

GRIP

EDITED BY J.W. BENGOUGH

GRIP ENG.



"UNITE AS ONE MAN."

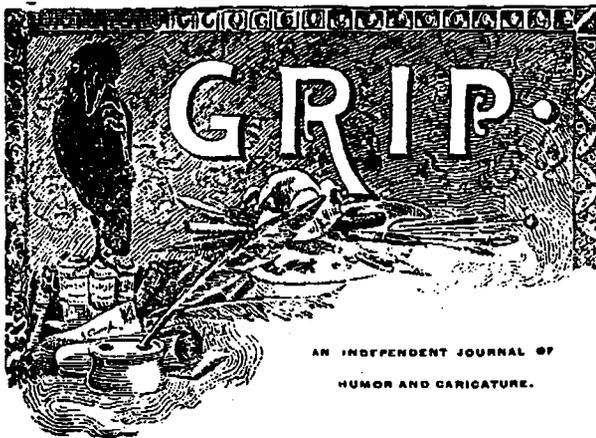
(BUT DON'T LET THAT ONE MAN BE OF THE POPE STAMP.)

"REFERRING briefly to the question of Commercial Union, Mr. Pope said it was annexation in disguise, and the people of this country were opposed to an annexation. To set off this agitation united action was necessary. No Nationalists were wanted in this country except in the sense that they all belonged to one nation. He urged them all, French-Canadians as well as English, to unite as one man in building up a great Canadian nation. Mr. Pope concluded amidst loud applause."—*The Mail's report of Hon. J. C. Pope's speech at Banquet.*

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Comments on the Cartoon.



RESPECTFULLY SUBMITTED.—The grotesque misconception of the "Henry George theory" which is entertained by the editor of the *Empire*, is evidently shared by most of the members of the Ministerial Association. Like our esteemed but misinformed contemporary, these reverend gentlemen seem to believe that the Anti-Poverty Society—under which unhappily-chosen name the George men have organized in this city—are advocating some scheme of communism or anarchy not consistent with the well-being of society; something necessarily abhorrent to the minds of all staid and orderly citizens. There are a few members of the Ministerial Association, as we happen to know, who have read Henry George's

work, "Progress and Poverty," and who are consequently aware how utterly mistaken are such ideas, but these members have done nothing to enlighten their brethren. This may be due to something better than cowardice, but it looks like that. In the meantime it does not become ministers to curtly dismiss a courteous request for an interview on the ground that they need no information on the subject, when it is perfectly manifest that they have never taken the trouble to master the theory taught by Mr. George, and have not the slightest conception of its practical bearing upon Christianity.

We have presented the basis of that theory in our cartoon, and will be glad to hear from any member of the Ministerial Association who can point out wherein the argument is fallacious, or its effect antagonistic to the spirit of the Christian religion.

UNITE AS ONE MAN.—At the recent complimentary banquet to Hon. J. C. Pope, that distinguished gentleman mounted the "loyalty" horse in true ministerial style. "Commercial Union,"

he cried, "is Annexation in disguise, and the people of this country do not want Annexation. What we must do is to unite as one man in 'building up a great Canadian nation,'" etc., etc. All of which is very patriotic in sound, but it would be more appropriate in the mouth of some public man who has not taken Canadian money to "build up" a foreign nation by investing in a railway in Maine, and in land speculations or cattle ranche projects in Texas. Mr. Pope is a shining example of the class of Canadians who manage to make "loyalty" pay pretty well.

MERCIER'S "BLAZE OF GLORY."—Mr. Mercier's new clothes have arrived from Rome, and when he goes forth in full array as a Knight of St. Gregory, all the political arguments his opponents can bring against him will be withered up in a blaze of glory that will surround him. The cocked hat, bottle green coat and white breeches cannot fail to so impress the *habitants* as to secure the stability of the Mercier Cabinet for all time to come.

THAT clear-brained and right-hearted preacher, Dr. Stafford, gave his big congregation something to think about in the course of his Thanksgiving-day's sermon when he pointed his long slender finger at Canadian civilization. "We have about the best country on earth," said he in effect, "a very fertile land and a small population, and yet we find it necessary to support a good proportion of our people by charity. Why is this? And why is it that in the centres of our civilization, Toronto, Montreal, Ottawa, etc., the average working man thinks himself fortunate if he can make ends meet?"

* * *

WE hope the intelligent people who heard these questions will devote some thought to them. If they think straight they will not be long in running up against the hard fact of land monopoly, which is at the bottom of the social question in Canada as well as in Europe.

* * *

THE accidental shooting of young Mr. Beswick on Thanksgiving day, was a very sad affair. It adds one more to the many thousands who have fallen victims to "sport," and amongst the things that will most puzzle the future and really civilized chronicler will be the fact that in the nineteenth century it was considered "sport" to go out with fire arms for the purpose of putting inoffensive creatures to a painful death. It will argue that in that day of boasted enlightenment, a good measure of the original savagery still reigned in the human bosom.

* * *

WHAT they appear to need up in Winnipeg just now is a triangle and a cat-o-nine-tails, for the admonition of people who make vile charges against public men through their papers and then funk and sneak away when a Royal Commission is appointed to hear the evidence.

* * *

PRINCIPAL GRANT has been doing us proud in Australia, whither he went some months ago by his doctor's orders, and where, notwithstanding the medicine-man's admonitions, he has been delivering lectures. Unable, probably, to resist the temptation, the worthy Principal has been at the Imperial Federation subject—the exact title of his lecture being "Canada, Australia and the Mother Country." The effect of his oratory may be judged from the language of Mr. Murray Smith, who, in moving the vote of thanks, said the address was "the most earnest, powerful and eloquent speech he ever heard upon the subject. It had rekindled the torch of Australian unity (applause) which had been checked and smothered during the last few years by petty rivalries and discontent."

THIS tribute was re-echoed by some of the principal papers of Melbourne, while, to vary the monotony of the "taffy," the *Sidney Bulletin* refers to our Doctor's effort as "the sickening drivel of a priest named Grant who is a past-master in the art of grovel"—or words to that effect. There's no accounting for taste, you know.

* * *

THE General Conference of the Methodist Church carried the federation scheme by a slender majority, and now the Senate of Victoria University has put a damper on the project. The delicate question now to be decided is—which is bossing the job, Conference or Senate? This point is to be submitted for a legal opinion. If decided in favor of the Conference, the work of raising funds, which has for the present received a check (which is not so much appreciated as a cheque) will be resumed. Meantime the grand idea of a confederation of all the Canadian Universities under one central provincial degree-granting authority, has fizzled out. Victoria and Toronto will not make a very imposing crowd, but even that much of a confederation is by no means assured.

* * *

NOT many priests have ever preached sounder truth than that contained in the letter of Mr. W. H. Priest, which appeared in the *Mail* of the 17th. This gentleman is one of our leading manufacturers—the manager of the Pike River Woollen Mills, in the Eastern Townships. Unlike some others in the manufacturing line, Mr. Priest does not want to be supported at the expense of Canadian consumers; he says he can make his own way in the world if he gets a fair show. All he asks for is Free Trade, and the day that is granted he promises to raise the wages of his workmen ten per cent. What a pity we cannot have poor-houses for our pauper manufacturers so that they might be taken out of the way of men who are willing to work for themselves! The N.P. was constructed, however, for the express purpose of supporting "infants."

THE EARL'S REVENGE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "STRANGE ADVENTURES OF A SMELLING BOTTLE," "THE DUKE'S PANTS," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

ONE sere and dreary afternoon in November the Earl of Plumduff stood in his gorgeous drawing-room, with his patrician nose flattened against the glass, looking out upon the noble expanse of elm-girt lawn that rolled for acres down to the humble log fence bordering Pat Murphy's property.

The sun was doing his great sink act in Pat Murphy's yard (for further particulars about the lawn, shrubbery, and statues, etc., and the noble Earl's nose and coat of arms, see "Divided Hearts," by the author of "Dora's Corn.") The talented and versatile author of "Dora's Corn," has, however, omitted to say anything about the wart on the port side of the Earl's nose, or of the color of that noble feature, which was sufficient, by the way, to flag a train. Warts, tho', do not amalgamate with lions rampant or mortgages couchant—, at least, not in fashionable romances. There was a heavy mortgage, by the way, on the elm-girt lawn before mentioned, which has been carefully left out in "Dora's Corn.")

Well, the Earl kept on squeezing his old nose against the bay window, breathing hard. Presently there was a



POSTED IN THE GAME.

DUDEKIN. (*Who has tried on new suit and found it satisfactory.*)—"Aw—excuse me; I'll just step ovaw to the bank and cash a cheque."

HIS TAILOR.—"Quite so; and if you'll excuse me I'll follow *suit.*"

crash—the pane had broken. You see, even an Earl can have a strong breath; although such vulgar matters are delicately excluded from the select pages of such *natural* stories as "Lord Lordly's Legacy;" "15 Billion a Year," and the like.

After the Earl had puttied up the window pane, he sat down to the luxurious meal his obsequious butler placed before him.

But he couldn't eat. How could he, when there was nothing but plate and glass ware? Even coroneted persons have natural appetites, you know.

(For a brilliant description of the noble ancestral, hereditary, hand-me-down-father-to-son plate and cutlery of the Earl's establishment, the reader is commended to pages 100 to 150 of "Sixty Guineas a Yard," by the author of "The Queen's Diamonds—in Pawn.")

Suddenly the Earl was interrupted from his surreptitious gnawings in the pantry, by the noise of a carriage "dashing up the gravelled walk;" and a moment later a tall footman, dressed in the rich livery of the house of Plumduff—an old shooting coat of the Earl's, with a coronet sewed on the left lappel, and a pair of corduroy pants bought cheap from the butler by the shrewd Earl—this tall footman announced:

"My lady, the Countess! My lord, Fishball!"

(For a description of the house furniture, picture gallery—the latter containing GRIP's famous portraits of leading Canadian statesmen—my lady's boudoir, my lord Fishball's Hyperian curls and noble *distinguishè* features, see "Pumps and Swallow-tail," page 47.)

CHAPTER II.

"Remember thee! Remember thee!
Till Lethe quench life's burning stream;
Your new false teeth you raved about
That formed the subject of your dream."

(*Of course* there is nothing about false teeth in this narrative; Earls, Dukes, Countesses and the like *never*



ECCLESIASTICAL SPORT IN MONTREAL.

REV. DR. M'VICAR GOES SPEARING "SALMON."

"COMING then to Dr. MacVicar's statement with respect to the unjust distribution of school taxes, the speaker made the following extraordinary attack:—Dr. MacVicar is chairman of the Protestant School Commissioners of this city, according to the city directory, and he must have known when he made that statement that he was uttering a deliberate lie. I am compelled to use the strongest term, because the statement is.—*Witness report of Father Salmon's sermon.*

"I have to request that you will now print the words of my paper on the matter referred to before the Evangelical Alliance, and which you did not give in your account of these meetings. It will thus be apparent that, according to your report of his sermon, the priest fell into a wholly unnecessary passion and libelous tirade:—

These, Mr. Editor, were my words touching the school law and the distribution of taxes. Any one can verify the truth and accuracy of the statement by reading the school law, and I shall be surprised if Protestants continue much longer to allow it to remain unchanged. They have their rights guaranteed in the constitution of the country, and are likely to demand them. Meanwhile respectable citizens will form their own opinion of such preaching as Father Salmon's, according to your report; but in saying this I do not waive my right to redress in the premises."—*Dr. MacVicar in letter to Witness.*

have false teeth, you know. But I am only sticking pertinaciously to the style of "Sword and Pimple," "Twelve Hundred Titles," etc; and then, how else could I work in the poetry?)

Lord Fishball spent two very happy weeks at Castle Plumduff, shooting upon the moor—he generally put John Thomas's hat up on a stump when he wanted anything *live* to shoot at; or flirting recklessly with his fair cousin, the Countess.

When he could get enough to eat at the castle, or found that mutton cooked four times didn't agree with him, he would stroll down to the village inn and have dinner there, telling the landlord to charge it up to the Earl of Plumduff. But generally the landlord couldn't see it that way. So that really Lord Fishball's visit cost him more than living in town at the free lunch counters would have done.

"Plumduff's brow is dark as Erebus this mornin'," said the butler to the cook, "and wot's the caws I can't imagin'. Its' quite ineligible to me."

"The cors is *this*, Mr. Lorder," hissed the cook. "Lord Fishball is makin' desprit love to our master's wife, and Joe told him a thing or two!"

"Great Scott!" ejaculated Mr. Lorder, "is that all?"

"And he's going to have 'is rewenge!" hissed the cook again.

Yes, the Earl of Plumduff was determined on revenge. He had been insulted in his own house; perfidy and dishonour had been thrust in his teeth (he had twenty-one bills for these same teeth in his private drawer, of which Mr Lawder had the key. You see I had to mention teeth after all. So Byron's poetry is all right). So the Earl had laid his plans for a terrible, a f-r-r-rightful r-r-revenge!

One beautiful evening in September (see almanacs) the Countess received a large box containing a number of pairs of elegant boots. They had been sent, the boy who brought them said, by a tall stranger, and she was to try them on and keep whichever pair she chose.

The Countess sat down in the hall and tried them on, while the polite boy turned his back and began to chip the family coat-of-arms off the hat-rack with his pen knife.

No one saw that dark saturnine face with its baleful, demoniacal, gleaming eyes, at the top of the stairs (see "The Oath of Blood," page 29, next the picture.)

The Countess had a number six foot, but she thought it was a three. So, of course, she at first tried on a pair of ones; then twos; and then getting gradually vicious, she yanked her big toe into a number four in a way that made the pale face on the lobby smile. When she came to number six the Countess was furious with disappointed feminine pride; and she just laid herself back and ramed that old foot of hers——

CR-R-R-RASH! BANG! There will be a bill from Kid and Heelplate, the shoe store people, for those other boots; but no coffin will be required for the boy.

The Earl had accomplished his dire revenge!

HE HAD PUT DYNAMITE IN THE TOE OF BOOT NUMBER SIX, RIGHT FOOT!

[Some readers will doubtless think there is some discrepancy in commencing this thrilling story in November, and about two weeks later making his characters enjoy the balmy air of September. But how on earth could our author work in his fine descriptions just when he was inspired, if he didn't take a few liberties with the almanac. That's what the almanac does with the weather, anyway.]

C. G. R.



MERCIER'S BLAZE OF GLORY.

MERCIER—"There, Jean Baptist, what do you think of my new clothes?"

JEAN BAPTIST—"Think? I would not dare to think! Command me—I am yours!"



VAN HORNE STUMPED.

(SEE GOLDWIN SMITH'S LETTER IN THE *Mail* ON THE SITUATION IN MANITOBA.)

RUMINATIONS ON ROSALINE'S RHYME.

BEING A GENTLE CRITIQUE OF AN UNPRACTICAL AND UNHEALTHFUL LYRIC.

BY THE GROWLING CONTRIBUTOR.

ROSALINE, E. J.—has written a little verse, which I see printed in the *Empire's* Woman's Department. That is my apology for having read it. Unfortunately I am a subscriber to the *Empire*. I say unfortunately, because having to read such things as this poem, makes my subscription an unfortunate speculation. When I pick up my paper I want to be let severely and continuously alone—in the paper as well as out of it. But when productions of this order are brought under my very nose—obtruded upon me *nolens volens*—I guess I have just grounds for complaint.

"In the Night!" is Miss Rosaline's theme. Now, if there is anything under heaven I abominate, it is to have the doings of the night paraded in the press.

People have no right to do anything at night but go to bed and sleep. Proper people do so. Those who act otherwise, either are improper people, or have something wrong with them. I want to hear nothing about either class. And my impression is that I am but one of a very large multitude in this particular. Therefore, I warn the papers that if they persist in printing what goes on during the hours when nothing should go on, we shall rise in our might and set our faces as well as our purses dead against it. It is simply disgraceful that a man who wants to enjoy life naturally and quietly, should be harassed, not to say tortured, by unwelcome and disagree-

able topics reported and discussed in the public prints. It won't be stood any longer, sir, I tell you plainly! It is peace and calm and freedom from vexation. The majority of rightly-constituted men want these days. And, by George, sir, we mean to enjoy it, if we have to boycott the whole, miserable, pestiferous press of the land! Now, just let us look, for curiosity, at this unnatural young woman's production about so undesirable a subject as the night. She starts out with this:

"There is no silence absolute, it seems."

Hang it, no there is *not*! There would be if it were not for such tireless, not to say turbulent spirits as this young person. Saying there is no silence, is going to produce it, don't you think? Getting up out of bed at midnight and going moaning and groaning and grunting about the house, that "silence" is "not absolute," is a nice way to bring on your silence, isn't it? Climb up on the roof and lament in frenzied tones that "there is no silence!" Perch on the back-yard fence, look up at the moon, and sob yourself into hysterics at the unaccountable absence of perfect stillness! Go down cellar and rummage the coal-bin with a snow-shovel for your missing quiescence! Any one of these great schemes will get you "silence," not merely in small quantities, but in whole chunks. Eh? Try it, Rosaline, and if not successful, apply to me and I'll give you my recipe for silence in a York minute.

But let us go ahead:—

"Lying awake in the "wee hours," I heard,
Last night, the muffled nestling of a bird,
And a low semi-chirp, as if in dreams,
By midnight breezes and the stars' soft beams,
Its little music-loving soul was stirred
To impulses of song."

I'd ring that confounded bird's neck on the spot, if there wasn't another one to be had in the wide world for love or money! What your canary wants, my girl, is probably insect powder or more seed in his cage. No bird of mine would dare to start up a chirrup after I got in bed, and live till next morning to tell the tale of his silly act. But if careless, foolish persons will go on keeping unnatural things around them, they will just have to hunt for their "perfect peace"—and take it out in hunting.

Here, now, there's more of it:—

"The insects chirred
Their lazy lays, soft as the speech of streams."

Well, if that is not a philosophical view to take of the cricket-nuisance, I'm blown! I'm no superstitious old woman, but you needn't try to convince me that a cricket in your house isn't a sign of ill luck. It's a well-authenticated fact! And yet, here we find a young woman actually listening, at dead of night, to the peep of an infernal cricket, and placidly terming the death-betokening "peep" a "chir"—an "insect's lazy lay"! By George, there's something in that unemotional girl's composition that needs looking after! If I was her father I'd call in the doctor right off, and at the same time I'd make her hunt the old house high and low till she found that hanged black beetle and mashed all the "chir" and "lazy lay" out of his ebony carcase! That's what I would do!!

But just wait and take this in :—

“Anon I heard a dog's lone, eerie bark
Re-echoing against a distant hill.”

Oh, my, oh, my! This bangs Banagher! Some mongrel cur alternately gnawing at a bare bone and baying at the moon—and she calls it “a dog's lone, eerie bark”! Mortal frost, did I ever!

Rosie, get your gun!
Get your gun!

But, no! The thing is too serious for jest! When any healthy-appearing girl can, about two o'clock a.m., lie hunched up in bed and hear a yowling black-and-tan work off a fit of lunar insanity, in a frame of mind (that is to say the girl's frame of mind) not merely patiently endurative, but actually ecstatically poetic—I say, when a healthy-appearing girl can do this, all that I've got to say is, appearances are deceitful. No wonder our asylums are ———. But, no matter!

“There is no silence absolute, it seems.”

Well, I should rather fancy not, Rosaline—under these peculiar circumstances. But the fact doesn't seem to worry you much! You are not built that way!

And, now, if we can stand it, this in conclusion :—

“And off along the farther rim of dark
The dulcet ditty of the whippoorwill
Trembled across the stilly guns of night,
And filled my heart with transports of delight.”

The whippoorwill, following the crazy bird, the hanged cricket and the yelping hound, must have been sort of a rest for this girl. You see, she began to feel good. And if the early morn fish-man had started up her street just at this moment, her bliss, I'll bet you, would have knocked the spots right out of her “transports of delight,” and she would have murmured that she was in Elysium. But I know what occurred. She went off into a snooze, and snored away without a break till ten o'clock, when she rose feeling “so completely done up,” that a house afire next door wouldn't have put her on a run.

This comes of hunting for silence when you ought to be sleeping as sound as a top, Rosaline. Don't do it any more, girl! When the wakeful, writeful fit comes on, get up and lay a wet towel longitudinally on the spine of your back, hustle into bed again, never mind the “silence absolute,” but close your eyes, say your prayers over, count a hundred slowly, and, presto! G-r-r-on-n-nk! Ka-w-w-w-w!! Ger-r-r-onk! K-k-k-aw!!

FOOTBALL.

I WISH to remark in my own bashful way,
That a fellow oft groans in despair,
When he makes frantic kicks at a slippery football
And merely knocks holes in the air.

'Tis lovely to have your shins raked with a boot,
To fall down and damage your eyes,
And have a fat lunatic walk up your back,
While your “best girl” looks on in surprise.

And when from the slaughter you painfully limp,
All covered with glory—and gore,
You scoot for the druggist's to buy arnica,
While you vow you'll not play any more.

E. A. C.

Mrs. GULLY will not venture out because she saw in the paper that “the bulls and the bears were having a lively fight on the street.”



AT THE GROCER'S.

LADY CUSTOMER—“I want to get some soap.”
JUVENILE CLERK (*remarking a hirsute growth upon her upper lip*).—“Soap? Yes, ma'am. Shaving soap?”

A HEART-BROKEN WAIL.

NOT THE ONE IN THE ZOO.

IN Queen street walls my ulster swings
Where since last spring-time it has swung,
To save it now, the bardlet sings,
From being unhonored and unsung.

Cold winter's blasts will soon be here,
And then my ulster I shall miss,
As icy breezes, chill and drear,
My serge-clad form they'll bleakly kiss.

My under-coat great holes reveals,
Which from the world's keen, piercing eye,
An ulster's friendship ere conceals,
But ulster-friendless all am I.

My winter trouserloons are torn,
In places patched with divers hues;
To hide those hard-up signs forlorn,
My ulster coat would ne'er refuse.

No wealth have I my cherished coat
From Judah's clutches to redeem,
I've spent my last poor silver groat
For caramels and lemon cream.

For how could I my love refuse?
For such sweet things she ever sighs
I loved too well, but now my views
Show that my loving was not wise.

And now as winter draws anigh,
My ulster, oh! my ulster dear,
I know not how, all coatless, I
Shall face its blasts so cold and drear.

With other sports my lady flirts,
And never speaks as we pass by;
But that which most my feelings hurts
Is that, for her sake, coatless I

Must freezing go; the wealth I spent
On her, for which I popped my coat.
Ungrateful she! I never meant
To part with her with my last groat.

'Twas ever thus; the female mind
Wealth's dazzling glitter e'er will turn.
I little dreamt she'd be inclined
Me penniless from her to spurn!



ORPHEUS GOING WEST.

THE PIPER WHO CHARMS THE ANIMALS PROPOSES TO MOVE TO HIGH PARK.

"THE WORLD DO MOVE!"

PEEPS INTO THE FUTURE BY "GRIP'S" OWN CLAIRVOYANT—THE NEW CAMP GROUND.

[From the Mail, April 24, 1893.]

ELSEWHERE in this issue will be found the large and attractive advertisement of the Cavoorters' Camp-ground Co. (L'td.) In selecting Toronto Island for a site, the company did a wise and far-seeing thing. The grounds cost considerable, it is true; but, pshaw! it was not a question merely of cost which governed the speculation, but of desirability of location combined with a certain freedom from restraint which could not be enjoyed had the site on shore within the city's boundaries been taken, for this would have placed the grounds under the somewhat rigid regulations applying to all city places of amusement, and so have put under the ban several of the most popular and healthful, if not strictly Sabbatarian, features of the new resort.

For example, no liquor could have been lawfully sold on the grounds, unless under a very heavy license, had the North Toronto place been decided on. As it is, the Cavoorters' Co., owning the island *in toto*, and having complete control of it as a distinct and special municipality, by Act of Parliament, can not only regulate its own licenses, but also permit the sale on the ferry-boats. A boon such as this is not to be lightly esteemed.

Again, had the city site been the choice, doings of patrons of the camp-grounds would have been hampered to no slight extent, at all events on Sundays, the most convenient days on which to have the base-ball matches that are to be regular events at the conclusion of the morning services at the Revival Rotunda. In this particular alone, not to mention the Sunday boat races and bicycle competitions, the prescience of the Cavoorters' Co. is worthy of all admiration. While on this Sunday subject it will be well, perhaps, for us to remind our sportsmen readers that fishing and shooting will positively not be allowed on any week-day. Game about the island is scarce, and some steps must be taken to preserve it from utter extermination.

We can mention only a few of the leading "cards" which will draw the great public of this Province to the Camp-ground the coming season.

The great six days' Go-As-You-Please Song Service, led by the celebrated Black Brothers, will inaugurate the

opening. It is expected there will be the required twenty-four competitors. Each singer will get a turn of an hour's duration during the twenty-four, and is at liberty to sing anything he likes, the only stipulation being that the audience shall help with the chorus. The singer of the greatest number of songs (comic songs to count double), will win the big prize of \$500 and be given a certain share of the gate money.

From among the long list of preachers, actors, lecturers, minstrels, sleight-of-hand men, ventriloquists, etc., etc., it would prove an endless task to select and particularize. Suffice it to say that all the platform talent of the land has been levied on to make up the varied and alluring programme for the season. It must be remembered that very big money has to be paid out for these performers, and that prices of admission must be maintained at a respectable height.

The Saturday night hops are a feature which ought to be specifically mentioned. They will be full dress, *riche* affairs, with all accessories, and cannot fail to be largely patronized by the occupants of the cottages on the camp-grounds.

Nor must we omit to draw attention to the gymnasium, in which boxing, fencing, trapezing, etc., will be taught both males and females. The doctrine that co-education of the sexes is harmful has long since, we are thankful, passed into the limbo of forgetfulness.

As to the revival meetings, the gospel song services, the experience conventions, and the several religious classes, the Management Committee have prudently deferred arrangement until the season is fairly open and a chance to find a place for them presents itself.

Taken altogether, the enterprise of the Cavoorters' Camp-ground Co. (L'td.) in providing such an attractive and healthful resort, devoid of the too-worldly elements and exhibiting none of the coarser and unelevating characteristics of other summer resorts, is highly commendable, and will assuredly be attended with the greatest possible moral good and pecuniary success.

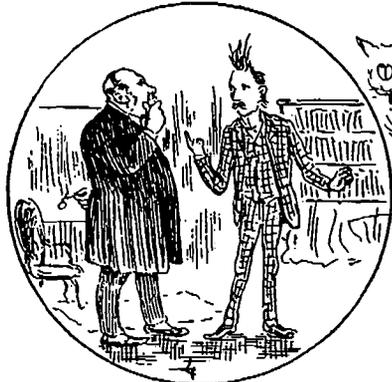
MRS. GULLY is ashamed of the intemperance habit. Not only is foreign wine brought over the ocean of water, which is a temperance lesson itself; but the very corks in the bottles are brandied.



"I just dropped in, Sir, to ask if you believe that God made the Earth, and if so, that He made it for all His children alike?"
"Of course I so believe God is 'no respecter of Persons.'"

"Then, if one man appropriated to his own private use the whole Earth, without giving an equivalent of its value, he would be doing an injustice to his fellow-men?"
"He would, most assuredly."

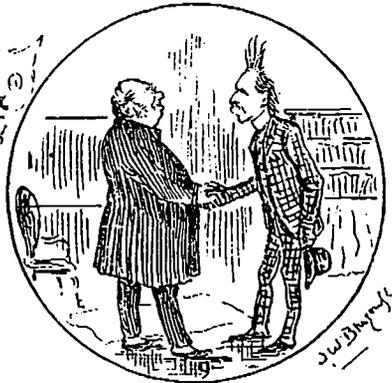
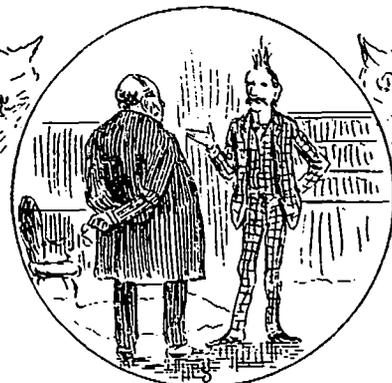
"Then, if any number of men appropriate any portion of the Common heritage without giving an equivalent to the rest, the injustice would be the same in character?"
"True—there's no doubt about that!"



"But, if that equivalent were given, wouldn't the equal Natural Right of All be vindicated, and the ends of perfect Justice be met?"
"Unquestionably; but how can you fix that equivalent, as you call it?"

"Nothing simpler — its annual value to the Appropriator; in other words, what the presence of Population makes it worth in the shape of Rent."
"Yes, that seems reasonable enough."

"That rental value could be taken, in the form of a tax annually, all other taxes direct or indirect being abolished."
"I see; that would relieve labor from burdens now borne, but how about landlords!"



"It would only extinguish Landlordism, that's all. But if, as you believe, God made the Earth for All, he never meant that some should live in idleness on the labor of others 'Who's will not work shall not eat,' you know"

"Young man, there's Christianity and sound reason in these ideas, which are quite new to me Now, if those crank Anti-Poverty people would devote themselves to something of this sort:

Sir, these are the doctrines which the Anti-Poverty men advocate, and which your Ministerial Association declares it understands thoroughly Good morning, Sir"

RESPECTFULLY SUBMITTED

TO THE MEMBERS OF THE MINISTERIAL ASSOCIATION, WHO "DO NOT NEED ANY INFORMATION" ABOUT THE ANTI-POVERTY DOCTRINE.



"WAIT FOR IT."

F SIR JOHN.—"Glad to see you round again, Ed. Coming back to the leadership, I suppose?"

E.B.—"No; I'm holding myself free to enjoy *Grip's Comic Almanac* which comes out on the first of December."

THE FAKIR IN ENGLAND.

THE-HOG-ON-ICE TAVERN,
MANCHESTER.

BELOVED GRIP,—Since I last wrote you I've been working the lecture racket for all it was worth. I had a good time while it lasted, but it don't go any longer. It was all very well in the small places, but when I began to tackle city audiences there was always a lot of fellows who had been in America, ready to give the snap away. In Liverpool my Indian and buffalo stories wouldn't go down at all, and I had to make a sneak and look out for a new career.

I've struck a good deal better thing, however. I've originated, or at least adapted a scheme which is calculated to secure the support and co-operation of every lover of humanity and beer. You will at once see the connection when I mention the Liberal Temperance Union, of the English branch of which I am now secretary-treasurer and general organizer.

It happened this way. I was stopping at the Hog-on-Ice public house in Manchester, and got into conversation with Mr. Beeribloke, the genial and popular landlord. He was bewailing the degeneracy of the times and the growing prevalence of temperance opinions.

"You'd 'ardly believe it," said Mr. Beeribloke, "but there's a lot of people 'ere as hactooally wants to close up the public 'ouses on a Sunday! Now that's what Hi calls the worst kind of despotism. To deprive a free-born Hinglishman of 'is beer! Wy, the Spanish Harmada and the Hinquisition warn't nothing to it! Talk about the 'orrs hof the French revolution and the sufferio's of the hearly Christians wen Napoleon Bonaparte an' that lot throwed 'em into the lions. They aint

in it, sir. Wy, it's opposed to the principles not honly of British liberty but of our 'oly religion! But these temperance people are hall hinfidels—"

Here the speaker paused and drew himself a fresh mug of half-and-half to calm his agitation.

"The worst of it his," he went on, "that we 'ave no horganization. 'Ere's the Good Templars an' the Sons of Temperance an' the Alliance, an' I don't know 'ow many more, stirrin' up the people against us, and nobody to speak up an' say a word for the public 'ouse, exceptin' a parson now an' then. We ought to do somethink to counteract 'em."

The idea came to me like a flash of inspiration. "What's the matter with starting a *Liberal Temperance Union*?" said I. Emphasis on the "Liberal."

"What?!!" said Mr. Beeribloke, whanging down his pewter pot on the table with such violence as to inflict a considerable dent on the wood. "Why, what d'y'er mean, man?"

The word "Temperance" seemed to act on this worthy but excitable gentleman like a red rag on a bull. I hastened to assure him that it wasn't the objectionable kind of temperance that this organization had in view. Quite the contrary, in fact. I gave a brief account of the objects and working of the Toronto Liberal Temperance Union.

"Don't you get the idea?" said I. "That word 'Temperance' is just put to draw the wool over the eyes of the public. It catches the goody-goodies and respectable folks that wouldn't touch a Licensed Victuallers' Protective Society, or anything of that sort with a ten-foot pole. We get in a few dignified old chumps to make it respectable and beat the temperance folks at their own game. See the point? It gives us influence and money, which we use to fight the fanatics and keep up the license system. We claim to be the real Simon Pure temperance men, and all the while we're working to keep up the whisky business.

I talked to him in this strain for some time, and though he seemed to fight shy at first, when I told him of how the Liberal Temperance Union had killed off the Scott Act in ever so many counties, and described how they made temperance legislation unpopular by filling up all the old drunks around town with cheap whisky, as they did in Toronto after the last reduction in the number of licenses, Beeribloke grew enthusiastic.

"I wish to goodness we 'ad that kind of a temperance society 'ere," he said, "wot would stand up for the rights of a Hinglishman to drink as much beer as 'e wants. If you start one you may put me down for a quid. You can meet in my parlor 'ere hif you like."

"Generous, noble-hearted man," I cried, "this is indeed liberal."

"Not at all," replied Beeribloke. "In course I expects as 'ow the members 'll drink pretty freely for the good of the 'ouse."

He handed me a few shillings for preliminary expenses, and I got to work at once. We called a meeting at the Hog-on-Ice, which was attended by about a dozen publicans and the local brewer. We organized provisionally, with Beeribloke as temporary chairman and myself as secretary-treasurer. The brewer and the leading victuallers put up their dust like little men as soon as the scheme was explained to 'em. Of course I told them that it would not do for their names to go to the public as being the organizers, and that we should have to lay low till we got a few respectable figure-heads to the concern. I have written to a lot of dukes, bishops and other high toned personages, many of whom have shares in joint-stock brewing companies, asking for their

patronage and influence, and I'm in hopes we shall be able to show a list of patrons and honorary committeemen that will just paralyze the temperance crowd. We have secured a "Bart." and an archdeacon already.

My friend Canon Duxter has consented to deliver the first of a course of lectures under the auspices of the Union—subject, "Modern Infidelity"—in which he will prove that total abstinence is anti-Christian. I am going to discourse on the scientific aspects of the question. I don't know anything about it yet, but I have two or three weeks to prepare, and I guess that in that time I can get to be about as good a scientist as Prof. Gordon Richardson. A little science goes a long way with our crowd, so long as you talk as if you knew it all, and sling 'em lots of Greek and Latin.

We have already established one or two branches, and intend to push our organization all over England. You can easily understand what a delightful and lucrative field of labor is opening up before me.

Respects to Prof. Goldwin Smith. Tell him that a letter or two in the *Times* from his powerful pen recommending the Union to public confidence, would help us along amazingly.

Yours in the cause of true temperance,
THE FAKIR.

INTERESTING DEBATE.

MODELLED AFTER THE ONE REPORTED IN THE
"EMPIRE" THE OTHER DAY.*

POLICE OFFICER.—"Here, you ————!!"
OFFENDING CITIZEN.—"Oh, is that you, Mr. Constable? Pray pardon me for not more promptly recognising you."

P. O.—"Go to ——— with your ——— apologies, ——— your ——— eyes. I want you, ——— you!"

O. C.—"Yes, sir, so I seem to understand. But may I ask as a great favor why you do me the high honor of calling upon me at this hour of the night? Of course, I am deeply sensible of your extreme courtesy and——"

P. O.—"Look here, ——— you ——— for a ———! If you don't hurry up and come down in a ——— minute, I'll ——— soon show you what in ——— and ——— I'm here for! Get a move on you, ——— you!"

O. C.—"Oh, my dear Mr. Constable, pray do not be so extremely urgent. I assure you, sir, I am dressing as fast as I possibly can. Will you kindly wait just one ——"

P. O.—"Wait, be ——! I tell you I want you, —— you! I won't stand any of your —— foolin'. If you ain't down and get this door open in half a minute —— I kick in the whole —— front of your —— house—— ——!!!!"

O. C. (in great trepidation)—"Please, Mr. Constable, grant me only one little indulgence. Until I get my pants on I really cannot dare to ——"

* In *The Empire's* verb. et lit. report of the Edward street colloquy, the speaker of the first part will be remembered as not being the speaker of the blank part. With this little difference between the two interesting debates, GRIP presents his, quite satisfied that the great public will fully appreciate the efforts of his reporters to keep pace with *The Empire's* in enterprising and accurate local news.

P. O. (in a terrible rage)—"Then, by —— you —— I'll get to you in a —— hurry, you ——!!!!"

Whereupon the infuriated policeman bursts in the door, rushes up stairs revolver in hand, and, after firing several ineffectual shots at the terrified occupant of the bedroom, pulls out a summons to appear at the Police Court on a charge of infraction of a city by-law, flings it on the table, utters a volley of awful adjectives, and then stalks down stairs and away.

GRANDFATHER'S HAT.

THIS battered old beaver my grandfather wore
When I was a bit of a lad,
It has hung on a peg just behind the hall door
Ever since it was put there by dad.
It recalls the old days when my grandfather's face
Smiled down from beneath its broad brim;
His set, studied phrases, his cold, courtly grace,
His finger nails polished and trim.
His long, slender legs, straight and firm at the knees,
Clad in pantaloons, stockings and pumps,
With a scarf like a shawl round his neck, if you please,
Just as if he was ill with the mumps.
He wooed in a stately, conventional way,
But his heart beat were honest and true,
For he loved his fair crinolined sweetheart, they say,
When this battered old beaver was new.

Ah! the years that have passed since this bell-crowned affair
Had a place on my grandfather's head;
Ah! the years that have passed since they buried him where
He still sleeps—with the time-honored dead.
And the fashions have changed both in hats and in hearts—
We have lost all the courtly old grace.
We auction our love in convenience's marts,
With hypocrisy's smile on each face;
'Twould be well if we left off the gloss and veneer,
For an hour to be honest and true,
As were men in the days when my grandad was here,
And his battered old beaver was new.

JIMUEL JONES.



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MISS SMYTHE (to Editor Puffer, of the "Daily Squeezer")—"Oh, Mr. Puffer, I think your paper is just splendid. Last week I advertised in the *Squeezer* for my lost bracelet, and I found it the very next day right on the piano—just where I had left it."

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THE first of a series of chamber concerts was given at Mr. Torrington's new College of Music on Saturday afternoon, Nov. 10, the executants being the famous Mendelssohn Quintette Club and Miss Alice Ryan, soprano. The affair was, of course, a brilliant success artistically. A large audience attended, and all expressed high satisfaction not only with the programme, but with the equipments of the College itself, which were displayed with pardonable pride by the Director.

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—N. Y. Life.

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I desire thus publicly to express my appreciation of the promptness of the Temperance and General Life Assurance Company in paying the claim of One Thousand Dollars insurance on the life of my brother, the late William Paterson, farmer, of the township of Flos.—*Barrie Gazette*, Sept. 26, 1888.

(Signed) **JOHN PATERSON,** Administrator.

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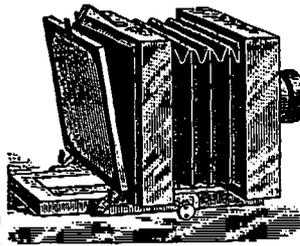


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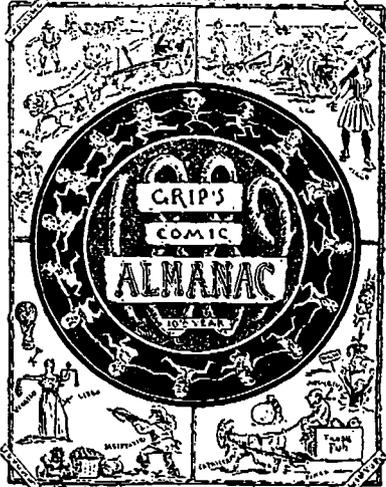
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