

GRIFFIN

FOUNDED 1857

INDEPENDENT

JOURNAL

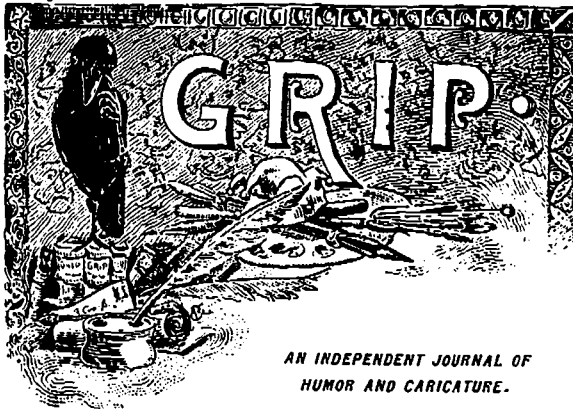
OF HUMOR

AND CARICATURE



SAT UPON !!

But we want to notify Messrs. Van Horne and Hickson that as "Truth crushed to earth will rise again," so will the Viaduct Scheme, which is the True solution of the Esplanade difficulty.



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Comments on the Cartoons.



THE OLD LIBERAL MINSTRELS—The performance given at the Grand Opera House here last Monday week by the Young Liberal Minstrel Company, of London, was so successful that GRIP is sure his readers will appreciate a performance by the Seniors of that party, even if it is merely on paper. The Old Liberals haven't enterprise or enthusiasm enough to get up an actual stage show, though their stock of chestnuts is such as to equip them for the minstrel business in a first class manner. If there only was the requisite amount of snap about the old chaps this minstrel idea would be an excellent "plan of campaign."

The novelty of seeing Blake, Cartwright, Mowat, Mercier and all the other leaders and lieutenants in burnt cork, would pack the largest halls throughout the country, and if care were taken to have the audiences composed chiefly of Tories who need converting, instruction could be combined with amusement in such a way as to have the most remarkable practical results. In the First Part, for example, the conundrums and comic ditties could be made the vehicles of exposing Government misdoings; while the pathetic ballads might deal with the woes of the over-taxed consumer and the befooled farmer. In the olio still more effective work could be done. For instance, Cartwright might deliver

a burlesque budget speech, in which the policy of the Government would be mercilessly criticised; Laurier might get in some effective drives at the N.P. by giving a funny performance with a pantomime elephant—(Blake and Mills performing the parts of the fore and hind legs thereof—and the intelligent animal answering questions such as "Who pays the duty?" through the lips of the former distinguished gentleman.) The dancing, banjosolos and other specialities could all be given a political significance, and the programme could be wound up by a screaming farce entitled, "The Results of Tory Rule" by the full strength of the company, in which both dialogue and action would be a perfect broadside against the Administration. It's too bad that this new and brilliant notion cannot be carried out. But there is really no use, we fear, in submitting it to the Old Liberals. As already remarked, they are sadly lacking in snap and enterprise.

SAT URON.—The conference between the railway magnates and the representatives of Toronto held at the City Hall on Friday last resulted in the utter rejection by the former of the Viaduct scheme as a solution of the Esplanade difficulty, on the ground chiefly that it would be too costly. Mr. Van Horne painted a terrible picture of cost, but as he has for a long time been in the habit of talking glibly of millions, the effect was not so thrilling as he could have wished. At all events, Mr. Wellington's reply, to the effect that he was prepared to put up security and undertake the work for about \$3,000,000 less than Van's estimate, was a settler. Sir Joseph Hickson's forebodings, which were equally gloomy, were also fairly answered, but it was not expected that arguments in favor of the viaduct plan would meet with the approval of the railways. The real battle is to be fought before the Railway Committee at Ottawa, and the issue is now clearly defined. What we contend is that the statute which empowers a railway company to sacrifice the private rights of an individual in the general interests, ought also, in a case like this, to empower a city to sacrifice the convenience of a railway company in the interests of the majority. Under the law, a railway line may be run through any citizen's house, if necessity can be shown; surely, in the spirit of the same law, the tracks of a railway may be compulsorily elevated to save life in a populous city. Toronto is bound to have the viaduct or know the reason why. In the meantime, we are glad to see Alderman Gillespie's motion instructing Mayor Clarke to make formal application for the patent to our water lots, which is being wrongfully withheld by the Government, passed the Council at its last meeting.



LEO XIII. has uttered a leonine roar from the seven hills of Rome. To change the figure slightly, the amiable occupant of the Vatican has issued an Encyclical containing instructions to the faithful as to their duties to the State and to the Church—only that the Church comes first of course. From the papal standpoint the document is highly logical. If the Pope is indeed infallible, and directly inspired from on high;

if he is God's only accredited mouthpiece on earth, we are bound to hear and obey him even though it be necessary to rebel against the civil power to do so. Loyalty to the Almighty must take precedence of loyalty to any earthly throne. But it so happens that the Pope is not what he claims to be, and this makes all the difference in the world.

THE bold and unscrupulous attempt of the Louisiana Lottery Company to fasten itself upon the new State of North Dakota has led to a very general demand in the American press for Federal legislation suppressing all such institutions, or at least forbidding them the use of the mails.

Thus begins an editorial note in the *Mail*, in which the reader will look in vain for any sort of endorsement of the lottery swindle. The *Mail* is altogether too respectable a journal to—but hold up, what's this? Can this



HIELANT TOO, AN' WHAT FOR NO, McINNES?

(Notice of motion by Senator McInnes of B.C.)

Whereas the Gaelic language is the mother tongue of, and is daily used by a large number of her Majesty's subjects in Canada, therefore her Majesty by and with the advice and consent of the Senate and House of Commons of Canada enacts as follows:—

The Gaelic language may be used by any person in the debates of the Senate and House of Commons of Canada and shall be used in the respective records and journals of those Houses, and may be used by any person in any proceeding or process in or issuing from any court established or acting under the legislative authority of the Parliament of Canada.

be another issue of the *Mail*? Yes, sure enough, dated Saturday, 20th Feb. And just cast your eye on these two long, seductive columns of matter headed "Fortune's Temple." Attractive title, hey? What is it all about? Gentle reader, it is the most skilfully contrived advertisement of this very same Louisiana Lottery fake! Great is consistency!

Since the above paragraph was written, action has been taken to punish the *Mail* and some other Toronto journals for advertising the lottery, contrary to law. This will, perhaps, have even more effect on the wrong doers than any caustic remarks of ours.

A GENTLEMAN by the name of Montague has defeated a gentleman called Colter in a contest for the representation of Haldimand in the House of Commons. It is alleged that there was bribery on the part of the successful candidate, however, and the seat is to be contested. . . The foregoing sentences we propose to have cast in a solid stereotype to save the printer all future trouble during the natural lives of the gentlemen in question.

POLITICO - PHILOSOPHICAL
students are coming forward with interesting theories to account for the large majority of Dr. Montague—over 200. It is not usual for him to have more than fifty, and occasionally Colter has the big end of the vote. The *savant* of the *Globe* believes the result was due largely to serious frauds in the holding of the election; others incline to the view that the popularity of the Government among the farmers, due to the high prices of grain, is what did it; others again think that Dr. Montague's comparative youth gave him the advantage in the baby-kissing contest: while it is the fixed conviction of the Equal Righters that Haldimand has pronounced its emphatic condemnation of the shifty policy of the Liberal Party on the dual language question. Our own opinion, after a careful examination of all the facts and circumstances, is that the real reason of Colter's defeat—is hard to tell.

A PROPOS of this latest election in Haldimand, a leading citizen of Dunnville writes us as follows:

"It is a great pity that you had not had an artist on the Indian Reserve in Haldimand the night before the election, for certainly there must, as the saying is, have been 'a scene for an artist.' Dr. Montague had lashings of beer and liquor and eating supplies carted in there, and after feeding the Indians and giving them all they could drink, and giving them a good time generally, they got up a dance, which was kept up until daylight, and my informant tells me that the Doctor took part in the dances, swinging the squaws around in the loudest kind of style. Then, next morning, he headed a gang of bucks, numbering at least forty, and led them down the road to the polls and voted them.

Such electioneering is certainly novel, and speaks volumes for the Indian voter. It occurred to me that if you were in need of a subject for a cartoon you couldn't have a more apropos subject. It actually took place, for my informant saw it and is reliable."

IT is too bad about poor Mr. Louis Kossuth. An interviewer who lately talked to the grand old Hungarian patriot in his secluded Italian home found him in a frame of pessimism as blue as indigo. He is convinced that nothing will solve the labor problem except a cataclysm, in which the present population will be swept from the surface of the earth and a new race, capable of a new civilization, may appear. There can be no doubt that this *would* put an end to the mundane troubles of the present inhabitants. It is pretty bad, Louis, old boy, but not quite so desperate as this!

THE interviewer would have done Kossuth a kindness by leaving him a copy of "Progress and Poverty"—a work which he has evidently never read, though it has been translated into all the European languages. His description of the present condition of things is almost in Henry George's own words—"the progress of civilization has given the great mass of the people desires



TAKE NOTE.

"Congratulate me, Miss Browning; I have at last embarked in literary work!"

"Indeed! Are you writing a novel?"

"No—not yet. I am supplying the *Saturday Night* society column—list of names, and so forth, you know."

which were once confined to the few and the rich. . . . An equal division of property will be followed in time by an unequal possession of property. The weak will always go down before the strong. Republicanism will not cure the malady. . . . America has this social malady too. . . . There must be more scope for the *man*. The individual must have room to develop."

THE root of this disease is monopoly. That which the Creator intended for all has become the exclusive property of the few, and the world has been made artificially too small to accommodate its population. That is why the individual has no room to develop. The cause of the trouble is clear, and so is the remedy—the destruction of this monopoly by the concentration of all taxation upon the rental value of land.

THE *Empire's* point is well taken that it is an exhibition of bad taste and cowardice for members of the Local Government to make attacks upon members of the Dominion Government during debates in the Assembly. The good old motto, "Mind your own business," ought to be nailed up on the Chamber wall, and except where the interests of the Province called for it, the Dominion Government, whether good or bad, ought to be left uncriticised.

HINTS ON ETIQUETTE.

FOR GENTLEMEN.

IN many drawing-rooms where one visits, a cat may be seen reposing on the rug. Although the temptation is great, do not tread on its tail while its mistress is present, but if she leave the room for a moment, bring down the heel of your boot with some force on the animal's caudal appendage. Then resume your seat and take up a photograph album. This may divert suspicion.

When an injudicious mamma brings in her new baby to exhibit, it is etiquette to say, "charming dear—sweet little angel—how like her mother!" You can relieve your feelings by murmuring, "remarkably plain child; positively homely; in fact," but be careful not to mix things so

as to become audible. Do not draw attention to the infant's snub nose if unlike that of either parent.

It is not etiquette to ask a young lady, in the presence of her mother, who that young fellow was whom she was philandering so long with under a lamp-post on the way home from Mrs. Brown's party.

FOR LADIES.

It is injudicious to tell her mamma that you admire that dress Amanda has on, but, on the whole, you think it looks better on her sister Elizabeth when it is the latter's evening out.

When a young poet is present, it is not etiquette to wonder how any gaby could be so soft as to write those maukish sonnets to Ianthe and Emma. It would not remedy the inadvertence to say that your cook, Bridget, was moved even to tears by reading the *Soul's Sickness* (the young poet's volume, just published.)

It is not customary in the best society for a mother to use her slipper on a rebellious little girl in company. It is better etiquette to give her a sly pinch, or run a pin a short distance into her person. Then, when the child squalls, remark with a sigh, "the sweet pet is so sensitive," and have her removed.

When your one domestic, just landed one week from shipboard, where she was wont to go backwards down the steerage companion ladder, backs down stairs in the same manner, and asks your visitor, "Phat is ye'se wantin'?" you should not speak of her as a long and faithful retainer.

Should you find a number four-and-a-half pale primrose kid glove in your husband's pocket when he returns from alleged fishing, it is not etiquette to ask him where he got it. It may have been used for holding bait.

NEW NATIONAL ANTHEM.

AS SUNG BY MR. MULLOCK.

ROYAL Goddess of this land,
Low before You bending,
See Your loyal Commons and
Listen condescending.

Here we lie before Your Throne,
To refute the lying
Rumors by vile traitors sown.
All our love denying.

But such Achans we will vex
Who thus vex the nation,
Surely they must love their necks
Less than annexation.

Farrer, Sol. White, and the rest,
For *Malicious* treason,
Like the half-breeds of the West
Shall be brought to reason.

And if from the leash they slip,
Hounds of war a-hunting,
On Britannia's Royal Ship
We will hang our *Bunting*.

Your globe-girdling Rule shall blend
Parties all in one set,
Firm resolved to never lend
Our colors to its sunset.

Denizens (Denisons) of Kanuck land
Are as prone as ever
To shed gore with battle brand,
And surrender never.

Hoping from Your Royal mind
Doubts unwelcome load is
Well removed, we are resigned
To be Your humble toadies,

WILLIAM MCGILL



SIR JOHN ABETTING THE GRAB.

By the Windmill line agreement, which was signed by the city and the railways, and ratified by the Government, Toronto is entitled to the patent of certain lots which the C.P.R. is trying to expropriate. This patent is in Sir John's hands, having been duly issued over a year ago. Why doesn't he hand it over to its proper owner, so that the city may control the railway and protect its rights? If the expropriation is carried through, how long will the C.P.R. have to wait for that patent? Let the Old Man beware! Toronto has awakened from her "disgraceful sleep," and is in no mood to be longer trifled with

A PA OF THE PERIOD.

To Messrs. Fitout & Co., Fascinating Artists.

GENTS,—You have seen in the papers that I have struck coprolite in my pasture lot. I mean now to make my gal Susan a lady. She has no mother to speak of, so I have to build her up myself. Send the following articles for scaffolding, to wit, namely:—

An assortment of hair of fashionable colors, golden preferred; one hair frizzer; some marble brows; stuff to put in her eyes to make them look big; ink for eyebrows; chalk and blommonge for skin; box of Mercier's mountain rouge for cheeks; freckle eradicator; one nose moulder; so so don't for teeth, and one new pearly set (the gaps are jotted on the enclosed paper); supply of stereotyped smiles; steel shoulder braces; several pairs Mrs. Langtry's stays; some chamois unders; horse-girths to haul in waste; magnetic liver pads and porous plasters; roll of bussel, warranted 100 yards; plumpers for calves, and socks with clockwork; gross of embroidered garters, of colors pleasing to the eye; case of boots, three-inch heels, number elevens. Mrs. Milliner will supply the outside gear. Send by express. Draw on me at three days.

BUCKSHEESH HOBNAIL, ESQ., J.P.

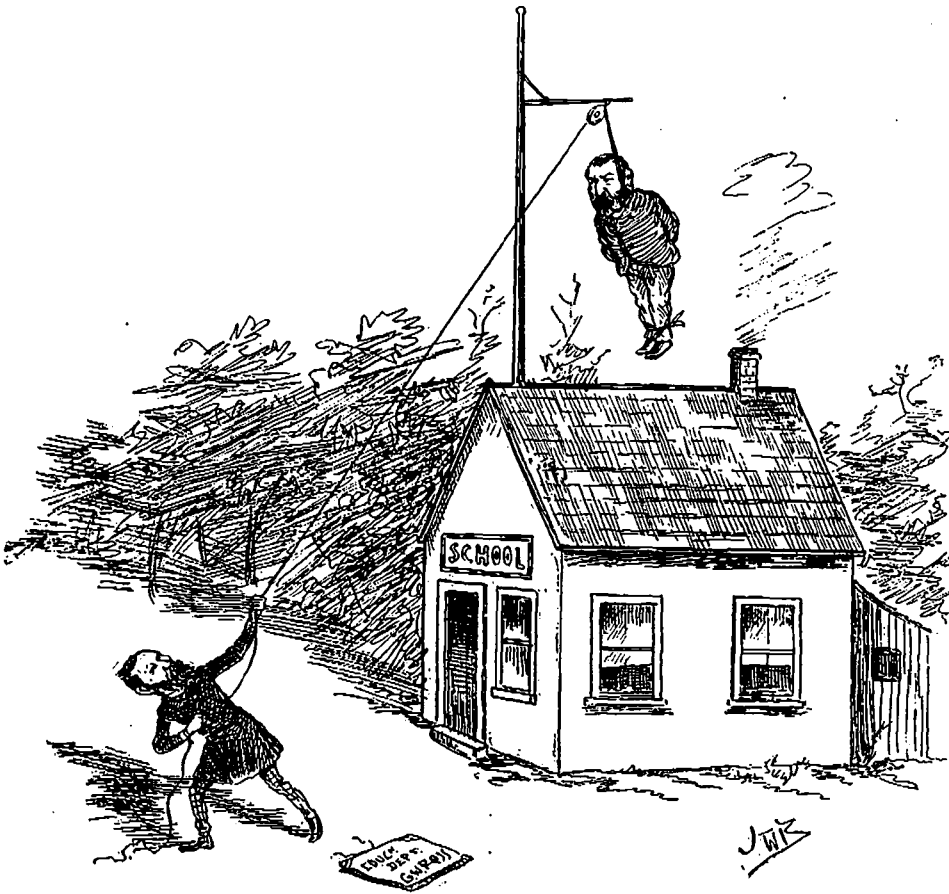
A BALLADE OF BOREDOM.

IN the morning when keen as a knife
Is the breeze of the front-parlor air,
And the microbes of grippe are most rife,
This lady ne'er seemeth to care;
But planting herself on a chair,
Around her her wrapper she girds,
And fixing a pin in her hair,
Starts boldly at "Songs Without Words."

She abounds in all stations of life,
You know her, this bird is not rare,
She's a bone of contention and strife,
She maketh the neighbors to swear,
And folks say they'd live anywhere,
In a garret high over the thirds,
Or a cellar, to get from the scare
Of the girl who plays "Songs Without Words."

To the strains of an invalid life
Add a bagpipe, all out of repair,
And the screams of a well-beaten wife
With a chord from the realm of despair,
That result would be easy to bear;
But my blood freezes up till it curds,
When I hear every morning the blare
Of the girl who plays "Songs Without Words."

P. QUILL.



MERELY SUGGESTED.

Apropos of the proposal to display flags over Canadian schools to mark national red-letter days, the *Globe* says:—"It is obvious that there would be little significance in a display of bunting over every school house if the flags were furnished gratis by the Education Department, and forced up by a general regulation. Much better that the school sections should be invited to hoist a regulation flag, and informed that they can each have one regulation at a stated price. The responses would measure with some accuracy the prevalence of Col. Denison's admirable sentiments; and, moreover, the flags would be taken better care of if paid for directly by the ratepayers."

There needn't be any bother about flags. A *Display of Bunting* in the fashion depicted above would, we are sure, meet with the hearty approbation of the Minister of Education.

HOOTS FROM THE OWL.

No. II.

I WANT to tell the young divinity students that there is a great change impending in ecclesiastical affairs for which they should prepare themselves. The political cry of the right of The People to elect everybody who is to hold any public office is invading the Church. I don't see that it has been such a glorious success in the political world: it seems to me that "The Choice of The People" very often gets there through the ingenuity of some wire-puller, and does not infallibly prove the right man in the right place. However, the cry is fashionable, and bound to prevail. I suppose you in Canada will soon be clamoring for the right of The People to choose their own judges. Indeed, I expect to hear of the school children agitating for the right to elect their own teachers; and then you will see the aspirant for the dominie's chair running round, hat in hand, to secure votes and influence, and promising everything that every school child will demand.

At all events, whatever may come to pass respecting the teaching of secular things, you, my young

friends, who aspire to be teachers of religious things, must remember that such will be your case henceforth. The idea that every individual member of the congregation of which you may aspire to be the teacher will be suddenly and uniformly imbued with the thought that you, and you only, are just the man that's wanted, is very pretty in theory; but you will find it is not agood working hypothesis. So my first pointer to you is:—Secure the wire-pullers of the congregation; you can find them out if you take the pains:

Then again, remember that the present demand everywhere is for smart young men. I know of a certain congregation which was vacant not long ago. When an applicant came to show off his paces (I beg pardon—I mean preach his trial sermon) the first thing they did was to hunt up his name in the clergy roll; if they found he had been on it fifteen or twenty years, why that was enough to condemn him at once: he was not young enough to be an "Elder." The American papers have been gravely dis-

cussing whether ministers should not be retired as soon as they are forty-five. I wonder how Sir John, or Mr. Gladstone, or Prince Bismarck would approve of that rule in politics! Or how lawyers and doctors would like it! Indeed, the only professions I know of besides the clerical where this rule applies are those of baseball players, circus clowns and pugilists. Surely the name of Presbyters (elders) should be exchanged for, say, "Youngsters." So my second piece of advice to you is, in the words of the poet:

Enjoy the fragrance of thy prime,
For oh! it is not always May!

Get a good thing whilst you are young. Look out for a place as assistant minister in a wealthy congregation where the minister in charge is likely to die soon—or to get the G.B.

A third hint is this. If you are fishing (I beg pardon again, I mean, if you are a "Candidate," that's the word) for any particular post, be sure you tell The People (*i.e.* the wire-pullers) that you "don't agree with the Bishop"—or the stationing committee, or whatever other power it may be. The People delight in those who "don't agree with



THE THEATRE.

FROM A BAS RELIEF RECENTLY DUG UP IN HERCULANEUM.

(The reader will note that the tall hat was as much in fashion then as now.)—*Chicago Light.*

the powers." It shows Independence—of the powers: and the more independent you are of the powers, the more dependent you will be on "The People." And they like that; at least the wire-pullers do.

I am, my dear young Theological students, yours serviceably,

The Ivy-mantled Tower.

OWI.

ECHOES FROM OTTAWA.

(By our Own Sweet Reporter.)

DIREFUL DILEMMAS IN A SERIES OF INTERVIEWS—OWEN'S BRIEFS WHICH FAILED TO WIN A CASE — ANNA DOWNHEARTED, BUT RESOLVED TO TRY AGAIN.

OTTAWA, Feb. 28.

MR. GRIP—DEAR SIR,—I am real, downright angry and disappointed, and—and—*disheartened*—and—and—*dis-cOURAGED*—and—and—yes, I am; don't you dare to contradict me!—*DE-TERMINED* to—to—go right home and never, never come back to this hateful place and this mean, nasty work again!

Oh, I know right well you are laughing at me, you horrid, heartless man! But I don't care! There now! And I'll go to work and write you the crossiest, sauciest, spitefullest letter you ever had in all your life! And you can print it or not, just as you please! And you can think what you like of me, too! And you can—!"

* * * * *

An hour later.—Dearest old GRIP,—Please leave out the first part of this letter, like the good old lovey dovey you are! *Please* do! I—I—I am—sorry! There, you are the only person I *ever* apologized to! You ought to feel very much gratified and obliged to me. But I don't believe I would have done it only for Owen's sister. She came in to see me just as I was flaring up, and she talked and laughed and advised me out of my mad, and, after getting my hair done up in the new style she has just learned, and taking a good strong cup of tea, I feel like my own self again, and will try hard to stay nice and gentle and self-possessed while I am here.

I shall now, taking the advice of Owen's sister, make a clean breast of my troubles, and then maybe you'll

sympathize with me instead of grinning, as I verily believe you are at this blessed moment.

You see, I couldn't bother listening to that Dual Language Debate, nor yet spare time to read the columns and columns of reports in the papers. So I just asked Owen what I had ought to do about writing something on the question. The dear, kind fellow told me not to "worry." "I'll put you on a racket, Miss Anna," were his very words, "that'll make rattling stuff and give you a strait scoop." Owen always employs strange and abrupt language. He says it comes of his Parliamentary experience and associations.

So he prepared me several "briefs," as he termed them, and sent me on another interviewing mission, the object being to ascertain from one speaker what he thought of the address of some other during the great debate. "They will all be in their calm senses now, you perceive, and will not be likely to talk guff or give you the spooof." Such funny expressions as "guff" and "spooof"! Did you ever! But I have great trust in Owen, and repeat his language unhesitatingly.

His last words to me before I started were: "Don't get the briefs mixed and tackle the duffers with the wrong mud. Look at your labels!"

MR. MCCARTHY.

"*Comment ce va, monsieur!* On behalf of GRIP, which journal stands alone, *seulement*, as an *ex cathedra*—I shall say † cathedral, if you will not regard it as mere flattery—exponent of our leading statesmen's views, and as giving the only *vrai* and unvarnished *reconter* of Parliamentary doings, *je suis ici! Comprenez-vous? Sabe?*"

This is how my "brief" marked "McCarthy" began, and I faithfully read it off and waited for some encouragement.

Mr. McCarthy simply glared at me! Then I noticed his lower jaw drop. The next instant he rose hurriedly from his chair and chokingly exclaimed "Madam!" at the same time gazing around him in a dazed sort of way. I, of course, attributed it all to his embarrassment at my sudden and unexpected call, and so I sympathizingly handed him a glass of water. The poor man drank, sank back in his seat and hoarsely said to me: "Go on!"



THE SLEEVE OF FASHION.

THE Hanging Sleeves so much beloved of ladies are, we are informed by the fashion papers, about to be adopted by gentlemen. Should this come to pass, our streets will be quite picturesque in their looseness.

I proceeded as softly and unexcitedly as possible to read: "*Monsieur D'Alton*, the motto of your illustrious house is: *Je plie et je ne romps pas*. In this struggle thou hast been bent, but thy back has not been broken. *Vous avez beaucoup du sable dans votre Gorge!* Now I want your candid opinion as to whether the hon. gentleman who declared, speaking of *la langue française*, that the pruning knife must be applied, no matter whose ox is gored, was voicing true public sentiment or was a demagogue, a race fiend, *un homme pauvre*, and an egregious chump? Was it, or was it not, the talk of a mere lawyer, *nisi prius* to boot? Give me—*donnez moi*—your frank regard of a rising young Canadian statesman who wants to run a little Party of his own, and who has started out to do so yelling: '*à l'enfer avec le Pope et la langue française!*' What think you of the stability and reliability of the politician who goes back on his Party at a crisis like this—*en si grand un malheur?*"

Just here I ventured to raise my eyes, when I was almost paralyzed to note that my auditor was in a dead faint. I rang the bell and fled. My opinion of Mr. McCarthy is that he needs rest and nourishment.

MR. BLAKE.

I found this eminent personage deeply engrossed making out a bill against the C.P.R. It was just impossible not to read the printed heading on the sheets and sheets of account paper, filled up with long figures in the \$ and c. columns. You know I was assistant book-keeper once, in pa's store and post-office, and so I easily understood what Mr. Blake was at. He looked so hard-worked making out this long account that I felt just like offering to help him; indeed, I was nearly beginning to forget my mission, and had assumed one of my most engaging smiles, when the gentleman, reading my card, coldly said: "I do not know this—aw—this publication you represent, young woman! I think, however—I may say I am inclined to believe—that at one time I was aware of the existence of some such periodical, if my memory serves me right. But there is an impression on my mind that I saw fit to disapprove of the style of some of the

—er—the pictures, and I thereupon allowed official cognizance of the print to lapse. May I ask your errand, specifically and in as few words as possible?"

All the time this awful lecture was going on I was just ready to drop with fright. Mr. Blake fairly sent cold chills all down my back, and I know I was dreadfully flustered when I turned to my brief and began in a trembling voice: "Honored but discharged leader of a Reform Party with nothing to reform. I have come to interview you, *in re* Dual Language. Tell me candidly if your deep love for the French people extends outside of the Parliamentary contingent of Frenchmen? Do you yearn for justice to the oppressed race, or only for renewed power? Are you really pining to see ox-carts wobbling over the prairie roads with a decided French accent, or is it only taffy-on-a-stick you're giving us? Tell me what you think of that powerful address of the hon. Member who pours out such long and tortuous sentences that the reporters contract paresis following them up, and all the other punctuation marks get the laugh on the period over the way it is ignored. Speak now!"

Lifting my eyes from the "brief," I was surprised to find myself alone. I don't know whether Mr. Blake had gone out to get me refreshments or not. But I was so indignant at his conduct that I at once and hastily withdrew also. I'll never speak to Mr. Blake again.

SIR JOHN.

The Premier was in the most gracious mood imaginable. His hair was beautifully combed and curled. But I have an idea a nice set of false teeth would become Sir John. I'll advise Lady Macdonald about this. I want to see him keep all his good looks. GRIP, I believe you really make him out ugly in the cartoons just for pure mischief. I think the old statesman is positively handsome. And so winning in his address. He talked to me like an old friend, and seemed to know all the folks out in the settlement where I last taught school. And, what do you think? If I didn't forget all about my interview on the Debate! Owen's brief was in my hand all the time, but until after Sir John had bowed me out I never thought to look at it! Dear, oh, dear! Is it any wonder, then, that after spending a whole morning on Owen's interview "scheme," and utterly failing, I should sit down in a bad temper and boo-oo-h?

If I don't make amends in my next week's letter, GRIP dear, then I shall just die of despair and rage.

Ever of thee,

ANNA NYAS.

VARIOUS OBSERVATIONS.

AS GOOD AS CAT'S-PAWS.

THE pair of tongues which enable the Jesuits to grasp the situation in the North-West may help to explain why the country's development *languages*.

EXCULPATORY.

THE breeze at present agitating Dominion politics is a Nor'-Wester.

A POINTER FOR THE LIME-KILN CLUB.

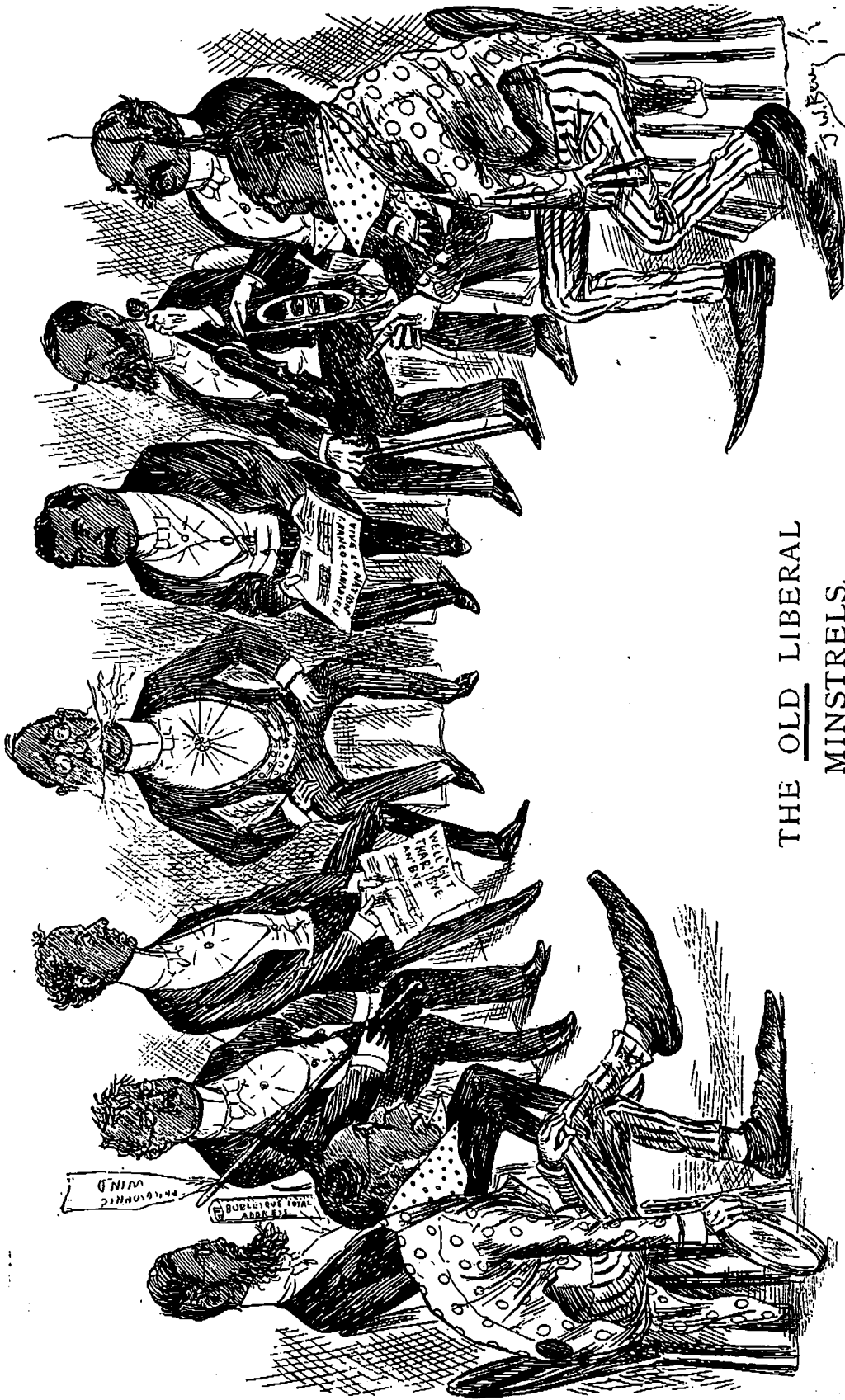
THE best drink to *slake* thirst is *lime* juice.

A TRUMPED-UP charge—that of the Light Brigade.

A FLIGHTY old gentleman—Father Time.

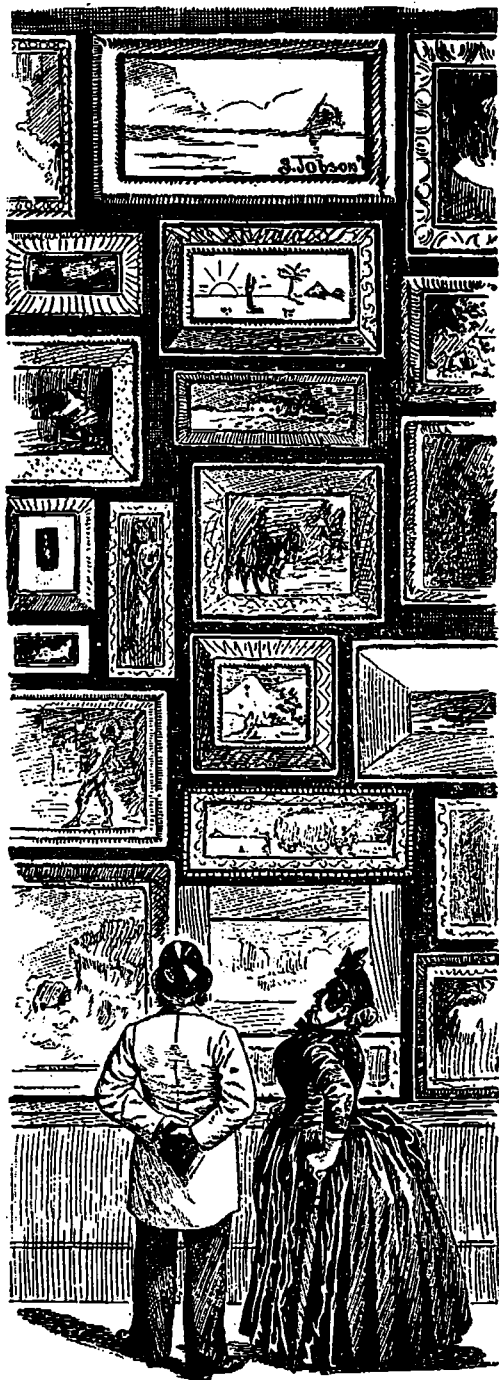
WHEN is brevity a foe to levity? When it is the *sole* of wit.

THE old swing bridge over the river Styx, on the Broad Road (loop line) is being replaced by one of wire.



THE OLD LIBERAL
MINSTRELS.

END-MAN BLAKE—" Mars Cartwright, k-kin you tell me wh-why de Lib'ral Pahty am like a man wot gits his house burned down, an' ain't got no 'surance on it? "
 END-MAN' MOWAT—" Dat's an easy one. It's because he gits left ! "
 END-MAN BLAKE—" But dat's jes' what I wanter know— *Why* does he git left? "
 INTERLOCUTOR CARTWRIGHT—" I don't know; tell us, Mr. Blake, *Why* is the Liberal Party like a man who meets with the misfortune of losing his uninsured house? "
 END-MAN BLAKE—" 'C—'cause—'cause it ain't got no Policy ! "
 INTERLOCUTOR CARTWRIGHT—" Monsieur Mercier will now favor us with a lovely ballad," etc., etc.



AT THE EXHIBITION.

Mrs. JOBSON—"Look, Jobson, they must have thought our Sammy's picture great, for they have put it up high over all the others."

SCIONS AND ART.

JESTNOTT—"I saw young Foolscap to-day at Holton's Nursery applying for work. He says it is necessary to join some other trade or profession to that of literature in its lower branches, and he thinks he will be able to make ends meet by grafting."

CHESTNUTT—"He is right. That is just the thing for a budding genius."

CHIRPS.

OF what fish is a young lady most fond?—Her-ring.

WHAT soap do defaulting bankers use?—Cash-steal.

WHY should fishes be wealthy?—Because they generally have divide-ends.

WHAT is the toper's favorite divinity?—Jug-or-naught.

IN what position does a toper sleep?—Horrors-zontal.

WHAT is the cause of all the trouble in Ireland?—The ignore-rents of the people.

WHEN are scholars like an earthquake?—When they go to wreck-creation.

TO what nation do account collectors belong?—The Sioux tribe.

WHAT is the nationality of the old clothes' repairers?—The A patch-ee tribe.

OF what trade are dudes?—Mash-inists.

"OAKUM with me," the sailor cried,

"And prove my heart's devotion!"

"Oh, no," the pretty maid replied,

"I do not like come-ocean!"

AN onion, despite its odor, may justly be called soup-herb.

IF soda-water is unadulterated it is fizz-ically beneficial.

THE FUNNY MAN.—"His strength is as the strength of ten, because his cause is jest."

VERY forehanded—Monckys.

A PROD-IGAL son—An ox driver.

AUTHORS are good people—They always do write.

THE best cribbage players live in Winn-a-pcg.

DEBTORS may be termed the cussed-owe-dians of the peoples' money.

THE tramp whose heel stuck out of his boot said it was for the purposes of vent-heel-ation.

THE miner sighs, "All my happiness is ore."

WHAT is the best railway for invalids to take?—The Pass'm Sick (Passumsic.)

SNIFF'S FROM THE ROUND TABLE.

BY P. MCARTHUR.

A COURTLY COMPLIMENT.

SIR GALAHAD—"King Arthur said a dainty thing of our Lancelot at the banquet yesternight."

SIR TRISTRAM—"What said he?"

SIR GALAHAD—"He spake of him as '*velut inter ignes luna minores*,' and that, thou knowest, signifieth, 'like the moon among the lesser lights.'"

SIR TRISTRAM—"Then by my troth must our gallant knight have been full."

SOCIAL COMPLICATIONS IN CAMELOT.

SIR BEVIDERE—"By my halidome I like not this piping time of peace."

KAY—"What irks my lord?"

SIR BEVIDERE—"Marry, but yesternight, when I returned from dalliance at the Table Round, my dame was brewing broth in my emblazoned helm, the which with my thirsty dagger she ever and anon upstirred. By all the saints it grieves my soul."

WHAT class of vegetables do the milkmen resemble? The pump-kin.

THE REVENGEFUL SCHEME OF A CAMERA FIEND.—I.



DETECTIVE CAMERA FIEND.—
"Ye needn't look so sour jest cause
a feller takes a picture of yer sweet-
heart."

EX-B. B. PITCHER.—" Guess yer
wont get no picture uf my sweet-
heart out uf thet machine."

C. F.—" I'll jest put a chunk of
this soothin' syrup into this cam-
era, and if that bruiser takles me
agin he'll know it." (See page 174.)

MR. HINTY'S VISIT.

FAITH, it's crazy and unaisy
In my mind I am, my daisy,
For your axing me is taxing
My poor memory outright ;
I feel sinking and I'm thinking
It's the fact there's nothing drinking,
So I'll take a rinse of whisky
And I'll tell yez of the fight.

Ye'll remimber in Decimber
We was setting on this timber,
Five and twinty years, when Hinty
Came arushing through that door,
And got prancing and a dancing
On our table, till advancing
With our warming-pan behind him
I jest spread him on the floor.

Oh ! I knock'd him down kerflummack,
And I sat upon his stomach,
And the handle of our warming-pan
I smashed upon his head ;
And by thunder it's a wonder
Or an accidental blunder
That before we finished fighting
Neither me or him was dead.

Thin he lifted me completely,
And bedad he did it nately,
With his knees into my shoulders
And his fingers on my throat ;
And we rolled around and hollered,
And I bit his arm and swaller'd
Several buttons and some flannel
And a lump of his best coat.

Not a word had aither spoken
And three chairs were lying broken
Into splinters nate and handy
For to light the morning fire ;
And the table wasn't able
To stand up—sure it's no fable—
And we tumbled round together
Like two bits of twisted wire.

But at last we seem'd to scatter,
And I shouts " Mike, what's the matter? "
And he sits down on the coal-box
And begins to rub his shins ;
But his laugh was good and hearty
When he says " Misther McCarthy,
I call'd frindly loike to tell yez
Misthress Hinty has got twins." P. QUILL.

MORE BIGOTRY.

ANGLICAN MINISTER :—" I am very sorry to see
that you have joined a Dissenting Church, Mr.
Backslider. How did you come to forsake us? "

MR. BACKSLIDER.—" Well, sir, I've got nothing particular
against the Episcopalians, but I thought I'd like a change.
All church roads lead to heaven, anyway."

ANGLICAN MINISTER.—" True enough, my friend, but
you seem to overlook the fact that ours is the shortest
cut."

IN A WESTERN SUBURB.

REAL ESTATE MAN.—" There now ! Look at those
beautiful lots ! Only fifty dollars a foot on easy
terms. See the immense amount of building that has
been going on in the neighborhood. Hold your ear to the
ground and you can hear the unearned increment grow ! "

INVESTOR.—" Yes, methinks I do hear a sort of expan-
sive growthful murmur—but it is curiously intermingled
with a dull dropping sound at intervals. That I guess is
the falling of the rents asked for the unoccupied stores
and houses."

WE OBJECT !

" WHAT do we want annexation for ? We cannot get
any more work OVER THERE than we get *here*.
Wages aren't higher than they are *here*. Business is not
more plentiful *there* than it is *here*."—*Dr. Wild's late
sermon.*

If Canada's annexed they'll make
Us move her " *over there*,"
Forsaking balmy air and lake,
Business and wages fair ;
But if they'll let the sun still shine,
Some future traveller may
Observe the hole this side the line
Where Canada once lay.

B. FREEMAN.

A LAMP-ON may be light and bright, but it is also the
wick-est kind of satire.

APPLY to the astronomer for advice on all social mat-
ters. He can tell you the weigh of the world.

THE REVENGEFUL SCHEME OF A CAMERA FIEND.—II.



EX-B. B. PITCHER.—"He ain't goin' ter wait to see me smash this one; seems sorter pleased, too."

EX-B. B. PITCHER.—"Guess when that strikes him it'll spoil his grin some."

EX-B. B. PITCHER.—"Glory, Molly! I don't appear to have lost any of my old-time speed."



YANKEE comedy is having its turn this week at the Academy, where Mr. Frank Tucker and Company are appearing in "Mrs. Partington." This house is now under the control of Major Whitney, of Detroit, and forms a link in his successful circuit of theatres. Mr. Percival Greene remains as manager.

MANAGER SHEPPARD has relapsed into the pretty girl business again, having given a week to the quiet domesticity of *The Wife*. This time it is the great Gilmore attraction, *The Twelve Temptations*, and for those whose taste is spectacular, the programme cannot but prove over-

whelmingly catching. Some wonderful circus business is done in the course of the piece,

"Siberia" packed Jacobs & Sparrow's Opera House last week, a result due no doubt in some degree to the prevailing Anti-Czar sentiment. The patrons of this excellently conducted house are being entertained at present with a lively piece entitled "Saved from the Storm," in which Miss Minnie Oscar Gray, Mr. W. Stephens and some bright canine stars are supported by a competent company.

WHAT a duck of a word is that trisyllable "in-dis-posed!" When Madame Patti—or any other prima donna of her standing—does not wish to carry out an engagement she has entered into, she just tells them she is indisposed, and then sometimes she sits in the audience and listens to the chairman explaining about her "indisposition." The beauty of the word is that there is no white-lie about it. It doesn't necessarily mean ill-health; it may and generally does signify simply—"don't feel inclined."

TORONTO is to be honored by a visit from Dr. Hans Von Bülow—the artist who, by the general consent of critics—stands at the head of living masters of the piano. By the enterprise of Messrs. Suckling & Sons, this opportunity of a lifetime is afforded our citizens. The date set is Monday, April 7th, and the place, the Pavilion. The prices of seats range from \$3.00 to \$1.00, and it will be necessary for intending patrons to get their names on the subscription list as soon as possible to make sure of seats.

A STYLISH-LOOKING gentleman walked in and ordered lunch. The waiter hurried up, and, whisking the napkin from under his arm, commenced to polish the glass standing on the table.

"Stop! stop!" interposed the gentleman. "I prefer drinking out of a clean glass!" —*Il Fanfulla*.

LAWYER—"Your uncle makes you his sole heir; but the will stipulates that the sum of one thousand dollars must be buried with him."

HEIR (*feelingly*)—"The old man was eccentric; but his wishes must be respected, of course. I'll write a check for that amount." —*Boston Beacon*.

VISITOR—"Now James, what makes the apple fall from the tree?"

JAMES—"Worms." —*Time*.

"ALL a woman asks is to be loved," says a poet. Then all this stuff about her wanting new bonnets and sealskin jackets must be a vile slander.

FRAGRANT and delicious is the universally expressed opinion of Dyer's Arnicated Tooth Paste in tubes. Druggists keep it. W. A. Dyer & Co., Montreal.

"WILL you not grant me one word, Miss Bullion, just one—that I may treasure forever?"

"Good-bye." —*Time*.

In another column we insert the card of Messrs. J. A. McMurtry & Co., Real Estate Brokers, Yonge St. Arcade, City. Mr. McMurtry is a man possessed of the requisite amount of energy and has a thorough knowledge of the business of Real Estate, Insurance, and Finance Brokerage, and we have pleasure in drawing our readers' attention to the card.

LADY—"Splendid weather to-day!"

LIEUTENANT DONNERWATER—"That is just what I was going to say!" —*Volkszeitung*.

FINE ART.

Mr. T. Pike, of "The Golden Easel," 316 Yonge Street, has on exhibition and for sale in his unique little Art Gallery at the above address, some very excellent sketches of painting by Mr. D. Fowler, of Mr. Bell-Smith, F.V.C.Ede., T. Munroe Martin, G. A. Reid, Arthur Cox, and other leading Canadian artists. Lovers of fine art should give him a call. Amateur artists and art students will find "The Golden Easel" the right place to obtain their materials, etc. Choice studies to be rented. Terms moderate. Pictures framed in moulding of latest design.

AMY—"What makes young De Swim scowl so all the while?"

JACK—"He has to, you know, in order to make his eyeglass stay on."

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BLOOD
BITTERS** CURES
Impure Blood,
Dyspepsia,
Liver Complaints,
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Kidney Complaint,
Scrofula.

"COULD you lend me \$5 until day after to-morrow?"
"No. I might want to use it myself before Christmas."—*Life*.

A TRADESWOMAN, having recently lost the custom of an Empress, has altered her sign-board as follows:—"Madame X—, staymaker to the Brazilian Republic."—*Etoile Belge*.

In buying Diamonds and Fine Watches, this issue of GRIP invites its readers to call on the well-known Firm of D. H. Cunningham, 77 Yonge St., 2 doors north of King. Manufacturing to order, and a large stock of unset diamonds.

"WELL, my boy, if three dollars a week will suit you, you may come to work here next Monday."

YOUNG AMERICA (aged eleven)—"Well, draw up de contract an' I'll sign."—*Time*.

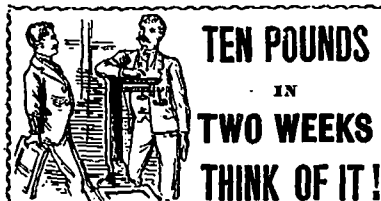
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MRS. BONBINE (just awakened)—"George, my dear, do you love me as much as you did when we were first married?"

MR. BONBINE—"Why, certainly, my darling."

"Well, then, hustle out and start a fire in the kitchen."—*Time*.



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"Yes, (dejectedly) John, that's all very nice, but where is the stationary domestic?"



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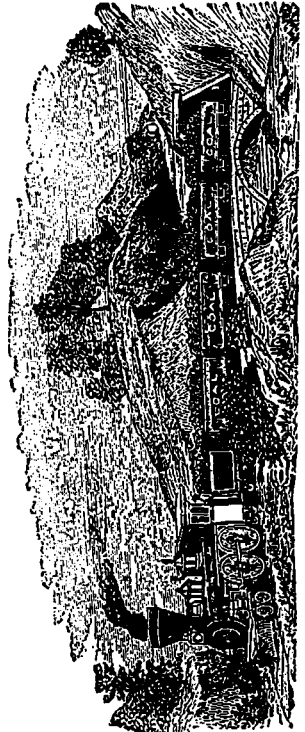
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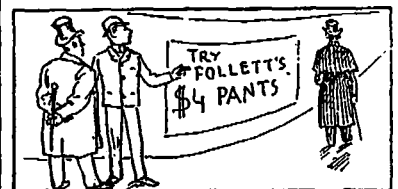
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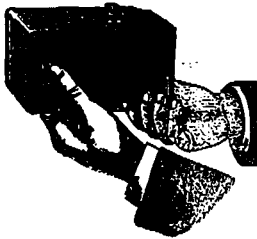


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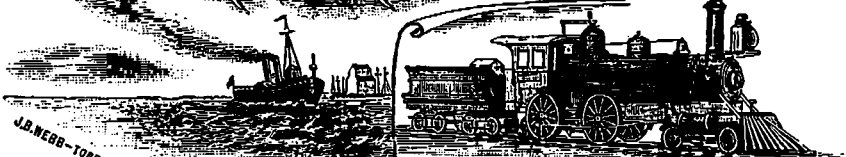
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