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EDITED AND ILLUSTRATED BY J. W. BENGOUGH.

The gravest Beast is the Ass; the gravest Bird is the Owl;  
The gravest Fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.

**CAUTION!**

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**To Editors of Exchanges.**

Conferees at any time favoring GRIP with a critique are requested to mark the wrapper of paper containing the same, as otherwise the courtesy may be overlooked.

**Lost For A Lady.**

BY MARY AGNES FLAMING.

VOLUME FIRST.

For a year I had loved LOLA DE VERE. That was not her real name, either by baptism or marriage, if she had ever undergone either ceremony, which, by the way, I doubt. Our love was of the very latest and most enlightened description; its ethics wore on a strictly scientific basis, it being agreed that either party might put an end to the engagement whenever fancy prompted him or her to prefer somebody else. There was to be no quarrelling—no breach of promise suit. For a year all was lovely, and the course of true love ran as smooth as ditch-water. I conducted her to countless concerts—to the dramatic troupes imported by the urbane and adventurous PIRON—to the Opera House, emblazoned by the decorative genius of CONNER. But one day, in the fall, I paid a visit to the luxurious abode of my maternal grandfather, situated on the Mountain, at Montreal. The old gentleman was of French extraction, and, owing to linguistic difficulties on both sides, little intercourse had taken place between us hitherto. At his home I met one Sunday evening a lady whose figure, *seduisante* and graceful as a serpent, whose wealth of black hair, whose blue eyes and richly delicate complexion made me feel that my affection for her had got the inside track of that for Lola. I wrote in tender yet epigrammatic language a statement of this fact to Miss de Vere. Our love was dead—another had been born. *Le roi est mort, vive le roi!*

VOLUME THE SECOND.

I frequently met this lady. She spoke English perfectly, yet with a slight foreign accent. "Many an evening from the window did we watch the stately ships." But I noticed that she never laughed even at my most brilliant jokes, and that her beautiful face was unmoved when I repeated the most pathetic passages from my romances and poems. Nor would she ever allow me to kiss her. Still, we spent much time together, with all the usual symptoms well developed. But, one evening, I sat sucking a perfumed cigarette in my room, when I heard a rapping with which attendance at the seances of the Toronto Spiritualist Society had made me famil-

iar. "Speak on, dear Spirit," I murmured. "Which I was the lady's maid of that lady which you is a-keeping company with; do you know who she is?—Lor! bless your innocent young heart, she's your grandmother! She has prolonged her life and youth by a persistent use of a preparation of Pop Bitters, similar to that celebrated one now sold in Toronto. Her complexion is an enamelled mask, which she renews, at vast cost, every year. Her wealth of hair, about which you was so precious spooney, is a wig!" I stood aghast—the image of Lola seemed to stand before me, mocking me with her youth and beauty. "Ha! ha!" I exclaimed, wildly, "that figure is unpadding, those tresses are home-grown, that complexion can stand the ripple and the rain of smiles and tears."

VOLUME THE THIRD.

As I sat before my untasted breakfast the mail arrived. I was cheered in spite of myself by the brilliant humor of the cartoons, and of the prose articles in last week's GRIP. A sudden thought occurred to me. "Ha!" said I, "Sorceress! I have hit on the plan that shall expose thy Jezebel art!"

Evening came. She sat in the shadow of the flowering myrtle in the oriel window of the drawing-room, lovely as ever, with the rose and cream complexion unruffled by the shadow of a smile. "Look at this picture," I said, suddenly placing before her that number of GRIP with the cartoon of the two Canadian Statesmen at sea. It was too much. The spell of years was broken. The enamel complexion cracked like the river ice in spring. With a peal of hysterical laughter my great-grandmama left the room.

"You've done it, young man," rapped a neighboring side-table. "Now, you'd best get up and git. Away! Her revenge may be terrible. Vamoose!"

I took the friendly counsel. My great-grandmama having exhausted her supply of Pop Bitters, and not knowing of the Toronto manufacture, died. I inherited her home and fortune. Lola and I were married by a bishop, assisted by two archdeacons and a canon. No cards.

**The Burglar's Remonstrance.**

DEAR MR. GRIP,—Knowin' has you his hallus ready fer to take the part hof the afflicted hand hoppedressed hagainst hall 'oo opposes them, I takes my pen in 'and fer to tell you 'ow JIMMY hand me was 'oaxed by them there *World* men.

JIMMY his my pal, you know, an 'e an me we was a readin hin the *World* (we hallus takes the *World* has hit contains hall about 'ANDFOO an' 'ARMY PIRER an' cockfittin, &c., hall habout 'ow somebody ad been a robbin the hoffice hof the Brantford *Hexpositor*, hand the *World* was a larfin hat the burglars fer bein so soft has to think as they would get han'ythink hin a country newspaper hoffice, an a 'intin that hif it 'ad been them the case would 'ave been different.

Now it 'ad been JIMMY hand me as ad done this job, hand hot, 'course we didn't like bein called soft, hand we thout has 'ow we'd go hand see what they 'ad so much to brag habout hin the *World*. So we stayed boff goin to church hon Sunday night last hon purpose, hand walked two miles hin hall that pourin rain.

JIM 'e didn't get no umbrelar, hand 'e got hawful wet has we as a long way to go from the hother side hof the Don where we live, we finds hit rather far to hour hoccupations hin the city at night, but it is convenient wen we 'as served our time fer we 'ave not fer to come 'ome.

Wen we got back from the city we was quite tired. JIM 'e 'ad the *World* cash-box in a car-pet bag hand it wos dreadful 'eavy. Ses JIM, ses

'e wen we got hinside, "Just 'eft." I did, ses hi "hits dreadful 'eavy" so without more to do we pried hopen the lock and looks hinside. Now JIM hand hi we is hallus down on swear-in' we considers it vulgar but hime hafraid as we wos not quite hable to restrain ourselves hon this hoccasion.

There wasn't nothink but a few coppers hand ha five pound weight fer to make hit seem 'eavy.

"Well" ses hi "hi hallus thort has that 'ORTON hand MacLEAN wasn't no gentlemen."

Ses JIM ses 'e "hi haint agoin to subscribe not no longer fer that there *World*, hand hi'll tell the proprietor at the first hoppertunity as hi considers 'im han himposter."

**Canadian Men of Letters.**

GEO. M. ROSE BY WILLIAM BLACK.

Strictly speaking the subject of this memoir does not come under the heading of this series, for he has never done any literary work himself and he never was a man of letters of the JUNIUS description. But the maxim "qui facit per alium facit per se," holds good, and, in this sense, he has done, and is doing, so much pen-work that he is fully entitled to be dubbed a *literatus*. He is of portly form and princely generosity. He makes all men rich who are so fortunate as to be in his employment. I once wrote a story for him with a lot of (very) broken English and bad Gaelic in it and he offered me so much for the exclusive right of publishing it that I had to refuse. "Naffer not so much as once time whatever, to be surely," was my remark, and he understood me to mean that I refused his offer. He wanted then to pay me for refusing, but this also I was compelled to object to. There has been a certain coolness between us ever since, and in spite of all my overtures he positively declines to take a cruise with me by the shores Barra and Staffa and Iona, to shoot mergansers and "have a good time" as the Americans put it. He doesn't care about seals or I would try to tempt him to go to Skye where I didn't shoot any, chiefly because MacLEOD of Darc wouldn't whistle a pibroch to call them and Sheummas was laid up with the rheumatics.

I seem some how to have wandered from my subject but that is one of my chief merits. Besides I do not think I remember anything more about the subject of this sketch except that he is very generous to rising authors.—but I fancy I said that before. That will do for this volume.

THE average plowman isn't much of an orator, but when he takes the stump and gets yanked over into the next field, he is a very forcible speaker.—*Stuebenville Herald*.

THE English language is very comprehensive, but the language used by the natives of Finland has more of the real Finnish to it.—*Yacoub Staruss*. Yes, but the language used by the people of Poland has the Polish to it.—*Waterloo Observer*.

Don't begin any important enterprise on October 5th—don't invest your savings in stocks on that day, or buy tickets in any of the lotteries which the police have graciously permitted to exist. It is an unlucky day. At least, we judge so from the announcement that Courtney is going to row Riley on that particular date.—*Puck*.

The Central New York Farmers' Club recently sent out invitations to its annual picnic, with its initials heading the card of invitation. "C. N. Y. F. C.!" indignantly read an old gran-ger, "eh? if that ain't the blamedest way to spell knife! This comes of yer new-fangled spellin' reform!" And he immediately sat down and wrote a wrathful letter to Professor NORR about it.—*Burlington Hawkeye*.

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