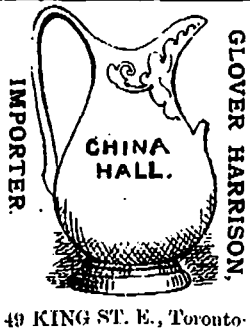


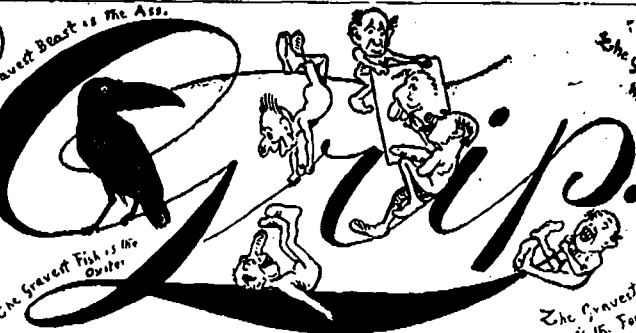
SMOKE [CABLE EL PADRE] CIGARS.



The Greatest Beast of the Ass.



The Finest Fish of the Ocean.



The Greatest Bird is the Owl.



The Finest Man is the Fool.



VOLUME XIX. No. 19

TORONTO, SATURDAY, SEPT. 30, 1882.

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AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL

Published by the GRIP Printing and Publishing Company of Toronto.

J. W. BENGOUGH, Editor & Artist. S. J. MOORE, Manager.

SUBSCRIPTION TERMS.—Two dollars per annum, payable in advance. Six months, one dollar.

The gravest beast is the Ass; the gravest Bird is the Owl; The gravest fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.

Please Observe.

Any subscriber wishing his address changed on our mail list, must, in writing, send us his old as well as new address. Subscribers wishing to discontinue must also be particular to send a memo. of present address.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Tougal McTuff.—Good. Come again.

Charley Jay.—Your articles will appear in due course—one of them in *Grip's Almanac* for '83, now in course of construction.

F. J. M.—Splendid. Call and welcome.

Inquirer.—Author's name and address should accompany each article sent in. We cannot undertake to reply by mail nor return rejected MSS, unless stamped and directed envelopes are enclosed.

ARTICLES and EXCHANGES received:—W.O. C.D., Montreal; J. Loes, C.P.M. *Pat*, Dublin; *Moonshine*, London; Pamphlet, J.L.F.; *Puck*, *Judge*, New York; *Western Figaro*, Plymouth; *Bellman*, Hull; *Owl* and *Dart*, Birmingham; *Momus*, Manchester. Where are you, *Yorkshireman*?

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—Hon. Mr. Crooks, Minister of Education for Ontario, has withdrawn Sir Walter Scott's "Marmion" from the list of text-books now in use in the schools on the ground, 1st, that it contains passages offensive to Roman Catholics, and 2nd, passages that are questionable in their morality. This Mr. Crooks is the same gentleman who but a short time ago appointed "Marmion" as a text book, and, as far as we can learn, the objectionable passages were in it at that time. This new "death of Marmion" has caused a good deal of amusement at the Minister's expense, though it has brought a much deeper feeling of pleasure to the breast of Archbishop Lynch and his co-religionists.

FIRST PAGE.—The disgusting hypocrisy of the *Globe* and *Mail* was never more strikingly manifested than in the "discussion" now going on over the interdiction of "Marmion" by Mr. Crooks. Mr. C. is a Grit, and therefore the *Globe* holds that "Marmion" ought to be interdicted, although this same pious fraud a few months ago defended Voltaire's "Pocket Theology," when it was interdicted by the Custom House officer of this city. But the Custom House officer was a *Tory*, of course. The *Mail* Tartuffe is in precisely the same box.

In the Paton dispute, it violently denounced Voltaire's work, and defended its party-pal, while now it turns its smut machine on Crooks, and defends "Marmion." But, of course, Crooks is a Grit. Canadian journalism is disgraced by these smug-faced hypocrites, neither of whom know what the word morality means where politics may be concerned.

EIGHTH PAGE.—Sir John and his sympathisers have received a bad set-back on the Crooks-act question by the Methodist conference, in the resolution which is copied in the cartoon. There is one supreme satisfaction about this expression of opinion—namely, that it cannot possibly be considered as inspired by political motives—the Methodist ministry being largely Conservative in politics.

WHAT IS TO BE DONE WITH ARABI.

Between sleeping and wak'ng GRIP has received intelligence by inspiration, and states on this authority that P. T. Barnum is prepared to offer for Arabi twice what he gave for Jumbo, and as Arabi has always been in Egypt a man high above other men, he is in the future to ride Jumbo. O'Donovan Rossa has offered a fabulous sum as rent for the pair when not on other circuit, and the proceeds are to be applied to fitting out an expedition to free unhappy Ireland—assist in the next Egyptian rebellion, or any other earnest scheme that may shake the British Lion by the mane and tail. Let England Beware!

THE TWO DOGS.

A FABLE WITH AN ODISIOUS COMPARISON.

One evening, as a big dog was trotting along the sidewalk, he passed a picket fence, the gate of which was securely fastened, and the pickets so close together that he could not possibly get through if he had wanted to. A small dog in the enclosed yard set up a tremendous barking and snarling at the big fellow outside, who became quite angry, but could do nothing but swear to himself.

"Never mind," said the larger dog, "I'll see you later, when I'll give you fits." "Not this evening, some other evening, good evening, bow-wow-wow," said the despicable little cur behind the fence, and the big dog trotted away.

Next day, the latter had occasion to pass the same yard, and behold! the gate was open. He entered, and there was the little dog, who, however, kept his mouth severely shut this time, and didn't shoot it off worth a cent. "What d'ye bark at me for, yesterday?" said the big dog.

"It wasn't me, sir," said the ungrammatical little dog, "it was another dog looked just like me."

"You're another!" rejoined the big chap, "I know you by your voice. I'm going to lick you."

But the little dog was so positive in his denial of having ever even seen the big dog before, that the latter finally had to go away unrevenged.

THE MORAL,

which is not exactly a moral is this. When an editor in his paper gets very abusive of some individual, and thinks he is all solid, way up four or five pairs of stairs, and is afterwards confronted in his sanctum by the abused individual, with a biceps like a ham and limbs like a Dundas girl's, he always doesn't think the fellow who wrote that article is in just now: doesn't know, in fact, who it was that *did* write it, anyhow; is extremely sorry that it crept into the paper; and so on, very much like the little dog. Ponder this, editors.

SWIZ.



A POINTED NOTICE.

Mr. Deputy Minister of Marine Smith does not appear to be a gentleman who has a very keen perception of the point of a joke, or he would never have issued the following Official Notice, which, however, demonstrates that he can feel the point of a pin.

"To all whom it may concern.

MARINE DEPT.,
Ottawa, Sept. 18th, 1882.

In attaching letters or papers together, a small piece of common string should be used, *and not pins*, as in getting them out, and in the official bag, in the office and at my house, the pins stick into my fingers and render the papers difficult of handling.

(Signed)

WM. SMITH,
Deputy Minister of Marine.

NOTES FROM HIGH SOCIETY.

FASHIONABLE SCIENCE.

DEAR MR. GRIP,

Taking it for granted that your readers and yourself have noticed, if you have not regretted, my silence, I will begin, as ladies usually do, by apologising and explaining. The apology please take for granted, the explanation lies in the word *illness*. Yes, the subduer of Emperors, Bishops, and Generals stooped so low as to subdue your humble correspondent. Having regained my freedom, however, I return gladly to my duty. It is no light or unimportant duty that of showing the beauty, sincerity, grandeur, and happiness of the men and women who live in and for society, and whose noble and elevating object in life is to shine therein. Some people, I have heard, consider us fools, and to refute this accusation I wrote my last letter on the "Science of Dress." I showed to my entire satisfaction that it is the most important science in the realm of thought and that we of fashion are proficient in it. Now I would speak of another science, which if less important is more widely understood. I mean the science of "Flirtation." There are some who while they love dress, know nothing whatever of it as a science, but take any lady or gentleman you like, from the shyest school girl or boy to the crankiest of maid or bachelor, place them under favorable circumstances and they will flirt in a most scientific manner. That this science is not only useful but absolutely necessary, I need not waste time to prove. Just picture to yourself, society without it! Horror! Such a picture is impossible; for balls and parties, concerts and skating rinks, in fact all the entertainments in which society indulges must die a natural death without it. Every one acknowledges that while dress is the great duty, flirting is the great pastime of society. I venture to say that there are many among us who have never given a serious thought to any subject

outside the two sciences of Dress and Flirtation. Nor is it any wonder if they are studied to the exclusion of everything else; they are the only things necessary to enable one to shine in society, and that is the object of life.

There are various branches in the science of flirtation and these again have their subdivisions. The great divisions are: looks, sighs, smiles, laughter, talking, silence, etc., etc., etc. The subdivisions are innumerable. For instance, there are looks vivacious, tender, longing, capricious, sentimental, saucy, reproachful, and so *ad infinitum*. All the other heads may be divided in like manner, and each subdivision must be well learned separately and then carefully yet carelessly blended before the students can boast of having at all mastered the science. Just as the would be musician must spend many weary hours on trills and runs, on the practice of brilliant execution, and again, low plaintive expression that at the end all may be united in one grand piece and show the player's power. It cannot be a matter of surprise to you, then, if other things are excluded from our minds which are so full of this most necessary learning; and those who call us fools must see, if they think but a moment, how wrong they were in applying the title to the votaries of such intricate sciences as Dress and Flirtation.

Yours sincerely,
JEMIMA.

FULL TEXT OF
MR. W. R. MEREDITH'S GREAT SPEECH
Delivered at the
MONSTER CONSERVATIVE CONVENTION,
Toronto, September, 1882.



Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen, (rounds of cheers), for this applause much thanks. I gaze upon this immense and intelligent convention with my greatest powers of gaze, and am impressed—you will also be impressed—into the service. Ours is indeed a noble cause! We have been out too long and we want our innings. The party of Reform is filling every Government position in this Province with young and healthy Brits in order that when the day of victory dawns for us it will not do us any good. They spare not old age. They reverence not gray hairs. They think not of long years of faithful service in the departments of the Province, but to satisfy the hungry greed of their meanest rabble they hurl from his position every man who writes after his pedigree the hated name of Tory! Shall such things continue? No! echo answers no! and I answer echo that I don't know. As GRIP says in connection with his Esopian cartoon, we shall see after the election. And we shall see—if we don't go it too blind.

I feel nervous (and nervous) for the struggle. The *Mail* says Mowat must go—and so he must. The *Mail* never lies about a little thing—and is he not the little Premier? The *Mail* leaves all that style of business to the *Globe* for its Sunday edition.

Mr. Chairman, if nothing else was needed to condemn the present administration, that Sunday meeting and that Sunday edition would do it. Ministers go to meeting on Sunday—so they ought. But Cabinet Ministers to political meetings—this is vile! Ah!

yes. The administration is doomed. The grand old mower "Conservative Chief," is here, and our motto as regards the Government is "Mowat down." It is scedy enough to be cut.

Crook(s)ed are its ways in educational matters. It must go to Pardee-tion, in the Fraser-ology of the past. I thank you for your hear-ing and also for giving me another sight for office. I will endeavor to hand-le my chances well, and to leave as a leg-acy to foot-ure generations a kneed-less amount of legislation such as my (as they will be) pre-decessors have heart-ily endeavored to do, and if no un-tow-ard event transpires I feel that the day is ours, as for night, we have the greatest knight in the Dominion with us. For him I make way; for me he is going to make a way; but before he opens to us his plans let me beg of the ushers to examine the credentials of all prescut lest a *Globe* reporter should have been admitted by mistake.



"Nip and Tuck" has enjoyed a good run at the Royal this week, and for the incoming week Mr. Conner announces two genuine attractions, to wit, Harrigan and Hart's "Squatter Sovereignty" and "Mr. Joshua Whitcombe." The first of these plays was the leading comedy attraction of New York for many weeks of late. As to the latter, everybody who has enjoyed the genial humor of old Josh. Whitcombe will be on tiptoe to find out what sort of a wife he got.

Lotta did an immense business at the Grand. Her play was capital, and with the exception of the young curate, who "played" leading man, the company was excellent. Harry G. Richmond and Company finish up this week, to be followed by the celebrated "Black Flag" combination, which embraces the popular stars, Mr. N. C. Goodwin and wife. (Eliza Weathersby).

The Zoo has received several additional attractions, including an Elephant, whereat the young folks especially are delighted.

If you insult a man and he throws you into a stream, it proves that he will brook an insult.

A young Englishman named Farquhar, famed in the London clubs for his wit and beauty, is, on account of those attributes, going on the stage. Our funny contributor says he thinks of doing likewise for the same reasons.

The *Globe* wonders how Lombard-street, Toronto, came to be named after the great banking thoroughfare of London, Eng. Probably on account of the many draughts passing through the houses in Toronto's classic locality.

When a man speaks of a woman he raves over her beautiful complexion, her delicately cut features, her glossy hair, and all that sort of thing. When a woman wishes to describe one of her sex, she simply tells what she had on. Each particularizes what each values the highest.

An eminent chemist has discovered traces of alcohol in good natural spring water. That explains it! There's another mystery cleared. We've been wondering for years how we got the impression that our honest milkman was serving us with milk punch every day.—*Boston Times*.

GRIP'S "ROSEBUD GARDEN" OF TORONTO GIRLS.

NO. 1.—BELLA.

Bella, horrida Bella:—VIRGIN.

I.

When Virgil wrote "horrida Bella"
He certainly did not mean *you*;
Though a heathen, he surely could tell a
Sweet face which is rivalled by few.

II.

To guard the blonde beauty of Bella
From sun-rays and freckles and heat,
One could wish that one were an umbrella,
To shield you and shelter you, sweet.

III.

I looked to the sky when there fell a
Lost star that flashed momentarily there,
So bright it recalled to me Bella,
I shall not see another as fair!

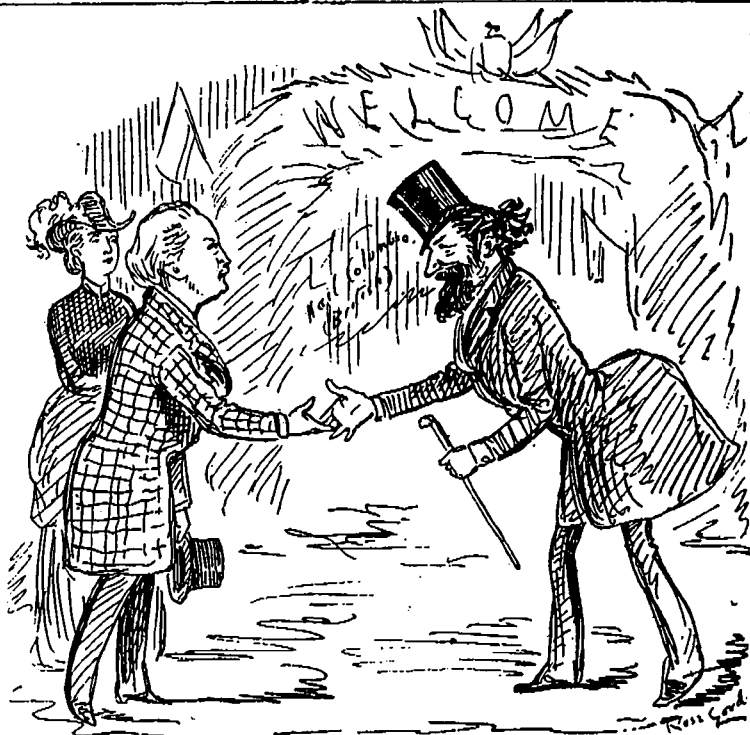
THE DOCTOR.

POLICE COURT.

(Before His Worship Public Opinion.)

A fat and wealthy but miserly old curmudgeon, known as York County Council, was placed in the dock to answer to the charge of having cruelly and heartlessly neglected to provide proper lodging or accommodation for his ward, Miss Justice, a poor blind girl, who was found lying, in squalor and rags, in a wretched hovel on Adelaide-street. The unfortunate girl is one of a large family of sisters who have been intrusted to the care of guardians in different parts of the province. In the majority of cases these wards have been well cared for, and provided with comfortable homes, but in many instances, now notorious, the very reverse is the case. The most flagrant case, however, is that of the old reprobate above-mentioned, the more so as he is the wealthiest of all the guardians, and has hitherto proved the most heartless. When the prisoner thrust his hardened mug above the rail, His Worship immediately recognized him as an old offender, who had been brought before him many times in the past few years, and about whom complaints were continually being made. Hitherto, he had discharged him with repeated warnings, and after extracting from the wretch profuse protestations of repentance and promises of amendment. These protestations and promises were worth a good deal less than the wind that was spent in making them. It is true that, some time ago, old York, becoming alarmed at the outcry raised against him, made a pretence of doing something to redeem his character in this respect. But it was nothing more than a blind. He made a proposition, which he knew would be laughed at, to his daughter Toronto, upon whose property is situated the miserable hut that Justice is languishing in, to the effect that they should jointly build her a new house, a large proportionate share of the cost of which Toronto was to bear. The discussion to which this led gave him a respite, and the situation of the poor invalid has been gradually growing worse.

When arraigned the prisoner had nothing to say further than the flimsy excuse that he could not afford to make a change. No one could be found to undertake the task of defending him. Indeed, it would have been useless, as the evidence was dead against him. A large number of private individuals, who had had occasion to call upon Justice, bore testimony to the fact that the place was in a most dilapidated and disgraceful condition, and it was shown beyond doubt that the health of several, who had been in the habit of rendering her their services, had been endangered by exposure to the damp and unhealthy influences of the building. There was no evidence for the defence. None was possible. His Worship, Public Opinion, in passing sentence, remarked that, although this was the most glaring of this class of cases, his attention had been directed



THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL WELCOMED TO BRITISH COLUMBIA.

to others in this Province, and he should feel called on at no distant day to exercise his authority in respect to them. (It is understood that another wealthy old party named Oxford is the most prominent of those referred to.) The sentence was that York County Council should be held up to public execration, and his name handed down to posterity—until at least a change was made—as one of the few blots on the escutcheon of Ontario. The old scoundrel received his sentence with brazen effrontery, and, as the punishment awarded seems to be the utmost that the law allows in such a case, there is little hope of any immediate change for the better in the poor girl's position.

SCRANTON.



HANS GRUNTZ ON CROOKS.

BISMARCK ARMS, Sept. 20th, 1882.

MEIN FREUND HERR GRIP,

Vat ish de madder mit de schules. Mine leedle poy to the schule goes, undt he fery clefer poy. He not like mine lager saloon. He say, "I go to schule, undt vork hard,

undt get my tuncificate," unt he come home grinning, his face all ofer mit de prize efery time. Undt he say, "now dis year I get my tuncificate second glass, undt I go teach den, undt get money, undt go up some more. But ven he to schule goes, de rules haf got all efery way, it is *dis* optional undt *dat* optional, put de 'zamination you don't pass mitout *dis* undt *dat* all de same. He go crazy, de teachers go crazy, undt ven I say, vat ish de madder, dey say, "Oh! it's all crooks." "Crooks! if it be all crook vy not you hammer it out straight?" "Oh but de Minister of Education is Crook!" "Humph! Crook! vy you not make him flat?" Put they their head shakes around behind und pefore.

I round der schule goes mit myself to see de head master apout mine poy, put cracious jimmini! ven I to him gomes he vas on his head standing up, reading de new school law mit his spectacles on his pig toes. "Excuse me, Mister Gruntz, for a few moments," he say, "I haf read it up, undt down, left, right, efery way. No. 1 is all right, put No. 2 makes it all wrong, now I myself turns upside down may pe I understand it petter; von't pe surprised if I myself turn inside out pefore I can get de incardness true of de confounded thing." Den I goes de stairs down to see mine poy's teacher, undt he all de von side of his viskers haf plucked de roots out of mit mad, undt he vas valking up undt down like a crazy man. "Coot cracious! Herr teacher, vat vor you go mad like dat? vas mine leedle poy wicked mit you!" "Mr. Gruntz," he cry, "we are all upset, nothing put confusion, must pegin all ofer again, that Crooks will be the death of me." "Ter plazes mit Crooks! vy you not strike, vy you not your pipes smoke undt tell him to soak his head sooner if not pefore." Undt ven I down de street valks myself pehint, I hear two men talking mit themselves walking pefore. I hear one say "Crooks," und py jimmini! I bricks up mine ears you pets. "Vy sir," says von, "the way he haf bungled dat schule bill is quite providential, I vas at my



vits end to invent some greivance to de country go mit, ven out he gomes mit something worsor dan anything I make up, a perfect god-send, a nail in fact in Mowat's coffin." Undt he laf undt laf like mad, undt I vas vonder all de time who vas Mowat undt if he vas Crook too, undt vy dey vant him in his coffin. Ven I sit smoking in mine saloon door I see a student goming down de street, roaring *Litoria*, undt making rings und halos like der virgin haf, all roundt his head mit his cane flourishing. Undt ven he come in front of mine door another student comes up mit de corners of his mouth drawn down his chin under, and his face vas much deal longer dan it vas broad. "Look here," he say, "Fancy a fellow who has graduated with honors at University college, mit a degree of B.A., to haf to go undt become a pupil at a contemptible little model school before he can be allowed to teach a few kids mit a public school. I'll see Crooks' handsome pefore I set my foot in a model school." Den de follow mit de cane undt de *Litoria* let his jaw fall so pad he not sing *Litoria* any more. It takes Crooks, mein friend GRIP, to make de seniors sing small: Crooks makes the optional compulsory, undt de compulsory optional; he say dis subject is optional, put you not pass de zamination mitout dis subject, it's all crook, more crooked, most crookedest, like mine poy say his grammer mit de book. Py coot cracious jimini plazes! I myself go crook mit talking apout it, so I say it's all crook pie for de present, mein coot friend, HERR GRIP.

Yours crookedly,
HANS GRUNTZ.



A SATISFACTORY REASON.

MECHANIC.—Hello Bill, what's up that you haven't been at work to-day?

EX-SHOPMATE.—Been injured by a premature discharge, Bob.



“THE DEATH OF MARMION”
(AS A TEXT BOOK IN THE SCHOOLS OF ONTARIO.)

The Joker Club.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

LEARNING THE GROCERY BUSINESS.

BY A SMALL BOY.

I went to learn the grocery business with Mr. Ginger, and I found him the clear ginger itself, and he found me ditto.

I was only 14 years old, but was a lot older in my own way of thinking, and stood right on my dignity the first day I was there. It only took me about half an hour to learn the business, anyway.

I learnt the candy, sugar, apple, orange and raisin business in less time than that, for I knew all about it before I got my hat off. After I had been there about twenty minutes, and was pretty well through with a bottle of gum-drops, the boss asked me if I had ever been in a grocery store before. I was too full for reply—at least my mouth was—but as soon as I got my mouth nearly empty, I said, "Often; been in bigger ones than this, too."

"Well," he said, "you seem to take hold of some parts of it pretty quick."

"Oh, yes! I can learn anything quick that I set my mind to."

"See," said he, "if you can learn to dust off those lamp chimneys, wash off those shelves, bring up some potatoes out of the cellar, and leave off eating candy."

"I don't think I can set my mind to do that. Have you no man to do these sort of things?"

"No; we always make the boy do that."

"Well, where's the boy? Ain't he come yet? I'll bet you a quarter that before I'm here long he'll have to get here earlier in the morning than this."

"Who?"

"The boy."

"What boy?"

"Didn't you say that the boy did all the dirty work? Come, old fellow, you can't fool me. If you think I'm green, why, you've got a hold of the wrong man, and it's me that's telling you."

Just then there was a lady come in. She asked the price of our best flour. I referred her to the boss. "Flour has raised," he said, "and we can't let you have a barrel for less than \$7."

"Oh, I can get it for \$6 50," she said.

"In your misty mind," says I.

"Hold your tongue," says the boss.

"My advice to you, missis," said I, "is if you can get as good flour as we have for \$6 50, your a tangled up monkey if you don't go and get it, if your credit is creditable."

"You're an impudent puppy," remarked the boss, savagely.

"The same to yourself and many of them," says I, meekly.

With this the lady marched out sedately.

"Hold on, old lady!" says I. Don't go away mad. I'll let you have a barrel at \$6 75, cash!"

She kept right on out, without letting on she heard me.

I sang out, "Good-bye, while you're handy!"

As soon as she was gone the boss said:

"Boy, you won't suit me. You would drive all my customers away with your sauce, besides driving me crazy."

"Neither one of them would be a very long drive, if I'm properly acquainted with myself, and I guess I am."

"Clear out! clear out!" shouted the boss, "before I kill you on the spot."

"Which spot do you mean?" says I, at the same time laughing heartily in his face.

He threw a pound weight at me. I made a nice catch, and said, "out on first base."

He looked wild.

I throw it back to him, but he muffed it, and it went out through the window.

I don't know where this would have stopped had not a customer come in.

I looked down the street and saw the boss coming with a policeman. I quickly got inside, locked the door, and dusted out the back way, resolved to give up the grocery business, and I have never been seen in that town since.

THE NEWER ARITHMETIC.

The length of a certain bean blower is one-third the length of a boy who is four feet high when he stands on a block five inches thick. What is the length of the blower?

A human body weighing 160 pounds falls fifty-five feet per second. How long will it take a baby weighing thirteen pounds to fall down a pair of stairs fourteen feet high?

Six men put in their capital to start a co-operative store. What was left after the manager got into Canada was valued at \$250, and this represented one-fifth of what each man put in. How much did the manager get away with?

The average cost of curing a sore throat is thirty-seven cents, and the number of sore throats in this country averages 21,000,000 per year. How much could America spend for going to the circus if our throats were brass-lined?

There are twenty-four newspaper reporters in Louisville, and each one kills an average of 150 cockroaches per day. How many victims would they number in 365 days?

A young man about to be married figures that \$9 per week will support the family in luxury, and erect a five-storey building out of the savings of three years. How many days after his marriage before he will tumble to bean soup?

It costs a political candidate \$25 per head to retain thirty loafers to slag him through a convention and \$150 for incidental expenses. How much is he out altogether, and, in case he is left, how long will it take him to make himself good by hoeing corn at \$1 per day?

In a particular field are 97 watermelons, and it is softly approached by five colored men in search of a woodchuck. How many times does 97 go into five?

James and Henry go fishing and agree to divide. James has two nibbles and a bite from a dog, and Henry gets two duckings and loses a twelve shilling hat. What is the share of each?

One person out of every five in the United States has one or more corns, and the cost of effecting a cure is \$1.30. What is the number of corn-victims, and what would be the cost of placing every person on a sound footing?

Every man who has arrived at the age of 40 years has lost at least ten umbrellas worth \$1 each. Estimating the number of losers at 11,000,000, and granting that one-third of them have stolen seven umbrellas worth ten shillings each, what do you make the total loss?

When the wind blows over Mt. Washington at the rate of 108 miles an hour, as it did the other day, those who are up in the world wish themselves down.

Though the telephone has superseded the telegraph to a certain extent, yet the average woman still continues to faint away upon receipt of a telegram.

No matter how handsome a young woman may be, when the right man comes along she is ready to yield the palm of beauty, if he has the sense to ask for it.—*Boston Transcript*.

It is estimated that the teeth undergo as many as ten changes of temperature in twenty-four hours, and the wonder is that anybody over 15 years old has anything left to chew with.

It is now estimated that the Chinese were 3,000 years building the great wall to keep the Tartars off. Seems as if it would have been cheaper to hire the British to give the Tartars a whopping.

Sir William Thompson has been studying the moon and the weather, and he says they have nothing whatever to do with each other. Please correct your ledgers and start on some other theory.

The *Detroit Free Press* asserts that the majority of Mormon women are as ignorant as rolling-pins. True; and it's a wise rolling-pin that knows its own bumps.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser*.

Americans who know what "a beautiful Circassian girl" looks like say that not one of them could hold a candle for looks to the majority of girls to be found eating gum-drops at American county fairs.

The 20,000 pairs of blue-glass spectacles for the English soldiers in Egypt had hardly reached there when the war ended. There was nothing sore-eyed in the way the redcoats wound up rebellion.

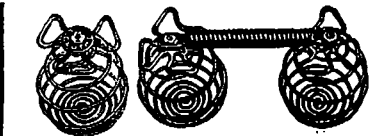
Up to the 1200 only one person in 650 could read or write. Tailors had to dun in person, and when a young man wanted to let a girl know that he loved her he had to meet her at the gate and come right to the point.

Gen. Wolsley thinks war correspondents are always untrustworthy, and attempts to prove it by writing his own reports. Thus far he has achieved distinguished success as a war correspondent.—*Boston Transcript*.

The fashionable dance in Hungary is one in which every man dancing hugs two women at the same time. It will be the rage at American watering places where there are not men enough to go round.—*New Orleans Picayune*.

The only difference that we can think of just now between the girl you adore and a bear-trap, young man, is that one bangs the hair and the other hangs the bear. If this is not the proper kibosh we do not want the chromo.—*Boston Times*.

RUPTURE CURED.



BY four months' use of Charles Cluthe's Patent Surgical Truss, Patented in U. S. and Canada. POINTS OF EXCELLENCE: 1st, Weighs only one ounce. 2d, Perfect ventilation of air circulates freely under pad. 3d, Constant pressure. In speaking the tongue acts as a valve in the mouth, which causes a corresponding pressure immediately on the hernia. The pad is so perfect that it instantly imitates the motion of the tongue when speaking. 4th, It will give to the slightest motion of the body. It is made of best brass, therefore rusting is impossible. The pad when pressed (as above shown) has a clamping pressure, the same as by placing the hand upon the leg, extending the thumb and drawing together. This truss is the result of a life's study and 15 years' material experience. Twenty-four thousand adjusted in the last seven years by the inventor. Recommended by leading physicians. I defy the rupture I cannot hold with ease. Spinal instruments, most improved. A new apparatus for straightening Club Feet, without cutting or pain. Send 6 ct. stamp for book on Rupture and the Human Frame (registered) by Charles Cluthe, valuable information. Address CHARLES CLUTHE, Surgical Machinist, 111 King Street, West, TORONTO, Ont., and corner Main and Huron Streets, BUFFALO, N. Y.

A TALE OF OLD CHINA.



Blak Hi was a native of China.
A beauteous maiden was she,
And none would have dreamt that so fine a
Young girl was a "Heathen Chinee."

Her pa was a mandarin haughty,
Her mother was born at Peking.
Her pa whacked her daily—when naughty,
Her ma was addicted to gin.



Blak Hi loved a handsome young fellow,
A most gorgeous pigtail had he;
His face was a nice quiet yellow,
His eyes they were shaped like a V.

Of she and her lover were parted,
She wrote to him frequently then,
And poured forth her woes, broken hearted,
With the aid of a golden nibbed pen.

This pen was Blak Hi's greatest treasure,
For it was a present from *him*;
She gazed at it daily with pleasure,
Till o'er it her bright eyes grew dim.



Of treasures she had very many,—
A poodle uncommonly fat,
A silk-worm she'd bought for a penny,
A Cochin and tortoise shell cat.

One morning she heard from her lover,
And wishing to answer him then,
She vainly turned everything over,
And found she had lost her gold pen.

The silk-worm had likewise departed—
The cochin's sweet voice was not heard—
The Tom-cat a journey had started,
She fancied to follow the bird.

With anguish her tender heart quivered,
She picked up her pet poodle pup
And said, "we will never be severed,"
On you my dear doggy I'll sup."

With gravy that poodle was basted,
He was most deliciously cooked,
And Blak Hi remarked, when she tasted,
He ate quite as nice as he looked.

But when she explored for the stuffing,
She gave a loud groan and retired,
For there lay poor puss hot and puffing,
Who merely said "meow," and expired.

When eating the cat two days after,
She thought she heard noises inside—
A sort of strange indistinct laughter,—
'Twas the cochin who crowed and then died.

The dead fowl she had cooked for dinner,
It made a most delicate roast;
The silk-worm was seated within her—
It wriggled and gave up the ghost.

She fished out the worm in distraction,
And chewed it quite listlessly, when
She found to her great satisfaction,
Her long lost, her golden nibbed pen.
The poodle poor puss had devoured,
The tom cat had lunched on the hen,
The cochin, whose temper was soured,
Ate the silk-worm, who'd swallowed the pen.



A pen-holder—A hog.

A stakeholder—The ground.

Was "Arrah be dad!" the father of Arabi
Bey?

The fall business—The trees shedding their
leaves.

A tender subject with Sir Charles Tupper—
The Trent Valley Canal.

The man at sea, who was talked to death
when dead was thrown over-board.

A novel has been published lately entitled
"Laide." Why should it not be laid aside till
finished?

The gentleman in Montreal, who has been so
much talked of lately, was a hunter after other
people's money.

A new book is announced as follows:—The
Sixth Edition of "Mrs. Mayburn's Twins."
We pity Mr. Mayburn.

I lately read an article headed the "Decline
of Man." I have no faith in any such idea, as
I asked a man to have a drink the other day
and he didn't decline worth a cent.

The Lindsay market is the finest in the coun-
try. A country-woman brings in one con-
sumptive chicken. A crowd gather round,
and draw lots for the bird till it gets down to
two. Then they each seize a leg and pull. In
this way the bird is divided soon. Along come
two other fellows, grumbling because the
chicken had not two more legs, so they might
have also had a pull.

THOSE BRITISHERS AGAIN.

MESSRS. BUGG AND V. V. DE VERE ON CANADA.

No. 1.

MR. BUGG TO HIS MOTHER.

BAYVILLE, Canada, 1882.

Weel, 'ow d'ye do, old 'oman? it's a pretty tidish time
Since last I tipped yer a line, so now H'll gie ye a dose
o' rhyme
Since I came hout 'ere you'd 'ardly think 'ow H've been
gettin' hon,

Wy! I'm one o' the bloated haristercrats, the tonnest of
the ton.

The' H'im gettin' rich my 'eart is warm, an' I hossen
thinks o' you

An' father an' 'is cobbler shop, I thinks about 'im too.
But haint it bloomin' wonderful, the airiest kind o' joke
For me to cut a dash out 'ere; a common kind o' bloke?
Wi, ye know I 'ardly couldn't read wen I left 'ome at
fust,

But now you'd hought to see me, for can't I come it,
just?

I'm one o' Bayville's bloomin' swells, (they calls hus the
'erleet,")

An' I nods my 'ead familiar to all the nob's I meet.
H've made a pile of o' spon's, or stamps, an' takes my
daily grub

With all the hoother swells in town at an 'ouse we call
the Club.

Hi tell yer! don't we do it brown with liveried waiter
blokes,

As we sits an' heats h'our wittles in sight of passin' folks,
And takes a chair hout hon the stoop an' swigs our beer
and wine,

And lets the people see we knows just 'ow to come it
fine;

We're just the same as them at 'ome, them United Service
chicks,

And the Army and Navy Clubs, and don't we pile it on
like bricks,

We cuts it *vayther* fatter than them chaps down in Pall
Mall,—

But wot's the use o' doin' a thing hunless yer does it well?
Hourclub's composed of all the best and nobbiest 'olesale
chaps,

We don't allow no retail blokes to fill *hous* vacant gaps.
Wen fust the club was started we 'ad to draw the line
At them below perfeshunals to cut the thing down fine.

But some 'ow rules get broken, and hafter hall, ye know,
Wy, some o' them perfeshunals is most unkimmon low,

Aint 'ardly got a stiver, as they calls 'em hout 'ere, cents,
And it's 'ardly right for men like that to fraternize with
gents.

I sometimes larfs when thinkin' wot I *was* and wot I *am*,
A swell hout 'ere, at 'ome, ye know, 'is Lordship's vally
de sham.

Yer see I've changed my moniker, took on a hextra name,
Wy bless yer 'eart there's plenty more as does the very
same.

But now I'll wind up. Tell the gov. to keep a cheerful
mug

And give my love to hall, old gal, from

'ENRY NORFOLK-BUGG.

No. 11.

MR. VAVASOUR VERE DE VERE TO GRIP.

DEAR GWIP,—It is not often that I wash
into pwint, but an article which appeah'd in
your last issue (I often wead GRIP, but I
weahilly appreciate *Punch* much more, for the
jokes are all explained in that papah, and a
follah can see the point in a few minutes)
seemed to touch upon the vevy thing that bed
atwuck me, and though it was written by some
howwible plebian, I must confess the fellah is
wight, or as wight as the lowah classes ever
can be. I think some of the institutions in
this country are simply beastly, and the
private boarding house is one of the beastliest
of them all. Though I am not *wich*, I am dis-
cended from a vevy old family, (Giuseppe di
Vero having been a powipatetic musician in
the time of the Medicis, pwomenading the
stweets of Flowence with his instwument which
he played with a cwank, and accompanied by
a member of the Simiades family), and my in-
stincts are those of a blue-blooded awistocrat,
and it is merely a tempowawy misunderstanding
with a common tradesman that brought me
to this howwible country at all. Not being *wich*
I was compelled, aftah exhausting my cwedit at
the Woyal hotel heah, to patwvone one of these
pivate boarding houses, where the occupants
were of the most hetewogeneous chavacter.
Fancy my feelings when I found I had to
woom with a black bwute of a moulder, who
actually wotired to west without a *wobe de
nuit*, and who had the tenewity to dwess up
mine as a dummy, and put it in one of the—
the ah—female boarders bed-wooms! I came
vevy near thrwashing him for his audacity, and
should have done so, only the great big cow-
ardly bwute sat on me on the floah just as I
was about to give him a twemendous beating,
and my eye is black yet. Just picture to
yourself, Mr. GWIP, a Veah de Veah engaged
in combat with a gweasy mouldah!

Then I had to sit at meals next to a pwintah
or a weportah, or some such fellah, and he
cwacked his idiotic jokes all the time, and
called me Lady Clawa, and so on, till I thwreat-
ened to wun a piece of beefsteak through him
one day, when he went off and wote a poem
about "The Awistocwat's honor at steak" and
pwinted in his beastly, commonplace news-
paper. The landlady's daughtah, who did
what they called the chores round the house in
the day-time and monopolized the sitting-
woom at night with a young fellah who sang
in the church choir (I went to church one
day on purpose to hear them sing, and all I



*Resolution passed by Canada Methodist Conference.
Hamilton Sep. 1882*

*"Although we cannot accept as Righteous ab-
solutely, any License Law, yet, if we must tol-
erate some one as the tentative Regulator
of an Evil till we can have it Removed, We
must regard the CROOK'S ACT as the best in-
strument for this suppression the Province
of Ontario ever had. We would emphatically
deprecate any Legislation that would impair
its Efficiency, and we would respectfully
recommend our people, where this Law
obtains, to use their voice and franchise to
prevent the control of this License System
reverting to the Municipalities, where the
Industrious Ward Politician and the Interested
Liquor Dealer so largely manipulate the Election*



AN AWKWARD PASS.

REV. SIR JOHN--BUT, MY DEAR BROTHER, THIS IS A QUESTION UPON WHICH GOOD MEN MAY DIFFER!

could catch of that beautiful hymn, "Newer to Thee," was

"Naw aw taw thaw maw Gaw
Naw waw aw thaw
Eaw it baw a cwar, etc.,

just like any fashionable church) used to sit opposite me at dinnah, and I was tewwibly disgusted at the way she thrust her knife half way down her epigastwium, but what could I do? I was at length taken pity on by a friend who introduced me to his club, with the infamation that the membahs were fearfully select, and what d'ye think I found? A lot of the principal twadesmen of the place, by jove! fellows who sold sugar, and tweacle, and tape, and pills, and such d'wy goods (as they call them in this beastly countwy), congwegated togethaw and doing the haw-haw at an immense wate. I honored them by accepting an invitation to dinnah, and one disgusting old beggar tucked his napkin under his chin, and ate his fish with his knife, and asked me "if he might assist me to some pate dee foy grass." Bah! I was very near being sewiously unwell. I find that Canada is no place for the Bwtish awstocwacy unless they have money, and my old ghoul of a landlady has got my twunk, and won't let me have as much as a clean collar till I pay her those thwee weeks board I owe. The weporter says he can get me a "sit," as he calls it, on his paper, but, by jove! I should have to wun about interviewing all sorts of chawacters, and go poking into all manner of places after what he calls "items," and I'm sure I shouldn't be able to wite the truth always, which would be a stain on the escutcheon of the de Veahs, and moahover, I think most newspaperh men spwing from the lowah classes, and I'm sure I could not associate with them on anything like terms of equality, and might have to thwash them like I did the mouldah. I will wite for you wegularly if you can make it worth my while (say £5 a column), for I think Gwrr is taken by all of the best people.

Yours despondently,
VAVASOUR VERE DE VERE.

Never swear before ladies," says a preacher. What are we to do. Wait until the ladies swear first, and then swear after them? An early reply solicited.—*Bloomington Eye.*

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Quinsy, Sore Throat, Swellings and
Sprains, Burns and Scalds,
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