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SOME OF THE MOST IMPORTANT ITEMS FROM THE 31st ANNUAL STATEMENT

Outstanding Assurance, Dec. 31st, 1890,	\$720,662,473.00
New Assurance written in 1890,	203,826,107.00
Premium Income in 1890,	29,352,507.97
Income from Interest, Rent, etc., 1890,	5,684,175.27
TOTAL INCOME, 1890,	35,036,683.24
Payments to Policy-Holders, 1890	13,256,671.71
Surplus over all Liabilities, 1890,	23,740,447.34

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- Has for Eleven Years Held the Largest 4 per cent. Surplus, (1890, \$23,740,447).
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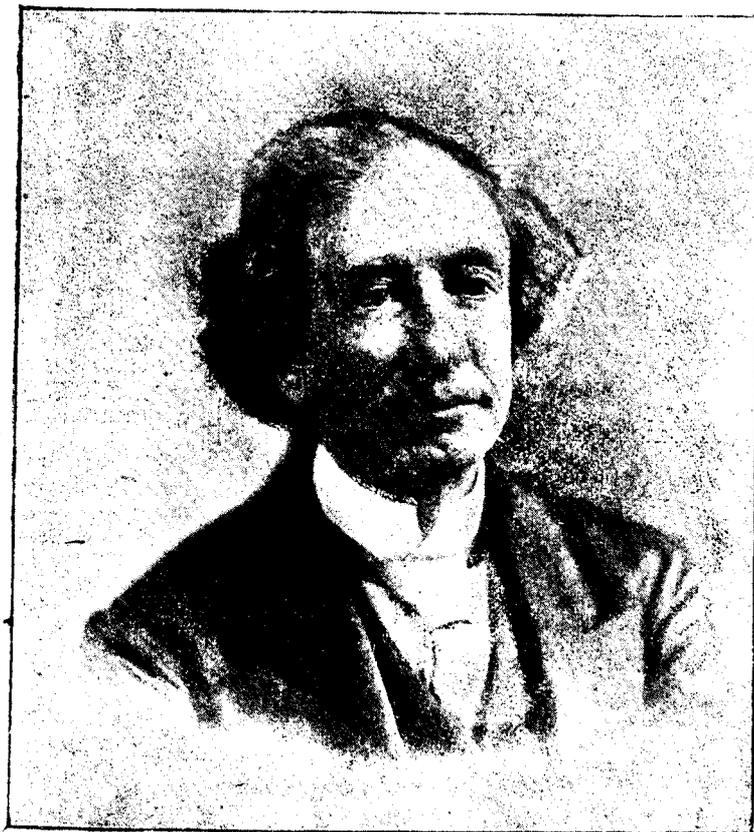
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BY HIS NEPHEW

Lt.-Col. J. Pennington Macpherson, A.D.C., D.C.L.

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Owing to the universal sorrow and sympathy occasioned by the death of Sir John, and the interest everywhere excited by the closing of his phenomenal career, hastily prepared and inaccurate biographies have been hurriedly placed on the market, written by parties without the resources at their disposal requisite for a full and accurate work of this character. The public have been sufficiently warned against the trashy and wholly unreliable character of these so-called biographies, and discriminating purchasers will see that they obtain the **ONLY WORK AUTHORIZED BY THE LATE PREMIER.**

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SALE OF PINE TIMBER

A QUANTITY of standing pine timber upon unsold and unlicensed lands of the Crown, west of Sudbury, in the neighborhood of the Canadian Pacific Railway, estimated as follows:

Spanish River.....	13,500,000 feet B.M.
Onaping Lake, north of.....	18,000,000 " "
Onaping Lake, south of.....	11,000,000 " "
Cat Lake (Ramsay Station).....	5,000,000 " "
Township of Moncteff.....	2,000,000 " "
Township of Hess.....	1,500,000 " "

Total.....51,000,000 feet B.M.

Having been damaged by fire during the past summer the undersigned hereby calls for tenders for the right to cut the damaged timber. There is also some green pine estimated at 2,000,000 feet in the vicinity south of Onaping Lake, for which tenders are also invited. Tenders will be received up to and including the 15th day of October next and may be for any parcel or for the whole, and must state the amount per thousand feet board measure the tenderer is willing to pay for the burnt and green timber separately in addition to the regular Crown dues of one dollar per thousand feet board measure. For conditions and further particulars application should be made to the Crown Lands Department.

Mr. John Regan, forest ranger under the Department will be at Cartier Station on an after the 15th September to give information to parties desirous of examining the timber.

The above figures represent only the Department's estimate, and intending purchasers must satisfy themselves as to quantities, etc.

The Department does not bind itself to accept the highest or any tender.

A. S. HARDY,
Commissioner Crown Lands

September 1, 1891.

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GRIP



VOL. XXXVII.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 26, 1891.

No. 13.
Whole No. 954.



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

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

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

Artist and Editor
 Associate Editor

J. W. BENGOUGH.
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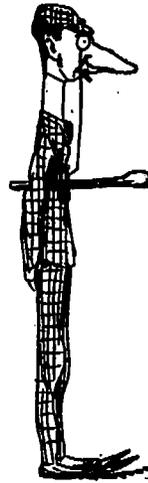
COMMENTS ON THE CARTOONS.



WASHING THE GOVERNMENT.—As Mr. Premier Abbott has never, to our knowledge, expressed any contrition for the share he took in the Pacific Scandal, there is nothing ungenerous in recalling the fact that his hands are not clean, and the whirligig of fate has certainly played a funny trick in imposing on him the task of cleansing the Government from its present-day defilements. As yet, it must be confessed, he hasn't made much progress with the ablutionary exercises. Perhaps he feels that it would be a trifle Pecksniffian for him to handle the boodlers roughly.

THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL'S WORK.—Lord Stanley has done as much as any

Governor-General we have ever had to deepen the impression that we could get along very well in this country without Rideau Hall. If Edison is not equal to the production of an automaton which could perform the vice-royal functions with a reasonable amount of intelligence, one or other of the Supreme Court Judges could certainly do so, as has been testified this session. Lord Stanley may also be congratulated on having done as much as the greatest of his predecessors to promote the native industry of salmon fishing.



VERY now and then the editor of our esteemed and loyal contemporary, the *World*, feels impelled to write something like this:

GRIP, ill-omened bird that it is, exhibits displeasure because this paper is jubilant over the last great achievement of the Canadian Pacific Railway. It fails to see how that performance benefits Canada, but if in any corner of the country the smallest perceptible movement were made towards the single tax principle the little bird would flap its narrow little wings and crack its little voice with delight at so promising a sign. It is most amusingly foolish when it tries to be wise.

TO this, and the long screed to which it is the introduction, we make reply in our amusingly foolish manner as follows:—It is a splendid achievement for the C.P.R. to have reduced the time from Britain to the far East by one-half. It is a fine military point for the mother country, and it may increase the business of certain commission merchants in the Dominion. We are not displeased because the *World* jubilates over it; we are quite as much disposed to jubilate ourselves. It was when our wise contemporary pointed to this achievement as compensating us for the loss of population from which we are suffering that we felt it our duty to call him down.

Now that the Eastern Question volcano is again threatening an eruption, and a war between Britain and Russia is quite among the possibilities of the near future, this achievement of the C.P.R. ought to be a matter of very great interest to the Imperial Government. It would be satisfactory to the people of Canada if that interest were acknowledged in the form of a cheque for a fair share of the money which Canada has paid in connection with the railway.

WHEN Mr. Alex. Manning was asked by a newspaper reporter what he thought of the census returns he replied without hesitation—knowing that he spoke for publication—"I think very poorly of it; I am now prepared for Annexation." Strange to say, Mr. Manning has not been denounced as a traitor and a villain by the National Policy press. This cannot surely be because he is and has always been a good Conservative?

THE "Loyalty" cry that is used to bolster up the robber tariff is, in fact, getting pretty well played out. Mr. Henry W. Darling said some good common sense things about it the other day in an interview with the *Winnipeg Tribune*. "The Englishman, I take it," said he, "is loyal to England. He holds tenaciously to free trade because it is the best policy for England. To Canadians he offers nothing that he does not with equal liberty offer Hottentots and Russians. I understand it to be the truest form of loyalty that adopts this precedent and seeks out that which is best for Canada."

MR. DARLING'S concluding remarks, we are convinced, voice the sentiments of a vast majority of Canadians. They were as follows:—

To the mother country we owe everything, and we shall always glory in her history, her traditions, her service to civilization, and her mighty power. But if it is a condition that we maintain a



MERCIER SPEAKS AT LAST.

THE COUNT — "PACAUD? I ASSURE YOU WE DO NOT OFFICIALLY KNOW THE PERSON AT ALL."

policy that has doubled my share of the public debt in ten years, that is depressing every industry not directly enriched by the enforced contributions from my earnings, that is compelling my children and the children of my neighbors to seek more favorable conditions for improving their circumstances across the border, and that is generally retarding the settlement of this new land and the development of her boundless resources, then call me sordid if you will, my loyalty is certain to be severely stained. To those who prefer to remain poor but loyal, as it is here implied, I give place, although I have a very deep-seated conviction that my loyalty is quite as patriotic and consistent as theirs.

IT was inevitable, of course, that the Pacaud matter should have brought about an Anger-y row between the Lt. Gov. of Quebec and Mr. Mercier.

INJURED INNOCENCE.

"I WASN'T my fault. How was I to know she'd take me for a policeman? And I couldn't help wearing those clothes; when a charming girl begs you to help her with some theatricals, and says you'd make a splendid soldier, and hints that you're good-looking—who wouldn't go in for theatricals to please her? And then, after the dress-rehearsal was over, why shouldn't I walk home in a quiet, unassuming dark uniform, when one of the boys dared me to? Then, when I got to the first cross-street, a street-car stopped there and a girl got off, a girl I knew just slightly, you know, and I didn't want her to get onto my masquerade, so I was just getting ready to dodge neatly, when she got in my way, and said, "Oh, Mr. Officer, could you please walk as far as my house with me—it's just down there—if it's on your beat? I was delayed, and it's rather dark." Could I do anything but take her home? You should have heard her asking questions about a policeman's life, and wasn't I cold in winter, and wasn't it lonely walking up and

down all night? Of course I told her it was cold and lonely, and she seemed so sympathetic that I went on and told her about my wife and children, and how nice it was to go home to them, and what a lovely child my little daughter was—with blue eyes and golden curls. I actually got her interested in that child, and then I said, sadly, that she was delicate, and we were so worried about her health in the winter. I would probably have had the little one dying of consumption in a few minutes, if I hadn't suddenly recollected that my usual elegant English wouldn't suit my station, so I started a new subject, hastily, and ripped out a few grammatical blunders that I had seen held up to ridicule in the columns of an E.C. Presently we reached her gate, and she asked me could I come in and drink a cup of coffee—the nights were so chilly now—without getting into trouble? I went in, because I didn't think I would get into trouble; but that's where I made a big mistake. She put me in a nice little room that probably called itself a library, and went off. In a few minutes she came back with some perfectly glorious coffee and bread-and-butter—I felt real sorry that we'd had supper at the rehearsal—and sat down opposite me while I drank it. The conversation didn't flourish so briskly indoors, and the room was so light I began to get scared, and was thinking of getting out of it, when she said, quite artlessly—

"Do you know, I've never seen a policeman's hat near by—may I see yours, please?" She held out her hand, and I gave her the thing I had on my head, quakingly. She didn't look at it, she looked at me.

"Mr. Scrap, I believe?" she said, frigidly. She seemed to be hunting in her mind for something sufficiently abusive to say, but gave it up.

"You may take your hat," she said. I took it, and the rest of me, out into the street, real quick. Now, where was I to blame? How could I have helped it? Circumstances are too many for me in this world.

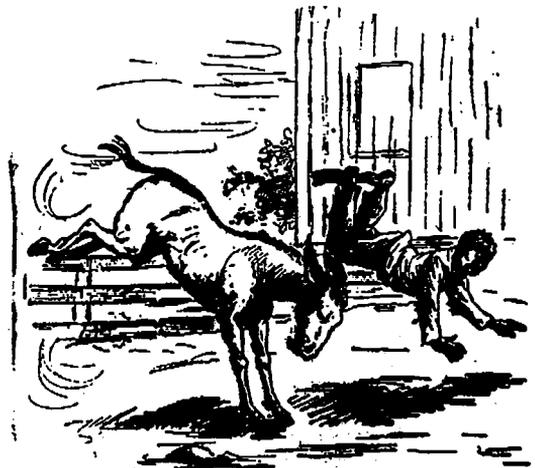
TIMOTHY SCRAP

HE HAD NO FRIENDS.

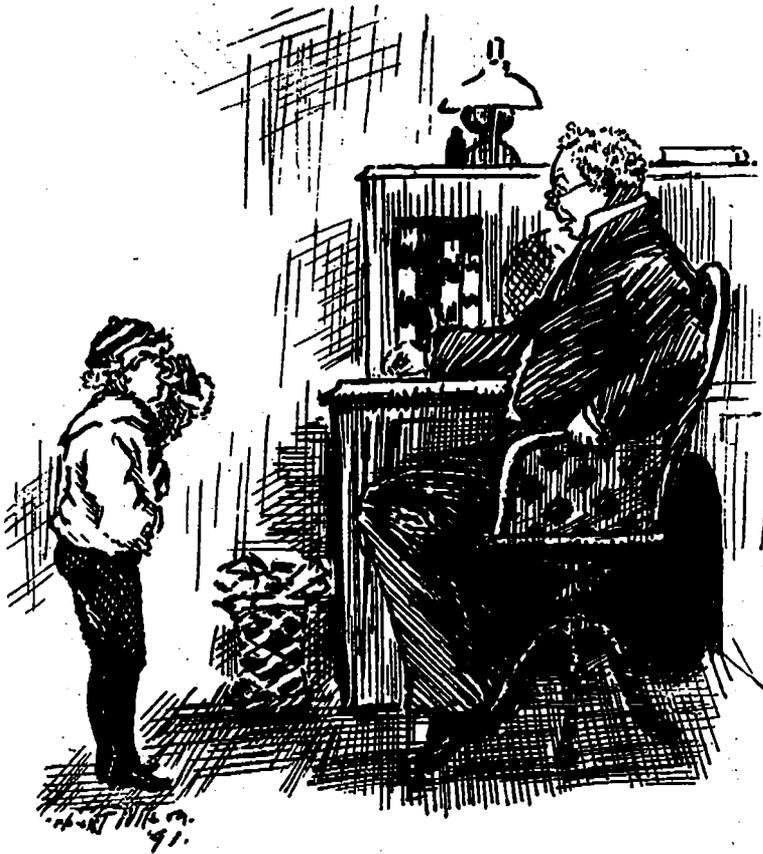
JIMKINS—"It don't seem to me that I have a single friend in this town."

SIMKINS—"What makes you think that?"

JIMKINS—"Why, an evening paper last week had a scandalous attack upon me, and I only heard of it accidentally just now. Nobody sent me a marked copy of the paper!"



"THE POWER BEHIND THE THROWN."



“PLEASURE.”

SEVERE PARENT—“Hurt at the baseball game, hey? Well, what business had you there?”

JOHNNY—“I d-didn't go on bub-business; it was a pup-pleasure trip!”

HOME FROM THE FAIR.

FARMER CHEESECAKE stalked into the village store with an air of ostentatious indifference which plainly said, “I’ve just arrived home from the big show at Toronto, and if you greenhorns want to hear anything about the event, now’s your opportunity.” The tacit challenge was at once taken up by the loiterers on the barrels and boxes

“Been to the Fair, ain’t you, Mr. Cheesecake?” enquired Mr. Horneyhand.

“Yep,” said that important personage, with an accession of ostentatious unconcern.

“Well, how did it seem to pan out? ‘Pretty good show, I guess, wasn’t it? ‘Spose you did it clean through from fence to fence, didn’t you?” queried Mr. Strawstack.

“Yes, I seen it pooty nigh all, and ‘twas a big thing; you’re right on that head.”

“Well, let’s hear all about it. Begin at the main buildin’. How ‘bout that?” said Mr. Oxteam, who had a systematic mind.

“As to the main buildin’,” replied Mr. Cheesecake, in an apologetic tone, “fact is, I didn’t bother with *that*. It was too much of a crowd.”

“Then let us proceed to the Machinery Hall, which comes next,” suggested the schoolmaster, consulting an Exhibition programme which he held in his hand.

“Nor I didn’t go through that neither,” confessed Mr. Cheesecake, “I don’t take no interest in them things.”

“No; but I should ‘spose the Agriculture fixin’s would ketch you. How about the roots and fruits?” asked Mr. Oxteam.

“The buildin’ was jammed tight full when I came along, so I passed right by,” replied Mr. C.

“Well, let’s hear your report on the poultry, the d g-show, the carriages and wagons, the live stock and the art gallery,” suggested the schoolmaster.

“Sorry to say I can’t tell you nothin’ about ‘em, if you ask *me*,” replied Mr. Cheesecake;—“I didn’t go through none of ‘em, if it comes down to the facts.”

“What!” ejaculated Mr. Strawstack—“you didn’t see nothin’, an’ you the leadin’ farmer of this section, an’ President of the county society? I’m astonished!”

“O, yes, I seen lots,” replied Mr. Cheesecake, with dignity. “I seen the Roman races, an’ the trottin’ dogs, an’ the trained seals, an’ the balloon ascension, an’ the circus performance on the trapeze. An’ I tell you it was a tip-top Industrial.”

“But that is all mere side-show,” commented the schoolmaster.

“Maybe so,” said Mr. Cheesecake, “but that’s the part of it that reaches the feelings of the farmin’ community, and don’t you make no mistake.”

Shortly afterwards the committee rose.

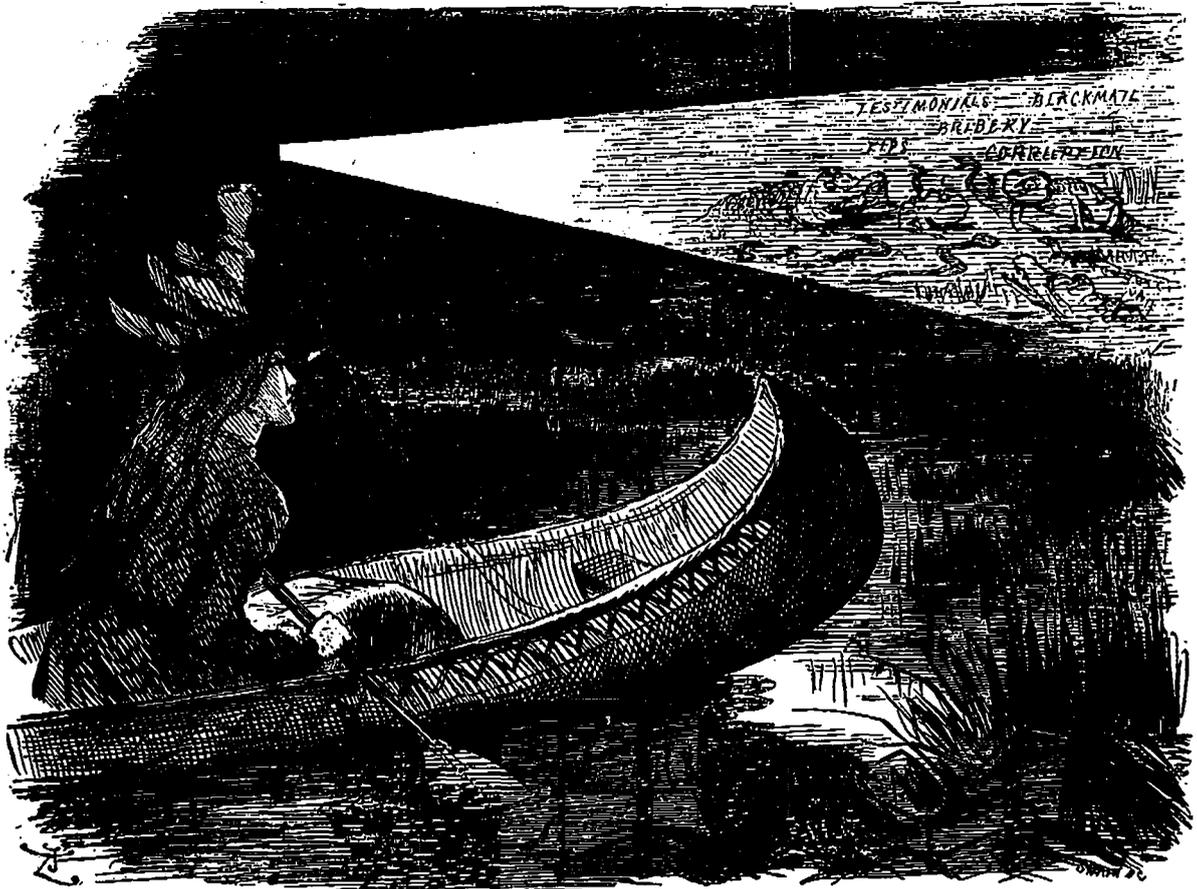
SKELETON SINGLE-TAX POEM.

..... land,
 wealth;
 planned,
 stealth.
 poor,
 toil;
 endure
 soil.
 relate,
 lot;
 estate,
 got.
 rent,
 use;
 spent,
 abuse.
 George,
 understand;
 disgorge,
 land.

PER-RISCH THE THOUGHT.

LULU—(the heroine of the Risch abduction case)—
 “Oh Frank, when we are married we must go far away from Canada—somewhere where the people haven’t heard all about us—the Sandwich Islands for instance.”

FRANK—“Ho, no! Lulu!”



THE CANADIAN "SEARCH-LIGHT."

(From Punch.)

ENGLAND'S OPINION.

"WHAT will they say in England?"
 They've always understood
 That here the Tory party
 Held all there was of good;
 That traitors, knaves and rascals
 Were commonly called "Grits,"
 And furnished poor material
 For knights and baronets.

"What will they say in England?"
 They'll open wide their eyes,
 And read the current scandals
 With very great surprise;
 Some names late held in honor
 Beneath their heels they'll crunch.
 What do they think in Eng'land?
 See the cartoon from *Punch*.

THE TRANSFER DIFFICULTY.

UNDERSTANDING that the Street Railway Company would be glad to get hold of a good plan for surmounting the transfer difficulty, GRIP, in a spirit of good will towards the new proprietors, not unmixed with a patriotic desire to benefit the civic treasury, submitted the problem to his own Edison—a genius who is specially retained upon the staff for just such emergencies. The results of that gifted being's cogitations are hereto appended:

Plan I.—Have policemen stationed at every transfer

point to take into custody and safe keeping all passengers who are entitled to transfers, and see that they proceed on their journey by the first available car.

Plan II.—Let the conductor put a large and conspicuous chalk-mark on the back of every passenger who wishes to be transferred.

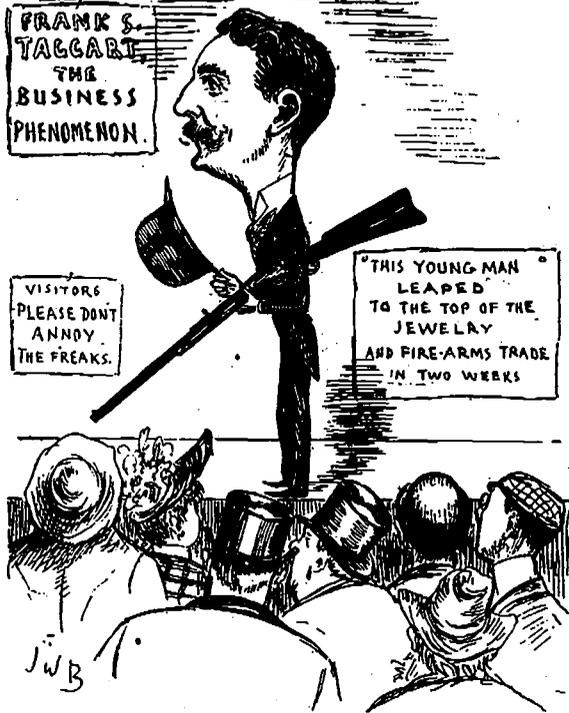
Plan III.—Carry an authorized Commissioner on every car, and have him administer an oath to every passenger binding him to use his transfer ticket on the first available cross-car. This would probably be effective in the case of conscientious persons.

Plan IV.—Provide every conductor with a kodac, and let him take a snap-shot picture of every transfer passenger, develop and print the same, and hand them to a uniformed official at the crossing, who will see to the identification of the parties and put them on board of the cross-cars.

Plan V.—Let the cars run on time and always meet at the crossings, so that passengers may go from one to the other in full view of the conductors.

Plan VI.—Repeal the clause providing for transfers altogether, and let no person have that privilege excepting those who can show a proper receipt for a year's subscription to GRIP.

The above is cheerfully handed to the railway authorities for their consideration. We may mention that Plan VI commends itself to us as being the most practicable, scientific and satisfactory of the lot.



Theatre—GRIP'S—Musee.

MANAGER MOORE having failed to secure this remarkable freak, MR. GRIP places him on exhibition regardless of expense.

AN ANCIENT BRITON REGIMENT.

MR. GRIP,—Sir: I observe that the Dominion Government has appropriated \$5,000 to equip a Highland regiment in this city in the airy and fantastic costume known as the "garb of old Gaul." I rather admire the gall of the grab. Why this favoritism for the Scotch? Other races in this mixed Dominion of ours have as much right to amuse themselves, if they please, by reverting to the primitive attire of their supposed ancestors, and disporting themselves in public devoid of that superabundance of drapery usually exacted by the prudery of a too fastidious age. Why are the conventionalities which demand the concealment of the nether limbs, to be waived in the case of the Scotchmen, and rigidly enforced as regards the rest of us, whose ancestors, previous to the era of a rushing and panting civilization, if I may so express myself, presented equally favorable opportunities for studies from the nude. So far as I know, I may be descended from the Ancient Britons—probably the great majority of us are, considering how many ancestors we all have when you work back for a few hundred years. Now, according to the history books, the Ancient Britons could give points to any Highlandman that ever wore a philabeg (whatever that may be), and beat him at his own game of dispensing with the ordinary article of attire. They were accustomed to pursue their vocations, including wolves and such, clad only in their native modesty and a coat of blue paint. Some of the more fastidious and reserved appeared in public with two coats of the aforesaid material, but this was regarded as the mark of a haughty and ostentatious spirit.

Now, sir, I submit that these eccentricities in attire and general demeanor on the part of my respected ancestors, the ancient Britons, are in every respect as worthy of perpetuation as the Highland costume. Why should the laudable, time-honored and economical habit of bedecking the person in azure pigments be suffered to fall into disuetude? Is there one individual in whose veins flows the blood of the ancient Britons who does not feel a heart-throb of patriotic exultation at the idea of assuming, in commemoration of their heroic deeds, the simple garb linked with so many hallowed associations? Let us have an Ancient Briton regiment, under the designation of "The Blues," clad in the historic blue paint which has often made the focman tremble. The striking and picturesque display afforded by the parade of such a corps could not fail to excite public appreciation. The Highlanders, in comparison, would not be in it. The expense to the country would be but trifling, as paint is much cheaper than tartans, philabegs, canngorms, pibrochs and other essentials of the Highlander's costume. Our fellow-citizens of French origin and Conservative leanings would no doubt be attracted by the color, and join the Blues in great numbers. MODERN BRITON.

ODE TO A COW.

OH, mildly munching, meditative cow,
Looking round-eyed into the unknown Hence!
What thoughts are surging 'neath thy noble brow,
As steadfastly thou gazest at the neighbouring fence?

Thou reckest not the city maiden fair
Copies thy munching with her chewing gum.
And, in the street-car, works thy guileless stare
Upon the an'rous youth, and fairly strikes him dumb.

As dreamily thou switcheest from thy side,
With pensive tail, the flies that come in hosts,
Thou knowest not, to swell a despot's pride,
Thou't figure, on his board, as English steaks and roasts.

'Tis now thy task to eat thy fill of grass,
And make good milk, the which, thy patrons find,
Hath, by thy lord, been thinned—but let that pass—
It is the common fate in life to be maligned.

Oh, no! I envy not thy quiet lot,
Thou still may'st freely quench thy evening thirst;
That, living, thou'rt reviled, thou knowest not,
And that in death, thy meat, as tough, is roundly cursed.
STRATFORD. H. F. G.

A FINE BUSINESS OPPORTUNITY.

"YOU'RE looking uncommonly happy, Jiggersnoot," observed Peppercorn, meeting his friend on the street. "What's up?"

"A piece of rare good luck has fallen in my way—the new society fad," replied Jiggersnoot.

"I don't quite grasp it," replied Peppercorn. "What new fad?"

"Why, have'nt you heard of the proposed carriage drive in the park twice a week, where all the swells in town are to meander back and forth, bowing and grinning at one another? Splendid idea; I'm quite delighted about it!" said Jiggersnoot with enthusiasm.

"But still," said the puzzled Peppercorn, "I fail to see why you should be so much interested. You don't keep a carriage, do you?"

"No; but just see how it will simplify my business operations. My line of work is collecting tradesmen's accounts, and it will be a tremendous saving to me to have so many of my customers coralled in one place like that!"

And Jiggersnoot went off chuckling.



WASHING THE GOVERNMENT.

MRS. PREMIER—"COME, YOU DIRTY LITTLE CRITTER, TILL I WASH YOU AND CLEAN YOU UP!"



HER CRITIQUE.

SCRIBBLEFORD—"You say you have read many of my short stories. Flattered, I'm sure. Do you mind saying what you consider to be their most pleasing feature?"

MISS STRAIGHTOUT—"Er—er—their shortness!"

MRS. JIMPSECUTE ON TRAVELLING DAIRIES.

"WELL, I never did!" said Mrs. Jimpsecute. "A travelling dairy! What next, I wonder? It's not surprising that you can hardly get a single pound of butter for love or money that's fit to eat, although you pay the highest market price, and the last we got was so bad that we positively couldn't eat it, and Henry went off that morning and got his breakfast at a restaurant though I don't suppose he got a bit better there, but, you know, men are always so much more fussy and pernickity at home than they are anywhere else, but the butter really was *bad*, and no mistake, and I made the store-keeper take it back. What can you expect, though, from this travelling dairy nonsense, rushing the poor cows up and down the country all the time from one place to another.—its enough to keep them excited and worried, and make their milk bad.

"Travelling dairy, indeed! I suppose it's done just to humor the gad-about hussies of milk-maids, who can't be got to stay on the farm, but must come off to the city so as they can't get anybody to milk the cows and do the churning, why they have to get up a travelling dairy, and take the cows along with the girls and the hired men, and, instead of an old-fashioned churn, that made good butter anyway, if it was a little hard to work, they have all the churning done by some new-fangled machine.

"Oh, it's to show the farmers how to make butter, is it? Such nonsense! Don't tell me there's only one way of making butter, and in the old times every girl brought up on a farm knew how to do it without any teaching, but now, I suppose, they're all too lazy and good-for-nothing to learn, and so some scheming, idle politician, with nothing better to do, gets himself hired by the Gov-

ernment, or somebody, to drive a lot of poor cows around through the country, and teach the farmers to make machine butter, and a nice way of wasting the people's money. I must say, just as if taxes were not far too high already. A great deal the farmers will learn in that way, and if they can't make good butter in the natural old-fashioned way, what kind of beastly poisonous stuff will they give us when they get to making it by machinery? I think it scandalous that the Government should spend money in any such a way. But now-a-days, Mrs. Dewsbury, it seems as if people can't do anything without making a fuss about it, and holding meetings, and having a lot of talking and lecturing. I should think they'd be sick and tired of it all, and I don't suppose, with all their talk, there'll be one pound of decent butter made for every ten lectures and meetings they've had about it, let alone ruining the cows by travelling them about on trains, and making all the girls more crazy to come to the city than ever. It's all a piece of foolishness!

JIMMY'S CHALLENGE.

TO read *Harsard* of the third
Made me mad, upon my word,
For they threaten there to strip me of my clo's!
Yes, the Ottawa humbugs
Have grabbed me by the lugs,
While the "boodlers" go a-"travelling," heaven knows.

They would strip me of my pants,
Their treasure to enhance;
If they boodle on the quiet, why can't I?
The kid shoes that I wear
Cost a dollar each a pair,
And I wore the same when Dewdney "stirred the pie.

We are "Royal" here-up West,
No plebians like the nest
That used to run the Governmental gear;
We are able to look out,
With Cameron on "the spout"—
There's no "boodling" *sub rosa* done up here.

Now, gents, who form the crowd,
Who are talking rather loud,
Don't you think you'd better sweep your own back-door?
For I'll wear my little togs
Spite the barking of the dogs,
And I'll support the country's dignity, or perish in my gore.
REGINA.

SHE GOT THE WOMAN INTERESTED.

MISS BAGSLEY—"And so, Ellen, you found employment as a typewriter two days after you came here. Why, they told me there were hundreds of girls looking for such situations."

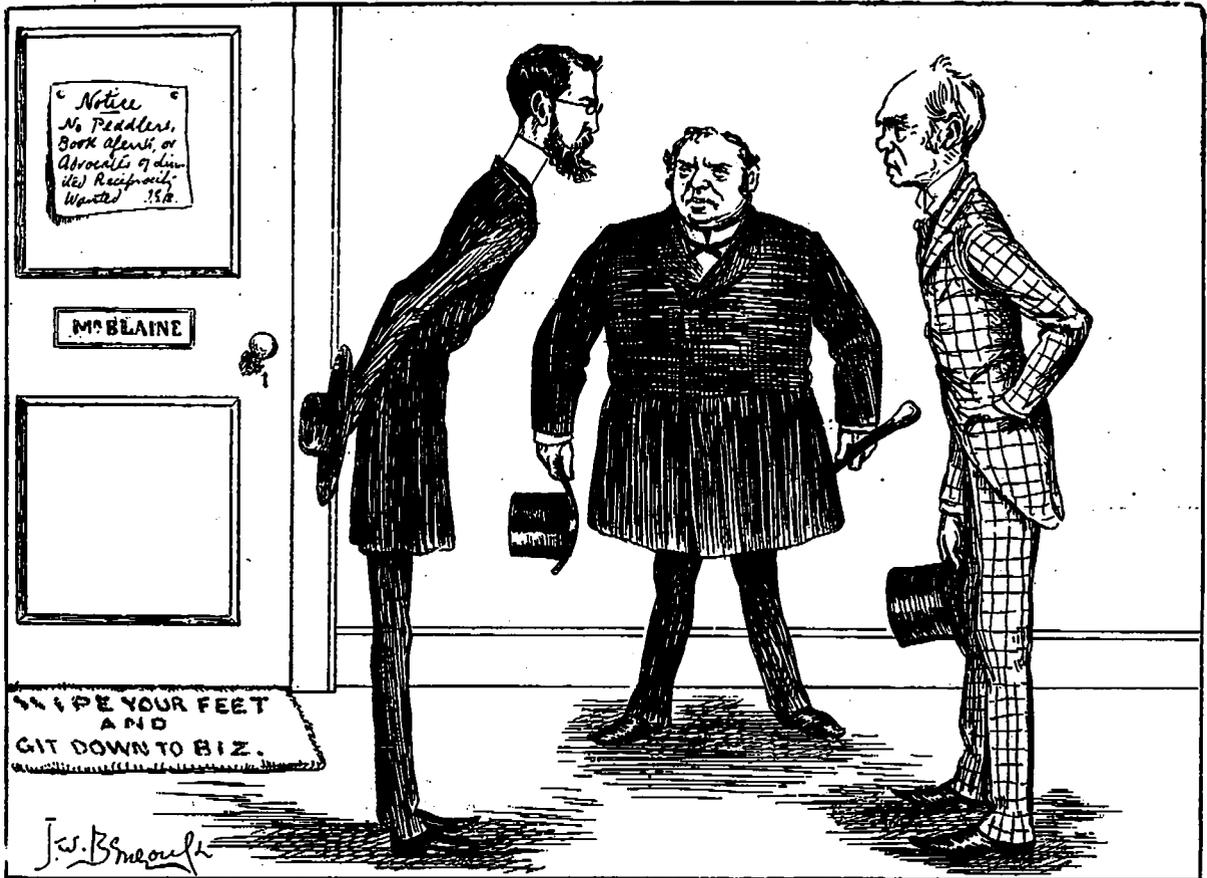
MISS CUTE—"So there are, my dear. But I could have had two dozen situations if I could have filled them all."

MISS B.—"Why, how did you manage it?"

MISS C.—"Oh, I put in an advertisement, 'Plain, middle-aged lady wants situation as typewriter,' and had any number of replies. You've no idea how many women take an active interest in their husbands business concerns."

A MEDICAL QUESTION.

A MEDICAL gentlemen in town (who gives his address as 200 Jarvis Street) describes himself in his advertisements as an "Artificial Surgeon and Specialist." Does he mean that he is not a real surgeon and specialist? or does he wish us to understand that he restricts his practice to the diseases of dolls and wooden limbs? As it stands at present, the advertisement is decidedly equivocal.



THE WASHINGTON MISSION.

(AS IT PROMISES TO BE).

SIR J. THOMPSON—"BUT COME, GENTLEMEN, LOOK HERE; LETS DECIDE WHAT WE'RE GOING TO PROPOSE!"

A FINE POINT.

To the Editor of GRIP's Etiquette Department.

DEAR SIR,—It has been my fortune to have been acquainted with certain gentlemen—at least they passed for such at the time—who were subsequently compelled to endure a period of enforced retirement in the penitentiary, and on their re-appearance in public I have been at a loss to know what to do on meeting them. Hitherto, I have been the slave of circumstances and have allowed the ex-penitentiary birds to bow first. If they recognized me, well and good, but if not I "passed by on the other side."

I have carefully searched the guides to polite society for information on this important point, but without success; and in my dilemma I appeal to you, knowing your willingness to put everybody right. Please, therefore, let me know what the F.F.'s consider the correct thing to do on meeting a former friend just released from confinement. If one refuses to recognize the old acquaintance (temporarily a little down on his luck), would one be considered a snob? And if one does recognize him, what is the correct thing to say? A remark about the state of his health, how he has enjoyed his absence from town—or would that be too personal? Should you slap him on the back and say, "I say, old fellow, glad to see you out again"—or should the remarks be confined strictly to the weather?

You can readily see the importance of this enquiry,

more especially in this Province, where so many of our citizens—as proved by the Ottawa investigations—have, like the lawyer's office boy, shown such gross ignorance of Latin—not knowing the difference between "meum" and "tuum." As soon as my mind is relieved by receiving your advice, I shall reconcile myself to seeing the law carried out, by jailing the boodlers, as recommended by GRIP in a recent issue.

Would it not be advisable to have a set of phrases drawn up, appropriate to the former occupation of the discharged gentlemen? Yours, ETIQUETTE.

[Our Etiquette man has this important matter under consideration.—Ed.]

WANTS TO KNOW, YOU KNOW.

DO the clothes of an editor always fit loose?
 Is a young English nobleman always a goose?
 Can't a horse tell the difference 'twixt oats and shoe-pegs?
 And are bass-wood hams palmed off, and wooden nutmegs?
 Does a boarding-house keeper feed nothing but hash?
 And when people are dunned don't they ever pay cash?
 Is there never a book-agent lacking in cheek?
 Or a woman alive that don't constantly speak?
 Or a mule that to Hade is a sinner won't kick?
 Or a man who can drink, and his tongue not get thick?
 Can't one politics talk and yet never get mad?
 Or a boy wag his tongue without sassing his dad?
 Do the girls always lace, and their feet always pinch?
 In the West do they always the criminal lynch?
 If the funny man thinks so, why, he ought to know;
 And nothing untru'ful in print ought to go.

Acus.



"GRIP'S" OWN HERALD'S OFFICE.

I.—COAT OF ARMS FOR A RETIRED OFFICIAL OF THE VERY CIVIL SERVICE.

EASILY EXPLAINED.

THE *World* publishes the following as a remarkable coincidence:

THE IDIOSYNCRASIES OF EDITORIALS.

THE QUEBEC CRISIS.

Globe Editorial Yesterday.

The position of all parties in the present controversy is reversed.

So true is it that in politics much depends upon the ownership of the ox which happens to be gored.

THE LETELLIER AFFAIR.

Mail Editorial Yesterday.

And the position of the two political parties is reversed.

But in politics, as in all other mundane matters, the ownership of the ox that is gored must always be borne in mind when opinions on the subject are being expressed.

And so the two articles run almost word for word for a column length.

Our special Mahatma, attached to the Theosophical department of the GRIP staff, assures us that there is nothing remarkable about it. His explanation is this: The atmosphere of the *Mail* office has become thoroughly permeated with the mental aura of Mr. Edward Farrer, the detached particles of his thought-essence vibrating in the ether find a sympathetic vehicle of expression through the personality of some one attached to the staff. Through the psychologic current maintained between Mr. Farrer's mental organism and the locality dominated by his thought-force, the nerve action required for the production of *Globe* editorials insensibly exercises a reflex influence along the subtle magnetic chain, thereby repeating the brain pulsations in the amanuensis in the *Mail* office, and causing the similarity of thought and phraseology above noted.

AN EXPERT.

PORTLY CITIZEN—"I've just been weighed. Now, I'll bet the cigars that you can't guess within ten pounds of my weight."

BILLINGER—"I guess 225 pounds."

PORTLY CITIZEN—"By gosh, you hit it pretty close. I weigh 227."

BILLINGER—"Yes, I have had a good deal of practice in hog guessing competitions."

MR. R. emphatically denies that he sought a bride in St. Kitts because Lulu Rolls in wealth.

THE CANADIAN "SEARCH-LIGHT."

(From "Punch," Sept. 5th.)

IN dark fens of the Dismal Swamp
The Search-Light sends its ray!
What is that hideous oozy tramp?
What creatures crawling 'midst jungle damp
Scuttle from light away?

Revealing radiance shine, oh shine,
Through black bayou and brake,
Where knotted parasites intertwine,
And through the tangles of poisonous vine
Glideth the poisonous snake.

Where hardly a human foot would pass,
Or an honest heart would dare
The quaking mud of the foul morass,
With rank weed choked, and with clotted grass,
Fit for a reptile's lair.

They dread the light, do those dismal things,
Its gleam they dare not face.
Their snaky writhings, their bat-like wings,
Their quaking menace of fangs and stings,
Make horror of the place.

All things should be so bright and fair
In a land so glad and free;
But the Search-Light layeth dark secrets bare,
And shows how loathsomeness builds a lair
In a land of Liberty.

Push on, brave bearer of piercing Light,
Through pestilential gloom,
Where crawls the spawn of Corruption's night;
Deal out, stout searcher, to left and right,
The cleansing strokes of doom.

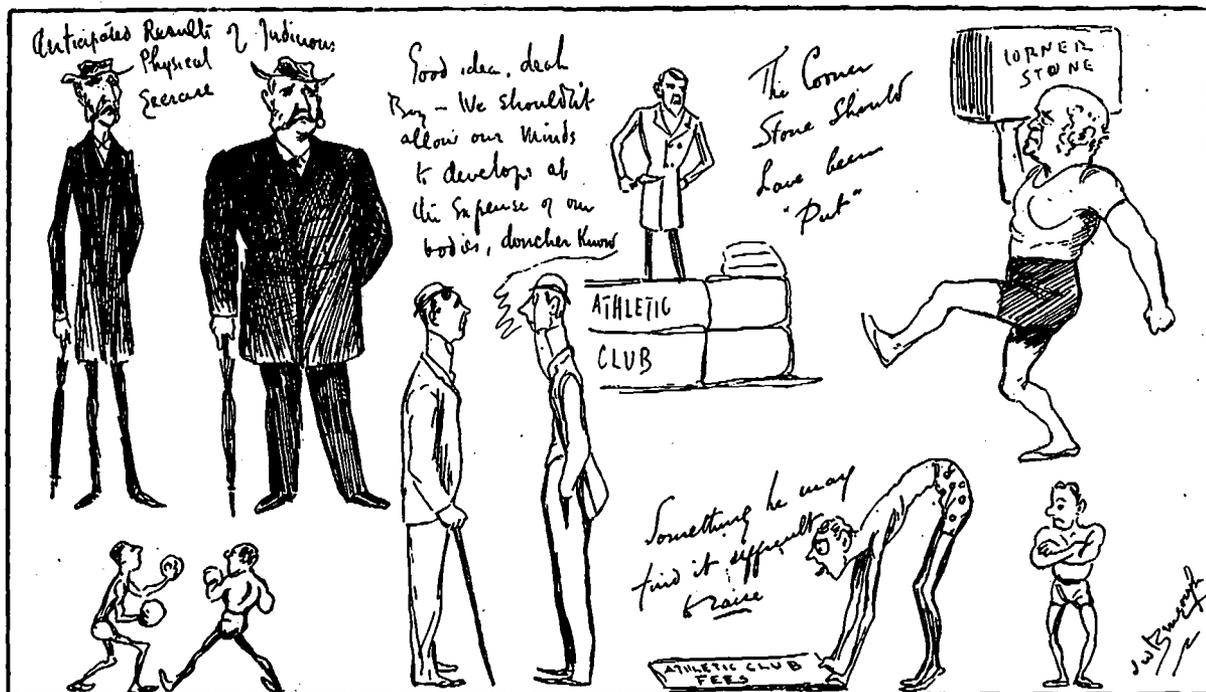
That fair lithe form in that fleet frail bark
Is a comely Nemesis,
Before whose menace 'tis good to mark
The reptile dwellers in dens so dark
Driven with growl and hiss.

The saurian huge and the lizard slow,
Foul shapes of ruthless greed,
And the stealthy snake of the sudden blow,
All owl-like shrink from the Search-Light's glow,
Or fly with felon speed.

Corruption's spawn must be chased and slain,
Scourged from the wholesome earth.
It clingeth else like the curse of Cain.
Smite, smite like flail upon garnered grain,
These things of bestial birth!



"BOARDING OUT."



JOTTINGS AT THE ATHLETIC CLUB CORNERSTONE.

CHATTER.

ETHEL—"This is a century plant. Isn't the flower beautiful? I value it very much, for we have had it in the family so long."

MAUD—"Did you plant it yourself?"

A PEAK in the Rockies "Mount Stephen" was called,
After one who was thought worth accountin',
But, by-and-by, he to the peerage was hauled,
And they titled him after the mountain.

TOM—"They say he doesn't pay even laundry bills."
JACK—"Yes. But it is chiefly because he never contracts such debts."

PRINCES and kings may flourish or may fade,
A breath can make them as a breath has made;
But an old pleasantry, the joker's pride,
Can never be destroyed if once supplied.

SANSO—"The Copyright Bill was passed solely to benefit one book."

RODD—"What book is that?"
SANSO—"The pocket book"

PASS along the whitewash brush,
Facts are simply fudge.
I'll do my duty like a man
That used to be a judge!

JASPAR—"You say Brown is a sound thinker."
JUMPUPPE—"O, yes. You can hear the sound. He thinks out loud."

MRS. ANNIE BESANT was an Infidel power,
But now of Theosophy she's the right bower;
Where once she was lauded she now is slang-whanged,
They say, "Annie Besant—bah! Annie Be-hanged!"

ALLUDING to the trouble down in South America
(The facts are quite familiar to the reader),
The historian of the future will be called upon to say,
'Twas a very Chili day for Balmaceda.

WIFE—"You have been drinking again. Your breath is a tale-bearer."

HUBBY—"Yes. A cocktail bearer."

SANSO—"We have no Canadian national ode."

RODD—"O, yes we have. We have quite a fine national Owed to Foreign Creditors."

THE milliner may not be much of a mathematician, but she is usually good at figures.

JACK—"Cupid is an eyeless god."

TOM—"True; but he cannot complain of a lack of 'does.'"

SANSO—"Your mother is a very trim little woman."

TOMMY—"Yeh bet your life she is. Yer oughter see her trim me."

JACK—"Dudley's collars never seem to wilt."

TOM—"No. They are so high that even the temperature can't reach them."

SANSO—"Spectacles give a man an intellectual air."

RODD—"Yes, they at least show that he can see through something."

DR. HARVEY'S SOUTHERN RED PINE for coughs and colds is the most reliable and perfect cough medicine in the market. For sale everywhere.

VISITORS to the Exhibition should not fail to see R. H. Lear & Co.'s display of gas and electric fixtures, first gallery, Main Building. This firm makes a speciality of these goods. Their show-rooms are at 19 and 21 Richmond Street West, Toronto.

OH, WHAT A DELICIOUS CIGAR!

YES, it is an Invincible, one of the best made. Try it. L. O. GROTHE & Co., Montreal.

SHE—"Whew! if I had known you'd smoke a horrid pipe I never would have married you."

HE—"If I'd known I couldn't smoke cigars and support a woman, too, I never would have married you."—*New York Weekly*.

THE blazer is declared to be out of style by the four hundred. In that case the occupation of those who undertook to play lawn tennis with their clothes is a departed glory.—*Pittsburgh Dispatch*.

"FUSSY, (to his wife)"—"I'm sure, Maria, those shoes are too tight for you."

MRS. FUSSY—"Why, no, they're quite easy."

FUSSY—"Ah, just wait a week or so and you'll acknowledge the corn."—*Judge*.

MARRIAGE is a lottery, and a crank bache lor wants excluded from the mail all papers that publish marriage notice advertisements.—*Exchange*.

OLD LAWYER—"I have been practising for thirty years. Don't you think it was time I was raised to the bench?"

YOUNG LAWYER—"No; to the shelf."—*Saturday Evening Herald*.

WANTED—The fragments of any person who ever burst with indignation.—*Yenowine's News*.

"MAN was made of the dust of the ground" remarked the minister.

"That is the reason his name is so often mud," replied Satts.—*Munsey's Weekly*.

THE girl who is often lost in admiration easily finds herself in love.—*Exchange*.

BURLEIGH,—"I tell you, it costs a man to dress his wife well these days."

TUBBS—"Yes; dress goods are high, especially on the shoulders."—*Texas Siftings*.

FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

WHAT IS SAID IN FAVOR OF DYER'S IMPROVED FOOD FOR INFANTS.

A RELIABLE firm in Halifax says: "Several of our customers speak very highly of it (Dyer's Improved Food for Infants), and you have evidently got a splendid food."

HIS HONOR—"Prisoner at the bar, have you anything to say in your own defense before the case is given to the jury?"

PRISONER—"Only this, your Honor. I admit I killed the man, but we were playing whist; he was my partner; he had trumped my ace."

HIS HONOR—"The jury will bring in a verdict of not guilty by reason of emotional insanity."—*Boston Transcript*.

A CORRESPONDENT of a Utah paper, advocating the establishment of a local hat factory, asks, "Did any one ever hear of a hat manufacturing company failing? Their profits are large, and in constant demand." It is plain that ducks do not swim in the fair waters of Utah.—*Hat Review*.

"WHAT does your father do when you're naughty, Johnny?"

"Oh, he applies the faith cure."

"What's that?"

"Well, it's sort of laying on of hands, anyway."—*Light*.

DUELLING in France is a very salubrious occupation. Most of the noted duellists die in their beds.—*Exchange*.

DR. T. A. SLOCUM'S

OXYGENIZED EMULSION OF PURE COD LIVER OIL. If you have a Cold. Use it. For sale by all druggists.

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Send to us for our book of receipts, showing use of ARMOUR'S EXTRACT in Soups and Sauces.

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OR ANY OTHER PAIN.

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AND ALL Stomach Troubles, INDIGESTION, Nausea, Sour Stomach, Giddiness, Heartburn, Constipation, Fullness, Food Rising, Disagreeable Taste, Nervousness.

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CURES Impure Blood, Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Biliousness, Kidney Complaint, Scrofula.

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Steamer Modjeska.

Leave Hamilton—7.45 a.m., 2.15 p.m.
Arrive Toronto—10.30 a.m., 4.45 p.m.
Leave Toronto—11.00 a.m., 5.15 p.m.
Arrive Hamilton—1.30 p.m., 8.00 p.m.

*Calls at Oakville (weather permitting).

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Cotta. Studio, New Buildings, Lombard St., Toronto.



A SUBTERFUGE.

CANTY (*dissembling*)—"How much fer wan
mout'ful?"
COUNT FLIPPILIPPI (*sizing up the aperture*)
—"Wunna centa."

(See next page)

D. R. A. F. WEBSTER, Dental Surgeon.
Gold Medalist in Practical Dentistry R.C.D.
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Public and High Schools
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being composed on the average of eight ques-
tions or examples. There are thus within its
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The exercises are properly graded for use in
the Public Schools and in the junior forms of
the High Schools.

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Registered Trade Mark



Suppose the twinkling stars should strike
And turn their silvery gleams
From earth to other planets where
They get more for their beams;
Do you suppose the soldier boys,
When going into camp,
Would miss the simple starlight, if
They had



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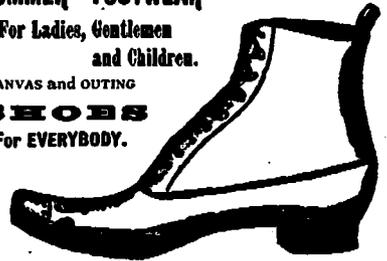
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