



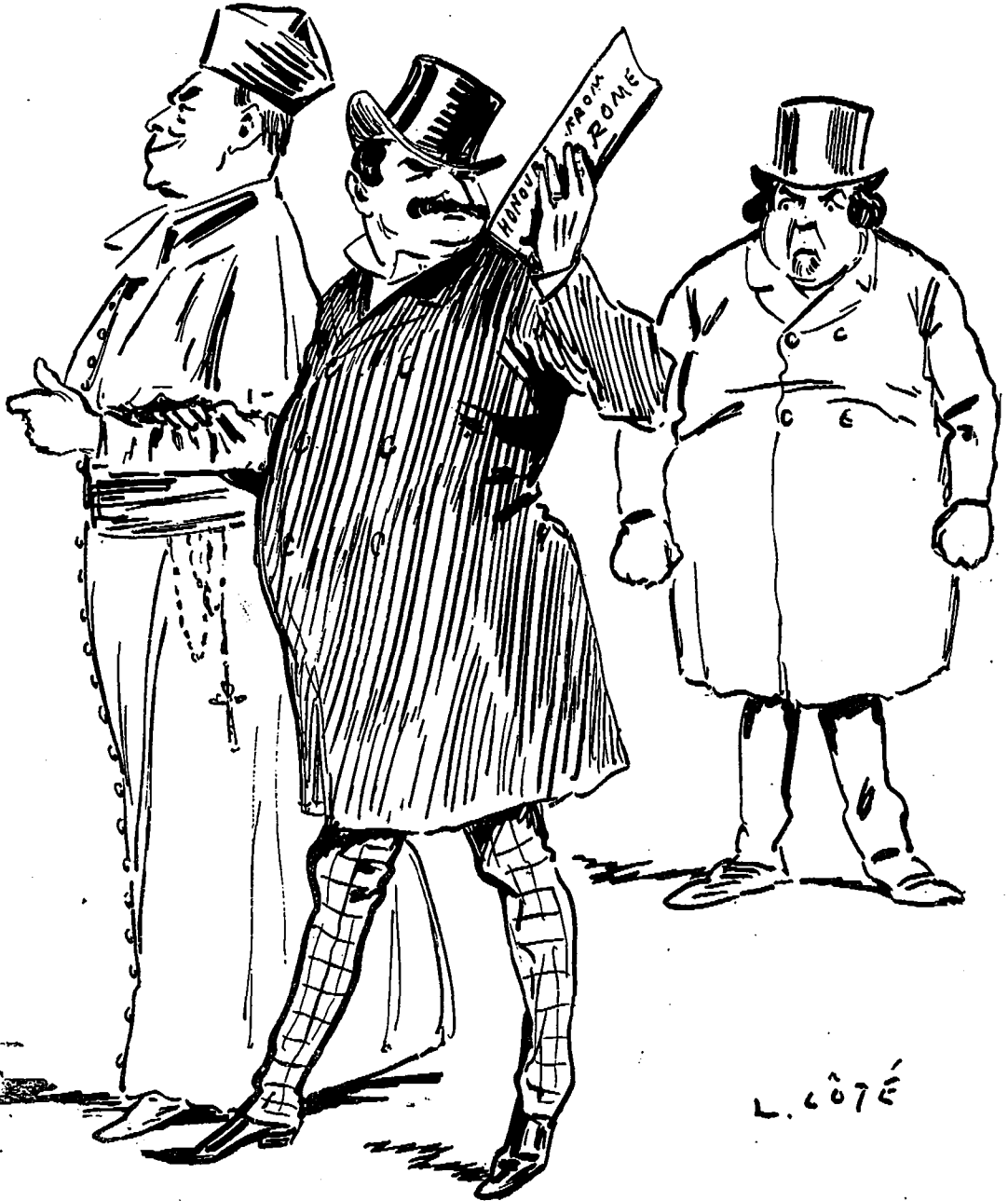
GRIP



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JEALOUSY.

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Artist and Editor
Associate Editor

J. W. BENGOUGH.
PHILLIPS THOMPSON.



Comments ON THE Cartoons.

MAKING USE OF THE ANIMALS. — There is an excellent and timely lesson for the farmers and other workmen of Canada in the following Southern anecdote, which we find going the rounds of the press, and which

we have taken the liberty of localizing. It is entitled

BRUDDER JASPER'S DREAM.

"Tother night I had a dream. I dreamt that I died and went to heaven. When I got to de pearly gates ole St. Peter he says: "Who's dar?" says he.

"Abram Jasper," says I.

"Is you mounted or is you afoot?" says he.

"I is afoot," says I.

"Well, you can't git in here," says he. "Nobody's 'lowed in here 'cept them as come mounted," says he.

"Dat's hard on me," says I, "arter comin' all dis distance." But he nebber say nothin' mo', and so I starts back, an' about half way down the hill who does I meet but Sir John A. Macdonal' G.C.B. "Whare is yer gwine, Sir John?" says I,

"I is gwine to heaven," says he.

"Why, Sir John," says I, "tain't no use. I's just been up dar an' nobody's 'lowed to get in 'cept dey comes mounted, an' yous afoot."

"Is dat so?" says he.

"Yes, it is," says I.

Well, Sir John sorter scratched his head, an' arter while he says, says he: "Abram, I tell you what let's do. You is a likley lad. Suppose you git down on all fours, an' I'll mount an' ride you in, an' dat way we kin both get in."

"Sir John," says I, "do you think you could work it?"

"I know I kin," says he.

So down I gits on all fours, an' Sir John gits astraddle, an' we ambles up de hill agin, an' prance up to the gate, and ole St. Peter says:

"Who's dar?"

"Sir John A. Macdonal'," says he.

"Is you mounted or is you afoot?" says Peter.

"I is mounted," says Sir John.

"All right," says Peter. "All right," says he; "just hitch your horse outside, Sir John, and come right in."

Does any Canadian consumer who has "supported" the high-tariff policy, fail to see the home-application of this little parable? If so, perhaps our illustration on another page will make it perfectly plain.

JEALOUSY.—Mr. Mercier is now the golden-haired darling of Mother Church in Quebec, a circumstance which is gall and wormwood to the Bleus and their Dominion leader, Sir Hector Langevin. A few years ago Sir Hector and his allies were the pets of the Hierarchy, and the Liberals were regarded at Rome as a particularly bad lot of atheists—said character having been furnished to the Holy Father by their political opponents. Strangely enough the Holy Father, although infallible, was successfully deceived for a long time. But the truth—that Mr. Mercier and his followers are in reality most pious and profoundly sanctimonious persons—was at last found out, and now he and they are enjoying a glorious revenge. How very bitter the present state of things is to the Bleus may be judged by the following ebullition of jealousy, which is taken from *La Nicoletain*:

"Everybody remembers the unworthy use which was made of Papal benedictions and Pontifical decorations. We still remember Mr. Mercier's exhibitions with his white breeches, the false interpretations given the favors accorded to the leader of the Government by the Holy Father. During the last elections the great war cry was: 'Mr. Mercier is blessed by the Pope.' A large number of electors, even some good and holy priests, were dazzled and carried away by it. When the benedictions obtained by Mr. Mercier were being used, his friends were very careful not to say that any Catholic who goes to Rome can obtain the same, not only for himself, but also for his friends. They were mindful not to say that the Pope does not even see these benedictions, and that he has no knowledge of them. To have told the truth would have injured the Government and Mr. Mercier."



THE Premier of Quebec must really have made a mistake when he pointed to that bunting and called it the national flag of Canada. Perhaps Mr. Mercier's sight is getting a little defective, as the banner to which he pointed his oratorical finger was the tri color, the national flag of France. If this surmise is correct, he ought to wear eye-glasses like the other swells on future occasions, and thus avoid errors of this sort. I'or see what odium such inadyvertencies bring upon him. Here, for example, is a little extract from a speech made on the 11th inst. by Mr. Donaldson, of Ottawa, in which Mr. Mercier's blunder is corrected with considerable emphasis:

Our national flag, brethren, is the old time-honored Union Jack. It is the old flag of freedom that was dear to our fathers and it is just as dear to us, their children, that emblem of libert that has "braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze."

Yes, and it shall continue to wave over Canada and over Quebec when Mercier and agitators of like ilk shall have gone down to the dust unwept, unhonored and unsung!

THE *Globe* indulges in a little fling at Sir John's chestnutty anecdotes, but adds, "we do not refer to these repetitions in a censorious spirit. If Sir John had sought to make new jokes for every speech he would have been dead long ago, instead of getting up close to the octogenarian mark." Quite so; and very neatly softened down, but the *Globe* must not forget that Sir John's best joke—the possession of the loaves and fishes—is older than all the others, and yet is to-day as good as new.

THEY say that Herr Edouard Strauss, of the Vienna Orchestra, has a morbid fear of lightning, and always goes and hides when a storm comes up. He is such a good conductor, you know.

ONE of the queerest things in politics hereabouts is the propensity politicians of high standing have for running to the *World* with statements of a confidential character about the affairs of their respective parties. We cannot, of course, doubt that they *have* this habit, because every now and again the journal referred to publishes just what they tell it. The latest case in point is a statement by "one of Mr. Mowat's friends" to the effect that Hon. Oliver is pretty well tired of Ontario politics and would be glad of the opportunity to throw up the local leadership. The chief difficulty in the way, it appears, is the absence of an available successor. This story is gammon, of course, especially the "reason attached." It may be true that Mr. Saml. H. Blake, Mr. Hardy, Mr. Ross and Col. Gibson are each and severally "impossibilities" for the leadership, but isn't Mr. Preston on hand? We take no stock in the yarn.

CRITICS ought to be a trifle careful in the use of the lariat, lest peradventure they get their own heads in the sling. Here, for instance, is the very capable young man who does the book notices for *America*, of Chicago. He is slating a volume by some aspiring author of the day, and to begin with he attacks the title of the work. "He calls the book 'A Tale of the Here and Now,'" writes criticus scornfully. "By what right does he make a noun of the adjective 'here?'" And now it is in order for the abused author to enquire as to when "here" became an adjective.

WHATEVER may be the result of the New York Central strike, so far as its immediate object is concerned, it will have the effect of strengthening the growing public opinion in favor of the nationalization of railroads. It is outrageous that vast public interests should be jeopardized and the traffic of great commercial communities thrown into confusion at the will of one arrogant and wrong-headed despot like Vice President Webb. If there were any doubts existing as to the rights and wrongs of the business, the refusal of the corporation to submit the matters in dispute to arbitration is itself sufficient to show who is to blame. There are likely to be more of these troubles in the future rather than fewer, until the great stupid public gets tired of allowing swell-headed insolent magnates of the Webb type to act as if they owned the earth, and insists upon Government ownership of all railroads.

TORONTO spends about \$100,000 per year on "inspection." One large regiment of officials

under this head, in connection with the Waterworks Department, is supposed to see that the householders of the city do not waste the water. To justify the amount paid in salaries to the inspectors, it would be necessary to waste more than one-quarter of the supply, whereas not one-twentieth of the water is ever lost. What is urgently needed, in view of our high taxes, is a thorough weeding out of the inspectorial garden. We are glad to note that chairman Carlyle proposes to accomplish this useful work. According to the *Globe*, the worthy alderman "has issued peremptory orders that the inspectors (of the Health Department) shall wear their badges in future. The penalty is instant dismissal." It is a somewhat novel scheme to give orders and then dismiss people instantly for obeying them, but on general principles the dismissals are desirable anyway.

POOR old Sir Fred Middleton has given himself the satisfaction of taking a parting shot at his late official superiors at Ottawa, in an address to the people of Canada. It must be said, too, that he makes out a very strong case in his own defence, both in the matter of the Bremner furs and as to the charge of being selfish and indifferent toward his officers in the campaign. With reference to the first he produces something new and interesting in the form of a telegram from Minister Caron, asking him to "bring back some souvenirs of the campaign for Sir John, Sir Hector and myself." "Leave it to you to select whatever you consider of interest," adds Sir Adolph. The General says he innocently supposed that furs would fill the bill. Then as to honors and promotions not being awarded to the officers who had distinguished themselves, the feline is let out of the bag. General Middleton urgently pressed for such action, but the Government refused, because the names of the two French commanders had not been included in the list!

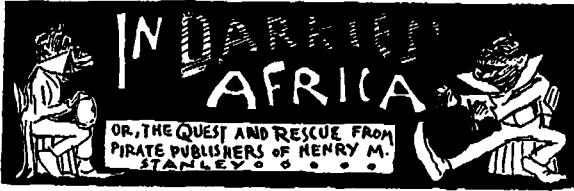
THE Reform newspapers throughout the country are unpleasantly exercised over a report that Sir John has made arrangements for a bountiful harvest, as a preliminary to springing the general election this fall. If Sir John wishes to conserve his reputation for shrewdness, he will bring on the election at the earliest possible moment, for every day opens the eyes of our farmers and artisans a little wider to the fraud and sham of the Protective policy. There will be a genuine cyclone ready if he waits until the term of Parliament runs out.



DANGER.

FIRST "BATHER"—"I'm very fond of this bathing, aren't you?"

SECOND DO.—"Yes, I think it's perfectly lovely, only it's so dangerous, you know!"



BY EXPLORER GRIP.

IN TWO VOLUMES.—VOL. I.

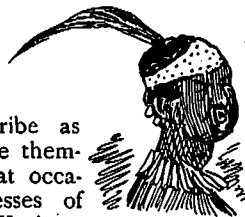
CHAPTER V.—TO KILONGA-LONGA'S.

IN a foot-note to Chapter IV. the reader was referred to Mr. Stanley's own volumes for full details of the march through the forest up to Ugarrowa's. Our advice having been acted on—(we presume this accounts for the sudden rush of subscriptions to the pages of Mr. Lancefield's order-book, and the corresponding happy



IN THE NIGHT AND RAIN IN THE FOREST.

smiles of the Canadian publishers)—it will not be necessary to give many particulars here. It may be just mentioned in passing that, according to the delicate weatherological instruments carried by the Expedition, the rain in the Congo forest falls 25¾ hours per day. The rain is also of a peculiarly damp, humid quality, and very wetting to the clothes. Camping under the circumstances was far from pleasant, leaving out of view, in the meanwhile, the fact that nearly every member of the party had boils, ulcers or arrow-wounds. These details show the sufferings and trials which explorers have to undergo—unless, indeed, they go under as sometimes happens in the course of their adventurous careers. The natives all along the river between Ugarrowa's and Yambuya speak practically the same language, so that if you are a stranger you have as much chance to make yourself understood by one tribe as another. They generally clothe themselves in ear-rings, but on great occasions the chiefs wear head-dresses of more or less magnificence. We have pleasure in submitting samples of the goods for your approval. It was the pleasant habit of these people to follow Mr. Stanley's party (just out of rifle range) in quest of raw material for the *recherché* native dish known as *fricassee of Zanzibari*. Stanley kept telling his people that there was deadly



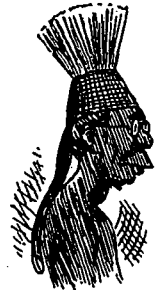
CORONETTED HEAD-DRESS, INVISIBBA WARRIOR.



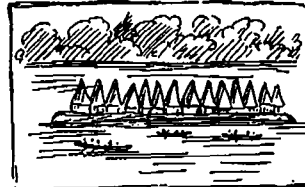
A HEAD-DRESS OF INVISIBBA WARRIOR

"a broth of a boy."

Having taken a little rest at Ugarrowa's, and unloaded a number of sick people who were to be boarded by the Arab until sent for, Stanley proceeded East on Sept. 19, 1887. Before traveling very far he was overtaken by some of Ugarrowa's men, who brought in three deserters from the Expedition, who had endeavored to sneak off with stolen rifles and ammunition. Stanley saw that it was absolutely necessary that a stern example should be made once for all. In order that the example might be clearly seen by all it was suspended to a tree. The coroner's jury identified the remains as those of one of the deserters. The others were afterwards pardoned. The travelers had been informed that five days' marching would take them to the settlement of Kilonga-Longa, another gentleman who was in the ivory-tusk and murder



HEAD-DRESS—CROWN OF BRISTLES.



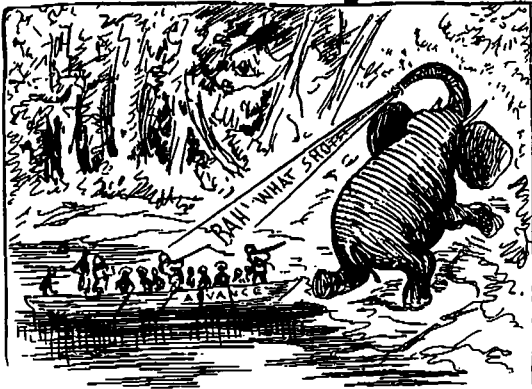
FORT ISLAND, NEAR PANGA FALLS.

business. It proved to be the Kilonga-Longest five days the poor fellows ever put in. For fifteen days of the time the party had nothing to eat but fungus off trees and stuff of that sort. PERNICKETY boarders in Toronto boarding-houses will see that they have nothing to grumble about, after all. During this terrible period of famine the officers gave a fair test to Col. Mulberry Sellers' celebrated theory that "man doesn't need food, but only the idea thereof." Parkes, Jephson and the others wrote out elaborate Queen's-hotel *menus*, and fixed their minds most intently and lovingly upon them, but it was no use. They lost flesh every day. At last things became so desperate that



GYMNASTICS IN A FOREST CLEARING.

it was decided to send on a small detachment of head-men to find Kilonga-Longa's and secure food. Fifty-two of the people being unable to go further, were left at Starvation Camp in charge of Capt. Nelson, and Stanley pressed on with the rest in what he supposed to be the path of the couriers. He had a terrible time of it, but, with his usual luck, just as the last degree of human endurance was reached, they stumbled upon the sought-for settlement. The head-men hadn't got there, and were not found for some days afterwards, having lost themselves in the bush. Kilonga-Longa wasn't at home



ATTACKING AN ELEPHANT ON THE ITURI RIVER.

himself, but his superintendent was on hand, and introduced the travelers to as precious a gang of rascals as ever butchered an African native. "Every tusk they possess," as Stanley remarked to Parkes, "is steeped and dyed in blood, and this awful work will go on until the European Governments prohibit the sale of gunpowder in Africa."

CHAPTER VI.—THE MEETING WITH EMIN PASHA.

An Expedition was formed, under Jephson, to go back and relieve poor Nelson and his sick people. The job was brilliantly accomplished, although only five out of the fifty-two were found alive. Nelson himself was on the verge of the grave. The survivors were brought to Kilonga-Longa's and left there under Dr. Parke's care, arrangements having been made by Stanley for their board and lodging. Meanwhile Stanley had gone on with the Advance Column, and some days afterwards Jephson overtook him. He brought the gratifying intel-



EMERGING FROM THE FOREST

ligence that the scoundrelly Arabs were doing their best to starve Nelson, Parke and the sick men, notwithstanding the agreement. For a time the easterly course lay through the same sort of forest as of yore, though now clearings were frequent. A clearing is a place which isn't clear, but, on account of fallen trees, etc., is almost impossible of navigation excepting by skilled acrobats. Dwarf villages were numerous, and several Pigmies were captured. It is understood that Stanley is going to use the Pigmies to replace the Protectionist statesmen who are dying off. Several times the party ran across troops of elephants, but the animals always succeeded in getting away. At Ibware (of course you know that enterprising town) the poor starved fellows stumbled into a land metaphorically flowing with milk and honey. Rice, manioc, goats, poultry, bananas—tongue cannot tell of the Paradise adequately. It is estimated that the Expedition got away with more bananas than an average Toronto girl could eat at a sitting. They sat right down there to fatten up, and it wasn't long before they were in prime condition. The march was resumed, and on December 4th—memorable day—they burst from the confines of the horrible forest and beheld the happy grass-land.

The whole outfit, from commander down to slave, leaped for joy. But their troubles were by no means over yet. The natives of the grass-land had something to say as to "enemies" marching through their country, and the consequence was a series of fights with hosts of valiant warriors. Explanations were at length made and peace was declared, and Stanley made "blood-brotherhood" with the chief. By this time they had reached the uplands, from which they beheld the lake—but the strongest glass could detect no Emin Pasha anywhere about. The natives had never heard of any white man answering his description. Stanley was somewhat disgusted. As there was nothing to eat on the lake shore, the weary party went away back into the bush and built a fort—Fort Bodo, they named it—and here they took up their abode O, *pro tem*. Lt. Stairs and a detachment of rifles went to Ugarowa's and Ipoto and brought up Nelson, Parkes and those of the sick who survived, and on April 2nd they started off a second time for the Nyanza, which they reached about the 16th. On April 29th Emin Pasha, accompanied by some members of his staff, came into Stanley's camp on the lake shore and was "rescued," after considerable trouble.

(To be continued.)

A FATAL DEFECT.

EDITOR—"I have looked over your article on Canadian literature. I'm afraid we can hardly accept it in its present shape."

CONTRIBUTOR—"Why not? Isn't it up to the mark?"

EDITOR—"It is good enough in the main, but it has one glaring omission. You don't quote what's-his-name," famous saying, 'Let me make the ballads of a nation, etc.' No article on Canadian literature is complete without that. Work it in somewhere and it goes."



CHIEF OF THE IVUGA.



OUR COMMISSIONER STUMPED.

JAMAICA TRADER—"Open up trade with Canada? Good idea, but on account of your high tariff, you see, it wouldn't pay. What do you propose to do about that?"

COMMISSIONER ADAM BROWN—"Er—um—ah—by George, I don't suppose our Government ever thought of that!"

CHANGE OF VENUE SUGGESTED.

JINGLESNAP—"Going to exhibit at the Industrial this year?"

BRAGWORTH—"Oh, yes. I shall send some of our canned goods and a choice assortment of preserves."

JINGLESNAP—"I should think those would be more appropriate for the Jamaica Exhibition."

BRAGWORTH—"Why so? Oh, I see—Jam-maker!—not bad at all."

PIGSNUFFLE'S FONETIC FILOSOPHI.

SEKRIT sosietis ar masheens inventid fur boostin mitey small men intew big offises.

The world seldum finds out how talentid and jenial a man iz till he has rooined himselph drinking whiskey.

"The spur uv the momint" woud be the rite kind to ware ef yew wantid tew ride a muel—yew woud likely nawt stay on anny longer.

"Wy do the heethin rajc?"—Wel, proberbli bekaws David Boile has bean diggin up the remanes ov thare ansesters.

Competishun may bee the life ov traid but it is the deth ov labor.

Wen a Muskoker muskeeter settles down tew bisness on the expansiv cheek ov a Toronto reel estait ajent it reminds i ov the old filersophikal problem as to wat woud happen ef a irrisisterbul force came in contact with

an immovable boddy.—P.S.—I hav gnotised that it iz mostly the 'skeeter that gits left.

HOME, SWEET HOME.

(New version by "Don," vide Saturday night before last Saturday night's "Saturday Night.")

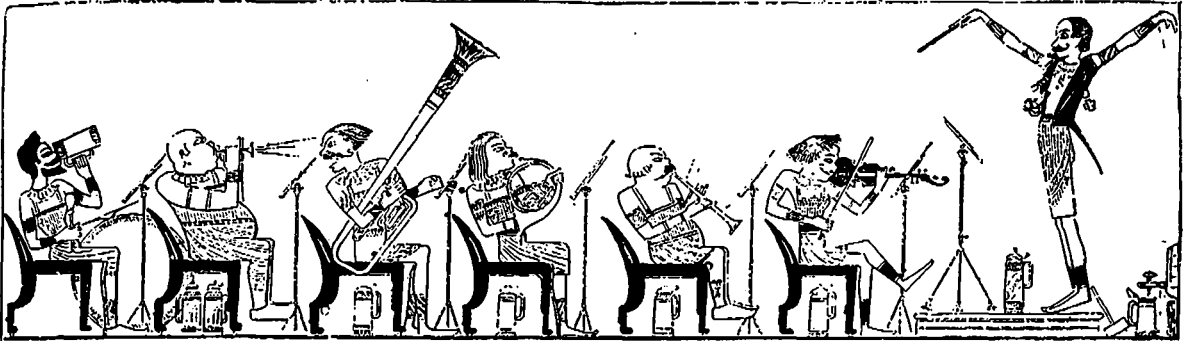


I D sea-side and camp resorts tho' we may roam, Be it everso sultry there's no place like home; A breeze from the lake seems to get at us there, And we're sure of clean beds and a passable fare.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home, Begone with your "outings"—there's no place like home!

An exile from home, slave of Dame Fashion grim, Suffers infinite evils to be "in the swim," Fights mosquitoes and flies and bed-bugs full grown, Oh, give me my summer right here in the town!

Home, home, sweet, sweet home, For the sizzling season there's no place like home!



BAS-RELIEF IN HONOR OF THE VISIT OF THE STRAUSS ORCHESTRA.

THE JOKERS' CLUB.

"NOW, gents, come to order," said the President. "The subject of our deliberations this evening is the Office Hog. Hurry up with your remarks, and remember our rule, that the man who speaks a sentence without a palpable joke in it stands the drinks for the gang. Now, then, go!"

"The Office Hog will be *World* away in a tempest of popular indignation," remarked Baskerville. (Applause.)

"Leaving the honorable gent who has just spoken to bask-a-while ('Oh!') in the smile of your approbation, I would briefly but emphatically remark that there is an excellent reason why the Office Hog should not go, for who is better qualified for office than one accustomed to the pen?" said Popenjoy. (Applause, followed by prolonged interval for meditation.)

"Hoop-la! Now I got her!" cried Binkerton suddenly, slapping his leg. "Steady, now—this is a corker. I am quite of Popenjoy's opinion. Hoggishness in an official is rather commendable than otherwise, inasmuch as a hog has a talent for rootin' (routine)."

Another interval devoted to profound thought.

"Awful pause," sighed McGuffy.

"The beverages are on you, Mc," said the President blandly. "Gently tintinnulate the indicator, please."

"Not muchly, Mr. President," said McGuffy, "that was a joke. Ain't a hog got paws?"

"That really ought not to pass, Brother McGuffy, but I suppose we must call it a joke if it's the best you can do. Next!"

"The papers pourtray the Office Hog in dark colors," said Snorkey, "but who knows what the pig-ment?"

"Public sentiment is growing more enlightened on the question every day," said Borax. "How so? you would perchance enquire. Why, by the light of this scandal." (Cheers, but not inebrates.)

* * * * *
"This s' will not do,"

sighed Popenjoy, after a five minutes' interval of profound silence.

"No, indeed, it won't," said the presiding genius briskly. "That don't go. Ordinarily it might, but it's getting dry work, so I'll rule you out. Agitate the annunciator, somebody. That's right. Now we'll suspend the rule for ten minutes or so, and give your think-machines a rest till we start another subject."

A RASH ACT.

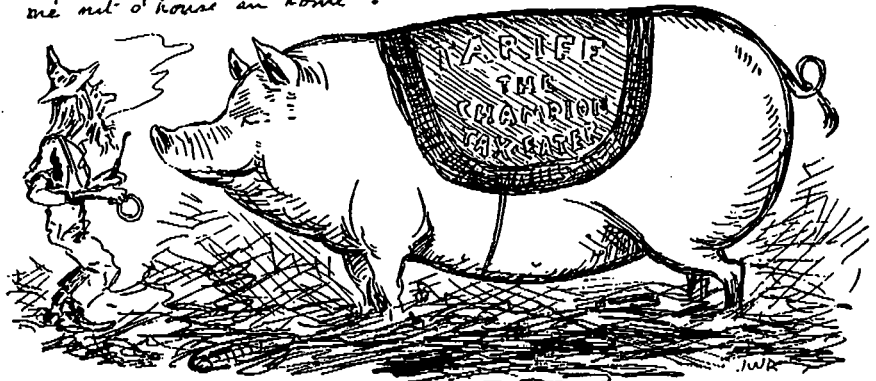
WHY did you kick that hat?
 Why did you kick that tile?
 What makes the urchins shout?
 Why do the people smile?
 Always before you hit
 Hats on the street a kick
 Raise up the rim a bit—
 Look for the hidden brick.

USUAL.

ETHEL—"How sarcastic Smallwit is!"

MAUD—"And, oh, how sarcastic he thinks he is!"

*By Gum! I'd like to put a
 Ring in his snout - He's eating
 me out o' house an' home !!*



THE TARIFF HOG.

Talk about The Office Hog as an offender against public morals, but he is not a circumstance to the Tariff Hog. The former is generally content with the emoluments of his office, but the latter is never satisfied. Thirty, forty or fifty per cent. profits extracted from the pockets of the people who are forced to deal with him, only whet his appetite for more. Year after year his cry is Give, Give; and his slave, the Government, is compelled to yield to his demands. Of all the Hogs this country is afflicted with, there is no Hog so hoggishly hoggish as The Tariff Hog.—*Sarnia Observer.*



GRACE BEFORE MEAT.

—Chicago Light.

SECOND THOUGHTS ABOUT THE FAIR.

(A MONTH BEFORE THE INDUSTRIAL.)

INDUSTRIAL Exhibition?
 Oh no, I reckon not.
 Them blamed Toronto fakirs
 Had ought to all be shot,
 The thing's the durndest swindle
 That ever I did see,
 I'll bet you that they never git
 Another cent from me!

It's jest the same old story—
 They's never nothin' new—
 Yer can't believe the papers,
 Fur what they say ain't true.
 It's jest a jam of people
 A-standing gapin' round
 At cattle an' machinery
 An' such things on the ground.

And these here big attractions,
 Fur all the fuss they makes,
 Ain't nothin' but a played-out lot
 Of dime museum fakes,
 An' yer can't half see 'em neither,
 Fur the people crowd so thick,
 An' when yer do it's only
 Some blamed fool showman's trick.

They swindle yer like thunder
 Do the tavern keepers, too.
 Geewhittaker! they pile it on.
 Ye'd hardly think it true,
 But I paid a half a dollar
 Jest to git a bed one night,
 And some folks had to walk around
 From evenin' till daylight.

I've been for ten years runnin' now
 I guess I've had enough,
 I ain't no hog—I'm goin' to quit,
 Yer can't give me no guff.

Of these big exhibitions
 I swear I've had my fill,
 I swore I'd never go agin,
 And durn me ef I will!

(THE WEEK BEFORE THE SHOW.)

Well, wife, I've jest been thinkin'
 It would be nice to go
 Next week down to Toronto
 And take in this big show,
 They say she's something extra,
 An A I first-class fair,
 And knocks the spots off anythin'
 We've ever yet seen there.

I said I warn't a-goin'—
 I didn't think I would,
 But yisterday I happened
 To meet old Deacon Wood,
 An' he says his folks and Dickson's
 An' the Browns from Muddy Creek
 Air a-goin' to Toronto
 'Bout the middle of the week.

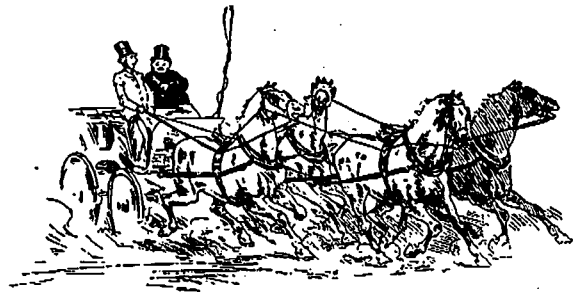
Well, now, I ain't no mossback,
 Like old Snyder 'cross the way,
 An' with all the neighbors goin'
 'Twouldn't do fur us ter stay.
 To shake the blamed fandango
 I kind of had allowed,
 But I guess we'd better foller
 An' ring in with the crowd.

It ain't so much the lay out
 That a feller reelly sees—
 But to git down to the city
 Always gives us new ideas.
 I mind me once of readin'
 A piece out of a pome,
 "A man will always be a chump
 Wich always stays to home."*

In these here days of hustlin'
 A farmer ain't no show
 Unless he keeps a-larnin'
 What other people know,
 An' reelly come to think of it
 I made well after all
 Outen a few new notions
 That I brung back last fall.

So you an' me an' Marthy
 An' Jabez, ef he like,
 Will go down to the city
 An' stay with Cousin Ike,
 An' we'll take in the Industrial,
 Begosh, we'll see it all!
 An' when we tell old Snyder's folks
 I reckon they'll feel small.

* "Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits" is doubtless the quotation referred to.



CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER, ETC.

JOHN—"They say it's lucky to find a horse-shoe, but I know it's not."

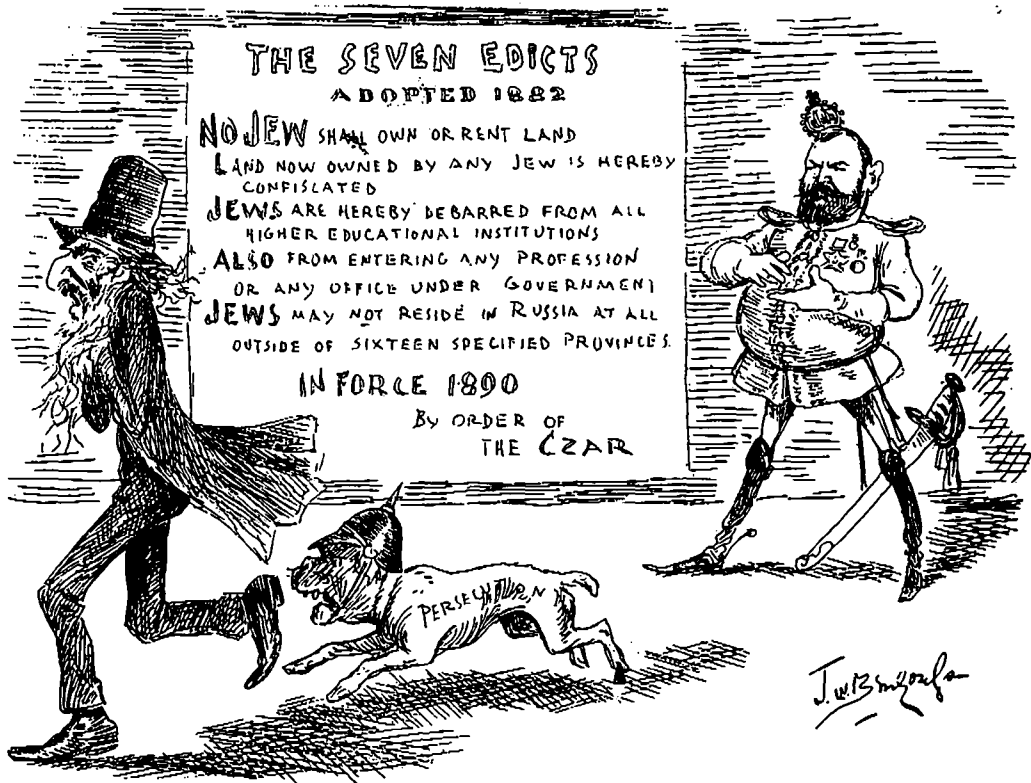
JAMES—"How's that?"

JOHN—"I found one this morning, but it was attached to the hind foot of that off-leader there."



MAKING USE OF THE ANIMALS.

(See "Brudder Jasper's Dream," Page 130.)



HEP! HEP! SIC HIM, TOWSER!

(Dedicated to the Czar of Russia, with assurances of GRIP's profound contempt.)

GEN. MIDDLETON ANSWERED.

WE notice that Gen. Middleton, late Commander-in-Chief of the Canadian Militia, has recently addressed quite a lengthy communication "to the people of Canada." Whatever opinion may be held as to Gen. Middleton, common courtesy demands that we should answer his letter. It's always as well to observe the amenities of social intercourse, and so GRIP, as the representative of the people of the Dominion, cheerfully undertakes the duty. The following is our reply, in which, as will be seen, we have deftly avoided any reference to vexed personal controversies and unpleasant themes which might create hard feelings, and confined ourselves, as was appropriate under the circumstances, to generalities:

"GRIP Office, Toronto,
"Aug. 25, '90.

"Gen. Middleton, Esq.:

"OUR DEAR SIR,—Yours of the 12th inst. duly received and contents noted. You will doubtless agree with us when we say that, under any conceivable circumstances, the question of the advisability of the course to be pursued, largely, if not mainly, depends on those considerations which, whether or not they may be in harmony with those more esoteric conceptions which, to some degree, trench on or seem to curtail freedom of action principally dominate the human consciousness. From this point of view—though it might possibly be combated by sciolists—the most monumental achievements of the present age are, if rightly regarded, the results of the co-ordinating faculty. The inter-penetration and harmonizing of these has become a paramount necessity.

"You will be glad to know that the crops are looking well. So is Ed. Farrer. Money is tight, however, but as this is its normal condition it hardly deserves more than a passing notice. The real estate market is quiet now, but there are hopes that it may revive later on. It is considered probable that Mayor Clarke will try for a fourth term. There is no art to read the mind's construction in the face. Believe us, dear sir, we shall often think of you when far away o'er the ocean blue, as memory recalls the tender recollections of the past—it may be in the still watches of the night when we have forgotten to wind 'em up.

"Write us again *shortly*—your last was a little on the lengthy side—and tell us all the news. We shall always be so glad to hear from you for the sake of old times. Hope you had a pleasant voyage. So long.

"On behalf of the Canadian people we have, etc.,

"GRIP.

"P.S.—Ald. Hallam, who has just dropped in with a contribution, wishes particularly to be remembered to you.—G."

HIS SPECIALTY.

SAWTOWS (*to bootmaker*)—"I see you advertise 'custom work a specialty.'"

BOOTMAKER—"Yes, sir. I think we make the best article in that line that you can get anywhere."

SAWTOWS—"I don't doubt it. I had you make me a pair of shoes some time since and I cussed 'em for about a month afterwards. Good morning."



SOUTH-BY-NORTH!

The Republican navigators don't seem to be quite unanimous as to the course.

HERR GUMPENDORFER'S OPINIONS.

A TOPICAL SONG.

DER Grits for a leater vash lookin' around,
 Vell, vot ish der madder mit dot?
 Dot Laurier ton't suit dem rightd down to der groundt.
 Vell, vot ish der madder mit dot?
 I dinks id vash hardt a goot leater to vindt,
 Ven der beobles he leadts doesn't know der own mindt,
 Und yust sgadder aroundt und geep going id blindt.
 Vell, vot ish der madder mit dot?

Dey dells me Brodection ton't alvays brotect.
 Vell, vot ish der madder mit dot?
 Und dings didn't vork yust like beoble expect.
 Vell, vot ish der madder mit dot?
 Dose vorkingman's vages ton't zeem to git high,
 Vile ve haf to bay more on der dings ash ve puy.
 Zuppose dot Vree Drade for a vile ve should dry.
 Vell, vot ish der madder mid dot?

I hear dot Intusdrial ish going to be goodt,
 Vell, vot ish der madder mit dot?
 Id would be a goot sgame to oxhibid a dude.
 Vell, vot ish der madder mit dot?
 Auf greader addractions ish vot dey rekvire,
 A pig draction engine I dinks dey couldt hire,
 I bade you dot draw like a puilding on vire.
 Vell, vot ish der madder mit dot?

Auf Glarke got eleded nexd vinder ash mayor.
 Vell, vot ish der madder mit dot?
 T'vas der Telegram but him again in dot chair.
 Vell, vot ish der madder mit dot?
 Auf you geep on abusing a veller too zdrong,
 Und rub id in vedder he's rightd or he's wrong,
 Dot's der fery besdt vay you gan hellup him along.
 Vell, vot ish der madder mit dot?

I dinks me zome more dings I couldn't kvite zay.
 Vell, vot ish der madder mit dot?
 For id vash not zo easy to write dem dis vay.
 Vell, vot ish der madder mit dot?
 Dough boetry alvays vas reckoned zublime,
 Id knochs me rightd outt ven I gan't vind a rhyme,
 Zo the resdt I vill geep me vor zome odder dime.
 Vell, vot ish der madder mit dot?



COULDN'T RECIPROCATE.

LITTLESBORT—"You've got my coat just right, Mr. Snipp. I'll give you credit for that."
 SNIPP (tailor)—"Thanks; I'm sorry I can't say the same to you."

To make home attractive patronize the Golden Easel Fine Art Store, 316 Yonge Street. Novelties in picture frames. Choice studies to rent. Artists' materials, etc., etc.

"I HATE to hear people talk behind one's back," said the robber, when the constable called "Stop thief!"

SOME may think that Burdock tea would be as good as Burdock Blood Bitters, but in the latter compound there are a dozen other herbal medicines equally as good as Burdock for Blood, Liver and Kidneys.

THE "QUEEN" PAYS ALL EXPENSES.

The *Queen's* last "Free Trip to Europe" having excited such universal interest, the publishers of that popular magazine offer another and \$200.00 extra for expenses, to the person sending them the largest list of English words constructed from letters contained in the three words "British North America." Additional prizes, consisting of Silver Tea Sets, China Dinner Sets, Gold Watches, French Music Boxes, Portiere Curtains, Silk Dresses, Mantel Clocks, and many other useful and valuable articles will also be awarded in order of merit. A special prize of a Seal Skin Jacket to the lady, and a handsome Shetland Pony to the girl or boy (delivered free in Canada or United States), sending the largest lists. Everyone sending a list of not less than twenty words will receive a present. Send four 3c. stamps for complete rules, illustrated catalogue of prizes, and sample number of the *Queen*.

Address, *The Canadian Queen*, Toronto, Canada.

"You have no right to imprison me as a vagrant," said a lame beggar to a magistrate. "You have no visible means of support," replied the judge.

"Yes, I have. What's the matter with this crutch?"

"Your husband wears his hair very short."

"Yes, the cowardly wretch!"

LADIES can buy their Toilet Requisites by mail, and secure city selection at less than country prices. The list embraces Perfumes, Powders, Cosmetics, Ladies' and Infants' Brushes, Combs, Infants' Sets, Manicure Sets, Covering Bottles, Fine Soaps, Rubber Goods, also Bath-Room and Sick-Room Supplies. Send for Catalogue and note discounts. Correspondence solicited. All goods guaranteed. Stuart W. Johnston, 287 King Street West, corner John Street, Toronto.

LADY OF THE HOUSE—"Did you kick that poor dog to make him howl so?"

TRAMP—"No, marm, I wouldn't do a thing like that. I just offered him a piece of this here pie you gave me."

OUR readers who are afflicted with deafness should not fail to write to Dr. A. Fontaine, 19 East 14th Street, New York City, for his circulars giving affidavits and testimonials of wonderful cures from prominent people. The doctor is an aurist of world-wide reputation. See his advertisement elsewhere.

AN Irishman having a looking-glass in his hand shut his eyes, and placed it before his face; another asking him why he did so, he replied, "Upon my soul, it is to see how I look when I am asleep."

"I SAY, Jack," shouted a Smithfield drover the other day to another, "these sheep vont move in this weather,—lend us a bark of your dog, will you?"

"A CUSTOMER claims it saved his life. I find it the best selling patent medicine I have in the shop," says J. E. Kennedy, chemist, Cobourg, regarding Burdock Blood Bitters.

CLERK—"There's a lady outside with a child, sir, who says she would like to see you on business."

BUSY LAWYER—"Hm! Another divorce case, I suppose. Well, show her in, Quibble."

One Minute Later.

THE STRANGER (*opening her satchel*)—"Now, Johnny, you just sit on the sofa and be quiet, while I speak to the gentleman. I have here, sir, a 'History of Art in Timbuctoo,' which is to be completed in fifty-five parts, etc., etc." (*We drop the curtain.*)—Puck.

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.

A MAN carrying a cradle was stopped by an old woman, and thus accosted: "So, sir, you have got some of the fruits of matrimony." "Softly, old lady," said he, "you mistake; this is merely the fruit-basket."

We desire to call the special attention of our readers to the Investment Bonds now being issued by the Dominion Safe Deposit Warehousing and Loan Co. Limited. For a small outlay they secure a fixed and generous return. They offer special inducements amongst others to those who wish to provide a sinking fund for the payment of a mortgage or other indebtedness, or for purchasing a home, or to buy an interest in a business, or to provide for old age. They present to parents an opportunity of providing a fund for their children to become established in business when arriving at manhood, and to young men also there offers no safer investment for sums of money in small amounts, inculcating thereby the habit and showing the beneficial effect of saving. Head Offices of the Company: The Canadian Bank of Commerce Buildings, corner King and Jordan Streets.

BAD Blood, low vitality and a Scrofulous condition of the system leads to Consumption and other wasting forms of disease. The preventive and cure is Burdock Blood Bitters.

N. MURRAY, Book, News and Advertising Agent; agent for GRIP Publishing Co., Toronto. Publisher of the *Illustrated Guide to Montreal*, price 15 cents. 118 Windsor Street, Montreal, P.O. box 713.

A PEDDLER with his cart, overtaking another of his clan on the roads, was thus addressed, "Hallo, what do you carry?" "Drugs and medicines," was the reply. "Good," returned the other, "you may go ahead; I carry gravestones."

For removing Tan, Sunburn and Freckles nothing is equal to Dyer's Jelly of Cucumber and Roses. Try it. Druggists keep it. W. A. Dyer & Co., Montreal.

COTTAGER—"I ordered two dozen eggs yesterday, Mr. Crackers, and paid for them, but you only sent twenty."

MR. CRACKERS—"Wa-al you see, four of 'em was bad; an' I knewed you wouldn't keer fer 'em."—Puck.

"OUTSELLS all other blood purifiers. I hear customers say it cures when other medicines have failed," says I. F. Belfry, druggist, Shelbourne, of Burdock Blood Bitters.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. 25c. a bottle.

HARRY—"Dearest, I love you better and better every moment, and I long for the time to come when you shall be my own dear wife."

DEAREST—"Oh, well, Harry, there's plenty of time, and as you say your love's increasing all the time, it would be foolish to marry before it became wholly ripe.—*Boston Transcript.*"

CABINET Photos \$2.00 per dozen at the Perkins' studio, 293 Yonge Street. One extra photo mounted on fancy mount with each dozen. Cloudy weather as well as sunshine. J. J. Millikin, successor to T. E. Perkins, 293 Yonge Street.

AN Irish gentleman asked a city broker to discount a bill for him. The broker looked at the acceptance, and, as usual, stated some difficulties. "It has (he said) a great many days to run, as you see, sir."

"That's very true," replied Pat; "but I beg you to observe that they are the shortest days in the year."

FREE.—In order to introduce our Inhalation treatment, we will cure cases of Catarrh, Asthma or Bronchitis free of all charge for recommendations after cure. Call or address Medicated Inhalation Co., 286 Church Street, Toronto.

THE porter of a Dublin grocer was brought up before a magistrate on a charge of stealing chocolate, which he could not deny. Upon being asked to whom he sold it the pride of Patrick was greatly wounded. "To whom did I sell it!" says Pat; "why, does he think I took it to sell?"

"Then, sir," said the magistrate, "what did you do with it?"

"Do wid it! since you must know," said he, "we made tay of it."

WANTED!
BOYS! BOYS! BOYS!
TO SELL
"GRIP"

Weekly, in every City and Town in Canada.

Apply for Terms to

T. G. WILSON, Manager Grip Co., Toronto.

JOY FOR PAIN.



Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Pains in Breast and Kidneys for years very bad. When I stooped could scarcely straighten up, felt miserable. After three months' drinking

St. Leon Water

I found rest, perfect relief. No pains or stifling sensation after eating. I recommend ST. LEON.

W. HIGGINS,
823 Queen West.



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In Native Granite and Foreign Marble.

SELLING AT REDUCED PRICES.

Granite Cutters Wanted.

J. G. GIBSON,

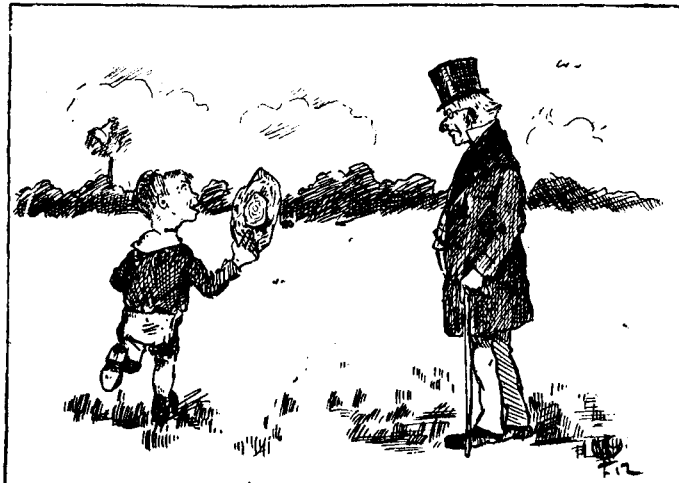
Cor. Parliament and Winchester Sts.

Automatic Swing and Hammock Chair.



This chair is the Best and Cheapest ever offered to the public for solid comfort and rest, and differs from all other chairs, being a **Chair, Swing and Hammock combined**. It is adapted to the House, Lawn, Porch, Camp, etc., and is far superior to the ordinary Hammock in every way. Price, \$3.00. Manufactured only by **C. J. DANIELS & CO.**, 221 River Street, Toronto.

USE **BOECKH'S** STANDARD BRUSHES. THEY ARE THE BEST.



MR. SMITH—"It makes me sad, little boy, to see you so eager to molest that poor butterfly! It does indeed!"

DR. A. F. WEBSTER, Dental Surgeon. Gold Medallist in Practical Dentistry R.C.D.S
Office: N. E. Cor. YONGE and BLOOR,
Over Lander's Drug Store. TORONTO.

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ITS CAUSES AND CURE.

Scientifically treated by an aurist of world-wide reputation. Deafness eradicated and entirely cured, of from 20 to 30 years' standing, after all other treatments have failed. How the difficulty is reached and the cause removed, fully explained in circulars, with affidavits and testimonials of cures from prominent people, mailed free.

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SCULPTOR, formerly of London, England,
Under Royal European Patronage. Portrait-Busts,
Statuettes and Monuments. Bronze, Marble, Terra
Cotta STUDIO, New Buildings, Lombard St., Toronto.



Beware of Imitations.

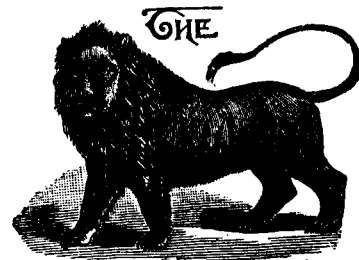
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Asphalt Paving for Cellar Bottoms,
Sidewalks, Breweries, Stables, etc.

Estimates given for all parts of Ontario.

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Home Office, 43 Queen St. E., Toronto, Can.
In the Life Department this Association provides Indemnity for sickness and accident, and substantial assistance to the relatives of deceased members at terms available to all. In the Live Stock Department, two-thirds indemnity for loss of Live Stock of its members. Send for prospectuses, claims paid etc.
WILLIAM JONES, Managing Director.

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Mechanical & General
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Double Trips Commencing Saturday, May 31.

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Book tickets on sale. Special rates to excursion parties.
Tickets at principal offices.



CURLINE
Dorenwend's Latest Invention for Curling, Crimping and Frizzing the Hair. Reasons why ladies should use **CURLINE**: 1. is simple in application. It retains its influence for a great length of time. It adds lustre, life and beauty to the hair. It avoids excessive use of irons, etc. It is inexpensive. It is entirely free from harmful properties. It saves time and trouble. It is neither gummy nor sticky. For sale by all druggists. Price 50 cts. each, or six for \$2.50. By mail, 8 cts. each extra. Manufactured only by

A. DORENWEND, 103-105 Yonge St., Toronto.

The ALE and STOUT of JOHN LABATT, LONDON, is undoubtedly the BEST.

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JAMES GOOD & CO.
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Wanted! Boys to sell **GRIP** Weekly, in every City and Town in Canada. Apply for terms to T. G. Wilson, Manager Grip Co., Toronto.

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St. Catharines, Niagara Falls, Buffalo, Rochester, New York, Boston, and all points east daily at 7.30 a.m. and 3.40 p.m. from Geddes' Wharf, foot of Yonge Street by the Palace Steamer

EMPRESS OF INDIA.

Family Tickets for sale. Low rates to excursion parties. Close connections. Quick Time. Low Rates.

Tickets at all hotels. W. A. Geddes, 69 Yonge street, P. J. Slater, G.T.R. ticket office, corner King and Yonge streets, 20 York street, and on wharf and steamer.

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Proper Classification of your risk, and a choice of the best Plans and Policies in existence.
Our Ordinary Life Policy is the only ordinary life policy issued that can neither lapse nor expire as to its paid-up value after being three years in force.
Our Common Sense Renewable Term Plan secures insurance at the least possible cost, and is the safest and simplest plan of natural premium insurance in existence.
Our Instalment Bond is the most satisfactory form of investment insurance possible.
Our Survivors' Endowment Bonds secure a provision for old age for the least possible outlay, and with the greatest possible certainty.

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50 and 52 PETER ST., TORONTO.

Music, Art, Modern Languages, Classics, Mathematics, Science, Literature and Elocution.

Pupils studying French and German converse in those languages with resident French and German governesses.

Primary, Intermediate and Advanced Classes

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RE-OPENS 4th SEPTEMBER.
Literature, Science, Art, Music. Send for Calendar.
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Whitby, Ontario.
THE MOST ELEGANT OF THE LADIES' COLLEGE

Pupils regularly prepared for Teachers' and University Examinations. Thorough Conservatory Course in Instrumental and Vocal Music. Two full Teachers' Certificates, Grade A, received this year from the Ontario School of Art, and one last year. The chief feature of our Art Department is out-door sketching and painting from Nature, under the direction of Canada's ablest artist. The facilities for pleasant, healthful exercise are unequalled in Canada and surpassed on this continent. New gymnasium, apparatus, brilliant electric lighting, etc., mark the growth of the College and the fresh attractions for next year. The social habits and manners of the pupils receive attention from a Lady Principal of known ability. College will

Re-open September 8th, 1890.
Send for Calendar.
REV. J. J. HARE, Ph.D., Principal

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This first-class house is fitted up with every convenience and has a splendid *salle à manger* and outdoor dining-room. The best of everything is not too good for guests. Saturday to Monday trip including fare, \$3.00. Continuous boat and train service. Reduced transportation rates to residents.

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TELEPHONE 1772.



DRESSMAKERS' MAGIC SCHOOL
Best Tailor System of Cutting
Waist Linings cut for 25 cents
Ordered Corsets—perfect fit guaranteed.
MISS CHUBB,
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Adjustable Wire Dress Forms.

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The famous heavy bodied oil for all machinery. Made only by
MCCOLL BROS. & CO. TORONTO.
Those who Use it Once Use it Always. Their

* CYLINDER OIL *

Has few if any equals in America for engine cylinders. The finest lubricating, harness and tanners' and wood oils. **Ask for Lardine.**

CONSUMPTION SURELY CURED

TO THE EDITOR:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy **FREE** to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and Post Office Address. Respectfully, **T. P. SLOCUM,** M.C., 186 West Adelaide St., TORONTO, ONTARIO.

JUST THE THING.

Comfortable.
DURABLE.
Ladies, [this cut represents our "Oxford" Perfect in Fit, and the Latest Style.
87 and 89 King St. East, Toronto.





Mr. Smith an hour later after a swarm of blue-bottles that will persist in annoying him, in spite of all his efforts to the contrary

*** THE ***
YOST
WRITING MACHINE.

Latest production of G. W. N. Yost, the inventor of the "Remington" and "Caligraph" machines.
 The YOST will be on exhibition at the coming Fair (ground floor Main Building). Intending purchasers of a writing machine and those interested in type-writing should see it in operation.
 Equalled by none.
No Ribbon, Permanent Alignment, Powerful Manifold.
 Now in use throughout Canada by Insurance Companies, Commercial Houses and Law Offices.

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Law and Commercial Stationers, Lithographers, Embossers, Printers, etc., Writing Machine Papers and General Supplies.

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STANDARD
TYPEWRITER.

Has been fifteen years the standard, and embraces the highest achievements of inventive skill. The claim that other machines are the product of the same brains is untrue.
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LESSONS IN PHRENOLOGY.
 Examinations, Oral or Written.
MRS. MENDON, 277 McCaul Street, Toronto.



Auction Sale of Timber Berths

DEPARTMENT OF CROWN LANDS
 (Woods and Forests Branch),

TORONTO, 2nd July, 1890.
 Notice is hereby given, that under Order-in-Council certain Timber Berths in the Rainy River and Thunder Bay Districts, and a Berth composed of part of the Township of Aweres, in the District of Algoma, will be offered for sale by Public Auction, on Wednesday, the First day of October next, at one o'clock in the afternoon, at the Department of Crown Lands, Toronto

ARTHUR S. HARDY,
 Commissioner.

NOTE.—Particulars as to localities and descriptions of limits, area, etc., and terms and conditions of sale will be furnished on application, personally or by letter, to the Department of Crown Lands, or to Wm. Margach, Crown Timber Agent, Rat Portage, for Rainy River Berths; or Hugh Munroe, Crown Timber Agent, Port Arthur, for Thunder Bay Berths.

No unauthorized advertisement of the above will be paid for.

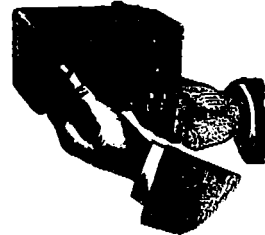


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Outfits.

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 Now Ready.

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 89 BAY STREET, Toronto.

STANDARD STEAM LAUNDRY,
 304 Church St.
J. HOFLAND.
 Parcels Delivered to all parts of City.
 TELEPHONE 2444.

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 When I say Cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time, and then have them return again. I MEAN A RADICAL CURE. I have made the disease of Fits, Epilepsy or Falling Sickness a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my Infallible Remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and it will cure you. Address:—**H. G. ROOT, M.O., Branch Office, 186 WEST ADELAIDE STREET, TORONTO.**

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Efficient
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TRAINED
Inspectors.

Prevention of
Accident
Our Chief Aim.

THE **BOILER INSPECTION**
and **Insurance Company** of Canada.



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CONSULTING ENGINEERS.

G.C. ROBB, Chief Engineer. A. FRASER, Secy. Treas.

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LICENSED.



Superfluous Hair

Easily, Quickly and Safely
Removed with

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And the growth permanently de-
stroyed without the slightest in-
jury or discoloration to the most
delicate skin. Discovered by acci-
dent. Every bottle is guaranteed by the Modene
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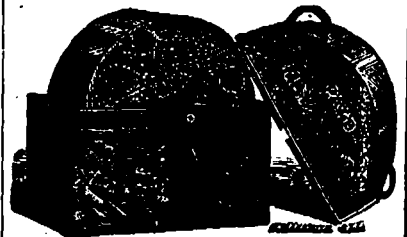
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