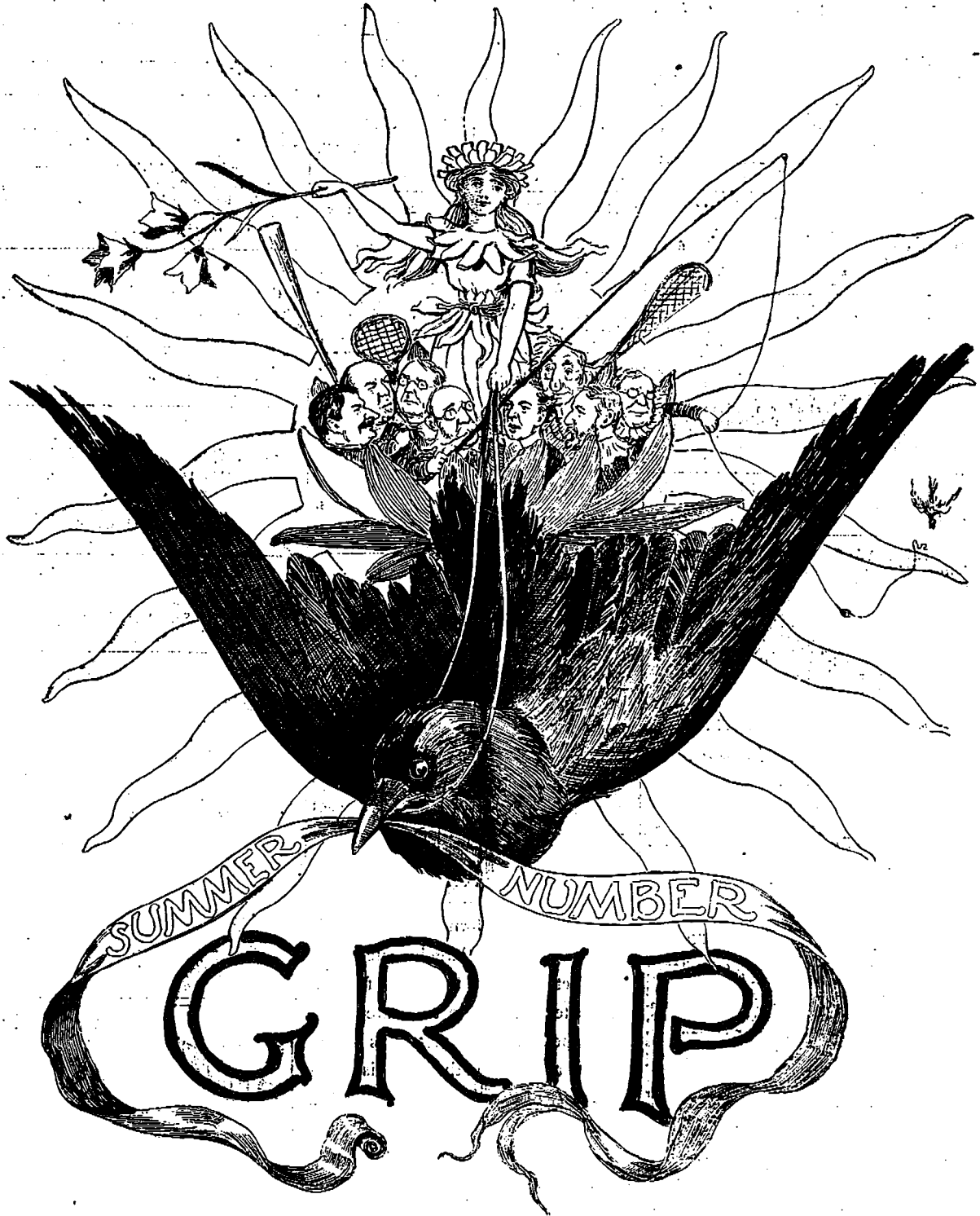


Read "The Civic Circus" in next issue.

VOL. XXXIV.—No. 26.

TORONTO, JUNE 28, 1890.

No. 890.



Grip's increasing circulation shows public appreciation.

Look out for a spicy number next week.

**GRIP**

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FINE ROOMS. . . A1 BAR.

The Dining-Room cannot be surpassed by any \$1.00 per day hotel in Canada.

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**THE CLUB CHAMBERS.**

A First-Class Resort for Gentlemen; Handsomely Furnished Dining-Room. Large airy rooms, electric bells, bath, etc., on every floor. Breakfast from 6.30 to 7.30 a.m.; Dinner from 6.30 to 7.30 p.m. 83 and 85 York Street. M. P. Doherty, proprietor.

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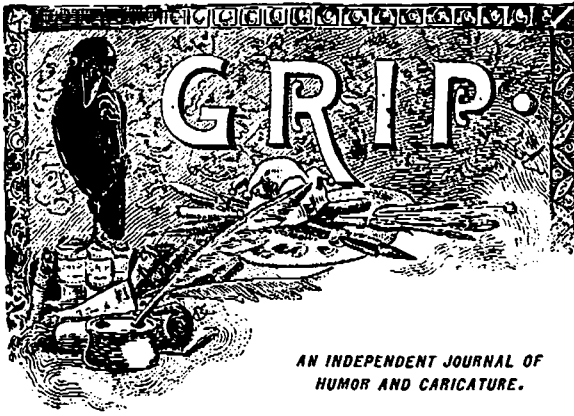
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As many people, either thoughtlessly or carelessly, take papers from the Post Office regularly for some time, and then notify the publishers that they do not wish to take them, thus subjecting the publishers to considerable loss, inasmuch as the papers are sent regularly to the addresses in good faith on the supposition that those removing them from the Post Office wish to receive them regularly, it is right that we should state what is the LAW in the matter.

1. Any person who regularly removes from the Post Office a periodical publication addressed to him, by so doing makes himself in law a subscriber to the paper, and is responsible to the publisher for its price until such time as all arrears are paid.

2. Refusing to take the paper from the Post Office, or requesting the Postmaster to return it, or notifying the publishers to discontinue sending it, does not stop the liability of the person who has been regularly receiving it, but this liability continues until all arrears are paid.

Artist and Editor . . . . . J. W. BENGOUR,  
Associate Editor . . . . . PHILLIPS THOMPSON.

IMPORTANT BUSINESS ANNOUNCEMENT.

WE wish to call the attention of certain of our readers to a matter which is becoming one of serious importance. As our remarks have to do only with those subscribers who have failed to pay for the paper according to agreement, the rest of our readers, and, happily, the great majority of them, may skip this paragraph and pass on to enjoy with a clear conscience whatever they may find in this issue to interest and amuse. But there are, we are sorry to know, far too many of those who have been receiving the paper for a length of time who have neglected or forgotten to pay the printer. To all such we wish to say that it is absolutely necessary that all accounts be promptly collected. After mature consideration, and with a desire to meet the convenience of subscribers to the utmost extent possible, we have resolved on the following course as one which must commend itself to all as not only fair but lenient: We have decided that, commencing from this date, we will remove from the subscription lists all names of subscribers who are more than fifteen months in arrears. In order to avoid the appearance of harshness, and give delinquents every chance to do right, every subscriber who is twelve months in arrears will be promptly notified. A second notice will be sent a month later to every one who has failed to attend to the first notice, and if any should be so negligent or dishonest as still to withhold payment, a third notice will be sent at the end of the fourteenth month, intimating that unless the account be settled by a specified date, it will be placed in court for collection. We hope that the cases may be rare in which even the first notice will need to be sent, after this frank statement. Look up your labels, friends, if you are at all in arrears, and secure your own self-approbation and the thanks of all concerned by doing the right thing promptly and cheerfully.

Comments on the Cartoons.



TORONTO'S GREAT SUMMER CARNIVAL.—The intervention of the Provincial general election with its blasts and counter-blasts of platform oratory, effectually prevented anything like a concentration of public attention upon the proposed Summer Carnival, and if

anything short of a splendid success attends it, this will sufficiently account for the departure from Toronto sacculated record. We have no idea, however, that the Carnival is going to be even a partial failure. In the bright lexicon of the Queen City there's no such word as fail, as Lawrence Barrett Richlieu once remarked. In Ald. King Dodds, as the directing spirit of the affair, we are fortunate in having a Hustler from Hustler-ville, and as the residents of Jarvis Street have begun to actively assist in the preparations, we may confidently expect the whole city to be ablaze with enthusiasm before the opening day arrives. For our own credit as well as for the pleasure and satisfaction of our thousands of visitors, we hope this will be the case. Those who come may count upon having a good time anyway, and every one of them is at liberty to buy a copy of this number of GRIP by way of a souvenir of the occasion. This privilege alone is worth the cost of the visit.

HE CAN'T GET AWAY FROM HIS SHADOW.—The Philosophic Mind has had time to brood upon the event of June 5th and its deliverance is that Mr. Meredith came to grief chiefly because of the irrepressible shadow of Ottawa which clings to him. He made a sort of half-struggle to get rid of the fatal thing after the campaign had opened, but everybody saw it was only a half-struggle, which was still further discounted by the universal lack of sympathy it met in the mass of Conservative candidates. Mr. Meredith is a gentleman Ontario would be glad to honor. Personally he is a very popular man, and there is a brilliant future before him in this Province—on one condition. He must absolutely cut himself adrift from Sir John Macdonald. He ought to be convinced by this time that Ontario is determined to have none of Sir John and his methods in the Local Government, but this does not mean that she insists upon having a Grit ministry. It only means that she will stick to the latter until some Conservative leader arises who finds it possible to keep Provincial and Dominion affairs as severely apart as Oliver Mowat keeps them. But to all appearance this "coming man" will not get here until Sir John has retired for good into "innocuous disuetude."

FROM the *Canadian Gazette*, of London, we clip the following interesting item:

Sir Charles Tupper has been deputed by the Dominion Government to represent Canada at the International Conference which meets at Brussels on July 1st to discuss the formation of an International Customs Bureau. The object is to secure the publication, in the various languages, of the Customs tariffs of the different countries concerned, and thus facilitate the interchange of trade.

That the object of this Conference is a most praiseworthy one nobody will deny, excepting, perhaps, logical Protectionists, if such beings really exist. It is to "facilitate the interchange of trade" between nations, and the easier trade is made the better it is for everybody. But mark the means to be employed to this end! Common sense would seem to suggest that the best way of facilitating trade would be to remove all artificial restrictions from its path. But nothing so common as common sense rules these high and mighty International Conferences now-a-days. The interchange of trade is to be facilitated by "securing the publication, in the various languages, of the Customs tariffs of the different countries concerned!" The reason why France doesn't trade with Canada, for instance, is not the existence in both countries of high and idiotic duties on imports, but the fact

that the regulations concerning these duties are printed in an unknown tongue. When translations have been made all round international trade will boom. Of course it will be easy enough to go through the formality of *paying* the duties when once they can be read and understood! What bosh!

THE strains of an itinerant street band of five pieces are wafted to our upper chamber as we write. The music is better than that supplied by the piano-organ, as the latter transcended the hurdy-gurdy in artistic value. We note the evolution which is going on, and we look hopefully for the dawning of the day before long when Torrington's Orchestra will supplant the band we are now listening to, and then, in due course, Gilmore and Theodore Thomas will perambulate the streets for the delectation of "Musical Toronto."

QUOTH the erudite *World*:

"A man dealing with theoretical politics draws his indictment against political principals. (*sic*). This is what the Equal Righters have been doing. The man in practical politics must lay his charges against men."

Yes; and this is what the other fellows have been doing, for isn't Dr. Caven a political Principal, and hasn't he been getting tally-ho of late?



LIGHT is beginning to dawn. Compensation for the surrender of "vested rights" is no longer popular in England. The Salisbury Government have only escaped defeat by the narrow majority of four on their Bill providing for the compensation of liquor-sellers deprived of their licenses. This, taken together with the powerful agitation against the proposal, really looks as if the English people were coming to their senses in this "compensation" business. The theory hitherto generally acknowledged by English legislators that legalized wrong-doers, monopolists and privileged spoliators must be "compensated" by the people before abuses can be abolished, is

one of the greatest drawbacks to progressive legislation. If anybody is entitled to compensation it is the sufferers from unjust special privileges—not those who have grown wealthy thereby and now want to be bribed to live honestly. Emerson expressed the right view of the matter when he wrote in reference to the abolition of slavery:

"Pay ransom to the owner,  
And fill the bag to the brim.  
Who is the owner? The slave is owner,  
And ever was. Pay him."

THE unpopularity of the compensation idea is especially significant at the present time, when the masses of the people are just beginning to realize their power and getting ready to make an end of privilege. If the tavern landlord's claim to compensation is thrown out, or only passed by a narrow majority in a Tory Parliament, the other kind of landlord—the fellow who claims to own the earth—won't



### THOSE FLOWERY HATS.

Brown, in his wild enthusiasm at the theatre, in lieu of a bouquet, could not resist the hat of the lady who sat in front of him

stand much of a chance for a bonus when his turn to be legislated out of existence comes—and it's coming very soon.

THE satisfaction with which many citizens of moderate and non-partizan opinions regarded the result of the Ontario election is very considerably lessened by the disgraceful character of recent appointments to office. The nomination of Ex-Provincial Treasurer Ross to the lucrative position of Clerk of the County Court, with an income estimated at from \$6,000 to \$10,000, is only a trifle less flagrant and scandalous a job than the Anglin affair. The Liberal Party owes Mr. Ross nothing. He, like Timothy W. Anglin, has always been a detriment, a bungler and a barnacle in office—a Tory instinctively and a so-called Liberal purely by accident. But even were it otherwise, a genuinely Liberal Government, when such sinecures became vacant, would seize the opportunity of cutting down these exorbitant incomes to something in proportion to the work. But there never was a particle of genuine Liberalism about Mowat. He was always partial to mossbacks and reactionaries of the Ross and Anglin type.

WE can't be wrong in supposing that, under the distressing circumstances, Mr. Bunting, of the *Mail*, will be glad to have suggestions as to the filling of the capacious vacuum left by Mr. Farrer's departure. With profound consideration GRIP begs to submit the name of "*Gracchus*." He's a perfect "*Junius*" with the pen, even in his own opinion—and if it came to a pinch he could easily knock off a paragraph that would fill the whole editorial page of the paper and slop over into the local news department.

OUR much esteemed contemporary, the *World*, alleges, at the head of its editorial column, that "it leads them all." So it does, but where, oh, where? Where, for instance, did it lead those confiding persons who put up bets on the late local election in accordance with its tips and pointers? Or, perhaps we have mispronounced the verb. But no, it would be hardly necessary to keep the statement standing if it refers to the editorials. Everybody can see that "it leads them all."

## OUR REAL ESTATERS.\*

H. H. WILLIAMS,  
54 Church St.

mission upon the transaction.

Though it is true that the profession is an open one, needing no previous study or legal qualifications, still there is one most important requisite without which no man can hope to be a successful real estate agent. He may, if he wishes, be ignorant of all college learning, and unable to fill up an agreement to sell without gross orthographical mistakes—he may be as poor as Job's turkey, and unacquainted with the ways of the business world—but he must—he absolutely *must*—be a hustler. To him perhaps more than to any other class of those who have to live by their exertions, applies with special force those true and touching lines of the poet :

"It is not birth, nor wealth, nor state,  
But the git up and git that makes men great."

SIDNEY SMALL,  
(Fortier & Small.)

No one can hope for success as a real estate agent by simply opening an office, advertising in the papers and waiting for business to come to him. He must look for business—go out into the highways and byways—find out what property is for sale, and who are likely purchasers, and then bend his energies to convincing the seller to moderate his terms and the buyer to enlarge his ideas as to price, until the two are brought together. And to this end he must use tact and discretion, and, above all, persistence.

There are real estate agents just as there are other professionals of all grades—from the firm with a central and elegantly appointed office, and a large staff of clerks, who have got past the "hustling" stage and, having achieved a reputation, can afford to depend upon their position to bring them business, to the "curb-stoner" who carries his office under his hat, and is willing to work for small commissions, and sometimes to resort to questionable artifices to effect a deal.

\*The sketches and personal comments in this article (or in any preceding or following article of our proposed series) are selected as representations of their line of business, and have furnished their photos at the special request of the Editor. It is our intention to deal, in future articles, with other departments of local business, artistic and social life.



WM. McBEAN.



JOHN N. LAKE.



J. A. McMURTRY.

There is a temporary lull just at present in real estate matters, and no doubt a number of those who have rushed into the business without the special qualities necessary to enable them to succeed, or who have not the staying power sufficient to pull through the dull season, will drop out of the ranks. But, in the opinion of good judges, there is just as much money in Toronto real estate as ever there was. Certainly there are no signs of the influx of population slackening—and as all students of modern political economy know, the increase of population must augment land values. So that those who can hold on, whether owners or agents, will profit in the end—and there will yet be fortunes made out of Toronto real estate—really stately fortunes, so to speak. Unless, indeed, the adoption of the Single Tax, or some measure approximating thereto, diverts the increased value from private pockets to where it rightly belongs—the public treasury. We conclude with brief mention of the gentlemen whose portraits are given herewith, and who fairly represent the "upper classes" of the business in Toronto :

MR. H. H. WILLIAMS, who has been "at it" for ten years, has naturally achieved success, for he is not only a typical hustler, but a gentleman whose frank honesty impresses every customer and begets a feeling of implicit confidence. It is Mr. Williams' proud boast that everyone for whom he has done business has made money where guided by his advice. Every department of the real estate business is represented by Mr. W., who aims to relieve property owners and would-be investors of "all further trouble," whether they wish to buy, sell, rent, lend or borrow.



FRANK LEEMING.

MR. JOHN N. LAKE may be regarded as the real estate pioneer, having gone into the business in 1870, when there were only two other offices doing business strictly in that line. Mr. Lake has, since 1882, devoted his attention to joint stock companies and speculations in Florida and Manitoba wild lands. MR. E. W. D. BUTLER succeeded in 1880 to the real estate and investment business established by his father, Wilkin B. Butler, in 1860. He is president of the Canadian Savings, Loan & Building Association, which has an authorized capital of \$5,000,000. Mr. Butler is a popular and reliable business man.

The firm of FORTIER & SMALL is composed of Mr. Henry C. Fortier and Mr. Sidney Small. They commenced business in 1884, and now hold a leading place in the real estate line. They devote special attention to properties in the business part of the city and on the best residential streets.

MR. FRANK LEEMING (of F. L. & Co.) has been handling estate transactions for the past four years. He confines his operations to properties within the city.



MALCOLM GIBBS.



H. S. MARA.



A. STUTTAFORD.

limits, and which is considered "safe and sound" for investments. Mr. Leeming's uprightness and reliability equal his good looks—which is saying not a little.

MR. A. STUTTAFORD, having for some fourteen years acted as Deputy Registrar of Toronto, ought to possess a pretty profound knowledge of local real estate values. This experience he augmented by several years' association with the late Mr. James Metcalfe, who was a far-seeing and successful speculator. The clients of E. J. Clarke's Exchange and Financial Agency, for which Mr. Stuttaford is now acting, can therefore avail themselves of the services of one who "knows the ropes," and who, moreover, is every inch a gentleman.



HENRY C. FORTIER.

MR. MALCOLM GIBBS is a man of so many capacities that he might claim a place in a list of business men in almost any mercantile line. He is best known as a social reformer, well known as an insurance man, and known to some extent as a real estate dealer. In the latter capacity we present his genial countenance here.

MR. WM. McBEAN is a thriving real estate transactionist—if our new word may be permitted—but he is more; he is notably an improver of city property.

He replaces old tumble down buildings or reclaims unsightly vacant lots by putting up splendid blocks, like those which now grace the corner of Brunswick Avenue and College, and Spadina Ave. just north of Cecil. Mr. McB. is emphatically one of our live men.

MR. J. A. McMURTRY (of J. A. McM. & Co.) is a member of the Toronto Board of Trade, and a well-known figure in business circles down town. His firm has been in the brokerage and insurance business only two years, but has already attained flattering success, due, no doubt, to the personal popularity of the subject of our portrait.

MR. L. O. P. GENEREUX is amongst the best known and busiest of our real estate men. He declares that he is not aware of the "dullness" some are complaining of, which would seem to imply that his services are in pretty active demand.

MESSRS. MURDOCH & WILSON might be re-named Hustler & Humper, 'nufsed.

EX-ALDERMAN P. G. CLOSE, is one of the best known men in town, having



G. A. MACDONALD.

for many years conducted a leading wholesale grocery business. He is of a very genial disposition, and looks after the interests of his clients in his new line as shrewdly and pleasantly as could be wished for.

MR. H. S. MARA has long been in the happy position of the agent who lets business come to him. He has handled a vast amount of real estate, and is regarded as one of the ablest brokers in the city. He has a handsome office on Toronto Street.

ALD. G. A. MACDONALD devotes his attention largely to the splendid chances afforded by the newly-developed district of St. Matthew's Ward, and would be an excellent man to "see" if you have funds to invest where they will be sure to bring forth a good crop of profit.

COUNTRY COUSINS.

A STORY OF THE CARNIVAL.

COL. ERASTUS P. HOGABOOM was seated with his family at breakfast in their spacious mansion on St. George Street the other morning discussing the momentous question of where they should spend the summer vacation.

"Just as soon as this Carnival is over," said Mrs. Hogaboom, "we must get away somewhere, either to Muskoka, or Cacouna, or Murray Bay. The doctor says that Letitia really must have a change of air."

"Well, wherever and whenever you like, my dear," replied the Colonel—"I shall have to stay in town most of the time, but I'll join you later in the season and return with you."

"And I think, Erastus, we had better remain away till after the Industrial Exhibition. You see if we are in town then Silas and his family will expect to stop with us in return for the visit we paid them at the farm last year. And such a dreadful time we had too—just eaten alive with mosquitoes and—and—those other insects."

Here Johnny, aged fourteen, introduced what he considered an appropriate quotation of an entomological character referring to some insect which though it has

—"no wings at all

Yet it gets there just the same."

"Don't be so vulgar, John," said his mother, severely, "I do so regret that we ever allowed you to attend those horrid low public schools, where you learn nothing but low manners and vulgar language. As I was saying, Erastus, we really can't, now that we move in the best society, have Silas and his family stay with us, even though he is my brother. I wouldn't mind him so much, but that low-bred, red-haired Cynthia Ann—I really don't see how he came to marry her—and her daughter Susan Jane is just like her. Really one must draw the line somewhere. I should just die of mortification if the Spogglethorpe's or the Dusenbury's should happen to call and find them here. No, we must time our return so as to avoid them, and I'll write a very kind note to Silas, telling him that we shall unfortunately be absent from the city until after the Exhibition.

Just then a loud ring was heard and the servant shortly afterwards entered saying: "Please'm here's five or six people, mum—I think they's from the country—an' they say they come to stay here."

"Some mistake, surely," said Col. Hogaboom, "What name."

"Wincup, I think they said, sir."

"No, it can't be possible!" exclaimed Mrs. Hogaboom in alarm.

Just then the door opened, and the visitors entered without further delay. There was Silas Wincup and his



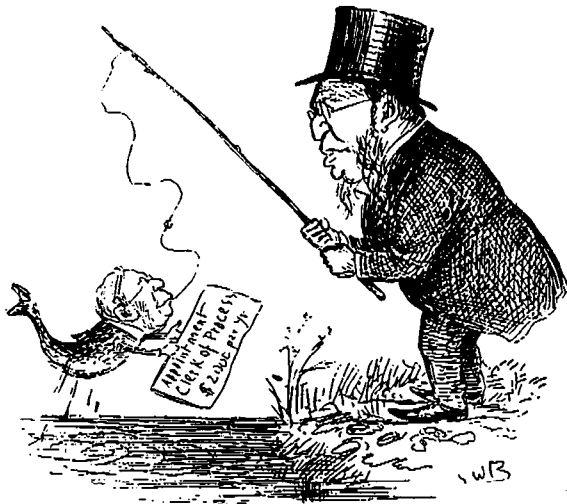
P. G. CLOSE.



L. O. P. GENEREUX.



E. W. D. BUTLER.



TIMOTHY ANGLIN.

OR, THE "PROCESS" OF GETTING A GOOD BILLET.

OH! say have you noticed old Timothy Anglin,  
His hook in the waters of politics danglin',  
And hoping by aid of his Grace the Archbishop,  
Some prize that is well worth his trouble to fish up?  
For years he has fished with no bait on his hook,  
Though to Catholic voters the Government look,  
Yet Tim's boasted "influence" to shucks don't amount—  
The votes he controls on five fingers you'd count—  
But Anglin, still Anglin', at length hooks a prize.  
The right from the public to draw his supplies,  
A sinecure yielding two thousand a year,  
And now to that haven of rest he can steer.  
There are men who for party work early and late,  
Spending time and cash freely, who officeless wait.  
On the low party ground of providing for friends  
And making your patronage serve party ends,  
There are veteran workers with far higher claims  
To two thousand a year for just signing their names  
Than the pompous old chump who has captured the sit,  
And has neither brains, honesty, talent nor wit,  
Whose record as speaker brought Gritism shame  
And whose sole stock in trade is the "Catholic" claim.  
To some purpose he angled did Anglin, for look  
The Government bodily gorge the bare hook,  
Had ever a fisherman similar luck, or  
Was Mowat more palpably played for a sucker?

wife Cynthia Ann, and his daughters Susan Jane and Palmyra, and the eldest boy Joe and another young fellow. They carried a number of battered black valises and parcels roughly done up in old newspapers.

"Why, how are ye, Sal," exclaimed Silas, rushing up to Mrs. Hogaboom and saluting her affectionately. "Haint seen ye for a dog's age, begosh. Ben in town onct or twice sence you was out our way, but didn't hev no time to look ye up. How's things with you, 'Rastus? Why you look kinder surprised—sorter took aback like. Didn't expect us, I reckon."

"Well hardly, Silas," replied Mrs. Hogaboom. "We—we—thought you wouldn't be here till Exhibition time."

"You see we've took in that Exhibition so often its gittin' to be a old story. They don't hev nothin' much new there so we allowed that this year we'd see the Carnival instid. So here we are, the whole caboodle of us. We thought we wouldn't bother you by writin' an' havin' you take extry trouble on our account, but jest drop in an' take ye as ye were, an' give ye a pleasant surprise."

"I'm—sure—I'm really very glad to see you all," said

Mrs. Hogaboom, making a feeble attempt to appear pleased.

"Well, but you have a real elegant house," said Palmyra looking around upon the gorgeous furnishings of the mansion.

"Yes," said Silas, "you city folks do make lots of money—make it all out of us farmers. Say 'Rastus this is ruther different from the four rooms over the grocery store on Queen Street, where yer began business twenty-five years ago, eh? Ye wasn't able to keep no girl then, Sal; got one now, I notice."

"We have four domestics," replied Mrs. Hogaboom, coldly.

"Four!!" replied Silas, "What on earth do they do? Yer don't keep no cows, I reckon, nor nothin' of that kind. By the way, that reminds me that I brung ye in some butter an' honey—you city folks don't git 'em very good. The storekeepers adulterate everything, you know all about that 'Rastus, eh? So I sez to Cynthia Ann, we'll jest put up a few pounds of butter and some of the best honey an' take along—it's into the package over thar on the lounge. Bein' it's a leetle warm I'm afraid its melted."

And sure enough the drippings from that parcel were meandering over the handsomely upholstered lounge down on the carpet.

"Well, you have everythin' mighty nice and stylish, I must say,"—said Cynthia Ann. "I've been thinking all along what an advantage it would be to Susan Jane an' Palmyra, to git an introduction to fashionable society. I've saved twenty dollars outen the butter money to get 'em some new dresses an' hats. You see they've been readin' *Saturday Night*, an' they was just wild to come to Toronto, an' have you an' Letitia take 'em round to garden parties, an' five o'clock teas, an' receptions. They see your names in the paper sometimes, among the toney people.

"Yes, aunt," said Palmyra, "I should like you to take us to Government House, I do so want to be introduced to Miss Marjorie Campbell that we read so much about. You an' she's great friends I suppose."

"I am not sufficiently intimate at Government House to venture on such a liberty," replied Mrs. Hogaboom.

"I was tellin' Palmyry," said Cynthia Ann, "that the folks at Government House was kinder big feelin'. But you might ask some of the others here, Sal. It would be a great disappointment to the girls if they didn't see something of society. Joe here is quite a fiddler, and Hank plays beautifully on the mouth organ, so they might help to entertain your friends. Why, that reminds me—I'd clean forgot to introduce Hank. This is Hank Slathers."

"Yes, old man Slather's son," added Silas, by way of explanation, "ye mind old man Slathers, Sal. One of the fust settlers. Used to be the greatest horse-trader in the township. Hank is neighbor Hendershot's hired man, an' being he helped us a few days in hayin' time, I thought we'd bring him along.

"Ah, happy to meet you, Mr.—Slathers," said Hogaboom, with an effort. Mrs. H. said nothing, she was too much overcome.

"You are all heartily welcome I'm sure," said Col. Hogaboom. "We will do our best to make you comfortable. But I regret that for the next few days I shall be engaged in very important—most urgent business, indeed—which will prevent my showing you about the city as otherwise I should have been glad to do: I am overdue now at the office, so I shall have to bid you all good morning."





### HIS WORSHIP, DON QUIXOTE.

AFTER A DESPERATE ENCOUNTER WITH THE ESTIMATES SUCCEEDS IN REDUCING THE NUMBER OF MILLS TO FOURTEEN AND A HALF!

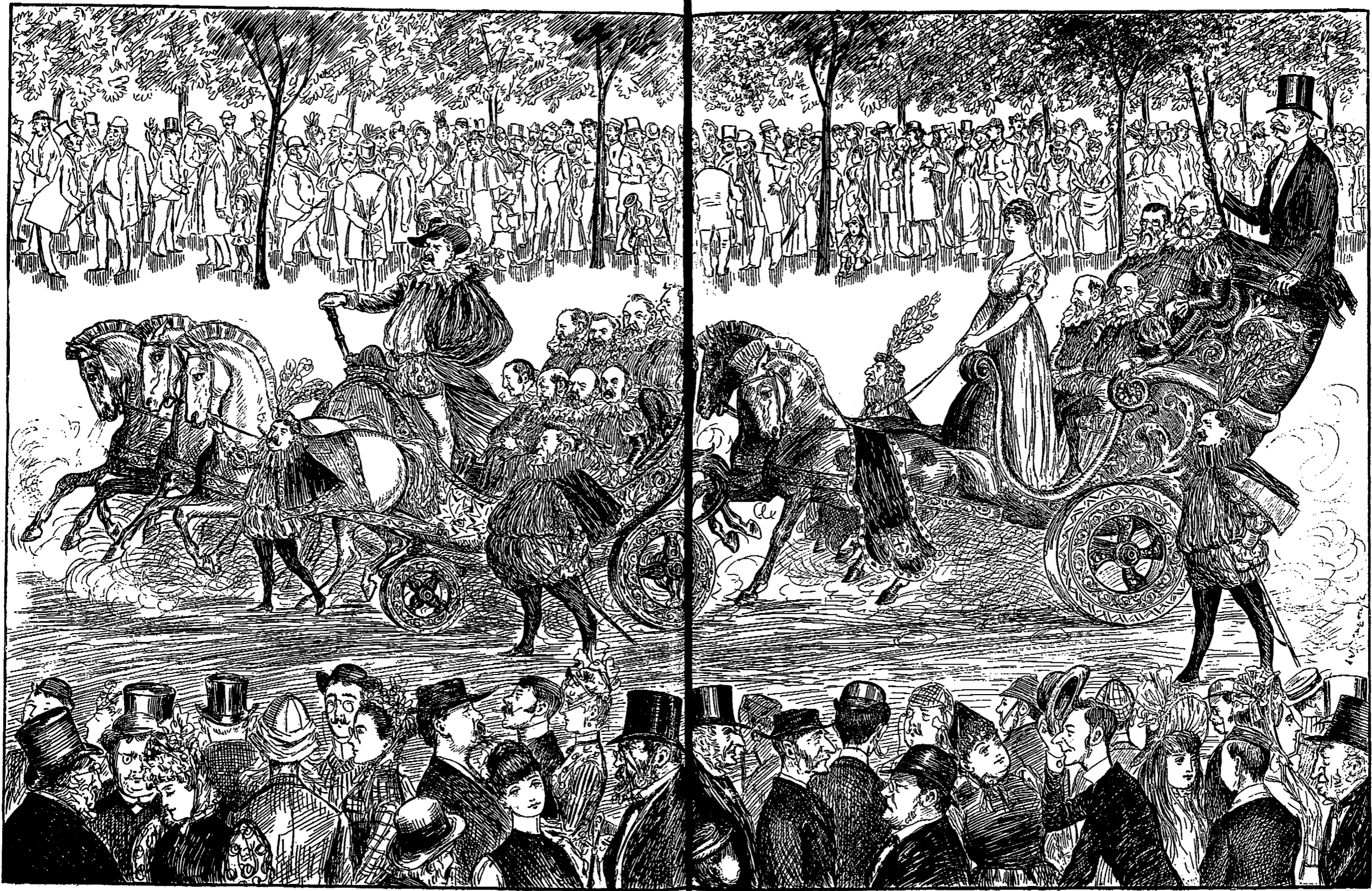
So saying he took a hurried departure. "Well, that lets me out," he said to himself, as he strode rapidly down town. "I shall take all my meals at the club till they are gone."

"Oh, Letitia," said Mrs. Hogaboom to her daughter, as soon as they had temporarily got the room cleared of the unwelcome visitors. "What *shall* we do with them. Just like Hogaboom to sneak out of the difficulty in that cowardly fashion, and leave me to face all the trouble alone—it always the way with the men. It will be *impossible*, abso'utely impossible, to go about with those creatures and still more to introduce them to our set. But I don't want to quarrel with Silas, so I can't be absolutely rude to them. And to think of that freckled-faced, red-haired minx, Palmyra, wanting to meet Miss Marjorie Campbell. The idea! I don't know whatever to do."

"There's only one thing for it, ma," replied Letitia, "you must be taken suddenly sick. You had better have a severe attack of neuralgia at once. I'll go and tell the Wincup's that you are not feeling well and have gone to lie down, and then I'll telephone for Dr. Sootherly and have him pay you three visits a day, and give strict orders

that you must have absolute quiet, stay in bed and see nobody. Of course, as a dutiful daughter, my place is at your bedside. So we can just leave the Wincups to their own devices, put a livery carriage at their disposal, and let them see the Carnival to their hearts' content. Perhaps Johnny would not mind going round with them a little, if you promise him a new bicycle or something else he wants."

And so the ordeal was satisfactorily got over. Johnny, for a pecuniary consideration, readily consented to act as chaperon and drive about with his country relatives and derived also a good deal of amusement from imparting elaborate misinformation to the party—pointing out Magistrate Baxter as Prof. Goldwin Smith, and Osgoode Hall as the Lunatic Asylum. Though his cousins failed to secure the coveted introduction to Miss Marjorie Campbell, they were enabled, at all events, to boast of having seen her, thanks to Johnny's thoughtful mendacity, in calling their attention to a handsome looking girl, temporarily absent from her accustomed duties behind the counter of a confectionery store, whom he passed off as the heroine of their social aspirations.



TORONTO'S GREAT SUMMER CARNIVAL



### REALISM.

MR. VANDYKE-BROWNE, R.C.A.—“My dear, I overheard a magnificent compliment to my picture, ‘A Storm at Sea,’ at the exhibition this afternoon.”

MRS. V-B.—“What was it, love?”

MR. V-B.—“Er—a man and his wife were looking at it, and I heard the fellow say, ‘Come away, Hannah, that picture makes me sick!’”

### A PUZZLED PRESBYTERIAN.

THE Presbyterian minister sat in his study, reading the report of the Assembly debate on the Charbonnell case, in the *Globe* of June 18th, when the servant lass knocked gently on the door and announced a visitor.

“Ah, come right in, Mr. MacTavish,” said the minister, rising and recognizing the form of his old parishioner in the doorway. “What can I do for you, my dear friend?”

“Aw’ve come tae see ye on a maist important subject, meenister,” replied the pawky old Scotchman, as he deposited himself in a chair and his hat on the floor. “Aye, an’ a maist ticklish subject Aw’m thinkin’, as weel,” he added. “Indeed?” queried the minister, raising his eyebrows in mild surprise. “I hope there’s nothing wrong at home, Mr. MacTavish.”

“Weel, Aw dinna ken but there is, a wee bit,” responded Mr. MacTavish in a troubled tone. “Ma dochters are raisin’ no end o’ a fuss about it—bit it isna them that’s boatherin’ ma mind. It’s the thing itself, an’ hoo the kirk wid look upon’t.”

“I beg pardon, my dear sir, but will you kindly mention what it is you’re referring to?” said the pastor.

“Aw’m thinkin’ o’ gettin’ marrit, ye ken,” began the visitor.

“Oh, indeed! I hadn’t heard of that, Mr. MacTavish. A very proper thing, too, I should say. Your family are all grown up and married off, and in case you select a good partner for your —”

“Aye, aye,” interrupted the old man, “Aw kent ye’d approve o’t. As to selectin’, I dinna think Aw could select mair fortunat’ than I did afore—when I marrit Jane.”

“Quite true,” replied the minister, “Mrs. MacTavish

was indeed a most excellent woman. She came of good stock.”

“Aye did she,” responded Mr. MacTavish, heartily—“goodness rins i’ families, meenister, don’t ye think?”

“Not a doubt of it in the world!” was the emphatic reply.

“Sae Aw thocht, an’ aye wull think,” rejoined the visitor, “an’ Aw’m gaun tae rin nae risks ava. Aw fun’ Jean sae braw an’ guid, that Aw’ve e’en made up ma min’ tae mairry Jessie, the noo.”

“But, my dear sir,” said the minister, with an agitated countenance, “Jessie McFarlane is your deceased wife’s sister.”

“Aw ken a’ that, an’ Aw ken, mairrover, that siccan a mairrage is no approvet o’ in the Confession o’ Faith. But—an’ this is whit Aw ca’d tae speer aboot—isna it the case that oor Kirk in its meetin’ o’ Assembly a year sin syne passet this moation —”

And he handed the minister a clipping from a newspaper, which read as follows:—

In view of the fact that twenty-five out of the twenty-nine presbyteries have reported approval of the result of the remit on marriage with a deceased wife’s sister, namely, whether subscription of the formula in which office-bearers accept the Confession of Faith shall be so understood as to allow liberty of opinion in respect to the proposition, “A man may not marry any of his wife’s kindred nearer in blood than he may of his own,” the committee recommend the General Assembly to discern that the subscription of the formula shall be so understood as to allow liberty of opinion in respect to said proposition.

It was so ordered.

“Yes, that is very true, but —”

“Nae buts about it, meenister,” persisted Mr. MacTavish, stoutly, “Aw’m grantit leeberty o’ opeenion on this p’int, am I no? Disna it say—*It was so ordered?*”

“That is all true, but liberty of opinion does not imply liberty of action,” said the minister.

“Div ye mean tae say that though Aw’m satisfied o’ the correc’ness o’ a thing, an’ the Kirk disna say its wrang i’ itself, yet Aw mustna dae’t?” said Mr. MacTavish, looking very much puzzled. “Man, siccan a way o’ arguement is maist confusin’ tae the heid. It gars ma brains a’ gang through ither.”

“Perhaps you will understand it more clearly if I read the words of our great Church lawyer, Rev. Dr. McLaren,” put in the minister. “Listen, Mr. MacTavish. ‘To my mind,’ says Dr. McLaren, ‘liberty of opinion does not go the length of liberty of action.’”

“Aye, I unnerstan’ that fine, an’ its whit Aw ca’ pairfec’ nansense!” said Mr. MacTavish, with emphasis.

“That’s somewhat strong, Mr. MacTavish,” said the minister, reprovingly, “but let me next read to you what Dr. McKnight, who was once Moderator, said in the Assembly in the same debate. I read from the *Globe*’s report as follows:—

‘Dr. McKnight proceeded to examine the history of the question, and said that in deference to those who took the other side, as well as to those who objected to mutilating a great historical document, it was decided, rather than cut out a clause in the Confession of Faith, to modify the formula by which clergymen and office-bearers were exempted from giving adhesion to that clause of the Confession of Faith. That was what the last Assembly passed into law.’”

“Let’s see if we canna get this through oor wool, noo,” said Mr. MacTavish, taking a long breath and pulling himself together with intense earnestness of purpose:

“The Confession of Faith says a certin mairrage is wrang.”

“Exactly,” assented the minister.

“For why,” pursued MacTavish—“because its no’ Scriptural; in ither words, it’s contrary tae the Scriptur’.”

“Precisely.”

"Weel, oor Assembly tak's the Confession o' Faith as an en' o' a' contraaversion on a' Scriptural p'int, dinna they?"

"Well—n-no, hardly. It's not really inspired, you know. It is only a Standard, you understand," carefully explained the pastor.

"Weel, it seems they thocht it was clean wrang about this maitter, or they wouldna hae passet yon moation Aw handit ye. It juist means on *this* p'int ye needna accep' the Confession. In ither words, the Confession is repealet on this p'int."

"No, not repealed," explained the minister, "as Dr. McKnight says, they didn't mutilate the great historical document, they simply modified the formula. Don't you catch the distinction?"

"They didna cut it oot the doak'ment wi' a scissors, but they cut it oot, metaphorically speakin'—is that it?"

"No, they didn't cut it out at all, they only modified it, don't you see."

"It's no' bindin' i' the Kirk the noo, then?" concluded Mr. MacTavish.

"Oh, yes, it is. Such a marriage is regarded as unchristian in most, if not all, our sessions."

"Then, whit div they mean by 'moadifyin' it?'" asked the much puzzled man.

"Why, that means that you can enjoy liberty of opinion on the point," answered the minister.

"But whit good diz ma opeenion do me if Aw mustna ac' on it, hooever soond Aw may think it?"

"That I really cannot undertake to answer. I hope, however, that the whole matter is perfectly clear to you now, Mr. MacTavish."

Mr. MacTavish deliberately reached for his hat, and slowly rose from his chair, with his eye pitcously fixed on the minister.

"Clear tae me?" he repeated. "Aye, meenister, its e'en as clear as mud. Aw'm gaun awa hame tae see whit the Scriptures themsels hae tae say o' the subjec', an' gin Aw can no' fin' mair against siccan a mairrage than Aw've aye been able tae fin' heretoforc, Aw'll mairry Jessie the morrow's morn', an' jine the Salvation Army Kirk, whilk has nae 'auld historical doak'ments' tae mak' a fool o' common sense people!"

So saying he testily departed. J.W.B.

### BOUND TO HAVE HIS MONEY'S WORTH.

HIS appearance denoted that he had come in from the back townships to see the Carnival. He had the unmistakable look of the tiller of the soil, and he gazed about him on the sights of the crowded metropolis with something of a dazed and bewildered expression. Hailing a Queen Street car near the corner of Yonge Street he enquired of the conductor:

"Say, boss, does this here car go to Spadina Avenue?"

"Yes; jump on."

"What do yer charge a feller for the ride?"

"Five cents."

"I thought mebbe bein' you was goin' that road anyway you wouldn't charge me nuthin'."

"Don't do business that way," replied the conductor; "get on if you're going."

He climbed up and took his seat, remarking to a lady who sat next him that if he had five cents for every time he'd given a neighbor a lift in his wagon he'd have more'n a thousand dollars, be gosh.

Spadina Avenue was reached in a few minutes.

"Yer don't mean ter say we've got there already," said the ruralist. "Five cents for that short ride!"



### BIRDS OF A FEATHER.

"The very newest costumes will be elaborately trimmed with feathers, those of one species alone being used, the ostrich by preference."—*Queen.*

Acting upon this hint, Our Own Idiot has, by a process of ornithological logic, evolved the Ostrich Costume, the Pelican (Club) Toilette, the "Pet Pigeon," the "Pretty Polly," and various other Bird of Paradise frocks.—*Funny Folks.*

"It would be just the same if you'd only ridden ten yards," was the reply.

"These cars goes on further, does they?"

"Oh, yes—right on to High Park."

"How fur is that?"

"Oh, more than three miles."

"And you don't have to pay no more to ride out there?"

"Just the same—you ride as far as the car goes for one fare."

"Then I'm jiggered if I'm goin' ter git out here. Drive ahead Mr. carman. I'll set here an' git the worth of my money an' walk back agin."

And he did.

### TURF NOTES.

(BY OUR OWN HORSEY SPORT.)

MR. RYKERT'S "Check" is in tip-top condition, and is freely backed to beat anything likely to come against it.

Mr. Mercier's "Liberality" is used up, and has been sent to grass. This enterprising owner's hopes are now centred on "Nationality," the promising colt by "Priestcraft" out of "Prejudice."

Mr. Mowat's "Majority" has gone off a trifle in weight, but is still good for the work ahead of him.

Sir Richard Cartwright's "Free Trade" is in the trainer's hands for the great Dominion steeplechase a couple of years hence. The horse has been seen so little, however, that nothing can be said about his points.

Sir John Macdonald's "Taxation" is, we hear, doing wonders in the way of speed. He was lately run against "Common Sense," and had no difficulty in shutting out the latter animal. Foster, the jockey, displays no judgment in his riding, and the knowing ones predict that there will be a terrible tumble some of these days.

Mr. Meredith's colt, "Opposition," which showed such bad preparation when peeled for the Assembly Plate lately, is down with the epizoo. Mr. M. talks of retiring from the turf.

Mr. Bunting's "Daily Mail" will carry extra weight in the forthcoming race with Jaffray's "Globe." The latter owner has stolen "Mail's" clever rider, Farrer.



### FOLLY'S COMPETITION.

CANADA'S FOSTER (to Uncle Sam's McKinley)—"I'll show you that I'm as big a fool as you, for my size!"

### JOSEPH'S CONTUMELY.

MR. JOS. TAIT, M.P.P., is a prominent member of the Methodist Church. (Why this typical Scotchman is no a member o' the Presbyterian Kirk instead is something which, by the way, it seems to us his constituents have a right to ask him to explain.) As one of the lay representatives, he was in attendance at the Conference the other day, and, during an informal confab of the laymen, Joseph happened to remark that in certain particulars there was too much priestcraft in the Methodist body. This was probably an instance of unconscious cerebration—a sort of spontaneous reflex of certain memories and impressions made upon Mr. Tait's mind by the Equal Rights speeches of the late campaign. Besides, the new Member's intimate association with the Mowat Government has made him abnormally touchy on the subject of undue clerical influence. The combination of these two considerations will easily account for the unfortunate remark above alluded to, without making it necessary to suppose that Joseph really meant to charge

his ministerial brethren with "priestcraft." But another lay delegate went and tattled about him to the Conference in official session, and at once the unfortunate gentleman found himself in a remarkably hot oven, where he was done brown by the irate clericals. At length the matter was referred to the laymen, who were sent out to hold an inquest on the batter-ed remains of the floury orator. An interesting discussion ensued, and Joseph was called upon to explain his conduct. Not being a profound scientist (like ourselves), he did not hit upon the unconscious cerebration theory; he took the *lapsus lingue* line of defence, acknowledging that "priestcraft" was not precisely the word he should have used; he had not sufficiently kneaded his idea before setting it to rise, but the word seemed to express what he meant. This was duly reported to Conference, and that grave body once more ran over the pan in its natural indignation. The laymen were sent out again to try and get a more satisfactory explanation, and then, happy thought, Mr. Tait all at once remembered that he had not made his remark



AT THE LADIES' CHORAL CLUB.

MISS GUSHINGTON (to the Conductress)—“ Oh, Miss Erin, won't you please put one of Mr. Semmibreve's pieces on the programme for our next concert ? ”

MISS ERIN—“ Mr. Semmibreve? Sure, I never heard of him as a composer.”

MISS GUSHINGTON—“ Perhaps not, but he *docs* compose, and he's awfully nice. I met him at the Cedarhurst musicale!”

to an officially constituted meeting anyhow, and could not therefore be brought to book for it by the Conference as such. “ Splendid idea ! ” said that great legal luminary, Dr. J. J. McLaren. So a motion was passed to that effect, and the terrible batch of trouble which a little word had bread, flattened out like a veritable oat-cake.

LITERARY NOTICE.

WE have received a pamphlet entitled “ The Battle of Queenston Heights,” being a lecture delivered before the Lundy's Lane Historical Society at Drummondville, Ont., Dec. 18, 1889, by Ernest Cruikshank. The Lundy's Lane Historical Society puts to shame several similar organizations of some pretensions, by its enthusiastic prosecution of the object for which it was formed. Already it has published several contributions to Canadian history prepared for its own sessions, the latest of which is “ The Battle of Queenston Heights.” The student of Canadian history will find it a full and fair *resumé* of all that is to be known on a well-discussed event, and the general reader cannot fail but be interested. To the descendants of the U. E. Loyalists and

the early settlers of the Niagara district, the list that ends the lecture, of the *personnel* of the two flank companies of the 2nd Lincoln Battalion of Canadian Militia, Rowe's and Hamilton's, will be more than interesting, it will be valuable.

CAUSE AND EFFECT.

BAGSHOT—“ Statistics show that there has been a very considerable decrease in English immigration to this country.”

WITHERSPOON—“ I'm not surprised to learn that. There haven't been nearly as many articles published lately on the necessity for encouraging a native Canadian literature. That accounts for it.”

ENGLISH AS SHE IS TAUGHT.

TEACHER—“ Sit up, Johnny Brown! Sit down, Mary Jones! Sit around squarely at your desk, Hattie Smith! Now, class, you must follow every sentence ahead or you'll be floored higher than a kite when examination time comes. Read, Harry ! ”



### SLIGHTLY DR—K PERHAPS !

Voice (from the other side)—“Thash the worse o’ thesh (hic) swing doorsh !”

### HOW FARRER JOINED THE GLOBE.

WE have been given to understand that it came about in this way :

Mr. Robt. Jaffray happened to be going up street, and, by a fortuitous concurrence of circumstances, Mr. Edward Farrer happened at the same moment to be coming down street.

It was the same identical street, too.

As the figures approached each other, a most opportune gust of wind lifted Mr. Farrer’s hat from his head and deposited it, by a singular coincidence, at Mr. Jaffray’s feet.

Mr. Jaffray stooped and picked it up, and, when its owner advanced, bowing his thanks in his genial way, Mr. J. politely returned his head-gear.

For a moment there was just the slightest embarrassment.

“Very nice hat—real Christy, I suppose?” remarked Mr. Jaffray, for the sake of saying *something*.

“Well, to tell you the truth, sir,” replied Farrer, “I never took the trouble to enquire. Much obliged. Fine day, isn’t it?” and he was about to proceed on his way.

“Stop a minute,” said Mr. Jaffray. “You’ll excuse me, but—er—didn’t I see the initials “E.F.” in that hat?”

“I shouldn’t wonder,” replied Edward, removing the article and glancing into the crown. “Yes—sure enough. Mrs. Farrer worked it in floss—I remember now.”

“Farrer?” said Mr. Jaffray, with awakened interest, “then I have the honor of addressing—”

“Edward Farrer, at your service,” replied the other.

“Editor of—”

“The *Mail*, the leading paper of the Dominion,” concluded Mr. Farrer promptly.

“Ha !” said Mr. Jaffray. “now I come to look at you carefully I quite recognize you from the pictures in *GRIP*. I have often desired to meet you, Mr. Farrer,” and they shook hands.

“I must say, however,” went on Mr. Jaffray, “that I can hardly allow your expression about the *Mail* being the leading paper and so forth to go unchallenged. I happen to be—”

“Connected with some rival concern, perhaps?” put in Farrer, good-humoredly.

“Well, you can judge for yourself,” replied Mr. Jaffray. “I’m on the Board of the *Globe*.”

“Indeed !” exclaimed Mr. F. “May I enquire your name, sir?”

“Jaffray is my name—Robert Jaffray.”

“Ah, I’ve seen it in print,” said Farrer, and they shook hands again. “Of course, Mr. Jaffray, in any sweeping assertion I may have made about the *Mail*, I wouldn’t think of overriding the rule of ‘present company always excepted.’ The *Globe* is a very good paper, sir, very good.”

“Yes,” responded Mr. Jaffray, “it is. You’re an excellent judge, and I’m glad to hear you say so. I have long regarded you with respect as a writer. You have a fine head, Mr. Farrer. I noticed that your hat was marked 13¼. Yes, the *Globe* is good, but we hope to make it even better.”

“Yes? but how? Do you propose to put John Cameron on a fish diet, or what?” enquired Farrer, with a Milesian wink.

“Oh, he’s going to go altogether, you know,” replied Jaffray.

“What !” exclaimed Mr. F., “notwithstanding that all the country papers are piping about the masterly manner in which the *Globe* was conducted during the campaign?”

“All written to order, I shouldn’t wonder,” responded Mr. J., with a skeptical air. “At all events, our plan is to put some good, strong, new writer on the staff, and to pay him handsomely—as they pay you at the *Mail*, for instance.”

“Well, I’m not complaining particularly,” replied Farrer, with a new light in his eye, “and yet I know writers who are getting paid a good deal more handsomely than I am.”

“Quite so,” said Jaffray, “then we are going to pay our writers as *those* men are paid; and as men of *your* ability *ought* to be paid.”

“Lucky fellows !” exclaimed Mr. F., under his breath.

“Oh, there’s no particular luck about it; besides, we haven’t selected anybody as yet. Now, if it were not that you are so wedded to the cause of Equal Rights and the smashing of Confederation, it is just possible that *your* name might be brought before the Board. But of course—”

“Oh, I’m not particularly *wedded* to anything—not while divorces can be had on decent terms, you know,” replied Farrer, a little hastily; “and as to smashing Confederation, it wouldn’t make any difference to me if

it never was smashed. In fact, personally, I think it oughtn't to be smashed."

"Then, it is reported," began Jaffray, "that you are an Annexationist, which would be a serious objec—"

"Me? Nothing of the sort! Why, man, I've sued the *Empire* for barely hinting it. I'm a Reciprocity man, like the *Globe*. I'm in favor of Continental Free Trade, honesty in public affairs, Provincial Rights, and economy and retrenchment. In fact, the politics of the *Globe* fits me, so to speak, like a glove! About how much do you think they propose to—"

"Oh, from \$2,000 to \$10,000 per year, for the sort of man we want. You're quite sure you could write *Globe* editorials without any mental reservations, providing other things were made all right?" enquired Mr. Jaffray.

"No, I couldn't," replied Farrer, honestly; "but I'll tell you—I'd always keep my mental reservations to myself. You'd never see them in the articles."

"Give me your card, Mr. Farrer," replied Jaffray. "You'll hear from me in due course!"

The card was promptly passed over, and, with another hearty hand shake, the gentlemen parted, each going on his way with satisfaction beaming from his countenance.

J. W. B.

**MERCIER'S VICTORY.**

"In fact, the Opposition is literally swept out of existence."  
*Despatch from Quebec.*

THE Tory hosts are shattered  
That once o'er ran Quebec  
And lorded it in office  
With supercilious "neck."  
By the deft hand of Mercier  
"Conservatism's" killed,  
And now we'll see a programme  
With "Liberalism" filled!

Liberalism! Glorious word!  
It stirs the blood anew,  
It calls up names we honor—  
Holton, Dorion, Papineau!  
From Tory retrogression,  
To Liberal advance—  
'Tis a blessed transformation,  
With joy the people dance!

Now we'll have laws enlightened—  
The Church will rule supreme—  
To question this assumption  
We'll not so much as dream;  
The State, as second fiddle,  
Will simply foot the bills;  
No wonder joy and gladness  
The *Liberal* bosom fills!

The Tories have been routed  
Who worshipped Right Divine,  
But Liberals are reigning now  
And truer light doth shine—  
Now we'll have perfect freedom—  
The Cardinal will rule,  
And every Minister of State  
Will be his pliant tool!

**NOT AN EVEN DEAL.**

O'HOULAHAN—"Be gobs, but Prince Albert Victor is the lucky man. D'ye moind now 'at Queen Victoria has appointed him Juke av Clarence an' Avondale an' Earl av Athlone into the bargain, more betoken."

FLANIGAN—"An' I should say he was more lucky nor Tim Anglin. But all thim titles is not appropriate. The Clarence and the Athlone does be all right, but sure it's not an Aven-dale fwhin wan man bees gettin' all thim titles an' plinty has none at all."



**ALTERING HIS TONE.**

ENGLISH TOURIST—"By Jove! landlord, that last mile was the longest we have ever walked."

LANDLORD—"Begorra, sorr, the last moile you walked was two moiles. We pulled up the twenty-furrst stone to make a monument for Moike Malony."

**OUR DELICATE NERVES!**

AMONG the things enumerated as "profanations of the Sabbath" in the report of the committee appointed by the Presbyterian General Assembly is the "playing of Salvation Army bands." The learned gentlemen who thus reported are in the habit of telling their congregations that the spirit of Christianity concerns itself not so much with an outward act as with the motive thereof. Now, if this principle be applied here, it is surely going too far to call these brethren of the S.A. Sabbath-breakers for "playing the band" on Sunday for the single and avowed purpose of drawing careless people into the place of prayer. The Army evidently finds this means effective to the end mentioned, and unless their Presbyterian critics can point out an equally effective means of a kind more agreeable to them, they ought to hold their peace. Their criticism smacks of the Pharisee, and recalls that episode in the corn-field. "The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath,"—and there are no Christians, all things considered, who put its sacred hours to a better use than the Salvationists. As to their bands, it is just possible that their rude music, even on the Sabbath, is sweeter in the ear of the Almighty than is that of many a fine Presbyterian organ and choir.

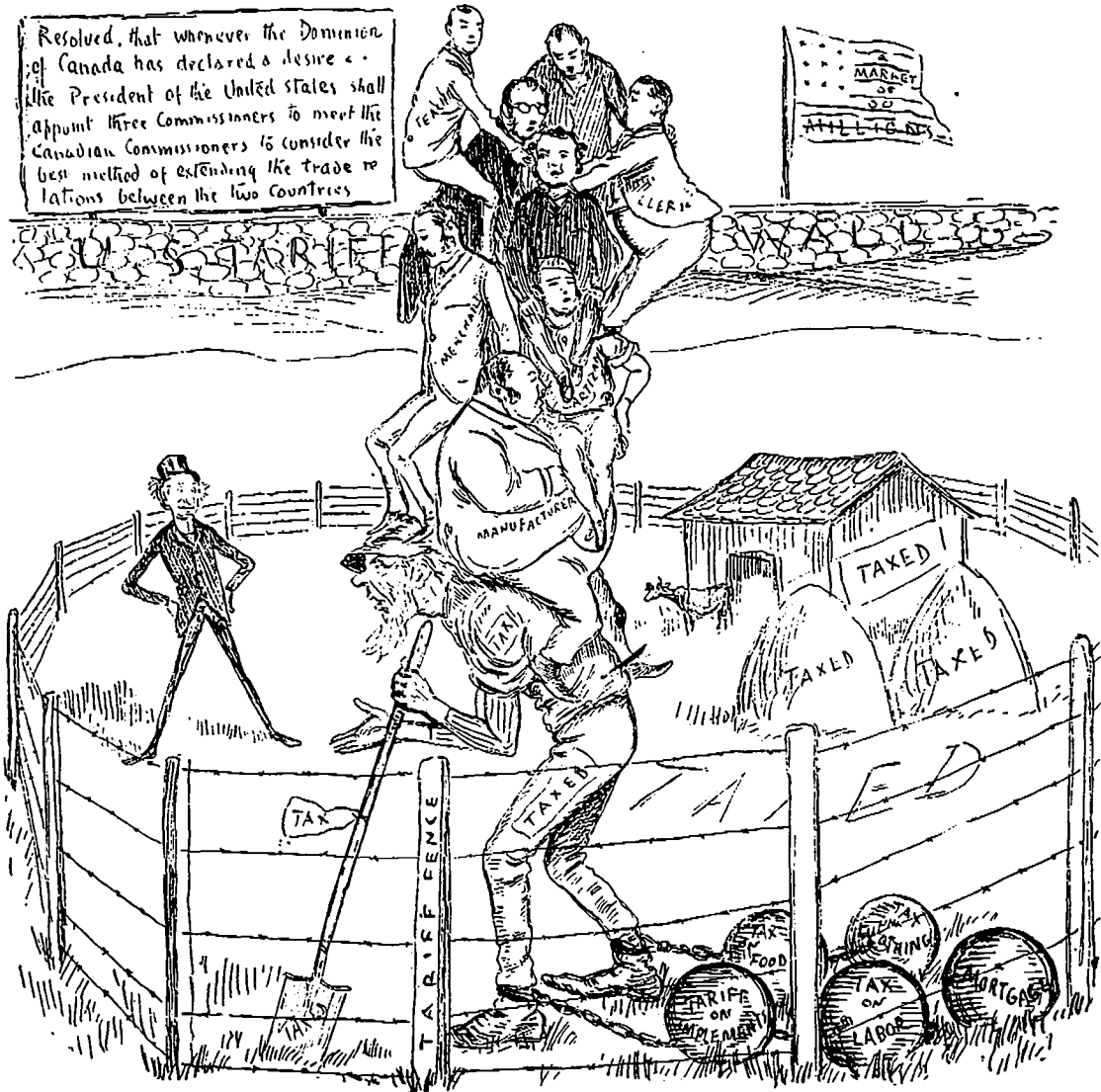
**EVERYTHING GOES.**

CANADIAN AUTHOR—"Hang it all, here's that article I wrote last year on "The Characteristics of Canadian Literature" back on my hands again. I tried the *Atlantic*, *Scribner*, *Harper*, *Saturday Night* and the *Bobcaygeon Independent* with it and none of them will publish it. What shall I do with it?"

FRIEND—"Why you're a member of the Royal Society of Canada, aint you? Read it to them and then it will be published among their Transactions without its costing you a cent."

CANADIAN AUTHOR—"Good scheme. Thanks for the suggestion. That's just what I will do. Everything goes here."





### THE LOGIC OF THE SITUATION.

"But not only are the risks of the farm great—not only is the labor onerous and the chances for profit few, but by the policy of the Government which the farmer himself has created and sustains, he is so shut out from the market where he can best sell his products, that he has to pay a quarter of his output for the privilege of entering therein. Were it not that the whole body politic were dependent upon the farmer's prosperity, this condition would not be so remarkable; but there is nothing got in Canada unless it is dug out of the ground, and it is the farmer that does the digging.

The manufacturer, the professional man, the aggregations that go to make up the towns and cities, the transportation agents, the educational, the mercantile and even the sacred calling, are all dependent upon the farmer. Without him and his prosperity all these go to the wall. So there is no subject so important before the public as the prosperity of this tiller of the soil. Whatever will contribute in the greatest degree to his prosperity it is the duty of the patriot to encourage. Any policy that puts the farmer at a disadvantage is the policy of disaster. The country cannot survive an attack upon the chief fortress of its industry, and if one class is to be preferred above all others in the policy of the Government it must be the farmer. Hence, the Government of the day will either learn this lesson, or be compelled to give place to another that will. The logic of the situation is inevitable."—Erastus Wiman.

### HOW SAD.

"CANADA is governed by faction," said Prof. Goldwin Smith. "Responsible government is a failure. Party names are meaningless. No one is interested in the general welfare of the country as a whole, but each clique and faction is striving to bring influence to bear to accomplish its petty ends."

"There is one faction," observed a solemn looking person "which has not been represented in the governing forces to any appreciable extent."

"Ah, to what faction do you allude?" enquired the Professor.

"Satisfaction," said the melancholy person without a smile.

And the Professor cast upon him a look of mournful reproach and without replying moved to another part of the room and began talking to a young lady about the Carnival.

THE Glass of Fashion—an eye-glass.

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**18 YEARS' RECORD, TO DECEMBER 31, 1889.**

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For Death Claims .....	\$945,428 00
" Matured Endowments.....	45,143 00
" Annuities .....	24,829 00
" Cash Dividends .....	486,153 00
" Cash Value (of policies surrendered) .....	163,330 00
<b>Total cash payments to policy-holders.....</b>	<b>\$1,664,883 00</b>
Cash Surplus.....	230,249 00
Reserves on Policies .....	2,519,920 00
(According to Standard Table of Valuation for Canada.)	
<b>Total cash paid and held on policy-holders' account .....</b>	<b>\$4,415,052 00</b>

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Actuary.

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SUITINGS  
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OVERCOATINGS  
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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.

#### A SMALL BOY'S EXPERIENCE.

A SMALL boy puffed at a big cigar,  
His eyes bulged out and his cheeks sunk in ;

He gulped rank fumes with his lips ajar,  
While the muscles shook in his youthful chin.

His gills were green but he smole a smile ;  
He sat high up on the farmyard stile  
And cocked his hat o'er his glassy eye,  
Then winked one eye at a cow near by.

The earth swam round but the stile stood still ;

The trees rose up and the kid crawled down ;

He groaned aloud, for he felt so ill,  
And knew that cigar had "done him brown."

His head was light, and his feet like lead,  
His cheeks grew white as a linen spread,  
While he meekly gasped as he gazed afar,  
"If I live this here's my last cigar."

MORAL—Wait till you grow up, and then in the language of the poet you can say :

Oh, there's not in life a pleasure so sweet  
As to sit near a window and tilt up your feet,  
And puff Spilling Bros.'—Whose flavor just suits—

And gaze at the world through the toes of your boots.

#### A FREE TRIP TO EUROPE.

THE publishers of *The Canadian Queen* will give a free trip to Europe to the person sending them the largest number of words constructed from letters contained in the name of their well-known magazine, "*The Canadian Queen*." Additional prizes, consisting of Silver Tea Sets, Gold Watches, China Dinner Sets, Portiere Curtains, Silk Dresses, Mantel Clocks and many other useful and valuable articles will also be awarded in order of merit.

Webster's Unabridged Dictionary to be used as authority in deciding the contest.

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By courteous invitation of the management, we paid an editorial visit to the Dominion Safe Deposit Company's premises on King Street West, the other day. It is indeed a safe cure for burglars, and may bid defiance to fire. There is nothing like it anywhere else in Canada. The deposit boxes are being rented rapidly. The vaults are well worth a visit. Drop in and see them—corner of King and Jordan.

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MRS. DE SENSE—"What are you reading so intently, my dear?"

MR. DE SENSE—"An article on 'American Fork in Europe.'"

MRS. DE SENSE—"Mercy me! Have any more heiresses been selling themselves for titles?"

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary, the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Send by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N.Y.

WHAT lovely teeth. Dyer's Arnicated Tooth Paste is the best thing in the world to keep them so. Try it. Druggists keep it. W. A. Dyer & Co., Montreal.

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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 Street, 2 doors north of King. Manufacturing to order, and a large stock of unset diamonds.



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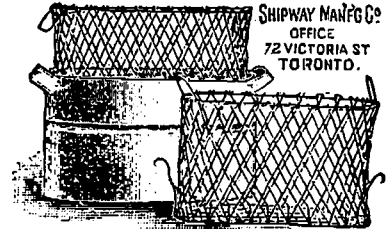


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MR. OLDROY.—"Dear me! What a strong smell of smoke! I wonder where it's coming from." (See page 354.)

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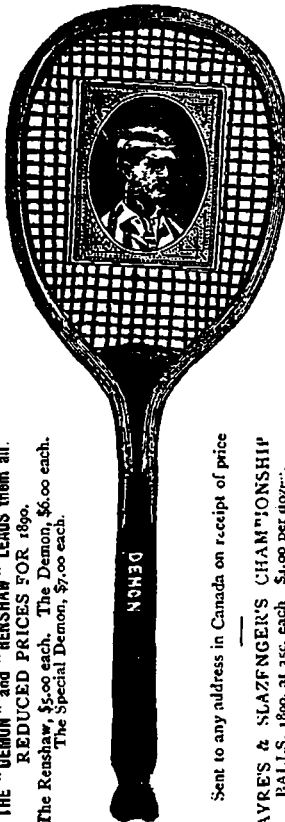
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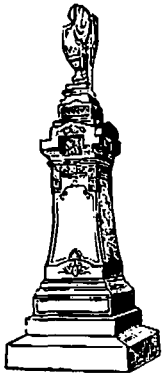


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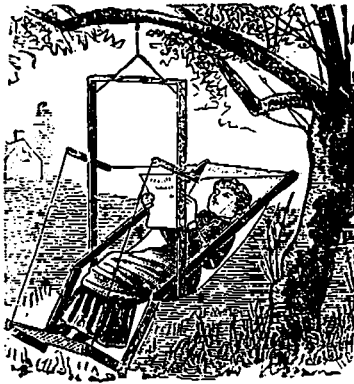
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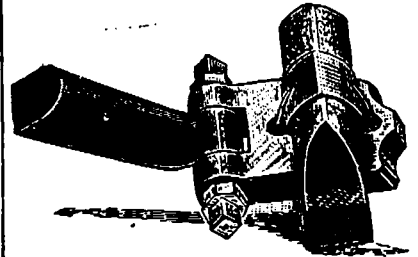
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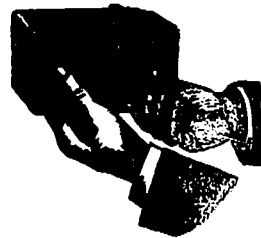
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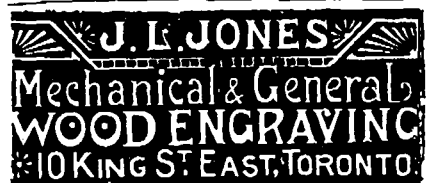
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