

THE FAVORITE ALES, PORTER & LAGER ARE BREWED BY THOS. DAVIES & CO.

VOL. THE SEVENTEENTH, No. 16.

GRIP.

SATURDAY, 3RD SEPTEMBER, 1891.



WE ARE GLAD TO HEAR THAT SIR JOHN MACDONALD IS GAINING IN HEALTH AND STRENGTH BY HIS SOJOURN IN ENGLAND. MR. MACKENZIE'S NUMEROUS FRIENDS WILL BE PLEASED TO LEARN THAT HE, TOO, HAS PICKED UP WONDERFULLY, AND HOPES TO COME BACK TO CANADA STRONG AND VIGOROUS.—Daily Paper.

GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES. Postal Card Size, \$1.00. Note Size, \$2.00. Letter Size, \$3.00. Foolscap Size \$4.00. One Bottle of Ink with each Lithogram. Agents wanted in every Town. Next Door Post Office, Toronto.

JACOBS PATENT LITHOGRAM.

the temperance movement was yet in the future. In the morning my uncle carried the young lord, the son of his enemy, now dead, to his own room. He woke me up and bade me dress at once. I obeyed. He said, "You must marry a young lord who is waiting upstairs." The young lord was an instance of the fact that all allusion to the temperance movement at that period would have been an anachronism. "My lord," said my uncle, "your father relieved me of a wife; I am about to supply you with one." "Whash say?" murmured the peer. "Not to-night, some other night." But my uncle had such a powerful magnetism of will that Lord Dunderhead obeyed. The marriage ceremony was completed. My uncle then gave Lord Dunderhead a large glass of O'Keefe's lager, after which he lay down on the bed and fell fast asleep. "You are now," said my uncle, "the Dowager Lady Dunderhead."

VOL. III.

My uncle received a copy of the Toronto Telegram from a brother clergyman who had emigrated to Canada as a missionary to the heathen savages of Toronto. He sent the paper in question to my uncle as a sample of the heathenism and general wickedness with which he had to contend. Dr. Johnson happened to see it. "Sir," said he, "the man who owns that paper is a Scotchman who grows affluent beyond the dreams of imagination by pilfering the literary property of better men. That fellow manage a paper! Sir, it is like a dog walking on its hind legs—it does not do the thing well. The wonder is that it does it at all." But the Telegram contained a "personal," giving the address of my aunt. My uncle and I went to Canada, where young Lord Dunderhead had been sent as Lieut.-Governor. He met me at a picnic to the Island. He fell in love and proposed to send for Mr. Rainford off hand. "I can not marry your lordship, though neither can I marry any one else." "Explain yourself, sweet conundrumist!" he tenderly replied. "Because I married you last year when you were as tight as you could be." "Right you are," he said. "I tumble to the notion, over and over every time." My uncle gave us his blessing, the drinks were set up by my lord, and—well, it was previous to the days of temperance legislation in Toronto.

Dr. Johnson.

The subject of our sketch was born at Litchfield in England, and as he grew up to maturity developed those faculties which subsequently made him celebrated. It is obvious that had he failed to do so his name would not have been heard of. He went into the school-teaching business, married a widow twice his age, and finally went up to London to get a position on the press. He had hard times for a while and most of his copy went into the waste-basket, for he had a way of using tremendous long words that the editors were not familiar with. If the city editor sent him to report a meeting of the City Council he commenced in this style: "The hebdomadal aggregation of the municipal magnates at their vesperian assemblage indulged in a superfluity of magniloquent and inconsequential rhodomontade and mutual vilipending which superinduced a sentiment of excessive exacerbation." What he meant to say was that there was considerable big talk and some lively slang-wrangling matches. Of course no city editor could stand that, so after giving him a week's trial they generally fired him out with the remark, "Darn them college fellows, anyhow! Never knew one of them to amount to shucks on a paper." Well, Johnson managed to pick up a living doing odd jobs writing prospectuses for insurance companies and show bills for circuses, where his dictionary talk came in appropriately. After a while, however, the thing became monotonous and he began to look around for something that would be less precarious. One day it struck him that a first-class dictionary with a lot of new words in it would fill a long-felt want, and he borrowed some money from a publisher, bought a lot of damaged paper cheap, and started in. He knew Greek and Latin like a book, and whenever he thought the English language didn't have a word quite long enough to express any particular idea he made one, a regular six or seven syllable jaw-breaker, and shoved it in. It took him several years, but finally the work was complete, and as soon as it was issued it made a big literary sensation. The critics all went for it, the literary men who had used up all the old dictionary expressions thought it was a big scheme, an evening paper pirated the book and brought it out in serial form, and everyone said that Johnson was a man of marvellous

crudition. Then they gave him his degree and he quit the one-horse heshery where he had been boarding and began to move in good society and drink three or four bottles of wine every day at dinner. He had a way of snubbing everybody whom he talked to on the slightest provocation. For instance, if a man remarked "Fine day, sir," Johnson would reply, "Sir, the entire superfluity of your observation is only paralleled by its intellectual fertility. I know it's a fine day without you're saying so. You're a fool, sir." Then the admirers of the great man would gaze on him with veneration and say to each other. "Wonderful man! What penetration of character! What scorn of hollow conventionalism! What withering sarcasm! What—what'll you take to drink, doctor?" Just as like as not the pompous old bull-dozer would answer: "Sir, your question savors of irrelevant impertinence and unwarrantable assumption. What right have you to assume that I will take anything to drink? Port wine, waiter." The more he sat on and snubbed his circle of admirers the more they thought of him—which is human nature. There is not much to regret in not having known him personally, but at times the wish arises that we could have the opportunity of hearing a brief interview between the doctor and the pun fiend, the political blatherkite, the "Is-it-hot-enough-for-you?" idiot, or some of the other pests and bores of modern society. Johnson's inner life is known to the world principally by the biography of Boswell, a sycophantic Scotchman who was attracted to the lexicographer by the latter's habit of calling him a preposterous lunatic and an inconsequential nincompoop. He wrote up the doctor in good style, and the book is one which everybody is supposed to read. True, it is not an autobiography, but you ought-to-buy-a-graphically written book like that.

H STONES ENR.
UNDERTAKER
239 YONCE ST.
NO CONNECTION WITH ANY FIRM

TELEPHONE COMMUNICATION.

539-7may-82

AUG. NO. —OR— "The Canadian Illustrated Shorthand Writer." —OR— READY.
(Published by Bengough, Moore & Bengough, Toronto.)