

Grip is the Paper for Smart Boys.



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GRIP



It's the little things that worry us and turn our tempers upside down. The visit of the industrious mosquito gives us the fidgets if it doesn't give us a bite: the crumb that goes down the wrong way would not worry us half as much if it did not stop there so long: the lamp that, while we are deep in study, burns as though Mephistopheles himself had stolen silently into the room. We may have more or less influence over the mosquito and the crumb, and as to the Mephistophelean flame—why all that is necessary is to use a Pittsburgh Lamp, there is no other like it. Write for primer. GOWANS, KENT & CO, Toronto and Winnipeg.





TAT THE WAAL A CLIEBLY LILL TO THE REAL

WOL XXXVIII. TORONTO, APRIL 23, 1892. No. 17. Whole No. 984.



A VERY BACKWARD POLITICAL SPRING



Ebe gravest keast is the Ess; the gravest kird is the Owl; Ebe gravest fish is the Oyster; the gravest man is the Sool.

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TORONTO, SATURDAY, APRIL 23, 1892.

COMMENTS ON THE CARTOONS.



BEVOND REDEMPTION.—It is now believed that after the Caron-Edgar debate has been formally wound up by the rejection of the motion on a straight party vote, Sir Adolphe himself will move for the appointment of a committee to investigate the charges. This will square up the matter so far as Sir Adolphe himself is concerned, but it will not let Sir John Thompson out of the unpleasant predicament into which he has got himself. To be consistent he must vote against Sir Adolphe's motion on

the grounds so ably set forth in his celebrated hairsplitting deliverance on the question. In other words he is estopped from redeeming the pledge of his honor he gave gave so freely during the recess, that he would see to it that any charges of wrong-doing against ministers or members would be thoroughly investigated.

A VERY BACKWARD POLITICAL SPRING.—This is the Spring Number of GRIP, and, as in duty bound, we devote a fair proportion of our space to matters and things pertaining to the vernal season. Everything in the natural world hereabouts indicates an early spring. The snow has long since vanished; the frost is pretty well out of the ground, and the grass is recovering its refreshing green. In the political world, however, so far as a certain Party is concerned, there are few signs of a thaw. The winter of Grit discontent still remains, and the weather is uncommonly cold, and has been so ever since the bye-election blizzards. Still, let the snow-bound patriots not despair. The world *do* move; and the succession of the seasons is as sure in the political as in natural sphere. Spring, gentle Spring, will dawn upon them some of these days.



ENT is over, and our "society people" resume their service of the world, the flesh and the devil with even more earnestness than they entered on the service of the Almighty forty days ago. No doubt they honestly try to do their full duty to both God and Mammon, but it is plain enough that they put a whole-hearted sincerity into their worldliness which is quite absent from their Lenten devotions. Nor is this to be wondered at. It has been declared on high authority that no man (or woman) can possibly serve two masters, though our swells appear to do it. Perhaps, however, the explanation is that the Deity does not regard the kid-gloved patronage of Lenten formality as coming under the head of "service."

THE Provincial Parliament has given its farewell performance in the old house. A successful run of two months was brought to a close on Wednesday last, with a record of 175 measures, all of which are supposed to be in the public interest. The leading man of the Show, the Hon. O. M., was called before the curtain after the last scene and presented with a bouquet in the form of a \$2,000 addition to his annual allowance. In view of the news from Ottawa it is worth while noting that the session has been entirely free from scandals big or little. This speaks ill for the Opposition or well for the Government, we don't know which.

HERE is a prospect of a quadrilateral fight for the Besides a vacant Toronto seat for the Local. straight Grit and Tory candidate, whose respective names will probably be known before this issue of GRIP reaches its readers, King Billy Bell will take the field as the standard bearer of the Equal Righters, and Mr. E. A. Macdonald as the representative of the Annexation The multiplicity of candidates affords a sentiment. fighting chance for the Grits, and if they could have had John MacMillan as their candidate they wouldprobably have had a sure thing. But John and the Party do not speak as they pass by-small blame to John, who was treated shabbily in the mayoralty contest. Earnest Albert intimates that he is not running for the sake of any personal glory or gain, but with the purely philanthropic purpose of giving the masses a chance to express by secret ballot the Annexation sentiment with which he feels sure they are inwardly consumed. E. A. has been sure of a good many things that were not so before this. Let us wait and see.

THE FITNESS OF THINGS.

"It is reported that Dr. Assis Brazil will be proposed as the new President of Brazil."-N.Y. Herald.

A BETTER selection could hardly be made Of a man to adorn such an eminent station. With him at the head no one need be afraid That the popular voice will lack representation; . He is sure to embody the national will; On all questions he will be as-is Brazil.



Born January 28, 1822 ; Died April 17, 1892.



U PON the shaft that marks his resting-place Engrave these words: "Here lies a Patriot." And let it be a four-square, honest shaft Of close-knit Scottish granite, With no vain floriture of art adorned, _

To match the man we knew. And when the silent-working tooth of Time Has gnawed that pillar crumb by crumb away, Let History bring her book and read aloud His virtues and his services;

A story writ in brief, straightforward phrase, Telling of purpose high and duty done : A simple story, in the plainest prose, Yet which time-serving knaves in office high Can never hear without compunction's smart, And self-contempt, and scarlet blush of shame !

No god-like gifts were his; His Scottish tongue could speak unvarnished truth, But knew no charm of witching eloquence; His mind was not supreme in breadth and force, But it was sound, and anchored to good sense; He was not over-rich in scholarship, But more than peer of many richer men;— Better than Great, he stood for what was Right— Just plain MACKENZIE—nobly commonplace.

Tho' gold and silver of high powers he'd none, Such as he had he freely gave the land In earnest service, anxious and exact. In History's book perchance he may not have A record of great deeds of statesmanship, Nor any lustrous episode at all; But every line that deals with his career As party Leader and First Minister, Has note of something useful—and no blots !

He was a Christian of that old-time sort – Unfashionable now and growing rareWho knew no sacred barr'd from secular, But worshipped God by doing honest work, Whether with mason's tools as artisan, Or in high place of state. His amplest service to the land was this— Beyond, above the toils he undertook, And those he finished—be not one forgot !— He gave the world an answer in his life To that smug lie of this degenerate age— "An honest politician cannot be,"— A lie that bas so much to feed upon In scandal garbage of our public life That it seems grown into a monstrous truth— But 'tis not truth—'tis still a cynic lie, That for all time must cower away and hide At mention of MACKENZIE's stainless name.

J. W. B.

NOT VERSED IN TECHNICALITIES.

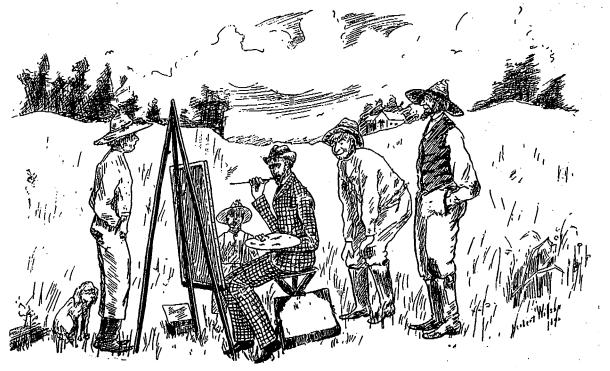
HON. PURSEY BEWDLER (showing a newly purchased picture)—"There, look at that! It's a masterpiece. I paid \$1,000 for it, and I consider I got it dirt cheap, too."

Col. HOGABOOM—"Humph! I should think it dear at half the money. What on earth induced you to give that price?"

HON. BEWDLER—" Why, I heard Riter, the art critic, say that it possessed extraordinary values. Wonder if the cuss was putting up a job on me?"

A MISTAKEN IMPRESSION.

"THE Firman for Egypt" is the heading under which an Oriental dispatch appears in the *Empire*. A hasty glance at the item conveyed the impression that Gen. Middleton had obtained another appointment abroad. It is not so, however, and the Egyptians are to be congratulated. Poor fellahs, they have been plundered enough already.



A PATRON OF ART-INDUSTRY.

FARMER MEADOWFIELD-"It you'll paint my son Si in th' foreground that, I'll buy that pictur here an' now, if you're not too high on it."



WOMAN'S WILES.

"EDMUND," she said, as she looked sternly at her husband, "how have I deserved this treatment at your hands?"

"Why, really, Selina, I-I" faltered the unhappy man.

"Little, oh, little did 1 think," she continued, without pausing to listen to his exculpation, "when years since I listened in an evil hour to your passionate entreaties and left my parents' roof where loving hands ministered to my lightest wish and I enjoyed every luxury that wealth could procure, that I should live to be scorned and slighted and behold your once ardent affection fade into cold indifference and neglect. Little did I dream that the man who once vowed to love and cherish me as the apple of his eye could thus turn a deaf ear to my pleadings and, wrapped in a mantle of callous egotism, refuse the dearest wish of a heart which hitherto has beat for him alone."

"But, but-really Selina, you know-"

"Oh, yes! Don't try to apologize for your heartless course. Don't veil with false and shallow excuses the inherent meanness and narrow-minded selfishness which is but too apparent in your every action. Oh, Edmund, I see but too clearly how it is. Base, treacherous man! You have already ceased to love me. You have grown Well, you will perdeaf to my most earnest entreaties. You will yet weep bitter tears haps regret it some day. of anguish over your perfidy and vainly sigh over what might have been-some day when the burden becomes too great to bear and I sink into an early grave under the weight of your unkindness and leave you alone in the world with no fond hand to press your aching brow or cheer your hours of gloom and despondency with a loving caress. Oh, bitterly, bitterly will you think of your unfeeling conduct this day when your babes are left motherless, and she whose loving ministrations once soothed your careworn frame and nerved you for life's bitter struggle sleeps 'neath the churchyard clay."

He might have reminded her that the custom of burying people in churchyards was obsolete, but he didn't think of it.

"But Selina, as I have already explained to you-"

"Oh, you needn't explain. It's all clear enough to me now. You don't love me and you never did, and you whom I thought perfection are a deceiver like all the rest of the men and I wish I'd never married you, I do indeed, if I'm to be treated this way. Oh, Edmund, I did love you so awfully much at one time, you know. I never thought you could treat me like this. Oh, if you wish to resume your place in my wifely affections, if there is a little lingering spark of love for me left, please don't refuse me. I'll be so good to you, Edmund."

" I'm really afraid, Selina, my dear-"

"Don't call me 'my dear.' You don't care anything for me, you know you don't. Oh, Edmund, I'm going to faint—oh—boo—hoo—"

And she threw herself upon the lounge and burst into a passionate torrent of weeping.

"Now don't Selina, don't ! Hang it all ! Here, take the twenty dollars. Take thirty if that isn't enough. Take all I've got," and he pressed a roll of bills into her hand.

"Oh, Edmund, darling," she said, looking up with a smile. 'It is so good of you. I knew you wouldn't refuse me. And now I will get dressed and go right away and buy that lovely elegant spring bonnet I saw at Mrs. La Mode's, it's just too splendid for anything. And if there's enough over I'll get you a beautiful pair of velvet slippers with embroidered toes, you dear old baldheaded angel."

CHURCH ushers more easily, because they 're aisled.



THE NINETEENTH CENTURY STAGE.

FREDDY FIT2DUDE—" Yaas; I think stage noble profession— Shakespeaw, doncherknow, gweat morwal agency, and all that sawt of thing."

MISS FOOTLIGHT-" You bet ! Why, just look at the run Tara-ra-boom-de-ay is having !"





THE SPRING POET TRYING ON HIS ODE.

(Adapted from Fliegende Blætter.)

A VOW OF CONSTANCY.

YOU ask me shall I be constant for ever; Of that, my dear lady, I cannot assure you, And if I am candid I can't say I've never Vowed friendship eternal to others before you.

At present there is no cause for estranging Your sweet heart from mine, but it's only in reason That, since my affections are given to changing, I only can promise my love for a season. BRANDON, MAN.

A. MELBOURNE THOMPSON.

BALFOUR'S BILL.

- HE Law Committee gravely sat Considering Balfour's Bill, And naturally they were much disposed This dangerous measure to kill.
- For it sought to give the women a
- chance To enter the legal profession,
- And was altogether the cussedest Act
 - That had come up during the session
- "Ahem !-aw-hum," the Committee said,

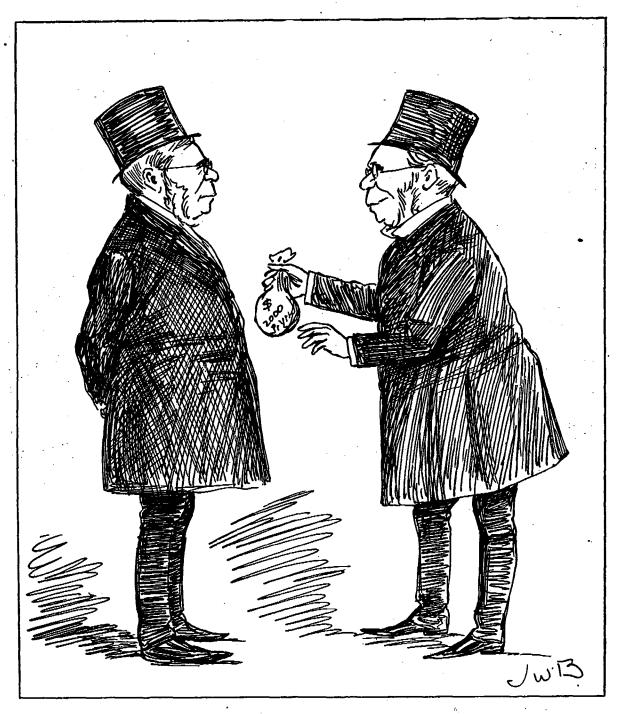
"This won't do at all, you know;

If Woman once takes a stand at the bar,

Man won't have the ghost of a show ;

" Her witching ways, her graceful pose, Her voice so low and sweet, Hcr beauty and tears—now, where is the man Who against all this could compete? 263

- " And where is the judge could withstand the charm Of her irresistible smile? Or where is the jury that wouldn't yield To her subtle, feminine guile?
- "What would become of Blackstock, Blake, And even the great B. B.? They'd never get a client at all, Nor yet a relaining fee.
- "No, no ! ungallant (ho' it appear, And a triffe harsh and bitter, Business is business—Woman we bar— We can't afford to admit her !
- " At least not into the barrister's field, But we throw this little kiss at 'er She may (subject to rules of Osgoode Hall) Take rank as a mere solicitor.
- " This we regard as more her forte-More becoming to her station-In a motherly way as such she may give Advice and consolation.
- "So having thus the rights of Man, As in duty bound defended, We give Mr. Balfour this gentle snub, And report the bill as amended.'



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DULY APPRECIATED.

THE PREMIER (to the Attorney General)-"Come, come, now; no mock modesty. You've richly earned the increase of salaryyou know you have !"

MATRIMONIAL.

Everybody knows a woman is hard to please. She likes the matrimonial harness, but doesn't like to be hitched up with a man who is strapped.—*Binghamton Republican*.

THEN if a bridal you suggest, She'll cause your ears to tingle, Replying to your fond request, "I shall remain sur-cingle."

THE TEST OF MARITAL AFFECTION.

BRIDE—"Are you sure you love me, George?" GEORGE—"Oh, dear one, how can you doubt me? For your dear sake I—" etc., etc.

For your dear sake I—" etc., etc. BRIDE—"Oh, George ! Then you will help me to take up and shake the parlor carpet when you come home this evening, won't you?"

THE LOVERS' QUARREL.



NE summer night in hungry plight, A stray mosquito chanced to light Upon a sleeping country wight, On whom he made a hearty meal Before his victim waked to feel The loss to which he was subjected.

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But being finally detected, The spry marauder skipped away From vengeful blows that sought to slav

In triumph then the well fed scamp Betook him to a neighboring

swamp.

And on the way he passed a camp

Of pleasure seekers, whence there flew An insect prowler. Well he knew That slender form and graceful flight. "Dear sweetheart," cried he at the sight, "Why do you hold aloof? To prove The faithfulness of my true love I've sought you many a weary hour In chamber, field, and shady bower, Yet all in vain until this morn. Why do you hide from me in scorn? Do you forget so soon the vow You gave on farmer Haysecd's brow, Where we renewed in blood the pledge First given upon the rain-trough's edge? Do you regret ? O, can it be You wish that I would set you free?" "Yes, Mr. Bizz," his sweetheart said; "It would be folly now to wed. When we were silly little things Ere we had dried or tried our wings We pledged our mutual vows indeed When neither knew our minds or need. Dissimilarity of taste, (Please take your feelers from my waist) No common object of ambition-Have made me feel our false position. You must absolve me from my vow; We move in different circles now. Yon grove where I repair to feed Contains the most distinguished breed Of human kind. Your coarser greed Is gorged on followers of the plow; To yokel's yoke I cannot bow The blue blood in me would rebel, So let me bid you here farewell.' The haughty insect then withdrew, But soon her pride sustained a fall. Next eve, though far and wide she flew,



No campers could she find at all, And was herself found faint with pain Of famine, by her faithful swain, Who played the good Samaritan. And brought her to a laboring man, Whose horny cuticle they tap, Till joined in death by sounding slap. WILLIAM MCGILL.

CATCHING AT A STRAW.

SPRING POET (reading item in paper)-"" The regular immigration season has opened in the Old Country, and already great activity prevails in shipping and booking circles.' Ab, that's good ! I've a notion to try one of the English publishers with my poems. I thought that fool of an editor knew nothing about it when he told me that the publishing business was overdone."

THE DYNAMITE RACKET.

" CPECIAL CABLEGRAM" WRITER (in New York newspaper office-to Editor)-" Things are pretty dull to night. Have you any suggestions?'

EDITOR -" Let me see. Is there any European country where we haven't had any dynamite racket yet?"

S.C.W.-" Guess not. Yes, there's Greece and Montenegro haven't been touched yet.'

Give us an explosion in EDITOR-"Good enough. Athens, and keep Montenegro over till next time."

THE PEDAGOGUES' PARLIAMENT.

T the present session of the Pro-Avincial Teachers' Association the following series of resolutions will be considered :

"Whereas we have for a third of a century devoted our attention mainly to what might benefit the schools, and whereas no corresponding benefits have accrued to ourselves meanwhile, therefore, be it resolved that this Association will consider:

" 1st How to ensure more permanency of engagement.

"2nd. How to make the average salary not less than \$500 per annum.

"3rd. What means to employ to secure unanimity of action and real fraternity among teachers."

The following questions will be asked :

What has become of the Council of Public Instruction? Should teachers have any representation besides what they now have ?

Why is the grant per head for High School pupils about fifteen times more than for Public School pupils?

Would not an increased Public School grant tend to the payment of better salaries?

Is not Toronto as well deserving of a Normal School as London, and when is it likely there will be one in each place?

How many old teachers have ever been appointed to any office, however menial?

How many students would attend the Normal Schools if they didn't have to, and why is it that now "there are none so poor as do them reverence?"

Should the Minister of Education not be present all the time, it is barely possible that a few of the points involved will be discussed-if he is, they won't.

BEESWAX-"Say, Hendershot, who is that coming **D** down the steps of the *Hustler* office head over heels? What's up, I wonder?"

HENDERSHOT-" Oh, nothing much, I guess. Spring poet likely."

BEESWAX-" I should say he was a hand-spring poet, judging from his style of locomotion."

THE RAISING OF THE 48th TORONTO HIGHLANDERS.

END forth the "Fiery Cross" throughout the city,

Let Caledonia's sons together stand, We've been too long ignored; the more's the pity;

Let's up and guard the land.

Let "Scots wae hae" loud to the heavens call;

We'll rally round the Flag clad in the "Garb of Gaul."

Too long we canny Scots hae gathered honey; The channel of our thoughts

to bawbees run.

We'll call a halt at takin' in the money. Hech ; Johnny get your gun.

And Scotia's sons now rush to fill the ranks

Wi' men o' lofty mien and buxom shanks.

We want na ither men than braw Scotch laddies;

We are na gaun ta do ta thing by haulves. Red hair not barred, nor hands like finnan haddies; But they mun hae the cawlves.

We'll tak' them a' from Teviotdale to Skye; But one thing's sure, " no Irish need apply.

MacKenzies, McIntoshes, Kerrs, McLeans, MacWhapples, Gordons, Grants, Buccleughs,

But ony man whose legs are only banes

Had better wear the trews,

We want na ossifications clad wi' human leather, But men whose muckle shanks will bide the weather.

We'll breast the snawdrifts on our way to glory;

What if each nose be red? each leg be blue? We'll slap our shanks, and fill our middle story

Wi' quarts o' mountain dew; To raise our spirits pipes may screen till pipers throats are husky; But after all for solid warmth, the wind's na like the whusky.

We'll hae for crest the braw Canadian Thistle

And diet oursels wi' bannocks, scones and brose, Cauld kail and haggis till our bonc and gristle

True Scottish breeding shows.

We'll learn to hum "Ye Banks and Braes," to roar out "Auld Lang Syne,"

And to dance Scotch recls like deils on wheels wi' a gravity assinine.

When, neath the sun of blazing hot July We "stand at ease" each man will get a chance

Ta smash to death the cursed little fly

That makes us miss our pants,

Her won't complain of sunburns, stings or itches,

But clothe her cawlves wi' sawlve instead of breeches.

Wi'stalwart John I. Davidson to lead us,

And A. M. Cosby second in command,

Wi' Donald Robertson for Sergeant-Major, Eh, mon ! but we'll luik grand.

Wi' kilts and sporrans, dirks, claymores and plaidies, We'll scare ta death the men-fowk, and we'll mash the ladies.

From Highland shoon up to the peacock feather, Wi' muckle pride stuck in each bonnet blue,

Salt o' the carth, and children o' the heather, Ho ! Camarashin Dhu !

Then loud the slogan raise, let lusty bagpipes skirl; Charge ! for your Scottish ancestors and your Canadian girl !

G. J. ASHWORTH.

AN UNFORTUNATE EXPRESSION.

DISTRESSED FEMALE-"Kind sir, may I ask you for a little assistance. My family are in want and will perish unless we can obtain some timely succor." SUSPICIOUS HOUSEHOLDER-" Well, I want you to understand that you can't play me for no sucker.'

"CONSERVATORY " FLOWERS.



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A MONG the flowers that bloom in the spring, tra la, are the flowers of song, and Toronto is enjoying some choice bouquets made up of eminent vocalists — the famed ones of the world. The echoes of Mme. Albani's triumph have hardly died out before we are summoned once again to applaud the great tenor Lloyd, who comes to the Pavilion on Thursday evening, May 5th, with a full assortment of chest-notes, high C's, etc.; also a com-

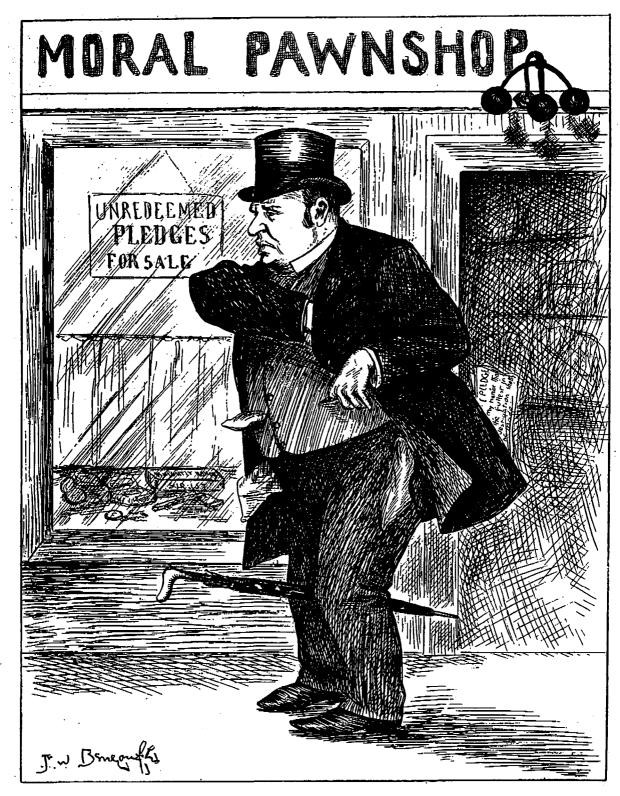
pany of competent supporting artists. Then, on Tuesday, the 10th, the superb Scalchi, whom all who heard her on a former appearance here will be ready to crown as the queen of contralti, sings in connection with the concert of the Haslam Vocal Society, on which occasion also the Schmidt-Herbert string quartette will be heard. This will undoubtedly be the finest concert the Vocal Society has ever given, which is saying a great deal.



HIS DIFFICULTY.

HOSTESS-" Oh, Mr. Podge, are you not going to dance?" MR. PODGE-" Certainly, my dear madame, I shall be very happy-if you can find me a concave partner."-Sydney Bulletin.

GRIP



BEYOND REDEMPTION!

SIR JOHN-" I PLEDGED MY HONOR, AND BLOWED IF I HAVEN'T LOST THE TICKET !"

[On two or three occasions during the Recess, Sir John Thompson invited all who had charges to make against members of Parliament or ministers of the Crown to bring the same before the House, and he *pledged his honor* that thorough investigations would be made.]



A CLEVER INVENTION.

SHE (a young-old gusher)-"Yes, that Mr. Edison is an awfully clever man. He invented the telephone and the—and the—what is it that repeats everything you say to it?"

HE (a cynic)-" My dear madam, you must mean Woman."-Sydney Bulletin.

HOME, WASTE HOME.

A SPRING CLEANING DIRGE.

M ID club-rooms and beer saloons though we may roam, In the bright days of environ time the In the bright days of spring time 'tis better than home. A blight as of cyclone still follows us there, To drive out the victim in rage and despair.

Home, home, waste, waste home,

In house-cleaning time there's no worse place than home.

An exile from home we seek comfort in vain, Oh, when will the carpets be laid down again? The furniture's turned upside down in each room, Which females invade with hot water and broom. Home, home, waste, waste home,

Oh, let us be thankful there's no place like home !

A COMPLAINT.

EDITUR UV GRIP-SER,-L notis that the Sunday Werld iz tryin' to dew the Gosh Billins phunny bizness but I don't think with mutch sukses. Tha hav a kollum or sew evry wheek frum sum feller wich sines himself "Obzerver," but he iz smal potatose an fu 2 the hill. He kan't dew the phunny spelin akt wuth a sent.



Apart frum the reely brilyunt an orijinal idee uv spelin

"which "-as thus "hwich "-the letterz ov hiz that I hav red duz not inderkate that hee possesiz enny sens ov umor-an I think, ser, that wen sech stuf iz werked orf ontew the publik az bein phunny tha hav a gust rite 2 komplane.

≡ GRIP≡

Rong spelin ma knot bee the hiest stile ov wit, but wen a noospaper undertaix to suply komic artikels ov this sourt tha ort at leest giv us somethin farely good ov the kind an I leeve it tew enny littery gudge to sa cf Obzerver kums neer tew the mark. I supose he iz doin the best he nose how, but ef thare iz a long phelt want among the readin kermoonity for artikels uv sutch a kind I think I am far moar kapable tew phill the bil. Yet I hav scent the Werld sevril 1st klass kontributions in this stile but tha took no notis an wood knot print them. Now I don't konsider that wos a fare shaik. I klaim tew be able to spel a durned site wuss nor wat the man wich cals himself Obzerver ever cood, az kan eezy be seen bi komparin this leter with hiz mutch over-ratid produkshuns.

Ewers agin faveritizm,

WILYUM WHATKINZ.

AN APPRECIATIVE LETTER.

MINNEHAHA FALLS, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., April 4, 1892.

" But oh ! I fear the Doric's gaun, For, 'mang baith auld an' young, There's mony noo that canna read Their printit mither tongue.'

ECH, mon !" I'd be real glad if ye'd sen' me the "Epistles o' Airlie." It's no aften yin gets the haud o' a buik in guid braid Scotch in thir times, an' ony time I happen to sen' ower tac Scotland for yin, I'm shair tae get fair angert aboot it. Thae Yankee bodies pits what they ca' a "Protective Tarriff," on' a' sic things, tae encourage the Hame Industry. Hech, mon ! just think o't, tryin' tae promote industry by chockin' up the channels o' trade! It's as senseless a doctrine as the "Divine right o' kings."

But, thank guidness, a' sic supersteetions will sune hae tac follow the fairies, ghaists an' water-kelpies, for they canna thole the gospel o' licht as preached by the New York Standard an' single tax men generally. Excuse me for imposin' on yer patience, an' believe me,

Yours sincerely,

WM. RUSSELL.



WHY IT'S CALLED A "FORCE."

NO DOUBT OF IT.

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M.R. T. C. PATTESON, Postmaster of Toronto, has recently published a letter in the *English Canadian* on the subject of "Canada's Destiny." It is needless to say that Mr. Patteson, like every other well-paid office holder, is unanimously in favor of letting things alone. Canada—subjectively considered of course – is getting along so nicely! Certain tendencies and expressions which have lately attracted attention have pained Mr. Patteson deeply. He writes :

It is therefore painful for an Englishman now domiciled in Canada for thirty-four years to read in a newspaper published here to-day a letter calling on Mr. Blake to assume the leadership of the Liberal party, as being, forsooth, the only man able "to lift us out of our degrading colonial position." It is equally painful to read in another city paper a reprint of the letter of the famous cable correspondent of the New York *Tribune*, in which he says that it is impossible to speak to any British Statesman on the subject, without discovering that he considers "Canada in the light of a nuisance."

GRIP can cheerfully bear testimony to the absolute sincerity of Mr. Patteson's loyal protestations. There can be no doubt that he is really pained in a most sensitive spot over anything foreshadowing a change of conditions which might endanger his hold on the lucrative office he fills. Why should he not be loyal? He has something like four thousand good reasons for wishing to see the colonial status indefinitely continued. And the same holds true of several thousand other truly loyal placemen, who, whenever the question of Canada's future is broached, proclaim their loyalty from the housetops and consider themselves entitled to no end of credit for Their course is natural enough, but the funny so doing. part of the business is that they seem to expect the rest of us, who have no such powerful inducements to influence us, to regard matters from the same standpoint.

If Mr. Patteson were out on the streets hunting a job, he would probably consider a number of things that now give him a pain when he thinks of them, not worth worrying over. Canadian loyalty is a matter altogether of the stomach and the pocket book.

DEACON STOUT ON POLITICAL HONESTY.



OLITIKAL oneste is like anything else, it alus has two sides to it; we don't often see t'other side. But somehow things has got turned t'other side out lately.

The politikal oneste of this age orter get its boots blacked, 'tain't got a very good shine on.

The Poletishean who thinks hez onest and knows better, alus thinks out loud, and knows to himself.

Thur ain't mutch diffrns betwixt an onest Poletishean and a perfekt Christian, one's about as skerce as t'other, and if we wern't both in one, I'd be mighty lonsom.

I have diskuvered that the more a kandidate pays fer a vote, the less it's with.

A rightust man will be rewarded hearafter; but the avrage Poletishean kan't wate that long. He'z here after his reward now. Things has to be payed in advance nowdays.

Tain't no sine a man's disonest kause he don't want to run fer offis.



CUSTOMARY.

DAUGHTER-"'You look like a Customs' officer, papa." FATHER--" How so, my child?"

DAUGHTER—" Always keeping your hand open behind your back."

The man that orter run fer offis and won't, is a better man than if he did.

Out of every ten men who run fer offis, five orter have thur legs tied.

The road to offis orter be made wider, it's so narro that two kandidates kan't run, unless one runs agin t'other.

Disonest Poletisheans are like potater bugs, when they first kum in fashun, they kum to stay.

When two kandidates get diskussen Politiks, they often leave the *dis* off, and jest use kussen towards the last.

Nowdays, oneste is a very skerce kumodity, it seems to be one of the latant fakultes of mankind, and seldom makes itself manifest in his natchur.

When you find an onest Poletishean and yeu'r sure of it, give him a chance to cheat yeu, and see how alfired kwik he'l take advantag of it.

When a man will be onest fer six months jest to get a good chance to cheat somebody, I kall that kind of oneste rite-down genuine bogusness.

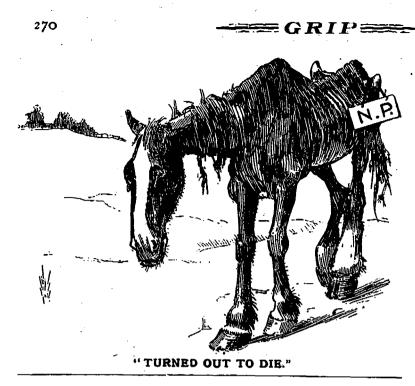
WILLARD E. DERBY.

HE MET THEIR VIEWS.

DURING the late session of the Provincial Legislature a deputation waited on Premier Mowat to urge a reform in the payment of registrars, sheriffs and other officials.

"Why, Mr. Premier," said the spokesman of the deputation, "This evil of the over-payment of officials is continually increasing. It is an outrage upon the hard working taxpayers of this province. We look to the government, sir, to put a stop to this anomaly and regulate the

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amounts received in proportion to the value of their services.'

"Ah," said Mr. Mowat beamingly, "you have urged some weighty and important considerations which I assure you will be duly taken into account if the Government should, as is by no means improbable, decide to take any action in the matter; though in any event it must be borne in mind that any course pursued must be taken with a due regard to the various interests involved. notwithstanding those apparent, yet perhaps hardly tangible objections, which in the minds of some might seem to counterbalance the views you have so forcibly presented."

And he rubbed his hands and bestowed a smile that seemed a benediction upon his auditors.

"But," resumed the spokesman, who was not altogether satisfied, "there is really need for something decisive to be done this session. It is a monstrous anomaly, sir. Why, do you know, Mr. Mowat, some of these sheriffs and registrars who have all their work done by their subordinates actually receive more from their fees than you do as Premier of the province. Now that is a shamefully unjust state of things, sir."

"Bless my soul," said the Premier, as though startled, " Is it really as bad as that?"

"It is indeed, I assure you. There are several who receive a yearly income considerably in excess of yours."

"Gentlemen," replied the Premier in a tone of unwonted positiveness and determination, "I think I can see my way clear to remedy without delay the abuse you complain of. I fully agree with you that it is an unseemly anomaly that any sheriff or registrar should receive a larger amount for his services than the Premier of the province. This glaring abuse shall be remedied forthwith (" Hear, Hear !" from the deputation) by raising my salary to \$7,000 in place of \$5,000. I beg to thank you for calling my attention to the matter, and in conclusion can only say that should this increase be insufficient to terminate the anomalous state of affairs of which the country justly complains you have only to call my attention to any instance in which an official salary appears to

unduly exceed that of which I am the recipient, and a further reform in the same direction shall follow. Nay, do not thank me, gentlemen. I have only done my duty. Good afternoon.'

VERNAL VERSELETS.

BY OUR OWN SPRING POET.

LAY I sing of the balmy spring Ah me ! but the wind blows chill ! The sun shines bright and the birdlets chirp, And I feel my pulses thrill.

Oh, winter was long and winter was drear, And darksome was his frown, But the house was warm, and now, oh dear !

They've taken the stove-pipes down.

All Nature seems to be glad and gay, Rejoicing —but oh, it's cold ! And around my limbs the zephyrs play,

For my overcoat I sold.

The wood-dove coodles to his mate, At least that's the regular thing, So I guess he does—but methinks I'd wait Till summer, if this be spring.

The laverocks twitter upon the lea At eve 'mid the falling dew ; Oh, little they reck of the mortgagee

Whose money is that way too !

And the flow'rets spring from the grassy turf In the mead besprent with gold And the bobolink-but I must have a drink. Geewhillikins ! ain't it cold ?

THE BURNING OF THE BRUSH. O ! the busy time is here-The up-waking of the year-When the evening air no longer holds, its hush ; How the children hail their outing, Thro' the gardens, merry shouting, As they make a rubbish routing At the burning of the brush ! See the beacon-fires around, Signaling that spring is found, And no longer can the evening hold its hush ; Father hauls the branches over, Baby bears the twigs, and Rover Storms the tree, where pussies hover, Near the burning of the brush ! Happy home lights ! " All is well." This the tale they surely tell, As the laughter-voices ring the evening hush ; Oh, the gathering and the raking, Oh, the crackling and the breaking, And the jolly ready-making For the burning of the brush ! Heralding from out their blaze Peace and plenty's coming days ! And the gladsome echoes chime the evening's hush ; Oh, the fairy shadow-chasing, Scamper-dodging, merry-facing, Thro' the children's frolic-racing At the burning of the brush ! 'Mid the smoke and bramble-scorch-Hope sways forth her beck'ning torch ! So, a singing, work we in the waiting hush ; Prepare we for the sowing, Leaguing Faith and Love, as knowing Every good has better growing, By the burning of the brush ! STRATHROY, April. CHARLOTTE GRANT MACINTYRE.

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

FALSE ECONOMY

Is practised by many people, who buy in-ferior articles of food because cheaper than standard goods. Surely infants are entitled to the best food obtainable. It is a fact that the Gail Borden "Eagle" Brand Condensed Milk is the best infant food. Your grocer and druggist keep it.

WITHOUT pure blood real health is impossible. Burdock Blood Bitters, say those who have tried it, is the best blood purifier in the world.

WE understand that R. H. Lear & Co., of the well known gas and electric fixture emporium, are holding a special discount sale to clear a purchase of over \$9,000 bought at a low figure. Get their quotations. They are still at the old stand, 19 and 21 Richmond St. West.

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

LITERARY people, brain-workers and others who get insufficient exercise, suffer from severe Headaches. Burdock Blood Bitters will cure promptly.

DEAFNESS ABSOLUTELY CURED.—A gentle-man who cured himself of Deafness and Noises in the Head of fourteen years' standing by a new method, will be pleased to send full particulars free. Address HERBERT CLIFTON, 8 Shepherd's Place, Kennington Park, Lon-don, S.E., Eng.

MISS MAUD CARLETON, Ridgetown, Ont., says, "Am using Burdock Blood Bitters right along and find it a perfect blood purifier."

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MOST people suppose that the manufacture of tobacco consists merely of taking the leaf and pressing it into plugs. The fact is, how-ever, that the process is a very delicate one, and the least false step will injure the flavor. The leaf must be carefully attended to for months after it leaves the planter's hand. It must neither dry too quickly nor too slowly. Even after it has reached the factory the ut-most delicacy of manipulation is required. The weather must be carefully studied, for if there is too much moisture in the air when it is pressed it will mould, and the same will happen if too much moisture is sprinkled upon t for the purpose of opening the leaf. Again, if it is overdried in the oven it will turn crisp, and will nip the tongue in smoking. It is by and will hip the tongue in smoking. It is by careful attention to all these points that the "Myrtle Navy" has been brought to such per-fection. The firm who manufacture it have their own storehouses in Virginia, and from the time the leaf leaves the planter's hands until it is turned out of the factory, months alterwards, in plugs, it is under the care of their skilled and trusted employees.

WIFBY-"Ah ! Who'll mend your clothes when I'm dead?"

HUBBY-" Nobody. I'll be able to afford new 'uns."

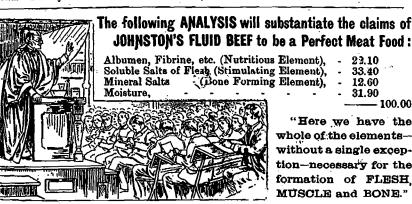
THIS testimonial speaks for itself. Further particulars in another column

Petrolia, July 11, 1885.

S. J. LANCASTER, DEAR SIR,—Having been taken down with a severe attack of Sciatica and Inflammatory Rheumatism, not being able to turn in my bed, having tried a number of so-called cures with no effect, all the time suffering fearfully. Having been recommended to try your liniment and medicine by several that it had cured, I purchased one bottle, with which I got immediate relief, and in two weeks was at work again. Hoping you will continue to help suf-fering humanity, I remain, etc., GEORGE F. STONE, Tinsmith.

" My sister-in-law advised me to take Burdock Blood Bitters for bad Headaches and pain in my back, and I am now perfectly well." Miss Annie Burgess, Tilsonburg.

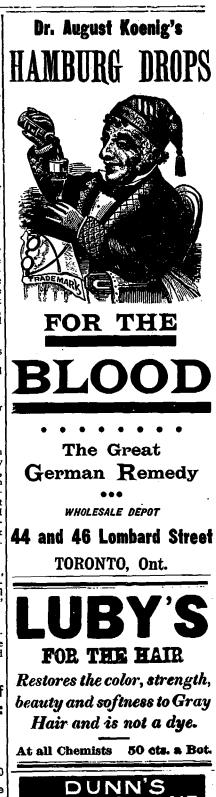
"WHILE timorous knowledge stands considering, audacious ignorance hath done the deed," as the man said after his wife had as the man said after his wife had climbed out of bed and built the kitchen fire.



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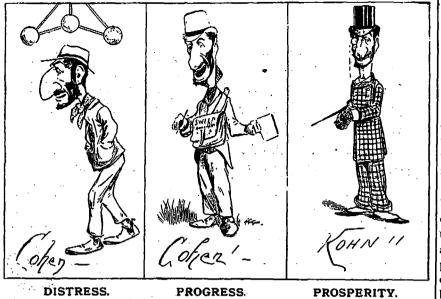
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you'll never do for the newspaper business.'-Puck.

A LITERARY NOTE.

PUBLISHER-"Hello, old man! I haven't met you in years; in fact, not since we left school. How have you been getting along?" VISITOR-"I've made a cool million out of leaf lard."

PUBLISHER-"Gee Whillikins! and I hadn't heard of it. Say, can't I induce you to write an article for my magazine on "The Intellect-ual Decadence of Modern Europe."—Puck.



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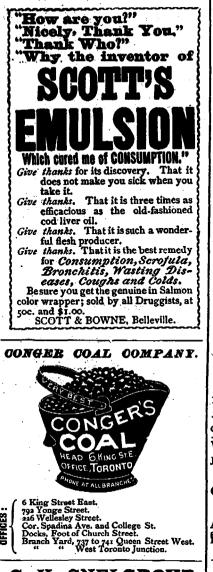
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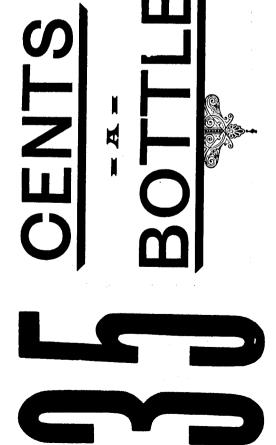
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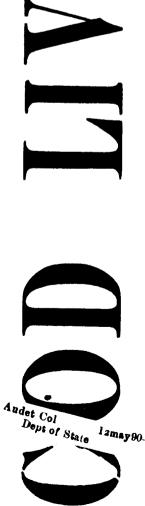
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