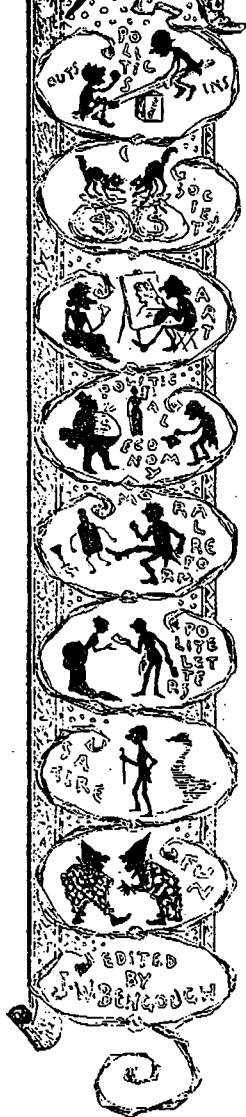


FOUNDED 1843

INDEPENDENT JOURNAL OF HUMOR AND CARICATURE



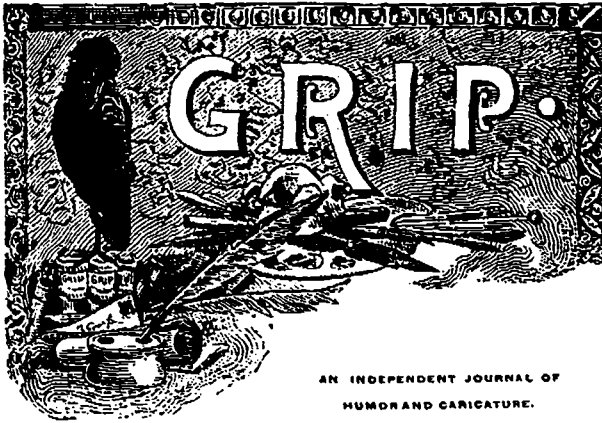
EXCRESCENCES !

DR. GREENWAY.—“ Why, man, this is a clear case for amputation ! These extra hands are quite unnecessary, and only serve to draw the strength from your arms.”

MANITOBA.—“ Cut them off, then, and the sooner the better ! ”

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Comments on the Cartoons.



THE PREMIER VENTRILOQUIST.—Some of the Government organs are impudent or stupid enough to tell the public that when the Governor-General responded to the address of the Equal Rights deputation at Quebec the other day, he did so in his capacity of the "personal representative of the Queen," and not as the constitutional head of the Canadian Government. We suspect that the impudence of this altogether outweighs its stupidity, for the editors in question

are not quite so ignorant of the rudiments of our system as they evidently suppose the people to be. Surely no schoolboy in Canada needs to be told that the Governor-General as such can have no opinions of his own apart from his responsible advisers. He is to all intents and purposes a mere lay figure, and when, as on this occasion, he delivers an opinion on a question of State policy, he is no more responsible for his utterance than is the "property" figure which the ventriloquist manipulates. The paper which Lord Stanley read to the deputation was no doubt written for him by the Minister of Justice on behalf of the Cabinet; there is no reason to suppose that any departure was made from the ordinary usage. But even if there had been—if the Governor-General had taken it upon himself to write and read the document without consulting his advisers—they, and not he, are the responsible parties, and they can only relieve themselves

of this responsibility by resigning their positions. Perhaps we ought to apologize for seriously arguing in favor of so obvious a position, but we remember that this is not the first occasion on which Sir John Macdonald has allowed his organs to meanly attempt to shift responsibility on to the shoulders of the Queen's representative, and there may possibly be Canadians who are open to deception on the point referred to. At the same time we would be sorry to suppose that we have any such dullards among our regular readers.

"HATCHED!"—The eighth day of August, 1889, completed the year in which it was competent for the Dominion Government to disallow the Jesuits' Estates Act. The fateful day passed without registering any decree to that effect, and now the Act stands for good or ill beyond the reach of any power at present known to our system of government. We believe it will be for ill—that on the 9th of August a serpent was hatched out in Quebec which will soon prove a formidable foe to the welfare of that Province. The Bill is a precedent fraught with dangers to the whole Dominion. Any Provincial Government may now with impunity incorporate any possible society, and may vote public funds—set aside with whatever sanctions to beneficent uses—to the support of sectarian institutions, contrary to the manifest spirit of our constitution, and may, without fear of rebuke from Ottawa, trample upon the dignity of the Imperial Crown. The Central Government has played the traitor to the best interests of the country, and deliberately cast away safeguards which statesmen everywhere regard as precious. And for what? For the Quebec vote, by which these incompetents hope to inflict upon us for another Parliamentary term the expensive honor of their services, and to continue in the enjoyment of the salaries which are so much beyond their honest deserts.

EXCRESCENCES!—Mr. Greenway, Premier of Manitoba, has announced his intention of taking action to abolish the French language and Separate Schools as institutions of that Province; and his Attorney-General, Mr. Martin, declares that unless a move is made in this direction during the next session of the Local House, he will resign his position in the Cabinet. Mr. D'Alton McCarthy has also declared that at the next session of the Dominion House he will introduce a motion to have the same excrescences removed from the North-West Territories Act. A majority of the people of Canada will greet these announcements with pleasure, and anxiously await the day—now near at hand—when the monstrosity of a double official language and dual schools may be done away with throughout the whole country. Our real national life will date from that day.

THE first movement in the great work entitled "Equal Rights" closed with the *diminuendo* passages at Quebec. The public may well be congratulated that it is over and done with, for notwithstanding the importance of the theme, and the excellence of the performance throughout, it must be confessed that the discussion of the Jesuit Estates Bill had become a trifle wearisome. The next movement will be broader and livelier, and better suited to the popular taste—being a discussion of the changes that are required in our Constitutional Act. While the orchestra are tuning up, we may casually remark that it is believed in well informed circles here that Premier Mercier was bitterly disappointed that his Bill was not disallowed. It was part of his little game to entrap Sir John into using the veto, and to this end he dragged the Pope's name into the measure in as aggravating a manner as possible.

REV. DR. McGLYNN gave the good people of Toronto another magnificent exposition of gospel truth at the Pavilion on the 7th. While the earnest attention and all most continuous applause of the audience testified that in their opinion he was giving utterance to "rock-ribbed Truth," it is sad to reflect that in not a single point does our Dominion correspond to the "Model Commonwealth" he so eloquently portrayed. Here there is nothing like



A PERSONAL REFLECTION.

BIFKINS—"I don't see why you should grumble at the hard times and so on, when you have such a bright prospect before you."

GIFKINS—"Bright prospect! I'd like to know what it is!"

BIFKINS—"Why, your nose, for instance."

a perfect vindication of Justice, in securing and protecting the rights of individuals on the one hand, and the rights of the community on the other; nor do we make monopolies and the currency subjects of governmental control. Instead of this we have the system of private land ownership; a robber tariff under the misnomer of "Protection," monopolies of all sorts in the hands of private speculators, and currency controlled by banking corporations. If Dr. McGlynn's commonwealth was really based on Christian principles, as his intelligent audience acknowledged, what is the Canadian system based on?

QUEEN VICTORIA ought to become popular with the Americans now that she has been made a Colonel by the German Emperor. Her acceptance of military rank is also incidentally a delicate flattery of the Salvation Army. But, after all, it is too bad of the young German scrapegrace to make a laughing-stock of his poor old grandma in this fashion.



OLDWIN SMITH must give the editor of the *Mail* a talking to. This notion of giving up the discussion of Continental Free Trade will never do. Whether we can hope to convince Blaine, Harrison & Co., or not, we must go on with the agitation because it is in the line of truth. It were almost criminal, indeed, to remain silent in the presence of two nations that from day to day amaze the

genius of modern civilization by their heathenish practice

of "Protection"—a system which has for its crazy object the destruction of man's natural and irrepressible desire to trade. All that is needed to bring about the cure of this international lunacy is the enlightenment of the people, and in this good work we need every voice and pen that is available. So, brace up, brother *Mail*, don't dream of deserting the cause of humanity!

NOT ALTOGETHER WITHOUT CAUSE.

OLDTREE:—"I own that I, as well as all the rest of our family, have always felt somewhat big."

NEWTREE (looking at Oldtree's feet):—"Well, I can't help admitting that you at least have always had half a right."

NATURAL LAWS GOVERN ALL THINGS.

WIFE (to husband who has helped himself from the milk jug):—"How is it to-day? Sweet or sour?"

HUSBAND (disgusted):—"What is the use of asking silly questions? Did you ever hear of water souring?"

THOSE RUSSIAN NAMES.

ROSSIN HOWES:—"I have just been reading that in certain parts of Russia the marriage ceremonies last for three days."

UPSON DOWNES:—"There is nothing surprising about that, for you know the bride there has to have her name changed, just as she would have to if she lived in this country."

GREEN apples should never be eaten until they become ripe.

THE ANARCHISTS.



SEE this Anarchist bold
With his gory knife—
"Gimme half your gold,
Or I'll take your life!"

So he fiercely growls
Through his clenched teeth.
As he draws his blade
From its horrid sheath;

And you quake with fear.
And you shrink and shake.
You'd as soon go near
Any rattle snake!

Then observe his pal
With the deadly bomb.
He's a wretch as fell
As his demon chum;

With his grim slouch hat,
And his ghastly grin,
And his rolling eyes,
And his bristly chin;

And you quake once more
As the words are hissed,
"I demand hot gore,
I'm an Anarchist!"

But, pray be calm—
Drive your fears away;
They are Anarchists sham
In a one-horse play!



A WET DAY CATASTROPHE.



"Eliza Jane, you have a fire in the kitchen stove; will you oblige me by having my boots dried?"



"There, sir, I've done 'em as well as I could."

"Done 'em! Jeewhitaker! I should say they're slightly overdone!"

JOHN CALDER'S EXPERIENCES.

THEY say, Mr. GRIP, that it's an ill win' that blaws nae-body ony guid, an' I whiles think there's mair truth nor poetry i' the sayin', for I may as weel tell you that I'm o' a pheelosophical turn o' min' like maist Scotsmen; aye delvin' doon among the ruits o' things to fin' oot the meetapheesics, as it were.

Weel, you ken ae day last week there was an unco bit blaw on the lake, an' Sir Daniel Wilson, on his wye hame frae Niagara, happenin' to sit doon whaur an auld Dutch wife had been grippit awfu' suddenly wi' what the French ca' maldaymair, spoil'd his breeks—breeks I had made for him nae faurrer gaen nor last simmer was a twalmonth. Hoosomever, I was glad to see my auld frien' stappin' into the shop this mornin', for I saw a fine chance to hear his opeenion o' twa'r three things that's on the taypis the noo. Nae doobt you ken that taypis means carpet. "Guid mornin', Doctor Wilson," says I, an' then I thoct to mysel' that that wasna' the richt form o' address noo, sae says I, wi' as muckle graivity as I could assume, "Sir Daniel, I mean. Guid mornin', sir." I was a wee fear'd that aiblins this wasna' richt aifter a', for it seemed ower fameeliar like for me to ca' a man in his poseetion by his Christian name. Indeed, I dinna' like it mysel', an' no lang syne whan a neebor addressed me as "John," I can tell you it garr'd me get up my birses. At ony rate the doctor didna' look ill-pleas'd to be ca'd Sir Daniel, an' I'm thinkin' it maks a hantle o' difference to hae a title afore your name, an' maybe gin I was knichted, I could stan' to be spoken till as "Sir John

Calder." At ony rate, as I was sayin', he lookit pleas'd, an' then he gaed on to tell me about his breeks. The pawtren's no a common ane (I importit it frae Galashiels mysel'), an, whan I tauld him I thoct I had enuech left for this job, says he, "Oh, that is very fortunate, for you know I don't like people to think I ever get new clothes, and now nobody will observe the difference."

"Exackly," says I, "I'm that wye mysel'," an' syne pausin' a wee, says I, "Wha are you gaun to get to fill Prof. Young's shoon, na?"

"We have a capital man in our eye," says he, "one of the very best men living; no doubt you have often heard of him, and although I am not at liberty to mention names, when I tell you that he is the author of *Mental Malformations in their Relation to Intuitive Hallucinations Correlatively to Morbidity by Heredity*, in which he adopts the views I have so long entertained regarding the anthropological persistence of cranial characteristics as exhibited in the superiority of the dolicocephalic over the brachycephalic type of skull which is so plainly deducible from a specimen I examined at Winnipeg last summer, that Quatrefages, L'Esperaux, Dawson, and other men of giant intellect, who prefer revelation to evolution, and who have not been drawn into the vortex of infidelity by the insidious machinations of Darwinism, declare to prove conclusively the superiority of mind over matter, and knowing the scope of your reading, Mr. Calder, I feel confident that it is quite unnecessary to say any more than this to give you an idea of whom the fortunate individual will be who will in due time assume the professoriate so ably conducted by our deceased friend, and who will in good time also become Principal of the University, the only University of any account in this country, when in the march of great and solemn events your humble servant is called away."

Lo'd, man, GRIP, but this rig-ma-role fairly took me aff my feet I might say: in fac', gin I hadna been a man o' some pairts, I couldna hae follow'd him at a'. Hoosomever, it was worth something to fin' oot wha's to be Professor o' Meetapheesics an' Pheelosophy i' the University, as Dr. (I mean Sir Daniel) Wilson ca's 't.

That oor man 'll get the poseetion I hae nae doobt, for gin we jidge by the past, thae things are a' settl't a lang while afore they're made public, because it's no' richt for ilka body to ken hoo appintments are made in halls o' learnin', an' forby, it gars a when M.A.'s an' B.A.'s, wi' consait o' themsel's, think that aiblins they'll get the place gin they apply, an', as a maitter o' coorse, its vera gratifyin' to be able to haud oot prospecks an' then nip them i' the bud, sae to speak.

Sir Daniel's breeks 'll be ready for him afore this is prentit, an' I'll tak my affidavy, gin you examine them, you wadna think they were new. That's what I ca' guid taylorin'.

JOHN CALDER.

TORONTO, Aug. 15th.

A POET WHO KNEW HIS BUSINESS.

AMICUS.—"You surely do not intend to include that abominable piece in your volume?"

POETICUS.—"Ah, yes I do, and immediately after striking off a good large edition my publishers will bring out a small expurgated edition. The latter will give me a good advertisement and will make the first copies sell like hot cakes. I haven't studied human nature for nothing."

If an agnostic is a fellow who isn't sure of anything, how does he know he's an agnostic?



"HATCHED!"



IMMOLATION.

MR. BROWNSTONE—"Why, good gracious, De Hass, you'll be sunstuck lying there. Why don't you get in the shade?"

MR. DE HASS—"Oh, no, thanks; I wather like it, don't you know."

(The fact was, of course, that De Hass only had two days in Muskoka, and felt bound to sacrifice himself somewhat in order to return to town with a fortnight's tan.)

TYRANNY AT OTTAWA.

DEAR GRIP.—I feel sure that, from your known humanity, you must intensely sympathise with those poor oppressed slaves—the junior officials in the Civil Service. What do you think they have done in our office, which used to be such a nice, respectable, sleepy old place—you know it—the Office for Confusing the Public Accounts? You will hardly believe it; but some horrible new blood, as they call it, has been at work upsetting our old constitution, and we juniors are actually obliged to keep a sort of diary or journal showing how we employ every hour from ten to four! Did you ever hear anything so infamous?

I send you a copy of my first day's journal, which our chief, a most cantankerous old fellow (in fact, my mind is quite soured by his disappointment), absolutely calls highly unsatisfactory. I have serious thoughts of prosecuting him for libel. I appeal to you whether it does not evince, as an accurate account of my day's work, an intelligent and liberal mind:

10.25.—Got to the office—took my coat off. Why don't they let us come when we like? Brushed my hair.

10.45.—Looked out of window; think it a great shame we don't have leave of absence every fine day.

11.00.—Washed my hands; took the *Mail* from Thomson. Thomson is always reading the *Mail*.

11.15.—No news in the *Mail*; never is. Why don't the Government provide news? I'm sure they might. Combed my moustache.

11.30.—Wondered whether it was twelve o'clock yet. Answered Lady Caron's invite to dinner. Can't go—it's too hot.

11.45.—Wondered what there was for luncheon; took my new boots off; I knew they would be tight; shan't pay for them.

12.00.—Asked old Priggins what the time was. Why does Priggins wear gaiters? Brushed my whiskers. Wonder where all the dust comes from; shall complain about it. Dust interferes with one's work so.

12.15. Got out my work. Why don't they engage a supernumerary staff to do all this drudgery?

12.30.—Could not find my pen—took Priggins' favorite hard-nibbed one. Wish Priggins would not bite his pens.

12.40.—PRIGGINS can't find his pen. Wonder how many times 9 goes into 43; asked Priggins—he don't know. (Priggins is an ass. Why don't they superannuate him?)

12.45.—Went out to luncheon.

1.00.—How many times *does* 9 go into 43? Sat down to luncheon.

1.15.—I knew the potatoes would not be done properly. Why don't they get a new cook?

1.30.—Back to office. Went out to get some ice. Can't do any work without ice this weather.

2.00.—Came back with the ice. Rung the bell for a spoon. N.B.—They never will answer the bell here.

2.15.—Got the spoon. Asked Priggins if he had got a lemon—of course he hadn't. It's my opinion that Priggins is very incapable, and horribly idle. I can't make out why they promoted such a fellow.

2.25.—Asked Thomson whether he'd have any sherry cobbler. Thomson is not a bad fellow—if he was not so lazy.

2.30.—Wondered whether it was four o'clock yet. Found it was not; resumed work. How many times does 19 go into—No, that's wrong.

2.35.—Overpowered by the heat and hard work, I went to sleep.

3.15.—That brute Priggins awoke me because he wanted me to copy a minute. I call this tyranny. I think a man who works as hard as I do might be allowed a *siesta* this hot weather.

3.30.—Began to copy the minute. Told Priggins he must not expect me to do it in a second. He did not laugh. Priggins is a fool. I'm sure I don't know what use he is.

3.40.—Good gracious, it's time to dress. Shall finish the minute to-morrow.

There my dear GRIP, don't you think that reflects great credit on my industry?—to say nothing of the immense fund of information and valuable hints contained in it. However, my brain really won't stand all this labor every day.

I fear I shall have to resign—and then Heaven knows what will become of the country. We never know the value of a jewel till we have lost it.—Yours exhausted.

OTTAWA, Aug. 10.

R. DILLY-DALLY.

THE TALKLESS POOR.

IT is scarcely credible, but it is nevertheless the fact, that in this opulent intellectual centre there exists an unhappy and miserable class of creatures who are unable to support themselves in the merest necessaries of conversation. They hang about our clubs and infest the Island and parks in rags of wit and tatters of old anecdotes, which are a disgrace to our social police, when we consider that they have no audible means of existence.

Efforts have been made to provide them with work, but even reputation picking has been found too hard for them.

Great complaints have been made of these ragged creatures by the respectable young shop girls who are engaged in the endeavor to earn an honest livelihood. It appears that they hang about the various dry goods stores ostensibly for the purpose of lending a hand to put up the shutters, but really in order to beg food and drink.

For the most part these wretched beings have no means of existence beyond what they derive from charity, eked out by what they can get from such benevolent institutions as the weather. One of them is known to have lived on a crumbcloth, with a hole in it, seasoned with

the remembrance of a Government House reception for a fortnight; while another has dragged out a wretched existence all this season upon a joke taken from last year's GRIP. The case of a third is even more distressing. A few days since a charitable young lady gave him a most nutritious idea; but such was his weakness that he was unable to digest it, and expired in silence—his last words being, "Are you fond of dancing?" The most harrowing case of all is that of a deserving young man, who could obtain remunerative employment at once as the husband of a local heiress, but he has been prevented from applying for the situation for want of a decent clothing to his one idea (which he had borrowed)—of making a proposal.

There is no charitable institution in Toronto which meets the case of these miserable destitutes. We have therefore resolved to form a fund, composed of all our rejected contributions, from which the necessitous will be relieved with ideas according to the urgency of the case. Thus a constant change of clothing will be available for the inchoate and otherwise inarticulate thoughts of this unhappy class. Conscious that the general public has, as a rule, no ideas of its own to spare, we make no appeal to them, but any readers of GRIP who may be able to assist the fund out of their abundance, may rest assured that it will be properly arranged and well applied.

AT LAST! AT LAST!

FOR a long time we have (as our readers are aware) been consumed by a desire to find out what the platform of the Reform Party is. Certain ribald persons have boldly declared that our difficulty in discovering it arose from the fact that it had no existence, but observing that the flippant individuals in question belonged to the other Party, we of course paid little attention to their ribaldry. We felt quite sure all along that the great and glorious Party of Reform had a programme concealed somewhere. We have at last found it! Quite by accident our Special Interviewer ran up against the Chief Engineer of the organization the other day, and before the two eminent beings parted the great secret had passed from the latter to the former. It came in the form of answers to casual and apparently harmless questions. The interview was about as follows:

GRIP—"Morning. How's things?"

CHIEF ENGINEER—"Oh, fair to middling."

GRIP—"I suppose the Reform Party intend to make a fight for Free Trade before long?"

C. E.—"No!"

GRIP—"And of course it will go in for Direct Taxation?"

C. E.—"No!"

GRIP—"In the next campaign 'Equal Rights to All and Special Privileges to None' will most probably be the slogan?"

C. E.—"No!"

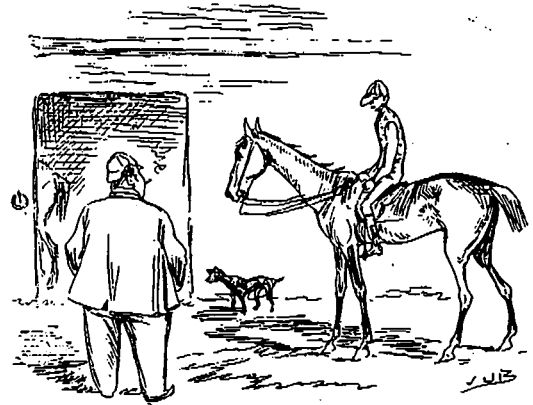
GRIP—"And I shouldn't wonder if a departure in the direction of Single Tax——"

C. E.—"No!"

GRIP—"And seeing that the temperance people are waking up again, the Party will be squaring itself on the Prohibition issue shortly?"

C. E.—"No!"

This was the substance of the conversation. True, the amount of positive information is not extensive, but oh! what depths of information lie wrapped up in the negatives!



DIDN'T DOUBT IT.

THE JOCKEY—"Record? You bet he has. Done his mile in 1.15 only last summer."

THE SKEPTIC—"Indeed? Er—on what railway?"

THE SONG OF THE FREEZER.

ON the day when the mercury burst the tube and flew up chimney-high, when the pavements melted, the sidewalks smoked and the reservoirs ran dry, 'twas then I went to the picnic park, to learn if there cream might be, and this, of a truth, was the gruesome song that the freezer sang to me:

"Oh! vainly I sigh for a milder clime and seek for a secret spot where the Cramming Kid and the Maid of a Month and the Man With The Mash are not! There's a chill at my heart, and the reckless wretch that has brought me here decrees I be wrought to his will by a crueller crank—but I'll slop over ere I freeze!

"They have built me round with a wall of ice and sprinkled its inner hem with a quart of salt that, if I'm a judge, would better be used on them; but its little I reckon, while I'm able to move, where my place of abode may be,—I only kick at the maddening mess they always pour into me!

"I waste no words on the flavoring stuff, though it scorches and burns and stings, but I shriek at the sound of the slippery slop of the fluid the wagon brings! I've tasted cream once or twice in my life, and it made me feel fine as silk; and I'm fond of the juice of the kindly cow;—but darn this milkman's milk! * * *

"Ah, well! no wonder the picnic boss should my grinding groans deride, when the active poison begins to romp and frolic through my inside, for the maids and matrons rush to the front, with their plates and their spoons and things—and St. Peter prepares to be called on for an assorted lot of wings!

"Last week, for instance, I spent the day with the Second Parish Church—though I wouldn't have gone if I hadn't been full—('twas the fault of Warden March); and 'twas my sad fate, when the mirth ran high and the picnic pie was brought, to disgorge the stuff that laid out the priest and tied his wife in a knot!

"'Tis the doctor grins when he sees me pass—for he looks to the end, of course—and he seizes his trusty stomach-pump and calls for a speedy horse; and the coffin shop opens wide its doors: and the sexton seeks his spade;—but where is the mighty mind to mark the financial wrecks I've made!

"Oh, woe is me that a tale like this should burden my heavy breaths: that I've hastened six hundred stomach-



"THE LAW'S DELAYS."

—Shakespeare.

Mr. Klyent, as he was when he put his little matter in the lawyer's hands. | Mr. Klyent, as he was when the little matter was finally disposed of.

aches and sixty sudden deaths! Oh, would that some friendly hand might fall with a crushing weight on me, and make me rather a dynamite bomb than the deadly thing I be!"

On the day when the mercury burst the tube and flew up chimney-high, when the pavements melted, the sidewalks smoked and the reservoirs ran dry, 'twas then I went to the picnic park, to learn if there cream might be, and this, of a truth, was the gruesome song that the freezer sang to me.

WALTER L. SAWYER.

CORRESPONDENT RAFFERTY.

DISCOURSES ON THE BASEBALL FEVER IN CANADA.

GRIP, OULD HIN,—I beg pardin' for a samin' familiarity which might be misconstrued into bowld on-mannerliness. Begor, it's none o' that, all the same—Arrah, howld yerself, Denis, an' don't be shlangy! "All the same," indade! Troth, there's a thrifle av difference betune aisy familiarity an' omadhaun on-mannerliness. But the bit av a phrase just illustrates the senselessness av modhern shmall talk they do be indulgin' in these days. Payple are growin' crazy wid their shtuff an' shlang—thryin' to be shmart, whin, bedads, they're shtark, shtarin' mad, divil the ha'porth short av it!

An' that reminds me, darlint, that I had a word or two to whisper on another ashpict av luther-day maniacism—I mane the baseball craze. Av all the silly, senseless, embicile, cracked, murderin' manias that ivir tuk possession av a civilized Province, this baseball lunacy bates. Whin I take me rig'lar official thrip to the city, I hear nothin' but baseball talk. Whin I make me rounds as tax-collecther in the village the whole air is full av it. Out on the farm the min an' byes do be always jabberin' baseball. At the road-work the gangs waste half the day slatherin' about "The Lague." Ould Scratch fly high wid "The Lague," sez I. It's dimoralized the whole community from Dan to lager beer! Faix, it's nothin' but shtrikes, an' innin's, an' base hits, an' the box, an' two-baggers, an' relases, an' signs—an' flies an' shtuff! The devils don't mane to relase sorra wan av us that, like me, are sick unto death av the bastely thrash! Ask a neighbor what he thinks av the prospicts av another Roosian war, an' he'll answer ye be sayin', "Man, wasn't that a clane shwape the Biffaloes made yistherday on the diamond!" Shpake av the crops to a friend on the way past yer dure, an', be japers, the only thing ye'll have out av him is an offer to bet you that the Tarantos 'll get there afore the sayson's over. Don't open yer gob

on politics, or religion, or municipal affairs at the grocery beyant, for ye'd have but a wan-man audience, an' that wan man the shpaker. It's "the International," the "ricord," "the runs," the—the—the divil a bit av anything but baseball, morn, noon an' night. The childher are full av it. The bar-rooms shmell av it. It's on the shtrate corners. It's in the homes, at the schools, around the work-shops. Whether the world kapes, an' aich av us has three square males a day for-ninst us, matthers nivir a button, so long as "the games" are on.

I say it's high time min banged thimselves on the nose an' recovered their brains. Whin baseball becomes the ladin' industry av the Province, thin we want to shtop the play, for one year at laste.

Shport an' pastime is right enough in its place; but for hivin's sake let a few more av us realize that there is something else in life to luk for'ard to than the daily results av the game av bat an' ball!

DENIS RAFFERTY.

THE COLONEL'S NEW SYSTEM.

COL. DENISON has at last perfected his long cherished system of Effective Dealing with the Criminal Classes. For years he has entertained the belief that fines and imprisonment, or imprisonment without the option of a fine, or fines without the option of imprisonment, are all alike impotent to restrain evil-doers. The only really effective thing in his judgment is the cat—an instrument which he believes would cure anything, from a Home Rule agitator to a common vagrant. But unfortunately for the Colonel, the world has grown mawkishly humane, and indiscriminate flogging is not now approved. He has accordingly been obliged to devise some other means of producing physical suffering, and his researches on the subject have led him to adopt the Impromptu Humorism in place of the cat. His new method will be known as Punishment by Pun.

He has for a long time been experimenting with it at the daily sessions of the Police Court, and so well is he satisfied with the result that he will shortly adopt it as the regular code of his Hall of Justice. The report of the future will read something as follows:

James Swipe was charged with being drunk, and pleaded guilty. The Magistrate remarked that he was glad the prisoner had made a *ull* confession.

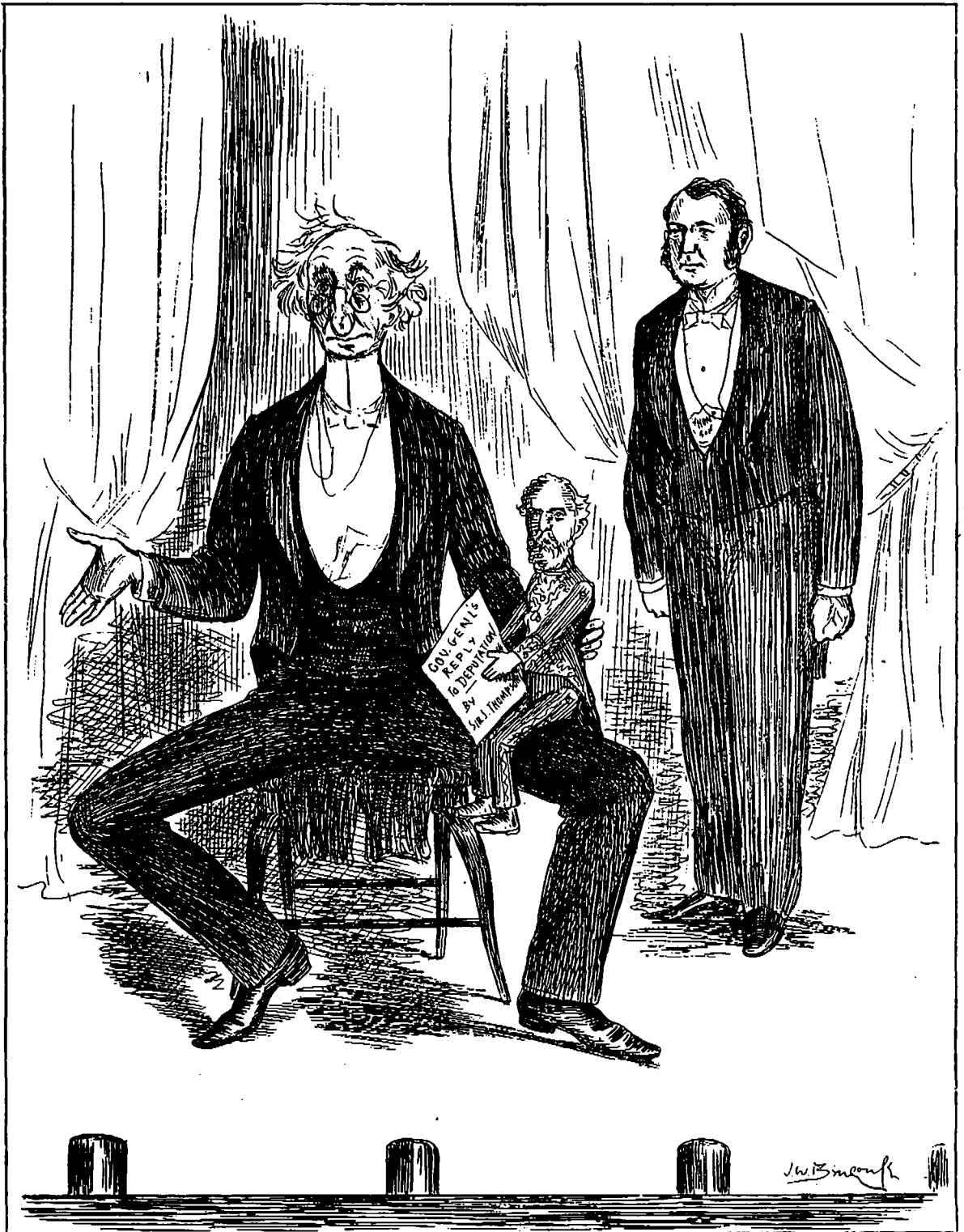
Maggie Doolittle was up for petty larceny. She denied the charge, but it was fully proved. The Magistrate reproved her severely, and said that her guilt was evident from the *steely* glitter of her eye.

Jerry Jags and Timothy Twister were charged with housebreaking, and elected to be tried summarily. The evidence was strong against them. The Magistrate observed that as they had elected to be tried in a *summary* manner, he thought it would be *seasonable* to send them to the cooler.

Etc., etc.

In all cases the prisoner will be discharged, of course; but the torture of listening to such jokes as Col. Denison is capable of getting up will be enough to deter them from ever appearing in the dock a second time.

ONE of those things a fellow should never be without is a pocket guide to the art of swimming. When you fall overboard and don't know how to swim, all you have to do is to haul out your guide, and there you are.

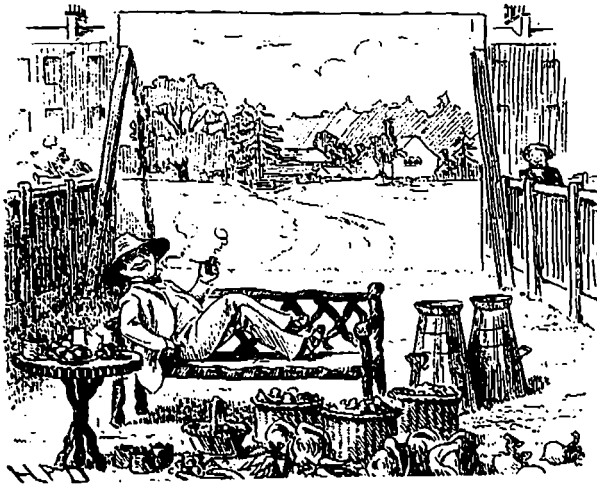


THE PREMIER VENTRILOQUIST.

(The Vice-regal Lay Figure has just delivered "his" reply to the Equal Rights Deputation.)

SIR JOHN THOMPSON (manager) loq.—"Ladies and gentlemen, you understand, of course, that it is the Governor-General himself who has just spoken; the sentiments are entirely his own. His Responsible Manipulator has nothing whatever to do with it, I assure you."

THE AUDIENCE—"Yah! what'r you givin' us!"



A POINTER FOR PATERFAMILIAS.

Our Hard-up Contributor says this thing of going to the country for holidays is a humbug and a nuisance. You can have quite as good a time in your own back yard, and save a great deal of expense, if you have any powers of imagination whatever. Just paint a country scene on a sheet of cotton, get in some vegetables and other rural properties, stretch yourself out in a comfortable position—and there you are!

HIGHER EDUCATION.

A SOPHOMORE who was spending his holidays under the parental roof was one night indulging in a learned disquisition for the delectation of his sire. After throwing his arms around the neck of infinity and gushing over the unknowable for a considerable length of time, he ventured to remark: "It is a peculiar fact that the more a man learns the more convinced he becomes that it is impossible to know anything."

SIRE.—"Have you become convinced of that?"

SOPHOMORE (meditatively).—"Well,—yes!"

SIRE.—"I am so glad to hear it; for you can now dispense with the remaining two years of your college course."

When last heard of the Sophomore was still modestly striving to convince his sire that his ignorance was not yet as complete as it might be.

AN OPEN LETTER.

FROM A PROSE-AIC MAN TO A POET-AIC WOMAN.

GREEN THINGS GROWING.

O H, the green things growing, the green things growing,
The faint sweet smell of the green things growing!
I should like to live, whether I smile or grieve,
Just to watch the happy life of my green things growing.

To Poetess Dinah Mulock Craik:

DEAR MADAM, and Fellow-Laborer in the Over-cropped Field of Literature,—

I find a placid lyrical production, of which the above is the opening chorus, credited to you in several papers. The London *Advertiser*, of course, prints it as original. This fact alone inspires me with the calm belief that you or somebody else have written it. Acting upon this shrewd suspicion, I make bold to address you these few lines, hoping that they will find you better than they leave me at present. I may as well mention at the outset that your "Green Things Growing" have given me pain. Green things, if left growing, do not occasion

pain, as a rule; but this case is an exception. I am suffering from acute mental colic, as a result of over-indulgence in a Green Things Growing pie, so to speak.

Why did you write so thoughtlessly and positively about these Green Things Growing? Have you really ever seen such things with a full, unbiassed, non-strabismic vision? And, having so seen, can you unfalteringly declare you "love" them? Take those big Green Things Growing on your tomato plants, for instance—those extravagantly-footed worms resembling embryo sea-serpents! As you see them, at a safe distance, does your heart actually yearn for them in their beautiful and chrysalis state of voracity? Do you positively feel a strong desire to fondle them and weep over them, and let them crawl up on your neck and about your petticoat? I do not wish, my dear madam, to insist on an immediate answer to this enquiry. You can think over it a few years, and send it by mail to me. Then again, the Green Things Growing on your currant bushes, small, but select and well-assorted, warranted to make a satisfactory job or no charge—as these lovely Green Things effect an entire clearance, within thirty days, of the leaves of your bushes—is your sympathetic soul, honor bright, moved to its infinite depths, and do you pine to wear some of the Green Things on your watch-chain? Pray do not hurry yourself needlessly over a fitting response to this respectful enquiry, either. Take time, and a walk, too, if necessary. Take anything, in fact—not even excepting medicine. Only give me a truthful answer, I beseech you!

Thirdly, dear madam, how about the Green Things Growing in "happy life" among your seed onions—technically termed weeds? Is it a fact that burdocks there appeal strongly to your sensitive nerves? Am I to distinctly understand that Canada thistle in such a place has a warm spot in your affections? May I ask you to assure me that mullein in the patch gives you unspeakable delight? Do you rejoice when dandelion, and nettle, and tansy, and peppermint, luxuriantly thrive amidst your struggling vegetables?

Do not be rash, oh, poetess, in your several responses. I am no slave driver. I can stand the suspense if you can. Be cautious, be brave, beware—indeed, I may add, be a man!

I do not feel any morbid inclination to embarrass you by this very open letter. My simple aim is to be in a position that will afford me no opportunity to misjudge you. All I want to learn is whether there is any reservation in your Green Things Growing sentiment. Have you, as it were, an upset price on them? Do you court recognition as unequivocally endorsing Green Things Growing in general? You may qualify your statement if you want to. There is nothing mean about me in this investigation.

I, also, "should like to live," and I would have no particular objection to your continuing on in life, either, if you will promise me to revise this poem at your earliest convenience, in accordance with the hidden suggestions in this gentle letter of mine. As it is now, while you live you really cannot care to "smile." So many others are smiling at you that you must necessarily "grieve," just by way of contrast. Of course, it would be far more agreeable for you to smile; so, instead of "watching the happy life" of your "Green Things Growing," will you kindly bet your happy life that a considerable number of persons are debating whether there are not Green Things Growing in poetry as well as in the vegetable garden. Yours patiently (or, rather, your patient),

G. ARDEN SASS.

YOUNG MRS. GREENE.—“Henry, dear, do you think so much bread and molasses is good for Harry?”

YOUNG MR. GREENE.—“Certainly it's good for him. Don't you know that ‘bread is the staff of life?’”

YOUNG MRS. GREENE.—“Ye-e-e-s—but so much molasses, you know!”

YOUNG MRS. GREENE.—“Well, what of it? He doesn't eat the molasses; he leaves that on the door-knob.”—*Puck.*

At the Golden Easel, 316 Yonge street—Gold paint for decorating, the best and cheapest on the market, and the most convenient to use. Novelty match boxes. Artists' materials. Pictures of all descriptions.

THE harp that once thro' Tara's halls
The soul of music shed,
No longer hangs on Tara's walls
As if that soul had fled;
It wakes at Plymouth rock to twist
The British lion's tail,
And scare the haughty Briton with
The Irish Clan-na-Gael. *Puck.*

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.

SHE (*witnessing a game of foot ball.*)—“What are they doing now, George?”

HE—“They're putting Brown, one of the half backs, into an ambulance. Four of his ribs are broken and his spine is bent.”

SHE (*enthusiastically*)—“Oh, isn't it all so very interesting and exciting?”—*New York Sun.*

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.

OF VITAL IMPORTANCE.—Sufferers from neuralgic dyspepsia, loss of appetite, &c., will find immediate relief by using Dyer's Quinine and Iron Wine. Highly recommended by leading physicians. Druggists keep it. W. A. Dyer & Co., Montreal.

DR. HUNTER ON DRY BRONCHITIS.

THE essential character of Dry Bronchitis consists in a chronic inflammation and thickening of the mucous lining of the air tubes, by which their size is diminished, and by the secretion of a dense glutinous kind of matter of a greenish or bluish-white color, by which they are still further obstructed. The smaller tubes are often entirely closed and even tubes of considerable size become blocked up by this matter. The affection is so common in this climate that it probably exists in some degree in fully one out of every three. In the most favored parts of France Larenec tells us that “one-half of those arrived at adult age

are found on examination to present evidence of thickening of some portion of the mucous membrane of the lungs.”

Dry Bronchitis is the most insidious of lung complaints. Its symptoms are of the mildest and most deceptive character. Those subject to it are only conscious of being short breathed on ascending an elevation or attempting to walk quickly. Some feeling of oppression is felt after meals or any active exertion. After a time difficulty of breathing comes on and continues for days, the patient complaining of a tightness of the chest, which, however, is soon relieved by coughing up the tough jelly-like substance before referred to. The cough is a mere rasping effort to clear the voice, and though it occurs two or three times in the twenty-four, is so slight as hardly to attract the attention of patients. On asking them if they have a cough they will almost invariably say no, and yet during your conversation will perhaps hack and raise a little jelly-like mucous half a dozen times. At intervals the cough may come on in paroxysms, when it is commonly thought to be Nervous or Asthmatic.

This disease is generally neglected until it becomes lost sight of in the disastrous consequences to which it leads. The symptoms are commonly referred to stomach, “Liver” or other derangements, and the lungs entirely overlooked. If the patient calls the attention of his doctor to the cough or oppressed breathing, he is so almost certainly assured that “the lungs are sound,” and in “no danger of consumption”—that it is hardly surprising if he overlooks the important fact that no examination has been made of the lungs and the doctor is only guessing at their state.

Most coughs of long standing are of this Dry Bronchitic character. Sooner or later tubercles form in the lungs, and what was thought so little of a few months ago reveals its true character as a herald of consumption.

ROBERT HUNTER, M.D.

73 Bay street, Toronto, Aug. 1st, 1889.

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JUDGE—“What is this man charged with, Mr. Sergeant?” SERGEANT—“When he was arrested, your Honor, he was charged with about two gallons of bock beer.”

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(See page 110.)



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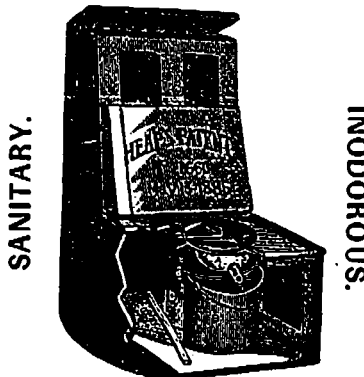
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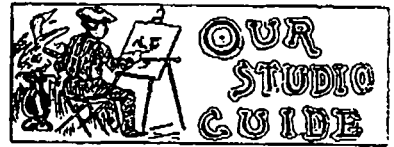
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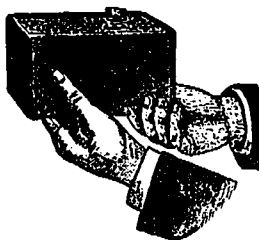


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