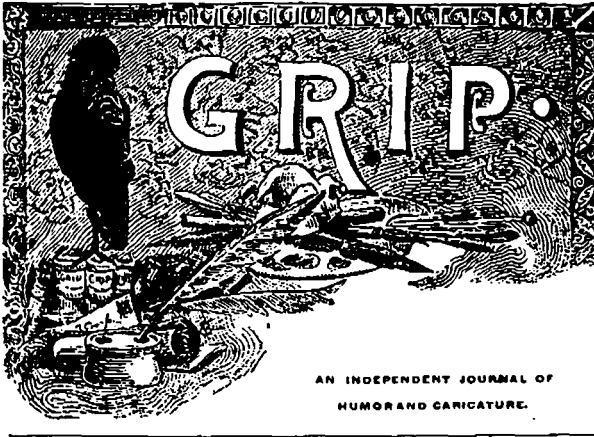




MRS. PARTINGTON ROSS AND THE RISING TIDE.

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Comments on the Cartoons.



SPORT FOR THE QUEBECERS.—It is to be hoped that the present agitation has had the effect of opening the eyes of the Orangemen to some matters which apparently they have never heretofore been able to comprehend. To everybody else it has been perfectly clear that for the last twenty or thirty years Sir John A. Macdonald has been able to keep the Order under his control by the simple expedient of reserving nice places in the Cabinet for one or two individuals who posed as its "representatives." The deluded rank and file, like a flock of wild geese, have been unable to understand that these cabinet figures were all the while only decoys, and as a consequence Sir John and his Ultramontane friends

from Quebec have enjoyed many a good day's political sport. Orange "representatives" in the cabinet! Yes; representing themselves and their near relations in the matter of governmental pickings; but when have they ever been able—or even disposed—to lift a finger in behalf of the principles of Orangeism? What influence have they had in the Cabinet counsels when their supposed constituents have appealed for things they thought right and necessary? To come to particulars, what did Mackenzie Bowell, Past Grand Sovereign and all the rest of it, do when application was made for Orange incorporation? Sang mum, as he has continued to do ever since, and as he will continue to do so long as silence best suits his personal interests. He is simply a decoy to keep Orange geese within gun-shot. What does this same precious "representative" do when his colleagues

in the Government propose to allow the Jesuit Estates' Bill to become law? Sings mum again, and clutches his well-paid portfolio with both hands! We say there are signs that these facts are being now comprehended by the well-meaning but heretofore party-blind Orangemen of the country. It is indeed time that their eyes were opened to the palpable fraud which has so long been practiced upon them.

MRS. PARTINGTON ROSS.—When the Government Commission has officially informed the Minister of Education that many of the schools in Eastern Ontario are conducted as if they were in the depths of Quebec, we trust the hon. gentleman will loss no time in devising some means of keeping back the French tide more adequate than the Partingtonian broom he has heretofore employed. When at the last session of the House, Mr. Ross stated that there were now no schools in Ontario in which English was not taught, he evidently supposed that because he had made an advance on the Ryerson regime he was in a fair way of seeing the French wave set back. But as well might the traditional widow have thought to combat the Atlantic tide with her broom, as any Government hope to overcome the difficulty in Eastern Ontario by having English lessons given even regularly for half an hour a day in all the French schools. Now that the real facts are made known the inadequacy of this is more than ever manifest.



GREAT ado is being made because some of us in this city have seen fit to rig out our coachmen and footmen in cockades. We are told, forsooth, that this is going altogether too far, and that only certain specified families of the English nobility are entitled to such a distinction. English fiddlesticks! What do we care for rules and regulations made for the so-called British aristocracy? This is a free country; we have got the money, and we'll have cockades in our servants' plug-hats, or know the reason why.

MRS. LANGTRY must be a remarkable woman. She has achieved fame as a beauty, an actress, and a judge of soap, and now we learn from the reliable columns of *Saturday Night* that she is reported to be "the happy mamma of a seventeen-year-old daughter, a twelve year-old son, and a niece only five years old, which resembles her aunt in facial beauty."

WE are informed by cable despatch to the *Mail*—which must have cost nearly a shilling a word—that on the occasion of a recent "function."

The Princess of Wales wore a light grey cloth toilet, light cloth coat, and a straw turban trimmed with pink roses. The Princess' umbrella was unique as well as handsome, being of dark blue with a beautiful amber knob for the handle. The Princesses were gowned alike in light brown cloth and jacket with brown turbans, trimmed with wing of brown crepe.

We don't half appreciate that marvellous contrivance, the cable. Our good old forefathers would have had to wait at least three months before they could have received this thrilling and momentous news!

OUR esteemed contemporary, the *New York Judge*, endeavors to illustrate the Land Question with a fable, as follows:

Once upon a time the citizens of a South African republic met to discuss the question of land reform. The Antelopes, Zebras, Wild Cattle, and other grass-eaters protested that too much ground was given up to forests, and that these should be destroyed.

"It is a well-known fact," said a Wild Ass, who was a leader of this party, "that our principal opponent is the Elephant, an undoubted aristocrat, who carries his head above everybody. With him are leagued the useless, chattering Monkeys, and the Lions and other outlaws."

"But," rejoined the Elephant, "I am unable to bend my head to the grass which you eat, and if the forests are destroyed I shall starve."

"Better you should," replied the Wild Ass, "than that privileges should be maintained for you which are a menace to our free institutions. Eat the food that others eat, or die." So it was voted that the forests be destroyed, and they were.

But when the blazing sun of summer shone down upon those plains the grass burned to dust, and the streams and fountains were dried up. The only living creatures left were the Jackals, who preyed on the ruins of the community.

As society must always be composed of conflicting classes, how is the state ownership of land going to help the people?

* * *

WE regret to say that our distinguished contemporary (probably at the instance of Andrew Carnegie) misreported this case. The grievance was that the Elephants and their friends had fenced off the grass-plains and were holding them out of use, while the grass-eating animals wanted to use them very much. What the agitators said was, that as all had an equal right to live, all should have equal access to the natural elements which were essential to life, and that every one should pay for the portion he was using. With this correct statement of the facts, it is not so hard to answer the Fabulist's question. The animals, having secured the reform they demanded, were helped by being enabled to help themselves.

* * *

THE Committee on Public School Text-books have reported to the Anglican Synod that, in their opinion, the text-book on Temperance, now authorized in Ontario, requires alteration, as its statements are far too sweeping and unqualified (about the dangerous character of the poison called alcohol). Mr. Ross ought to lose no time in fixing the book to suit these reverend gentlemen, by adding a few chapters from the speeches of Mr. King Dodds. This would make the text-book still less objectionable to the whiskey vote, and on that account ought to commend itself strongly to the Minister of the Straddle Department.

* * *

BY the way, we may be doing Mr. King Dodds an injustice in supposing that he is still the friend of the saloon as a public institution. The graceful way in which he welcomed Miss Willard and the ladies of the W.C.T.U. at the Metropolitan church, last week, could not have been surpassed by Willie Howland himself. Of course, the fact that Mr. Dodds happens to be Chairman of the City Council Reception Committee this year, may be incidentally mentioned. He *may* have been performing a duty most disagreeable to himself, but it didn't look like it. We will look upon him as a reformed character until he gives us proof to the contrary.

* * *

REV. HUGH JOHNSTON was born with a genial disposition, and would probably have been a happy man under any circumstances. But success in his work and the recognition thereof by his *Alma Mater*, have made him still happier. He is now Dr. Johnston. All that he needs now to make his cup run over is a Boswell.

* * *

"ETERNAL vigilance is the price of liberty." This is a saying which may be quoted without being thoroughly grasped. It would be well for the people of Canada to think it over just now. If Jesuitism ever

accomplishes anything in this Dominion it will be because the people have gone to sleep under the influence of the drug of partyism, and left their affairs to be—neglected—by the professional politicians. This is the view which that very earnest and energetic citizen, the Rev. Mr. Russell, holds, and which he did his best to impress upon the members of the late Convention. But Mr. Russell is a practical enthusiast, and he has evolved from his fertile brain a scheme for an organization which might be called the People's Eternal Vigilance Generator.

* * *

BUT he has given it a prettier title than that. It is to be known as the "Association of the Ladies and Knights of the Maple Leaf," for it takes advantage of the human tendency towards ritual and ceremony, and is to be patterned upon the Orders which are now so popular amongst us, availing itself, as will be observed, of that very important factor, the influence of woman.

* * *

WE hope at an early day to be in a position to lay before our readers a clear outline of the proposed organization. As we now comprehend it, it has our hearty approval, for it is to be built broadly upon the *people*, to act as an educating force, and contemplates the provision of means whereby the people may have a more direct influence in the nomination of candidates for Parliament, a function which is now practically usurped by political party bosses.

HOW I LEARNED TO DREAM.

IN my innocent youth I was thoroughly prosy,
And never had dreams either gloomy or rosy;
The starlight might sparkle, the moonlight might shimmer,
The meteors flash and the milky-way glimmer,
The roses might breathe all their sweetness around me,
Still morning would find me as ev'ning had found me;
And my rest seemed each year to grow deeper and deeper,
For I was a most unpoetical sleeper.

In the life-breathing daytime my luck was no better,
The very same fate seemed my fancy to fetter;
And the sunlight might glow or fall softly and hazy,
While I lay in the shade feeling happy and lazy;
But I never could dream, be it evening or morning,
If clouds or if rainbows the sky were adorning,
If the air were oppressive or healthful and mellow,
For I was a most unpoetical fellow.

But once when the evening with fragrance was laden,
I walked by the side of a fanciful maiden,
Who told me in whispers of dreams she had cherished,
Of castles she'd built in the air where they'd perished.
She looked in my eyes while her story she told me,
And seemed by the spell of her spirit to hold me,
Then somehow I knew that my nature was changing,
And my fancy for dreams of its own was arranging.

I now meet her daily and daily go walking,
Through sunlight and shadows of sentiment-talking;
I tell her my dreams with a tremulous passion,
That shows her that dreaming with me is in fashion;
And to tell you the truth, though it sounds rather funny,
In all hours of the day, be they gloomy or sunny,
And at night when it's dark or when moonlight is gleaming,
I always am dreaming, and dreaming and dreaming.

OUR MOTHER TONGUE.

JUVENILE STUDENT—"Paw, what letter is that?"
PAW—"That's O."
"Is it? I couldn't tell it!"
"That so?"
"But I'll always know it now."
"That's so."



McGLYNN'S UNANSWERABLE LOGIC.

"If God made the earth to be the private property of the few and not the heritage of all, then He is the Father of the few and the Step-father of the rest."

A NEW NOVEL.

GRIP'S sheltering wing is spread over Canadian literature, and every honest effort in the direction of native book-making has his sympathy and support. For this reason he welcomes the appearance upon his table of a new novel by a Canadian writer. The somewhat unattractive title is "The History of Professor Paul"—and the typographical make up does not display much taste. We should say that altogether the title-page is an invitation not to buy, but the work is ever so much better than the typographer would give you to suppose. The story, which is out of the beaten track in form, is fairly well written—very well, we may say, for a first effort—and holds the attention of the reader firmly. The author is Mr. Stuart Livingstone, of Hamilton, to whom we extend our congratulations, coupled with the advice to "keep at it."

NATURAL HISTORY FOR YOUNG CANADIANS.

THE BEAVER.

THE Beaver is a migh-ty pa-tient an-i-mal. He sits all day long on a log and chews ma-ple leaves and lets the coun-try go to smash. He has thick fur and a very tough hide, so that he can stand more than any other de-cent an-i-mal. You can step on his tail if you like, and he does not know en-ough to bite. He is also a very stu-pid crea-ture. If you like you can take the wealth he has stored up in his hut and throw it in-to the stream and he will not say a word. So long as he has grub to eat he is all right. The Lion, the Bear and the Eagle will get mad if any per-son goes too far with them, and tries to rob them of their rights, but not so the Beaver. He is a poor dumb thing without any sand. The

only good point a-bout him is his in-dus-try, and it is a good job for him that he is built that way, for he does not know en-ough to take care of what he works for. The Bea-ver seems to have a great deal of back-bone. In fact, to look at him you would think he was all back-bone, but it is no good. When you tread on him it flat-tens right out. He belongs to the mouse tribe, but un-like a mouse, he does not know enough to go in when it rains. For all these rea-sons he has been chos-en as the em-blem of a certain coun-try which has long sub-mit-ted to be rul-ed by waste-ful and cor-rupt knaves.

LIQUIDATE 'EM!

BOOZER has a great head. There are very few ques-tions, political, economic, moral or otherwise, that he cannot settle off-hand to his own satisfaction. He has long ago sized up all the politicians and established the status of the various parties, including the third, fourth, and other possible and projected organizations, and, as soon as a new issue arises, is prepared to dispose of it with neatness and despatch.

"Jesuit question?" he remarked the other day. "What's the good of all this fuss about the Jesuits? The whole thing could easily be fixed without any trouble."

"How would you manage it?" queried Blivins.

"Why, this way. The old Jesuits that had this 'ere estate bust up, didn't they? They was a dead broke community. Well, then, the estate oughter be put into liquidation. Nobody would make no objections to that. And if they was to put the thing in the hands of the Central Bank liquidators, there wouldn't be a blamed cent left for no Jesuit or anyone else. See?"

As was previously remarked, Boozer has a great head.

A MITIGATING FEATURE.

THE great Anti-Jesuit Convention has, of course, created the wildest alarm in Ultramontane circles. Cipher despatches were continually passing between the Vatican and Cardinal Taschereau, the purport of some of which has been revealed by a secretary of the latter, who has been promised an office under the McCarthy-Hughes administration as soon as Mowat is ousted. The following translation has been furnished us:

POPE LEO (to Cardinal Taschereau)—"How goes the battle?"
CARDINAL TASCHEREAU (to Pope Leo)—"Great Anti-Jesuit gathering in Toronto. Fiery speeches. Strong resolutions. The whole country is roused. I fear all is lost."

POPE LEO (to Cardinal Taschereau)—"This is terrible. But was Willie Howland there? Answer quick!"

CARDINAL TASCHEREAU (to Pope Leo)—"No."

POPE LEO (to Cardinal Taschereau)—"Ha! I breathe more freely. Was E. E. Sheppard on hand?"

CARDINAL TASCHEREAU (to Pope Leo)—"No."

POPE LEO (to Cardinal Taschereau)—"Thank Heaven, we are yet safe! Have the *Te Deum* sung."

CARDINAL TASCHEREAU (to Pope Leo)—"We will, your Holiness. It will somewhat relieve the *tedium* of the situation. Tumble?"

BRITAIN'S SURPLUS.

"DR. BARNARDO sends this week another party of 150 boys to Canada."—*Daily Paper*.

Scour the streets of London town,
Where ground-rents grind the people down,
Pick the waifs out of the gutter,
Greed denies them bread and butter;
But don't let them starve or freeze,
Pack them off to the "Colonies";
Canada is big and rich,
And she's welcome to all sich!



WANTED—A REMEDY.

DR. HENDERSON.—“When a preacher or a lawyer disgraces his calling, he can be expelled; but against practitioners who degrade the noble profession of medicine we have no redress.”—*Vide President's Address at Convention of Ontario Medical Association.*

AN AMERICAN SEA SONG.

THE Scranton (Penn.) Truth offers a prize of \$100 for the words of an American sea-song that shall fittingly voice the patriotism of the sturdy Yankee tar.—*The Writer.*

[As the competition does not seem to be restricted to the boundaries of the Union, the following little gem is respectfully submitted. The \$100 may be sent by cheque, P.O. order, or express. Address this office.]

Come, messmates, stow your marlin spikes,
And reef the mizzen spar,
I'm going to fitly voice the soul
Of the sturdy Yankee tar.
Yo ho, yo ho, the wind may blow,
And eight bells go ding-dong—
We'll gather round the gib and sing
This hundred dollar song!

CHORUS—Yo ho, yo ho, the breezes blow
O'er the sturdy Yankee tar,
This here's a hundred dollar song,
So let 'er go Galla-gar!

Come, raise your voices high, my lads,
And shout your fond regards
For the big appropriations spent
On the U. S. navy yards!
Yo ho, yo ho, loud let us crow,
And let our cannons roar;
But if there's fighting to be done
We'd better hug the shore!

CHORUS—Yo ho, yo ho, etc.

Come, toot your horns about our ships,
(We've only got a few—
So let us toot 'em all the more,
Oh, sturdy Yankee crew!)

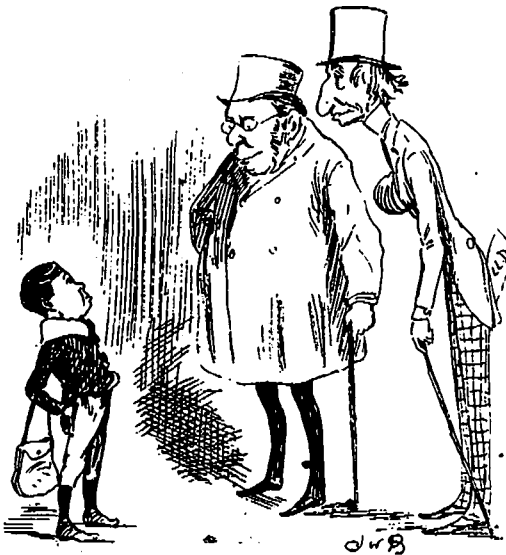
Yo ho, yo ho, I 'spose you know
Scarce any ships we build,
For by our silly tariff laws
The industry's been killed!
CHORUS—Yo ho, yo ho, etc.

Hurrah, my lads, for James G. Blaine,
That hero tried and true;
He's going to raise a little row
To give us work to do—
Yo ho, yo ho,—J. G. go slow,
Don't send our shaky navy
Against a third or fourth rate power,
Or we'll be in the gravy!
CHORUS—Yo ho, yo ho, etc.

But, messmates, let us have some sense,
Sea-fights and naval glory
And gallant tars and all that rot's
A childish, played out story.
Yo ho, yo ho, inventions grow—
Torpedoes are the fashion,
So what's the use of pumping up
A "patriotic" passion!
CHORUS—Yo ho, yo ho, etc.

ENGLISH AS SHE IS ROARED.

“FUR-resh fish! Fur-resh fish!!” yelled one matutinal merchant, in a cracked but positive voice.
“Fresh feesch! Fresh feesch!” roared another in the near vicinity.
And the Intelligent Foreigner who had come to this intellectual centre to perfect himself in English threw up his hands in despair.



HONORS ARE EASY.

YOUNG CANADA—"Huh! anybody could take a degree if it was given to him, but where would you chaps be if you had to go through an exam. for it as I have?"

JUNIUS REDIVIVUS.

THE other day, while secluded in the library of Earncliffe to avoid a troublesome deputation of Orangemen, Sir John casually took down from his bookshelf a volume entitled "The Letters of Junius," and opening at random he read as follows:—

TO HIS GRACE, THE DUKE OF GRAFTON.

May 30, 1769.

MY LORD,—If the measures in which you have been most successful had been supported by any tolerable appearance of argument, I should have thought my time not ill employed in continuing to examine your conduct as a minister, and stating it fairly to the public. But when I see questions of the highest national importance carried as they have been, and the first principles of the Constitution openly violated, without argument or decency, I confess I give up the cause in despair. The meanest of your predecessors had abilities sufficient to give a color to their measures. If they invaded the rights of the people, they did not dare to offer a direct insult to their understanding; and in former times, the most venal Parliaments made it a condition, in their bargain with the Minister, that he should furnish them with some plausible pretences for selling their country and themselves. You have had the merit of introducing a more compendious system of government and logic. You neither address yourself to the passions nor the understanding, but simply to the touch. You apply yourself immediately to the feelings of your friends, who, contrary to the forms of Parliament, never enter heartily into a debate until they have divided.

Relinquishing therefore all idle views of amendment to your Grace, or of benefit to the public, let me be permitted to consider your character and conduct merely as a subject of curious speculation. There is something in both which distinguishes you not only from all other ministers, but all other men. It is not that you do wrong by design, but that you should never do right by mistake. It is not that your indolence and your activity have been equally misapplied, but that the first uniform principle, or, if I

may call it the genius of your life, should have carried you through every possible change and contradiction of conduct, without the momentary imputation or color of a virtue, and that the wildest spirit of inconsistency should never once have betrayed you into a wise or honorable action. This, I own, gives an air of singularity to your fortune, as well as to your disposition. * * * Your Grace, little anxious, perhaps, either for present or future reputation, will not desire to be handed down in these colors to posterity. You have reason to flatter yourself that the memory of your administration will survive even the forms of a constitution which our ancestors vainly hoped would be immortal. The condition of the present times is desperate indeed; but there is a debt due to those who come after us, and it is the historian's office to punish though he cannot correct. I do not give you to posterity as a pattern to imitate, but as an example to deter; and as your conduct comprehends everything that a wise or honest minister should avoid, I mean to make you a negative instruction to your successors for ever.

JUNIUS.

Sir John replaced the book upon the shelf, while a light, as of pride and pleasure, played over his features. "The next time I go to London," he mused, "I must have the Herald's College look up my lineage. I'm almost positive I must have descended straight from this Duke of Grafton."

HOW HE EMPHASIZED HIS STATEMENT.

MEETING, the other day, my old friend and fellow-campaigner, Brown, whom I had not seen since the last general elections, when we "had been fou' for weeks taegither"—that is to say, of course, full of party enthusiasm and unbridled political oratory—reminded me of one of the most laughable of the unwritten tales of Parliamentary contest.

Brown, in the interest of the Tory party, was detailed to meet one Jones, a representative spouter for the Grits, in an Eastern constituency where the fight was a hot one, and the result not safe to bet on.

Brown was bald as a badger; Jones sported a magnificent head of curly hair, which—but stop! I must not anticipate my story.

The meeting was a large one, and the rival factions pretty evenly divided. The Grit champion took the platform first, opening his speech with a series of jokes and gibes—little things which amused the audience somewhat, but were irrelevant to the broad issues before the country. Finally, however, he loaded up for bigger game, and began statistical quotations to prove the extravagance of the Administration. Emboldened by the



AN ALIBI.

LAWYER (to client who has been charged with stealing a ham)—"We'll have to prove an alibi, if possible. Now, where were you about eleven o'clock that night?"

CLIENT—"Leben o'clock? I was hidin' de ham, sah."

applause, he proceeded to point out the enormous debt of the Dominion. "Think," he exclaimed, "of these millions upon millions of liabilities which have been piled up under the régime of an extravagant, reckless and utterly corrupt Government, intent only on squandering the public funds. Are we to be forever ground down under the iron heel of the despot? Over \$300,000,000 absolutely thrown away during the short period—"

At this point Brown rose to his feet and excitedly claimed a point of order. "The gentleman," he declared in his stentorian tones, "is misleading the meeting. He quotes the gross public debt, and tries to make you accept it for the net public debt—a horse of quite a different color. When we consider what there is to show in public works for our debt, we must see—"

Here Jones broke in with: "I am giving the right figures, the net public debt!"

"No, Mr. Chairman!" roared Brown. "No, gentlemen! I deny it! I have the figures in this blue-book I hold in my hand!"

JONES—"My figures are correct!"

BROWN (*in a white heat*)—"The gentleman has dealt in his speech with minor matters on which I shall not take issue with him. But when he comes to treating of so momentous a matter as the public expenditure of this Dominion, I cannot remain silent under his misrepresentations! Mr. Chairman and gentlemen, I characterize the speaker as a wilful prevaricator, and I pronounce his figures to be false—false as—as—as—the hair on his head!"

And, suiting the action to the word, Brown reached forward, seized Jones' curly wig, and hurled it over the footlights into the crowd, leaving the luckless owner standing there, bald, pale-faced, trembling with indignation and mortification, and, even if he could have spoken, unable to make himself heard in the very bedlam of uproarious merriment created, and which lasted long after Bro. Jones had descended from the platform, the picture of the "crushed tragedian," and hurriedly made his exit from the hall.

Brown carried the meeting, and the Tories won the riding.

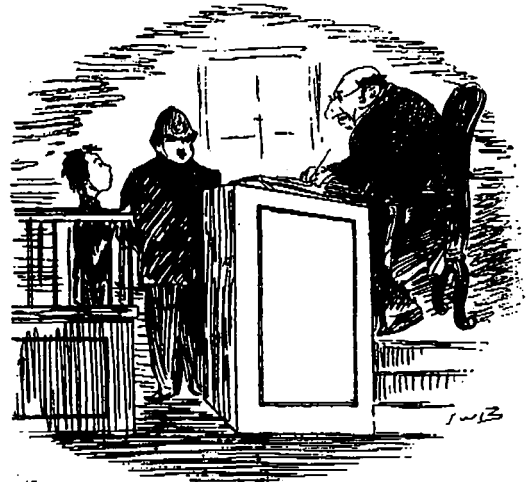
THE REAL ESTATE AGENT'S HOLIDAY.

AT last I have a holiday,
And, free from business care,
I'll hie me to the leafy glades
And to the fields repair.
I'll be a glad some youth once more,
And, free from all alloy,
I'll taste the pleasures of the scene
As though I were a boy.

How sweet the fragrance of the flowers!
How sweet the robins sing!
Yon rustic whistling at the plough
Is happier than a king!
His farm is splendid level land
With foliage in spots—
Good scheme to start a syndicate
And cut it up in lots!

I wonder what he'd sell it for?
And how much he'd want down?
'Tis barely half a dozen miles
Beyond the busy town!
It ought to be worth ten per foot,
Or eight at any rate—
I'll see McGuff and Blatherston
About that syndicate.

How fragrant are the jessamines
Which round yon casement cling,
All sights and sounds remind us here
That 'tis the gleesome Spring;



FILIAL DEVOTION.

POLICE MAGISTRATE—"Then, my lad, you plead guilty to this robbery?"

PRISONER—"Yes, sir."

P. M.—"Starting rather early, eh? Why, you cannot be over ten years' of age."

PRISONER—"No, sir, but father is sick, and so I've got to do his work."

Mark yonder humble cot which stands
Looking so trim and neat,
Its frontage on the highway there
Is fully sixty feet!

A splendid site for corner store,
By thunder!—Here's a chance,
Its rustic owner will not know
Of property's advance;
I'll do him up in brilliant shape,
Or anyway I'll try.
"Two thousand!" Whew! The rural mind
Is getting mighty fly!

No—not to-day—some other day,
I'm bent on pleasure now,
I'll lave me in the cooling stream
And scale the hill's high brow;
Methinks some worldly magnate here
Might love a calm retreat,
'Tis admirably suited for
A handsome country seat.

And now I'll hie me home again
Through groves of agents' signs,
Hark to the breezes sighing 'midst
The leafage of the pines—
A dull and distant sound I hear
As sinks the orb of day—
Is it the boom at Mimico
That slowly dies away?

PHILLIPS THOMPSON.

OUR NATIONAL ANTHEM.

VERY few loyal citizens know the words of "God Save the Queen," and fewer still join in heartily when it is sung. It will therefore not too greatly shock the public if MR. GRIP suggests a new verse, which has the double merit of being easily learned and admirably adapted to the circumstances under which the closing ode is usually rendered:

Now snatch your coats and wraps,
Pull on your hats and caps,
Rush from the scene;
Now that the show is o'er,
Crowd for the nearest door,
Leave those who will to roar
"God Save the Queen!"



NOT IN TORONTO, OF COURSE.

MRS. SLIMBORDE—"Sarah, this coffee is rather thin, isn't it?"
SARAH—"I haven't made the coffee, yet, mum; that's city water."

A SINGULAR TRANSACTION.

HE had a keen speculative look in his eye as he stopped in front of a real estate agency and examined the plans in the window. After a minute or two he entered and priced a lot the location of which appeared to suit him.

"Fifteen a foot," said the agent, "and cheap at the money. I don't think you'll do better."

He paused, and the would-be customer paused, and nothing was said for half-a-minute or so. Then the customer said: "Well?"

"It's just as I tell you," said the agent, "you can have it for fifteen."

"Can I buy it right now? Isn't there anybody else very anxious to have it?"

"No—nobody that I know of."

"That's singular. Are you sure that there isn't another fellow who wants it real bad, and who is pretty sure to call around to-morrow and snap it up if I don't close at once?"

"No; there have been no inquiries after it lately."

"Singular—very singular. And the value is sure to double in a few months, isn't it?"

"I don't think it at all likely."

"The proposed Belt Line is to have a station in the immediate neighborhood, I suppose?"

"Not that I know of."

"Owner leaving town, I guess, and selling off all his property at a sacrifice?"

"Not at all. He's a fixture."

"Hard up, perhaps, and bound to have money?"

"No, he's wealthy."

"Property likely to be immensely increased in value by the Court House or the new Upper Canada College?"

"Seeing it isn't within a couple of miles of either of them, I hardly think it possible."

"Last lot, sold off cheap to close an estate?"

"No, sir."

"Well, I'll take it, but I swear it's the only deal of the kind I ever made. You're a curiosity in the real estate line, you are. Most remarkable piece of business—most remarkable."

"GRIP'S" CRONY CLUB.

FIRST NIGHT.

A CHOICE company, representing all the talents, gathered in MR. GRIP's spacious and brilliant banquetting-hall, on the occasion of the inauguration of the Crony Club. MR. GRIP (who was, of course, in fine feather) presided, and, in opening the proceedings, said:

GENTLEMEN,—I presume the objects and scope of this weekly assembly are well known to you all. Its main purpose is to afford a pleasant vent for characteristic efforts of genius, and we hope to have contributions, either musical or oratorical, in due course, from all the Canadian celebrities of the day. The selection of the star of each evening will be the result of chance—the gentleman who draws the blank from this bag of ballots is to be obliged to entertain us either with an original song, speech or recitation.

The ceremony of drawing was then proceeded with, and the blank fell to the lot of

MR. F. H. TORRINGTON.

"Gentlemen," said that modest personage, "I'm a very poor singer. In fact, I have had serious thoughts of taking a term at the Toronto College of Music, to see if I couldn't learn to sing just a little. But I am even a worse speaker, and as for reciting, I can do nothing at it at all. If one of Mendelssohn's 'songs without words' would be in order I think I could give you that, with some credit, on the organ—"

"No," interposed the Chairman. "Songs must be strictly vocal, though you may play your own accompaniment, if you wish."

"Very well," assented Mr. Torrington, "I will do my best to give you a little motto song, which may be entitled.

"DON'T YOU THINK?"

Toronto's quite a city,
Don't you think?
But its streets are far from pretty,
Don't you think?
I'm referring to the paving,
Which is slightly misbehaving—
It justifies some raving—
Don't you think?
But in some things we're improving—
Don't you think?
Musically we are moving,
Don't you think?
I remember when I came
Music languished—'twas a shame—
Now we're somewhat known to fame,
Don't you think?
Still we've got to persevere,
Don't you think?
We want more Professors here,
Don't you think?
We need colleges a score,
Bands at least a hundred more,
Philharmonics three or four—
Don't you think?
We are short of 'Sociations,
Don't you think?
We've too few organizations,
Don't you think?
But above and beyond all,
There is really now a call
For a decent music hall,
Don't you think?
It is simply a disgrace,
Don't you think?
That we have none in the place,
Don't you think?
We shall have it; I don't care
If I sacrifice my hair—
And, as usual, I'll "get there,"
Don't you think?



SPORT FOR THE QUEBECERS.

THE CABINET DECOYS WHICH HAVE LED ORANGE GEESSE TO THEIR DOOM FOR TWENTY YEARS.



IT WAS STRONG.

GROCER—"That butter, sir, carried off the prize at the township fair."

CUSTOMER (who had just sampled the article)—"Did, eh? What was the prize, an anvil, or something of that sort?"

THE JESUIT QUESTION.

A "GLOBE" EDITORIAL AS WE EXPECT TO SEE IT SHORTLY.

WE adjure the people of Canada to keep up the agitation for the disallowance of the Pewter Medal. Nothing can be surer than that this marvellous and sleepless society, the *Mail*, shall conquer us, unless we, on our side, keep wide awake. Already the Pewter Medal has made great headway, and a persistent, determined effort of the lovers of liberty throughout the Dominion will alone prevent the *Mail* from achieving the object of its existence. Sir John Thompson has declared the doctrine that the Pewter Medal has a right to interfere in Canadian affairs, but the people must repudiate the *Mail* and the Pewter Medal the *Mail* the Pewter Medal the *Mail* the Pewter Med—But we are tired, and can't keep our mind on this important subject today.

"THE LAND FOR THE PEOPLE."

ONE of those Henry George fanatics was walking through the Arcade the other day, when his observing eye caught a placard pasted up on the door of a real-estate office, amongst a lot of notices about "Lots for sale," etc. The thrilling words inscribed upon the placard were:

"THE LAND FOR THE PEOPLE."

The heart of the H. G. man gave a great and joyful bound. He went right in and grasped the real estate agent by the hand.

"I little dreamed of finding a brother here," he exclaimed, "but it's wonderful how the cause is spreading, and you can't judge people any more by their occupations."

"What do you mean? I don't think I've met you before, have I?" said the agent, in astonishment.

"Nevertheless, we are brothers!" repeated the enthusiast. "The Land for the People!" That's my platform, too!"

"Oh, I see," said the agent. "Yes; you want to invest. All right, sir, we can give you something very choice for \$50 per foot, up in the residence portion of—"

"Fifty dollars per foot!" roared the visitor, in amazement. "Then you are still selling land at speculative values for the benefit of private owners?"

"That's my line of business, sir."

"But what becomes of your motto on the door, 'The Land for the People?' Can't I have a bit of land that nobody else is using if I pay the rental value annually to the public till?"

"I'm afraid you don't catch the force of the motto on the door, sir. It means, of course, 'The Land for the People'—who can afford to buy it."

And the H. G. man departed with sadness in his countenance.

RECIPE FOR A "GLOBE" ARTICLE.

MIX business and duty—
Lay on the flail,
One crack for the Jesuits,
And ten for the *Mail*.

SUBSTANTIAL REASONS.

TO allege that Sir John has no sound, statesmanlike reasons for refusing to disallow the Jesuits' Estates Act is to do injustice to a worthy man. We happen to know, from a private source, that, amongst other sufficient reasons, the following weigh with him:

1. Mercier, although a Grit, is unquestionably a good-looking fellow.
2. The agitation stirs the country up and makes business lively, thus incidentally helping out the N.P.
3. It is in the general interest that the Protestant clergy should be led to take an active part in public questions.
4. The Jesuits are not half bad fellows, and, from their own point of view, teach sound Tory doctrines in religion.
5. The French Catholic vote weighs more than the English Protestant ditto.
6. It would be cruel to overwork the already fatigued Governor-General.
7. Provincial rights must be sustained, when Room No. 8 says so.
8. Mr. Blake voted for allowance, and he is never wrong.
9. The Ontario members are a set of clumps who are easily whipped into the traces, and the present bluster will pass away long before the next general election.
10. It will be easy enough, by a little judicious management of the voting lists, to leave off the names of all the anti-Jesuits in the country.

REV. DR. GRANT was elected Moderator of the Presbyterian General Assembly. Mr. Mulock says he hopes the new functionary will make it his first duty to moderate his statements about the matriculation curriculum of Toronto University.

SHE—"Grandmamma is eighty-six years old, and she danced a minuet here to-night."

HE (just from the theatre)—"Why, she is almost old enough to appear in the ballet."—*Life*.

MR. HIGHLIVE (*looking up from the paper*)—"Well, well! Wonders will never cease! They've got so now that they can photograph in colors."

MRS. HIGHLIVE (*glancing at his nose*)—"I think, my dear, you'd better get your picture taken before the old process is abandoned."—*New York Weekly*.

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

YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER.—"I want to get a shad, if you please."

FISH DEALER.—"Yes'm."

Y. H.—"And please take the bones out of it, for I want to stuff it."

GOOD NEWS TO DYSEPTICS.

DYER'S Quinine and Iron Wine is justly celebrated as a relief to sufferers from Dyspepsia and loss of appetite. Druggists keep it. W. A. Dyer & Co., Montreal.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

AN old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this receipt, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper. W. A. NOYES, 149 *Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

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

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

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

TO THE DEAF.—A person cured of Deafness and noises in the head of 23 years' standing by a simple remedy, will send a description of it free to any person who applies to Nicholson, 177 McDougal Street, New York.

CONVENIENT
TO ALL AMUSEMENTS
and shopping centres, with over 2,000 horse cars passing daily and near to elevated, is the Sturtevant House, Broadway, cor. 29th street, N.Y. One of the most popular N.Y. hotels.—*Mail and Express*.

WESTERN CANADA Loan and Savings Co. 52nd Half-Yearly Dividend.

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of five per cent. for the half year ending on the 30th June, 1889, has been declared on the capital stock of the institution, and that the same will be payable at the offices of the Company, No. 76 Church Street, Toronto, on and after Monday, July 8th next. Transfer book will be closed from the 20th to the 30th day of June, 1889, both inclusive.

WALTER S. LEE,
Managing Director.

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Four Trips Daily.

Commencing Monday, 10th inst., Steamers
arrive and leave Yonge Street Wharf:

CITOLA } Arrive 1.30 p.m., 8.30 p.m.
 } Leave 7.00 a.m., 2.00 p.m.

FOR NIAGARA AND LEWISTON.

CHICORA } Arrive 10.30 a.m., 4.30 p.m.
 } Leave 11.00 a.m., 4.45 p.m.

Through tickets at all principal ticket offices.

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For 1888.

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Impure Blood,
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Liver Complaints,
Biliousness,
Kidney Complaint,
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Crown Perfumery Co.
New Bond Street, London, Eng.

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"Oh, no! at PERKINS' STUDIO, 293 Yonge Street."
"Yes, I believe PERKINS does produce about the best work in Toronto."



A FALSE STEP— (See page 398.)



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\$2,000 FOR A DAUGHTER.

To those telling correctly where in the Bible DAUGHTER is first mentioned, the above amount will be given in prizes. First correct answer, \$500; second, \$250; third, \$100; next three, each \$50; next ten, each \$25; next forty, each \$10; next fifty, each \$5; next 50, each \$2. Each competitor must send 50 cents with their answer for the following lot of goods: 16 complete albums, 100 popular songs, 100 selections for autograph albums, Guide to the Toilet, Manual of Etiquette, Standard Letter Writer for ladies or gentlemen, Tennyson's Poems, Longfellow's Poems, the Budget of Wit, Humor and Fun, the People's Natural History, Wonders of the World, 1 pack of invitation cards and 1 pack of visiting cards with name on. All answers must be received by August 1, 1889. Mention this paper and address **WORLD MANUFACTURING CO., Toronto, Ont.**

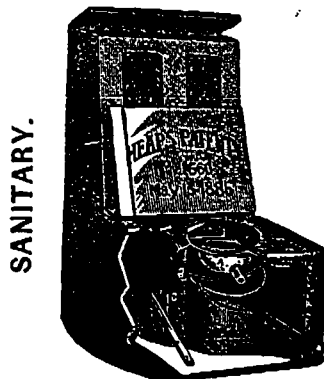
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Union Bank of Canada

DIVIDEND NO. 45.

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of three per cent. on the capital stock of this institution has been declared for the current half year, and that the same will be payable at the bank and its branches on and after

Tuesday, the 2nd day of July next

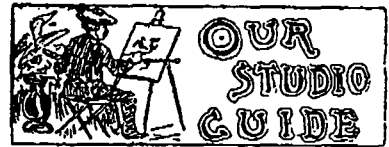
The transfer books will be closed from the 17th to the 30th June, both days inclusive. The annual general meeting of the shareholders of the bank will be held at the banking house, Quebec, on

Monday, the 15th day of July next.

The chair will be taken at 12 o'clock noon.
By order of the board.

E. E. WEBB, Cashier.

Quebec, 22nd May, 1889.



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ANY MAN

Who is Weak, Nervous, Debilitated who in his Folly and Ignorance has Trifled away his Vigor of Body, Mind and Manhood, causing exhausting drains upon the Fountains of Life, Headache, Backache, Dreadful Dreams, Weakness of Memory, and all the Effects leading to Early Decay, Consumption or Insanity, will find in our specific No. 23 a Positive Cure. It imparts Youthful Vigor, restores the Vital Power in old and young, strengthens and invigorates the Brain and Nerves, builds up the muscular system and arouses into action the whole physical energy of the human frame. With our specific No. 23 the most obstinate case can be cured in three months, and recent ones in less than thirty days. Each package contains two weeks' treatment. Price \$2. Cures guaranteed. Our specific No. 24 is an infallible Cure for all Private Diseases, no matter of how long standing. Sold under our written Guarantees to effect a Cure. Price \$5. Toronto Medicine Co., Toronto, Ont. Books free on application.

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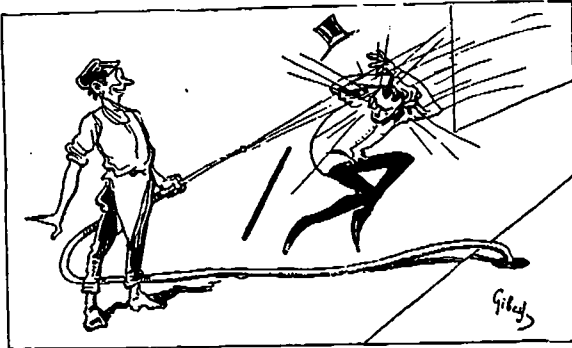
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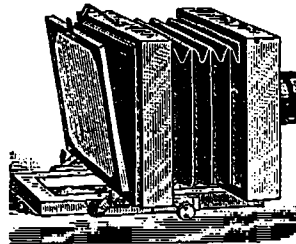


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Business Index.

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The undersigned will receive tenders to be addressed to them at their office in the Parliament Buildings, Toronto, and marked "TENDERS FOR COAL," up to noon of

Saturday, the 22nd Day of June, 1889.

for the delivery of the following quantities of coal in the sheds of the Institutions below named, on or before the

15th DAY OF AUGUST NEXT,

except as regards the coal for the Central Prison, viz.:

ASYLUM FOR INSANE, TORONTO.

Hard coal, 950 tons large egg size, 100 tons stove size, 75 tons nut size; soft coal, 450 tons.

CENTRAL PRISON, TORONTO.

Soft coal, 800 tons select lump, to be delivered in lots of 160 tons during October, November, December and January next; hard coal, 40 tons, small egg size.

REFORMATORY FOR FEMALES, TORONTO.

Hard coal, 400 tons large egg size, 125 tons stove size, 10 tons nut size (in bags during winter); soft coal, 15 tons.

ASYLUM FOR THE INSANE, LONDON.

Hard coal, 2,585 tons large egg size, 50 tons chestnut size; soft coal, 150 tons for grates.

ASYLUM FOR THE INSANE, KINGSTON.

Main Building—Hard coal, 1,800 tons large egg size, 140 tons small egg size, 20 tons stove size, 20 tons chestnut size; 75 tons Lehigh coal, large egg size, for gas making. Regropolis branch—Hard coal, 250 tons small egg size.

ASYLUM FOR THE INSANE, HAMILTON.

Main Building—Hard coal, 2,400 tons egg size, 216 tons stove size, 85 tons nut size; soft coal, 80 tons for grates. Pumping house in Queen street—Hard coal, 100 tons egg size, 3 tons nut size.

ASYLUM FOR IDIOTS, ORILLIA.

Hard coal, 900 tons large egg size, 100 tons stove size.

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Hard coal, 650 tons large egg size, 35 tons small egg size, 30 tons chestnut size.

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Hard coal, 400 tons egg size, 125 tons stove size, 10 tons chestnut size.

The hard coal to be Pittsburg, Scranton, Lackawanna or Loyal Stock. Tenderers are to name the mine or mines from which they propose to supply the coal and to designate the quality of the same, and if required will have to produce satisfactory evidence that the coal delivered is true to name.

Delivery is to be effected in a manner satisfactory to the authorities of the respective institutions.

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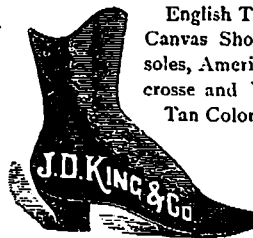
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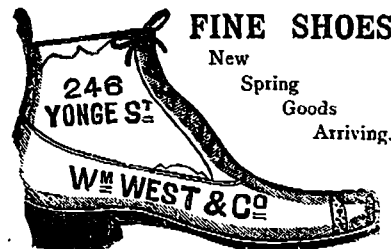
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