

# THE BOUNDARY AWARD.

Smite the tom-jon! whack the hew-gog! Let Hamsammas ring huzza, and hooroar! The Privy Council has decided that Ontario is bounded on the west by the north-west angle of the Lake of the Woods. School marms and Collegiate Institute scholars will kindly take note of the fact. Next to the Madagascar question nothing has excited and interested the Websterian brain of Mr. GRIP as the great question of Ontario's western limits. It is almost a public calamity that it has been settled. The burning question gave pabulum to the *Globe* and *Mail* so long, that they will sorely feel its absence. It had long supplied a felt want in their editorial departments. It was a great question! Some maintained that the meridian of the confluence of the Ohio and the Mississippi rivers ought to be the dividing line, but the P. C. has declared otherwise. This is hard on the people of Ca-in, who live at that great confluence. Here is a great honor ruthlessly taken away from them. No longer can they say, "We, that is to say our town, is so world widely known and respected by geographers that it serves as a starting point of a meridian to mark the dividing line between two foreign countries." Unhappy Ca-in! disheartened people! They will shake in their boots! They are used to "ague shakes" of course, and perhaps they won't be affected as much as a more northern people would be. Yet this time while shaking with fever and ague, or otherwise, let them consider themselves shook. The Privy Council of England has declared it. It is not Ca-in, but the almost unknown N. W. angle of the Lake of the Woods that marks the boundary between Ontario and Manitoba, and yet O. Mowat has the timidity to telegraph across the ocean "Hooray!" This is serious.



Manager Conner has opened the People's Theatre, corner Bay and Adelaide Streets, with a fine attraction—Pauline Markham and Company in "Moths." This piece made a great hit in New York, and ought to prove satisfactory to Toronto audiences. We trust Mr. Conner's enterprise will meet with the success it deserves.

And now, as September draweth nigh, everybody begins to think of the great fair. Manager Hill and his aids have been hard at work for several months past, and everything is going on most satisfactorily. Their promise that the forthcoming exposition will surpass any of its predecessors, will no doubt be fully borne out. The list of attractions already scoured forms a most tempting bill of fare, but our energetic friend Hill says we have no idea of the additional novelties he is after. All this extra magnificence is being piled on in honor of Toronto's Semi-Centennial year, and no more fitting close to the festivities in commemoration of that event could be suggested than a grand display of the products of the Province in connection with a diversified programme of fun and novelty.

That was a very solemn though unconscious joke perpetrated by the Pottsville police on the Fourth, when they erected an arch over the entrance to the station house and painted "welcome" on it in very large letters.—*Philadelphia Times*.

## Grip's Clips.

All paragraphs under this head are clipped from our exchanges; and where credit is not given, it is omitted because the parentage of the item is not known.

### FETCH AND CARRY.

Two dog fanciers were discussing the respective merits of their brutes, when one of them said:

"Bull pups is no good, yer can't learn 'em nuthin'."

"Tain't so; I've got a bull pup that'll fetch an' carry anything. Wy, I've got 'im so he'll carry off a chunk uv raw beef an' bring it back agin."

"Betcher he won't."

"Done, an' here's a dolyer as backs my dorg."

The money was put up, the dog was called and the meat given him.

"Now, Tige," said the owner, "Take it out doors, that's a good doggy, an' when I calls yer, come in agin an' show the gentleman wot yer can do."

The dog went out with the meat in his mouth, and presently his owner called, "Tige, Tige; here Tige," and he came back wagging his tail and licking his chops.

"Gimme them stakes," shouted the other fellow, "I tole yer yer couldn't learn a bull pup nothin'. He hain't brung it back."

"Go slow, mister. I reckon I'll take them myself. I didn't say how the pup'd fetch that meat back, did I?"

"No, but yer see he hain't brung it."

"He hez, too, an' it's on the inside uv him, in course. Yer didn't think the dang pup hadn't sense enough to clamp on to a good thing when he got a chance, did yer? Bull pups is smart, I'm a tollin' yer," and he took his dog and the two dollars and sloped.—*Merchant Traveller*.

### THE DANGER OF INTERFERING.

(Scene—Farmers' Dinner: Tables well filled.)  
Chairman—Mr. Thamsom, please tae say grace!

Mr. Thamsom (with bent head commences to whisper to himself.)

Farmer (next him)—Speak oot, Thamsom!

Mr. Thamsom—Shut up! I'm no speakin' tae yon.

### HARD ON JONES.

(Jones, who is in bad health but improving, returns home.)

The Wife of his bosom—Weel, an' hoo 'ye noo?

Jones—Better. In fac', I feel quite like anither man.

Wife—Am gled to hear't. I wis getting tired o' the aul' yin.

[Jones continues to improve.]

### SUNDAY IN CHICAGO.

Chicago Preacher—"Yes, the attendance has been very meager lately; but I had a grand congregation last Sunday."

Visiting Brother—"Last Sunday? Why, I saw by the papers that it stormed here terribly last Sunday."

"Yes; as the saying is, it rained pitchforks all day long."

"And yet you say that your church was crowded?"

"Yes."

"How do you account for it?"

"Well, you see the weather was so bad that they had to postpone the races.—*Philadelphia Call*.

"Timo is money," said the needy man when he spouted his watch.

Churches have their naves, as well as other things.—*Lowell Courier*.

A sound reasoner—The inventor of the telephone.—*Philadelphia Call*.

A grave mistake—Burying a live man.—*Baltimore Every Saturday*.

To the man hooing his own row the world hoes a living.—*Whitehall Times*.

About the only force some people have is the force of habit.—*American Queen*.

The dude wears a full suit on the hottest day. The other kind of a puppy only pants.

People who are not suited with hard coal can easily be sooted with soft. *Philadelphia Call*.

A bankrupt man never writes to the bank to "stop my papor."—*Cincinnati Saturday Night*.

When a bad actor is pelted with aged eggs, does he receive an ovation?—*Drake's Travelers' Magazine*.

It does seem as if the only rights the white men are willing to concede the red-man, are funeral rites.—*Boston Courier*.

A Del Norte lawyer says the term duces tecum means where you take 'em with three deuces.—*Colorado Independent*.

"The hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rules the world." It is the hand of the hired girl.—*New Orleans Picayune*.

The cheaper the cigar the more persistently does the cheap smoker puff it in the faces of his fellow travelers.—*Lowell Courier*.

"Mankind is rising higher and higher as time goes on," remarks a philosopher. So are the bottoms of the strawberry measures.

A Connecticut paper has an account of a wedding in Gilead. This must have been the balm of Gilead we read about.—*Boston Star*.

The Prince of Wales is said to be losing nearly all his hair. This makes him both an heir apparent and a hairless parent.—*Philadelphia Chronicle*.

Young Ducey, hearing of a gala day at Newport, said he would not summer at a place where there were not more 'gals' than that *Boston Gazette*.

"English cheese and lettuce must be eaten together." This is particularly rough on the lettuce, which is not a bad sort of a vegetable in its way.—*N. Y. Graphic*.

"Yes," said the broken-down merchant, "I think I have been too fond of drink, but I can't say that I'm pleased with this last beverage—Sheriff's ale."—*Cincinnati Saturday Night*.

A French chemist distills brandy from water-melon, and a Swede manufactures alcohol from reindeer moss. As Shakespeare says, there's "good in everything."—*Boston Transcript*.

A country postmaster had an heir born at one o'clock a.m. He afterward remarked to a friend who was congratulating him that it was the earliest male he had ever received.—*Boston Time*.

Rev. J. G. Calder, Baptist minister, Petrolia, says:—"I know many persons who have worn Notman's Pads with the most gratifying results. I would say to all suffering from bilious complaints or dyspepsia: Buy a pad, put it on and wear it, and you will enjoy great benefits." Hundreds of others bear similar testimony. Send to 120 King St. East for a pad or treatise.