

GRIP

EDITED BY J.W. BURGOUH

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LITTER-ARREST

MUSIC

DRAMA

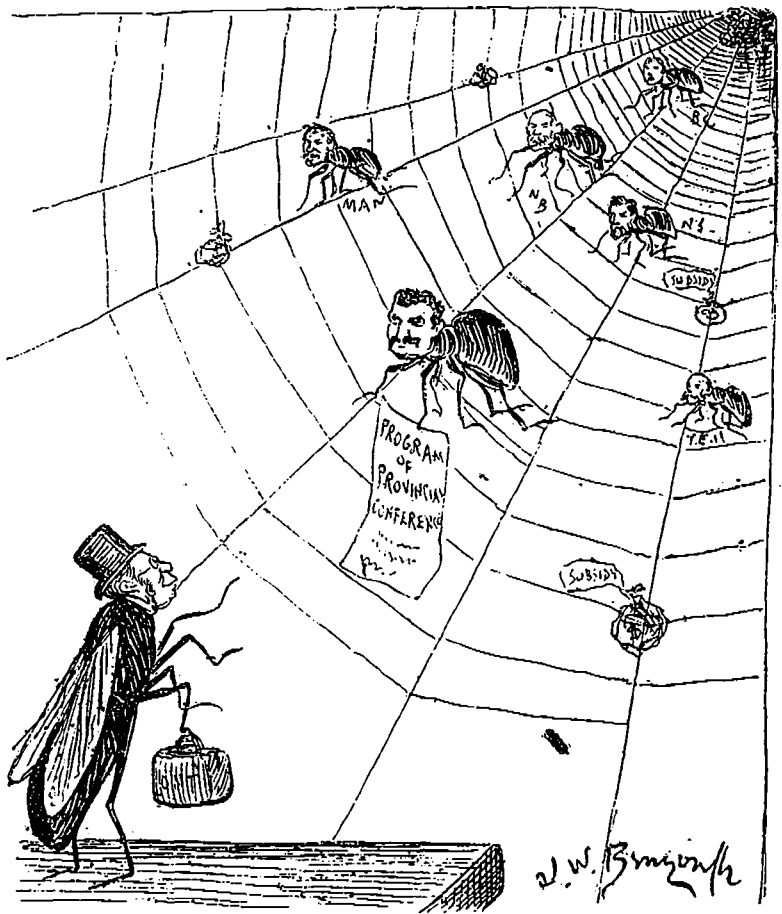
WISDOM
(WEAR THE
MAGNIFICENT
TURTLE)

TERMS

ADVANCE

IN

The bravest beast is the Ass.
 The bravest bird is the Owl.
 The bravest fish is the Oyster.
 The bravest man is the fool.

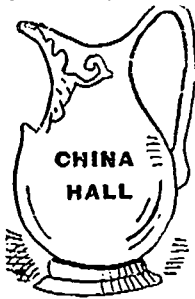


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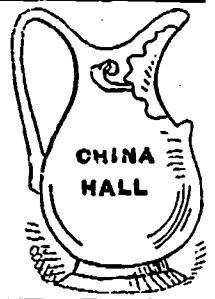
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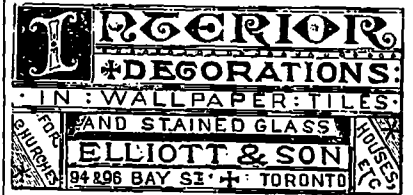
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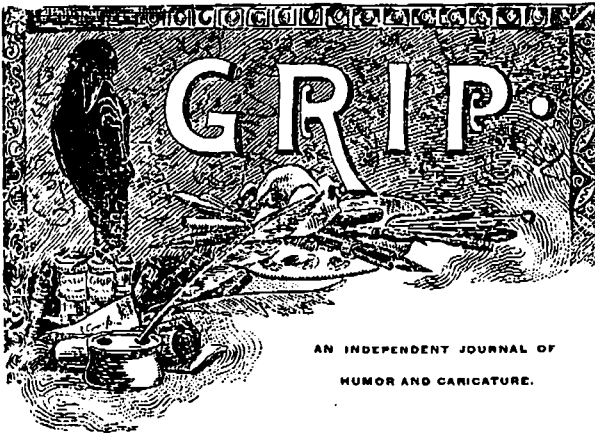
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Comments on the Cartoons.



THE SAME OLD DIET.—Mr. Laurier's speech at Somerset is a severe blow to those who were looking for the inauguration of a spirited policy by the new Liberal leader. If anything, the programme as now announced is milder than Mr. Blake's, for at least one reform boldly advocated by that gentleman—the reconstruction of the Senate—is dropped altogether. The Reform party has, no doubt, a tough constitution, but it is a dangerous experiment for Mr. Laurier to adopt the plan of the old fellow who furnished his horse with blue spectacles and then fed him on shavings instead of hay. The diet upon which the party is now subsisting is about as nutritious as shavings, and it may be doubted whether it can be made palatable very long, even when viewed through the party glasses.

THE SPIDER AND THE FLY.—With his usual shrewdness Mr. Mowat has decided not to be personally present at the conference of provincial premiers suggested by Mr. Mercier. Ontario will be represented by some other member of the Cabinet, so that the Government will not necessarily feel bound by any action that may be taken. There is a prevalent feeling in this province that, whatever may be the exact character of the question to be discussed, the ultimate aim of the other provinces is to get additional financial aid, which means an increase of Ontario's load. What is needed is a regularly organized constitutional convention, at which the much needed amendments to the B.N.A. Act could be decided upon, and brought directly to the attention of the Imperial Government to secure the necessary legislation.

Scart the Basin.

A TRUE STORY.

Oii, weel I like to ca' to min' !
The happy, happy days langsyne,
Ere jollity had fled awa,
And folk could tack a loud gaffa,
And didna sit like spectres gaunt,
A' dreading they would come to want.

But jollity is dead and gane !
The spectre sits at ilk hearthstane,
And granes and sighs, and wonders hoo
She's ever able to get through.

Then earth lay in a blessed dream
Of the almighty powers of steam ;
The giant that had come to birth
To work sic wonders on the earth ;
More mighty feats than e'er were dunc
By warlocks underncath the munc.

Then in a village of the west,
That still of all we love the best,
Three carles lived—a drouthy three
As ever lo'ed the barley bree !
Ne'er needin' to be pressed to pree.

Their fav'rite howff, the Rising Sun,
Was keepit by auld Mattie Maun,
Wha was in truth quite an uncommon,
Shrewd, sensible, far-seeing woman,
Wha reared a family o' teachers,
Gaugers, and celebrated preachers,
A' by her foresight and her skill,
Her management and strength o' will,
In quaitly working the wee still.

And Mattie keepit aye the guid
Barleycorn's unpolluted bluid ;
And so our worthies turned the sun,
Into the very shrine o' fun ;
And while they were upon the splore
Kept a' the parish in a roar.

The first we'll name " Orator Tam,"
And a' he needed was a dram,
To set him thoroughly agaan—
The tide o' tongue nought could withstaun !
And how the weavers did adore um,
" Nae government could staun afore um,"
And how their very bosoms burned,
As thrones and kingdoms he o'rturnd,
And beat the big prophetic drum
About the better times to come ;
How loudly then they did applaud um,
A second Willie Cobbett ca'd um,
And said e'en the tremendous Brougham
Could hardly haud the caunle to um.

ALEXANDER M'LACHLAN.

(To be continued.)

"STANLEY MASSACRED."

SUCH is the truthful legend under a portrait of the renowned and very much murdered explorer in Wednesday's *Evening Telegram*. No one looking at that picture can doubt the awful fate of the redoubtable Stanley. The evidences of murder most foul are there, in the form of an awful slash across the forehead and another across the jaw extending across the moustached upper lip. The face also is one black bruise. Alas, poor Stanley, thou art indeed a gone coon this time—nevertheless, we pray that when next you report yourself, right side up, the calamity we dread may not be precipitated by some one sending you this awful portrait of yourself.



DELICACY AND TACT.

HE sat on a bench in the Park, meditating no doubt, with his dirty, battered stiff hat drawn over his beery face. He was smoking a cigar so rank that he was almost surprised himself, when a still worse-looking and more dilapidated tramp sidled up, and sat on the bench at his side. He did not look up, however.

"My friend," asked the new-comer, gazing out straight before him, "do you swear?"

"I do gen'ruly," returned the other, without changing his attitude.

"Drink?"

"—M—yes. I git dry once in a while."

"Gamble?"

"Can't say but I wouldn't."

"Chew tobacco?"

"Look here, pardner, ain't you gittin' kind'r curious?"

"Answer me that; do you chew tobacco?"

"Well, what 'f I do?"

"That's what I wanted to get at, in a soothing, polished, gentlemanly way, as it were. Gimme a chew, will you?"

THE UNFORTUNATE ENGLISHMAN AND THE OWL.

A TALE OF MUSKOKA.

I.

(You are probably thinking that in all natural history it would be impossible to find two more dissimilar and utterly unrelated objects than an unfortunate Englishman and an owl. The owl is a solitary bird of great gravity and haughtiness; it is lacking in tact, in the happy faculty of making itself entertaining in mutual intercourse.

It does not give evidence of that consideration for others, that suppression of self, that well-bred deference, and that sprightliness of manner which make some persons such charming companions. Owls, indeed, are possessed of so few engaging traits of character that you would hardly expect an Englishman, however unfortunate, to associate with one—ostentatiously, let us say. Perhaps you are right. You will allow me, however, to remind you that the unexpected is an element of the artistic; and that in the world of facts, too,—

But to my story.)

II.

In a state of self-satisfied laziness I reclined within the tent one evening in July, smoking and watching complacently, with head raised on one hand, Smith's progress in preparing the evening meal. The waters of Lake Joseph, shimmering and glistening in the moonlight, lispd on the beach below us. I was one of a party of four, camping on Preacher's Point, Muskoka.

Mingled sounds reached the ear. The humming of mosquitoes and the croaking of a hundred frogs filled in the short intervals between the screechings of an aged tenor owl from an opposite peninsula. If a large saw mill in B flat had added its volume of sound, one given to musing might fancy himself listening to a selection from a new opera by Wagner. As it was, however, the vociferations of that zealous but mistaken owl dominated the landscape, making the evening air painfully resonant.

In one of the few periods of momentary quiet, the regular repetition of an unusual sound,—the splash of a paddle,—drew my attention from the vocal efforts of the owl for a time. I soon observed a dark shadow out on the lake, which gradually resolved itself into a bark canoe, in which were seated a man and a dog.

III.

"Yes, you're right, a nice night it is," Smith answered to the new comer's greeting. "You can land easier over yonder."

I jumped up and hastened to welcome our unexpected visitor. He was a man of fine physique, and gave us somehow the impression of being in character and education rather above his surroundings. He wore durable corduroy of a pronounced English make; a large straw hat, and top-boots, strong though not very well-fitting, completed his protection against the weather. He shook hands cordially all round, and was made heartily welcome.

"I saw your light four or five miles away," he said. "I got confused among the islands after leaving the last portage, and coming in sight of your camp-fire, decided to run in for directions. I've been paddling like a galley slave for three hours. Light is always deceptive," he added, "I've noticed it often on my farm up on the Bay. The steamer's light shows so plainly on a clear night, I could take it to be a hundred yards off shore, did I not know that the route from Owen Sound is a good six miles out in the open water."

After seeing to the comfort of his dog, a middling-sized curly retriever, to which he seemed to be greatly attached, he was prevailed upon to join us at supper. Over the meal which Smith had just made ready, he told us his story.

IV.

His, we learned, had been an unhappy life. A young Englishman, strong and willing to work, he had left his father's home in sunny Devon, and arriving in Canada, had taken up a farm on the Georgian Bay about fifty miles south of French river. The first difficulties toilsomely overcome, a rich harvest had been his reward, and while on a trip south to purchase implements of which he stood in greater need yearly, he had returned with a young Ontario maiden to share in his efforts and hopes in that great solitude.

Soon after, the married couple experienced their first reverse. In the dead of night, a forest fire, with one fierce breath, swept away the accumulation of the toil of years, barns and grain and home. Undaunted by this great misfortune, he sent back his wife till he should once more have a home to offer her. Success again had well nigh crowned his efforts when one day he received the tidings of his young wife's death! Broken in spirit, he was now on his way south to gaze on the grave of her whose untimely end had cast so deep a shadow on his life.

V.

OUR meal was over when he had finished. Tobacco was then got from the tent, and the tones in which we conversed that evening were more subdued than had been usual before in the camp. We made every effort to divert our guest by little accounts of our life in camp, and it was pleasant to note the varying success of our attempts to wean his thoughts from himself. He accepted our invitation to stay the night with us, but gratefully declined to put us to the inconvenience of sharing our tent, which was indeed, as he said, quite small enough for our own comfort.

My thoughts on retiring, were, I confess, full of pity for the unfortunate man outside, and once after lying down, I even put my head out of the tent to try my persuasive powers again. He had drawn his canoe in front of the cheery fire, and was already fast asleep inside it,

with the faithful dog at his feet. And I, too, after a time, was "hushed with buzzing night-flies" to my slumber.

VI.

WHEN I awoke, a few bright golden rays, shining through the trees, made a dancing shadow on the thin canvas roof, and announced the arrival of another day. We were all susceptible enough to the beauties of an early ramble in the fragrant woods, with their fragrant foliage and lusty-throated warblers, to be early risers; and on this morning, of course, our first glances were directed to where our guest of the night before had slept.

He was already gone. And it required very little time to sum up what he had not taken with him. An hour or two later, when the inventory of missing articles was completed, Smith calculated with probable accuracy, that they would exactly fill a birch-bark canoe, leaving room only for a middle-sized, curly dog in the bow, and a man with a large straw hat in the stern.

VII.

In the evening, the owl on the opposite peninsula was in excellent voice, and in offering his remarks to the tented inhabitants of Preacher's Point seemed to use a great many needlessly sarcastic inflections. And after each blast of scurrilous sarcasm he emitted a guttural, choking sound which was profoundly annoying to us, jarring as it did on all the suggestions of the evening landscape,—for the outlines of the land, the glimmering water-stretches, the tracery of the trees and the delicate pencillings low down in the sky were indeed a joy and a revelation to soul and sense.

It was later in the same evening,—but this by the way,—that, after a careful study of the question in all its aspects, I first became convinced of the enormous advantages which would result from Annexation.

ST. O. O'DENT. 31

SONNET BY A MATHEMATICIAN.

If you loved me as I love you,
No mule would kick our love in two.
If you loved me as I love thee,
No mule would kick our love in three.
If me, as I thee, thou'd'st adore,
No mule would kick our love in four.
If thine, as mine for thee, should thrive,
No mule would kick our love in five.
If thou on me thy heart couldst fix,
No mule would kick our love in six.
If love for thee thy heart could leaven,
No mule would kick our love in seven.
Couldst thou my love reciprocate,
No mule would kick our love in eight.
If thou wert mine as I am thine,
No mule would kick our love in nine.

But when my love for thee grows cool,
I'll want a mule to kick a fool.

Eh?

POETRY AND PROSE.

"O isn't it lovely! What a charming place!" exclaimed Araminta, as she and her Harold stood on the bridge gazing up the Rosedale ravine. "What a beautiful steep hill. I should so like to live over here!" "Yes, so should I," answered the young man in a far-off voice, as he toyed with a key and a ten cent piece in his trouser pocket, "but property over here is a little too steep for me."



A BOSTON EPISODE—I.

Professor Underdon (at the Boston Browning Club)—No, my hearers, we can not linger too lovingly on the grand words and refining thoughts of our great master of—

"FIZZ-IZZ-IST."

THE gay, bold Soda Fountaineer,
As quick as a wink is he;
Right deftly does he engineer
His fountain, blithe and free.

Hundreds of winks are winked at him
All on the Sabbath day,
When citizens ask for a cooling glass
Of "pineapple soda-a."

He handles as many (syrup) stops
As a cathedral organist;
And, on the whole, he deserves to be styled
An eminent physicist.

FABLES FOR CANADIANS.

I.—THE STORY OF THE FROG AND THE OX.

ONCE upon a Time there was an ambitious Frog of a newspaper that tried to bloat itself into a party Organ but came to Grief.

The Way of it was this.

The great, strong Ox who drew the party Plow disliked the foul Swamp he was in, and cut the Connection. The Frog, though in Public he upbraided his Friend the Ox, for his Meanness, was secretly glad of the Split. For being bred in the Swamp he knew every Puddle, and thought to himself, "I will gain many Shekels if I drag the Plow through." So not waiting until the Master engaged him, the ambitious Frog thrust his Neck under the Yoke and puffed and puffed, but did not stir the Plow. Yet he Vaunted to the other Frogs, "See me who am as big, and do more than the Ox could do!" His Glory was but short, For meanwhile the Master returned, driving another Ox,—"*Haw! Empire, g'long!*" And It did; and not seeing the Frog, stepped on it and Squashed its Life out.

We are Instructed by this fable that it is Seldom advisable to bite Off more than we can Chew. HH.

AN INTERCEPTED LETTER.

TORONTO, Aug. 15th, '78.

DEAR MARY AMELIAR,—I send you by this mail a lot of newspapers full hof letters hall habout the letter my 'usband sent to the newspapers habout the rudeness hof the Toronto girls—ho! hit is orful the way they 'ave talked back to that man, wich he was honly hadvisin' hof them for their hown good, hand I do think nothink hever will himprove their manners, hunless hindeed the Salvation Harmy, wot his a-doin' hof a deal hof good, might help 'em a little by the force hof hexample a-teachin' hof them modesty hand quiet decent behavioir hon the public streets, hand the proper use hof the Queen's Henglish wich it is a deplorable fact they caunt heven speak correct Henglish. They caunt heven spell properly—for when I harsked a young woman to spell my name, "Holiphant," she hactually spelt it with a haich instead of a ho! Comment is hunnecessary. Wen a Toronto girl meets a young man hin the street, hinstead of blushing pretty and 'anging hof her 'ead down like a modest Henglish maiden, she heither looks away hout hover his 'ead, and don't notice him no more nor he was a hanimal that didn't

know nothink, or she will look at him without hever a blush straight in the face the same as hif he was a female hof the very same sect as 'erself. It do make a woman ashamed hof her sect, sich conduct. The young men, I ham sorry to say, hain't no better—why, they think nothink of going into an 'at store and buying an 'at—without hever consulting the newspapers to see whether the Prince hof Wales has first set the fashion—such misrespectful people I never see, hand hif you wish to see the full measure hof their himpidence hand their himdependence, wich all you've got to do is to mention one word, "Jubilee." Hand they hactually 'aves the himpidence to say that hif we don't like Canadian manners we can go back to Hengland—wich they forget as Canada his honly a Henglish colony has belongs to hus Henglish wich they are honly barbarous colonists. Ho, Mary Ameliar! I do feel *horful* habout the hignorance hof these poor Torontor girls—hand I think hif you would mention the matter to her ladyship—when you hare a-dressing hof her 'air some hevening wich she be in a good humor—she might get some hof the hother ladies hof title to start a Canadian Mission Club for the Himprovement hof the Manners hof the Youth hof Toronto—wich I would be willing to haccept the position hof 'Ome Missionary to the pore benighted creatures has don't know the first thing habout conduct hand manners—wich the salary though small might 'elp hour little hincome—and so bring good hout hof hevill—wich its horful wot my pore 'usband 'as suffered from the himpident replies of the hill-mannered 'ussies wich it was for their hown good he wrote that letter to the *Telegram*. Your hever haffectionate sister,

HEMMA.

To Miss Mary Ameliar Walker, Lady's Maid,
Grosvenor Terrace, London, Eng.

THE wife of the man who agitates himself over muchly about the final destruction of this earth generally takes in washing to support the family.



A BOSTON EPISODE—2.

Child of the house (entering suddenly)—John L.'s goin' by, 'f yer wan' ter see him!
—N. Y. Puck.

THE CIRCUS SEASON.

THE circus season's now at hand,
When clowns' jokes are irrelevant,
And the small boy, crawling under the tent,
Gets stepped on by the elephant.

SUMMERING AT COAL ISLE.

HAVING made my fortune out of petroleum, I called the island which I bought Coal Isle. Every rich and fashionable man must have an island, nowadays. It is the *chic*. Fashion says so, and all her votaries must obey. Mrs. Smith said we must have one because the Browns and Robinsons had. The Misses Smith endorsed their mother's *dictum*. All the little Smiths echoed ditto. Accordingly I bought an island in the blue St. Lawrence, and, as it was too late to build a cottage this season, it was decided that we should camp out. We took the *Corinthian* to Kingston, whence a little steamer carried us and our numerous effects, and landed us on the rocky point of Coal Isle.

What glorious sensations! We each felt like a separate Robinson Crusoe, "monarch of all we surveyed." Mrs. Smith climbed to the highest eminence and looked proudly round on our new estate, bounded by the sparkling waves. "There," she exclaimed, "I wonder what Mrs. Brown or Mrs. Robinson would say to that. If this does not beat their old Muskoka islands all to pieces I'll be jiggered." What Mrs. S. meant by "jiggered" it would be hard to say, but there was no doubt about the meaning and direction of the sentiment.

John and myself pitched the tents beneath the shade of some spreading oaks, and made all snug for the night. The girls and Mrs. S. unpacked the bedding and edibles, while the little Smiths industriously gathered chips and dry branches for the fire. "This is the perfection of living," said Mrs. Smith sentimentally as we sat at tea round a white table cloth covered with choice viands. "This is the perfection of living—so free from conventionality."

One would have supposed that Mrs. S. had been used to conventionality all her life. In fact, she quite forgot

when we used to be satisfied with pork and potatoes and two-pronged steel forks, on a deal table. Those were the happy days when I tinkered in the back-shop, and sold coal oil at 100 per cent. in the front. We had worked into wealth, and Mrs. S., by judicious pushing, had advanced step by step into fashion and conventionality. Now she pretended that it was delightful to have a change. "Yes, the simplicity of this pastoral life is really—but, Thomas, the mosquitoes seem to be very numerous!"

They were becoming troublesome, to be sure. First a few skirmishers came out from the bushes and buzzed over the tea table, lighting occasionally on a fair hand or neck. Then, as the sun went low, came on the support and the reserve. We were all kept busy at the slaughter. Between mouthfuls of ham and marmalade could be heard the slap of the destroying hand on leg or face, with suppressed murmurs, which, as far as we could gather, were decidedly unconventional.

Tea was finished hurriedly. The dishes were put away unwashed, as the girls declared they could do no work in such torment. We all sought the refuge of the tents, which

we had wisely taken the precaution to close. Thank heaven, they were free from mosquitoes, and, as it was now nearly dark, we declared that it would be "early to bed, early to rise." We had hardly settled under our blankets when a familiar hum was heard—just enough to let us know we were not forgotten. It soon developed into several hums on different notes, then into a chorus, and finally into an oratorio, with two or three circuses and five giant menageries all under the same canvas. We had the satisfaction of knowing, from peculiar sounds in the next tent, that all the company was enjoying the same performance. Scratching and slapping, with smothered groans and imprecations, went on for some time, when my dear wife, in her agony, became oblivious of the refinement which she had lately so assiduously cultivated, and called out in tones I had not heard for years, "Smith, you brute, why don't you make a smudge?" I knew from the *timbre* of her voice that delay would be most dangerous, and, snatching up a new saucepan, half filled it with embers from the fire, and covered them with cut tobacco and damp leaves, and made my way into the women's apartment. We got rid of the mosquitoes, it is true, and slept in smoke, waking dry and seedy in the morning.

We think of selling Coal Isle to the first deluded fashion-hunter we can induce to exchange his gold for our rocks and savage denizens.

NATURAL HISTORY NOTES.

OUR Agricultural Editor, while off on his vacation recently, involved himself one morning in a heated controversy with an elderly soil-breaker out in Coboconk. They argued for two hours about the best method of keeping a cat from killing chickens, and as a result of the argument, our representative very narrowly escaped getting impaled on a hay-fork. Since his return he has decided that the most efficacious method is as follows: Open the cat's mouth as wide as possible, reach down her throat far enough to get a good grip on her tail, and then neatly and skilfully turn her inside out. If, in a moment of



ABROAD!

Puter Familias—So this air the Paris saloon? Wall, I swan! Jis like them air New York saloons, only—er—where's the bar? —*N. Y. Judge.*

forgetfulness, she eats a chicken after that, the feathers get tangled up in the fur, which proves so very disagreeable and annoying to the cat, that she becomes willing to entirely relinquish chicken as an article of diet.

* * *

This is the time of year when out on the farm the thrifty toilers are doing about four hundred dollars worth of hard work in the fields, raising a mammoth pumpkin for the ten-dollar prize at the fall fair. It is also the time when men run mile races in the sun for a medal worth three dollars and a half.

A SHINING EXAMPLE.

"No," said an anti-Fleming alderman, as he elevated a glass of four fingers of whiskey straight in a Yonge Street bar, "I'm not diluting my drinks just now. While official complaints are being made against citizens wasting the city water, I feel it my duty to set a good example."

THE SENATOR HEARD FROM.

Two sagacious fowls have of late been ruffling their feathers at one another over some fish,—of course I am alluding in a graceful way to the beaver and the hairless eagle. While the thing did not seem very serious Canadians felt there could be no certainty until Senator Frye had opened his marble jaws. GRIP is now able to give the Senator's views—nay, his very words—accurately.

When an interviewer called, the Senator was discussing the situation and divers cordials with the illustrious Mr. Finnerty. His disguise, however, consisting mainly of a cloven breath (*a Jew desprit*), gained him access to the gifted statesman. For now-a-days we call a strong mixture of Ignorance, Rascality, Prejudice and Impudence, a gifted statesman; noble Romans called them heelers.

On being invited to *unbusm* himself the Senator up-ended and tried the range of his bellicose voice. At last he remarked:—

"How long will a great and free people tamely submit to the insult of England? We are unworthy the name of Americans (hear! hear! from Mr. Finnerty) if we do not sternly resent this latest outrage on our fellow citizens. *Civis some Americanis* should be a protecting ægis (*Aside* from Mr. Finnerty—Don't know him. Guess he is in the Ward though,) to enmantle a citizen in any land. If we give up our finny rights (Does he mean me? thought Mr. Finnerty), where will our children look for their great statesmen and mental giants? But at this moment we must act warily. A remarkable man is now a hostage in their hands. The Hon. J. G. Blaine is investigating England. He will return and tell us of their weakness. Then the hour of vengeance will thunder from broad Atlantic's wave to the calmer waters of the Pacific main, will reverberate from Mexico's arid sands to Superior's icy torrent, will hurl England into a hideous cataclysm of woe and ruin. Palsied be the hand . . ."

The Senator paused, as he recollected that political palsy was already pre-empted, and sunk wearily into a chair exhausted by the paroxysm; and the reporter reverently withdrew.

"Fin, my boy," remarked the Tail-twister-in-ordinary, "see what it is to have a reputation. What beastly weather to come to get tail-twisting done! Wonder whether they take me for a cattle-puncher?"

WAR MEMORIES.

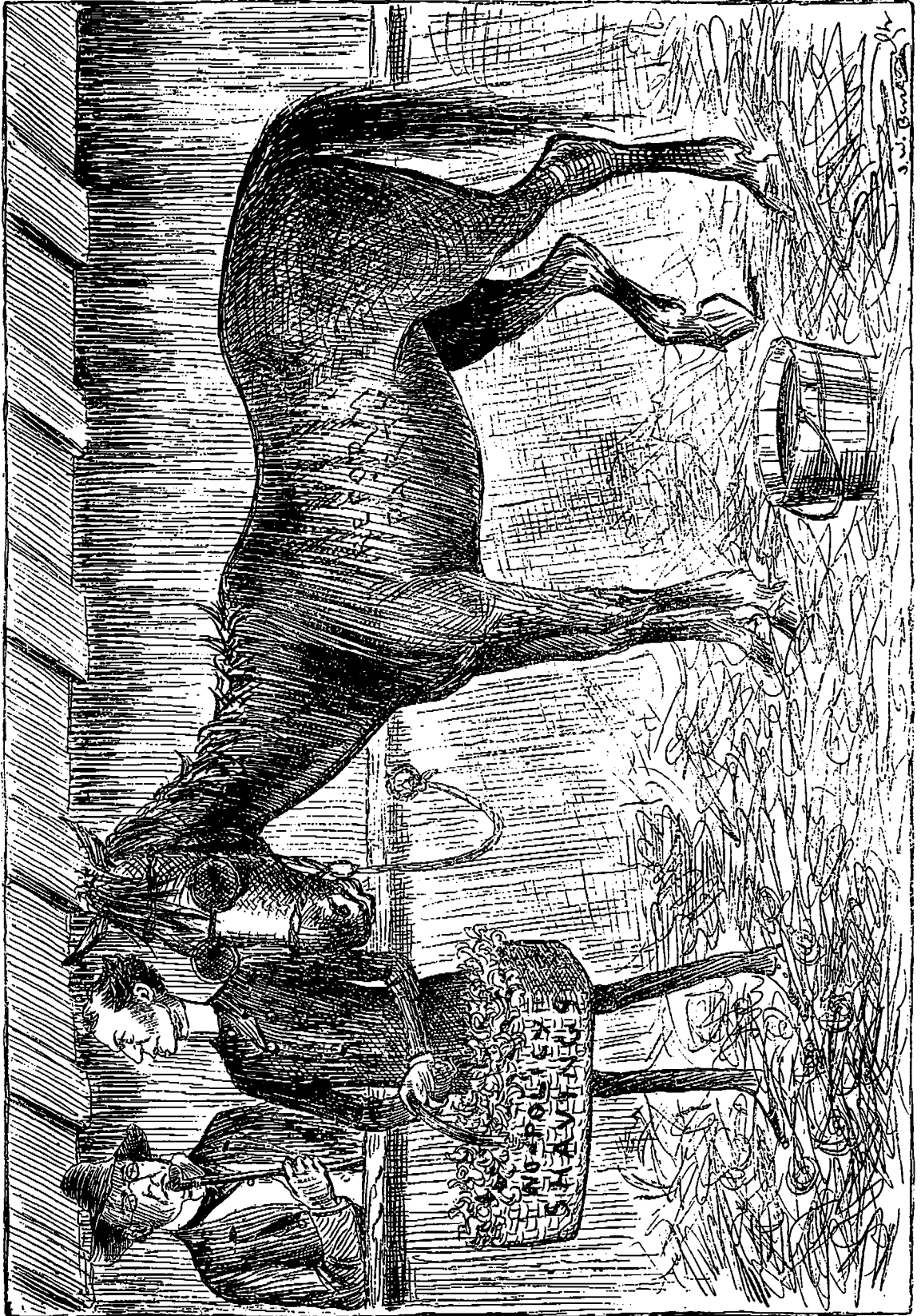
THE following thrilling narrative of "How I was wounded at Richmond," by a non-combatant, will not appear in the *Century* for September.

His advent was heralded by the spicy odour of an inferior article of soothing syrup. He came in and seated himself wearily on a barrel; his costume floated airily round him. He was a dirty, dusty, beery tramp. Without preamble, he burst into his tale.

"I wished once again to visit the spot where I was wounded in sixty—don't care if I do, Mister. Say, boss, you can give me some of your bug-juice. Wounded?—just look here" and he laid a dirty finger on his shapely chin. Sure enough amid the grime and stubble you could see a livid seam. "Where? Why right here in your town, in the barber-shop across the way.—Stop, I know just as well as you do, young man, that there was no fighting on this side. Who said anything about fighting? I permitted an ignorant nigger to butcher me with a razor—"

"It's a good joke," he muttered as he picked himself up in the middle of the street, but perhaps I made the *denouement* the *aufklarunk* a little too sudden."

"PA, what do they mean by off-take sewers?" asked little Johnny, looking up from the daily paper. "Oh, two more mills on the dollar, I suppose," crustily replied Pa, who is a James Frenchman in local politics.



THE SAME OLD DIET.
BLUE SPECS AND SHAVINGS AS A SUBSTITUTE FOR HAY.



DEFECTIVE MEMORY.

The Missus—Minnie, I saw you permit a man to kiss you last night. What have you to say for yourself?

Minnie—Well, Missus, er—to the best of my remembrance that was my brother.

THE POET.

In a mood of despair and dejection,
By the banks of the fair-flowing Humber,
The poet strolled onward, sad-hearted,
And said, as he passed some piled lumber :

“Gone, gone is each fond recollection
That thronged through my soul beyond number !”
The lumber pile made him no answer,
For nothing indeed could be dumber.

“Ah, bitter the food of reflection !”
He groaned,—and then sighed, like the plumber
Who gathers no wealth at this season,
When the earth hath the tint of burnt umber.

So I up and I pleasantly spouted,
“O poet stroll on by the Humber,
But know that the food of reflection
Is the w. melon and the cucumber.”

SEVERAL tribes of Indians are organizing brass bands. Somehow if an Indian is not engaged in one kind of devilry he is in another.

NORTH-WEST MOUNTED POLICE.

An order has lately been issued by the Commissioners stopping all extra pay for artizans of the force on Sunday, notwithstanding the men are supposed to be called upon to work at any time without distinction as to the day of the week. The amount saved (?) is trivial in the extreme.

Almost contemporary with the above comes another order giving to all officers a double ration each. The extra amount of expense to be incurred by this last order, will cost the public some thousands every year.

SCENE—An Orderly Room at a Police Post. Commanding Officer (Superintendent Avoirdupois) sitting at a table facing prisoner, who stands with cap off between two constables—Adjutant, Sergt.-Major and F.M. Sergt. standing on one side.

Superintendent Avoirdupois (severely)—Prisoner Constable Smallpay, listen!! You are charged here with a most heinous crime. (Reads the charge: “In that you did, whilst on fatigue duty in the Quartermaster’s store, feloniously steal and take away one handful of condemned dried apples or the value of one cent, contrary to good order and discipline.”) (Very severely): “What *have* you to say?”

Constable Smallpay (very humble)—Sir, as me and my mates was piling sacks of oats I felt kind of faint in my inwards; the work was very heavy, but I stood it until I saw Inspector Ponderous come along from his lunch, and he was a-wiping a piece of pudding off his moustache; the sight of the pudding made me feel funny, and I took a few of the mouldy apples and eat them and then I drank a quart of water, and oh, sir, after the apples began to swell I began to feel full like the officer.

Supt. Avoirdupois (severely)—Silence, sir!!! Prisoner, you have had a fair and impartial trial. I fear the seeds of vice are implanted firmly in you, as your most atrocious crime must show. I grieve to see one so young depraved to such an awful extent. I

shall however be merciful and sentence you to three months’ imprisonment with hard labor.

Sergt.-Major, have this fellow taken to the guard room.

[Exit all but the Superintendent.

(To himself)—And now to dine on a banquet fit for a king. I like a man to be contented with his lot, and cannot understand the men complaining. They get enough rations for one meal a day, and if they want anything more they can buy it *themselves*. Bah! [Exit.

FLIES IN AMBER.

“MR. LANSDOWNE,” we are informed by *Life*, “besides being a Lord, is a Marquis, two Viscounts and three Earls.” No wonder he a peers preoccupied at times.

In whatever direction the wind may be blowing, the tramp, like Hamlet, is generally able to distinguish a hawk from a bucksaw.

CANADIANS owe the pleasure of having as their guests Mr. McGarigle and a long list of other gentlemen from beyond the border, mainly to the fact that each boodler despaired of finding on the jury a foreman worthy of his steal.

MR. BARNUM will do well to refrain from marching any zebras in his parades of his Great Aggregation through our streets next month. To many of his compatriots who are tarrying with us these animals would be too depressingly suggestive of Sing Sing.

THE statement is made, that arrangements have been concluded between the aldermen of Hamilton and a Toronto firm, for the purchase of two hundred and sixty scythes to be used immediately in the public streets of that town.

TRISTRAM S.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. 25c. a bottle.

ALMA COLLEGE.

ALMA COLLEGE, St. Thomas, Ont. 16 teachers 180 students. Music, Fine Arts, Commer. Science and Literary Course 66 pp. pamphlet free.

A POPULAR INSTITUTION.

THE Canadian Business University, Toronto, has just issued a new illustrated catalogue which describes in an interesting manner the superior facilities possessed by that institution for imparting such knowledge of the commercial and shorthand branches as will be certain to materially promote the interests of those who may require it. A copy will be mailed to anybody who contemplates a course of business, shorthand or typewriting.

OPENING TORONTO OPERA HOUSE.

THIS popular amusement resort has been thoroughly renovated during the summer months, and is now without doubt the handsomest theatre in the city. The opening attraction, commencing Monday, August 22nd, will be Chas. L. Andrews' Michael Strogoff and Minuet Carnival Co., the Strongest Spectacular Organization before the public. Matinees specially for ladies and children will be given Tuesday, Wednesday and Saturday. Matinee prices will be 10, 20, 30 and 50 cts.; evening prices, 10, 20, 30, 50 and 75 cents.

POPULAR MARCHES.

MARCH OF THE TROJANS,

by Henry Parker.

Piano solo, 40c. Duet, 60c. Organ, 60c.

PARADE MARCH,

by H. Stanislaus.

Piano solo, 40c. Duet, 50c.

MARCH IN G,

by W. Hill.

Piano solo, 40c. Duet, 60c. Organ, 40c.

May be obtained of all music dealers, or mailed on receipt of marked price by

The Anglo-Canadian Music Publishers' Ass'n, Ltd.
38 CHURCH ST., TORONTO.



SIR. W. P. HOWLAND, C.B., K.C.M.G., *President*
HON. WM. McMASTER, } *Vice-Presidents.*
WM. ELLIOT, }

Capital and Funds now over \$3,000,000.

Income over \$2,000 daily.

Business in force about \$15,000,000.

J. K. MACDONALD,
Managing Director.

NO. 5.—THE CANADA LIFE vs. THE ONTARIO.

In *self defence*, and in justice to THE ONTARIO, we have been compelled to publish a series of articles in reply to an attack of THE CANADA on this Company, dated May 25th, 1887, and also subsequent advertisements from the same source which have appeared in the public prints. These advertisements claim "surpassing advantages" in THE CANADA over its younger competitor, THE ONTARIO.

We have denied the fairness of the "comparisons" made by THE CANADA, and also the correctness of its figures.

In justice to THE CANADA as an old Company, we admitted that it did enjoy advantages over a younger Company, but we have shown by comparative figures given in last two articles, which cannot be successfully contradicted, that the cost of insurance during the past fifteen years has been less in THE ONTARIO than in THE CANADA, thereby showing that whatever "advantages" THE CANADA may have enjoyed, these have not benefited its Policy-holders.

Referring to the "sources of profit" from which THE CANADA claims its advantages, we quote from its advertisement dated June 3rd, 1887:

"1. Saving from estimates for death losses.

"2. Saving from expenses; and

"3. Funds yielding a higher rate of interest than the 4 1/2 per cent. upon which the calculations are based."

We will leave Nos. 1 and 3 for future consideration, and follow the order of the CANADA's article by considering No. 2 first.

It will be sufficient reply to the position taken by THE CANADA to quote the remarks of Prof. Cherriman, Superintendent of Insurance, in his report of 1879, page XXIII., in which he refers to the subject as follows:—"But these percentages must not be taken as a proper gauge of the economy of management of a company; because the expenses connected with the acquirement of new insurances are very much greater than those connected with the retention of old policies, and a young and progressive company, which has necessarily a large proportion of new insurances, may thus show a larger ration of expenditure than another and older company, even though the ratio of expense on each class of business in the two were the same."

Practice has fully borne out the fact that a low ratio of expense to income does not necessarily benefit the Policy-holders, as evidenced by companies advertising ratio of expense to income little over half what THE CANADA admits to have been its ratio, and yet do not pay as large profits, and our case at issue is also a pointed example, that notwithstanding the advantage claimed by THE CANADA on low ratio of expense, the cost of insurance in THE ONTARIO has been shown to be lower than similar insurance in THE CANADA.

Interesting figures will follow soon.

WATERLOO, August 11th, 1887.

WILLIAM HENDRY,
Manager.

EXCURSION TO NEW YORK,

Leaving TORONTO

SATURDAY, AUGUST 27th, 1887,

AT 3:40 P.M.

\$10.50 ROUND TRIP ONLY \$10.50

Tickets good for 15 days.

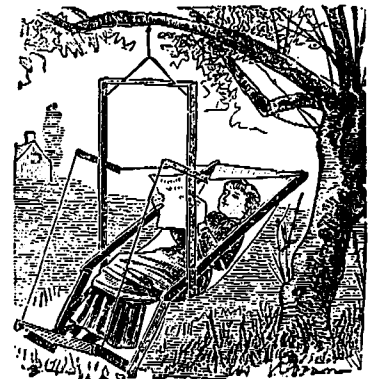
Through trains (with sleepers attached) will run from Suspension Bridge.

Sleeping car diagrams on view at my office. Call early and choose your berths.

For tickets and further particulars apply or write to

H. W. VAN EVERY,
General Excursion Agent,
14 Adelaide St. East.

Automatic Swing and Hammock Chair.



Best and Cheapest Chair ever offered for comfort and rest, suited to the house, lawn, porch, camp, etc. Price \$3. C. J. DANIELS & Co., Manufacturers, 151 River Street, Toronto. Agents wanted.



THE HARE AND THE HOUND.



JUVENILE PHILOSOPHY.

Mother—No, Harry, I cannot let you have more than half a cup of tea.

Harry—But, mamma, you'll let it be the top half, won't you?



Second-hand and Rare Books from England.

About 20,000 volumes of miscellaneous second-hand and rare books always on hand. Catalogue of New Arrivals now ready, Gratis and post free.

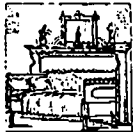
BRITNELL'S,

Toronto,

And at London, Eng.

BENNETT & WRIGHT,
FIRST-CLASS PLUMBING,
Hot Water Heating,
Steam Heating.

GET ESTIMATES EARLY. 72 QUEEN ST. EAST, TORONTO.

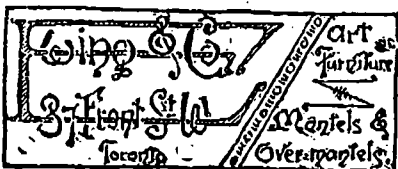


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FOLDING BED.



OPEN. SHUT.
Every householder is interested in it; can be set up anywhere without appearing out of place. It is the cheapest folding bed yet offered to the public.

R. THORNE & CO.
Sole Manufacturer, 79 Richmond St. West.



J. E. PEAREN'S
MONUMENTAL WORKS.

MARBLE AND GRANITE MONUMENTS
IN THE LATEST DESIGNS.
Also Importers and Wholesale dealers in Italian Thin Marbles.
535 Yonge Street, - TORONTO.

QUEEN CITY
- OIL WORKS -



9 GOLD MEDALS Awarded during the last four (4) years for our **PEERLESS CYLINDER** and other Machine Oils.

SAMUEL ROGERS & CO. TORONTO.

McCOLL BROS. & CO'Y.

TORONTO,

Still lead the Dominion in
CYLINDER OIL,

AND FOR GENERAL MACHINERY

LARDINE

— IS UNEQUALLED. —

Lard Spindle Bolt Cutting, Wool and Harness Oils always in Stock.

BURNING OILS, Try our Am. W. W: "Family Safety" Brand, cannot be surpassed, for Brilliance of Light. Our Canadian Coal Oil, "Sunlight" is unexcelled.

W. H. STONE,

— UNDERTAKER

Telephone 932. 1349 Yonge St. opp. Elm St.

WILLIAMS
PIANOS

Endorsed by the best authorities in the world.

R. S. WILLIAMS & SON,

143 Yonge Street TORONTO.

Business Index.

GRIP endorses the following houses as worthy of the patronage of parties visiting the city or wishing to transact business by mail.

CLAXTON'S Jubilee Bb Cornet reduced from \$22 to \$15, and other Band Instruments 20 per cent. off. Catalogues free. Claxton's Music Store, 197 Yonge Street, Toronto.

GENTLEMEN requiring nobby stylish good-fitting, well-made clothing to order will find all the newest materials for the Spring Season, and two first-class cutters at **PETLEYS'**, 128 to 132 King St. East.

J. W. CHEESEWORTH,
106 KING ST. WEST, TORONTO.
Fine Art Tailoring a Specialty.

JAS. COX & SON,
83 YONGE STREET,
Pastry Cooks and Confectioners. Luncheon and Ice Cream Parlors.

PORTRAITS in Oil or Crayon at reasonable prices. Good work and satisfaction given. Photographs enlarged in Oil or Crayon, for size 8x10, \$1.50. Send order to **JAMES DANDIE,** Artist, 274 YONGE ST.


DRESSMAKERS' MAGIC SCALE
The most simple and perfect tailor system of cutting. Also the best Folding Wire Dress Form for draping, etc., at lowest prices. **MISS CHUBB,** 179 King St. West.

CUT STONE I CUT STONE I

You can get all kinds of Cut Stone work promptly on time by applying to **LIONEL YORKE,** Steam Stone Works, Esplanade, foot of Jarvis St., Toronto.

WILSONIA MAGNETIC Insoles, Belts and Appliances for all parts of the body. To cure all kinds of Chronic diseases without medicines. Call at the office or send and get circulars. **REV. S. TUCKER,** 122 Yonge Street up-stairs.

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 **LAWSON'S CON-**
centrated Fluid Beef
—this preparation is a real beef food, not like Liebig's and other fluid beefs, mere stimulants and meat flavors, but having all the necessary elements of the beef, viz. — Extract fibrine and albumen, which embodies all to make a perfect food.

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OFFICE, SCHOOL, CHURCH AND
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Toronto Representative:
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NOVELTY.

RUBBER BOOTS, CLOTHING AND SURGICAL INSTRUMENTS REPAIRED.
Fine Boot Making a Specialty.
H. J. LaFORCE, Cor. Church & Queen Sts., Toronto.

W. H. BANFIELD,
MACHINIST AND DIE MAKER,
Manufacturer of all kinds of
Combination and Cutting Dies, Foot and Power Presses, Tinsmiths' Tools, Knitting Machines, Etc., Etc.
SETTING AND STAMPING TO ORDER FOR THE TRADE.
REPAIRING FACTORY MACHINERY A SPECIALTY.
80 Wellington St. W., Toronto.

CUT STONE.

PELEE ISLAND Stone, the cheapest and best stone ever introduced in this market. Sills 35 cents per foot, other work in proportion. Toronto Stone Company, Esplanade St., between Scott and Church Sts.

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EDGAR, MALONE & GARVIN, BARRISTERS,
Solicitors, Notaries, Conveyancers, &c. J. D. Edgar, E. T. Malone, J. S. Garvin. Solicitors for the Toronto General Trusts Company, and the Toronto Real Estate Investment Company.

NEVILLE & McWHINNEY,
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES, ETC.
Commissioner for Quebec and Manitoba.
18 and 20 King St. West.
Branch Office, Aurora. TORONTO.

Dentists.

REMOVAL.

F. H. SEFTON, DENTIST, has removed his office to 172½ Yonge Street, next to R. Simpson's, where he is prepared to attend to his former and new patrons in all branches of Dentistry.

TEETH WITH OR WITHOUT A PLATE

BEST teeth on Rubber Plate, \$8. Vitalized air. Telephone 1476. **C. H. RIGGS, L.D.S.,** Cor. King and Yonge Sts., TORONTO.

G. P. LENNOX, - Dentist.

YONGE ST. ARCADE, ROOMS A AND B.
Vitalized Air used in Extracting. All operations skillfully done. Best sets of teeth, \$8, upper or lower, on rubber; \$10 on celluloid.

ARTIFICIAL TEETH WITHOUT A PLATE

Latest improvement. **DR. STOWE'S** Dental Surgery, 111 Church Street. Telephone 934. Satisfaction guaranteed.

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DENTIST,
429 Yonge St., cor. Anne St., TORONTO.

Medical.

DR. KEANE, SURGEON,
Diseases of the Skin,
1-2, 6-10 P.M. 184 CARLTON ST.

Restaurants.

EUROPEAN HOTEL and English Chop House,
30 King Street West, Toronto. **A. M. THOMAS,** Proprietor.

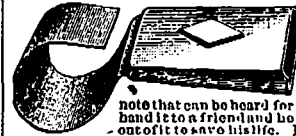
"CHICORA"

In Connection with New York Central and Michigan Central Railways.

Commencing Monday, June 6th, steamer "Chicora" will leave Yonge Street Wharf at 7 a.m. and 2 p.m. for Niagara and Lewiston, connecting with express trains for Falls, Buffalo, New York and all points East and West.

Tickets at **BARLOW CUMBERLAND,** 72 Yonge St., **A. F. WEBSTER,** 56 Yonge St., **R. H. FORBES,** 24 King St. East, and all offices of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

HUNTER'S call or trick WHISTLE



FREE
A puzzle for any body to blow on until he has howled like a dog. Rolls thrills, or makes an ear-piercing note that can be heard for miles. Blow it and hand it to a friend and he can't get a sound out of it to save his life. Lots of Fun in it. Useful for many purposes—to stop a horse, on a stage, call a dog, make signals in the night, call help from a distance, in field or workshop. Is small, and can be carried in the vest pocket or hung on the watch-chain. To introduce the **Illustrated Catalogue**, pages 3 & 4 page 63 col. story paper. The best published. Cut this out and send 10 cts in all over for postage and we will send you this **Trick Whistle**, 48 page **Illustrated Book**, the **Illustrated Companion Story Paper**, **Prize List & Catalogue**. All FREE. Send now and get the best **Illustrated Story Paper** FREE. **E. F. KASON, Publisher, 111 Nassau St., N. Y.**

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HEAD OFFICE: 30 Adelaide St. East, Toronto.
Capital Authorized..... \$2,000,000
Subscribed..... 1,630,000
Paid-up..... 322,412
Reserve Fund..... 47,000
Total Assets..... 1,568,681

DEBENTURES.
The attention of Depositors in Savings Banks, and others seeking a safe and convenient investment with a liberal rate of interest, is invited to the Debentures issued by this Company. The Company's last annual statement and any further information required may be furnished on application to
R. H. TOMLINSON, Manager.

(Authorized by Act of Parliament, 45 Vic., Cap. 36, 1885.)

Try to secure an Original Painting by purchasing a ticket for

THE SECOND GRAND PRIZE DRAWING

OF THE
Toronto Industrial Exhibition Art Union
which will take place on
MONDAY, 19th SEPTEMBER, 1887,

When the whole amount subscribed, less working expenses, will be returned to ticket-holders in the form of

ORIGINAL WORKS OF ART,
the production of the members of the Ontario Society of Artists.
Tickets, entitling the holder to one chance in the prize drawing, 25 cents ea. h. May be obtained from agents throughout the country, at the Art Gallery, Industrial Exhibition, and at the Society's rooms, 14 King St. West, Toronto. Write for fuller particulars.

Toronto Opera House.

WEEK COMMENCING
MONDAY, AUGUST 22nd
Matinees Tuesday, Wednesday and Saturday.

GRAND OPENING SECOND SEASON,
CHARLES L. ANDREWS'
MICHAEL STROGOFF
and **MINUET CARNIVAL CO.**

Powerful Dramatic Cast, Attractive and Costly Costumes, Perfect Properties, Beautiful Scenery, Grand Ballet, etc.
A host of novelties including the World Famous
3 MAJILTONS 3
50 PEOPLE ON THE STAGE 50
In spite of the enormous expense incurred by this engagement the prices will remain unchanged.
PRICE: Matinees, 10, 20, 30 and 50 cts.
Evenings, 10, 20, 30, 50 and 75 cts.
10 Cts. ADMISSION 20 Cts.
Seats on sale at Box Office, open from 9 a.m. till 5 p.m.



THE SCHOOLBOY OF THE DISTANT FUTURE.

Pupil (in deep distress)—Oh, master, chastise me, whip me if you will, but do not thus wither me with contempt! I can't stand it!



THE HISTORIC IMAGINATION.

Governess—Now, what did the imprisonment of King Richard lead to?
Miss Mabel—Er—to his release.

A HEAVY LOAD.

"When I ate my food was like a lump of lead in my stomach. I took Burdock Blood Bitters. The more I took, the more it helped me, I am like a new man now," says Ezra Babcock, Cloyne P.O., Township Barrie, Ont.

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COMPOUND OXYGEN.

Treatment by inhalation. Both office and home treatment. Manufactured in Canada by me for over four years. It is genuine, the same as sold in Philadelphia, Chicago and California. Trial treatment free at office. Send for circular. Home treatment for two months, inhaler and all complete, \$12. Office treatment, 32 for \$18. Mark it; no duty! I am now in my new Parlor Office and Laboratory at 47 KING STREET EAST. MRS. C. SIEDMAN FIEROE, late from 73 King Street West, Stackhouse's Store.

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ROSES, BEST QUALITY TREES, BULBS, SEEDS, WEDDING ORNAMENTALS

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 THE FLORIST
 407 YONGE ST.

THE Manufacturers' Life Insurance Co'y.
 Head Office, 38 King St. East, Toronto, Ont.

Incorporated by special Act of the Dominion Parliament.

Authorized Capital & other Assets over \$2,000,000.

Full deposit with the Dominion Government.
 President—Rt. Hon. Sir John A. Macdonald, P.C., G.C.B. Vice-Presidents—Sir Alex. Campbell, K.C.M.G., Lieut.-Governor of Ontario; George Gooderham, Esq., President of the Bank of Toronto; William Bell, Esq., Manufacturer, Guelph.

J. B. CARLILE, Managing Director.
 Agents wanted in unrepresented districts.



The Combined Recumbent and Combination of Turkish, Russian and Medicated Vapor Baths, combined in one with a Medicated Inhaler for head, throat and lungs. It stands on castors: can be shifted from one room to another. We can apply the heat direct to the pain or disease without any inconvenience to the rest of the body. No sanitarium can afford to do without this Bath. It can be heated from any common cook stove or small oil stove. Town, County and Home Rights for sale. Compound Oxygen to heal the sick; never fails to cure all chronic diseases—Consumption, Catarrh, Asthma, Paralysis, Rheumatism, and all chronic diseases find speedy relief and permanent cure. We will send two months' treatment with Inhaler and full directions for \$10.00. Also office treatment, corner Yonge and Richmond streets.

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 No. 1 Richmond St. West, Toronto.

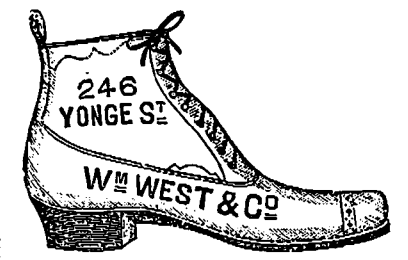
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 532 Queen St. West,
 Is the place for latest styles of
BABY CARRIAGES,
 AMERICAN AND CANADIAN.

NEW GOODS ARRIVING DAILY
 At the great

BOOT AND SHOE

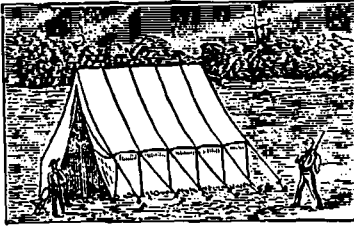
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H. & C. BLATCHFORD,
 87 & 89 KING ST. EAST, - TORONTO.

Full lines in French, American and Canadian Goods at prices to suit everybody.



LACE boots of this style in men's, our own make, from \$2.50 up; in boys' and youths' from \$1.40 up. We know these to be the best wearing boots to be had in the city for the money, away below dry goods prices. W. WEST & CO.

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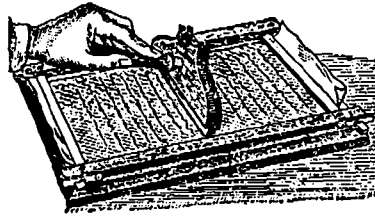
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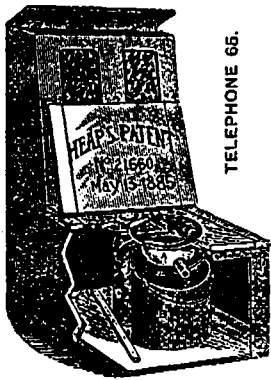
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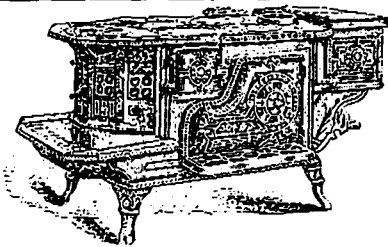
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