

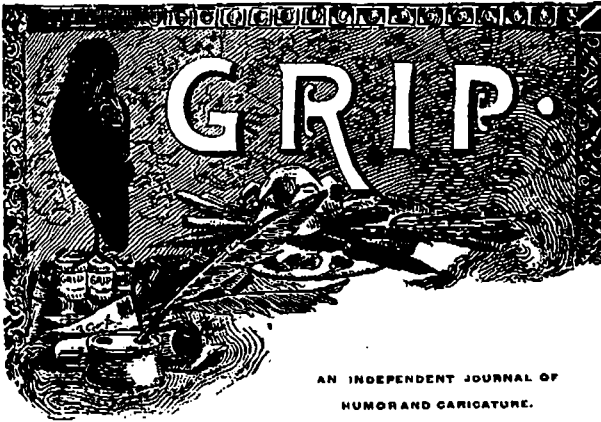
THE INFANT HERCULES STRANGLING THE SERPENTS.

[DEDICATED TO THE MANITOBA GOVERNMENT.]

PRICE 5 CENTS PER COPY; \$2 PER YEAR.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,

By the GRIP PRINTING AND PUBLISHING Co., 26 and 28 Front Street, West, Toronto.



PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

BY THE

GRIP PRINTING AND PUBLISHING CO.

26 and 28 Front Street West, Toronto, Ont.

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General Manager
Artist and Editor
Manager Publishing Department

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Terms to Subscribers.

PAYABLE STRICTLY IN ADVANCE.

To United States and
Canada.

To Great Britain and
Ireland.

One year, \$2.00; six months - \$1.00 | One year \$2.50

Remittances on account of subscriptions are acknowledged by change in the date of the printed address-label.
In remitting stamps, please send one-cent stamps only.
Messrs. JOHN HADDOX & Co., Advertising Contractors, Fleet St. London, Eng., are the sole agents for GRIP in Great Britain.

Comments on the Cartoons.



WILL HE GET OVER IT?—In his late speech Mr. Laurier outlined with some clearness the policy of his party upon some of the questions now up for settlement, but the greatest question of all was practically left untouched—or at least was not dealt with in the way in which true Liberalism would dictate. That question is the profoundly important one of Canadian nationality—the unification of the Dominion. If we are ever to realize the dream of a powerful nation on the British plan in this greater

half of the American continent, we must first of all lay the foundation upon a true patriotism and enlightened institutions. And in order to do this preliminary work we must in some way clear the ground of the antiquated obstacles which now occupy it in the central Province of Quebec. We must dissolve the union which now exists within our body politic between the sixteenth century and the nineteenth. We must find some way of placing the Roman Catholic Church upon the level of the other Churches—as a spiritual organization entirely unconnected with the State, in which the clergy may have the opportunity of devoting themselves exclusively to the souls of the people, being relieved of the extra duties of collecting taxes and directing elections. To this formidable task the Liberal Party—if it is to deserve the

name—must address itself. It cannot be delayed much longer. Mr. Laurier as the pathfinder of his party finds himself confronted by a five-barred fence, which must in some way be got over. The question is, will he get over it?

THE INFANT HERCULES.—Meanwhile, Mr. Greenway's definite action in Manitoba will serve to keep the great issue we have alluded to before the public mind. The Manitoba Government has calmly formed the determination to abolish the French official language and the R. C. separate schools in that Province. In due time this will be accomplished, and that, too, with the cordial approval of a great many, if not all, intelligent Frenchmen and Catholics up there. This will be the signal for a similar reform in the other Provinces, and, as a necessary preliminary thereto, a revision of the B. N. A. Act which, it is to be hoped, will cut off, once and for all, the roots from which the trouble in Quebec is springing.



BYSTANDER, the reappearance of which was anticipated with much interest, shows in the initial number of the new series that the pen of its distinguished editor has lost none of its former vigor. Thousands will read it for its charms of style, and admire its clear, forcible English, who disagree with many, perhaps with most, of the views it upholds. The *raison d'être* of the enterprise is very aptly set forth in its opening remarks, pointing out that the struggle for existence on the part of the great dailies prevents any cause from gaining a

hearing that does not bring pecuniary support. In such circumstances, the writer truly says, the public may have some use for a small journal not fettered by "commercial exigency or party connections." True enough. But unfortunately the *Bystander's* treatment of Mr Gladstone and the Irish question affords ample evidence that ingrained social prejudice and class feeling may distort the view quite as effectually as partyism or commercial exigencies.

* * *

THE state of journalistic matters so clearly indicated by *Bystander* affords a fine opportunity for the country press to display independence and broaden their field of discussion. The country journalist is always complaining that his big city rival is crushing him out. The issues of the large dailies and their weekly editions, forced upon the market at competition prices, continually trench upon the circulation of the papers printed in the small towns. But the rural editor keeps on taking his cue from the party broadsheet, and serving up its editorials re-hashed. No wonder that his readers prefer to receive them in their original form. If the country journalists want to retain their influence they should do their own thinking, instead of drawing their inspirations from Toronto, and take up many questions of public interest which the big dailies dare not touch. They would find plenty of eager readers.

* * *

A recent issue of GRIP denounced in fitting terms the outrage of naming a village in Western Ontario "Terracottaville." We are asked to call attention to the fact that the residents are not responsible for the barbarism. The name they chose was "Terra Cotta," which is pretty and appropriate, and they were greatly disgusted to find that the uncouth designation above given had been substituted by the authorities. Is it yet too late to make reparation?



DID the majority of French Canadians really hold the tolerant views attributed to them by Mr. Laurier in his Pavilion speech on the 30th ult., the task of reconciling the English and French speaking races of Canada would be comparatively easy. It is all very well for the eloquent Liberal leader to protest in the name of his fellow-provincials that they have the kindest feelings towards the people of Ontario, and want to build up a common Canadian national sentiment, but we must judge them by actions

rather than words. And the Jesuit Act is only one out of many indications that as opportunity offers they are disposed to use their power to grasp undue privileges for themselves at the expense of the English-speaking and Protestant element.

* * *

AMONG the mottoes which decorated the walls of the Pavilion on the occasion was "Abolish the Senate." Some of Mr. Laurier's critics point out that Mr. Laurier took good care to say nothing upon this question for fear of offending his Ultramontane friends, who, though professedly "Liberals," cling to this relic of mediævalism. The criticism is just. This is only one of many questions upon which the antagonism between genuine Liberalism and the spurious Ultramontane imitation is pronounced. The twaddle of the *Empire* to the effect that the late George Brown believed in a Senate is less pertinent. It is an amply sufficient answer to point out that Mr. Brown has for some years been dead. Moreover, it is no injustice to his memory to say that except upon two or three questions he was much more of a Tory than a Liberal. Were he now living he would be entirely out of sympathy with progressive Liberalism.

FROM THE BACK TOWNSHIPS.

"**JOHN,**" said the veteran editor of the Squigglechunk *Indicator* to his efficient staff, who united in his own person the functions of foreman, compositor, reporter, proof-reader, canvasser and collector. "John, have you seen anything of old Sam Mudturtle lately?"

"What yer givin' us, boss?" replied John. "I aint no spirit mejum nor nothin'. Don't yer remember old Sam got loaded up as ushel one day last spring, and upset his canoe in Lake Man-ker-plun-ki bosh, and was never found? Didn't I write him an elegant obituary about his having gone to the Happy Huntin' grounds, and sling in a couple of sticks of Hiawatha's poetry?"

"So you did, John—so you did. I was forgettin'. But have'nt you seen any of his people lately?"

"Guess not, boss. Young Jake Mudturtle quit bein' a Indian and is goin' round with a thrashing machine, an' the rest moved up the lakes somewheres. Aint no more Indians about now."

"Well, well," said the old man, sadly, "times have changed. I remember when they used to come in by dozens. But it can't be helped. The interests of the readers of the *Indicator* have got to be looked after, all the same," and he sat down and wrote as follows:—

"An old Indian who was in town yesterday predicts that the approaching winter will be one of remarkable severity. The muskrats are building the walls of their houses of unusual thickness. This is an unailing indication of extreme cold."

"There, John," said the old man. "The *Indicator* has printed that paragraph every fall for the last forty years, and we aint going to miss it now, if there wasn't a blamed Indian in the whole country. Just set that up, and then we'll slide over to Dusenbury's and have something hot."

TO A REAL ESTATE AGENT.

BLOATED monopolist! I see thee stand
In listless idleness athwart thy door,
The trap wherein thou dost thy prey allure
By bait of plans displayed on either hand.
Thou revelest in affluence and ease
Upon the tax wrung from the hand of toil
Barring the poor from access to the soil
And heapest store of wealth by means like these.
Nay, never crook thy finger thus at me!
Proud plutocrat! Thou can'st not rope me in,
I'm onto thee—my gold thou dost not win
To glut insensate greed and luxury.
Thus to myself quoth I, and then he spoke:
"Lend me a quarter will you, I'm dead broke."



A MERE MATTER OF FORM.

MR. HARDCASH—"Well, sir, what induced you to imagine that I would give my consent to my daughter's marrying you?"

DE GALL—"Pardon me, my dear sir, I wasn't so foolish as to imagine anything of the kind. I merely asked for it as a matter of form. If you refuse we shall marry without it, that's all."

GIVE THE POET A CHANCE.

EDITOR—"I thank heaven I never inflicted any verse on the world."

POET—"And yet, perhaps, you haven't as much right to be thankful as the world has."

HE was a wretched, ragged wight,
And, driven by starvation,
He stole some pork one murky night.
They yanked him to the station.
The beak discovered in the case
A mitigating feature,
"Starvation stared him in the face,
So let him go—pork-reacher!"



PROOF.

WIFE—"Where in the world have you been, William?"

HUSBAND—"Been (*hic*) to schurch, m' dearsh, an' came (*hic*) home in 'r carriage; (*hic*) see—no mudsh on me shoesh."

THINK IT OVER.

THE Spaniards are proverbially a proud and haughty race. But some of them are more so than others. Now, which of the Spaniards would you think were the proudest? Don't hurry—take your time.

(Interval of five minutes.)

Now, after calm and mature deliberation, doesn't it appear reasonable that the people of Arragon should be—ahem—the most arrogant, as it were? You don't see why? Well, think it over in your spare moments, and some day it will dawn upon you.

THE REASON WAS PLAIN.

TRAVELER—"This umbrella once belonged to Lord Tennyson."

GOGGLE-EYES—"Yo' don't say so! How did you come to get it?"

TRAVELER—"I was having lunch at the Adelphi one day and he dropped in to get a bite, too. I left before he did."

HE HAD AN EYE TO BUSINESS.

TOM—"What did Ethel say when she rejected you?"

JACK—"Oh, she said no, at first, and then got off a joke at my expense about being a sister to me."

TOM—"That was pretty rough on you, wasn't it?"

JACK—"Yes; but still not so bad as it might have been. I saved the joke, and sold it to *New York Life* for fifty cents."

A WELCOME STAND-BY.

THE editor sat at his desk,
He dipped his pen in the ink,
Then took a chew—and a big one,
too—

And tried very hard to think;

"Now what shall I write about?

There isn't a thing that's new,
Exchanges are dry, and so am I,
I do not know what to do.

"I've hammered at Equal Rights,
And given the Tories fits;
For the local fairs, there's nobody
cares—

I'm nearly out of my wits.

"It's oh! for a lively theme,
Some question not quite stale,
Some topic which will my column
fill,
Some enemy to assail."

And casting his eyes about
The *Bystander* he espied;
Like an eager lover, he tore the cover,
To gaze on the words inside.

"Hooraw! This is just the thing,
I'm glad it's again come out;
Now, monthly, at least, there'll be a
feast
Of matter to write about."

He settled right down to work,
For delay to make amends,
"I can hit him hard—without much
regard—
For Goldwin has got no friends."

MARK TIME!

GRIP, in his wisdom, had come to the conclusion that with solar time, lunar time, standard time, local time, racing time, and meal time, it was about time to quit multiplying times, but it remained for a young Richmond Hill philosopher to add another kind of time, namely, ecclesiastical time, to the list.

Taken to church for the first time at a tender age, he winced a good deal under the necessary suppression of his vitality by his truly pious parents. Anxious to get home, he asked very frequently "when the man would quit speaking," and was informed as often, "just in a minute."

The following day, during one of his chronic hungry spells, he asked for "a piece," when his dear mamma informed him he would have to wait for a minute. Reverting to his dreary Sunday's experience, said he, "Ma, will it be a church minute?" She swooned.

DIARY OF OUR MAN ABROAD.

Sep 10 (15) Rattling down York St - not too fast (Tom Gardiner's name implies - careful of his grey horses) - but fast enough to get there on time. Trains for Owen Sound ready to start just waiting for us - very full of an accommodation train. All about report baffled all Guardian staff. Took Took - I'm

for all right on platform but hopelessly at hand departure. Soft cushion and comfortable. Settle down in things pleasant and of things cheap from the present. The very line, for instance. Broad gauge men in trousers and general manager. Hello here. Sound and the only 3 pm by the Queen of the North dock. For particulars of Saturday. O.S. see a late Mayor Morrison will send Tom a copy of his (and Allen's) and lay out a redator with a here. Allen late soul drabs us tomorrow before. Sails. We will our holiday five hours of enough. but on of other days we where the new boat. Steamer make his

Off! Well Care remains working after us grimly. Wave our handkerchiefs down in. Settle down in things pleasant and of things cheap from the present. The very line, for instance. Broad gauge men in trousers and general manager. Hello here. Sound and the only 3 pm by the Queen of the North dock. For particulars of Saturday. O.S. see a late Mayor Morrison will send Tom a copy of his (and Allen's) and lay out a redator with a here. Allen late soul drabs us tomorrow before. Sails. We will our holiday five hours of enough. but on of other days we where the new boat. Steamer make his

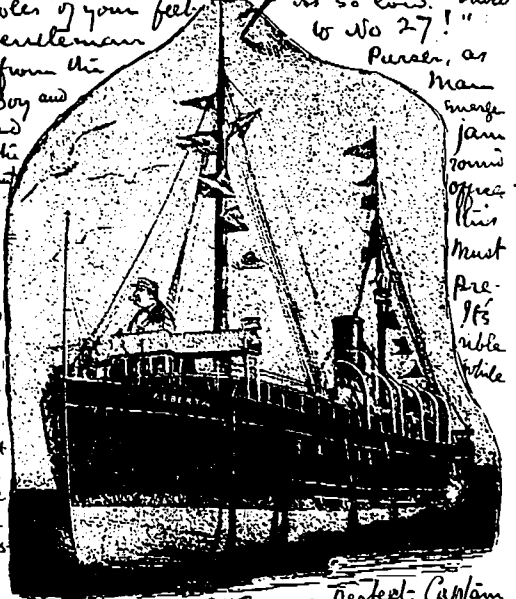
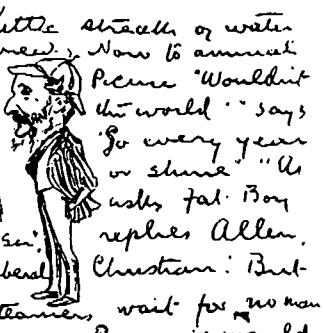
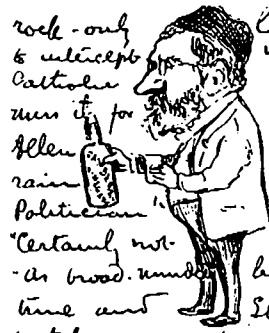
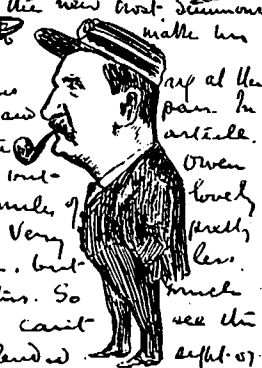
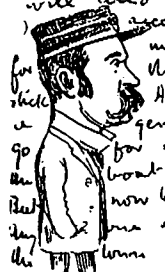
Allen's ceremony and drive is the fall. Definite for observe. Not Niagara but Sounds own two or three miles of drive and here we are very well. High as Niagara, but water improvement. This. So walk at Niagara you can't see the fall. Here you get splendid

at the pan in article. Owen lovely, pretty, less. much see the Sept. 07

rock - only to intercept. Little stream of water. Now to amuse. Picture "Wouldn't you like to go every year or there?" He looks fat. Boy replies Allen. "Certain not - as broad-minded liberal Christian. But time and Steamers wait for us. Watch says no time for me if would catch boat. Allen sadly acquiesces. Drive to wharf and go aboard. Just in time. Capt McAllister on bridge (never anywhere else we afterwards find). Pulls walkie rope. Makes everybody start as well as boat. Basso profundo, voice, the 'Alberta' has. Tickle the roles of your feet. The gentleman from the Fat-Boy and abroad. From the humant kettle. Why, jam, it be served? a ten fiddle of last. Wouldn't a rail, and the one at a time as ten be better?

Only defect in the boat. Otherwise perfect. Captain very embodiment of Eternal Vigilance. Purser very most purser-went on kind attention Steward as good as the Guit he provides - praise can no further go. Waiters, from Boss at top table to 'Mark Twain' at Twelfth, fellows who don't wait at all but go and get what you've ordered. Plans in parlors to play accompaniments to continuous chorus of praise from all who travel the route to Sault Ste Marie & Port-Wolfe on these floating palaces - no, not palaces, but better - homes. More anon.

Must pre-It's noble while





AN INFERENCE SOMEWHERE.

MASHERBY—"They tell me, Miss Lacey, that you will dance with nobody. Now, can't I prevail upon you to take the next waltz with me?"

MISS LACEY—"Why, certainly, I'm a woman of my word, you know."

IT WAS ENOUGH TO SOUR THE SWEETS.

MR. GUSHLEIGH—"Won't you try some of this honey? 'Sweets to the sweet,' you know."

MISS SHARPLEIGH—"Ah, thank you, and isn't it strange that the 'sweet' must have a *spoon* before they can get the 'sweets'?"

THE KIND OF PARK WE WANT.

TORONTO wants another park—that is generally admitted. It is what everybody has been saying for years. The press and people are practically unanimous on the question, and only a few little points of detail remain to be considered. The essentials which by common consent are necessary in order to render a site available, are as follows:—

It must be a good large area to give plenty of room for drives, walks, playgrounds, etc.

It must not cost too much, so as to increase our taxes to any appreciable extent.

It must not be too far out. People ought to be able to get there easily without taking a car.

It must be readily accessible from the East End, or the people of that section will vote against it.

Ditto, ditto, as regards the North and West.

The scheme must be submitted to the people, and the fullest publicity given to all the details before the land is bought. There must be no hole and corner business, or any suspicion of underhand dealing.

But the real-estate men must not know anything about it in advance, or they will put the land up to an unreasonable figure.

With these simple rules for guidance, there ought to be no great difficulty in finding a suitable site. What do the aldermen keep fooling about the business so long for?

PRO-POVERTY ARGUMENTS.

"I MUST confess," said a land speculator, "that I find some of the arguments of these Land Reformers mighty hard to answer."

"I don't," said another in the same line of business. "I can settle any of 'em in two seconds."

"I wish you'd give me a pointer then."

"With pleasure. When a Henry George man tackles you, don't you attempt to reply to his arguments straight—if you do you'll get knocked out. Just ask him if he owns any land himself. If he says 'no,' then you say, 'I thought you didn't. If you did you wouldn't talk that way. You've got no stake in the country, and no business to say anything about it.'"

"But how if he says 'yes.'"

"Then profess to be greatly astonished, and say, 'what—you own land! Why don't you sell it and give the money to the poor? You've no business to be a land reformer.' That settles him—particularly if you walk away while he's trying to explain himself."

"But suppose there are two of 'em, one a land owner and the other not?"

"Ah, there you've got me. Hadn't thought about that."

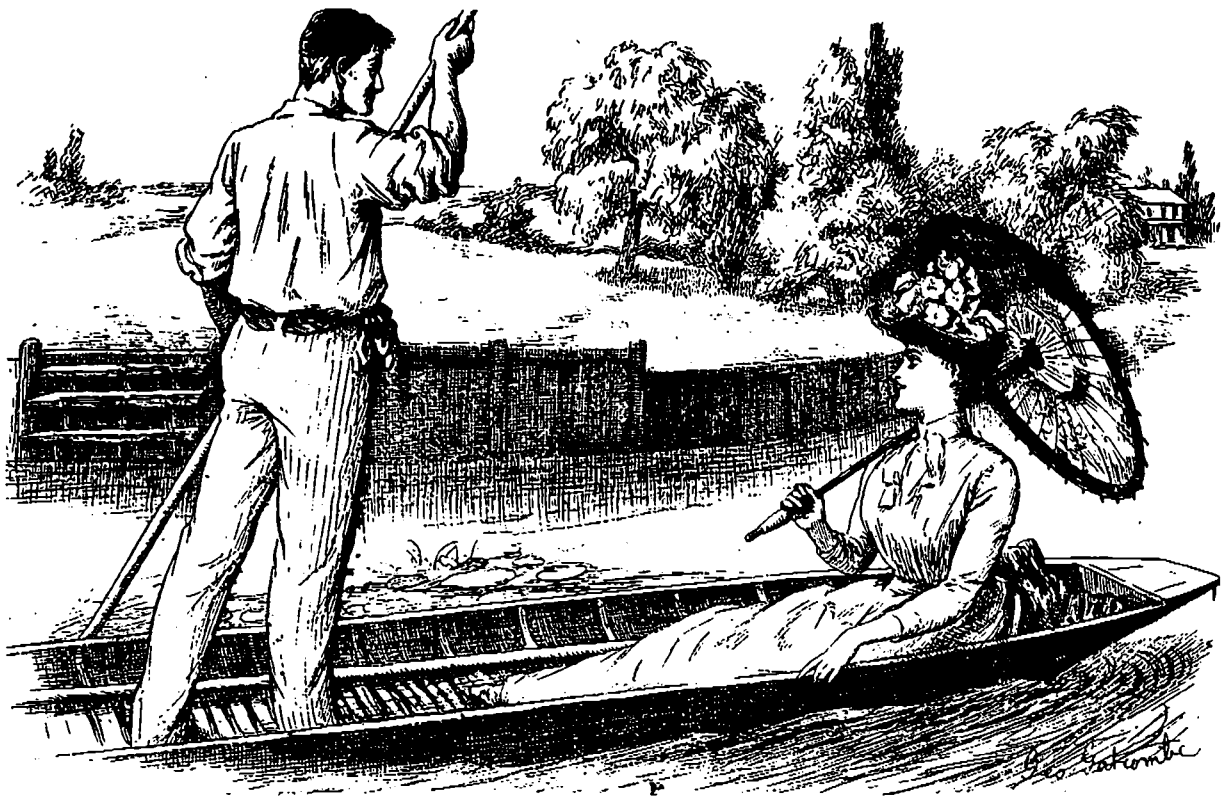
It is, of course, obvious to the meanest intellect that a prohibitionist would, other things being equal, prefer to reside on Temperance street. But did it ever strike you that the most congenial locality for a drunkard would be Bar-thirst street? Not that he is likely to be over-particular as to locality; Wood street, Alexander street, William street—in fact, anybody's treat would suit about as well.



SPEAKING A LITTLE TOO ROUGHLY.

EXCITED PARTIZAN (*gesticulating wildly*)—"Yes, sir, this state of things is outrageous! Do you know that roughly speaking Canada's debt is two hundred and seventy million dollars!"

OLD GENT—"Roughly speaking, eh? Well, I don't care how roughly you speak, but I wish you wouldn't be so rough with your hands."



IN THE COURSE OF THINGS.

HE.—“Ah, if you had married me instead of Wilkinson——”

SHE.—“I should have been with Wilkinson at this moment instead of with you. How strangely things turn out, don't they?”

JOHN CALDER'S EXPERIENCES.

THE ither day a verra respectable lookin' man cam into my shop, an' spiered gin I wad shoo on a button for him. He lookit like a douce body, an' I jaloosed he was a minister o' a'e kin' or anither. O' coorse I kent he wasna a Presbyterian—he seemd ower weel fed for that; an' he wasna a Methody craitur, for he had an intelligent look about him; an' I thoct he wasna a Baptist body, on account o' his sma' han's; an' he hadna the cut o' a Congregationalist; an' as he said naething anent the “subjective” or the “objective” cause o' his vecsit, I felt confident he wasna a Swedenborgian; sae, thinks I to mysel, “Ye're either an Episcopaulian or a Cawtholic,” an' I sune cam to the conclusion he wasna the former, for, as Burns says, “he lauched consumedly” when I made an unco jocular remark regairdin' the capaucity o' his wame. Sae says I to mysel, “Maister John Calder, merchant tailor, ye've got a haud o' a priest, see what you can mak' oot o' him in connection wi' separate schules, an' sic like.” Sae takin' 't for grantit that he wad be flatter't to be taen for ane o' oor ane kirk, I said as pawkily as I could, “It'll be you, nae doobt, that's to preach for Mr. McTavish i' the Central kirk next Sawbath.” He lauched hairtily again, an' said he hadna the honor to be a Presbyterian minister.

“Losh keep me!” says I, “if ye're no a Presbyterian minister, I ne'er was mair mista'en a' my days.”

“What is your name, if you please?” says he.

“My name,” says I, “is John Calder, merchant tailor.”

“Very well, Mr. Calder,” says he, “my name is John Walsh, and I am connected with the Holy Catholic Church.”

“Weel, mon,” says I, “you astonish me. I suppose,” says I, “you ken that we had a great man o' the same name ance in oor kirk—John Welch—an' John Knox marriet ane o' his dochters. Nae doobt ye've heard tell o' John Knox?”

“Oh, yes,” says he, “it's my duty as bishop to read all about such people.”

“Bishop!” says I, “bishop! You dinna tell me that ye're a bishop,” an' to mak' a lang story short, wha do you think this was but the new Airchbishop o' Toronto. I lost my braith a'maist, for I had never spoken till an Airchbishop afore. Hoosomever, I made up my min' I wad hae a bit crack wi' him, an' sae I pintit oot that anither button or twa micht be steekit, an' he gied his consent.

Says I, wi' my heid doon, “What does your holiness think about separate schules?”

“I think a great deal of them,” says he.

“What thinks your lordship about the ballot for separate schule trustees?” says I.

“Well,” says he, “there are two sides to that question. Some take one view, and some take another.”

“Exackly,” says I, “and is your grace in favor o' the Bible in the schules?” says I.

“Oh, yes, with proper restrictions,” says he.

“Does your lordship think,” says I, “that we're in ony danger frae French aggression?” says I.



THE PLEASURES OF HORSEMANSHIP.

FAIR EQUESTRIAN.—“What shall I ride him on, George, the curb or the snaffle?”
 GEORGE.—“Ride him on the saddle, dear, that’s quite enough for you.”

“Not much,” says he.

“Noo,” says I, “wull your fowk gang wi’ us at the next election, or wull they gang the ither gait?” says I.

“Mr. Calder, merchant tailor,” says he, “you may rest assured that my people will always be found on the right side.”

This was verra candid, an’ I intend to sen’ a bit note to Mr. Mowat, wi’ the information that he need na be fear’t on any account.

So you perceive, MR. GRIP, that in my ain discreet aye, I hae been able to procure for your readers sic knowledge as may enable them to formulate an opeenion regairdin’ the policy o’ the new Airchbishop o’ Toronto, an’ to mak it plain that there’s nae cause for alairm.

Personally, I maun be allooed to remark that Airchbishop Walsh is a very respectable-looking mon, weel-spoken an’ weel put on, an’ it’s no unlikely that when he comes here to bide, I may get the makin’ o’ his claes.

It’s an awfu’ thing to think that there’s sae mony decent fowk that are no Presbyterians, but we ken the guid time’s comin’ whan we’ll a’ be a’e flock.

JOHN CALDER.

P.S.—I hae ance mair to requeest that you’ll put my pictur in, or else sen’ me back my photygraph. The ither John Calder says he’s me, sae faur as my leterary productions gang, but he’s no wullin’ to pye my debts.—
 J. C.

SHE—“I like summer much better than winter.”

HE (*making a protracted call*)—“Why?”

SHE—“Because the evenings are so much shorter.”

IT MADE THEM TIRE

JINKINS—“How do, old man? I’ve just been sitting out a long-winded lecture on “Ancient Jerusalem,” by Rev. Dr. Groner. What a tedious bore he is! Where you been?”

SIMKINS—“Took in a labor meeting. Too much talk, you know.”

JINKINS—“These lay-bore speakers must be quite as bad as the clerical kind. Joke, you know. Sec? Lay-bore—labor. Ha! ha! Don’t mind if I do.”

THE DUDE’S LIGHT OVERCOAT.

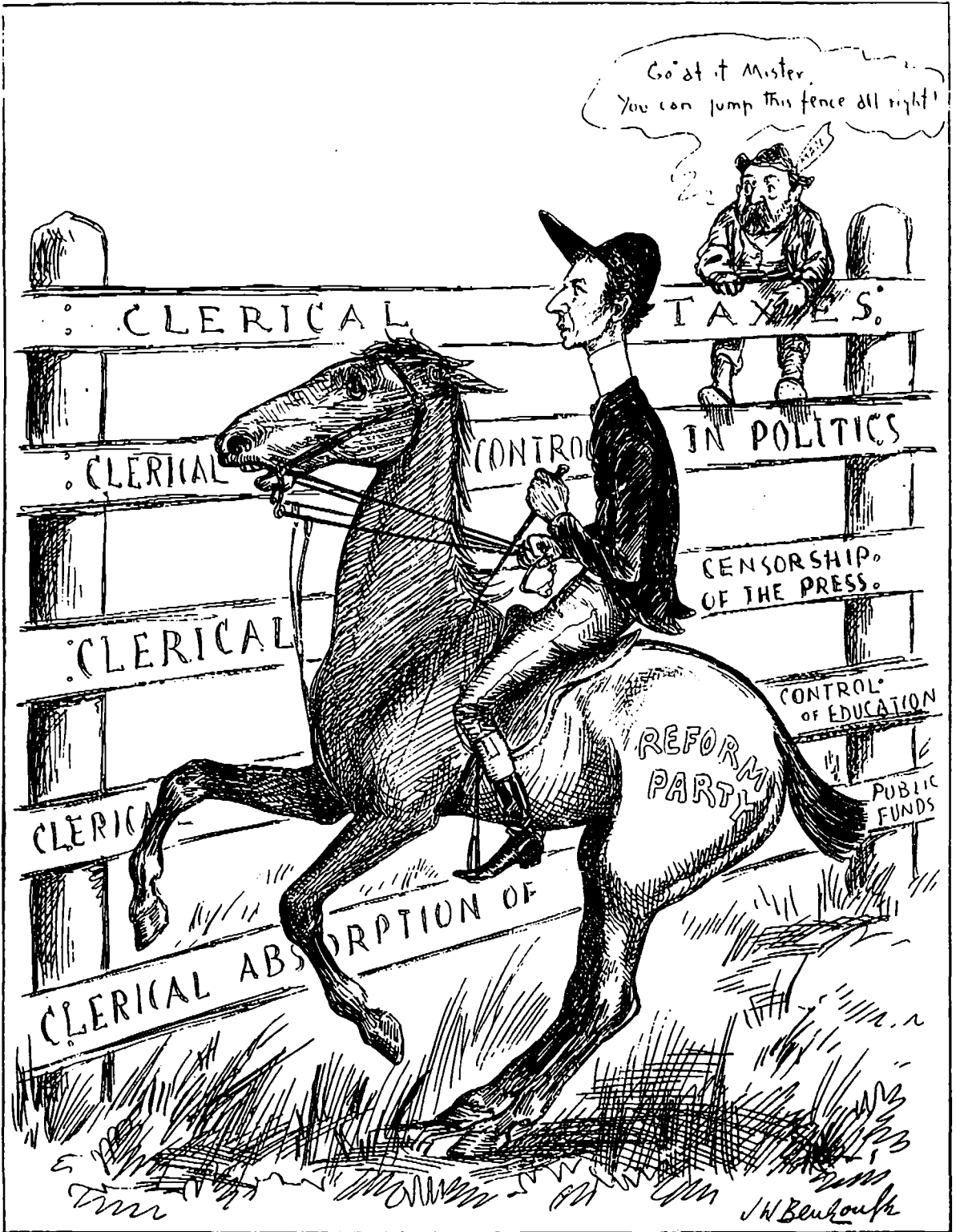
WHAT cares the dude for the falling leaf
 Or the melancholy days?
 His pulse beats high for the first cool night,
 When all may on him gaze.

For cometh now the happiest time,
 On which his affections dote;
 His dapper corpus he enwraps
 In a new fall overcoat.

REUB. RIXBY.

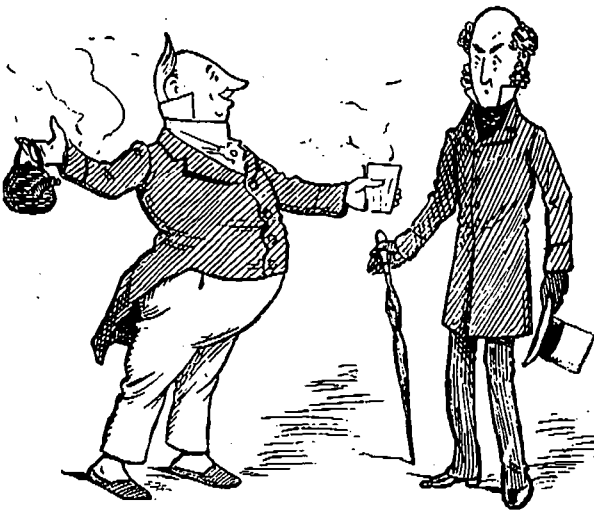
A JAGGED rock—rock and rye.

“THEM city people,” said Farmer Smiley, “think themselves mighty smart, but they are a durned ignorant set. Frinstance, when I wuz ridin’ ’long Queen street west last Saturday I seen a big sign out, ‘Great sale of Jerseys, all wool.’ Ha! ha! What d’yer think of that? They act’ally think that wool grows on Jerseys! Why, any six-year-old boy on a farm knows better’n that.”



WILL HE GET OVER IT?

A FIVE-BARRED FENCE IN THE PATH OF THE REFORM PARTY.



THE NEW TIPPLE.

MR. BONIFACE—"Ah! let me offer you a tumbler of boiling water—most refreshing after your walk."

SUCH PROPOSALS ARE PROSAIC.

CLARA—"Jack has just proposed to me by letter."

MAUD—"How ridiculous, when he intends coming to town on Friday! His case must be very pressing."

CLARA (*naively, as she nestles up against the arm of the sofa*)—"In one way it is and in another it isn't."

AT THE TOWNSHIP FAIR.

HIRAM—"Why do they have canvas blankets tied around them merino sheep? Surely it is not to keep their wool clean. It's as dirty as it can be now."

JONAH—"Probably it's to keep the straw they sleep on clean."

WITH FORLORN REASON.

MISS LINA (*making a call on her washerwoman*)—"You look depressed to-day, Mrs. O'Grady. What is the matter?"

MRS. O'GRADY—"Shure an' the ould man sold the pig lasht noight whin I was out callin', and divil the frind hev Oi left in the wur-ruld."

HARD LUCK.

ROADSTER—"I caught the rheumatiz when I slept out de odder night, an' now I can work folks in great style."

SOREFOOT—"You wuz allus in luck. I slept out when it wuz rainin' an' slectin, an' all I got wuz a bath. Ugh!"

THERE ARE EXCEPTIONS TO EVERY RULE.

MR. ROMANZA—"It is fall now, and everything green is turning its color."

MISS MODERN—"Not exactly everything, Mr. Romanza."

He fell into a reverie and when her meaning dawned on him he changed color, too.

NATHAN HIGBEE'S HIRED MAN.

'TIS thirty years since, if it's a day,
Old Nathan told him he could'nt stay.

For ever since the darned slouch was hired,
He wuz always complainin' of bein' tired.

An' he'd want to quit when the sun went down,
Like them no-account fellers they have in town.

He wuz dear at eleven a month and found,
The way he would loaf and mope around.

A darned pernicky cuss wuz he,
With the strangest ways that you ever see.

Fer he never would go, when the work wuz done,
With the boys to the Corners to have some fun.

But he'd set and read, an' all day he'd seem
As though he wuz into a kind of dream.

One day says Higbee, "You're too blamed slow;
Here's winter a-comin'—pack up an' go."

So off he tramped by the Dundas Road,
And whar he went to nobody knowed.

Well, what d'yer think? Only yesterday,
I was down to the village to sell some hay.

A summer hotel they've started there
An' a big American millionaire,

As owns a railroad, a mine out west,
An' real estate, till you could'nt rest,

Is a-stoppin' thar at the big hotel.
The place, I reckon, is doin' well.

Fer the cash that him and his friends throw out,
Makes a feller wild jest ter think about.

I could'nt picter by pen or tongue
One-half the style by them Yankees slung.

I seen him plain—this here millionaire—
In his carriage drawn by a splendid pair.

I swear to you—an' it beats the Dutch—
I'd know his looks 'mong a thousand such,

That millionaire, with his handsome span,
Wuz Nathan Higbee's hired man.

FRANZ BIERZLINGER'S DEFINITIONS.

A OBTIMISDT vas a veller mit a pig pay vinder in vront, mit blenty money, ash trinks beer putty mooch all der vile, and dreats all der boys like a shentlemans.

A Bessimisdt vash a veller mitout no boodles, ven the bartender gits onto him und von't but 'er down on der zlate some more.

A Cynic gums in all alone py himselluf, und don'd nefey zay, "Hello! how you vas, anyhow?" dakes a quiet trink all in der gorner of der bar, und den shlides aus.

A Socialisdt ish a man ash dinks ash how beer don'd oughtd to be no more ash dree cents a schooner. Vell, dot vas voolishness.

A Anargisdt zays der beebble vill zum auf dese tays git id vree, gratis, fur nix, py grashus! Vat you do mit a veller like dot, ennerhow?

SIGNOR DAVIO—"I hear that Hammy is troubled with cold feet."

KENNY—"Poor wretch! He deserves a great deal of sympathy."

S. D.—"Why?"

KENNY—"Because the area of his suffering is so large."

THE leaves are falling on the lea,
The season's tired—and so are we,
Fair Autumn, thrifty housewife wise,
Is getting up her various dyes,
And trying to repair the waste
Of careless Summer's heat and haste,
The ripe nuts fall, and falls the fruit,
The sage thermometer follows suit,
While suits of other kinds come down
To lower price—as, likewise, gown,
Shawl, curtain, carpet, spoon and knife,
And Fall Trade rises. Such is life!
—Puck.

AMATEUR Artists, you will find at The Golden Easel, 316 Yonge Street, a very choice selection of studies to be rented. Artists' materials—opal, plaques, tiles and other articles for decorating. Original paintings a specialty, on exhibition and for sale.

FIRST QUARTER.—"Please brush my hair, Carissima; your dimpled, darling fingers know the dearest way."

FULL MOON.—"Sadie, dear, I wish you would brush off my coat. You are more expert with the whisk than I am."

LAST QUARTER.—"Sarah, brush the mud off my trousers there, will you? I got all splashed last night."

NEW MOON.—"Say, do be a little quicker with those shoes. I'm in a deuce of a hurry."—Time.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

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WHY should the market-gardener's wife wear russet gaiters?

Because the yell "Oh, shoo!" will make the chickens get out of the garden.—Judge.

STRANGER.—"Did a pedestrian pass this way a few minutes ago?"

GRANGER.—"No, sor, I've been right outer this tater patch fer mor'n a nowen an' notter blamed thing has passed 'cept one solitary man, an' he was trampin' erlong on foot."—Time.

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.

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RUSSETT BROWN.—"This is bracing autumn weather, but after all it's rather sad to contemplate the close of summer, isn't it?"

MEL DAYS (with a slight shiver).—"Yes, but I won't have anything else to contemplate for one while."

RUSSETT BROWN.—"What do you mean?"

MEL DAYS.—"I mean the clothes of summer."—Time.

AND now a rival of Edison's has come to the surface with an invention for piercing the ears without pain. No modern opera-house should be without one.—Puck.

COLUMBIA FRESHMAN.—"Aw, bahbah, haven't you some kind of Hair Wenever that I could put on this moustache?"

BARBER.—"Faith, sor, Oi think it 's a Hair Originator that you do be after wantin'!"—Puck.

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(See page 238.)



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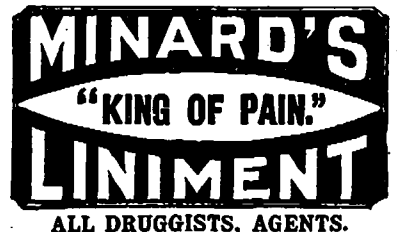
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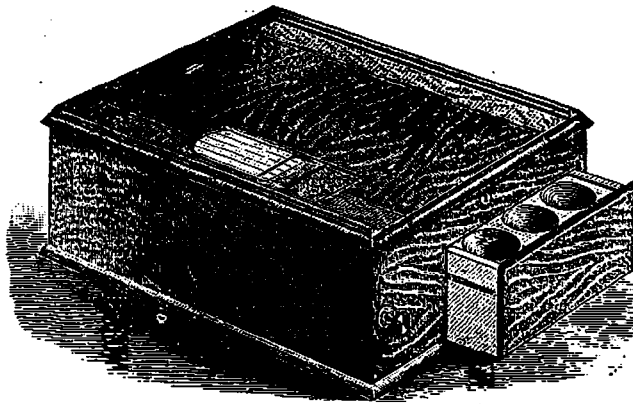
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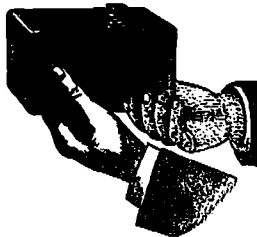
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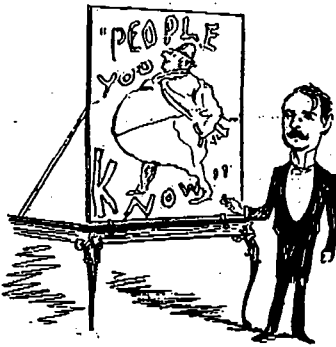


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Calgary, N.W.T.....	Monday,	" 14
Medicine Hat, N.W.T....	Tuesday,	" 15
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Portage-la-Prairie, Man...	Friday,	Nov. 1
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Morris, Man.....	Friday,	" 8
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Gretna, Man.....	Wednesday,	" 13
Port Arthur,.....		
Bracebridge, Ont.....	Tuesday,	" 19
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