S BAY
(OTHERWISE KNOWN AS WASHINGTON, D.C.)



THE WESTERN IDEA OF THE EASTERN WAR.

FROM THE IVY-MANTLED TOWER.

I.

DEAR BROTHER GRIP:

I HAVE been puzzling my head over some problems which I can't solve to my satisfaction. I have complained to the moon as usual, but I don't get any answer, any more than the captain of H.M.S. Pinafore did when he asked her why it was that everything was either at sixes or sevens. So I think I will apply to you, and see if we two birds of ill-omen can't knock our heads together and straighten out some of the problems in which these unfortunate human beings have got so entangled.

The first of these is this Liquor Traffic Problem, where there are, it appears to me, three opposing theories:

1. A very large number say that the whole liquor traffic is a nuisance and an unmitigated evil. These people by a very large majority voted to do away with the whole thing by enacting Prohibition. Now that is a fair and square issue.

2. There is a party who say that liquor is not an unmitigated evil, but does good as well as harm, and therefore should not be prohibited. That, too, is a fair and square issue, if they can make good their point.

3. There is a third party whose ways are too complicated for my understanding; yet those ways are in force all the time, for all the politicians seem to belong to that party. These argue that liquor is a very bad thing, but people will have it. "Therefore," say they, "let us call it a luxury, and fine it, and tax it, and excise it, and license it, and get all the money we can out of it, for our municipal and Provincial and Dominion revenues. By this means we can fill our public coffers, while we talk about the drinkers 'sinking their money into the ground for the sake of a mere luxury;' and so we will assume a highly moral attitude."

Now, during my ancient solitary reign, which has been a pretty long one, I have seen many odd things, but none odder than that. I have seen many reforms carried out, and I hope to see some in this matter. But reforms generally cost something to the reformers. When the Anti-Slavery agitation was raging in the old country, there were many conscientious Abolitionists who refused to touch an ounce of sugar or of anything made by slave labour. Now, suppose our good, conscientious, prohibitionist M.P.'s and M.P.P.'s were to follow a similar line, and refuse to draw their salaries so long as the liquor traffic contributed to it? As it is now, the liquor-drinker knows he is a great public benefactor in spite of himself. Every time he takes his "horn" he can say: "Here's to you, Mr. Mayor; this will help to lay a plank in the sidewalk! Here's to you, Mr. M.P. and Mr. M.P.P., this will help to pay your salaries and mileage! Here's to you, Sir Oliver; this will help to keep you in power! Here's to you, Mr. Finance Minister; this will help to square your accounts!"

The other day I saw the Hon. G. E. Foster was elected delegate for the Maritime Provinces to the Prohibition Convention at Montreal. Now if the Hon., the Finance Minister had said to the Hon. G. E. Foster, prohibition

delegate: "I will not touch a cent of my salary so long as any of it comes from the accursed traffic, for it is the price of blood!" what a grand object lesson that would have been! What a blow it would have given to the traffic in this "luxury!"

Talking of luxuries - if we ought to tax luxuries only, I have another idea. All the political parties—Free Trade or Protection—seem to think that luxuries should be taxed, so that the rich may bear the burden of the taxation. Of course they can't mean to check or prevent the use of luxuries; because that would mean to check the progress of civilization. All through my "ancient solitary reign" I have seen the luxuries of one day becoming the necessities of the next. The folks of to-day could not possibly do without things which the folks of yesterday thought great luxuries, and the folks of the day before had never heard of. Not so very long ago a lucifer match was a luxury, and a cup of tea the most extravagant luxury. The poet Cowper, in the beginning of "The Task," wherein he traces the Evolution of the Sofa, says:

"Time was, when clothing sumptuous or for use,
Save their own painted skins, our sires had none."

In those days a gentleman who hit upon some species of plant other than the old-fashioned *wood*, wherewith to give himself some new and striking tint—say crushed strawberry—would have been looked upon as a most luxurious dude. The poet touches on the various stages of improvement and concludes:

"Thus first necessity invented stools,
Convenience next suggested elbow chairs,
And luxury th' accomplished sofa last."

And so the whole progress of civilization—from the pine torch to the electric light, from the *coracle* to the ocean greyhound, from the bullock-cart to the Pullman coach—has been achieved by men first creating luxuries, and then turning those luxuries into commonplaces. So luxuries are not, and should not be taxed in order to check or suppress them, but simply because those who use them can better afford to pay taxes than those who don't.

But in one thing, and one only, so far as I can see, the order of things has been reversed. Instead of the luxury becoming more and more commonplace, one thing which was formerly commonplace, is becoming more and more of a luxury. And that is—the Land. Formerly our painted sires could walk where they pleased and feel that the land was the common property of all. But to-day the land is becoming more and more of a luxury to the poor man. By and bye he will not be able to get enough for a burial patch. He will have to be cremated and his ashes put into a bottle,



WRONGHEADED PROCEEDINGS OF THE P.P.A.

CREIGHTON—"Hi! Halt! Hold up! You've got the wrong head on the figure!"



ON A STRING.

because the purchase of a burial lot will be too much of a luxury.

So my idea, brother GRIP, is this. Don't you think it would even up things immensely if our wise legislators were to proclaim: "Land is the great luxury of the present day; therefore henceforth we will put the tax on the Land!"

Yours paternally,

OWL.

THE INTERLINEAR NOTE SYSTEM.

THE complaint is frequently made, says the *Pall Mall Budget*, that junior students of English literature preparing for examinations, are too much inclined to neglect the text and to devote the whole of their attention to the admirable notes with which modern editions are so amply supplied. The interlinear system of notes (of which a specimen is subjoined) effectually provides against this dangerous tendency, by compelling the student to pay equal attention to text and notes:—

The way was long, the wind was cold,
 (The coldest winds are the north and east.)
 The minstrel was infirm and old;
 (Probably seventy-five at least.)
 His withered cheek and tresses gray
 (*Gray* may be also spelled with an *c*.)
 Seemed to have known a better day.
 (*Better* an adjective—what degree?)
 The harp, his sole remaining joy,
 (*Sole*, from the Latin *solus*, alone.)
 Was carried by an orphan boy.
 (Name and parentage both unknown.)
 The last of all the bards was he.
 (Notice here the redundant "all.")
 That sang of Border chivalry;
 (A word derived from the French *cheval*.)
 For, well-a-day! their date was fled,
 (What was the date and why did it fly?)
 His tuneful brethren all were dead;
 (We all are mortal, *i.e.* must die.)
 And he, neglected and depressed,
 (No explanation is needed here.)
 Wished to be with them, and at rest.
 (The poet's meaning is perfectly clear.)
 No more on prancing palfrey borne,
 (*Palfrey* a quadruped—possibly *horse*.)
 He carolled, light as lark at morn:

(An average man weighs more, of course?)
 No longer courted and caressed,
 (The bard was in fact a domestic pet.)
 High placed in hall, a welcome guest,
 (This passage is never, or rarely set)
 He poured to lord and lady gay,
 (To which does the epithet "gay" apply?)
 His unpremeditated lay;
 (Distinguish carefully *lay* from *lie*.)
 Old times were changed, old manners gone,
 (*Tempora, mores*—Cicero, *Cat.*)
 A stranger filled the Stuart's throne;
 (May we infer that the stranger was fat?)
 The bigots of that iron time
 (Steel would perhaps be more correct.)
 Had called his harmless art a crime.
 (There is no statute to this effect.)

THE JOLLY THIRD.

"LABOR Day" is not so badly named after all, for although Jack devotes it to "play," it is questionable whether he has done a harder day's work within the last twelve months than he did last Monday all over the Dominion. The Institution has "caught on" splendidly, and promises to be the favorite holiday of the year. In all our chief cities it was celebrated with trade processions, athletic contests or other manly forms of fun, but because it was fun and not labor nobody seemed to take note of the fact that Jack's "brow was wet with honest sweat," and Jack himself, brave fellow, didn't seem to know it. All honor to Labor Day—long may it flourish!

A CLASSIC METAPHOR.

REFERRING to the appearance of a cartoonist not entirely unconnected with the staff of GRIP at the Grand Opera House in London on the evening of Labor Day, the *Advertiser* of that city says, "Mr. B. is a star and a whole band wagon in himself." This is meant for high praise and is appreciated accordingly, but the apparent mixture of metaphors may make it obscure to the average reader. There is no mixture in reality, however. The reporter was literally following Emerson's advice, "Hitch your wagon to a star,"—something which has hitherto been regarded as quite impracticable.



II.

A TIP-TOP SUCCESS.



HE SEES THROUGH THE DUST.

BRITISH VOTER—"Oh, it won't do, my lord! You can't any longer divert me from the real question of the day: Whether these United Kingdom's are your private property, or whether they belong to the British people?"

TRICKS OF TRADE.

"BANANAS! Fine ripe bananas, only t-e-n cents a dozen!" yelled the peddler.

"Let me see 'em," said the frugal housewife, appearing at her door and signalling the merchant to pause.

"Fifteen cents a dozen, ma'am," says that gentleman as he comes forward with a nice bunch in hand.

"But you called out *ten* cents a dozen," expostulates the good woman.

"Yes, ma'am," he replies, as he draws himself up and looks exactly like a statue of Washington, "I have some at ten cents, but they ain't fit to eat—I only use 'em for advertising."

And the consequence is the sell doesn't lead to a sale.

"SOAP."

WE read in our morning paper that, after the opening ceremonies at the Fair, Sir John Thompson made a tour of the main building, inspecting the exhibits, and in the course of his peregrinations, was presented (among other things) with some packages of soap. It is hoped this was not intended as a polite intimation that the Government could stand a little cleaning up. We presume, of course, it was literal soap, and not a contribution to the campaign fund under that euphemistic name. Sir John probably knows that the Red Parlor at the Queen's is the proper place for receiving packages of the other sort of "soap."

Who would ever have supposed that Gladstone, of all men, would have given a check to the Home Rule movement?

LAURIER on the Manitoba School Question.—If the Catholics have a grievance it ought to be redressed; if not they ought to stop their growling.



Mr. Wilfred Laurier, speaking at the grand banquet held to commemorate the opening of the Federal Conference at Ottawa said that the conference was unique in the history of the world, and inspired him with new loyalty.

GOLLY!

This is the Sydney (N.S.W.) *Bulletin's* idea of our own Wilfrid!

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HELLO!

Within the last two months accounts have been sent to those who read GRIP every week but have not paid for it. A large number owe for longer or shorter periods previous to the suspension of GRIP in July, 1893, as well as for the present year. We want all these old arrears to be wiped off. The list came into our hands when GRIP was revived and we paid hard cash for it, which we would like to get back. We know times are hard, but they are hard for us as well as for you, and as "mony littles mak' a muckle," the small sums you owe aggregate a large amount. Come, now, you won't miss the small sum, while it will help to replenish our coffers and make us happy. Look at your address label, and if you are not clear on GRIP's books let him hear from you by next mail.

* *

Among the changes of the holiday season is one of some importance to citizens of North Toronto, who now boast of one of the leading commercial schools by the removal of the Warriner College of Commerce and Toronto Business College, (amalgamated 1893) to the building on North-East corner of Bloor and Yonge Streets, which has been refitted throughout to fill the demands of this well-known and growing institution. The old commodious quarters on Shuter Street answered for nearly ten years, but the new uptownhome of the College is a better location and affords fine premises and equipment. The building has all modern conveniences, the rooms are pleasant and the offices are on the ground floor which is a great advantage. The staff of five very able teachers remains unchanged. It is a worthy institution in worthy hands and GRIP wishes it the success it deserves.

* *

REV. Geo. M. Milligan, the well-known pastor of Old St. Andrews church, is a man of good Scottish sense, not likely to take up with mere fads, and when he testifies as he does to a remarkable improvement in health and energy as the result of a course of treatment by Prof. Yernoy, at the Electro-Medical Sanitarium, it ought to encourage others who are in an unsatisfactory state of health, to give the treatment a trial. Mr. Milligan is only one of many who have been greatly benefited by the treatment. The advertisement of the Sanitarium in this issue is well worth reading.

* *

MR. A. ANDERSON, of this city, who is making a business trip to the towns along the Canadian Pacific Railway between Toronto and Victoria, B.C., is authorized to represent GRIP and to take subscriptions and grant receipts in our name. We trust he will receive a cordial reception from GRIP's friends and be able to add many new names to our list.

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I remain, as ever, thankfully yours,
 Malvern P. O., Sept. 10, 1886. L. D. CLOSSEN, M. D.

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PROF. VERROY,

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