



# GRIP



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WAITING FOR AN UPRISING OF THE PEOPLE.

# GRIP

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Artist and Editor  
Associate Editor

J. W. BENGOUGH.  
PHILLIPS THOMPSON.



## Comments

ON THE

## Cartoons.

### "THE LAST STAND."

—In a recent number of *Harper's Weekly* there appeared a masterly double-page drawing by Frederic Remington, who is at present with the troops in the Indian campaign. The picture bore the title, "The Last Stand," and depicted the remnant of

an American regiment in a desperate rally upon a piece of rising ground and evidently surrounded by overwhelming numbers of hostiles, to whom they were selling their lives as dearly as possible. Some idea of the composition may be obtained from our cartoon, in which we have, at a humble distance, followed the lines of the original. We thought the picture worth parodying for the parable we saw in it. The High Tariffites are now making their last stand against the forces of intelligence and liberty, but the struggle is as hopeless as that which Remington has depicted. In the United States McKinleyism has aroused a universal revolt, just because it has carried the principles of Protection a little nearer to their logical conclusion. People have all at once apprehended that the philosophy which seeks to produce general prosperity by increasing the burdens of the poorer classes is unsound. In Canada the same discovery has been made more gradually by the melting away of the beautiful pictures of tall chimneys and home markets like a series of dissolving views. The eyes of the people are now pretty generally open, and Protection, under whatever euphonious name presented, is regarded as a fraud. Probably nobody in the country is more thoroughly aware of this than the members of the Dominion Government, and

yet they are bound to fight for it till the last cartridge is gone, because they think it better politics to put their faith in the Red Parlor, than in the cause of the people.

WAITING FOR AN UPRISING OF THE PEOPLE. — This picture may be taken as a corollary to the other. When the people *do* rise, it will be like the tragedy of the nursery rhyme—"Down will come John A. pap, baby and all!"

GOLDWIN SMITH hasn't often "put" it more neatly than this: "There might be, and certainly would be, a chronic state of legislative deadlock in England were the House of Lords really a co-ordinate branch of the Legislature and not, as it is, an august nullity. There might be, and very likely would be, a chronic state of deadlock in Canada if the Canadian Senate were really a co-ordinate branch of the Legislature, and not, as it is, a nullity by no means august."

THIS is from a paper on the McKinley Bill which the Professor has contributed to the January number of *Macmillan's*. We lift our hat in acknowledgment of the following reference, in the same article: "Our comic paper at Toronto, which often speaks the truth in jest, represents a protected manufacturer as pressed to display the loyalty which he loudly professes by adopting the suggestion of *The Times*, and giving free admission to British goods. He replies that he does not understand loyalty in that way. Some day, however," comments the Professor, "he will go to England, deliver loyal orations, disparage the Yankees, denounce the Annexationists, and come back a Knight."

THE law plainly forbids the License Commissioners to consider any application that is not backed by a petition signed by a clear majority of the voters in the polling subdivision in which it is proposed to open a new grog shop. Notwithstanding which Mr. Philo Lamb has secured a license in St. John's Ward. His petition contained a sufficient number of names at first, but enough of them were subsequently withdrawn or found unproven to invalidate the document. What have the Commissioners to say in defence of their illegal action? Is it meat that Lamb should be thus favored, wether or no?

"LA PRESSE," of Quebec, intimates that the habitants of that Province fail because they do not run their households economically. This unpleasant truth has been concealed too long. It is time that plain words of warning were spoken to these high-living husbandmen. They should be impressed with the fact, that under present conditions, it is simply impossible for them to go on spending their days in playing billiards and reading novels, and their nights in giving wine suppers or attending swell balls, with their wives and daughters decked out in *décollete* dresses and diamond necklaces. It is all very pleasant to live this butterfly life, dear *habitants*, but it is the high road to ruin. Give it up at once!

OF course Mr. Blaine rises equal to the emergency. He was not at all surprised at the sudden transfer of the Behring Sea dispute from his department to the U. S. Supreme Court. "This is no *coup* on the part of the British Government in the least," he said to an interviewer; but all the same there is every reason to believe he hadn't the slightest knowledge or expectation of the move. It would be in every way more satisfactory to have this troublesome matter settled once for all by



**DISCOVERED.**

“Golly! dem ears am of some use, anyhow.”—Puck.

the highest legal tribunal in the Republic. It has been far too long a mere box of tricks with which the magnetic statesman from Maine could beguile the Irish vote for party purposes.

\* \* \*

**SIR JOHN THOMPSON** comes prominently forward in connection with this diplomatic business, and although we do not know that anything will be gained by the move, we wish to take the opportunity of indicating our opinion that Sir John is no slouch. He appears to have the best head in the Cabinet, and taken all around is a decided credit to his country. The Conservative party needn't worry over the question of Sir John's successor as long as this other Sir John is on deck.

\* \* \*

**THERE** is one consolation for Mr. Parnell. If he cannot go down in history as the leader under whom the Irish achieved Home Rule, he is tolerably certain of a high place amongst the phenomenal liars of the nineteenth century. He has gone to the bottom of the well, sure enough, but he doesn't seem to have carried letters of introduction to Mme. Truth, who is reputed to have her residence there.

**THE MUSICAL DOCTOR.**

**A** CERTAIN dealer in pianos and organs in a small Ontario town, after failing in business, decided to enter the medical profession. The force of habit was so strong, however, that he found it very difficult to divest his speech of the technical terms of his previous business.

His first patient was a lady, and he diagnosed her case thus: “My dear madam, judging from what you tell me I should say that you have been living so long on a dull *flat scale* that the monotony has resulted in an *overstrung system*. What you need is *tone*. You do not take sufficient exercise—‘your action needs regulating,’ so to speak. Your color appears good, nevertheless this may be merely the *rosewood veneer* of health covering the *basswood* of disease. Still I do not wish to alarm you, your bellows—pardon me, I mean your lungs—may be *sound*, but to prevent mistakes allow me to apply this

stethoscope to your *sounding board*—you really must pardon me—ha, ha, ha! force of habit, you know—I mean your chest. No, the *action* seems perfect. Now let me recommend that you take exercise, starting pianissimo and working up by a gradual crescendo to a double forte, so to speak. The result will be the *grand chord* of perfect health.”

The patient, who was an excellent musician and as witty as she was fair, took his measure at once and replied: “Sir! from the *tenor* of your remarks, I think you are *altogether* off your *base*, and I advise you to at once change your *key*. I am *quavering* with emotion already, and if you do not soon quit *harping* on this *theme* I shall call my husband who is quite *energico* and who will kick you *con juoco*. In order to *stave off* or at least to *minimize* these *bars* to your present happiness, I would advise you leave the house at once and not to *da capo* for a year.”

SNIGGLESBY GODFREY.

**TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.**

**DEACON PUNKIN**, in presence of the township clerk, has subscribed to the following solemn affirmations:

That in his opinion Fenimore Cooper called his hero *Leatherstocking* because he was never *worsted*.

That a hurdy-gurdy should discourse the sweetest music because it is played by a Handel.

That some bee-attitudes involve more pain than pleasure.

That a red nose is a good *bar-ometer* to indicate dry weather.

That women are not so successful as men in their ventures, e.g., Edward Bellamy made a lot by Looking Backward, but Lot's wife only made her salt.

That a fast youth is generally dizzy-pated.

That the man who originated the slander that a woman could never strike a nail on the head should have been sent to Jael.

WILLIAM MCGILL.



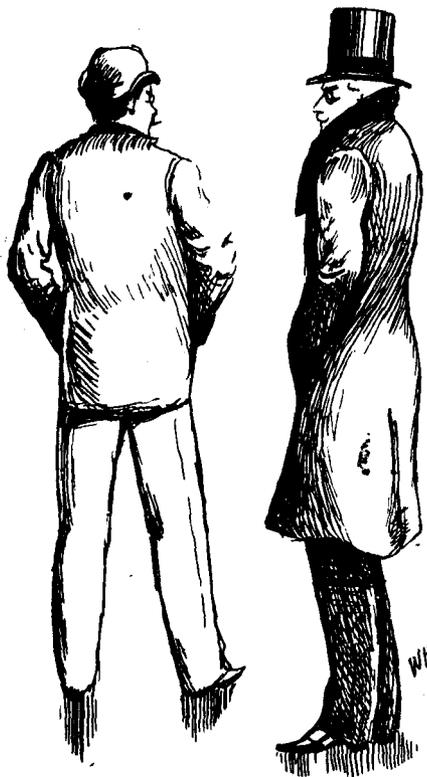
**THE KANSAS CLIMATE.**

COMESO—“Hello! back home again, hey? How'r things out West?”

RAMLER—“No good; had to give up my store in Kansas on account of shop-lifting.”

COMESO—“What, thieves so thick as that?”

RAMLER—“Not thieves—cyclones.”—H. B. S.



AND NOW THEY'RE OUT.

JIMSON—"Say, I heard that that flyaway, Minnie Jinks, is going to be married. Wonder who the unfortunate cuss is?"

HOBBS—"He happens to be standing in my shoes at the present moment."

### CHARACTER IN HANDWRITING.

(NOT FROM THE SATURDAY "MAIL.")

AT the earnest request of many readers, GRIP has secured the services of an accomplished Reader of Character from Handwriting, who will be happy to furnish characters to all who may send in specimens of their chirography. For the present week a few very distinguished personages are represented, and the signatures form an excellent test of the ability of our new *attaché*, who, we may mention, is a perfect stranger in Canada, having just arrived from New York. Following are the Readings. This writing shows keen intelligence and sharpness, the tops of the letters being for the most part acute angles. The loop of the J betokens an absence of seriousness, although this defect is more than counterbalanced by the sagacity betokened in the capital A. Taken as a whole, the signature indicates a man of great forethought, carefulness, high-mindedness, unscrupulousness, rashness and wisdom. He may yet take a high place among his countrymen.

*E. A. Macdonald.*

The same name, and yet how different! Notice the construction of the initial E. What Ernestness is here depicted. From the peculiar curve of the c we gather that this gentleman has a morbid love of litigation. Observe too how the l and d are joined. This indicates ambition, bashfulness and a desire to shrink away from public view into the mayor's chair or any

other out-of-the-way corner.

Here is a good signature, which is to say, a good man.

Just notice how goodness oozes out of the capital H's. The form of the w and the turn of the final d are instinct with virtue, probity, frankness and assurance (both fire and life.) The form of the o implies talent for administration. This gentleman would make a good chief magistrate and an excellent bank liquidator—though the form of the a indicates that he is at the same time a liquid hater.

*James French*

Please notice particularly those initials the J and F. Here benevolence fairly shines out. No widow or orphan could fail to win this good man's affection. The r and n betoken a *penchant* for municipal fault-finding, and from the shape of the final h I should say the writer takes a considerable interest in getting his neighbor's assessments raised.

Here we have a signature which in every part is instinct with intelligence. The K shows a fine, handsome figure

—that of a lady whom one would consider it an honor to be interviewed by. See how the double-t is crossed. The angle of the cross bar denotes power of reading character from handwriting. With a little practice this bright and gifted lady would do that sort of work almost as well as I can.

*E. F. Clarke*

This is the signature of a man of affairs—municipal affairs, I should suppose. The F denotes a great power of reducing taxation, while the k shows an equally great ability in weeding out useless officials. If this gentleman should ever run for mayor he ought certainly to be elected.

Only half a glance at this signature is needed to inform me that the writer of it is a genial, affectionate creature, who is capable of loving intensely. He could, for instance, fondle the preceding signature to his heart and bestow a wealth of ardent love upon it. But he is too busy with other things. I should say from the form of the R that he devotes some of his time to Masonry and such like. I gather this from the Solomon's-temple form of the general signature. He would probably succeed as a publisher, also, if he could get hold of a real good advertising medium.

SPHYNX.

NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—Just as this number of GRIP was going on the press, it came to our knowledge that the above signatures were all written by our imp of an office-boy, who thus endeavored to impose upon our new *attaché*. Under the circumstances nobody can doubt that there is something in the science of reading character from handwriting.

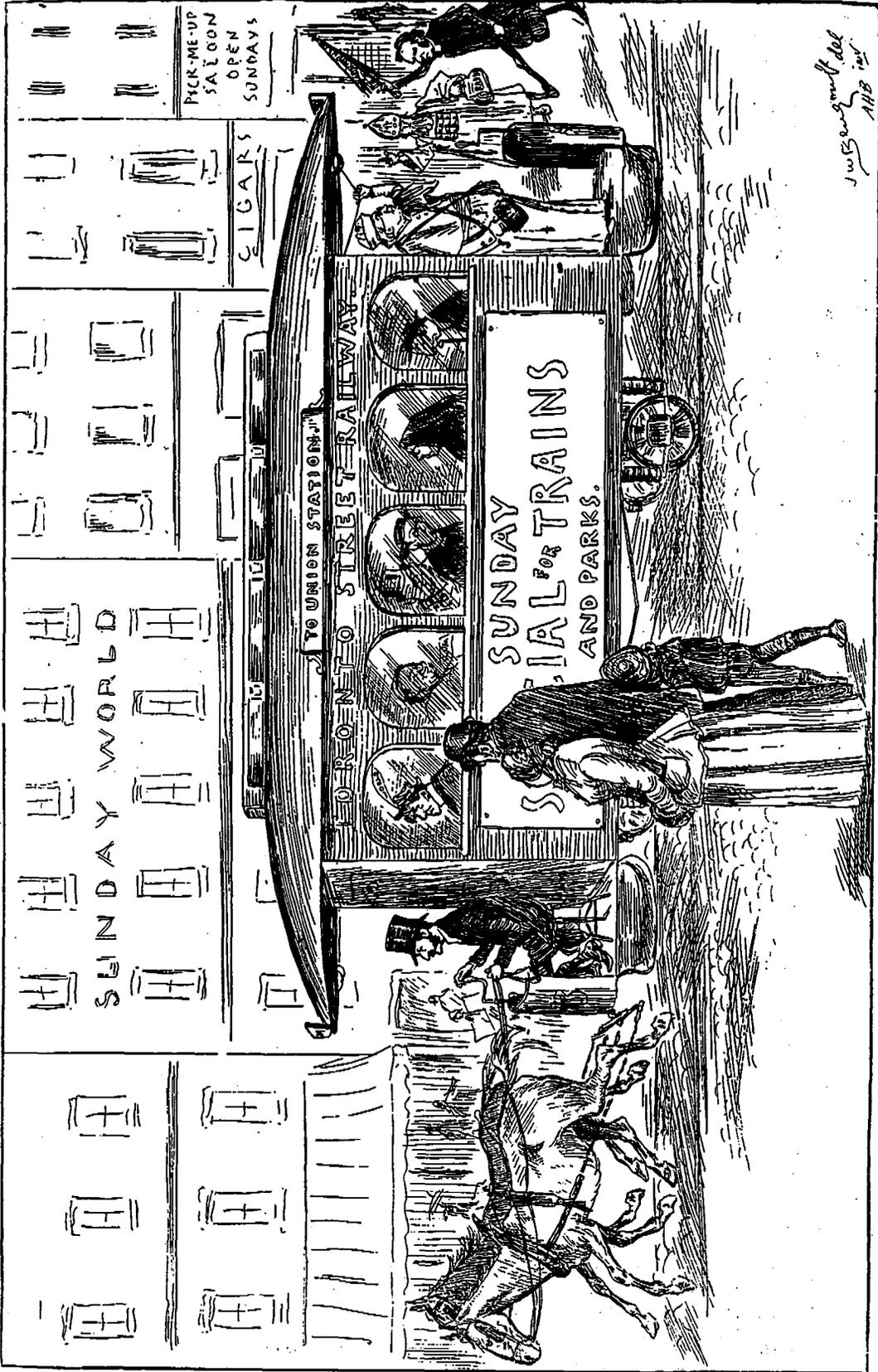
### A PRESCRIPTION.

MRS. AIL—"I always feel better for two or three days after I start taking a new medicine; but it soon loses its effect I become as ill as ever."

MRS. HALE—"Then I'll tell you how to cure yourself."

MRS. AIL—"How?"

MRS. HALE—"Try a new medicine every few days."



ALL ABOARD!

(As our Archbishop, Bishop, Rector of Cathedral and Rabbi of Synagogue signed the petition favoring a vote on Sunday Cars, we may look forward to something like this in the more or less remote future.)

## SAVED BY THE TWIST OF THE WRIST.



Prof. Homeblend finds a choice bit of rock.



Hears a sound and looks up. Thinks of a way to escape.

## HOW THE DEAN GOT THE LYMPH.

HEATHER HA', Jan. 91.



**D**EAR MAISTER GRIP,—Like ither folk, ye've nae doot been terribly exerceeded about this Koch lymph business, but I'm writin' noo to break the news to ye that if the patients innoculated wi' the lymph the ither day turn oot ony way weel, then I'm gaun to tak' oot a patent for the Airlie lymph, warranted to kill or cure "a' the ills that flesh is heir to."

Ye see, it was after supper, an' an uncommon gude supper it was, sae gude that I tuk a waucht o' ceeder to wash it doon wi'; an' I was sittin' in my airm-chair wi' my feet in my stockin' soles on the fender, glowerin' in the fire an' twirlin' my twa thooms ower an' ower ither, first this way an' then that way. Indeed I felt sae weel-pleased wi' mysel' an' Ramsay Wright in partickler that I began croonin' a lay o' the times, which, I needna say, was my ain composition—here's a bit sough o't:

"Oh, the auld schule! the auld schule!  
 What though the rooms are wee;  
 When wild meds are dwellin' there  
 An' grads o' Trinitee.  
 Traditions past an' auld-world caste  
 Still rule in class an' ha'!  
 But Ichabod is written there,  
 For Ramsay Wright's awa'!"

The last strain was just deecin' awa' 'in a fine sympathetic tremolo that affectit even mysel' to tears, when just as I was beginnin' to dover awa' aff intill a cannie bit nap, the door opens, an' a great grey beard an' whiskers wi' a hat on tap o' them an' a pair o' sharp een oot below the hat, appears on the threshold.

"Gude preserve us, Geikie," says I, "what brings ye here at this 'oor o' the nicht?"

"Man, haud your tongue!" says he, comin' in an' drappin' into a chair fornent me, an' tilitin' back his hat. "My heart's broken!"

"Hoots! g'wa' wi' your havers," says I, amused at the very idea. "'Men have died an' the worms eaten them afore this, but not for love.' Wha is she?"

"Love! Ye auld fule; it's no love that ails me, it's onything but love, I solemnly assure ye. But whatever it is it'll kill me!" he roars oot, startin' to his feet an' pacin' up an' doon like an angry lion, wi' his airm lashin' about. "To think o' that Toronto Medical School—that vulgar trainin' shop for Yankee doctors daurin' to get ahead o' aristocratic auld Trinity like this." An' aff he set again, lashin' his tail—eh, I mean his airm—an' glowerin' as fierce as a hoolet, as if I was to blame for whatever ailed him.

"Lordsake, Geikie," says I, "what's adae?"

"Ramsay Wright's awa to Germany for Koch's lymph, that's what's adae," he roars into my lug, as loud as if the lum were afire.

"But, dear me," says I, perfectly dumbfounded, "isna that a maitter for congratulation, to think there's sae muckle generous enterprise in Toronto, an' sic sympathy wi' human sufferin'—"

"To the deevil wi' their sympathy! I tell ye the hale thing was a plan to get ahead o' Trinity, but I'll see them a' handsome first. I tell ye what it is, Airlie, afore I let them get ahead o' me like that I'll—"

"Hoo does this lymph work?" I enquired, cawmly.

"Oh, you see it kills the tissue the bacilli feeds on and destroys the tubercules—weel, in fact, it's like a cat after mice. The mice are the germs that prey on the human system, an' this Koch lymph is, as it were, the double-distilled spirit of a thousand cats, and warranted to destroy these destructive vermin of the blood."

"Geikie," says I, wi' a grand flash o' inspiration, "gie me you hand. I'll guarantee to provide ye wi' a bottle o' lymph that'll beat Koch's a' to smash."

"But—but hoo?" he gaspit in blank amazement.

"Never you mind hoo," says I, "this was prepared by a chemist alder an' greater than Koch, an' in a laboratory that's gaun nicht an' day; year in an' year oot. It'll neither hae taste nor smell, but it's strong enough to kill an elephant if it finds it wanderin' aboot in the human system."

SAVED BY THE TWIST OF THE WRIST



Tries it—a precipice close at hand—



And succeeds.

"Airlie," says he, "ye're a genius. Gie me the stuff an' I'll e'en try it without lettin' on whaur I got it. Trinity for ever! hooray!

"I'm no that fu', that very fu',  
But just a twinkle in my e'e;  
Sae Koch may crawl, an' the Chancellor blaw,  
They canna get ahead o' me."

The Dean sings very weel, maist as fine an' hard as mysel'.

"But you'll be askin' a fortune for this lymph o' yours. Trinity, ye ken, has nae Government grant like that common Toronto schule, an'—hoo much do ye want, Airlie?"

"No a bawbee," says I, risin' to the full height o' the situation. "No a bawbee for what may be sic a benefit to sufferin' humanity. A' I steepulate for is this: If your experiments on thae puir wretches turn oot weel, then you'll simply declare it to be Airlie's lymph."

"Certainly—certainly," says the Dean, his voice vibratin' wi' joy an' gratitude, "you an' me an' auld Scotland will share the glory."

Wi' that I takes a bit bottlie an' slips awa ben into the kitchen an' turns the water tap, an' fills the bottle

wi' city watter an' corks it up ticht, an' seals it wi' red sealin'-wax.

"Here," says I, comin' ben again, "here's yer genuine magical lymph. That lymph, sir, is composed o' the dooble-distilled essence o' cats, dogs, an' gude kens a' what. I've sealed it up as ye see, for the sperit o' the dissolved animals is sae strong an' fu' o' life that if I didna seal them in the cork would never be able to keep it doon."

Geikie just made a glam for the bottle an' hugged baith me an' it in his airms till I thocht he would worry me.

"Airlie," says he, fairly greetin' wi' joy, "ye've saved me! ye've saved Trinity! Ramsay Wright can bring a pot o' lymph noo if he likes—I'm first—an' by the time his comes it will be *stale*, STALE, STALE! Hip-hooray! Hooch! Kooch!" An' wi' that he ups to his feet an' to the tune o' money-musk begins dancin' the Hielant fling! I sat till I could sit nae langer, the mettle in his heels infeckit mine, an' then wi' a responsive "Hooch!" I tuk the floor forment him, an' there we linkit at it for twa mortal 'oors, Geikie's airms wallop in roon an' roon his head like the sails o' a win'mill.

The first thing that stoppit us was Mrs. Airlie openin' the door an' glowerin' in in the greatest alarm.

"Hugh Airlie! are ye oot o' yer mind? Dancin' there at this 'oor o' the night. Didna I tell ye that ceeder would rin to yer heid?"

"But it's no ceeder, my dear," says I, sittin' doon an' lookin' aroond, "it's Koch's lymph oot o' the tap. Whaur are ye, Geikie?"

"Geikie! What are ye haverin' at? Man, Hugh, I'm just ashamed to think ye would disgrace yersel' wi' ceeder like that," she said, helpin' me up oot o' my chair. I lookit roond to apologize to the Dean, but he, pawky loon, had fled as soon as Mrs. Airlie cam' in, an' of course I wisna gaun to let her ken aboot oor transaction, so I let her oter me up the stair, an' said naething.

Yours lymphatically,  
HUGH AIRLIE.



## A DISAPPOINTMENT.

GINKS—"There is one feature of the exhibition now on at the musee-theatre that is positively shocking."

BINKS—"That so? Let's go and take it in. What is it?"

GINKS—"The Electric Girl."

BINKS (*suddenly losing all interest*)—"Pshaw!"

## FUN AT MIMICO.

MIMICO SCHOL, Jan.

**E**DDITER OF GRIPE—

Las saterdy we had a big time hear an i thot id tak my pen in han to let you kno bout it cos a man from yure ofis come hear an helpt to give the sho an I gess he wont put nothin in the papper about it so i rite this leter. i am one of the boys hear at the Mimico schole i jes come an i cant rite much but hear gose. i gess you no all a bout the schole dont you it is a fine place an we lern rithmtic gografy spellin. ritin an all that kind of a raket an then in the shops we lern trades carpenter farmer shomaker an setry we have techers to lern us all them things an Mr. Mccrimin he is the hed bos of all nere every saterdy some persen comes from tornto to give us a concirt or a sho some kind in the big schole room and some times it is ladys wot comes but most of the time it is jes only men well they sing and gives redins an cetry an we like it bully you jes dott to here us yell an clap our hans but we dont stamp on the flore or the hed master stares at us with his i an paralyze us you bet. Las saterdy we had a bos sho cos Billy he took charley thats the hors and buggy an went down to the stashin an fetched the two men wat was goin to give the show an Mr. Hendry wich used to be the master of the schol but dont live here now. So long bout three oclock we all marched in like sojers singin bout dare to be a danyel an cetry you know the toon wē was jis like the quens one or tenth riles ony we didn't have no guns then we all sat down an the sho came in. They was two small fellers one was from yure ofis and the other was a irish feller i dont no his name but a boy tole me his name is Valntine

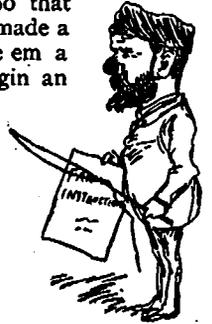
Voks but I gess it is a stuffer Nother boy sed his name is jes harry Simsen thats all well the master he got up firs an sed boys we are goin to have a big time an cetry then Mister Hendry got up to make a spech an ses boys i am glad to see you happy new yere an setry i wont take up yure time an next the man frum yure place got up an made some pichers on the blakebord with chawk he drawed the master rite of slick an we jes laft fit to split an he ma de a lot more an we

leyd till we nere bust the winders then the other feller val Voks sung a song with a pocket hankercher bou+ his mother of law an cride like thunder but we jes laft then

the man from yure ofis he spoke a pece wich was good an then Val Voks took some dols out of a box an set em on his nee an made em tawk irish an nigger an worked there mouth with a wire behind, an you never herd nuthin so funny i bet sinc you was born. then he toke out a ole irish womin an tole her to sing a song an she sed ten sents an he sed sing firs then ile give you 10 sents an she sed i want the 10 sents firs before i sing then the irish man wat was in the box yells out ha ha she knows you Simsin. He had awful gol that irish dol had an was givin cheek every minit well after this the man frum yure

offis made sum more picters on the blakebord he drawed the feller with the dols an mr Hendry an john A an mr Scot wat lerns the boys to be farmers here at the schole an lots more then he made a spech an tole us if we keep way frum wiskey an cetry we can get to be mem-birs of parlment but i dont want to my self cos i want to be a good man wen i grow up. So that was the hole sho an Mr. McCrimin made a spech thankin the fellers an we give em a big chere an then we marcht out singin an sum of em went skatin an setry but it was a big time i tell you Mr. GRIPE an i hope they will come some more cos it jes ketches the boys hear an they like fun. Mos all the boys was pore raggit little cussis runnin roun lose in tronto but is now clene an there hare comed an lern-in out of books so i think it is a good thing to hev this schole an if you come out to see it you will say its jes immens. No more at presint frum

GORG WASHINGTON,  
Mimico schole.



## HER PREFERENCE.

DOCTOR'S WIFE—"Dear Mrs. Jones, you are very sick. Would you not like to see a doctor?"

MRS. JONES—"No, thank you, ma'am; I would like to die a natural death."



### THE LAST STAND

(OF THE HIGH TARIFF FORCES.)

With acknowledgments to the recent picture by Frederic Remington in *Harper's Weekly*.



"STUFF THAT DREAMS ARE MADE OF."

—Shakespeare.

### "DE SUN DON'T MOVE!"

THE interest taken by the more intellectual members of the colored population in the great problems of astronomy is well known. For some time the question of the truth or falsehood of the Copernican system has been warmly discussed, the general opinion inclining to the belief that, in the words of a recent colored *savant*, "de sun do move." A contrary view has been regarded by the most of the brethren as savoring of the heretical notions prevalent among loose thinkers and white trash generally, and as opposed to all sound orthodox teaching.

An unexpected victory was, however, scored for the Copernican theory at the recent meeting of the Colored Young Men's Literary and Scientific Association on the occasion of the visit of the Rev. C. A. Johnson, of Hamilton, editor of the *British Lion*, and one of the most eminent champions of the hypothesis of the motion of the sun. Mr. Johnson had ably sustained his position in a speech replete with scientific and theological erudition, his principal argument, of course, being drawn from the Scripture account of Joshua commanding the sun to stand still.

"Cose de sun do move," said Mr. Johnson. "Doan't de Scriptur' say so? Ef de sun hadn't been movin', would Joshua hab tole it ter stood still? How do yer git ober dat? Dese people whad say de sun am stationary hab to frow ober de Bible. Dey am all Infidels of de wust kine."

There was a round of applause as the speaker paused for a reply. Then the leader of the Copernican faction, Prof. Erastus De Quincy Redpath, rose and claimed the floor.

"Mistah charman," said he, "I begs to repudiate wid de utmost indignity de insinuations ob de las' speaker dat we wanter frow away de Scriptur'. No, sah. Ef de gentleman would 'lucidate de passages ob de tex' 'cordin' to de lates' exegesis it would eradicate de hallucinations wich am based upon erroneous ratiocinations. Now, sah, I 'low dat de account ob how Joshua laid out de 'Malekites at de battle of Armagaddon am correct. Ob cose ef Joshua tole de sun to stan' still it must hab been movin' at de time. Well, doan't de Scriptur' Book say dat de luminary done stood still unto de Hebrews at de command of Joshua? Cose it do. (*Loud applause from the anti-Copernicans.*) Hole' on, bruddern, you am too previous. Wait till I get frow. De sun done stood still.

Dat pint am settled. Well, den, does de book say dat Joshua tole him to go on agin? No, sah; dar aint nuffin in de Book to dat effect. Wharfore, de sun hab jest bin stationary eber since, an' de hull system am changed. Dat eloquent interpolation about Joshua jest proves my argumentation. De sun uster move, but it don't now."

The neat way in which Prof. Redpath turned the Scriptural argument against his opponent captured the audience, and a resolution endorsing the Copernican philosophy was carried by an overwhelming majority.

### IN THE CONFESSIONAL.

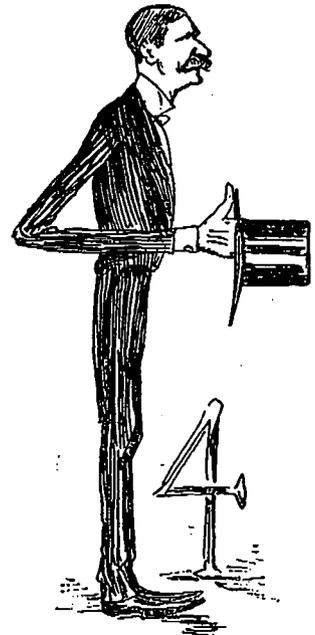
**PENITENT HABITANT**—"I have been a great sinner, your reverence, since I was here last. I have cursed Mother Church and all her works on account of that assessment for the new cathedral. It was hard to raise it and the interest on the mortgage as well, so Satan got the better of me several times."

**FATHER TRUEFAITH**—"But you paid the assessment all the same, my son. For I cannot absolve you unless that be paid."

**P. H.**—"Yes, father, I paid it, though there was the devil to pay, too. I had to get another mortgage on the old place, and I'm afraid I shall be sold out before the end of the year."

**F. T.**—"How vain and fleeting are all worldly possessions, my son! But how comforting it is to think that though riches take to themselves wings and fly away, we can follow them to the bosom of Mother Church, and there find them laid up in an inheritance that fadeth not away. O lay not up for yourself treasures upon earth, my son, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where prier—ahem!—thieves break through and steal, etc."

WILLIAM MCGILL.



### FIGURATIVE ATTITUDE

Of Mr. Mayor Clarke on meeting the Council on the commencement of his 4th term.

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AMONG the most interesting musical events of the season are the concerts of the Toronto Vocal Society. The first of this season takes place on Thursday, January 22nd, under the new conductor, Mr. W. Edgar Buck, when, in addition to a splendid selection of part-songs, Mrs. Julie E. Wyman, of the Boston Symphony concerts, will sing, and Miss Adele Aus der Ohe, the celebrated pianist, will play.

BURDOCK Blood Bitters is the most natural and agreeable laxative and regulating tonic for Constipation of the bowels, and never fails to be beneficial.

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**ADVICE TO MOTHERS.**

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"I HAVE used Burdock Blood Bitters for attacks of bilious headache, and it always gives immediate relief," says J. White, flour and feed merchant, Riverside, Toronto.

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**GRIP'S ALMANAC FOR '91.**

SOME of our readers have not yet possessed themselves of copies of this, the latest issue of GRIP'S celebrated annual. Thus they have up to date deprived themselves of a literary and artistic feast which would only cost them 10 cents apiece. The Almanac this year is, in the opinion of many, the best of the twelve issued. It is full of bright original fun and capital pictures. The double-page cartoon is a very amusing burlesque of Meissonier's celebrated painting 1807, in which are introduced caricatures of a great number of Canadian public men. The chronological tables are immensely funny, and in fact the entire contents are good. A few copies yet remain unsold, and we would advise our friends to send the price to the publishers without delay and secure copies before the supply is exhausted. Send now.

**A ROYAL QUILT.**

A prize competition of especial interest to every lady who does fancy work, is just announced by *The Canadian Queen*. The lady making by handwork, the handsomest block one foot square, (to be of silk, either in one piece or patchwork, and embroidered or hand-painted according to the state of the maker) for the Royal Quilt, will be presented with a pony, cart, and harness, valued \$350.00. The Royal Quilt will contain forty-eight blocks, and to each of the next forty-seven ladies sending the handsomest block will be presented with either a solid gold watch or an elegant silver tea service, valued \$40.00. Send four 3c. stamps for the last number of *The Queen*, containing full instructions as to what will be done with the Royal Quilt. Address, *The Canadian Queen* "Royal Quilt Competition," Toronto, Canada.

**AMUSEMENTS.**

MR. BENGOUGH is to give another evening of mirth, music, mimicry and sketches at the West End Y.M.C.A. Hall (corner Queen Street West and Dovercourt Road), on Thursday evening, January 22nd. A programme different from, but in all respects as good as that given at Association Hall in December will be presented, and the sketches will treat of local and political topics "Up to Date." Reserved seats (50c.) may be secured at the Secretary's Office, Y.M.C.A. Hall.

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

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## THE REWARDS.

The one making the best average in answering the following questions in Canadian History will be given one of THE QUEEN'S handsome ponies, (Sir John) value \$125.00. The one making the second best average will be rewarded with a first-class Safety Bicycle or Tricycle, value \$75.00. The one making the third best average, will be rewarded with their choice of either a fine Breech-loading English Shot Gun, or Elegant Silk Dress Pattern, value \$40.00. The one making the fourth best average, will be rewarded with a first-class Kodak, Photographic Camera, value \$30.00. Each of the next five making the best averages, will be rewarded with a Coin Silver watch of elegant design, and first-class time-keeper, value \$10.00. Each of the next fifty making the best averages, will be rewarded with either a girls or boys, A. 1. Pocket Knife, containing four blades of the best Sheffield steel, value \$1.50 each. If more than one correct answer is received, the one bearing the earliest postmark will be awarded the leading prize, the others following in order of merit.

## THE QUESTIONS.

The beautiful month of September. A deep, wide, rapid flowing river, whose bank on the North is high, steep, and rocky. Perched upon a point of this high bank, is a city surrounded by walls, and defended by a brave army under a brave general. Fleets of war-ships have for months held the river below and vainly sought to force the surrender of the city. One dark night soldiers from the ships scramble up the steep bank, and with their General, gain the plain above. The morning light reveals to the garrison of the city, its enemy ready for attack. A fierce battle ensues. The generals of both armies die from wounds received. The city is captured. 1. Give the names of the river, city and general. 2. What nations were represented by the two armies? 3. Which army formed the garrison of the city? 4. By what name is the fierce battle known? 5. In what year did these things happen? 6. What was the result of the capture of the city?

The answers to the above questions must be accompanied by \$1.00 for a year's subscription to THE QUEEN. The Young Peoples' Department of THE QUEEN, is devoted solely to entertaining and instructing the youth of Canada. The popularity of "Uncle Joe," who has charge of this Department is demonstrated by the fact that he receives daily, from sixty to one hundred letters and puzzles for publication from young people residing in all parts of the globe.

## SPECIAL DAILY PRIZE.

Each day during this Competition, either a First-class Stem Winding Nickel Watch, a good time keeper, or an Elegant Silver Desert Set, (Cream and Sugar) value \$8.00, will be awarded to the person from whom the first correct answers to above questions are received at THE QUEEN office, and opened, for that day.

The history of our Country should interest every loyal Canadian. If you are a little rusty on this subject, take down your old school history, study up and join THE QUEEN'S "National History School."

The distribution of rewards will be in the hands of disinterested persons, and decisions will be based on the correctness of the answers. Competitors can use their own language in wording their answers.

Answers may be sent in any time before April 10th, but as postmarks may count in awarding the leading prizes, it is better to send as early as possible. No correction can be made after your answers are mailed.

Every one answering the entire six question correctly, will receive a present.

If you have never seen a copy of THE QUEEN, send four 3c. stamps for a late number containing full particulars of all THE QUEEN'S Competitions, and letters from persons who have received over \$10,000 in prizes during the past year. We intend distributing prizes to the value of \$25,000 during 1891.

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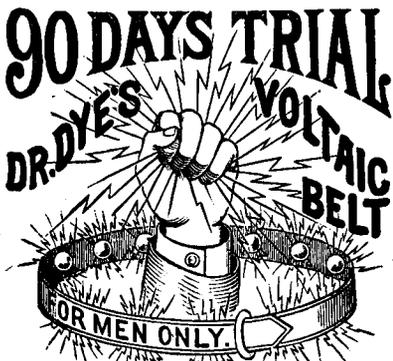
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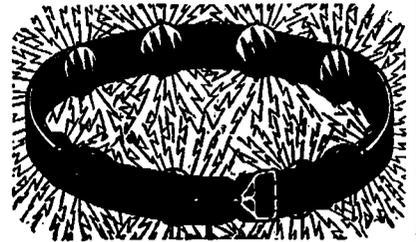
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