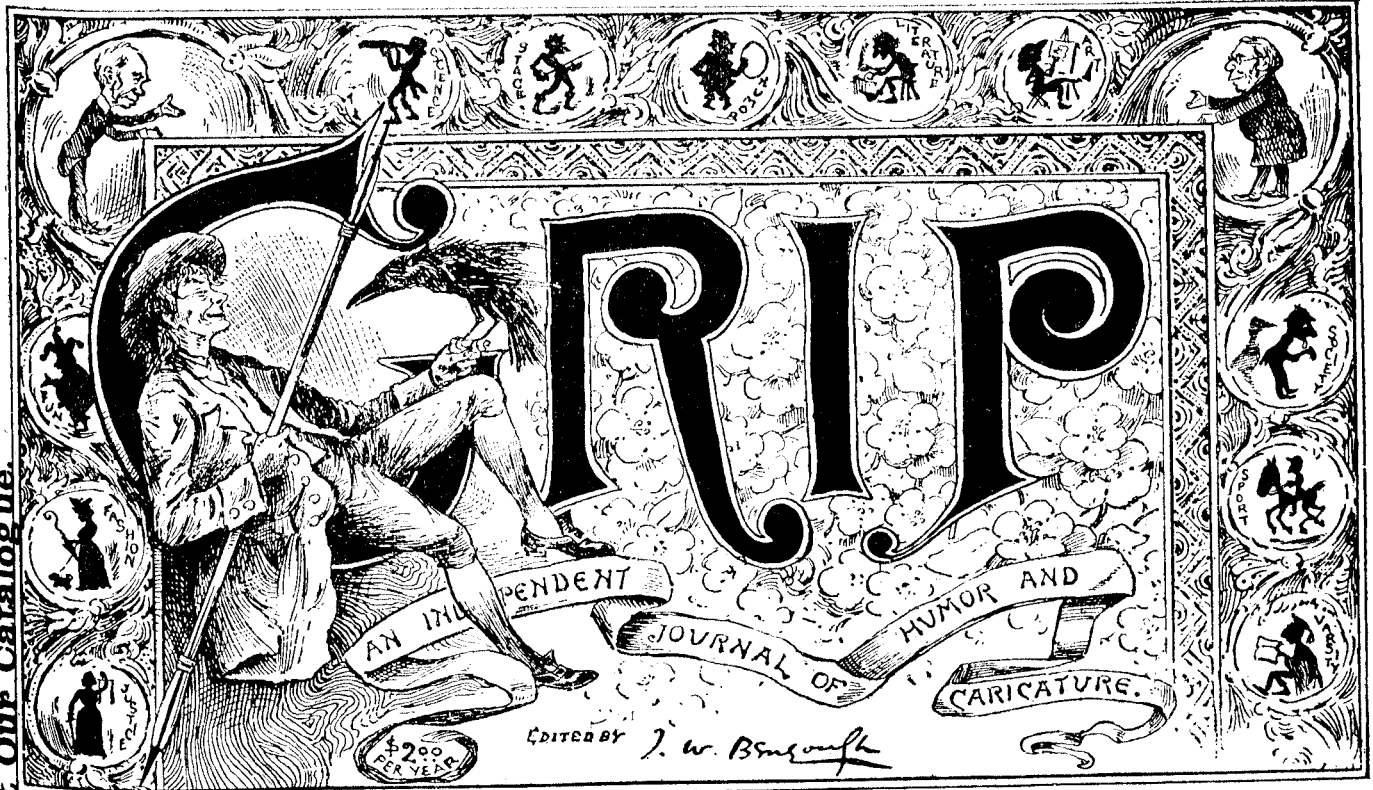


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VOL. XXXVIII.—No. 11

TORONTO, MARCH 12, 1892.

No. 978.

SOMETHING NEW UNDER THE SUN

An Unparalleled Case in the History of the World

MICROBE KILLER has so demonstrated its intrinsic worth that one hundred thousand people, through their Board of Trade, proclaim its virtues to all suffering humanity.

THE RESOLUTION:

WHEREAS, It has come to the knowledge of the Board of Trade of St. Joseph, Mo., that reports have been published derogatory to the merit of the product manufactured by the Wm. Radam Microbe Killer Co., of this city, and to the character of the gentlemen composing said company, and,

WHEREAS, The gentlemen composing this company are men whose personal honor and integrity are above reproach, and who have been engaged in legitimate and successful business enterprises in this city for many years, therefore be it

RESOLVED, That the Board of Trade strongly condemns the attack made on these gentlemen and their business as malicious and wholly uncalled for, and without foundation in fact.

ST. JOSEPH, MO., February 27, 1891

To Whom It May Concern:

I HEREBY CERTIFY that the above resolution was unanimously adopted by the Directors of the Board of Trade of St. Joseph, Mo., at their meeting, Friday, February 27th, 1891.

(Signed)

FRED. F. SCHRADER,

Secretary.



For full particulars of this and other equally public endorsements, send for our 36 page book. All sensible people investigate for themselves and do their own thinking. Fools allow professional knaves to do it for them, hence, such never learn anything. Our next advertisement in GRIP, second week in April, will contain the endorsement of our remedy by the City Council of St. Joseph, Mo.

WM. RADAM MICROBE KILLER CO., (Ltd.), 120 King St. West, Toronto, Ontario

SOLE MANUFACTURERS FOR THE DOMINION

GENERAL AGENCIES:—Kittoon & Co., 185 St. James St., Montreal. Wm. Ellis, 98 Dundas St., London, Ont.
R. W. Stark, 620 Main Street, Winnipeg, Manitoba

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F. SIMPSON, Esq., Fruit Merchant, 713 Yonge St., says:—"I was a sufferer from rheumatism. My physician recommended St. Leon Water, it has cured me. I have recommended it to several of my friends, it has cured them. I would not be without it." Send in your orders. St. Leon is all-powerful to remove those life-destroying poisons. No such word as fail in our dictionary.

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JAMAICA, W.I., 1891

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CAPITAL PAID UP \$1,200,000

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Give thanks. That it is such a wonderful flesh producer.

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Be sure you get the genuine in Salmon color wrapper; sold by all Druggists, at 50c. and \$1.00.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville.



MR. LAFFAN (*Humorist, looking up suddenly from his work*)—"My dear, I do wish you would break yourself of that silly habit of laughing out loud when you are reading. How do you expect me to do any writing?"

(See page 176)



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THOMSON'S
 Glove-Fitting Long Waist



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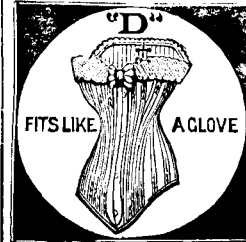
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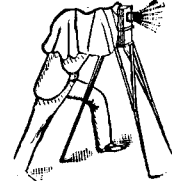
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SWIFT BICYCLES

Before ordering your wheel see the Swift 1892 models and get our prices.

Frank S. Taggart & Co.
89 KING ST. WEST, TORONTO

THE MUTUAL LIFE Insurance Company of New York

RICHARD A. McCURDY, PRESIDENT.
Statement for the year ending December 31, 1891

Assets,	\$159,507,138 68
Reserve on Policies (American Table 4%)	\$146,968,323 00
Liabilities other than Reserve,	507,849 52
Surplus,	12,030,967 16
Receipts from all sources,	37,634,731 53
Payments to Policy-Holders,	18,755,711 86
Risks assumed and renewed,	
194,470 policies,	607,171,801 00
Risks in force, 225,507 policies, amounting to	695,753,461 03

NOTE.—The above statement shows a large increase over the business of 1890 in amount at risk, new business assumed, payments to policy-holders, receipts, assets and surplus; and includes as risks assumed only the number and amount of policies actually issued and paid for in the accounts of the year.

THE ASSETS ARE INVESTED AS FOLLOWS:

Real Estate and Bond & Mortgage Loans,	\$81,345,540 48
United States Bonds and other Securities,	57,661,455 78
Loans on Collateral Securities,	10,223,003 00
Cash in Banks and Trust Companies at interest,	5,070,153 03
Interest accrued, Premiums Deferred, etc.,	5,206,085 49
	\$159,507,138 68

I have carefully examined the foregoing statement and find the same to be correct.
A. N. WATERHOUSE, Auditor.

From the Surplus a dividend will be apportioned as usual.

REPORT OF THE EXAMINING COMMITTEE.

Office of The Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York.
January 25, 1892.

At a meeting of the Board of Trustees of this Company, held on the 23d day of December, ultimo, the undersigned were appointed a Committee to examine the annual statement for the year ending December 31, 1891, and to verify the same by comparison with the assets of the Company.

The Committee have carefully performed the duty assigned to them, and hereby certify that the statement is in all particulars correct, and that the assets specified therein are in possession of the Company.

In making this certificate the Committee bear testimony to the high character of the investments of the Company and express their approbation of the system, order, and accuracy with which the accounts and vouchers have been kept, and the business in general is transacted.

H. C. VON POST,	ROBERT SEWELL,
GEORGE BLISS,	J. H. HERRICK,
JULIEN T. DAVIES,	D. C. ROBINSON,
JAS. C. HOLDEN.	

ROBERT A. GRANNISS, VICE-PRESIDENT.

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During MARCH and APRIL
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TRAINS FOR

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WILL LEAVE TORONTO
With COLONIST SLEEPER ATTACHED
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MANITOBA
AND THE
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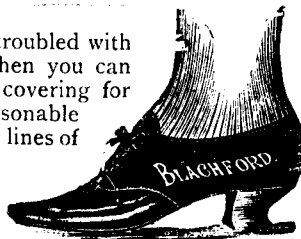
For patrons without Stock a Colonist Sleeper will be attached to Express Train, leaving Toronto 11 p.m.

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GRIP



VOL XXXVIII.

TORONTO, MARCH 12, 1892.

No. 11.
Whole No. 978.



FAITH OR SIGHT?

LAURIER—"BUT WHERE'S THE PROSPERITY OF THE COUNTRY? I DON'T SEE ANYTHING OF THAT SORT."
THOMPSON (*the showman*)—"THEN ALL I CAN SAY, YOUNG MAN, IS THERE'S SOMETHING THE MATTER WITH YOUR EYES."



The greatest beast is the Ass; the greatest bird is the Owl;
The greatest fish is the Oyster; the greatest man is the Fool.

Terms of Subscription.

Per annum in advance.....\$2.00
Single copies......05

ADVERTISING TERMS ON APPLICATION.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEEK

BY THE

Grip Printing and Publishing Co.

T. G. WILSON, *General Manager.*

J. W. BENGOUGH *Editor.*
PHILLIPS THOMPSON *Associate Editor.*

TORONTO, SATURDAY, MARCH 12, 1892.

COMMENTS ON THE CARTOONS.



AN URGENT CALL—
The *Globe* intimates that the rumors of Mr. Edward Blake's probable return to public life at an early date are without foundation. The announcement has an air of "inspiration" about it, and is calculated to "cast a gloom over the country." The desire to see our great commoner once more at the front, and especially in the capacity of an independent, is strong throughout the

country, and has been voiced by many of the public journals. Among others, the *Montreal Witness*, which speaks for a large and intelligent constituency, earnestly presses the matter upon Mr. Blake's consideration. If the *Globe's* announcement is made by the special authorization of Mr. Blake, we hope he will shortly see his way to a reversal of his present determination. We know of no sufficient reason why a man endowed as Mr. Blake is, and (according to those who know him well) full of ambition for a public career, should decide to retire at his comparatively early age and in possession of good health, as we are glad to hear the honorable gentleman now is. If ever a man's country called for him in loud, earnest and unmistakeable terms, Canada calls for Edward Blake at the present moment.

FAITH OR SIGHT.—Sir John Thompson expressed his astonishment, in the debate on the address, that the leader of the Opposition doubted the statement in the Speech from the Throne, that the Dominion is just now enjoying prosperity. Still, the subject is one upon which Sir John should not dogmatize. He has, perhaps, read the story of the Chameleon, which goes to illustrate the mysteries of vision, and he may recall the moral attached :

Admit the fact, whate'er your view,
That others see as well as you ;
Nor wonder if you find that none
Prefers your eyesight to his own.

Mr. Laurier says he not only fails to see any signs of prosperity, but on the contrary, the census returns—a stubborn array of facts placed before him by the Government itself,—tells an exactly opposite story. Sir John, no doubt, in turn, sees everything through the rosy medium of office, and we may easily believe the vision is lovely. So far as we have as yet learned, there has really been no great distress among that class of our population known as Cabinet Ministers.



EW will venture to charge Mr. John Hallam with entertaining any feeling toward the Toronto Public Library but that of the affection of a father toward his first born. So when the worthy alderman feels called upon to protest against the too lavish expenditure of the Library Board, it cannot be supposed that he has any wish to impair the efficiency of the institution. Mr. Hallam has advised the council to apply to the Legislation for power to restrict the expenditure of the Board to one-quarter of a mill on the dollar of the city taxation, and he further suggests that the Libraries Act be amended, so far as the Toronto library is concerned, by clauses prohibiting the Board from indulging in expenditure for alterations of the building, etc., without consent of the City Council. The step is certainly called for, as our library managers seem prone to extravagance. The expenditure for 1891 was rather startling, but they propose to surpass it by a considerable amount this year. Mr. Hallam's suggestion that the library estimates, giving full particulars of the contemplated expenditures, should be submitted to the Council not later than March 1st each year, is marked by John's customary good sense.

EX-MAYOR CLARKE is to be presented with the civic chair which he so ably occupied for four consecutive terms. The piece of furniture is to be handed to him, not so much for its intrinsic value as from its sacred associations in his mind—and because it is pretty well used up, anyway. Ald. Leslie, the originator of this sentimental idea, rather put his foot in it when he undertook to back up his motion with a speech. "We have a new, clean mayor," said he, "and he ought to have a new, clean chair." His complimentary references to Mr. Clarke, as a chief magistrate, could hardly overcome the unintentional nastiness of the inference to be drawn from such a sentence as this. The idea, *per se*, is a good and graceful one, and no doubt Mr. Clarke will appreciate the present. He may find a difficulty, however, in providing house-room for the white elephant, and in that case he can get storage for it in the new library museum.

OVER which proposed institution, by the way, there is some kicking. The intention seems to be to make it a regular Musee show containing all sorts of odds and ends, many of which simply pander to a morbid curiosity. This sort of thing might very well be left to the professional showmen, and the space at the disposal of the Library Board filled with objects having some bearing on the history or geology of the country—something in other



NOT HIS FAULT.

"I feel beastly seedy this morning; must have taken too much to drink last night."

"Look at me, now; I can drink as much as I like, and I *never* have a head."—*Pick-me-up.*

words cognate to the Library itself. Our esteemed friend, David Boyle, is to be curator we understand. A better certainly could not be found, but he ought to be empowered to use his discretion in the Boyleing down of the exhibits.

* * *

WE are frequently reminded by the advocates of the restriction policy that times are no better in the States than they are here. This may be true in the main, though it does not follow that free trade would not improve matters for both parties, considering the geographical relations of the various States and Provinces. But if times are hard in the States, what is the cause? It is the cause which is operating in Canada, but which, on account of our simpler conditions, is more obvious here—viz., the denial to men of one of their natural rights, the right to trade freely. Man has as clear a right to trade without artificial restriction as he has to breathe, and Governments will have to recognize this before long. The progress of the States has been wonderful, and so has that of Canada, but in both cases it has been in spite of restriction, not because of it. Men have been known to get along remarkably well who had only one lung, but we have yet to hear of a general propaganda in favor of the one-lung theory. Common sense dictates the removal of all bandages. Reason shouts—let nature take her course!

* * *

GRIP wishes to repeat once more that he goes in for the abolition of all taxes that interfere with the natural rights of men, which rights extend to the absolute ownership and enjoyment of *all* they earn, build, or in any way or manner create. Then how, queries the puzzled protectionist, could you possibly raise a public revenue? By taxing men for their *privileges*—or for the one great privilege that all enjoy directly or indirectly—the private use of land. That is fair and just: taxation of

rights is robbery, under whatever forms of law accomplished.

* * *

UPON GRIP's devoted head the Victoria, B.C., *Telegram* pours the vials of its wrath to the extent of about two columns of leading editorial. Having duly expressed our obligations for the valuable advertisement, we proceed to assure our esteemed contemporary that it is quite wrong in supposing that either of the cartoons which have so stirred its bile, were drawn from the motives it imputes to us. As to the first, in which Canada is represented as asking for statesmanship and getting the "old flag," it is enough to say the picture was and is true to the facts of the situation. The *Telegram* insists that every province is enjoying good times, and that therefore GRIP libeled the country in picturing Canada as a "female in distress." But in this the *Telegram* simply makes the amiable mistake of confounding its own prosperity and happiness (which we are glad to be assured of) with that of the country at large. The matter of the other cartoon is dealt with elsewhere.

TORY PSALM OF LIFE.

TELL me not in mournful numbers
Tory strength is but a dream,
That the enemy but slumbers,
And his power will soon redeem.

Scandals are not felt in earnest,
And defeat is not our goal,
Foolish art thou when thou mournest
While the purse-strings we control.

No defeat in bye-elections
Is our destined end or way,
When in manifold directions
Boodle has completest sway.

Abbott yet has golden treasures,
And his heart is stout and brave,
He has aptly learned the measures
Which will now the party save.

In the furious party battle,
In this struggle for our life,
We can buy them all like cattle,
And be heroes in the strife.

Do not wrangle, brother Tories,
Let the dead past bury its dead,
For promotion and its glories
Cannot fall on every head.

Lives of boodlers all remind us
We can live in fashion fine,
And departing leave behind us
Timber limits stripped of pine.

Pine trees that perhaps another,
In the weary way of life,
Might employ to bribe a brother
When the public rag is rife.

Let us then be up and doing,
Never mind the country's fate,
Still our interests pursuing,
Bent on pillaging the State.

W. SHORTFELLOW.

THE latest school definition of a college which has come to hand is "A cemetery of learning." Barring the orthography, this is not a bad description of some "institutions of learning." To forestall unjust suspicion we must explain that the definition did not come from the School whose Principal was heard to remark that he had "a good corpse of teachers."—*Educational Journal.*

Probably the definition was suggested by the amount of attention devoted by these institutions to the dead languages.



"AN ILL WIND," ETC.

THIN PARTY—"Had a stroke of luck, mate?"

STOUT PARTY—"Well, I *have* had some good jobs at financial institutions fixing up iron shutters when the crisis arrived."—*Sydney Bulletin*.

MRS. JIMPSECUTE ON HYPNOTISM.

"YES, Mrs. Dewsbury," said Mrs. Jimpsecute, "I was there, not that I wanted to go, or had the least curiosity to see any such downright ridiculous tomfoolery, but Henry's niece is staying with us and she was just wild to go as she'd never seen anything of the kind before, and I kind of had to go with her, more especially as Henry had bought the three tickets and it wouldn't do to waste them, but I assure you I was heartily sorry and ashamed of myself before I'd been there long, and I don't believe a bit in it, for it doesn't seem reasonable, does it, that a man can make another do what he pleases, and act like a fool to amuse a lot of gaping strangers just by working his

hands and shouting at him? In deed, I'd just like to see anybody hypnotize me. I'd throw a pail of water over anyone that would try such a thing. Don't tell me that a full-grown, strong, able-bodied man can't open his eyes or walk just because another flaps his arms about and speaks as if he was talking to a dog, and him standing there and pretending to look like a stuck pig—the great idiot. It's nonsense, and the people that go there to see it and laugh at such antics are greater fools yet, Mrs. Dewsbury, for in my opinion, and I think I'm as sharp as most people, it's just another of these schemes to make money, and nowadays people'll do any mortal thing for that, and don't seem to have principle or character or honesty left as they had in the old times.

"And to try and make anybody believe that the poor lunatic was so insensible that he didn't feel anything when they jabbed pins and needles into him, quite gets over me. It's all humbug and nonsense, and I don't believe he ever did anything of the kind, and if I'd had the chance I'd have run a darnin' needle into him in a way that would have made him jump, I can tell you, if the other idiot had flapped his hands and shouted all night, and indeed I think it's a shame that the law don't interfere and send such people either to jail or the asylum, I don't know which would be the best place for them, for if it's all a fraud they ought to be punished and if the poor deluded idiot hasn't any more sense than to let the other fellow make a show and laughing stock of him, he ought to be taken care of by his friends or somebody for he can't be in his right mind, going on with such monkey-shines as if there wasn't enough natural born lunatics and idiots in the world, poor creatures: that can't help themselves, without people allowing

hypnotists to take away the little senses they've got. I was just waiting, Mrs. Dewsbury, for that fraud of a professor or whatever he calls himself, to ask me to let him try and hypnotize me and I tell you I'd have given him a piece of my mind that he wouldn't forget in a hurry, and told him what an impostor he was. But he knew better than ask me such a thing for he saw that I saw through the whole thing at once, as anybody of any sense would, and he knew he couldn't delude me with his passes and his fine scientific talk that's nothing on earth but a lot of big words out of the dictionary strung together that don't mean anything at all—and as I told Henry, if ever there was a waste of

money and time on sheer downright foolishness—well, there's no use saying any more about it, but, mark my words, there'll no good come of it, and no person that has any sense or self-respect ought to have anything to do with it."

THE PANTLESS WARRIORS.

AT the first annual supper of "C" Company of the 48th Highlanders, popularly known as the Kilties, one of the leading speakers was Chief Garlow, a descendant of the famous Indian chief, Brant, who responded to the toast, "Our Sister Corps."

A common bond is felt
 Between Indian and Celt,
 Both are primitive in their sartorial wants,
 And when rushing on the foe
 Both the Highlander and "Lo"
 Feel impeded with their limbs encased in pants!

When in a state of nature,
 Just a rag round his equator,
 Is the sole attire the painted savage vaunts,
 And the Gauls to battle rally
 As if costumed for the ballet,
 And prepare for war by taking off their pants.

The Mohawks in their prime,
 In the happy olden time,
 Were impervious to cold or wet or ants,
 And regarding with due loathing
 Superfluity of clothing,
 Never dreamed of such a thing as wearing pants.

So when Highlanders to-day
 Will at savagery play,
 With the license which old-time tradition grants,
 It is fitting that the others
 Should acknowledge them as brothers,
 On the common ground of going without pants.

TWEEDLE-DUM AND TWEEDLE-DEE.

KINGSTON (*log.*)—"I Grant you that we had a *Clear-eyes* when we fired a *Gunn* at Unrestricted Reciprocity in the Dominion bye election, but we gave a *Harty* endorsement of the "fad" in the Local. See?"

OBJECT LESSONS IN THE PULPIT.

A BRIDGEPORT, Conn., despatch announces that Rev. Mr. Pinkham, of the East Washington St Baptist Church of that city, on a recent Sunday placed a bottle of beer on the top of his pulpit, stating that he had purchased it at a saloon within a short distance of the church on a Sunday morning. He made it the text of a sweeping denunciation of the city officials and the police. The affair, of course, caused a considerable sensation, and in view of the notoriety which Mr. Pinkham has suddenly attained, the fashion is likely to spread among the clergy. We may expect shortly such announcements as these:

"On Sunday morning Rev. Joel Upterdate preached a vigorous sermon on 'The Sin of Dancing' to a fashionable and deeply interested congregation. In order to impress the evils of spectacular dancing more forcibly upon his flock, the enterprising pastor had secured the services of Mademoiselle Euphrosyne Duvernay, the charming *première danseuse* of the Flipflap Opera Company, who, attired in ballet costume, gave an exhibition of her terpsichorean abilities in her best style, showing that her talents as a high kicker have not been over-rated. Her movements were greeted with rapturous applause. The sermon was a scathing denunciation of the gilded immorality of the operatic stage of which the congregation had just witnessed so seductive an example, and during its delivery several of the elder and less hirsute members of the congregation in the front pews were affected to tears. It is to be regretted that some of the congregation so far forgot themselves as to leave the sacred edifice between the different acts—we mean the different parts of the service—and return fraught with a fragrance as of cloves, but we are satisfied it was purely due to the association of ideas and not the result of any intentional disrespect. Mr. Upterdate's new departure will probably result in much good."

"Last Sunday Rev. Samuel Sockdologer, of the church of the Holy Show, gave a most eloquent and touching discourse on "The Evils of Prize Fighting." In illustration of his subject a lively set-to with gloves



THE LION IN THE PATH; OR



THE RESOURCEFUL HUNTERS.

—*Fliegende Blätter.*

had been arranged between Paddy McQuaid, the Connemara bruiser, and Slugger Jorkins, the Detroit Terror. Both men were in excellent trim and four rounds were fought, McQuaid, amid great enthusiasm, drawing first blood. The Terror, however, warmed to his work, and in the last round knocked out his opponent by a right-hander. The combatants having retired, the reverend gentleman, in a sermon of unusual power and eloquence showed that such brutal and inhuman spectacles were demoralizing in the extreme, and severely arraigned the authorities for not invoking the full powers of the law to save society from such polluting influences. The occasion will long be remembered. Quite a number of those present declared that if such services were more frequently given they would be more regular in their attendance at church."

"Gambling" was the subject of Rev. Dr. Proser's sermon last Sabbath morning. In accordance with the custom lately in vogue it was exemplified by a striking object lesson in the shape of a faro lay-out, at which a regular game was played for half an hour, Deacon Smiley, who before his conversion had considerable experience in the wicked ways of gamblers, acting as banker. After a considerable amount of money had changed hands, the pastor ordered the game to be discontinued, and in a moving discourse labored to convince his hearers of the essential wickedness and criminality of gambling practices. As those who had lost their money were in a receptive mood it is believed that his earnest exhortation on the subject will bring forth good fruit. It is understood that the money won by Deacon Smiley will be handed over to the organ fund."

ST. PATRICK'S RIOT.

IT started with a shamrock,
But, getting under way,
Resorted to the real rock
To celebrate the day.

JOHN B. TABB.

[COMPETITION].

THE REEF OF BOODLER'S WOE.

ALL lonely he sits by the sandy shore
Through the bright and sunny day,
While ripples and laughs the pleasant sea
Like a happy child at play;
And his eyes are sad as they gaze afar,
Where sea and heaven do meet,
Deeply he sighs as he breathes the air
That wafts from southward sweet.

"O what is your sorrow," question I,
"That you mourn by this smiling sea?
What is your sorrow?" I question low,
And he turns sad eyes on me,—
Then answers slow, in grief's deep voice,
"Calm the sea and fair the day
That I in my bonny barque set sail
Bound for Mercier-land away.

"But skies grew dark and winds blew wild,
Our vessel drove before,
Till 'way out there on a treacherous reef
She sank to rise no more.
And I alone was left in life,
To drift back on a broken spar,
To mourn for the shore I cannot reach,
And my good barque wrecked afar."

The slow waves laved the glittering sand,
The sunbeams danced merrily o'er,
The balmy breeze blew warm and soft,
Still he sighed in sorrow sore.
Such was the loss of the gallant craft
When hurricane winds did blow,
Oh, save us all from a wreck like this
On the Reef of Boodler's Woe!

JACK.

A GREWSOME JEST.

SAMJONES—"I've got one. What is the difference between a sensational novel and a badly bungled execution? Do you give it up?"

BORAX—"I'm always ready to give your jokes up. They are not worth keeping."

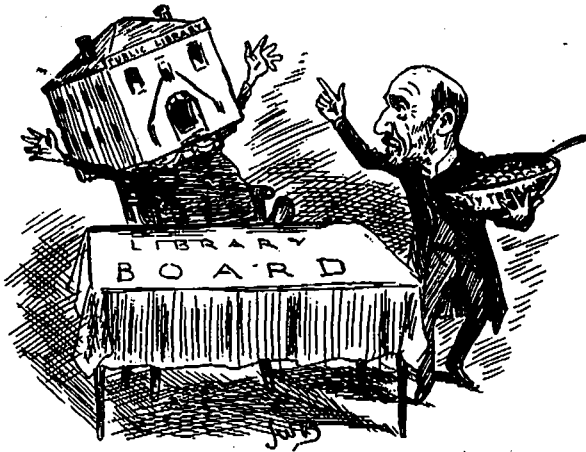
SAMJONES—"Well, one is blood and thunder and the other is thud and blunder."



AN URGENT CALL.

JOHNNIE DOUGALL (*the "Messenger"*)—"PLEASE, DR. BLAKE, YOU'RE WANTED IMMEDIATELY AT OTTAWA, AND WOULD YOU BE SO KIND AS TO HURRY UP RIGHT AWAY!"

(*Vide Montreal Witness.*)



HALLAM CALLS A HALT.

"Here, you gorging, gormandizing glutton, there must be some limit put to your appetite for public money."

[He takes away the dish amid wailing cries of more! more!]

AT THE MERMAID INN.

SIR ROGER—"What have we here?"

GILES—"The weekly grind of three eminent Canadian poets, who have been engaged at great expense to write nothing but prose."

SIR ROGER—"Think you they wouldn't do better to throw in a little verse occasionally?"

GILES—"Methinks they don't care about poetizing at the price. Will you hear them?"

SIR ROGER—"I will, an' it be not too long. I'll have some strawberry vinegar, and you read on."—*Old Play (amended).*

THE question, who struck Billy Patterson? is not yet settled; nor is it known to a certainty who this Mr. Patterson was, or what was the precise date upon which the assault took place. I have for some years devoted myself to researches on the subject, giving chief attention to it in the blissful summer afternoons, when I may be seen in the recesses of the leafy woods, surrounded by heaps of books and writing pads. The result of my studies thus far may be summed up in this: I believe the person who struck Mr. Patterson to be identical with the writer of the *Junius* letters. I am now following up this theory, and when I have established the identity of the latter beyond all controversy, I think I may claim some consideration at the hands of the literary world.

L.

I AM passionately fond of mythology, and think I may claim to know as much of that subject as any poet in Canada. I can recommend the study as a substitute for whist, curling or hockey. My liking for it began away back in my nursery days, when the storehouse of mythological literature was opened to me by my dear old governess. She, good soul, did not present the stories of Jack the Giant-Killer, Cock-Robin, Little Red Riding Hood, etc., to my infantile mind under the head of mythology, however, but led me to regard them as narratives of Fact. I grew up in the most touching faith in these great verities, and when I went to school and college, I added to them multitudes of classic legends, until I knew more things that were not so than any man of my age. The unlucky hour arrived which brought me the knowledge that all these things were mere myths, and now I am rather inclined to the opinion that most things are mythical. The effect has been to tinge my mind with a gentle, pessimistic melancholy, which, in my busi-

ness as a poet, I wouldn't be without for anything. It is touching to me to see the simple faith—I might even say the credulity—of the people about me. I hear them talk of the "conscience of the country." I hear them applaud statements made by political partizans as "facts." It makes me smile in a pitiful way, knowing as I do, that these are merely myths.

C.

MR. HAULTAIN'S suggestion of a memorial Shelley volume, to be made up of poems by Canadian writers is an excellent one, and I am prepared to quote low rates to the publisher who may undertake it, provided he is a responsible party. A number of available contributors have been named, but I have not observed that mention has been made of James McIntyre, whose volume of "Cheese odes and other Verses," just published, has given him a conspicuous place in the rear ranks of our country's *literati*. Knowing Mr. McIntyre to be a devoted admirer of his fellow-bards, Shakspeare, Tennyson, Shelley, etc., I wrote him a postal card to ask whether he would be willing to contribute a gem or two to the proposed memorial volume. My delight may, perhaps, be fancied, when I received, in response, not merely a prompt affirmative, but the manuscript of the poem he is willing to donate. I append a stanza, principally for Mr. Haultain's delectation.

SHELLEY.

A great poet was Shelley,
And when he felt well he
Could right like anything—
Just like a bird can sing.
But me he could please
If he had wrote of cheese,
But perhaps they had no factory
Which is not satisfactory,
Like we have in this county
Where we enjoy much bounty,
But still this man named Shelly
Was a rather smart felly.

This is in McIntyre's finest vein, and there are twelve more stanzas equally good. I think I am safe in saying that there is no other poet in Canada, at the Mermaid Inn or elsewhere, who would be likely to contribute anything like this ode to the projected volume.

L.



A DAY OF SORROW.

THE LONG MAN (*log.*)—"I say, old fellow, you look a bit down in the mouth."

THE OTHER ONE—"Well, it's about time—when the old woman starts in to cut down your oldest boy's pants for you."—*Sydney Bulletin.*



CARLING-HYMAN.

THE STRUGGLE FOR THE SEAT.

I CAME across a very interesting book the other day, and I think my readers will thank me for making mention of it. I have met with nothing better in a long while. It was called "Robinson Crusoe," and purports to relate the adventures of a shipwrecked mariner on an island in the South Pacific. I was puzzled while reading it, and am still puzzled, to decide whether to regard it as a work of fiction or a narrative of actual fact. In any case it proved most entertaining, and I should think it would be particularly popular with boy-readers. The title-page was missing in the copy I refer to, and I am therefore unable to give the name of the author or the date of publication, though the work bears internal evidence of having been in the market for some years. It is quite unlike Rider Haggard's stories, and this is one reason why I regard it as fact rather than fiction. Neither does it bear any resemblance to the work of Rudyard Kipling. When I say, however, that in my opinion it is equal to anything either of these eminent writers have produced, it will be

seen how deeply I was impressed. I would not part with my "find" for a great deal. S.

NOTING the remarkable success that recent publications in the form of Reminiscences and Letters have had—such works, I mean, as Carlyle's Correspondence, Macready's, Thackeray's, and Dickens' Letters, etc., etc.—I have a suggestion to offer to some enterprising publisher. If sent forth in good shape the book I have in mind ought to rival the *Letters of Junius* as a work of permanent literary interest, with the same element of mysterious anonymity about it. I mean a collection of letters to the public press by *Pro Bono Publico, Vox Populi, One Who Was There, Observer, Fair-Play Radical*. The work might be published in the same form as the *Encyclopedia Britannica*. I think it would pay well. C.

THE answer is "because it keeps Lent." Almost anybody can supply the conundrum.



MISFITS WE MEET.

GEMS FOR RECITATION.

I.—SIMPLE SIMON.

T WAS summer time; along the country road
 Simon the Simple indolently strode;
 The gentle zephyrs played about his form,
 And stirred his heart's blood into currents warm.
 The little birds on every twig and fence
 Sat carolling their songs of innocence;
 Still on he went—and on, and on, and on
 With sweeping gait toward yon market town;
 Is robbery in his heart? Is murder there?
 No, Simple Simon's going to the fair!

But see! upon the brow of yonder hill
 An apparition! Still, my heart—sit still!
 A figure comes: a towering, gloomy form,
 Whose scowling face betokens passion's storm;
 Behold him—mark him! Ah—our terrors fade—
 The Village Pieman, with his stock in trade.

“I'd taste your wares,” said Simon. “Gimme pie.”
 “A penny,” was the Pieman's gruff reply:
 “I haven't got one,” said the simple lad,—
 Then scowling dark the awful pieman said—
 “When starving creatures, famishing and gaunt,
 Cry out for bread, to pass them by I can't;
 But those I spurn who, indolent and fly,
 Come in the guise of Want, yet ask for Pie!”

J.W.B.

“VAN HORNE'S PUDDING.”

APROPOS of the cartoon which appeared over this caption, in a recent number of GRIP—and which was based upon information received from what we considered an entirely reliable source, our chief authority being a well known public man of British Columbia—we have been placed in possession of evidence which goes to show that the grievance set forth in the picture, viz., that the B.C. government have granted a number of reserves in the Kootenay District, including the Slocan reserve, to the C.P.R. Co., is in reality non-existent. It is equally untrue, we are assured, that Premier Robson or any member of his Cabinet has ever given reason for the supposition of undue C.P.R. influence. A correspondent in British Columbia, in whom we have absolute confidence, and who is in a position to know the truth, tells us that the C.P.R. had nothing to do with the Slocan reservation, which was made by the Government for the purpose of heading off a land-grabbing conspiracy, gotten up in Nelson, and including no bona-fide settlers. “So far from playing into the hands of the C.P.R. in making the reserve,” he says, “the Government has by that act shut out the Railway Company, which might otherwise have found it possible to take up the lands under its Kootenay and Columbia Railway Charter.” It looks as though GRIP had been basely misled in this case, advantage being taken of our willingness to ventilate any public grievance when presented on reliable authority, as we regarded the source of our information in the present instance to be. We have written to ask an explanation from the authority in question, and will refrain from further comments until the same comes to hand.

LENTEN OBSERVANCES.

THIS being the Lenten season, when the more devout members of the religious bodies which recognize it usually engage in some observance calculated to mortify the body or chasten the spirit, the following exercises are suggested as well calculated to induce a penitential frame of mind:

For Grits.—Reading the political intelligence in the daily papers.

For Tories.—Attending the sittings of the Provincial Legislature.

For Members of the Ratepayers' Association.—Attending Single Tax meetings, or visiting the Public Library.

For Single Taxers.—Attending the meetings of the City Council.

For Free Traders.—Reading the *Canadian Manufacturer*.

For Married Men.—Going shopping with their wives.

For Dudes.—Sitting among the gallery gods during a theatrical performance.

For N.P. Advocates.—A visit to Swansea or Hamilton.

For Members of GRIP Staff.—Reading competition contributions.

VANISHED GLORIES.

ALAS! upon the Seventeenth
 The boys parade no more,
 The glory is departed now
 Which used to wreath each patriot brow.
 No longer will spectators smile
 When 'mid the serried rank and file
 They view that venerable tile,
 “The hat me father wore.”

"BIDE A WEE."

NAE doot ye've heard yon auld Scotch sang,
They sing sae frequently,
A tender ballad o' the heart,
Ca'd better bide a wee.
It's o' a bonny lass, ye mind,
Wha wouldna married be,
But pit her lover off wi' sayin'
We'd better bide a wee;
A' bit o' Scottish caution yon—
We'd better bide a wee.

The burden o' yon auld Scots sang
It has occurred to me,
To mony things may weel apply—
It fits maist sensibly—
This furious age that gangs by steam
An' electricitee,
I'd gar it think the motto o'er
We'd better bide a wee—
There's little sense in sic like haste,
We'd better bide a wee.

Just tak a glance at Ottawa,
Observe the pooers that be,
They're pilin' up the kintra's debt,
In fact prodigiously;
I'm sore afraid if things gang on
We'll lose our last bawbee;
So my advice to Abbott is
Ye'd better bide a wee—
Put on the brakes, put in the peg,
Ye'd better bide a wee.

Then yon chiel, Mercier, at Quebec
(I think o'er previously),
Is calculatin' that he'll hae
A big majoritee.
I'm tauld he's busy pickin' oot
His comin' ministree,
But, ere the eggs are fairly hatched,
He'd better bide a wee;
The best laid schemes o' mice and men—
He'd better bide a wee!

MR. MOWAT says the Reform Party is "not avowedly a Prohibition Party." No; it isn't. It is only pretending for Prohibition.

OVERHEARD AT SCHOOL OF SCIENCE
OPENING.

(A FACT.)

SHE—"O look at this! I wonder what place it is."

HE (*fountain of knowledge*)—"Why, that's the Forum."

SHE—"The Forum! Where is it?"

HE—"In Rome."

SHE—"Well—but—(*doubtfully*)—It's not finished yet, then, is it?"

A FIGGER OF SPEECH.

Mr. Meredith throughout his whole life has never manifested either dignity or courage when a battle has been going against him, and his appeal to be allowed to go about the wards like some wax-work lady crowned with rose-leaves, is what in ordinary parlance would be termed squealing in advance.—*London Advertiser.*

SEVERED IN SORROW, OR THE LOST LOVER.

THEY stood in the porch conversing in low, deep tones, and it was all that the woman who lived next door could do to catch a few words here and there of the interview. His countenance wore a profound air of dejection, while her pale, sad features displayed a look of serene resignation as of one who had made up her mind bravely to face the worst.

"And so it is all over, Amelia," said the youth, as he convulsively wrung her hand, oblivious of the fact that it had several rings on it already. She gravely nodded—just a little nod for assent, as it were.

"Alas, then our dream of love is o'er, and the bright sunlight which formerly seemed to illumine our path of destiny is shadowed with a pall of gloom."

"It cannot be otherwise," she said in a wailing sob, which seemed to well up from the depths of her being. "Tis a destiny stronger than our will, which comes athwart our cherished purposes, and bids us sever."

"Alas, 'tis sever thus," he murmured in half suppressed tones. "But why, oh why, have you come to this sudden and unexpected conclusion? Why thus blight the cherished hopes of one who has long and ardently enshrined your image in his heart?"

"Ask me not," she cried, swallowing her wad of chewing gum in the intensity of her over-wrought feelings. "Seek not to know the secret sorrow, the blighting cause which has reft asunder the tie which erstwhile linked us in bonds that we deemed indissoluble. Oh, I beseech of you, do not press me further."

"Aha!" he exclaimed, as a baleful light glowed in his eye. "I see it all. Fool! dupe! that I have been. The plaything of a wily coquette, the toy to while away the ennui of a passing hour. False one! you love another—it may be several others."

And he ground the cuspador to fragments 'neath his heel to conceal the impetuous feelings which ravaged his tortured bosom.

"But never mind," he went on.



SMARTALICK THE GROCER.

MRS. DOOLEY—"What's eggs to-day?"

MR. SMARTALICK—"Why, they're eggs, of course!"

MRS. DOOLEY—"Indeed? Well, I'm glad to hear it, for the last I got here were mostly chickens."

"I wont," she sighed, in a tremulous voice.

"Never mind, I will seek my rival and cr-r-rush him as a reptile. I'll be revenged. You may spurn me from your presence now, but the time will come when you will bitterly regret that you have rent with anguish a heart which beat but for you alone. Farewell."

"Frederick! Frederick!" she cried wildly, "let us not part as thus. Cruel suspicious man! You compel me against my determination to reveal all."

"Then relieve my suspense at once," he said in a hoarse, constrained tone.

"The fact is, Frederick, that the School Board have refused to advance our salaries, and I realize but too painfully that I never could support you in the style in which you have been accustomed to live on the pittance I receive. Sooner than blight your existence by condemning you to share my poverty, I bid you leave me, though every fibre of my heart is wrenched asunder in the struggle. Adieu!"

"Noble, generous girl!" cried Frederick, as he strained her for the last time to his throbbing bosom till he fractured the cigars in his vest pocket. "Farewell, for ever!"

And with a firm resolve he tore himself away, and the next minute was rushing madly along the street with pale face and compressed lips which told of his manful determination to reach the saloon on the corner before eleven o'clock, or perish in the attempt.

Thus were two fond hearts which might have trod life's rugged pathway hand in hand, driven by stern necessity to the Sahara-solitude, watered only by the tear of regret for the vanished illusions of the past.

CAUSE FOR SATISFACTION.

PUT away the old snow-shovel,
Stand it by the woodshed wall,
Spring is nearly here in earnest,
"Twon't be wanted till next fall.
If perchance there comes a flurry
On some day that's cold and raw,
There's no need for you to hurry,
Just hang back and let her thaw.

AN OPEN LETTER TO JOHN CRERAR.

DEAR SIR,—GRIP greets you as the possessor of a level head and a fine command of forcible English. Your open letter to Laurier in the papers on Monday was a corker. He never got more valuable advice from any member of your profession, fee or no fee. Free Trade and Direct Taxation! That's the music! GRIP has been telling the Grit leaders so week in and week out for years. If those leaders don't get a move on now, let the rank and file rise in mutiny and cast them out putting John Crerar in their place! Direct taxation—that's the talk. But, dear John, don't levy that direct tax on incomes. Put it where nature dictates, on the rental value of land. Yours sincerely,

GRIP.

A LITERAL TRANSLATION.

EQUAL RIGHTER—"Mercier's bound to get knocked out. Butcher is all right."

GRIT—"Who?"

EQUAL RIGHTER—"Butcher of Butchertown, the new Quebec Premier."

GRIT—"You're mistaken. There's no such man. You mean De Boucherville."

EQUAL RIGHTER—"No, I don't. I mean Butcher of Butchertown. I don't believe in this double language business. Make 'em all talk English, I say."

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

"I was up night and day with a bad arm, so I just took two bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters and it cured me."—Miss Gertie Church, Aylmer, Ont.

OVER 3,000 CALLS—NO DEATHS.

FIRST three months free of charge. The staff of eminent physicians and surgeons now permanently located at No. 272 Jarvis Street (near Gerrard), will give their services free for three months to all invalids who call upon them before March 1st. The only favor desired is a recommendation from those whom they cure. The object in pursuing this course is to become rapidly and personally acquainted with the sick and afflicted.

The doctors treat every variety of disease and deformity. Catarrh in all its various forms cured by their new method, which consists in breaking up the cold-catching tendency, to which every person suffering from catarrh is susceptible.

Invalids will please not take offence if they are rejected as incurable. The physicians will examine you thoroughly free of charge, and if incurable they will positively tell you so. Also caution you against spending more money for useless medicine.

Hours—From 9 a.m. to 5 p.m., and from 7 to 8 p.m. Sundays, 2 to 4 p.m.

DAY after day the evidence accumulates that the "Myrtle Navy" is the people's favorite tobacco. The demand keeps increasing, and from every new circle of consumers who have been induced to try it the evidence is emphatic in its favor. Its genuine qualities always hold the friends they have once made. These qualities will be kept up to their full standard by the manufacturers of it. It is to these qualities and the reasonableness of the price that they attribute their marked success. To the quality they will adhere at all cost, and also to the price if that be possible.

THE forty-ninth annual report of the Mutual Life Assurance Company, which appears in another column, shows the extent of its operations during the past year, and its financial condition on December 31, 1891. Each successive report has usually been declared to be "the best in the history of the Company." The report for 1891 is no exception, demonstrating as it does the increasing popularity of the Mutual Life and the extension of the benefits conferred upon those fortunate enough to hold its policies.

LIVE men wanted on salary who won't lose their heads while making big money. For full particulars address Brown Brothers Company, Toronto.

NOE FERRIER, of Luskville, Que., says:—"I was troubled with Liver Complaint and Loss of Appetite, and was cured by taking one bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters."

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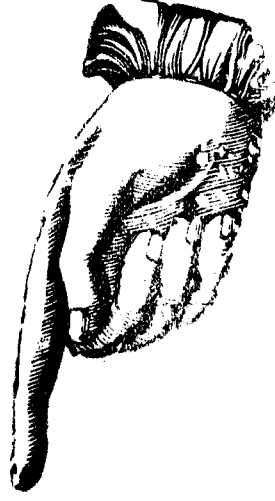
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