



GRIP



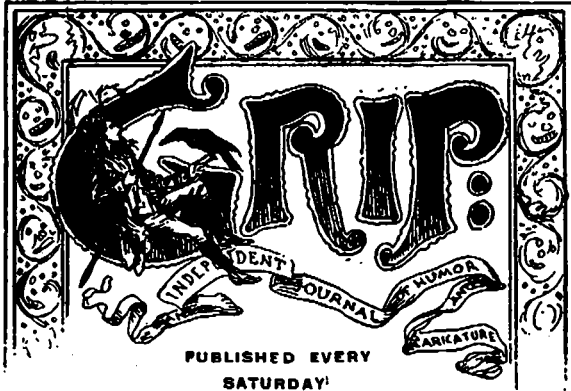
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THE RADICAL TEAM OF THE OPPOSITION.



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Artist and Editor J. W. BENGOUGH.
 Associate Editor PHILLIPS THOMPSON.

COMMENTS ON THE CARTOONS.



SIR HECTOR'S MAUVAISE QUART D'HEURE.—The scandal mills are still on the grind at Ottawa, and every day adds to the strength of the *prima facie* case against Sir Hector Langevin, as chief of the Public Works Department. It may be possible for that gentleman to show in due time that the evidence against him is a tissue of slanderous inventions, and if he succeeds in this we will be very glad to see the false witness punished. Meanwhile, on the principle that misery loves company, it may be some consolation for Sir Hector to know that he is not the only minister who is at present receiving the attentions of the wasps of the witness box. His colleague, Haggart, of the Post Office Department, and Dewdney of

the Interior, are undergoing an experience very like his own.
THE RADICAL TEAM OF THE OPPOSITION.—One of the best speeches of the Budget debate was that delivered by Mr. Fraser, of Nova Scotia. The House had listened—or rather, a member here and there who couldn't find anything else to do had listened—to what promised to be an interminable series of orations, for the most part consisting of quotations from the Trade and Navigation Returns

or other enlivening statistics, or else of denunciations or eulogies of the N.P. It was a hard House to talk to, but Mr. Fraser caught its attention and held it firmly for an hour. By what means? He is not so eloquent as Davin, nor so polished as Cartwright, but he eclipsed them both because he gave Parliament what it badly needs—a straight talk on the rudimentary principles of political economy. This is sometimes ignorantly called the Dreary Science, but such speakers as Mr. Fraser, who regard it as the handmaid of religion, never make dreary speeches. Need it be said that he is a Free Trader—not a tariff reformer merely, but a free trader who believes that customs houses and all their belongings ought to be swept into oblivion as relics of barbarism. A man who holds these views and can give a reason for the faith that is in him in good vigorous English is a speaker who can hold any audience. There is at least one other man in Parliament who goes in the harness with the big member from New Glasgow—to wit, Mr. Gilmour, of New Brunswick. He is also a straight-out Free Trader, and in moments of special inspiration makes speeches which are gems of humor and wisdom. These Maritime representatives are in advance of the rank and file of the Party, and are liable at any time to indulge in radical utterances which will astound their brethren of the Opposition, and even the amiable leader thereof, who as yet does not see his way to going “the whole hog” on the trade question. They will, therefore, require watching.



HIO Democrats have vindicated the long standing reputation of that party for blundering. They have thrown away a golden opportunity, and, as a consequence, will in all probability lose both the Governorship of the State, and the chances of the Presidency of the Republic. It was like this: The Republicans nominated McKinley for Governor, which of course meant a

straight challenge on behalf of the high protective tariff. The Democrats took up the gauntlet and nominated Campbell. On the tariff issue the State would have almost surely gone Democratic by a handsome majority, but, just in time to spoil everything, the Democrats met in convention and declared for free coinage of silver, which is simply poison to thousands of voters in the party.

WE have had occasion before to remark that in our judgment ex-Ald. E. A. Macdonald is nobody's fool. His recent sensational action in connection with the street car case, in which he was posing as prosecutor of the alleged bribed aldermen, was such as would have occurred to few of the longest-headed politicians. His object being to force the city to take up the case, a duty which never should have been left to the hands of a private citizen, he coolly writes a letter to his solicitor, instructing him to drop the suit, as it had been made worth his while to cease the prosecution. At once the conclusion is drawn that Ernest Albert has been bribed, and the city authorities hasten to do their duty in the premises.

THE deadest duck in Europe to-day is Charles Stewart Parnell. In view of the flat and emphatic failure of his emissaries to America to evoke a cent from the people who heretofore poured out dollars without stint, the line of the poet comes forcibly to mind: “But yesterday he might have stood against the world—now, none so poor as do him reverence.” There is a sufficient reason for this change of sentiment. Parnell proved himself to be the embodiment of selfishness, and there is no vice more hateful to the public mind than this. His grosser lapses might have been overlooked, but when he plainly demonstrated by his actions that he loved himself better than the cause of Ireland, he was dropped beyond recall.

MR. MOWAT, "Assistant of the Assistant City Solicitor," has received a neat and pointed snub in an open letter from the "Baron of Bedlamy," as the *World* calls E. A. Macdonald. And Mr. Mowat deserved it, too. In a statement to the city authorities he had said that he would "endeavor" to collect the costs in the withdrawn suit, whereupon Mac. rejoins: "all the 'endeavor' that will be required of you is that you present a properly taxed bill of costs to my solicitors, and you will receive immediate payment, and when you make any reference to me again, either directly or indirectly, kindly assume good faith on my part until you have good reason to assume bad faith."

A SUB-COMMITTEE of the Committee on Salaries has been appointed to formulate some tangible scheme by which the expenses of running the city departments can be reduced. May we venture to suggest to this sub-committee that they might find what they are looking for in the direction of fewer employees and less pay to those retained in office? No charge for this.

A CORRESPONDENT of one city papers thinks "it might be well so to amend the by-law as to render any person liable to arrest who may be seen with a stone or club in his hand" in the Queen's Park on Sundays. This is a valuable suggestion, but if it is acted upon we hope care will be taken to conserve the rights of the chappies to carry their canes, which are often of a size and character to be mistaken by zealous policemen for clubs. There is no more harmless animal at large than your chappie, and it would be shocking to mix him up with the hoodlum element.

"DO many of your people go away to the summer resorts?" asked one of the New York School Inspectors who was here at the Teachers' Association meeting. Being answered in the affirmative, he expressed his surprise. "Why," said he, "Toronto is a summer resort itself!" He was right, but it may well be doubted if more than a fraction of our residents have any idea of the charming places for summer outings we have within a few minutes' distance of our doors. How many of our city readers, for example, have ever spent an afternoon at Island Park? It is worth the ratepayers' while to do so, if only to learn that there are some things our city Council can do in first class style, and one of these is laying out and fixing up pleasure parks.

NIAGARA FALLS.

(International Park, July 29, '91.)

O, ROARING, rushing Rapids,
O swiftly swirling stream,
Thou frothing, foaming vision,
Thou crazy poet's dream!
From Eric's placid waters
Thy mute beginnings flow,
And on toward thy fearful plunge
Wildier and wildier grow.
But O, that plunge thou givest,
In mazy, misty mass!
It beggareth description—
I gaze, and say "I pass."
Poets have tried before me
To find the fitting word,
But thou dost roar with laughter,
The thing is so absurd.
Adown in power and splendor
Before our ravished eyes,
Thou plungest—yet thou couldn't—
Couldn't do otherwise!

IN AFTER YEARS.

WHEN I was but a callow youth
And Bingtoun seemed the world to me,
I thought Miss Dollie Hennessy
A paragon of girls—in truth
A being who would take the prize
'Mong winged hosts of Paradise:
And when she spurned my proffered hand
And took Jim Robinson instead,
I vowed that ne'er in all the land
Could Hope for me its radiance shed.
But when some years had passed and I—
Meanwhile a wanderer—returned
To Bingtoun and, in passing by
A cottage, suddenly discerned
A freckled slattern, grossly stout,
From dingy porch rush wildly out,
Snatch up an urchin by the ears
And toss him thro' the open door,
Chase from the lot a yoke of steers.
Jump a rail fence and hurl a score
Of cobbles at a passing tramp,
Kick a Newfoundland dog and stamp
Two snakes to bits, then to the cot
Swoop back and yell, in accents hot,
"You Jim! Come here, you lazy lout,
And sweep this measly kitchen out!"
When this I saw and heard, then learned—
As from my ramble I returned—
The dame was Mrs. Robinson.
This comment through my mind did run,
"The saddest words of tongue or pen"
Are surely not: "It might have been!"

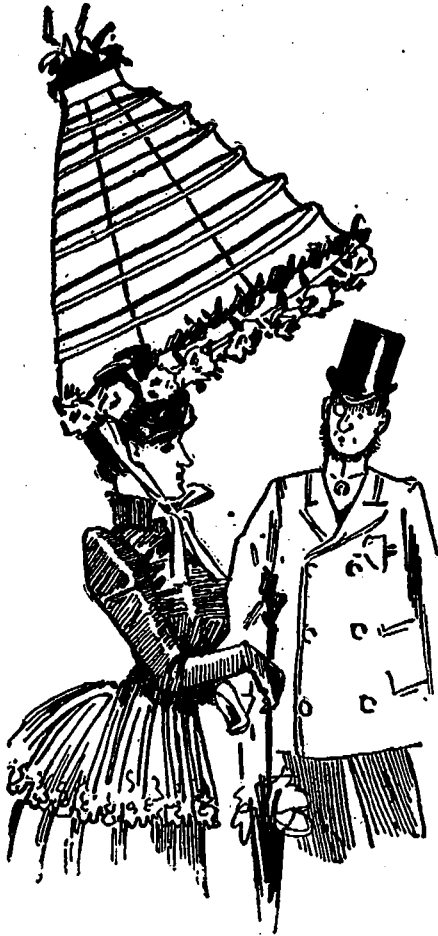
—ANON.

THE word "Sheeney" has found a place in the new "Century Dictionary," where it is defined as follows: "Sheeney—a shrewd fellow, hence, a Jew" To this the editor of the *American Hebrew* very properly takes exception, as an exhibition of prejudice against the race he represents. He pertinently inquires why, if the word "Sheeney" was necessary to cover the scope of the work, the word "Mick" was left out? The point is well taken, though there is little prospect that in the next edition of the Dictionary the definition suggested will appear, viz.: "Mick—a low fellow, hence an Irishman."



QUEBEC.

Our friend, the Mayor, has been going in strong for Orange business of late. What does it mean? A Fifth Term in the wind?



CRINOLINES ARE COMING IN AGAIN.

"A dainty black crinoline bonnet, with a wreath and upstanding tuft of pale green foliage, was tied on with white satin strings, and, although the lady wearing it was not a beauty, everyone was attracted by her elegance, for which she may undoubtedly thank the latest Paris novelty in bonnets."

Our artist has not been to Paris to see this bonnet, but gives the above sketch as his idea of the thing.—*Funny Folks.*

SIR JOHN IN ANECDOTE.

MR. E. B. BIGGAR'S idea of an Anecdotal Life of Sir John A. Macdonald was a "happy thought," and in the substantial volume of 332 pages, issued from the press of John Lovell & Son, Montreal, he has admirably carried it out. Sir John held a high place throughout his long public career as a wit and *recuteur*; indeed, it was to his capacity for causing as well as enjoying a good laugh, quite as much as to his gifts of statesmanship, that he owed his wonderful success as a political leader. The author has taken great pains to bring together all the jokes and examples of "airy persiflage" that could be found on record as Sir John's, from the days of his early boyhood in Adolphustown down to the day of his last appearance in Parliament, and the result is a collection which makes very pleasant reading. Patrons of GRIP may be interested in the following, which we find on page 147:—

"When the proposal was made in the House to have a large oil painting of the 'Father of Confederation,' the name of Mr. Harris was suggested as a good Canadian artist. In the course of the discussion Sir John said: 'As regards this particular painting, I

have no personal objections to have still another artist try his hand upon myself. There is one Canadian artist who draws me with power and graphic skill, and I think, on the principle of wholesome competition, I may hope that Mr. Harris, whose paintings I have not seen, may by slow degrees rise to the artistic skill and perfect accuracy in portraying my countenance that my friend Bengough possesses.'"

This illustrates the spirit in which Sir John accepted GRIP's not-always-flattering cartoons. He always enjoyed a joke against himself if it was a good one. For example (page 154), Sir Richard Cartwright, referring to Collins' Biography of the Premier, said: "It is a happy association of ideas, and what a lamented friend of mine called 'the eternal fitness of things,' that a gentleman who in his life has done justice to so many John Collinses, should at last find a John Collins to do justice to him." Sir John, adds the compiler, laughed at this as heartily as anyone in the House.

THE NEW CABINET.

IT is generally known that the Cabinet is to be reconstructed as soon as the session is over, but only those on the inside are aware that the new ministry will be composed as follows:

Premier.....	Mr. Abbott.
Public Works.....	Mr. N. Connolly.
Interior.....	Mr. Davin.
Railways and Canals.....	Mr. Perley.
Post Office.....	Mr. Burgess.
Customs.....	Mr. Wallace.
Finance.....	Mr. M. Connolly.
Militia.....	Capt. Larkin.
Internal Revenue.....	Mr. R. H. McGreevy.
Agriculture.....	Mr. Chapleau.
Justice.....	Sir J. Thompson.
Secretary of State.....	Mr. Tupper.
Marine.....	Mr. J. R. Arnoldi.

A FOREIGN YOKE.

SPREAD EAGLE ORATOR—"Gentlemen, I tell you what it is, the supremacy of the native American element must be maintained. Shall the foul vulture brood be permitted to swoop down on us from the effete monarchies of Europe and lay their eggs in the nest of the bird of Freedom?"

VOICE IN AUDIENCE—"Why, no!—that would be imposing a foreign yolk upon us."

NOT SURPRISING.

FIRST WORKMAN—"Just met Jake and Shorty and some more of the boys going off. They seemed all-fired mad about something."

SECOND WORKMAN—"Yes; that's just what's the matter with them. They was all fired this morning."

LETTERS TO ABSTRACT NOUNS.

To Public Spirit.

SIR,—I have so long heard of you as the final rectifier of all that is wrong in the body politic that I feel on terms of personal friendship. Let this be my apology for troubling you with the present epistle, which I promise will be but brief. I presume you still have a residence in Canada, though you have evidently been living abroad for a long time, and taking little interest in our affairs. I venture to suggest that it is time you made your presence felt in this country. Things have been going from bad to worse for a long time, and they seem now to have "come to a head" in the scandals which are being ventilated. I do not wish, as a stranger, to be presumptuous, much less impudent, but you must permit



OUR PARLIAMENTARY PROTEUS;

OR, THE ENERGETIC BEING AND THE THREE GREY SISTERS.

"What these hon. gentlemen remind me of is a story which those of us who have classical reminiscences will remember. I refer to the old Greek story of how Proteus sets out to get the head of the Gorgon, and he has go to the hyperborean regions, behind the north wind, to see the three grey sisters and ask from them where he shall find the Gorgon. And he finds the three grey sisters. There they are, beneath the moon, sitting on ice. They have only one eye among the three, and one tooth, and they sing a doleful song of how the old days were better than the present, and they hate the sun and the presence of this young energetic Greek, half divine, and of a heroism never before equalled—this Proteus who was bound on a most dangerous task, to get the head of that Medusa, which, once looked on, would turn the onlooker into stone. The sight of this energetic being angers them like the sight of the sun, and they sing the same monotonous wail of how the old times were better than

the present, and how they hate the sun and the adventurous hero. When Proteus intrudes on them one wants the eye that she may see him, and the other wants the tooth that she may bite him, and they pass the eye from the one to the other, and they pass the tooth from the one to the other, just as our friends do here. The tooth which our friends pass around is the exodus, and the eye was made in a Yankee workshop and can only see ruin in anything Canadian. Still they hate the sun, the sun of Canada's prosperity, which at the present hour, is shining above them bright and clear—aye, bright and clear and in, as nations go, an unclouded sky—and the sun of the future may be felt by any man of prophetic vision, any man of prophetic sense, so to speak; but they hate it all, and they sing the same doleful song of how the old times of deficits were better than these days."—*Nicholas Flood Davin, in Budget Debate.*

me to tell you plainly that I regard the present sad condition of things as being really your fault. You start at this serious charge. But sir, let me ask, what was your attitude as public monitor, when, some years ago, the country was shocked by the Pacific Scandal? You reply, no doubt, that on that occasion you rose in all your majesty and forced the guilty parties to retire from office. True; but what after that? Did you maintain the majestic attitude? No, sir. Within five years you so far modified your abhorrence that the very same men came back to power again. And when we consider just how they came back, it deepens the blame which it appears to me you must bear. They carried a general election by an appeal not to the intelligence but to the cupidity of the people. What were you about to allow such a thing as this to come to pass? Is it not one of your principle functions to protect the public mind against the entrance of ignoble ideas? Yet in this case, by your supineness,

you permitted the people to fall so low that they were willing to restore impenitent wrongdoers to the highest places on the promise that the National Policy would fill their pockets with gold. What we are now indignant at or mourning over is nothing but the natural outcome of that great error. You apparently threw up your commission at the time, and, as I have already said, you have ever since been of no account in the Dominion. It was commonly reported, in fact, that you were dead, but this I am glad to know is not true. I hope you will take the present opportunity of atoning for your fault by proving yourself very much alive indeed. You ought to lose no time in so affecting the people of this country that they will demand and secure the expulsion from power of every boodler and knave, and make it hereafter impossible for such crookedness as these investigations has revealed ever to be imitated in our annals. Yours, sir,

JUNIUS, JR.



THE TWIN RACE.

FOND MAMMA—"Good gracious, Johnnie, whatever are you —?"

JOHNNIE (left in charge)—"All right, mamma; don't interrupt; they're neck and neck now!"—*Pick-me-up.*



RITZIE AT THE ISLAND.

MR. GRIP—I am on a visit here with poppa and mommer. We live in Chicago when we are home, and this is the first time I have been across the line. You will not wonder at this when I mention that I am just a little over two years old, though I am big and they say bright for my age. I want to tell you about a visit I made to Hanlan's Point the other evening in the company of my fond parents, and attended by a great squad of uncles and aunts. The latter have, I frankly admit, done their best to make the little visit pleasant for us in every way, and this trip to the Island was undertaken

because it is on the regular programme provided for visitors to Toronto. It was at my particular request (I may mention that I have a remarkable command of language for one of my years) that the trip was made at night. It is a bore to go to such places in the day time, as one is pestered with babies and perambulators and all that sort of thing. As usual my preferences were respected without much argument, and so about half past eight

we found ourselves on board the *Mayflower*, which I must say is a very fine and commodious boat. There was quite a crush, and on enquiry we learned that the reason of it was the popular acrobatic performances of the Japs which were being given at Hanlan's. Nothing of any import happened on the voyage over. In fact the *Mayflower* is such a solid concern that there is no motion perceptible, so that you are actually there before you know you have started. I put in my time pleasantly, sucking my thumb as I lay on poppa's stalwart shoulder, and submitting in my usual passive way to the appreciative remarks of occasional strangers to whom I was introduced and who in a friendly manner chucked me under the chin and remarked that I was a fine child, etc. You have to put up with that sort of thing, you know; it's rather a nuisance, but they mean well, so there is no sense in crying about it as some youngsters do. I twigged a lot of spooning going on amongst the girls and fellows on the boat, which also is only what one must expect. I let such spectacles pass without remark as a general thing, though I may be permitted to say that in my opinion well-intentioned lovers might find a more suitable place for courting than on these public conveyances. My own tastes, I think, would run in the direction of a comfortable sofa in a not too brilliantly lighted parlor. I noticed a good many fly-looking young men, who had no girls with them and not a few fly-looking young women, unaccompanied by escorts. These juveniles, I overheard my aunts say, are as a rule "on the strike,"—which is something I very strongly disapprove of. I can't imagine the sort of parent who could allow a young daughter to go off in this way unattended of an evening. But, a truce to this moralizing.

Here we are at the landing place, and in due course safely through the cages and on to the plaza in front of the hotel Muckahoy! what a crowd. I felt quite nervous at first and clung to my poppa's coat collar in two minds whether to cry or not. A few affectionate pats on the back, accompanied by some well-timed soothing remarks from him, however, turned the scale against the tears. The band struck up just at the moment, too, and that put me at my ease. "Music hath charms," says the poet, "to soothe the savage breast." He might have added that it is an excellent thing for babies, too. I am very fond of music, and this particular band—I think I heard somebody say it was the 10th Royals—played very well indeed. The performance of the Japs was not yet due, and one of my aunties proposed that we take a promenade. So we took a walk. Of course I didn't walk myself—on such occasions I prefer to be carried. I was not a little amused on that ramble, by some quiet observations of human nature. It seemed, I thought, to run mostly to fakes. There were all sorts of five-cent snaps, games of chance and skill, giving the place quite an air of Coney Island. I've never been there, but I've heard of it. I am deeply interested in language—as most persons are at my age—and I was greatly taken with the lingo of the fakirs. The boy in charge of the Aunt Sally scheme in particular, is worth going a long way to see and hear as he gets off his set speech inviting custom. I tried in vain to memorize it or I would like to put it on record here just for fun. I didn't care for the Jap performance. It was very clever, of course, but I really couldn't stand it. The juggling with the barrel frightened me so much that I requested poppa to put me down. Thinking the trouble was over, I resumed my place in his arms, but just then they brought out the little Jap, and sent him up to do circus on the bamboo pole. Once more my nerves quite gave way and I burst out crying. I'm afraid I'm not yet

educated up to acrobatic Japs. The manager, who made an introductory speech announced that the troupe was that of Prince Somebody. It is a queer business for a prince to be in, but I suppose it is at least as respectable as baccarat. However, I was very glad when one of my uncles suggested that it was time to go home. I was feeling a trifle drowsy when we went on board the boat, and the moment the Italian Orchestra struck up "Marguerite"—that did the business for me. I remember nothing else until I woke in the morning and found myself snugly in my crib at my aunties'. Yours,

FRITZIE.

CAN'T YOU SPARE A DIME?

OUR FRESH AIR FUND.



JOHNIE, Janie, how they clatter
Up and down the alley-ways!
And the little footsteps patter
Like the dancing feet of fays.
All agog and full of wonder,
Open eyes and cheeks aglow,
Pretty panting lips asunder—
"Are I going?" "Can't us go?"
Buttons burst through too much hurry,
Shoe-strings broken, garters loose,
Missing, seeking in a hurry,
Everything they want to use.

Billy's torn hat is terrific;
Not that *he* cares; in his joy
From Atlantic to Pacific
You'd not find a prouder boy.

See the sisters and the brothers,
Playmates, schoolmates, all the crowd;
Kisses from the poor tired mothers.
Good-byes, laughter, voices loud;
Hearts so full of pride and glory,
They have scarcely breath to say,
"This is just a fairy story;
It *can't* be a real day!"

From the alley-ways unsightly,
From the cellars and the lanes,
Throng the pure-eyed pilgrims brightly,
Stainless in the midst of stains.
Now the merry ranks are filled in
Of the army, sweet and small.
Air—fresh air—for these dear children,
And—God's blessing for us all!

MADELINE S. BRIDGES.

CONTRIBUTIONS:

A Stranger.....\$1 00
Sympathy.....50

MAKING IT GO A LONG WAY.

MR. PIGSNUFFLE—"So you want to go to Cacouna do you? It can't be done, madam. Money too tight!"

MRS. PIGSNUFFLE—"Why you know, Piggy dear, I always try to be economical."

PIGSNUFFLE—"Economical, Lucy Jate! Hang it all, where's the economy in going several hundred miles to squander money at a summer hotel?"

MRS. P.—"Certainly it's economical. Don't you always tell me when you give me any money to make it go a long way?"



RISING HOUR AT ST. PETERSBURGH.

HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY, THE CZAR—"Ho, minion! What's become of my undershirt?"

VALET—"May it please your Majesty the blacksmith is putting a fresh rivet in it."

DIARY OF A DAY: HEATED TERM.

6 o'clock a.m.:

EARLY in my garden weeding,
For recreation—by the way—
Said a neighbor without needing—
"Going to be warm to-day."

8 a.m.:

As I to my office hurried,
Salutations by the swarm
Met me, till they bored and worried,
Always this: "Tis getting warm."

10.30 a.m.:

Sitting in my office, puzzled
Why a venture came to naught,
Perkins said—I wished him muzzled—
"Whew! Dear me! 'Tis getting hot."

12.30 p.m.:

Lunchward I was going, musing—
With a scheme my thoughts were fraught—
Some one finished my enthusing,
"Snakes and stars! My! ain't it hot?"

3.30 p.m.:

Did some business with two ladies
Who the while did thus repeat,
(Until I longed to whisper "Hades,")
"Was there *ever* such a heat?"

6 p.m.:

Still I hear that senseless twaddle
Everywhere I'm forced to go;
One would think this world a model
Of pure misery and woe.

10.30 p.m.:

Some one rang—I was retiring—
Gave them only time to say,
(When I slammed the door, perspiring,)
"Was not this a torrid day?"

P.S.

Shut him up, just as a chest shuts—
With a bang—the plagued fool,
With such a surfeit of hot chestnuts,
Who I wonder *could* keep cool?

J.W.J.



GOOD DESCRIPTIVE POWERS.

CHOLLY—"Aw—how does *that* strike you for a turn out?"
 CHAPPIE—"That's what I call beastly bad form!"

BETTER BUTTER!

BLESSINGS be upon the head of Prof. Dean, of the Agricultural College, who is perambulating the country with a dairy outfit, teaching our farmers how to make good butter! Glorious visions arise before us of the results of this noble mission. In the near future we may escape the necessity of choosing between dry bread, and bread made nauseous by alleged butter, redolent of leeks or turnips, or still worse flavors. Why have we been all this time obliged, as a general rule, to eat bad butter or none? Because our farmers could find a market and get as good a price for the bad article as the good, though most of them knew nothing of butter-making scientifically, and got it good by accident more than anything else. Prof. Dean is impressing it upon the rural mind that there is big money in first-class butter, and that it is well worth the farmer's while to learn how to produce it. His meetings are having great success, and once more we invoke the blessings of the bread-and butter lover on his devoted head.

A FREE AD.

"**B**ELLAMY wants a butcher shop, boot and shoe maker, tailor, druggist, coal and wood yard, boarding house, bakery, blacksmith, lumber yard, barber, weekly newspaper, laundry, homœopathic doctor and allopathic doctor. There is an excellent field for any and all of the above trades and professions." So reads an ad. in the *World*. This is strictly true; in fact, there are several excellent fields in Bellamy, right in the middle of the town.

'EASIER to be played on than a pipe"—A Conflagration.—*Puck*. Also a playground.

"WHAT we want," said the cook, as she dexterously skinned the eel preparatory to placing it in the frying-pan, "is a nude eel."

A SLIGHT MISUNDERSTANDING.

BEWZER—"What did you mean, Mr. Hogaboom, by telling Major Beeswax, yesterday, that I was an unfortunate drunkard? It is an infamous falsehood, sir, and I have a mind to—to—"

HOGABOOM—"But I assure you I never said anything of the kind. I never used any language which would bear that construction."

BEWZER—"The Major positively says you did, and he's a man of his word."

HOGABOOM—"Well, that's most extraordinary."

BEWZER—"Here he comes now. Now we'll see who's a liar. Major, did not you tell me that Mr. Hogaboom told you that I was a poor drunkard?"

MAJOR BEESWAX—"Certainly, so he did. I hardly think he'll deny that he made that statement."

HOGABOOM—"Why, you must be crazy. I said nothing against Mr. Bewzer's reputation at all."

MAJOR BEESWAX—"That is a deliberate falsehood, sir. I can recall every word you spoke. You said: 'I don't know much of Bewzer—he's a poor toper.'"

HOGABOOM—"Ah, I see it all now! It's easily explained. What I did say was, 'he's a Port Hoper,' and you understood me—"

MAJOR BEESWAX—"To mean a poor toper—just so. Well, gentlemen, I think the matter is satisfactorily cleared up."

BEWZER—

HOGABOOM—

BEESWAX—

"So let's go and take something."

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

"**H**A!" exclaimed the editor of the *Labor Advocate*, as he clawed over his exchanges, "another helper in the grand cause! Here's a new paper called *Onward*—capital name, too, for a Radical labor journal. Let's see if it's up to the standard," and he tore off the wrapper. Then his countenance fell, and so did the paper. It was a Sunday school monthly published by the Methodist Book concern.

THERE is a girl in the London workhouse who speaks a language which nobody can understand.—*Ex.*

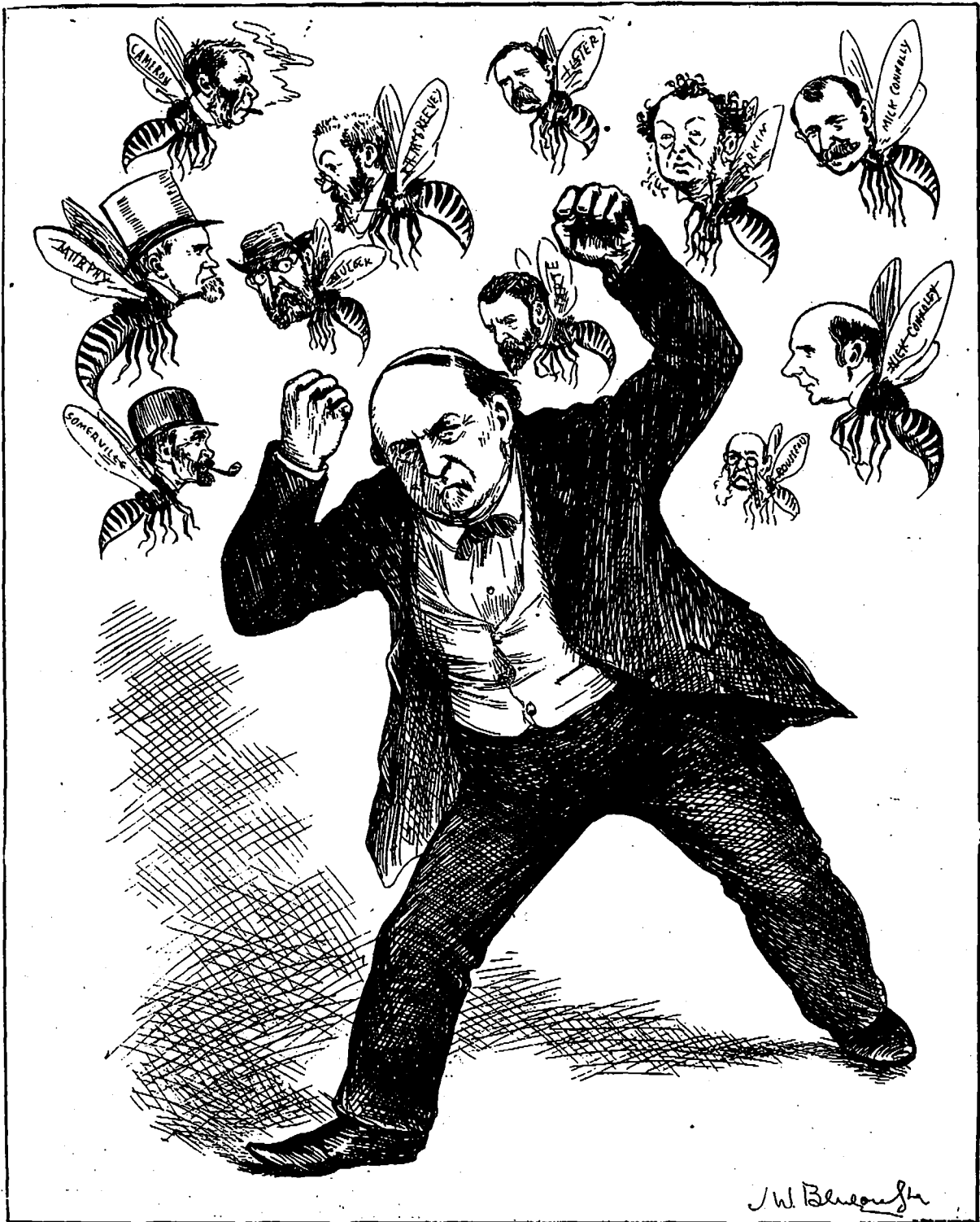
She is probably a Browning enthusiast, or an exponent of the higher culture.



JULY IN MUSKOKA.

MRS SUMMERSNAP—"This is simply dreadful! And you told me Muskoka was a lovely place to pass the summer in."

MR. S.—"Well, don't you find it delightfully cool, as I described it?"



SIR HECTOR'S MAUVAISE QUART D'HEURE.



HE SPOKE FEELINGLY.

MRS. HENPECK—"I see by the paper that a man in London has been sent to prison for having one wife too many. Served him right, I say."

MR. H.—"One wife too many? I call that more of a misfortune than a fault."

MRS. JIMPSECUTE ON SUMMER HOLIDAYS.

"WELL, for my part I really think the people have all gone crazy on summer holidays," remarked Mrs. Jimpsecute. "It's perfectly absurd and ridiculous the way they are acting, shutting up their nice, comfortable houses in the city, and going off for six or eight weeks at a time to some ramshackled, tumbledown, poky old farmhouse, where they'll have to sleep in a stuffy little bedroom, that hasn't been aired from one year's end to the other, and where likely as not the windows are not made to open, and be bitten half to death every night by mosquitoes or—worse, and have nothing on earth to do all day but try to get somewhere out of the heat, and sit and wish they was back on Yonge Street, where there is something to be seen. Or else, if they can afford it, which dear knows there isn't many people in Toronto can honestly these days—not if they was to pay their debts—go to some fashionable hotel where they will be pretty nearly as uncomfortable as they would at a farmhouse and have to change their dresses about four or five times a day, and put on no end of style, or else be put down as a nobody by a lot of brainless swells and upstarts that's got nothing but money, and often not much of that, but think to show off by putting on airs and dressing in the latest style, and the way they go on, I'm told, with their ball dresses and their bathing dresses, and sitting up half the night dancing and flirting and talking scandal, such as no decent woman, let alone a lady, ought to listen to, is something scandalous."

"In my opinion it's just sheer downright laziness on the part of a lot of worthless, good-for-nothing, gad-about women, that ought to be willing to stay at home and look after their families, and could find plenty of work to occupy them if they only did their duty, instead of letting their children grow up like a pack of wild Indian savages, running and whooping all over the neighborhood, stealing apples and throwing stones, and indeed it's only last week we had one of our front windows broken by a stone thrown by some young rascals, whose mothers

ought to know better than let them grow up a nuisance to the neighborhood. But as I was saying it's just pure laziness and shiftlessness that makes people glad of any kind of an excuse to get away from home and housework, and off to some place where they'll have nothing to do but sit still and read novels and gossip from morning till night, which I think really they ought to be ashamed of. Why, we didn't have any of this nonsense about summer holidays twenty or thirty years ago, with everybody running away from town for a couple of months and pretending they must have change of air on account of their health, which, of course, is just a pretence and a piece of the greatest nonsense that anybody can see through, for I'm sure the women when I was a girl were a great deal ruggedger than what they are to day, and did twice as much work without any gadding about the country to summer resorts, spending as much in a few weeks in foolishness as would keep the family for half a year or longer. And I really do believe the men like it, and encourage it, even though it does cost so much, though they are always grumbling about expense, because they are glad to get their wives out of the way, for then they are up to all kinds of mischief and dissipation that they daren't do if they knew it, and pretend that business keeps them in town, and they can't even get a day away to go anywhere, while all the time they are just scheming to get their wives away off to the country, and then there's no knowing what they won't do in the way of deviltry, and drinking and gambling, and then when the women come back, look as meek and quiet as though butter wouldn't melt in their mouths.

"Oh, no, I'm not going away into the country, for I think what with high taxes and rents, and the way business is now, that it would be just a sin to spend money in that way, and what's more, I know if I did go off I should begin to worry just as soon as I got there about how things were going on at home, and wouldn't enjoy a bit of comfort nor peace till I got back again."

IMMATERIAL.

"WHAT are the difference between evolution and revolution?"

"WHAT 'T'?" Well some writers use a capital, but it's not strictly necessary."

A NEW FORM OF CORRUPTION.

"TELL yer what it is," said Farmer Wayback, as he stopped in his harvesting for a minute to talk to the summer boarder, who had just returned from the village Post-office with a five-day's-old newspaper. "Durned ef this here thing uv p'litical c'ruption ain't agittin wuss an' wuss. Them fellers at Ottawa don't seem to hev no sorter shame about 'em nuther—durned ef they do. They put up the most scandalous jobs onto us taxpayers, and don't seem to keer two cents who knows that they're a lot of robbers. F'rinstance I wuz reedin' last Sunday into the *Mail* suthin' about the Private Bills Committee at Ottawa. Now jest think av that! What bizness them fellers got ter hev their private bills fur clothes, an' board an' whiskey an' sech sent in to a committee fur tew git the country ter pay 'em! No more'n what you nor me has? Tell yer we pay them members of Parliament a durned big figure fer loafing round Ottawa fur a few months, but when it comes to their makin' the public pay fur all kinds of extravagances it does make me wild! Git up thar! Private bills! The infernal scoundrels!"



THE GREAT MERCIER RECEPTION.

MAYOR MCSHANE (*reading civic address*)—"The season of conflict will doubtless soon recommence, the scent of battle is in the air, and your patriotic supporters rejoice greatly to have again at their head the respected chief on whose banners success and victory love to perch.

"You will find us, honorable sir, always at your side when you call upon us to fight for the great principles you represent in our good old Province."

DOUGALL—"Here! Mr. Mayor, no party tunes! Speak for yourself!"

ROUGHING IT IN MUSKOKA.

THE Gassleys are in Muskoka doing the "roughing it" act. They have a place on one of the islands, and every summer they resign the luxuries of Jarvis street for a season of hardships and privations in that wild district. "It is, of course, a severe test," says Mrs. Gassley, "but then it gives us all such rugged health, you know. Why, the girls add pounds and pounds to their weight, and the boys are improved in every way by the experience."

Let us drop in upon them unexpectedly and make notes of the day's "roughing." Here we are at the Gassley cottage, though that isn't its official title. It is known as "Tribulation Camp"—these words being wrought very tastefully in evergreen over the front door. And a very snug and pretty cottage it is, standing on a gentle slope about one hundred yards from the placid shore of the pretty island-dotted lake. A broad verandah sweeps round three sides of the house, and there is a plentiful supply of comfortable-looking armchairs, in one of which Mr. Gassley is at the moment roughing it in carpet slippers, burdened with a good cigar and the current number of *Harper*. We enter the front door and an appalling scene of hardship bursts upon us. The walls and ceiling are positively unplastered—nothing but pine boards matched and varnished! There is a marked absence of oil painting and articles of *vertu* on the walls, the place of these marks of civilization being supplied by full-page pictures from illustrated newspapers, tacked up with extemporized frames of evergreen twigs. The floor is also of pine, and here and there, where it is not covered by

the rugs which lie about, we may see that the boards are by no means perfectly joined. Coal oil lamps fastened here and there to the walls provide light at night—there isn't a single gas-meter in the whole island! We tour through the rest of the house and find everything else to correspond with what has just been described. It gives us a keen sense of the privations of a life in the bush, and sets us to wondering how these refined beings from Jarvis street can possibly endure it even for a few weeks each summer. We go outdoors and the feeling is intensified. All about us is the primæval forest—the natural home of bears and wolves—and here, a few yards from the back door, we find Mrs. Gassley, whose nerves have evidently been steeled by these seasons of roughing it, calmly swinging in a hammock. The boys and girls are out on the bosom of the lake in a row boat, the former rowing like veritable *voyageurs*, the latter sitting in picturesque postures and holding up their faces and lily-white arms to the sun, if perchance they can manage to get a good tan put on before they start for the city. Roughing it! We should say so!

GEOGRAPHICAL.

IT was at Lewiston, and they sat in front of the hotel, waiting for the steamer: "Where are we, any'ow?" queried the young Englishman with the wraps, "in America or Canada, or where?" He was informed that Canada was just across the river, and a momentary ray of intelligence passed across his features.

A TRAINED MONKEY ON THE PLAINS.—*Judge.*

THE ANTHEM.

THE Grits were disgusted because the Tories sang "God Save the Queen" in celebration of the government majority on the vote which wound up the Budget debate. Yet nothing could have been in better taste. It was not the regular anthem that was used, but a special edition prepared for such occasions. The Grits were too mad to notice this fact. The words sung were as follows:—

God save our Gracious Queen,
 Long live our noble Queen.
 God save the Queen!
 Save the Red Parlor, too,
 Succor the boodling crew,
 Help us to check it through.
 These hands are clean!

HIS PRINCIPAL CONCERN.

SYMPATHIZER (to Jumbo Campbell)—"I can assure you I'm quite anxious about the outcome of this agitation to repeal the by-law."

JUMBO—"Taint the outcome that worries me a mite. What I'm anxious about is the income."

A GOOD MODEL.

"PROF. DEAN," says the *Globe*, "handles his subject in an easy, confident way, speaking in clear and simple language without adorning his speeches with any of those flowery metaphors, flummy doodles or side trimmings that so effectually obscure the meaning of so many orators of the present day." Wouldn't it be well for this ornate writer to copy Prof. Dean's excellent model?

A TOUGH ONE.

PLUGWINCH—"Pignuffle, I've got one for you—What is the difference between the work of the public executioner and that of the laundress?"

PIGNSUFFLE—"Give it up, old man. Propound!"

PLUGWINCH—"Why, one results in sickening thuds, and the other in thickening suds."

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Mr. Isaac Brown, of Bothwell, says that one bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters did him more good, for a case of Salt Rheum, than \$500 worth of other medicine.

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*R. du Loup
July 26/83*

My dear General

*I have just read Collins
-I turned up the "Paufer
Scandal" & the "Double
Shuffle" to see what he
had to say on these points*

*I shall read it on my
return. I don't think it
amounts to much. I
dubied getting from any
information. as I had not
want to make myself in
any way responsible for
the Book*

*Yours truly
John Macpherson*

There is a so-called life of Sir John A. Macdonald in the hands of agents which was written years ago and which has been professedly remodelled and revised. Regarding this work the subjoined extract from fac-simile letter gives Sir John's opinion.

Col. Macpherson has been engaged upon this work during the last twelve years with the concurrence of Sir John, and thus will be able to give to the public a most complete and authentic life of the departed statesman; in fact, it will be the ONLY REAL life of Sir John issued.

The work will shortly be issued by the Earle Publishing House of St. J. N.B., and will be a marvel of the Printers' and Bookbinders' Art. It will be copiously illustrated, including two Steel Portraits of Sir John. The work will be complete in two volumes in four styles of binding. Lovers of Canada's "Grand Old Man" will do well to remember that this work was

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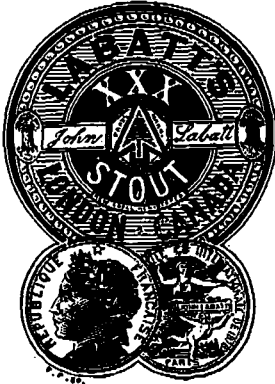
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-N. Y. Life.

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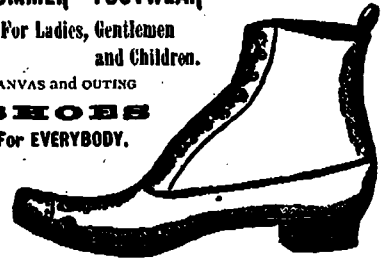
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