

THE GRIP

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INDEPENDENT JOURNAL OF HUMOR AND CARICATURE



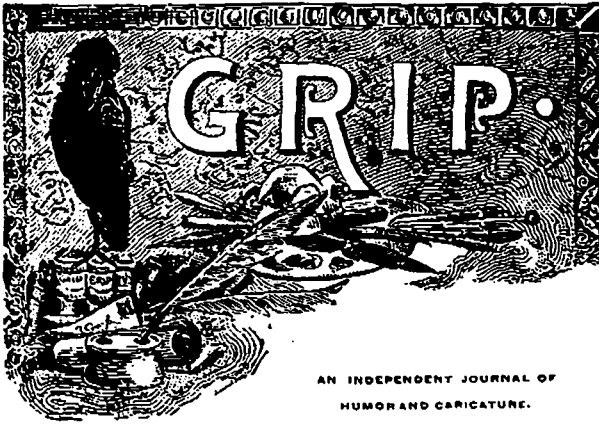
THE GOVERNOR CRUSHED!

REV. DR. WILD.—“I want you to understand, sir, that I don't think much of you!”

“Passing events were making painfully evident the uselessness of the Senate and the Governor-General. * * * When all went on well enough they were neither of them wanted at all, and if in times of difficulty they refused to be of any service, both could be dispensed with.”—*Dr. Wild's Sermon, August 11th.*

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BY THE

GRIP PRINTING AND PUBLISHING CO.

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Comments on the Cartoons.



A TAIL FOR MERCIER'S KITE.—For the sake of votes, Mr. Mercier, once a Liberal, has become the recognized leader of the Ultramontanes, or at least has consented to do the bidding of that powerful faction, and for the sake of votes, also, Sir John Macdonald and Mr. Laurier, with the chief lieutenants on both sides, have taken the humble position of paper-weights in the tail of the Quebec kite. As a Provincial politician Mr. Mercier is displaying wisdom, for his policy will

gain votes. The "Nationalist" idea is good business, as the theatrical people say. It "takes" in Quebec, and so long as the Hon. Honore keeps his standing as the pet boy of the Church, he can remain in office, despite the utmost exertions of the Local Opposition. But it is very much open to question whether there is any wisdom, even of the lowest political kind, in the policy adopted by the Dominion leaders. By their truckling subservience to Mercier they may gain the admiration of the French electorate, but as this admiration must be bestowed on both in accordance with "merit," the result must be to leave the Quebec vote just where it was before. And meanwhile, what about the votes of the other Provinces? There is nothing in the position of kite-tail to stir the pride of the rank and file of either party, and all the signs of the times indicate that on the contrary it is

exciting the disgust and contempt of the country. The old parties as at present constituted and officered are doomed, and the sooner they are replaced by parties that mean something the better it will be for Canada.

THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL CRUSHED.—Rev. Dr. Wild expressed himself with his usual freedom about the Governor-General's reply to the Equal Rights deputation, in his sermon on the 11th. He doesn't think much of the Governor, who, he says, on the occasion referred to, saw fit to "reduce himself to a mere party figure-head." What the Doctor means, of course, is that His Excellency chose simply to take the advice of his Cabinet, instead of acting upon his own prerogative and stepping in between the Government and the people to ward off a threatened evil. It has been made clear that such a prerogative is attached to the office, and many besides Dr. Wild are of opinion that if ever the use of it could be justified this was clearly such a case.



EVIDENTLY
ourenthusiastic
Imperial Federationists know little of what is going on in distant sections of the Empire, or they would be less sanguine of the ultimate success of their Fed. fad. Have they observed the valedictory

speech of Sir Hercules Robinson, late Governor of Cape Colony, in which he declared his conviction that the future prospects of that community point plainly in the direction of Independence and Republic-

anism? This utterance is said to have robbed its author of the peerage which was awaiting him in the mother country. An occasional glance at the leading Australian journals would also impress Federationists with the hopelessness of their scheme. The decree has gone forth that Great Britain's dependencies are to become free and independent nations in the fulness of time. But this will not prevent a federation of feeling which will be a much grander thing than that quasi-protectionist notion so long talked about in a misty way.

WE observe, by a sudden eruption of gorgeous posters, that our old friend Barnum is about to pay us his regular annual farewell visit. It is a severe trial to us thus to be called upon once a year to say an everlasting farewell to the genial old fellow. Of course his show this year is fifteen or seventeen times larger than ever before, and in point of merit causes all his previous shows—which it will be remembered were the very greatest on earth—to sink into utter nothingness. Barnum's immense popularity in Canada is accounted for by his striking similarity in many respects to our own John A. But in justice to the veteran circus-man we must admit that as a general rule he *does* perform what he advertises and always gives you the worth of your money. John A. never does either.

WELL may the startled question, "Whither are we drifting?" be uttered with white lips, when we find even the *Mail* openly succumbing to the French in-

fluence. The heading of one of the popular departments of that journal's Saturday edition, which used to appear in sturdy English, now reads as follows :

THE FLANEUR.

UNE COMPILATION FAITE DE PIÈCES ET DE MORCEAUX

Is it possible that French is destined to be the language not only of the Ontario schools, but also of the tall tower organ? The Fates forfend! Where is the anti-Jesuit editor?

* * *



CLAIM and reasonable discussion is now taking the place of passionate harangue in the important matter known as the Espl-

nade difficulty. The letters of Mr. Wells, the C.P.R. solicitor, did a great deal to enlighten our citizens as to the case of the company, and since their publication it has been acknowledged that there are certainly two sides to the question. The scheme of a viaduct along the lake front, by which all the railways now centering here, and others which may come in the future, shall be able to reach the central depot rapidly without endangering life, seems to have met with general approval, and may yet prove the solution of the "muddle." To our view, sound policy on the part of the city requires that every possible facility be afforded to the C.P.R. and all other roads for the transaction of their business along our water-front, but that none of them be permitted now or at any future time to become absolute owners of any of the city's land.

* * *

A NEWS despatch says: "The remains of a behemoth or mammoth have been discovered on W. B. Jelly's farm at Amaranth. Twenty-eight ribs were found, each four feet long. The horn is 12 feet 8 inches long and 22 inches in circumference at the base. The joints of the vertebra measure 14 inches across." Scientific savants may talk as they like about this being the skeleton of some ancient animal, but our own conviction is that it is the wreck of that monster fraud, the great N.P. The fact that the discovery was made on a farm and by a farmer goes to prove this theory, and the presence of the gigantic horn completes the proof. It is well known that the promises of tall chimneys and high prices for grain were "in a horn." This is unquestionably the very article.

* * *

THE *Globe* is being severely criticised for advising Mr. Greenway to hold his hand, and leave the dual language and Separate School questions alone, lest in his effort to abolish these acknowledged evils he peradventure be turned out of office and the Province fall once more under the evil rule of the Tories and the C.P.R. We do not see why such an attempt, honestly made, should fail, as a very large majority of the people of Manitoba must be in favor of the proposed measure, but this consideration ought not to weigh for anything with

a man of principle. Here is where the leaders of the Reform party have all along made their most fatal mistake, and we had supposed that by this time they had begun to realize that the policy of compromise and expediency does not "go down" with the people.

* * *

UPON nearly every great issue now up for discussion in Canada the so-called Reform party occupies the same position of vascillating straddle. Instead of coming out for honest, plain Free Trade—which the leaders know to be economic Truth—we have Malvernism—a miserable and futile policy intended to hold the vote of the protected monopolists and that of the outraged consumers at the same time; on the great Prohibition issue, we have the spectacle of leaders who personally believe in the principle as just and right, following a line of action which is meant to win alike the votes of liquor dealers and temperance men; in the question now being debated as to the aggression of Jesuitism, involving the momentous issue of civil rights, we look in vain for any clear cut policy of principle on the part of the Reform leaders. They are as willing, apparently, as the Tory tricksters to sell out our heritage of freedom for the French vote. Everywhere, every time, it is expediency, compromise, straddle—a spectacle calculated to turn the stomach of any honest man. And what political good does it do after all?

HER AGONY.

THEY were strolling along, arm in arm, in the fading light of an August evening.

He seemed in joyous mood, but ever and anon looked anxiously at the fair one by his side.

"What is it, dearest?" he whispered. "What trouble clouds your snow white brow? Can you not trust me? Tell me, and I swear by all the gods if it be some enemy who is causing thee pain, I will avenge thee or perish!"

Then the maiden groaned and answered slowly, "I'm breaking in a new pair of boots, Jack."

—————

A MAN probably loves the very ground his sweetheart walks on, if she happens to be walking on her father's estate.

AN English fakir who ran a penny show near a circus was arrested for stealing. He confessed his crime, and became repentant—a sort of penny-tent thief.

"WHY shouldn't men live a hundred years?" queries an enthusiastic exchange. We give it up, dear. There is no reason why at all, unless they should happen to die sooner.

A FLOATING newspaper paragraph says that a Halifax lady, aged eighty, has just begun taking piano lessons. Even the old and feeble can get square with their neighbors when they go about it right.

IF there are as good fish in the sea as ever were caught isn't it strange that our anglers never manage to pull out any now that are as good as those they are always blowing about and saying that they caught several years ago?

A COUNTRYMAN was passing the cab stand by St. James' Cathedral, on Church street, last Saturday, when he suddenly halted, and, with the suspicion of a tear in his eye, remarked, "Dear me, how many funerals there must be in this city. I suppose, now, those rigs is waiting there till they finish the services in the church."



STARTLING EFFECT

Of our arrival in church on the first Sunday of our stay at the little country village where we are spending our well-earned vacation.

VERY UNKIND.

MRS. OLDBOY:—"I have just been reading in the paper that Dr. Brown Sequard has discovered the elixir of life. You should get some of it."

MR. OLDBOY:—"What would be the use? You would use it, too, and then I would be as badly off as ever."

AN UNFORTUNATE SIMILE.

MILK-DEALER (to customer)—"It is nice and cool, isn't it? Just like a glass of ice-water."

CUSTOMER (putting down the glass)—"It is cool, and very much like ice-water; very much, indeed"

A BASEBALL ROMANCE.

SHE was a baseball enthusiast, and he was a professional ball player.

It was midnight: and as they sat together on the steps of the front porch, he gradually edged nearer to his fair companion, just as one is instinctively drawn toward a newly painted fence.

"Will you explain to me the difference between an 'in-curve' and an 'out-curve?' I always get them mixed," she said.

"Well, this is an in-curve," he gently murmured, as his left arm stole around her slender waist.

She "got on to it."

But there was some one else who "got on to it" as well.

It was the old man, who softly whispered as he took up his position in the bay-window, "I guess I'll umpire this game."

Fifteen short minutes passed and the old gentleman became restless. "I think I'll play short stop," he muttered, and as he made for the door the maiden saw him.

"Slide—you've got to slide," she cried frantically to her terrified lover.

But it was too late, for the old man got in a base hit with the toe of his boot, and as the anguish-stricken young man vanished in the twilight the short stop chuckled, "I guess that will be a home run. I'll go in now and make Juliet give him his release!"

THE report that when the C.P.R. gets possession of the earth, it intends to expropriate the moon can scarcely be true, for according to the testimony of reliable authorities there are no water fronts up there.

PURPOSELESS POEMS.

BY THE LYRICAL LUNATIC.

No. 4—"IS MARRIAGE A FAILURE?"

I IS now forty years—or it may be three-score
Divided by twice seventeen,
Since somebody asked me—some petulant bore,
Whom I quickly laid prostrate and prone on the floor,
And gallantly fled from the scene:

"Is marriage a failure?" Methinks it might be,
Or if not, let the reason be known;
"Is failure a marriage?" Why no! you can see,
By putting it that way, we all can agree
Who live in the temperate zone.

So he died—let him die—but the question remains,
Vitality being innate,
I have sought a solution with infinite pains—

The law of heredity doubtless explains
Why the thing is so much out of date.

But what has McCarthy to say on this theme?
For he seems to be taking the lead;
Is he fishing afar by Muskoka's damp stream?
Or does an illusion lend force to his dream?
(See the *Mail* if perchance you can read.)

It happened just this way—McCarthy was there,
But his absence made chances seem slim;
Till Chris. Fraser rose up with a dignified air,
And, running his hands through his rubicund hair,
Said, "Why do we linger for him?"

"Why, indeed? for the mule tethered fast to the gate,
Champs his bit with impatience and scorn;
I have travelled ten miles, so come rather late;
And if any one thinks that we longer should wait,
I must frankly acknowledge the corn."

So they all shouted "Question!" But then some one cried
That the turnips had scarcely got ripe.
"As for me," said the mover, "I never yet died,
But I came pretty near it the morning I tried
To make all my supper on tripe."

"Shall the question stand over!" the President said,
"Over what?" said the youth from Out West,
"I move we appoint—" then they picked him up dead,
For the chairman had thrown half a brick at his head,
And the oriole sang him to rest.

You can easily see from the state of the poll
Where the failure comes in we lament,
For the man who has not got his name on the roll,
When he travels York roads will be asked to pay toll,
When perhaps he may not have a cent.

But McCarthy still lives, and I hope that some day
He will get there in pretty good shape;
Or, as Darwin would state in his orotund way,
Will prove how mankind has evolved, as they say,
From the—ape.

Fill this up at your leisure—it will not come right;
And I think that when I find the rhyme,
Sitting up till past midnight and so saving light,
Some person who don't want to sleep much at night
May thusly employ his spare time.

But division of labor you'll doubtless agree
Is a thing that we need not pursue,
For if your labor, now, were divided with me,
So that I chewed tobacco while you climbed a tree
Why, who then would steer the canoe?

THE critic airs his feeble wit
Whilst he assails his betters,
But punsters can look down on it,
They are the men of letters.



A SYNONYM.

ALFRED (reading from the latest romance)—“He seized her in his arms and kissed her with frantic abandon. She shivered and writhed in his close embrace, and her breath came in quick knickerbockers. Her eyes —”

ANGELINA—“One moment, please. Knickerbockers?”

ALFRED—“A little emendation of my own. The text says, ‘Her breath came in quick short pants.’”

PRIZE CONUNDRUMS.

FOR correct solutions to the following conundrums prizes are offered to the amount of \$95,000,275. To the first person sending us the right answers to all these, there will be awarded the GRAND PRIZE of \$50,000,000; the second will receive \$25,000,000, and the third \$15,000,000. All these must be filed in the office of GRIP before the 1st day of December, 1889. To the person finding the correct middle solutions will be awarded the sum of \$10,000,000, or a grand square piano and a washing-machine (Smith's Patent, took the 1st prize at the last township show in the village of Salem); and for the last correct answers that come in not later than July 1st, 1990, will be awarded the grand consolation prize of \$10,000,000, or a silver tea-service and a richly bound family Bible, full morocco, two clasps, embossed sides, bevelled edges, colored title page, marriage register, and leaves for twenty-five photographs.

CONUNDRUMS.

Where does the word “consistency” first appear in the Revised Statutes of Ontario?

In the same series of instructive and entertaining volumes where do we find the expression “Equal Rights” with reference to the sale of Crown Lands and Timber Limits?

Why may the most recent amendments to the statutes affecting separate schools be referred to as Lynch Law?

Who struck Billy Patterson?

When was GRIP known to say anything that was not perfectly good-natured?

On what occasion did the Honorable Arthur Sturgiss Hardy first merit the title of “Bully Boy?”

What was the “true inwardness” of the resignation of the Hon. Jas. Young from the Treasurership of the Province of Ontario?

Where do we find the first record that Col. J. M. Gibson, P. D. D. G. M., A. F. and A. M., M. A., LL.D.,

M. P. P., resented the imputation that he represented a rural constituency?

When did Leo XIII. first call the Hon. Mr. Mercier to order (the Order of St. Gregory)?

Where is it first mentioned in the Bible that church property, ministers' salaries, and the salaries of civil servants should be exempt from taxation?

“When Adam delved and Eve span, who was then the gentleman,” unless it was Adam himself?

Persons sending answers to the foregoing should remit \$2 to pay for twelve months subscription to GRIP. The awards will be published in the Christmas number of Canada's only comic paper (the *Globe* and *Mail* excepted), for Christmas, 1990.

MY NEWSPAPERS.

WHAT teaches me which way to go?
What toadies neither friend nor foe?
What would lay Jesuitism low?
My Mail.

What, like the earth, turns round and round,
So that each day some change is found,
And none can tell which way 'tis bound?
My Globe.

What proves black's white with wondrous skill?
What uses phrases fit to kill,
And swallows many a bitter pill?
My Empire.

What teaches me of blocks of cedar?
What prints light novels after Ovidar?
And of town gossip is the feedar?
My Telegram.

What sweats along at rapid pace?
What finds the poet Khan a place,
Where he can sling his ink with grace?
My News.

What tells me of “Sassiety,”
Soon giving me satiety,
Though saying so is impiety?
My Saturday Night.

What gently soothes my evening rest,
When by life's cares I'm sadly prest?
What aid to sleep is always best?
My Week.

What prays for Sunday locomotion,
And stabs each Sabbatarian notion,
Diluting reason with the ocean?
My World.

What hits the bulls-eyes every time?
What gives me art and prose and rhyme,
All for five cents (though worth a dime)?
My GRIP!

DALTON H. GREY.

WHEN a man's business gets run down he generally winds it up.

MAUD S. can trot pretty fast, but she's not a marker on a \$5 bill that has once been broken.

A GOOD cure for neuralgia is to soak a blanket in nitric acid and wrap it around your head. Then insert your head in a hay-stack till death comes to your relief.

HOUSEKEEPER.—The simplest way to keep preserves from moulding on top is to leave them near a small boy for a few minutes. Subsequently you can put mould on top of the boy.



There once was a bad little
 FIEND
 Who objected to have himself cleaned:



So they fastened his tail
 To the floor with a nail,

And whacked him
 till death supervened.

among the people and get new ideas to introduce in the constantly increasing French schools in his Province.

THE VERDICT OF MRS. MAYBRICK.

LONDON, Aug. 23.—The strong sentiment against the Maybrick verdict continues. In an interview which Jack the Ripper accorded your correspondent to-day, he expressed himself as disgusted by this immense tide of revolting public sympathy with Mrs. Maybrick. "What people are taught to consider as crime," he said, as we sat together in his library, "is frequently as normal and sane in human thought and action as what they are taught to consider virtue. But, surely, what is crime in Whitechapel should be crime in the West End, too. Supposing you were to enlighten the stupidity of the detectives, would I—a man with a mission—and a pretty, wealthy and wicked woman, like Mrs. Maybrick, stand with equal chance at what it is usual to call the bar of human justice? There is too much mawkish sentimentalism nowadays."

KING KALAKAUA'S GLOOMY FEELINGS.

HONOLULU, Aug. 23.—King Kalakaua admits that his crown was never in greater danger than from last week's attempt by two half-breed Hawaiians, named Wil-

cox and Boyd, and 130 natives. Nearly all the red plush upholstery was kicked off the throne during the scuffle, and the nickel-plated sceptre, which it was attempted to wrest from the king's grasp, was bent crooked. Since his failure to raise money with which to go and mingle with his brother monarchs at the Paris Exposition, Kalakaua has become very gloomy. He occasionally strikes American visitors for small loans. He is of the opinion that the king business is getting to be an outworn tradition in the Sandwich Islands, like the "wooden Injun" he once saw in front of a San Francisco cigar store.

POPE LEO XIII. AND PREMIER CRISPI.

ROME, Aug. 23.—All possibility of a reconciliation between the Pope and the Italian Government is now hopelessly out of the question. On Saturday, Premier Crispi went to the front door of the Vatican, rang the door bell, and deliberately walked away. Leo XIII., who had seen him approach through the slats in the Venetian blinds of the bay window, rushed out to answer the ring himself. Finding no one, he went to the sidewalk and looked up and down the street. When his Holiness at last perceived the gross affront intended, he removed his tiara, leaned against the Vatican, and wept bitterly. After he was through weeping, Cardinal Spaghetti came out and wiped the tears off the Vatican with a sacred towel, which will be preserved in the Sistine Chapel.

NOTES OF THE WORLD'S DOINGS.

THIS is the age of newspaper enterprise. At an enormous outlay, GRIP has covered the continent of North America with a tangled network of telegraph wires and laid private cables across all the oceans. Trusty channels of information have been secured and several high personages are in receipt of emolument from this office, for the special intelligence they furnish. The plots and schemes of diplomats are known to us within the hour, and even the whisperings of crowned heads reach our ears.

The student of contemporary history who wishes to keep his hand on the pulse of the world's life, will have to keep his eye glued on our special despatches by wire and cable.

The first batch of despatches is presented herewith:

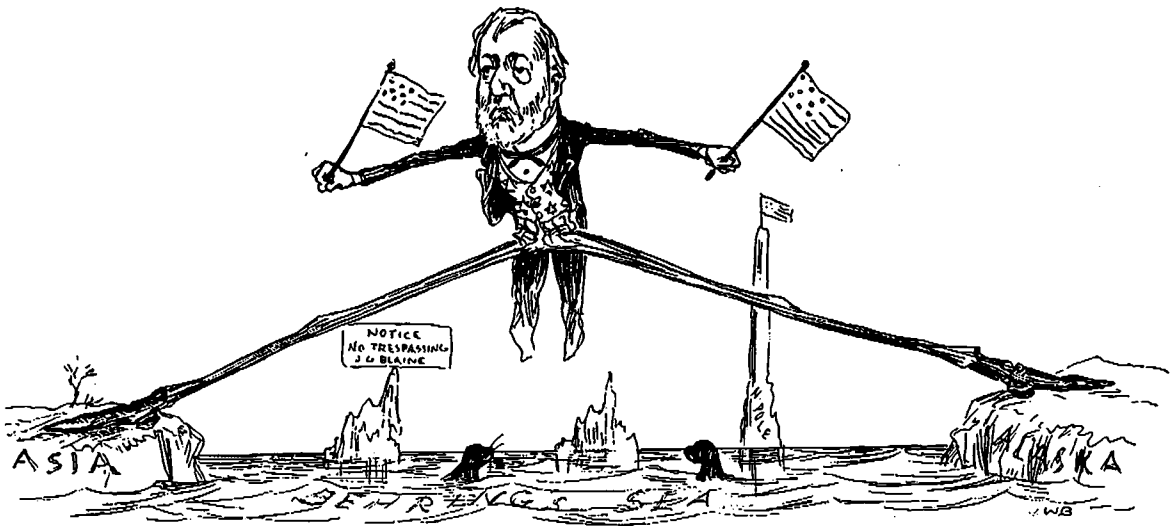
BROWN-SEQUARD'S ELIXIR OF LIFE.

PARIS, Aug. 23.—Dr. Brown-Sequard has received a communication, signed by a large number of the Grit members of the Canadian Parliament, offering him half-a-million francs and a valuable timber limit, to prevent Sir John Macdonald from getting hold of any of the elixir of life.

HON. G. W. ROSS IN QUEBEC.

QUEBEC, Aug. 23.—Hon. G. W. Ross, the Minister of Education for Ontario, on his return from the Maritime Provinces, where he has been spending his vacation, will pass a few weeks in this vicinity. He wishes to go about

It is reported that the Humane Society has had a man arrested for putting his beaver on a rack.



MR. BLAINE'S SLIGHT STRETCH OF AUTHORITY.

VICE VERSA.

BIGBEE—"I have heard it said that there is always something sad about humorists, and yet I have seldom seen a jollier-looking fellow than Jack Punit, who makes his living by getting off skits."

SPACER—"Oh, he is no exception to the rule. His jokes are sorry stuff."

THE PLATFORM TOO NARROW.

"I CALLED to see if you would like to join our branch of the Equal Rights Association," said an energetic member of that institution to one of his neighbors.

"Equal Rights! You bet I will! I go for that every time, and I don't reckon to be any deadhead in the concern, either. It ought to 've been started long ago. Blamed sight too many privileged classes in this country."

"Yes, indeed! It's a downright scandal that one church should be favored over others—allowed to levy tithes and hold enormous estates exempt from taxation. No man or church ought to have privileges that others don't have."

"Now you're talking! And here's these big land speculators holding property all round that's hardly taxed at all till they can sell for a big figure, and just as soon as they do sell the man that buys and builds is taxed up to the last cent. Oh, I'm for Equal Rights every time. One man has just as good a right to the land as another, hasn't he?"

"Ye-es, I suppose so."

"And that being so, ain't it giving unjust privileges to a few to allow these land-monopolists to hold on to more land than they've got any use for, till the price goes up. Equal Rights 'll soon do away with all that. You mean to put up the taxes, I suppose, so these fellers will have to sell out and give the people an equal chance."

"Um—no, the Equal Rights Association does not propose to meddle with the land question, you see. We confine our attention to fighting the aggressions of the Romish Church and securing civil and religious liberty."

"Then you mean to let the land monopolists and speculators go on making money out of the people.

You've got nothing to say against that sort of unjust privileges?"

"No, it hardly comes within the scope of our movement. It wouldn't do at all. Quite a number of our most enthusiastic supporters are extensive land owners."

"Well, if that's the case you'd better change the name. It came mighty near fooling me. I go for Equal Rights all round, and considering that the landlords get a hundred dollars out of the people for every one the Jesuits get, it looks a good deal like straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel, as the good Book says. No, I guess I won't join yet. You're all right as far as you go, but you don't go near far enough. Just as soon as you get onto the broad platform of genuine Equal Rights between men as well as between churches, call again and I'll subscribe as much as I can afford. Good-day."

THE average tramp would sooner see wood than saw wood, any day.



A SCRIPTURAL PRECEDENT.

REV. MR. JINKINGS—"Do you know, brother Wilkins, I feel some compunction at neglecting my church in this way every summer. I don't find that the apostles, now —"

REV. MR. WILKINS—"Compunction? Nonsense! Look at Paul—wasn't he everlastingly doing the Continent?"



HIS DOMICILE.

MAGISTRATE (*sternly*)—"The address you give as your place of residence turns out to be a vacant lot."

PRISONER—"Yes, your worship, I've been boarding there lately."

TORY DEMORALIZATION.

"YES," said the Equal Rights man, "the movement was never stronger than it is to-day. The rebuff of the Gov.-General, far from discouraging us, has merely added fuel to the flame, and we are going to carry all before us."

"Pshaw!" sneered the Tory office-holder.

"Oh, you may 'Pshaw!' all you like, but we are a power in the land. Wait till the next election and you'll change your tune. Then you'll see Principal Caven—"

"Yes, the principal cave-in will occur about that time," was the fiendish response, as he quickly walked off, followed by the howls of an indignant populace.

MORAL.—A cause which can only be bolstered up by outrages of this kind is in a very bad way.

THEY BELONGED TO THE FOUR HUNDRED.

MISS JARVIS STREET—"Are you going to Mrs. Rosedale's 'At Home' on Thursday?"

MR. ANGLO MANEE-ACK—"Oh, deah, no! Every Thomas, Richard and Henry will be theah, don't chew know!"

A DISAPPOINTMENT.

VINCENT (*to brother, who was visiting him at school*)—"Why didn't you bring me something good to eat?"

HAROLD—"I forgot all about it when I was leaving home."

VINCENT—"Humph! when ma comes she always brings me lots of sweet things. I was sick for three or four days after her last visit."

THE SHIRT-FRONT ALONE WOULD SUFFER.

UPSON DOWNES (*having lent his dress suit*)—"Now, take care that while at dinner you get no stains on my clothes."

HOWELL GIBBON (*looking at himself in the glass*)—"There is no danger, old man. The shirt is my own, and it will do for a shield."

QUITE A PHILOSOPHER.

JINKS—"Well, I intend to do my best to get her."

WINKS—"And what if you fail?"

JINKS—"Then I will do my best to forget her."

ON THE RIALTO.

BROKER—"There is big money in real estate now."

BROKKE—"I don't doubt it. I dropped quite a pile in it last week."

AT LONG BRANCH.

"THERE is something attractive about a hammock," said she, as she sat down in a hempen one.

"There is, indeed," he replied, as he sat down beside her. "It draws us together so, doesn't it?"

SOCIAL LANGUAGE.

MRS. DE BIG—"Now, dear, be sure to call on us as soon as you can make it convenient."

MRS. GUSHY—"At what hours do you receive?"

MRS. DE BIG—"Oh, you will always find us at home whenever we are in."

THAT IS WHAT THEY ARE FOR.

OLDBOY—"I can't see how it is that so many people wear spectacles nowadays."

FRESHY—"Perhaps if you were to buy a pair you would be able to."

A PECULIAR FACT.

RYTER—"It is but a step from the sublime to the ridiculous, old boy."

SPACER—"That is so, but it is a mighty long journey back."

HE DID THINGS BY MANE STRENGTH.

BOSS (*to Quaker who is working for him*)—"You are a horse to work."

QUAKER—"Nay, nay, my friend. Thou flatterest me."

NAMING THE BABY IN RUSSIA.

FATHER—"Shall we mix the first half of the alphabet or the last?"

MOTHER—"Oh, this is our first-born. Let us jumble together all the letters to make a name for him."

LIFE IS LIMITED.

RIISING POLITICIAN—"Well, old man, you will give me a good puff when I get to be Premier?"

ABLE EDITOR—"Yes, if I'm alive."

SOCIETY SMALL TALK.

MRS. VERE (*gushingly*)—"How heartily young Mr. De Bue laughs at my husband's jokes?"

MRS. FERE (*seeing her chance*)—"Remarkable, isn't it. But he is such a polite young man."

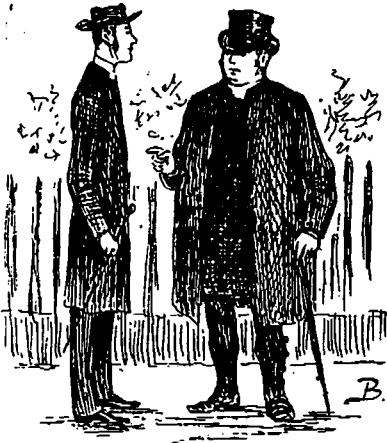
NOT VOID OF ABILITY.

EDITOR—"Well, is that new man a good writer? Is he imaginative?"

ASSISTANT EDITOR—"As a writer he doesn't amount to much, but he is very imaginative—in his spelling."



A TAIL FOR MERCIER'S KITE.



HE REMEMBERED DERRY.

THE BISHOP OF NEFAGGRAU—"Hope to see you, Mr. Broadman, at our *Retreat* at Trinity College."

REV. MR. B.—"No, my lord, I'm a 'No surrender' man!"

TOUGH LUCK

SORETOE—"Did yeh git anythin' teh cat to-day, pard?"

STOHNBROOS—"Yep."

SORETOE—"Did yeh hev teh work fer it?"

STOHNBROOS—"Yep."

SORETOE—"Times is hard, ain't dey?"

BITTER WORDS.

CRAVATE—"Beastly country, this!"

COLLAH—"Yaas. I met a man to-day who weally had the impudence to tell me that a fellah couldn't succeed here without bwains; but I gave it back to him hot."

CRAVATE—"What did you say to him?"

COLLAH—"I told him that I came from a place where people belonging to good families didn't bother their heads about such things. I tell you what, he looked thoroughly sat on, and said, 'I believe you.'"

HE WANTED A CHANGE.

OKLAHOMA BOOMER—"I've seed lots of Texas Jacks, Denver Dans, Colorado Charlies, Mexican Dicks, and sech fellers, since I come here, but what I'm hankerin' teh see now is some Dollar Bills."

ROYAL CONDESCENSION.

IN olden times men thought it strange,
And harpers sang the wondrous scene,
When royal love stooped down to change
A beggar maid into a queen.

Now lower stoops the Crown, sues grants
From public funds for household aid;
The theme reversed the muse descants,
A queen into a beggar made.

A NEGLECTED RESORT.

HUMBER—"Were you living on Faraway Beach during your vacation?"

GRUMSLY—"No; it was living on me. I was the only visitor."

NOT FISHY.

TOM—"Jack is drinking like a fish just now, I near."
BOB—"Well, ^{no}no; not exactly. A fish drinks water."

THE MAN OF THE FUTURE.

HARDY UPSON—"Do you see that man over there?"

ROSSIN HOWES—"Yes."

HARDY UPSON—"He is the coming man."

ROSSIN HOWES—"Is that so? I wouldn't think it, to look at him. Who is he?"

HARDY UPSON—"He is the bailiff, and he is coming to my house to-day on behalf of the landlord."

SHE WAS A CLOSE OBSERVER.

HE—"The waters of Lake Ontario have almost been my home since I could pull an oar or manage a sail. I sometimes feel that I have derived part of my nature from them."

SHE (*newly arrived from England*)—"Indeed! It is a fresh-water lake, is it not?"

A CRUEL FATHER.

ELDEST DAUGHTER—"I wonder if we will have snow at Christmas this year, papa?"

PATERFAMILIAS (*smiling benignly at his children*)—"I don't think so. You know, Santa Claus always brings rein, deers."

A HEAVY BLOW.

OLD SPORT—"Billy Jones is getting to be quite a pugilist."

NEWBEE—"How do you make that out?"

OLD SPORT—"He struck me for a ten the other night."

NEWBEE—"And knocked you out in the first round, didn't he?"



ACCOMMODATING.

GAMIN—"Black your boots, sir?"

SWELL—"No; don't you see I'm wearing canvas shoes, you young blockhead?"

GAMIN—"Whitewash 'em for a dime, sir!"

CUSTOMER (to grocer at Watkins's Corners)—"Mr. Lethive, I hear you ain't goin' to cut the second crop o' grass off your medder lot; that so?"

GROCER—"Had n't thought much about it, either way."

CUSTOMER—"Cause if you ain't, I would not mind havin' it."

GROCER—"Well, I guess you can have it, Jabe."

CUSTOMER—"I guess you've got a scythe somewhere 'round that I can take; or have yer?"

GROCER—"Yes, I guess so."

CUSTOMER—"I s'pose I can have your hoe to cart the hay with, can't I?"

GROCER—"Yes, I s'pose so. (*Exit customer.*)"

OLD MAN ON THE BARREL—"Seems to me, Jabe's ridin' a free horse pretty hard, ain't he?"

GROCER—"He come in an' paid me four dollars yesterday on that bar'l o' flour he had last fall. I expected he'd be askin' for somethin' or other to-day."—*Puck.*

TO AMATEUR ARTISTS.

You will find at the Golden Easel, 316 Yonge street, this week, a choice lot of studies just received. Artists' materials—plaques and other articles for decorating. Pictures framed.

"I AM at your service, ma'am," as the burglar said when the lady of the house caught him stealing her silverware.

MARRIAGE certificates with divorce coupons are being introduced in Chicago, and are becoming very popular.—*Tid Bits.*

"WHO is the laziest boy in your class, Johnny?"

Johnny—"I dunno."

"I should think you would know. When all the others are industriously writing or studying their lessons, who is he who sits idly in his seat and watches the rest, instead of working himself?"

"The teacher."

No sympathy is given to sufferers from neuralgia, dyspepsia, loss of appetite, etc., who will not give Dyer's Quinine and Iron Wine a trial. Its efficacy is beyond question. Druggists keep it. W. A. Dyer & Co., Montreal.

YOUNG MAN—"Will you give assent to my marriage with your daughter, sir?"
OLD MAN (*firmly*)—"No sir, not a cent."

TEACHER (*to class*)—"Why is procrastination called the thief of time?" Boy (*at foot of class*)—"Because it takes a person so long to say it."

A ROSE by any other name would cost as much.

"ARISTOCRAT, pauper, debtor. Papa, what do they mean?" "An aristocrat, my son, is supported by his ancestors!" "Oh, I see!" "A pauper by his contemporaries." "Yes, sir; and a debtor?" "By posterity."—*Chicago Ledger.*

HUSBAND (*a literary man*)—"I wish you would stop watching little Dick for awhile."
WIFE—"But if I don't watch him he'll be in mischief."
HUSBAND—"Yes, that's what I mean. When he's in mischief he's quiet, and I want to write."

GEORGE WASHINGTON was a grand father for a country. In this case the office sought the man.

MISS SWEETLIPS—"Ever since I was a little girl my papa has sent me a valentine, and I've saved them all?" Mr. BLUNDERBY—"By Jove? what a lot you must have." Then he was sorry for what he said.

FIRST CITIZEN—"What was the last measure passed by the Legislature; do you know?" SECOND CITIZEN—"Yes, I do. Happened to be in the gallery at the time. It was a quart measure filled with beer."

THROAT AND LUNG DISEASES CURED BY MEDICATED AIR.

DR. ROBERT HUNTER, of New York and Chicago, the founder of this practice, has made a specialty of these complaints for over forty years, and in association with Dr. E. W. Hunter, has opened a branch for Canada at 73 Bay St., where all forms of catarrhal, bronchial and tubercular disease can now be treated as successfully as in New York or London.

The success of this treatment is so great that it has been adopted in all hospitals for the cure of lung diseases in England and on the continent of Europe, where Dr. Hunter introduced it in person, as he is now doing in Canada.

The diseases which are cured by breathing volatilized medicines are consumption in all its forms. Thousands of cases have been recovered under Dr. Hunter's care, after all hope of saving them by other means had been abandoned.

Chronic bronchitis, which is almost as fatal as consumption when treated in the usual way, is rapidly and radically cured by this treatment.

Asthma, both spasmodic and bronchial, is broken up and cured by medicated air inhalations.

Chronic pneumonia, which results from inflammation of the lungs and ends in abscess if neglected, and catarrh of the nose, head, eustachian tubes, glands of the throat, windpipe, larynx and lungs, can be cured only by treatment applied to the parts affected, and this can be done only by breathing them.

Heart disease is also more directly under the control of medicated air than of any other possible administration. Whatever is breathed acts on the lungs and blood in the pulmonary capillaries, and is carried directly to the heart before it reaches any other organ of the body. We can make a direct application to the heart through the lungs, and arrest and cure diseases which could not be reached or cured in any other way.

Those afflicted can be treated successfully at home. A list of questions will be sent, on the return of which Dr. Hunter will give his opinion of the case and point out what is necessary for the treatment. Those who come to the city for a first examination can return home and carry out the treatment, reporting by letter once a week.

Remember, Dr. Robert Hunter, the founder of this practice, is now in Canada to give personal attention to all cases submitted, and that his experience and success in all throat and lung troubles is probably greater than that of any other living physician.

A pamphlet, giving Dr. Hunter's views and the results of this treatment, can be obtained *free* at 73 Bay street, Toronto.

ST. PETER (*kindly*)—"Enter." FAIR SPIRIT (*hesitating*)—"Did Mrs. De Fashion go in here?" ST. PETER—"No. She went to the other place." FAIR SPIRIT—"Oh! beg pardon for troubling you. Which way is it?"

"OH, doctor," she said across the dinner-table, "have you read this new book that's made so much stir?" "What book, madam?" "This new book of Amelia Rives, 'The Quack and the Dead.'"

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.

TOM—"I am quite certain that Mr. Smythe is a foreign nobleman in disguise." JACK—"How do you know?" TOM—"He has such a dignified way of asking you to loan him \$10."

FRIEND—"I suppose you write when the spirit moves?" POET—"Well, yes, that is about the way with me. I write when the spectre moves." FRIEND—"The spectre?" POET—"Yes; the spectre of want."

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.

CHALMERS—"Love you? Why, I'd jump off the bridge for you."

MISS ROMANTIQUE—"Oh, how lovely that would be."

FOGG says that some of the girls on the theatrical stage remind him of his liver, because they don't act worth a cent.

THE people who "come early to avoid the crowd" find that they make a crowd by doing so.

ALL this anxiety about the elevation of the stage is quite unnecessary. The stage can elevate itself very well, because it has wings and flies.

MISS RITTA—"Aren't you fond of dialect poetry, Mr. Drestbeeph?"

MR. DRESTBEEPH (*of the Chicago Browning Society*)—"Well, James Whitcomb Riley and Eugene Field do very well; but I came across some poems by a fellow named Chaucer the other day, and he carries it too far."

MRS. HIGHFEATHER—"Has the Browning cult reached your town yet, Mr. Bascom?"

MR. BASCOM—"No, he hain't yet, but we've got a young hoss by the name of Fetlocks that'll beat him to shucks, I'll bet."

"WHAT is the greatest watering place, papa?"

"Jay Gould's office, my son."

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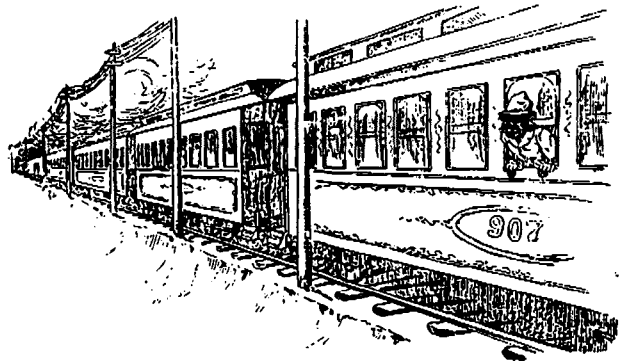
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(See page 126.)



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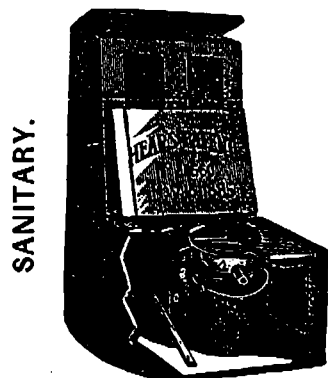
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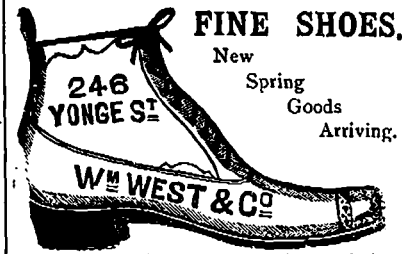
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