



GRIP



VOL. XXXV.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 11, 1890.

No. 15.
Whole No. 905.



BLAINE, THE "FAR-SIGHTED."

GRIP

AN INDEPENDENT JOURNAL OF HUMOR AND
CARICATURE.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

BY THE

Grip Printing and Publishing Co.

26 and 28 Front Street West, Toronto, Ont.

President
Manager

J. V. WRIGHT.
T. G. WILSON.

Terms to Subscribers.

PAYABLE STRICTLY IN ADVANCE.

To United States and
Canada.

To Great Britain and
Ireland.

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

Remittances on account of subscriptions are acknowledged by change in the date of the printed address-label.

In remitting stamps, please send two-cent stamps only. Messrs. JOHN HADDON & Co., Advertising Contractors, Fleet St. London, Eng., are the sole agents for GRIP in Great Britain.

Mr. NORMAN MURRAY, 118 Windsor Street, Montreal, is agent for GRIP in Montreal.

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Artist and Editor
Associate Editor

J. W. BENGOUGH.
PHILLIPS THOMPSON.



Comments ON THE Cartoons.

THE HOME MARKET. — By way of comment on this sketch, nothing can be more to the purpose than the following extract from a recently published letter by that level-headed workingman, Mr. Alfred F. Jury :

"In discussing the effects of the McKinley Bill on the trade of this country the universal cry that has gone up from restrictionist press and platform is for new foreign markets. This must seem very strange to the farmers that can remember the rivers of ink spent and the thousands of orations delivered to prove to them that the best market for the farmers of Canada was the home market, and if they would only submit to be taxed on all their manufactured goods these home markets would spring up in every hamlet, village and town in the country. Enough of the farmers believed this kind of nonsense to put the present Government in power, and now—after eleven years of greatly increased taxation, during which time the people of Canada have paid about \$85,000,000 more custom taxes for about the same quantity of imports as came in the previous eleven years, and the farmers have borne their share of this enormous taxation

patiently in the sure and certain hope of obtaining the promised home market, and a crisis is at hand by which they are likely to lose their best and nearest foreign market—these very men who deluded them with the false hopes have the impudence to turn round and tell them not to sell their goods in the home market, but that all their attention must be turned to finding new foreign markets on the other side of the Atlantic. For cool charlatanism this is the best on record. What about Canada for the Canadians? What about our farmers being mere hewers of wood and drawers of water? Is it not enough that they are to be hewers of wood and drawers of water to the highly-paid workers of the American continent, but they are now told with all the nonchalance of the thimble-and-pea man, that they have been fooled about the home market and that they must now become mere hewers of wood and drawers of water for the 'pauper laborers of Europe.'

"If ever a party stood convicted of having deliberately deceived the largest and most important interest of a country it is the Tory party of Canada.

"They promised the farmers three things if they would submit to be taxed for a short time—high prices for their produce, cheap manufactured goods, and a home market to sell in, and now they are told that Protection for the manufacturers is to be the permanent policy of Canada, which means they will have to pay an abnormally high price for all they consume, and that they must sell their surplus in the foreign markets of Europe in competition with the lowest-priced products of the world."

BLAINE, THE FAR-SIGHTED.—For the time being Mr. James G. Blaine and his Reciprocity idea are sojourning with the equally celebrated McGinty, at the bottom of the sea. Bully Reed has come back from Maine in triumph to take the leadership of the Republican party and hasten it towards its impending doom, and the McKinley Bill has been signed by the President as the veritable death warrant of the High Protection policy. But before many months reason will return to the halls of legislation at Washington and Blaine will bob up serenely. His notion of reciprocal trade, meagre as it was, struck the whole country so favorably that a permanent regime of McKinleyism is out of the question. And it was a meagre notion, truly. All that Blaine proposed was that raw sugar should be let in free only on condition that American farm products should be permitted free entry into Cuba to the equal value. It was a mere utterance of rudimentary common-sense, and yet it won a mountain of glory for its author. This shows how deeply they appreciate the Chinese wall idea! What will they do for Blaine when he comes to talk Reciprocity in anything like an adequate way, a few months hence? He has already admitted enough to let the daylight of truth through the fraud of Protection, and he cannot resist the logical impulse which will insist that if Free Trade with Cuba would be beneficial, the same with Canada would be more so. Blaine is a politician, and he is only awaiting the will of the country before taking his plunge. That will he will soon see indicated in an unmistakable manner and it will be for freedom.



THE Premier of Quebec went off to New York the other day on one of his characteristically mysterious missions. It leaked out, however, that his purpose was to meet the Comte de Paris—the chap who is plotting to overthrow the French Republic, and inflict another royal dynasty upon la belle France, you know—and invite him to visit Quebec. No doubt Mercier sees some politics in this. The habitants are royalists to a man, and would worship at the feet of this "heir to the throne," who has been exiled from his country for his country's good. Then they could not logically withhold their votes from a statesman who was seen going about arm in arm with the Count—and this is where the shrewd Mercier secures the frying of his own little pan of fish. *Le Monde* ironically suggested that it was intended to offer the crown of the new French Canadian nation to

the illustrious visitor, but this is something Mercier is probably reserving for himself.

* * *

COMMENTING on the Birchall case, the London *Advertiser* moralizes as follows:

It is natural that a man who allows his ideas of the aims of life to become so perverted should begin to believe that the world owes him a living without working for it. That was Birchall's belief. He resolved to leave honest labor to others and to live by his wits, and his downward career to the gallows has been swift and sure. The lesson cannot be too strongly impressed upon the rising generation that the moment a man attempts, by crooked means, to get something for nothing, to get wealth without earning it, he has entered on a perilous path.

This ought to be taken seriously to heart by young men who are thinking of going into land speculation. To be sure, this method of getting something for nothing is not as yet regarded as "crooked" in the eye of the law, but it is, in strict morality, no better than any other form of gambling. The single tax would fix it.

* * *

THE Pope has graciously signified his willingness to act as arbitrator in the three-cornered dispute between Newfoundland, Great Britain and France. The Bishop of Toronto, the Moderator of the Presbyterian Assembly and the President of the Methodist General Conference are also, each and severally, prepared to perform the duties indicated if called upon. It is very kind of them all, but we trust some decent layman can be found who will do the umpiring, if required. Clergymen, whether called Popes or Presidents, should confine their attention to the work they have been set apart to perform, which has to do exclusively with the spiritual concerns of mankind.

* * *

BIRCHALL has been sentenced to be executed on the 14th of November, and there is at present no prospect that the Government will even be asked to grant a commutation. We may, therefore, expect the customary process of the hiring of some miserable mercenary to perform the duties of execution, and against this GRIP once more raises his voice in earnest protest. Capital punishment is the penalty fixed by law for murder in this country, and the sheriff is the officer appointed to carry out the sentence of the Court. In the hands of that officer this duty is invested with a profound sanctity, and it ought, in every case, to be performed by the sheriff himself with the assistance of his regularly authorized deputy. The delegation of this, his most sacred function, to a brutal and bungling outsider is an outrage on civilization. Morally, if not legally, the hired hangman is guilty of murder, and the sheriff who hires him, that he may elude his own duty, must share his guilt.

* * *

MR. BLUE'S speech before the Iron and Steel Institute, at New York, last week was a splendid bit of oratory, both in its literary form and its entertaining substance. The metallurgical resources of the great Province of Ontario is an attractive subject to any man who has a command of words, and knows as much about it as does the head of our Statistical Bureau. The great temptation in patriotic orations is to exaggeration, but apart from the fact that Mr. Blue is an exceedingly conscientious man, it is almost impossible to exaggerate the potential wealth of our iron, copper and nickel deposits. The invitation which Mr. B. extended on the part of the Ontario Government, and which Dr. Selwyn endorsed for the Dominion

Government, was heartily received, and a large number of the Institute members, including many representatives of great British iron and steel firms, are to pay the Dominion a visit in the latter part of this month. On behalf of the people at large, GRIP bids them a thousand welcomes.

* * *



ET His Eminence of Quebec have a care how he allows notions of his Princehood to run away with him, or we will have to attend to his case. Already we are being urged to—but why not print a sample letter right here?

DEAR GRIP,—Will you excuse a thought from outside? We have great faith in the influence of your wonderful cartoons, which are more powerful than many long arguments. Will you give us one of Cardinal Taschereau, etc., trying to haul down the Union Jack below the Pope's flag, and saying to our Governor, Prince George and perhaps the Prince of Wales, "Lend a hand, boys"? People generally don't seem to understand what all the fuss of precedence involves or what comes next.

Pardon what seems to be an impertinence.

FROM ONE OF GRIP'S ADMIRERS.

* * *

OUR accomplished and popular visitor, the Earl of Aberdeen, is great on eggs, and has some highly original notions of the *modus operandi* by which the British market could be supplied with the product of the industrious Canadian hen, as may be gathered from this little extract from a recent speech:

You want the opportunity for a great market, and I think you, here in Canada, have every promise of a good trade in providing us in Great Britain with your surplus eggs. (Cheers.) To enable that to be carried out thoroughly you require a swifter line of steamers, with provision for the proper care of eggs. I mean provision in the way of refrigerators, not merely as at present provided, but built on the most approved principles, as I now think, with the fast lines of steamers.

There you are, you see! Faster steamers, good refrigerators built on approved principles—and the thing is done. Where are now the diminished heads of those who have been saying that a transatlantic egg trade is out of the question? The noble Earl does not come down to exact particulars, but we presume he means steamers that could do it in three or four days, and refrigerators of very much approved pattern. It's as simple as—as the Protectionist. But, after all, wouldn't it be still better to transport our hens in large comfortable coops to within a day's sail of the British market and let them manufacture the eggs right there? The British consumer would like the eggs better, we're sure.

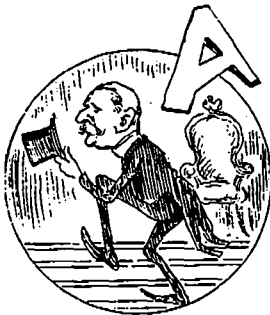
CAPT. JOHN M'CORQUODALE.

IN thousands of homes the sudden death of this greatly respected gentleman is sincerely mourned. Those who have from time to time enjoyed the Niagara trip on the steamer *Cibola* cannot but feel a sense of personal bereavement, for to such Capt. McCorquodale was not merely the accomplished officer but the ever genial friend. To the afflicted widow, and the little ones whose sayings and doings were so often the theme of his talk to his intimates, GRIP would extend his heartfelt sympathy.

"He won the white flower of a blameless life."

ALDERMANIC BUBBLES.

GRIP'S EVENINGS AT THE CITY HALL.



T the accustomed hour—or rather half hour—Mayor Clarke made his usual spectacular entry, and, ascending the dais, with a quick glance around took in the situation. "It gives me pleasure," he remarked, "to welcome back to our midst Ald. Lindsay, who has been on a vacation, and returns with recuperated health and a fine growth of chestnut beard and whiskers. And—do my eyes deceive

me? No, it is indeed Ald. Dodds, just as natural as ever. Let the cordiality of the welcome we extend to him be unimpaired by the memory of a melancholy episode to which I will not allude, but which ought not to permanently cast a blighting shadow over an erstwhile promising career."

"Promising—oh, yes, very promising," sighed a tradesman in the gallery with a Carnival account in his inside pocket.

ALD. HALLAM—"I have no doubt that during his period of seclusion he must often have exclaimed with the poet,

"Oh, for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless contiguity of shade
Where rumors of the Jarvis Street parade,
Of unlit candles and of unpaid bills,
Might never reach me more!"

ALD. DODDS—"Oh, go on! Rub it in! I can stand it. One man can't do everything, and if the rest had worked as I did, the Carnival would have been a big success."

Ald. G. Verral introduced a by-law to enable peddlers to call out their goods.

ALD. GOWANLOCK—"Don't they do it?"

ALD. G. VERRAL—"Yes, but they are liable to arrest."

ALD. MACDOUGALL—"Well, that gives the public a rest."

ALD. SCORE—"This by-law, I'm afraid, will create a few roar among the peddlers."

ALD. G. VERRAL (solo)—



When the vendor of bananas is a-peddling,

—Is a-peddling.

When the fish-dealer is shouting on the street,

—On the street.

They ought to be exempt from police meddling,

—Police meddling.

From the cop who may be strolling on his beat.

—On his beat.

(Chorus by full Council.)

If the hapless man is forced his voice to smother,

—Voice to smother,

Or at sight of a blue-uniform to run,



—Form to run,
Taking one consideration with another,
—With another,
The peddler's life is not a happy one.
—Happy one.

ALD. BOUSTEAD—"Your Bill provides that the peddler shall cry his wares in moderate tone of voice. You don't specify the key. Are they to cry in 'F' or 'G'?"

ALD. MOSES—"Let 'em holler in any key but one."

ALD. BOUSTEAD—"And that is——?"

ALD. MOSES—"Whis-key."

ALD. LINDSAY—"Ald. Boustead's suggestion is worth consideration. If the peddlers could be induced to adopt a musical cadence and call out their wares in arias and fugues and staccato movements and such, the musical reputation of Toronto might be increased, and city life, instead of being a confused hurly-burly of incoherent noises, would be a continuous carnival,—I really beg your pardon, Ald. Dodds, it was a *lapsus lingua*, I assure you."

ALD. DODDS (resignedly)—"Oh, go on. Never mind me. I'm utterly past feeling on that question."

The by-law was carried.

Council went into committee of the whole on reports of committees, and a lot of business was done, especially in the line of referring back.

Wherever things get into an inextricable tangle, this is a simple, easy way of cutting the Gordian knot. When there is an amendment moved, and an amendment to the amendment, and a point of order raised by Ald. Hallam, and a question as to whether the report is or is not *ultra vires*, and half-a-dozen aldermen speaking simultaneously, some cool, calm municipal statesman sees his chance, and, as soon as he can catch the chairman's eye, remarks, "I move that the clause be referred back." And everybody accepts the suggestion gratefully as the best way out of the difficulty, and wonders why he didn't think of that before.



ALD. E. A. MACDONALD—"In reference to the report of the sub committee on page 32——"

ALD. SWAIT—"Page 36, you mean——"

ALD. MACDONALD—"No, I mean the sub committee's report on——"

CHAIRMAN—"Oh, we've passed that some time since.

We're on the Court House Committee's report."

ALD. LESLIE—"My amendment, Mr. Chairman, deals with the question of the responsibility——"

ALD. HALLAM—"Your amendment is not an amendment."

ALD. LESLIE—"Beg pardon, my amendment is an amendment."



ALD. HALLAM—"But it isn't an amendment."

ALD. GIBBS—"The city solicitor—"
 ALD. RITCHIE—"The original agreement—"
 ALD. HALLAM—"Rise to point of order—"
 ALD. VOKES—"I move to refer the report back."
 And it was referred back accordingly.

On resolution of Ald. Boustead, the business men who waited on the Mayor last August with the proposal to substitute a business tax for the existing tax on personality, will be given a hearing at the next meeting of the Council. This is the entering wedge of the Single Tax movement.

THE BALD-HEAD'S LAMENT.

MY sad tale I'll unfold—
 I've been woefully sold.
 Oh! list to my piteous lament!
 The Gaiety girls
 In their maddening whirls
 (In the posters) I've seen, and repent.
 Oh! those bills on the fences
 Enraptured my senses
 With their lavish esthetic display.
 Oh! those forms and fair faces,
 Those languishing graces,
 I could gaze on such scenes all the day.
 So I took in the show,
 But imagine my woe
 When I came to find out my mistake.
 The performance was vile,
 And the girls had no style,
 'Twas the wretchedest kind of a fake.
 The bald heads in force,
 Filled the front seats, of course,
 To gloat on the plump coryphees,
 To admire each limb
 So shapely and trim
 As it whirls in the ballet's mad maze.
 But their ardor it tames
 To see scraggy old dames,
 With no sort of abandon or snap;
 And a piece with no plot;
 Just the worst kind of rot—
 It made me feel like taking a nap.

I solemnly swear
 That I saw nothing there,
 Which seemed to suggest impropriety.
 No wonder we cursed
 And expressed our disgust.
 Such things are a fraud on society.
 'Tis time to suppress
 Such pretenders, I guess,
 As this Gaiety Girl show mendacious,
 When they make folks believe,
 With intent to deceive,
 That their antics are highly salacious.

HIT OR MISS.

RRANKIN—"Have you read 'Geoffery Hampstead?'
 It's the best Canadian novel out—and it's full of local hits."
DDUSENALL—"The author, I understand, strenuously denies that there are any local hits in it."
RRANKIN—"Well, there are some local misses among the feminine characters, anyway."

WOMAN'S ADVANCEMENT.

IT is announced that a well-known lady journalist has secured a position on the Canadian *Advance*. The Association for the Advancement of Women, which convenes here shortly, will be glad to hear of this instance of a woman "on the *Advance*."

WINTER FASHIONS FOR LADIES.

(Designed by Mr. Worth Grip in aid of the good cause of the Anti-Ornitho Destructive Society.)



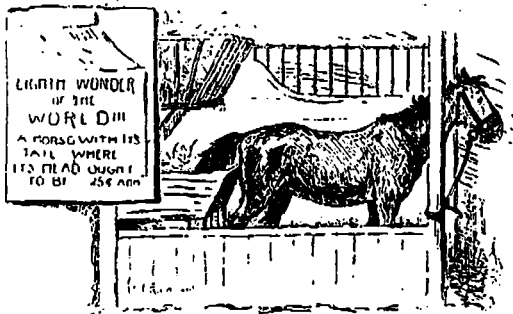
(From The Mail.)

DEAREST BESSIE.—How sweet of you to write that charming letter to the *Mail*. I am sure we ought to give up the use of birds, as you say they are so cruelly killed. But, dearest, we ought even do more. Could we not wear "mice" instead? They are so cunning. How cute they would look! And then older people might, or possibly married people might, wear rats. I do hate rats, and even if they were a little cruel in killing them, still it would save many a fright. Then you know there are lovely beetles and spiders, and things they call tarantulas. I haven't made up my mind yet to the Medusa bonnet of snakes. I draw the—oh, forgive me, I was going to draw the line at snakes. Then, dearest, could we not get up a society and wear diamond stars, as the members of the Anti-Ornitho Destructive Society, or some other name, and then the subscription of a guinea a year could go for a home for cats, or somebody else. I hope, dearest, the *Mail* will put this in. Yours ever lovingly,
 HENRIETTA.

P.S.—I forgot to say—How about sparrows? They do not deserve protection and should be on the free list. They have driven away many beautiful birds. Charlie shoots them with an air gun for our cats.

NUMBER TWELVE.

GRIP'S forthcoming Comic Almanac will burst upon a delighted world about Nov. 1st, and will be found superior to any of its eleven predecessors. It will contain thirty-two pages, brimful of good things literary and pictorial, and the price will be as heretofore, only 10 cents. Look out for it!



A REMARKABLE EXHIBITION.

THE BIBULIST'S PLEA.

NOW the merry boozer
Yanked before the Beak,
Questioned, "Why did you sir
Consolation seek,
In the bowl that floweth
With destruction fraught,
Which its victims moweth,
Bringing them to naught?"

Quoth he then: "The water
Is so awful bad
Nobody had oughter
Be afore you had
Just for drinking whiskey;
Alcoholic brewage
Isn't half as risky
As diluted sewage.
That is far too dirty."
Then in careless voice
Beak says, "Three or thirty!
You can have your choice."

FASHION NOTES.

FEATHERS will be fashionable during the fall and winter. They tend to give the wearer a very "fly" appearance. Rooster's tail feathers are regarded as very *chic*.

High hats for theatre wear are still all the rage. But the rage is principally noticeable among the people in the rear seats.

"Women of fashion gown themselves at home in lovely tea gowns on the Greek model and never look more becomingly attired," says an authority on fashions. On balls and other public occasions they approximate more to the costume of the Greek slave.

The Astrakhan plaid is being used in the most stylish costumes for street wear. The hand-organ played is no longer regarded as fashionable.

Fall-over-coats should not be worn in connection with stand-up collars. The combination is considered inharmonious.

Mosquito veils, though considered g-natty, are going out of fashion.

Straw bonnets will be worn all the winter. This will be comforting to those of limited means, whose husbands are men of straw, so to speak.

Gros grain silks are appropriate for the wives and daughters of agriculturists.

Pug dogs are worn *retroussé*.

Mourning costumes ought not to be worn in the evening.

AT NO LOSS FOR AN ORATOR.

FIRST COMMITTEEMAN—"Pumper, M.P., has a great deal of gesticulation. He is just the man to handle that question."

SECOND COM.—"Just so—pump-handle it."

THE NEW PROFESSION.

EARL KNOCKEMOFF—"What do you intend to do for your boys?"

BARON HOLSTEIN—"My eldest son will be my heir, of course; my second son goes into the Church; my third into the Army, and Lady Holstein is arranging an American marriage for our youngest."

A CORRECTION.

OUR brother, Stuart Jenkins, of the *Manitoulin Expositor*, sends us a copy of his paper with a big black ring around the following complimentary notice:

A man, to be a caricaturist, (*sic*) must have a crick in his eye, and may be said to view the world generally through a distorted medium; and is no wonder therefore to find a man like Bengough jabbing the point of his pencil into the bowels of his beloved country. From the moment that he caught hold of 'Ras Wiman's coat-tail he ceased to be a Canadian, and went over body and bones to the American party. Practice has improved his drawing, but it is to be feared that his political morality will never improve on the same lines.

We only desire to correct brother Jenkins as to our motive in persisting in this painful process of "jabbing." It is not malice nor a want of patriotism which moves us. Quite the contrary. We do it to arouse our beloved country to the fact that she is being robbed and crippled by the sort of "loyalists" who inspired in Dr. Johnson the thought that "patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel," but who are clever enough to secure the support of simple journals like the *Expositor*.

NORTH-WEST NEWS.

Seat of Rebellion. General Commanding to Minister of War:

FOLLOWING is a list of full privates recommended to grade of corporal for gallant service in the field:

MINISTER (*to General*)—"Can't be done. There is a Dutchman in Company Z who would thus be left unpromoted. Dutchman wouldn't like it. Don't forget the souvenirs for the Old Man and Langey and me."

MINISTER (*to General, later*)—"To the best of my recollection I did not say anything about a Dutchman. I never do."

PROBABLY IT WOULD.

FIRST CANADIAN—"Where did you spend your vacation?"

SECOND DITTO—"On Manitou Island."

FIRST CANADIAN—"Wouldn't an island where there was a Woman-er-too be more in your line?"

THE editor of the Terracottaville *Times* announced in a recent issue that he didn't mind accepting vegetables and other country produce in payment of subscriptions, but he most emphatically objected to having the farmers call on him about a week after the acceptance of such produce when its price had gone up, to ask him for the increase.



THE SNAKE IN THE GRASS!



IN THE SHADE.

FIRST SMALL BOY—"Say, Shiners, you'd better come in here outer der sun, afore yer gits frustrated by der heat. Goin' down ter der lake front an' got der shade all der way down."—*Light.*

MORE OPEN LETTERS TO EMINENT ONES.

To Hon. Edward Blake :

SIR,—I drop you these few lines, hoping they will find you in good health, as they leave us at present. The voters of the country, especially those who have a confirmed habit of casting Reform ballots, would like very much to hear from you, if nothing more than to assure them that you are still in the flesh. They scarcely know what to think about a good many questions which are now up for discussion, and feel that a few words from you, even in the merest whisper, would be a great intellectual help. Where have you been, and what have you been employing your great mind upon all this while? Is it true that you are writing an epic poem, or *the* history of Canada, or a novel on the lines of Robert Elsemere? What do you propose to do this winter? I have heard some talk of your taking to the lecture platform, but I scarcely credit it, as you have developed such a repugnance to the use of your tongue. I hope it isn't true that you have become disgusted with public life, and lost your interest in a parliamentary career, though I must say it would not be surprising if you *had*. The people of Canada have not treated you decently—they are too fond of being humbugged. But don't give it up, my dear sir. Look at me. I go right on living and working for posterity, without caring a rap what the present generation thinks about me. I have only the pen and pencil to work with, and I'm not afraid to use them on the shams and frauds of the day. Oh, if I had such a tongue as you possess, and such a Corless engine of a brain to run it with, wouldn't I make things hum? Think this over, Mr. Blake, and don't forget that the country wants to hear from you. Yours, etc.,

GRIP.

To Hon. Sir J. S. D. Thompson :

DEAR SIR JOHNNY,—Pardon this apparently flippant form of address, but I want to distinguish you from the other Sir John. What about your succeeding that old gent. in the leadership, by the way? Has it been all fixed and the papers signed and sealed, or do visions of Tupper still linger in the background? I think *he* is an impossibility, don't you? Besides, I doubt very much whether he would care to give up his swell concern in London to take such a thankless job as the leadership of

the Lib. Con. party will be after Sir John retires. You, on the contrary, have nothing to lose and everything to gain by such a chance. Of course, as yet, you are comparatively unknown to the country, but a few more sessions will make that all right. I think you may congratulate yourself on having captured the Orange heart by your speech and vote on the Jesuit bill. I don't mean that they cared for the sentiments you expressed, which, in fact, were directly opposed to their own, but they continue in allegiance to the party, and will vote solidly for you, and what more could you ask? Hoping for better acquaintance, Sir Johnny, I remain, yours, etc.,

GRIP.

A CANDID ADMISSION.

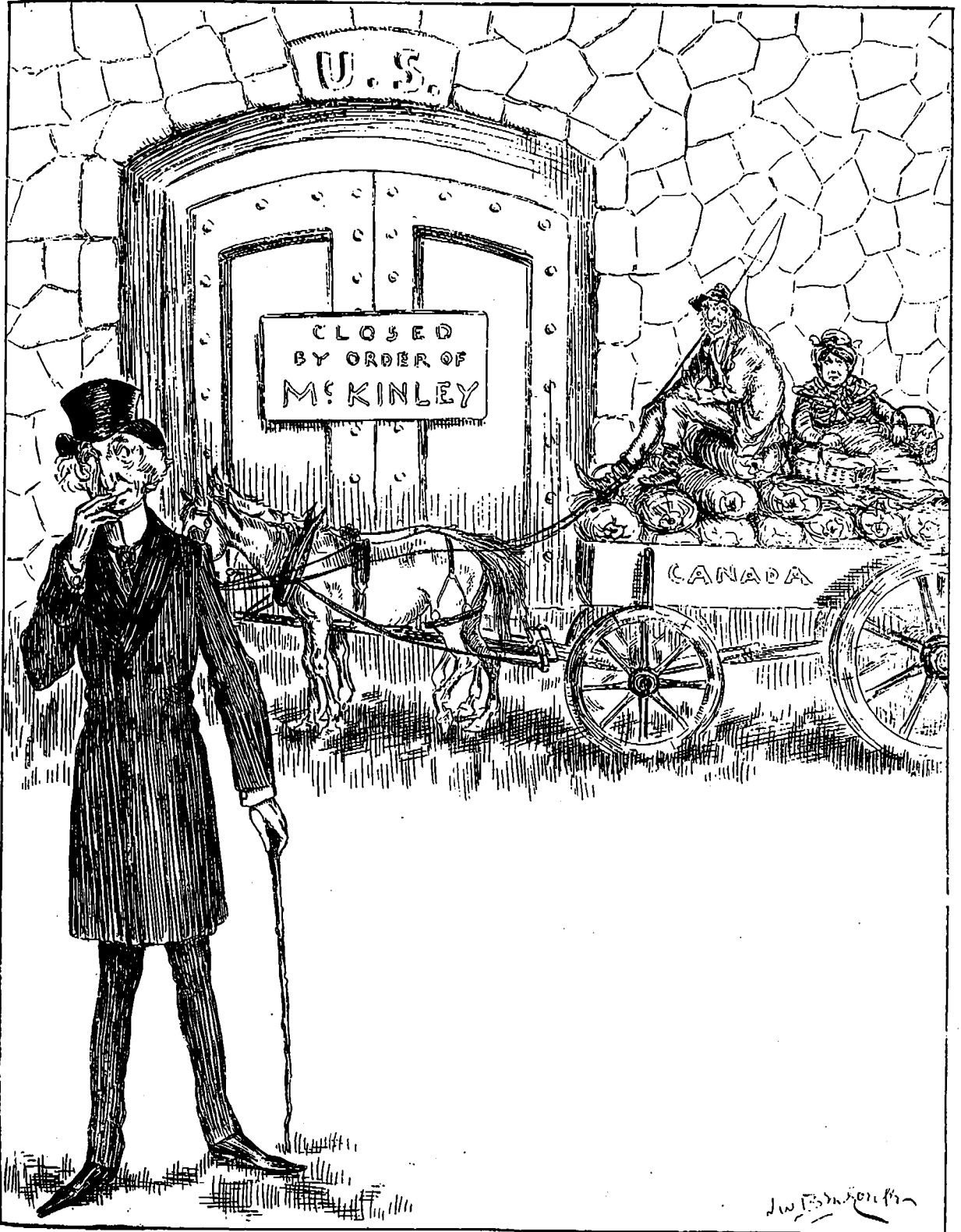
THE discussion as to the disposition to be made of the street railway, as soon as the franchise is reclaimed from the clutches of Frank Smith, goes on vigorously. Public opinion in favor of the retention of the railway by the city, instead of handing it over to another monopoly, is growing stronger day by day. The only argument to the contrary is the assumed tendency of the aldermen to jobbery and corruption; and if the franchise is again let out to a private monopoly, it is safe to say it will be on this ground alone. It is rumored that one of the aldermanic advocates of monopoly intends submitting the following resolution, or one of similar import, to the Council:—

"That whereas the members of this Council are notoriously corrupt, dishonest and incompetent, and it is therefore desirable to lessen our opportunities for jobbery speculation and mismanagement, therefore it is resolved, that to remove temptation out of our way and prevent us from displaying to the people too obviously our lack of common honesty and ordinary business ability, which would bring municipal institutions into deserved contempt, and expose us in our true colors as hopelessly unfit for the exercise of any sort of public trust, we do refrain from undertaking the duty which, were we competent to perform it, would rightly devolve upon us, of seeing that the street railway is operated in the interests of the citizens, and do hand the same over to some private corporation to be run for their profit, realizing that although said corporation will gain an enormous sum from the privilege, the arrangement will, on the whole, benefit the taxpayers, as were the road to be operated by the city, the amount certain to be stolen and wasted by us would be yet larger."

If this chance of carrying out the principle that all natural monopolies should be conducted as public enterprises is allowed to slip, the resolution embodying the Council's decision ought certainly to be couched in some such terms, setting forth the real reasons for preferring private to public management. And then to be thoroughly consistent, the aldermen should proceed quietly to efface themselves and hand over the rest of the city's business to commissioners appointed by Government. If we can't elect aldermen with conscience and brains enough to appoint a capable superintendent for the street railway, and hold him to a strict responsibility for its satisfactory management, why keep up the farce of municipal self-government any longer?

SHE WAS SATISFIED.

HE loves me not as he used to,
But the change I don't deplore,
For I know that if he doesn't
It's because he loves me more.



"SAY, BOSS, COULD YOU SHOW ME THE WAY TO THE HOME MARKET?"



LET US RISE IN OUR MIGHT AND TALK BUSINESS!

MAYOR CLARKE—"This tomfoolery has got to stop! *Toronto is going to keep her water-front for herself, and no railway or Government on earth shall have an inch of it!* This is final and absolute—so take what we offer, or go without!"

When our chief magistrate adopts this tone he will truly represent the city, and our would-be despoilers will beat a retreat.

THE JOKER'S CLUB

"I AM pleased," said the President, "to see so full a gathering!"

"The fullness," interrupted Hellebore, "is perhaps to be accounted for by the fact that the waiter has already been up several times with refreshments."

"So full a gathering on the occasion of our semi-annual meeting. We have important business to transact. As the poet has observed—

Come rouse ye then
My merry, merry men,
It is our o-punning day.

But, if there is business on the *tapis* there is also ale on tap in the vaults below. Any communications, Mr. Secretary?"

"I have a letter," replied that official, "from one of our oldest members, Mr. James L. Blain, erstwhile of Galt, Ont., now of Europe—known to two continents as

'The Fakir,' (applause) in which he says:

"From a far country would I greet the brethren and sistern—no, on second thoughts, not the cistern. I draw but little sustenance thence. The cause is prospering. My new Irish song 'There Goes Major Casey,' is a great hit. It is being warbled nightly before the Crowned Heads of Europe. The Prince of Wales has been heard to commend it. Fact. It was being sung the other day at Buckingham Palace when he exclaimed 'Come-end it.' Baron Tennyson said to Lord Salisbury 'If I had written Major Casey I would willingly die.' I feel as proud as a sheriff. Why sheriff, wouldst ask? Because I have writ of *ca. sa.* (joke.) Thus doth Canada loom to the front. *Au revoir*, as we say in Paree."

A resolution was unanimously adopted authorizing Bro. Borax to purchase, at his own expense, a copy of "There Goes Major Casey," and sing the same at the next meeting.

"We will now," said the President, "proceed with the election of officers. After they have been chosen and invested with the official regalia, you can regale-yerselves at my expense. There seems to be but little competition for office—probably because there is no salary attached, so the election will be a good deal like a hanging."

"How so?" enquired Popenjoy.

"A sort of hemp tie formality." (Groans.)

The result was that Mr. Orestes P. Gavelsnoot was re-elected President, and J. Malthus McGuffy chosen as Secretary.

"It now becomes my pleasing duty," said the President "to deliver the customary address. Having attained the summit of my ambition"—

"Yes, but you said you'd stand som'at to drink," interrupted Snorkey.

"All in good time, brother. As I was about to remark when I review the work accomplished by our organization—when I note the growing sippancy and frivolity which, largely owing to our efforts, is taking possession of the public mind, I cannot but—I cannot but—"

"Then it's evident that you are no goat," put in Baskerville. "Anyway, who wants you to butt?"

"Let us briefly review the sequence of historic events to appreciate the full significance of our position. Where are the bygone generations of the past? I have stood before their extensive sepulchres and mau soleum thoughts have crowded upon me, and I have said to myself 'this

is tomb-much.' Look, for instance, at the Ottoman Empire. Does it not strike you that they ottoman-age it better? Survey mankind from China to Peru—if you are a P.L.S.—and can find anybody to foot your bills. Gaze onto the vault of heaven studded with stars, and ask yourself what there would be to study if there were no stars. Or, shall we turn to the literature of other days and there seek a solution of the problem? I have oft enjoyed the rude, wierd melody of ancient Scandanavian runes, and thought how much more Rooney are some modern compositions. Think of these things, brethren. Let us laugh while we live, but remember in the midst of your mirthfulness that though there are some great laughers in this country, France had a greater laughier-yet (Lafayette.) And now methinks I'll pause. We want a rest. (Cries of "We do!") Then in the language of the erudite Kodak 'You press the button—we do the rest.'

"ADSCRIPTUS GLEBÆ"

OH! gather round me Plutocrats, and listen to a tale
At which the weak shall shudder, the strongest shall turn pale,

Aristocrats, ye know full well, in the good old times of yore,
In the good old times of long ago—800 years or more,
There came across from bonnie France a Norman strong and bold,

Who took possession of the land, Confessor Edward sold.
England its name. This William's fame as the Conqueror has descended,

Since when in ten-six-six, the throne of England he ascended;
The story of his conquest is well known, and needs no mention,
But to his after-acts,—my friends—we'll please turn our attention.
By right of might, by right of sword, from out the Saxon hands,
By right of conquest—greatest Right!—he took the Saxon lands.
To those brave knights who'd followed him expectant of reward,
The Conqueror gave (as each deserved) the best he could award.
To this one, lands, to this one, power, to this, some miser's hoard;

And they held it, (as they'd won it)—by the power of the sword,
Now, though 800 years have passed, 800 years or more,
Since William took the Saxon lands—took them by right of war,
There yet be those who hold those lands up to this very hour,
Whose ancestors were these same knights, these knights of ancient power.

The lands have come from sire to son, a just and righteous dower,

Now gather closer—There be men—sane men,—with all their senses!

Who say our rights to these same lands are nought but vain pretences;

Who claim (just Heavens! did ever man hear such a claim before!)

Aristocrats! They say that we—must "own the earth" no more!

Who claim—God meant the earth for all, that no man at his birth,

But should have right, a sacred right to his share of the earth,
They're dreamers, into space they'd soar, in the fathomless they'd dive.

Forgetting nature's grandest law—"The fittest must survive."
But still their number swells, they've converts even in the Church.

We must unite, my friends, or else they'll leave us in the lurch,
This union we must smother,—these fanatics we must burke
Or else our rent will go, and then—Great Jove! we'll have to work!

You shudder now, Ha! well you may, and you will shudder more

At what I now relate, my friends, than e'er you've done before,
They've got a champion at their backs, we cannot say has lied,—
A champion, they declare can all objections over-ride,—
A champion to fear,—They've got the Bible on their side!

Leviticus the 25th and verse the 23rd.

They quote against land-ownership, and though I'd never heard

Before of such a verse, 'tis there—I'll read it word for word

THE LAND SHALL NOT BE SOLD FOREVER, FOR THE LAND IS MINE
AND YE ARE STRANGERS AND SOJOURNERS THEREON, SAITH THE LORD.

(I'm glad to see no word of "gifts" for that's how I got mine)
Oh! men of wealth and acres broad, take heed of what I say



A DISCOVERY.

PENDERGAST (to janitor)—"Where's the elevator?"
JANITOR—"There's the stairway. The elevator ain't running
It's shut down to save the water."

PENDERGAST—"And does the elevator run by water?"

JANITOR—"Why, of course."

SLIMWOOD—"Bai jove, Charley. If you and I had only known
that we could get elevated on water, just think how much we
might have saved on champagne and whiskey!"

When homeward in your carriages, from this, you drive away.
When in your cushioned armchair you reflect on what I've said,
As I don't suppose this "strange old book" extensively you've
read,

Send your footman to the library and let him take a look
Among the dusty upper shelves, and bring you that same book,
And when it's found give him a pound, or some small sum like
that,

To find some verse, no matter where, that contradicteth flat,
That other verse I mentioned, which is really so absurd,
Leviticus the 25th and verse the 23rd,

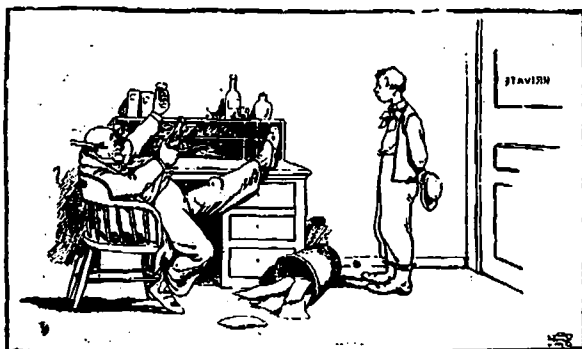
OWEN A. SMILY.

POPISH BOSH.

A CRAZY man committed suicide in St. Paul's Cathedral a few days ago, and now the general ear of England is abused by a solemn discussion amongst the clergy as to the necessity of "reconsecrating the holy edifice." We had always understood St. Paul's to be a Protestant establishment; the headquarters, indeed, of the Reformed Faith and the special throne of the Head of the Anglican Church. We must have been misinformed, or else it has fallen into the hands of a lot of papists. Protestants of ordinary common sense do not consider that such an accident as this suicide—or even a deliberate suicide by a sane man—can rob a church building of a jot or tittle of its sanctity, for it possesses nothing of the sort apart from the purity of heart of those who may from time to time assemble within its walls to worship. It is sickening to hear this middle-age talk about "reconsecrating" from the lips of those who are supposed to be Protestants *par excellence*, and who must know quite well that there is no countenance in Scripture for such ritualistic mummery. It looks like a studied insult to the memory of the great apostle whose name the Cathedral wears.

HOT WEATHER DESPERATION.

CUMSO—"What are you taking an ocean trip for?"
FATTY—"I want to get wrecked on an iceberg, if I can possibly manage it."



IN THE OFFICE OF THE "BOOM CITY HOWLER."

OFFICE BOY—"Please, sir, there's a man outside who says he'd like to have a job on the paper."

EDITOR-IN-LIQUOR—"Well, we ain't got no (*hic*) job for him. Tell him (*hic*) our staff ish full (*hic*) just now."—*Munsey's Weekly*.

LORD STANLEY AT L—NDS—Y.

HIS Excellency Lord Stanley recently visited a certain town near Toronto. At about 10:30 a.m., a company of about fifty red-coated volunteers of all sizes and shapes, assembled at the lower end of the town. They were headed by a brass band in the same uniform, and after sundry preliminary tootings of the instruments, the word was given and the march up the main street on the road to the station commenced, every man evidently trying hard how *not* to keep step. A dense crowd lined both sides of the street, and suddenly a stentorian voice from the sidewalk shouted "Halt!"

The escort, taking this for the regular word of command, promptly "halted." The officer in command (a smart young man with a red and gold sash, and mounted on a grey mare, whose legs were somehow dyed a beautiful orange color,) turned fiercely upon his henchmen and asked what the deuce they meant. The men laughed, the crowd jeered; one small boy advised the officer to be cautious not to cut himself with his new sword; another advised him to "get inside" (of his horse, presumably) lest he fall off. Despite these trying circumstances the column again got in motion. The band, however, with a freezing disregard of discipline, and probably with a lively sense of favors to come, persisted in halting before each hotel *en route* and giving a serenade.

Whilst thus standing before the last hotel on the line of march, a watering-cart manned by a person (whom we may christen Jupiter Pluvius) hove in sight, and endeavored to make way through the dense throng that blocked the road, the intention being to get ahead of the pageant and lay the dust. The officer in command, however, viewed the matter in a different light, and pointed out to Jupiter the danger of forcing his way through the ranks and then converting the dust into mud. Jupiter (who was evidently a much better educated man than his occupation would indicate) politely requested the warrior to "go to blazes," and immediately proceeded to "get way on him."

Now was the critical moment when the tactical skill of the soldier was to be pitted against the superior weight of Jupiter and his field piece—the water cart. Whichever party got in motion first would gain the centre of the roadway, and could not be passed by the other. Jupiter whipped up his horses—the crowd yelled with delight—

the water cart playfully and impartially squirted dirty water on friend and foe alike. Hoarse commands were roared by the military who started "on the double." The band (half of whom had cigars in their mouths) started playing the British Grenadiers in three different keys, which added piquancy to the prevailing sense of intense interest. Even the orange-legged horse of the commander entered into the spirit of the fun, for he persisted in dashing off *in the opposite direction*, and after cavorting all over the road suddenly collided with the water cart and threw his rider.

At this moment the situation was still further complicated by the arrival of a courier on horseback, who, as he reined in his foaming steed, enquired angrily, "What the blank blankety blank they had been doing, as the Governor had arrived some time before, and after waiting wearily for his escort, had driven without them to his hotel. Then followed a wild stampede of both crowd and military. It was an exciting scene. Weak women wept and strong men coughed up cloves. In the crush that ensued your correspondent lost consciousness, and the last thing that he remembers was seeing Jupiter at the tail of the crowd urging his fiery steeds and squirting water over the exposed merchandise on both sides of the streets.

KETTLEDRUM.

HE SHOULD BE PROMOTED.

EDITOR—"Is that new reporter any good?"

ASSISTANT EDITOR—"Yes. He is a very original fellow."

EDITOR—"Is that so?"

ASSISTANT EDITOR—"Yes. He wrote up an obituary yesterday without saying that the deceased had performed many acts of unostentatious charity."

HE SHOULD BE DISCHARGED.

PROPRIETOR—"I thought you said when I hired you as a waiter that you understood your business thoroughly?"

WAITER—"Yes sir, and I do."

PROPRIETOR—"Well, how did it happen when I sent you to ice the milk this morning you put the ice around the can instead of into it?"

NEVER WAS THERE.

FANNY (*ecstatically*)—"Oh, what a lovely time we have had! Don't you think there is a great deal of happiness to be got out of this world?"

UNCLE GRUFFY—"Can't say. I never *was* out."

MEMS. FOR YOUR DIARY.

OCT. 10TH AND 11TH.—The Swedish Ladies and Mr. Melvin R. Day at the Pavilion. The last visit by this charming company is pleasantly remembered. Don't miss the treat.

OCT. 14TH.—Opening of the Y.M.C.A. lecture course by the distinguished humorist Bobberdette, otherwise known as Rev. Robt. J. Burdette, the funniest of all the funny men, and good as gold in every other way.

OCT. 29TH-30TH.—Master Eddie Leo, boy soprano, assisted by Miss Barnes, Mr. Jarvis, Mr. Arlidge, Mr. Clarke, cornetist, and others, under direction of Mr. Torrington, at the Pavilion.

JACOBS & SPARROW'S Opera House week of October 13th, with Matinees Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday. Gillett's "World of Wheels" and Novelties, comprising eighteen as clever people as can be found in any organization. Their specialty acts are entirely new. The Gillett family of trick bicycle riders, who have won the reputation of being unusually skilled in their specialty, will be supported by the Great Kissell, who is universally known as the champion trick rifle juggler of the world, introducing his transformation target. Wilson and Brevarde, the celebrated character sketch artists, will also appear, as well as the acrobatic marvels, Gillett Brothers, the general opinion of whom is that they have no equal. The charming artistic song and dance phenomenon, Miss Agnes Atherton who is acknowledged to be the queen of high kicking and skirt dancers, will appear; so will the famous Murphy and Cross, in their novel and entertaining act, entitled, "Well, I Should Say So." Introducing songs, dances, local hits, etc. R. H. Trebor, whose mystic change act, changing from male to female dresses, hats, wigs, boots, shoes, in full view of the audience, always creates a sensation, is in the troupe; also Williams and Howard, who will shine in their "Funny Black-Face Specialty," which always receives so much applause. The greatest attraction of the entertainment will, of course, be the famous and world-renowned Gillett Family, who are undoubtedly the most expert bicycle riders before the public. They have no superiors. Their acts are thrilling in their audacity and marvellous in their results. J. J. Sheehan, the eccentric black-face comedian, as well as the Japanese wonder worker, Soto Semeotaro, in his marvellous entertainment of Japanese magic, will also be seen. So strong a show ought to draw crowds at the Toronto all this week.

TAKE no more nauseous purgatives. Burdock Blood Bitters act mildly, pleasantly and thoroughly upon the Bowels, and occasion no inconvenience, while it regulates the Liver and Kidneys and tones the enfeebled system. Trial bottles 10 cents.

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.

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.

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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.

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.

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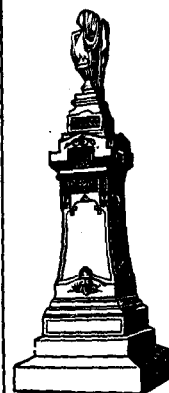
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Now is the time you want Cinder Sifters, 24c. each; Coal Scuttles, best makes, nicely painted, gold handled, ordinary size, 10c., large, 24c.; large, with funnel, 33c.; galvanized, large, 34c., with funnel, 39c. Our Steam Cooker is a marvel of convenience, No. 8, 98c.; No. 9, \$1.14, worth more than double the price. We are now busy sending out a great amount of tinware at most popular prices. Best makes and finest Tubs, 55c., 69c. and 84c. each, for the various sizes. Finest makes of Peeled White Willow Baskets, 59c.; for medium, 79c.; for large, extra large, 98c. The finest assortment of Sponges ever seen together at less than half ever sold before; Beautiful Turkish Baby Sponges, 5c up. Catalogue and price list sent on application. Space is up. Come and see us.

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 FIRST ISRAELITE—"Yes, dots so, I guess I haf my boys' hair cut."



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