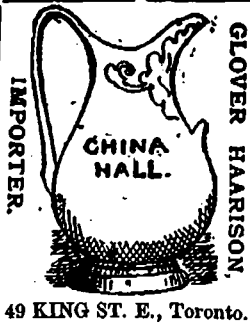


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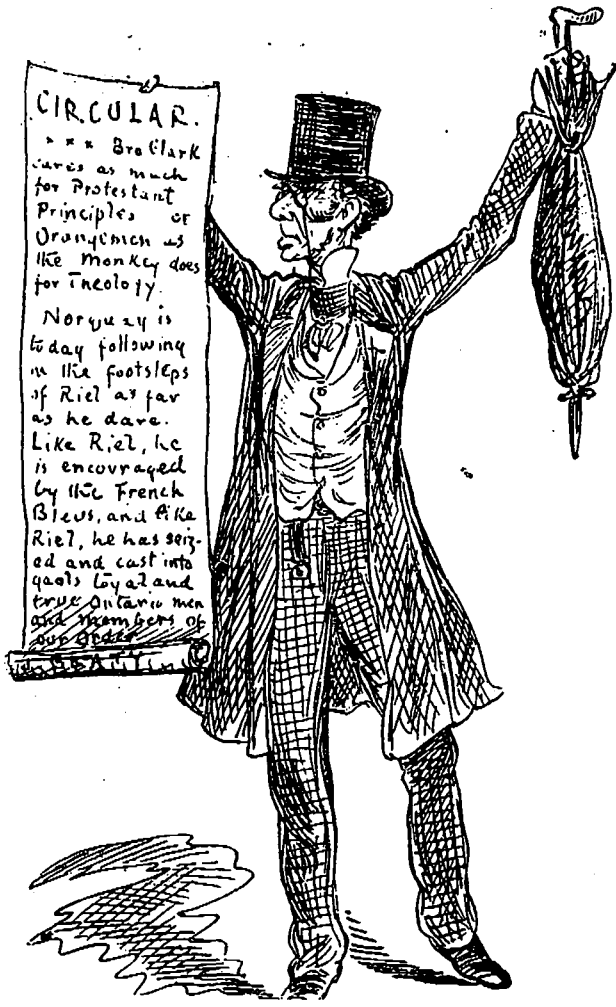
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VOLUME XXI.
No. 14.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, SEPT. 22, 1883.

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TWO KINDS OF ORANGEMEN.



"THE LEADER AND PATRIOT."

Let us defend our Province against invaders who have no claim to the Territory!—J. BEATT.

"THE ORANGE SENTINEL."

THE SENTINEL.—Who goes there?
NORQUAY.—Eemies.
THE SENTINEL.—All right: pass in, gentlemen.

AT THE EXHIBITION.

Toronto Globe (Sept. 11.)—
"TYPE-WRITING."

This comparatively new, but delightfully legible and rapid mode of writing is well represented in the Exhibition by Mr. T. Bengough, of Toronto, having sent up three machines, which were already being operated yesterday afternoon. These machines are rapidly growing in favor, and the present is an excellent opportunity for the public to thoroughly acquaint themselves with the invention and convince themselves of its advantages over the old, laborious, often illegible system of Caligraphy.

See our exhibit—head of stairway, main building. If you can't come to the Exhibition, send for catalogue and specimens.
BENGOUGH'S SHORTHAND ATHENEUM AND TYPE-WRITING HEADQUARTERS,
29 King Street West, Toronto.

USE WILSON'S FLY POISON PADS.



SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.



1ST GENT.—What find I here
Fair Portia's counterfeit! What Demi-God
Hath come so near creation?
2ND GENT.—It must have been BRUCE, as he alone can
so beautifully counterfeit nature.
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J. W. BENGOUGH

Editor.

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

Please Observe.

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

Cartoon Comments

LEADING CARTOON.—Readers of Dickens will remember that Oliver Mowat in the course of his travels fell in with one John A., alias the "Artful Dodger," who conducted him into the house of Fagin Bleu, where he received very effusive attentions at the hands of Jack Norquay, Charley Mousseau and other "young gentlemen" who were in the employ of the nice old fellow. Those who care for the interests of Ontario will be pleased to hear that Oliver came out all right with his bundle.

FIRST PAGE.—Mr. Jas. Beaty and Mr. Edward Clarke are both Conservatives. They are also Orangemen. On the subject of Ontario's rights they take opposite grounds. Mr. Beaty stands up for his Province and demands that justice be done; Mr. Clarke is actively engaged in trying to convince the members of his order that it is their duty to aid and abet the invaders of Ontario territory. GRIP leaves his readers to judge which of these two men is the best representative of the principle of loyalty, which is the leading idea of Orangeism.

EIGHTH PAGE.—The *Globe* has been brought up with a round turn in its pursuit of the C.P.R., and hereafter will, it is hoped, be more careful about its facts when it deals with that Institution. Mr. Stephen, President of the railway, has given a categorical denial to the statements recently made by the *Globe*, as to the character of the country west of Qu'Appelle, and the refusal of the Company to accept their sections along the main line, and the enterprising editor has gracefully eaten his own words.

Our Leading Article.

Supplied each week to GRIP, gratis, by a Syndicate of
Grit and Tory editors.

THE POSTMASTER-GENERAL.

The Grit press throughout the country is being egged on to attack the Postmaster-Gen-

eral, one of the most efficient members of the present Cabinet. As usual, these attacks are inspired by jealousy, as there is certainly a vast difference between the management of the Postal Department by its present incumbent and that of his predecessor. The latter was a careful, skilled, and business-like man. Hon. John Carling is lazy and incompetent. It must be borne in mind that the work of the Department is augmenting daily, notwithstanding which fact business men throughout the land are loud in their testimony that everything works like clock-work. It is only just to say, however, that the clock in question is equal in value to a *Globe* nickel watch; in other words, the Post Office service is disgracefully behind time and out of kilter. Carling must go—the country has no further use for him, but if he goes it ought to be to some higher sphere—to some fitting reward of honesty, perseverance, and official success. We wonder if the time will ever come when men who devote precious hours to the public service—hours which might be given for far higher financial return to their private affairs—will be looked upon by the people with feelings of generous appreciation. Up to this point in the world's history, the only reward a faithful public servant like Hon. John Carling receives (beyond his pitiful salary) is abuse and misrepresentation—for it is simply abuse to call him a man of affairs, and misrepresentation to allege that his management of the Post Office is anything but disgraceful. As a matter of fact, he doesn't "manage" it at all, never being by any accident present in his office except when bungling is required to be done—and even at bungling he is a poor hand, when compared to Huntington and other Grit Postmasters-General, whom the country, to its sorrow, remembers.

The Syndicate

[No article genuine without this Signature.

Note to Editor of GRIP.

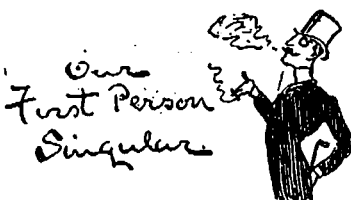
SIR:—We can't give you much on the subject of the Postmaster-General—there is nothing in the babble against him.

(Signed) TORY MEMBERS OF SYNDICATE.

To the Editor of GRIP.

SIR:—We can't write on the Postmaster-General. There is nothing in him.

(Signed) GRIT MEMBERS OF SYNDICATE.



I observed this notice in a "purveyor's" window the other day: "Ham and chicken sausage. A great delicacy. These sausages have been before the public for some years." Such being the case, I am not surprised at the dealer's anxiety to sell them.

I read a few days ago that a boy had accidentally swallowed a ten dollar gold piece, somewhere in the northern parts of the Province. Now, if there be, as rumored, gold in this country, here is the fellow to give his ideas upon the wealth of the Interior. That gilded youth ought to know something about it.

I notice that the *Lindsay Post* charges Mr. Frank Madill, of Collingwood, with meanness because he palmed off half-watered bottles of whiskey on Tory voters in Muskoka. I can't agree with the *Post* and there is a libel somewhere. Mr. Madill might have palmed off one bottle of the attenuated beverage on a Tory, but he could never have done so successfully twice. No, sir.

If "hoops" for feminine wear are to become fashionable once more, by all means let us have the entire porcine at once, and not those half-and-half arrangements which are neither one thing nor the other, and which give ladies' dresses the appearance of a draggly, circular awning. The light, clinging, closely-fitting "pull-back" was bad enough when carried to excess, but it was infinitely preferable, as far as appearance went, to some of the outlandish looking circular arrangements worn nowadays.

A correspondent thus writes to the editor of the *London Tizer*:—"I read of acts of rowdiness at the foot bridge from the city to London West. In view of such, would it not be well if Chief Williams could arrange the beats of his force so as to have one man perpetually in this neighborhood?"—Cool, at any rate, to hint that there are any 'beats' amongst the members of the London Police Force; but the idea is good,—putting aside the impertinence of the suggestion—for, on the principle that it is the correct thing to set a thief to catch a thief, I suppose a beat is the right kind of a man to suppress beatism.

Last week I said a few words about patch-ouli. I would now like to mention another perfume, which though scarcely as objectionable as that treated of last Saturday, is still very offensive. I allude to the odor which any one passing often up and down Church Street,—for it is in this thoroughfare that I have observed the nuisance most frequently—cannot fail to notice, and which emanates from the wagon of a swill collector. The stench on some of the very few warm days last summer was simply terrific, and it is bad enough now. This paragraph is not meant to be a humorous one. Something ought to be done to compel the drawer of that swill wagon to keep his barrels covered.

That prize fight between Messrs. Mitchell and Slade will be a long range affair if each principal, to say nothing of the referee, is to be allowed to fight where he wishes. Slade insists on Texas as the battle ground; Mitchell says the Indian Territory must be the scene of the fray, whilst the referee declares that the contest must come off within a hundred miles of New Orleans. Accordingly these three gentlemen have taken up their positions in the localities mentioned and I, for one, can't see why on earth the law should prevent the two principals from fighting, each on his own chosen ground. Let the fight proceed. If Courtney is wise he will take a hint from the above arrangement and when he issues a challenge he should insist on the race being rowed with his opponent in Australia and himself somewhere in America. If this arrangement was productive of no other good than that it would insure his shell from being sawed in two by

his adversary: there is so much to be said in its favor.

Since writing the above I see that the Slade-Mitchell fight is quashed, but this paragraph will have to stand on Courtney's account.

I was much amused a day or two ago by a little *contretemps* that occurred on one of our streets, and which exemplified the admirable training of the English "tiger" or "groom" or whatever the animal is called: who sits behind his master, bolt upright and with folded arms, in a dog-cart. A gentleman was driving along at a leisurely pace, seated in one of those British-looking dog-carts not unfrequently seen in this city, and behind him, grave as a judge, stiff as a ramrod and with arms folded according to the regulation pattern across his breast sat, with his back to the horse, a little servant in an immaculate "tile" neat dark coat, white breeches and spotless tops. The "turn-out" presented a very pleasing picture on account of the propriety of all its appointments and the attention paid to those little details which shows that the proprietor of such a "trap" knows what is what. The vehicle, as before stated, was proceeding at an easy rate, when the driver touched his horse with the whip, causing the animal to make a sudden spring forward, the effect of which being to precipitate the little man sitting behind head-first out of the dog-cart unnoticed by his master who drove serenely on. The feller lit squarely on the top of his glossy "plug," which was driven down over his nose, and in that position, with his legs in the air still doubled as if in a sitting posture, he remained for several seconds. But,—and this is what struck me as demonstrating the force of habit—his arms never for a moment relaxed their folded position across his chest till some kindly passer by set him right side up, and it is doubtful whether their position would have been altered, even then, had it not been for the necessity of using the hands to re-arrange the crushed plug hat in its normal position. I can assure you that the whole affair, whilst it lasted, was very ludicrous.

FREDDIE.

It is a source of regret amongst the *quid nuncs* that circumstances have prevented the exhibition here of Mr. B. J. Foster's perpetual motion machine. That this ingenious inventor has actually "struck it" is firmly maintained by all who have been permitted to see his apparatus, and it would undoubtedly have proved an attraction at the great fair. It is to be on view at the Provincial at Guelp, however.

POEMS OF LIFE.—No. II.

BY MCTUFF.

AULD GRANNIE.

What a sweet smile o' peace sits on auld grannie's face;
Sae gentle, sae lovin', sae lit up wi' grace;
Ye'd think for tae see her she'd never known care
Frae the quiet look o' happiness lingerin' there.
Though she numbers her years 'yont the three score
and ten,
An' her back 'neath their wecht is beginnin' tae ben',
Yet still she is cheerfu' an' trustin, the while,
Her soul bein' unburdened wi' ocht that is vile.
When summoned awa, O! whaur shall we find
Anither on earth that's sae gentle an' kind.

Though the roses o' youth lang syne fled frae her cheek,
An' her joints noo betimes are rheumatic an' weak,
Though her once gowden locks are noo white as the snaw,

An' the bloom o' her youth is a' faded awa,
Yet tae us she's as bonnie as bonnie can be,
For the lamp o' true godliness beams frae her e'e
An' lichts up her soul wi' a brightness divine,
That age, nor infirmities ever can dwine;
For lang has she lippin on Him whase behests
Are aye for the best, yes, are aye for the best.

The Booke'en an' mornin' she takes up wi' care,
An' she turns ower its leaves wi' a reverent air.

Tae the place she has marked whaur it tells that 't
Heaven

The just anes o' earth their reward shall be given.
She drinks a deep draught frae the life givin' stream,
Syn'e lays it aside pleased wi' its bricht gleam,
Then silently pours oot her spirit in prayer
Tae Him wha's aye tended her footsteps wi' care.
Oh! lang may auld grannie be left wi' us here
A livin' example tae love an' revere.

Her faith is as pure as the fountain o' licht,
Nae shadows o' doot ever darken her sicht,—
The scientist's reasonin' she knows nocht aboot,
But judges the tree by its rich flavored fruit.
Tae ken modern lear she maks nae pretence
Yet her mind is a mint o' wisdom an' sense;
Wi' plausible doctrines she canna agree;
Her mind frae a sceptical doubtin' is free;
Her life is the essence o' virtue and truth
An' her heart ne'er shall swerve frae the God o' her youth.

The bairnies adore her, and richtly they should,
For in them she canna see ocht but is good,
Whan troubles they meet wi' that fashes their minds,
A true frien' in grannic they ever will find.
She's the great source o' a' that is guid in their een,
Nae shadows 'twixt her and their hearts intervene,
A lovin' protector they ever find true,
Wha'll aye tak' their pairt whatever they do;
Wha in kindly advice, instead o' the rod,
Will point oot the path that they shouldna hae trod.

'Nae holier picture o' life can be seen
'Than grannie wi' her pets sittin' roun' her at e'en,
'A listenin' intently wi' interest sublime
As she tells them pure tales o' the auldien time,
Deep doon i' their hearts the guid seed taks root,
An' in fulness o' time gives abundance o' fruit;
For I ken she is takin' this sensible plan
'Tae model the mind o' the forth coming man,
An' lang, aye, lang after she's gone tae her rest
Her precepts will find a response in his breast.

But wae's me, she canna be lang wi' us here,
Oor minds tae instruct an' oor spirits tae cheer,
But whilst she is spared we will lichten her heart
By acting towards her a dutiful part;
It canna be lang, but whilst she is left
O' solacin' comforts she'll ne'er be bereft;
For when she is ca'ed tae the Mansion above
We'll soothe her last hours wi' affection and love,
Believin' that Providence kens what is best,
An' does a' for the best—yes does a' for the best.

CAMPBELLFORD, August 24th, 1883.



COMMON LAW PROCEEDINGS.

REPORTED BY POLICEMAN X.

DERE MISTER GRIP,—Wich my name is Pleecceman Hex (leastwise that's my horfsh name), an I wants you to hadvise me an the Public regardin a momenchus legle queschin as nerey flored yures twrely. Has I wur on my beet a fue nites agone, I ears a horfe rackit in Bill Syks tennymint. There was a wollerpin an a scrashin ov furnitcher an a vois scritchoin "murder," an I felt it my dewty to hinterpose the Batten of Lor and Horder. Shuvin in the dore hi sees Sykes a awlin ov is wife about the flore by ei back are an a wollupin ov er with a chare legg. "Old ard" sez i "yew scownroll. I harrest yew in the quenes Name." "Wot fur," sezee a stoppin facin me with a hindignant hare an a sneerin hegapreshun. "Youd better git, sezee, "your

a hinterferin' with the hoperation ov the Lor," sezee. Haul this tim e kep a old ov the wumman by the are an hi cood see as she wur badly punisht in the fais an er dres haul toar. "Wot lor," sez i stupefide like, "The Commin Lor," sezee as bowld as bras, "Well your a commin Keprowbait," sez i "an Ile hinterfear with your hoprashuns so furs to put you in the cooler," sez i. "No yer dont," sezee, "fur hime thishyer wummins usban" sezee, "an hive the rite at commin Lor to resoart to modrit correckshun ov er fur er misbehaver," sezee, "an wots moar its not fur magistris nor courts to step in an hinterfear with the rites ov a usban in rulin hover is oan ouseold," sezee, "The Lor givs im rites wich no hauthority may hinwade," sezee. Wel e spoak with sich a hare ov avin it hal by art that I new as e wur repetin wot ede erd or red so I haraks, "wur did you git that kind ov lor? yer didn't git it frum no lorryer in Toronto," sez i. "Well its Cownty Judges lor" sezee, "hannyhow," sezee, an with that e dropped the wummin hoo sunk on the flore with a hegscrowshatin grone and puld a nusepaper hout ov is pockit. "Look thur," sezee, an he shode me a repourt ov the trile ov a Salvashun Army man" in Sentommas for larruppin is wife wur the juge (Hewes or sumthin like that wos is name) an sed the saim wurd as Sykes ad a been repetin an ad akwitted the usban. Well that staggert me but sez i, "wot dyer coll modrit correckshun?" So e shode me in the saim repourt as ow this salvashun man ad hused is wife the very hidentical way as Sykes wur a doin' to hisu, chare leg an haul, and she wur henshenty too so the paper sed wich is French I beleave. "Now thers a Danl cum to jugmint," sezee, "that air huse is a juge hafter my hoan Art," sezee. Well mister Grip that maid me scratch my ed. You see hime swoar to support the Lor an thers no gettin hover the Hipsy Dick-sit of a juge—heven a Cownty juge. So I thortfully turned on my cel an left the prem-myses an Sykes cauls after me horfe sarkastick, "yer wont cum no moar a hinterpintin the Domestik Rites ov Common Lor, will yer?" No moar I wont think hi has I got hout on the street, an so wen the scritchoin begin agen I just run away hout of hearin'. Ow cood I go back wen it wud have been my dewty to haid an support a usban in takin of leagle procedins agens his disobolctent wife.

Now mister GRIP I just want to send in my resignashin to Capt. Draper and go down an give that Sikes a fust clas Humoficial Idin. For that kind of thing *carnt yo hou*, an if so be as the juges makes it commin Lor Proceedins, wy desint fokes will ave to *her-youte commin justis with a osswip*.

Yours twrely,
PLEECCEMAN HEX.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

We are in receipt of the first number of the *Dominion Mechanical and Milling News*, a monthly periodical, published in this city under the management of Mr. A. J. Wenborne, and of which the Beaver Publishing Company are the proprietors. It abounds in most instructive and ably written articles on mechanical and milling subjects, and cannot fail to prove a very useful and almost indispensable publication to all mechanics or others, who are interested in such matters. If succeeding numbers are equal in every respect to the first one, the *Mechanical and Milling News* cannot fail to take a front rank amongst the periodicals devoted to industrial matters in this country. Its typographical appearance is excellent and the numerous engravings, illustrative of the text, are of a high order.

The light guard—a glass chimney.—N. Y. World.

\$5 A WEEK,

AND HOW TO LIVE ON IT.

"A Junior Clerk" with a salary of \$5 a week, writes to ask how he is to be expected to live on it, as he is married and has two children. Mr. GRIP is ever desirous of giving information for the benefit of those who need it, and as "Junior Clerk" seems to be one of these, he shall have some advice. Every man's income is limited more or less; and he must limit his expenditure accordingly, but \$5 per week may be said to be decidedly limited, and any employer who would offer such a sum to a married man with a family must be a very contemptible person, though such individuals undoubtedly exist, and their name is Legion. A man is not always necessarily compelled to accept such remuneration, but when it comes to be a toss up between doing so and starving, he had better, perhaps, do the former. To live upon it, a man must first cut down his expenditure to the fewest possible branches, and secondly apply the closest possible shaving to each. They can hardly be reduced below three: food, clothes, and lodging; but if he finds he can do without any of these the difficulty would be much simplified. As to lodging;



the cheapest to be had must be chosen; the more unpleasant the situation the better, as the rent will then be more reasonable, or rather, more easy to pay. A dilapidated hovel in the suburbs of the city, or a single room for the whole family in some tenement may be recommended. Chairs, tables, bedsteads and other movables may be dispensed with; the entire furniture should consist of a few blankets and some straw; and the blankets ought to be begged: if the straw dealer will accept a note at twelve months for the amount of the value of the straw, so much the better. Fire must be dispensed with, except to cook a few potatoes with or to avoid being frozen to death.

With regard to clothes. These must be obtained, if possible, through charity: there is another way of getting them which it would be hardly right to hint at. By a proper economy they may be made to last till they fall to pieces, which they will not altogether do for years. If it is necessary to buy clothes they must be bought, but the purchase should only include indispensables. Shirts and stockings are superfluities, and the younger children may do without shoes during the warmer months of the year. Food must be confined, in general, to oatmeal, bread and potatoes, but perhaps a little flank beef that is spoiling and can be obtained very cheap may occasionally be indulged in. Tea and sugar are luxuries not to be dreamt of, and water must be the only drink. Possibly "Junior Clerk's" wife may



UP BEFORE HIS BISHOP.

(What we may expect when Christianity is properly understood.)

THE BISHOP.—MR. SMALLSOLE, I AM GRIEVED TO HEAR THAT YOU REFUSED TO PREACH FOR OUR METHODIST BRETHERN LAST SUNDAY. WHAT HAVE YOU TO SAY FOR YOURSELF?

THE REV. GENT.—MY LORD, THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL GOT THE BETTER OF ME. I HAVE NO EXCUSE, BUT I HOPE IT MAY NOT OCCUR AGAIN!

be fortunate enough to secure the weekly washing from some family, and if she has been brought up as she ought to have been, with no ridiculous notions about her, she will be glad to obtain such work. Quite possibly she may possess an education far superior to that of the 'lady' for whom she washes, but what is education after all? Nothing—compared with cash.

"Money makes the man; the want of it the fellow. And all the rest is leather and prunella," as Pope would have said had he lived in these degenerate days, instead of employing the the word 'worth' in the place of 'money.'

By following the above rules it is perhaps possible to live honestly on \$5 a week, with a wife and family. Medical attendance is out of the question, and death is a visitor who should never be allowed to enter the house. What are called comforts must be considered unattainable, for any man, even though starving and perishing, to help himself to a meal, a stick of wood or anything of the kind, is highly immoral; the law respects not persons but property, and severely visits such wickedness. S.

GRIP'S WIZDOM.

False friends, like ice, melt away at the approach of hot water.

The bluntest men generally make the most cutting remarks.

Lying is as hereditary as the gout, and both are almost incurable.

When you commit matrimony omit the 't.'

Beauty is often drawn by a single hair.

No woman rails so bitterly at unpunctuality as one who is, by accident, punctual—just once.

No baby has less idea of walking than a woman of the genus "shoddiensis communis" who has just started a carriage.

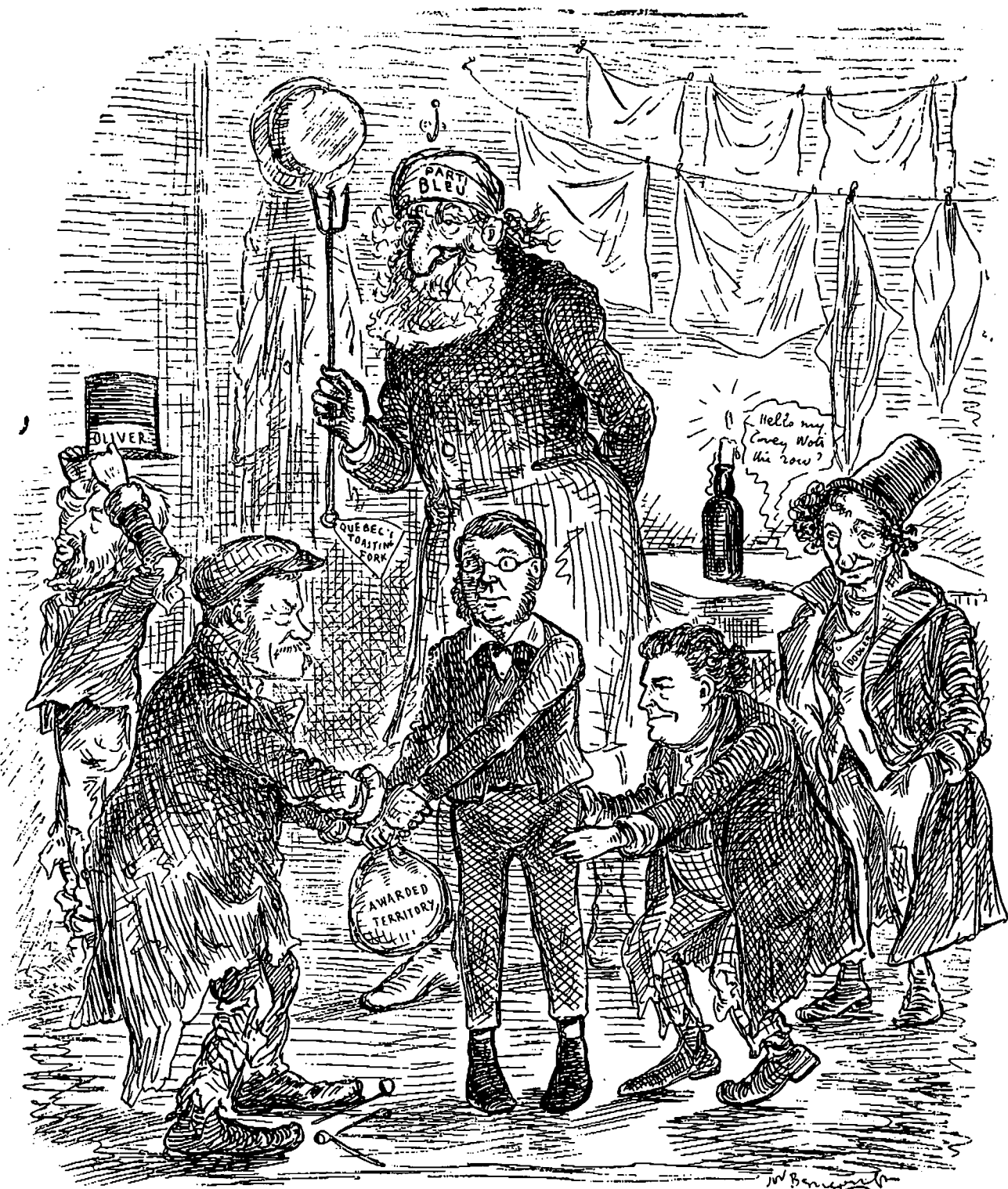
Women, as a rule, hide their faults more successfully than men. The same may be said of their virtues: not always, but very often.

Rowing is a sort of marine sport, and yet it's regular arm-y work.—*Philadelphia Herald.*

"You see that young gentleman opposite? You should know him. He comes from a very old family." "Indeed! and he so fresh!"—*Boston Transcript.*



READY FOR ANOTHER ERRAND!



"OLIVER" AT FAGIN'S.

"UPON THIS, THE YOUNG GENTLEMAN * * CAME ROUND HIM AND SHOOK HIS HANDS VERY HARD—ESPECIALLY THE ONE IN WHICH HE HELD HIS LITTLE BUNDLE. ONE YOUNG GENTLEMAN WAS VERY ANXIOUS TO HANG UP HIS HAT FOR HIM, AND ANOTHER WAS SO OBLIGING AS TO PUT HIS HANDS IN HIS POCKETS." &c.—vide "OLIVER TWIST"



"So the world wags."

I have been somewhat sad of late, my mental depression having been caused by the *Globe's* late watch enterprise. I was sad because I imagined those watches would not go, and I did not want to see the *Globe* get into trouble, but now I am relieved, for I see that I have been in error, and that they do go, and if their time is as correct as is stated in the following article from the *World*, I am more than satisfied. This is our bright little cotem's:

RECORD OF A GLOBE WATCH.

A farmer who owned a reliable time piece and who also bought a *Globe* watch for his son put one in each vest pocket and compared them throughout the day. He set the *Globe* watch by his own at 7 a.m. The comparison was to this effect:

The Old Reliable.	The Globe.
7.00	7.00
7.30	7.00
7.45	2.00
8.00	6.00
9.00	4.40
12.00	7.33
3.00	3.55
6.00	11.31

In the evening the prudent farmer went and pawned the watch on Queen Street for five dollars. Pretty soon another farmer came into the same three balls got four dollars on the same kind of a watch, and before he was out a third and frugal rustic put up a third and shiny watch for two dollars and a half.

The Hebrew grew a little suspicious and called in Davy Lorsch, an expert, who merely asked his friend if he hadn't read the *World*, and then gave it as his opinion that the watches were worth about thirty cents a dozen.

"Veeping Rachel," groaned the Hebrew, "I vas a ruined man," and seizing an adze he felled a fourth granger who had just come and wanted seven dollars on what he represented as a solid silver patent lever, stem winder, but which was out of the same barrel as the three that had just been hung up. "Mine vriend," said the Jew, "Dis vos too tin, I know dem *Globe* watches now by de schmell."

I was much struck by what appears to me to be the exact truth of the following brief article. There is a very prevalent idea that it is nothing but fun to write funny things, and the writer of the following demonstrates that his head is level—odious but expressive phrase—when he gives his ideas below on

HUMOROUS WRITING.

Almost every one privately indulges in the idea that he could become a celebrated humorous writer if he were only to try. He takes up a magazine or newspaper and reads a humorous article and says to himself: "If I only had time I could do vastly better than that." Now, friend, suppose you take the time, and try. If you can produce a first-class humorous sketch, your fortune is made. You need not

plod on in counting houses, or vegetate behind the counters of dry-goods stores selling calico at a profit of two cents on a yard. You can just go on with your first-class humor, and fix your own valuation upon it, never fearing but it will be paid. But the fact of it is, you are a little mistaken. This humorist business is much easier in theory than in practice. Anybody can criticise and find fault with our funny writers, but the question is can that same "anybody" do any better? If so, let him do it. You think it is a very easy and simple thing to sit down with a pen in your hand and a sheet of paper before you and indite thoughts which shall convulse the world with laughter, and sayings which shall be repeated for years to come. Well, we are all willing you should try, and when you achieve success we will laugh at your witty thing, and sun ourselves in the flash of your diamonds, and feel an envy. We are apt to look upon humorous writings as a pastime requiring less thought and intellectual power than the heavier essays that crowd our reviews; but in this we are mistaken. Your true humorist must have wonderful imagination, observation, a keen sense of the ridiculous, thorough understanding of men, a generous power of language, delicacy, sensibility, tenderness and a strong love of humankind.—*The Thorn Papers.*

**

The old Scotchmen in the anecdote here given does not seem to have been so firm a believer in the clan Campbell as many of his countrymen. He certainly did not think, as the old Highlander did, when the latter exclaimed, on hearing of the Princess Louise's marriage with a Campbell, "Ay, ay, the Queen'll be a proud woman the day." But this may have had reference rather to the noble Argyle family than to the Campbell clan. However this is what our old friend had to say about

SAE MONY CAWMILLS.

An honest and pious native of the West Highlands was, by what he considered the injustice and oppression of his landlord, whose name was Campbell, obliged to abandon his native district, and seek the means of earning a subsistence for himself and his family in Glasgow. He had never been taught to read. On one occasion a little girl, one of his daughters, was reading to him a portion of the Bible—the passage was the first chapter of the book of Job—which gives an account of the great wealth of the ancient Patriarch in flocks and herds. Among other items there are enumerated "even thousand sheep and three thousand camels," which last name being a stranger to the reader, she pronounced "Campbells." "Stop, Mary," interrupted her father, "what's that you'll said? treeousand Cawmills—you'll surely pe wrang, Mary." "No, father, I'm no wrang, its just Campbells." "Weel, Mary, I'll no kent, shust gang on: but I'll thoct that man will no pe wantin' to thrive when he'll keep so mony Cawmills about him."

Mary read on, and her father listened in silent astonishment to the account of that singular chain of misfortunes by which Job was all at once stript of his great wealth. The oxes and asses were all at once taken away by the Sabaeans—the sheep were burnt up with fire from heaven—and the Chaldeans, in three bands, carried off the camels; and in the sublime language of the narrative, Job was left "naked as he came from his mother's womb." When the chapter was concluded, the old man finished his comment upon it with—"I'll told you tat noo, Mary, no man need think to thrive who will keep so many Cawmills about him; but what you'll call'd the clan who tuik away ta scoundrels?" "Chaldeans," said Mary. "Weel, I'll declare I ne'er heard tell o'sic a clan in a'te Hielands before: but at ony rate

they'll no be a very sensible clan when they'll tak awa sae mony Cawmills, for it will be a lang time before they'll mak their bawbee a penny out o'sic a black bargain."—*Readable Paragraphs in Montreal Witness.*



Gilmore's celebrated band is at the Pavilion according to announcement. The organization consists of 55 first class players under the leadership of Mr. P. S. Gilmore. No greater musical event has occurred in Toronto for a long time than the visit of this great band, and music lovers will do well to seize the opportunity of hearing it. Performance to-night (20th).

Kate Salisbury and Miss Nellie McHenry, with a company of accomplished comedians, are making it merry for the patrons of the Grand in "Green Room Fun" and "My Chum," this week. Go and see them if you want to larf.

A ROLAND FOR AN OLIVER.

Scene—A country road; Time, 10 P.M.; two old cronies are on their way home.

1st Cronie—Man, George, A feel the dram gey an' muckle i' ma heid.

2nd Cronie (who is a bit of a joker)—A thoct, William, "still" waters ran deep.

1st Cronie—Weel, apparently in your case thae dae, judgin' frae yer unsteady walk.—*Glasgow Baillie.*

TENNYSON'S "MAY QUEEN."

Who knows that if the beautiful girl who died so young had been blessed with Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" she might have reigned on many another bright May-day. The "Favorite Prescription" is a certain cure for all those disorders to which females are liable. By druggists.

The key-note—"Wife, let me in."—*Ex.*

A revival meeting—A camphor bottle and a fainting woman's nose.—*Ex.*

Can the criminal who chases and catches a Chinese criminal be said to be the Asiatic collarer?—*Ex.*

There is a tide in the affairs of bank presidents, which, taken at its flood, leads on to the penitentiary.—*Ex.*

A sign in one of our stores reads "Bathing Suits." Sometimes it does and sometimes it doesn't. Shopkeepers should beware of generalities.—*Ex.*

A Peruvian living in Milan has made a clock entirely out of bread. This reminds us of a Philadelphia blacksmith who made an anvil out of bread. The bread was presented to him by a Vassar College girl. She baked it herself.—*Ex.*

If the blood be impoverished, as manifested by pimples, eruptions, ulcers, or running sores, scrofulous tumors, swellings or general debility, take Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." Sold by druggists.

A girl in Alabama has three tongues, but there is no particular advantage in the possession. She can not do more than talk all the time, and a woman with one tongue can do that.

A VISIT TO THE ROYAL PARTY.



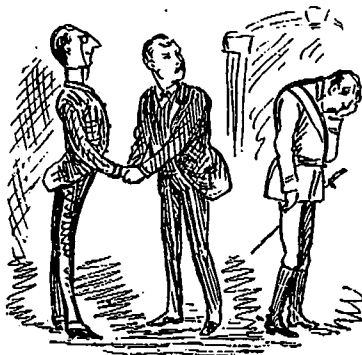
WISH to see the Marquis and the Princess," said a tall, intellectual, quietly but tastefully attired gentleman to the aide-de-camp who was on duty at the Queen's Hotel one day last week. "Be good enough to inform His Excellency that I am here."

"Haw, haw, haw; that is wick," laughed the military attache. "Why, my good fellow, weally now, I don't know which to admiah most, your cheek or your

beauty; haw! haw!"

"Fellow," said the gentleman, in a tone which caused the ill-timed levity of the other to vanish at once, "Fellow, do as I tell you. Obedience is the soul of the army, of which organization I see you are a member," and he bent his piercing gaze on the tunic of the officer, and saw that one button was unfastened, "attend to that button at once," indicating the breach of Her Majesty's Rules and Regulations, "and when you are properly dressed as prescribed by military law for a soldier on duty, take my card to His Excellency and let him be acquainted with the fact that I tarry here," and he produced his bit of pasteboard and stamped his foot authoritatively; "Instantly, sirrah, or your carcass swings 'ere sundown from yonder flag staff where flaunts that banner under which you serve; now, r-r't 'bout face: qu'k march."

The aide-de-camp hesitated at first to obey the imperious visitor, but awed by the majesty of that personage's appearance and the general *je ne sais quoi* of his *tout ensemble*, he cast his eyes on the card which he had taken in his hand and muttering something about "seeing to it," was on the point of retiring when the Marquis himself appeared at the door and enquired what the matter was. No sooner did he catch sight of the visitor than he thrust his aide-de-camp to one side and skipped towards the former, taking both his hands in his own and shaking them cordially. "Why, my dear fellow," he cried with a joyous accent, "how are you? I'm delighted to see you: Come inside; the Princess was just speaking of you a minute or two ago. And you, sir," he added, turning to the trembling aide-de-camp and frowning terribly, "how dare you keep the representative of GRIP cooling his heels here: how dare you sir? Ha! I place you on short rations for three days for this misdemeanor: 'tis meet that I should mete out a shorter al-



lowance of meat to you when I meet with such a breach of good-manners," and smiling at his quaint conceit as he glanced toward his visitor, he continued to his aide, "go you and stand in the corner," and then, bidding his visitor follow

him he led the way upstairs. GRIP's society man, slipping a fifty cent piece into the disgraced officer's hand as he stood at attention in the corner to which he had been ordered, and whispering, "Never mind, old fellow; slip out and get some buns," followed His Excellency into the presence of H. R. H. the Princess Louise, who rose with a charming smile and that stately courtesy for which she is so widely famed, and advancing two paces towards her visitor, extended her royal hand to him, over which GRIP's Ambassador, dropping on one knee, bowed low and reverently. "Come, get up, old man," exclaimed the Marquis, tapping the gentleman on the shoulder with an old fashioned snuff-mull, on the lid of which was a huge cairn-gorm, "we will dispense with ceremony; take a pickle o' sneeshin and a chair," at the same time drawing a fauteuil towards him, into which GRIP's representative gracefully dropped and produced his note-book. "Come, come, sir," cried Her Royal Highness with an enchanting smile, "please put that book away, or I shall think you are an ordinary newspaper man. Dear me, John," she continued, turning to her husband, "I can't help laughing when I think of that reporter of—well, I won't mention his paper's name—who was here yesterday. How sheepish he looked, to be sure; and did you notice how he persisted in addressing me as Your Highal Rawness, ha, ha, ha!" and the royal laughter became infectious as the two gentlemen joined in it. The visitor, obediently putting his note book into his pocket, said, as soon as his laughter would permit, "Your Royal Highness, I should very much like to hear what you think of our city." "I regret that I could see so little of it," was the reply: "Please tell me, are your streets *always* undergoing repairs? The last time I was here nearly every one we traversed or attempted to traverse was in a state of demoralization, and I see they are still in the same condition." "Your Royal Highness is a keen observer," remarked GRIP's swill. "We had hoped that you would not observe that our thoroughfares were not *comme il faut*." "Well, sir, I do not know that I should have done so had there been a principal street that was not "up," as we say in England, and in which country I soon hope to be."

"Ah!" sighed the visitor, drawing out his silk *mouchoir*, "Your Royal Highness is unkind thus to remind me of your rapidly nearing departure. We shall be very sorry to lose you."

"Thanks, old fellow," said the Governor-General, "but we shall be constantly reminded of you, for GRIP will be forwarded to us regularly: we have subscribed for the paper for twenty years. However should we get on, Louise, without that admirable little weekly messenger of humor? Just fancy; we should actually have been compelled to read Punch if it had not been for this gentleman's indispensable little paper."

"Bully for GRIP," cried a voice from underneath the sofa, as a young gentleman emerged therefrom with a copy of the very paper in his hand. "I tell you, auntie, it's a boss sheet."

"Oh! George, how you startled me," exclaimed the Princess, turning pale, "you naughty boy to hide under the sofa, and where did you pick up that horrid American slang?"

"Oh! shoot the slang," cried the effervescent young prince, "is this GRIP?" he asked, laying his hand on the visitor's shoulder. "Say, old fellow," he continued, without waiting for a reply and addressing the representative of this paper, "I'm dry; wouldn't you like to splice the main brace? I should. Lorne, order up some fizz: no three water grog for this chicken;" and he opened the door and shouted to the aide to send up a bottle of "the widow."

"I like Toronto, GRIP," he went on, standing on the rung of the visitor's chair: "whack-



ing big peelers here, too, and my gracious, they set out a bully fine feed in this hotel: none of your midshipman's nuts here, no, sir: say, aunt, what time's luncheon? I'm as peckish as I can be. Say, GRIP, I'll take you out sailing this afternoon; there now, I knew you would fall if you weren't careful," he exclaimed as he suddenly drew the chair from beneath the gentleman he was speaking to, thus causing that personage to measure his length on the carpet. "Never mind; pick up the pieces," and he made for the door.

"Oh! George, you naughty boy," cried H. R. H., with a pained look on her beautiful face, "come and beg this gentleman's pardon at once." "Don't you wish you may get it? ha, ha: why didn't the land-lubber look out for squalls?" and he ran out of the room, hotly pursued to the head of the stairs by His Excellency, from whom he barely escaped by sliding down the banisters and landing with a terrible thump in the aide de camp's waistcoat who was at that moment about to ascend—preceding a waiter with the champagne ordered, throwing him, bottles and all, to the ground with a crash.

GRIP's representative now rose from the chair on which he had reseated himself, and announced his intention of taking his leave, though pressed to stay a little longer, by the distinguished personages on whom he had called, and who, finding that he was compelled to depart, bade him be sure and not neglect to send GRIP regularly, and the Marquis pressing upon his acceptance the snuff-mull, and the Princess presenting him with a richly jewelled medallion of herself, he bowed his adieux and was gone.

A no table event is a pic-nic where one must sit on the ground to eat.—*Ex.*

The poultry farmer and the carriage-maker know how to make a coop pay.—*Ex.*

An earthquake usually causes an active movement in real estate.—*Ex.*

Burdette thinks the "Jumbo" bonnet is so called because it is worth all the rest of the show.—*Ex.*

An exchange speaks of a man who is "but one step removed from an ass." He'd better make it three or four. The animal has a long reach backward.—*Millon (Mass.) News.*

THE BEST IN THE WORLD.

The best remedy in the world for Dyspepsia, Bilioussness, Liver Complaint, Constipation, and all diseases arising from a deranged stomach or liver is a Notman Stomach and Liver Pad. It acts by being absorbed directly to the Stomach and Liver. Send to 120 King St. East for a treatise on this wonderful principle of absorption. Thousands are cured every month by wearing Notman's Pads.

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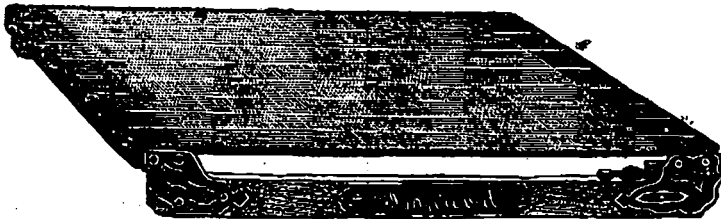
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A string band—A lynching party.—*Baltimore Every Saturday.*

The deuce of diamonds is their expensive-ness.—*Waterloo Observer.*

A cyclone indicator is widely called for. One for family use would sell quite readily.—*Hartford Post.*

It is after a woman has emerged from a salt water bath that figures don't lie.—*Rochester Post Express.*

In the far west a man advertises for a woman "to wash, iron, and milk one or two cows." What does he want his cows washed and ironed for?—*Oil City Derrick.*

Is it a dude? Yes, it is a dude. Was it always that way? Yes, natural born. What does it do for a living? It breathes, dear; don't disturb it.—*Boston Traveller.*

"Waiter, what is this mark on the side of my pie?" "Ho yes; why certainly, sir. That mark, sir? That is the print of my thumb, sir. Just had my thumb in chocolate served the other gent, sir. Meant to have called your attention to it before, sir. Cut it out for you, sir."—*Hawkeye.*

A prominent dairyman from the coast side of California says that the fogs have been so heavy of late that streams of water have run for quite a distance, having accumulated under large spreading trees where a large amount of the moisture had concentrated.—*Exchange.* That dairyman should never have said a word about what he had observed. It looks suspicious.

OUR PROGRESS.

As stages are quickly abandoned with the completion of railroads, so the huge, drastic, cathartic pills, composed of crude and bulky medicines, are quickly abandoned with the introduction of Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets," which are sugar-coated, and little larger than mustard seeds, but composed of highly concentrated vegetable extracts. By druggists.

IT STANDS AT THE HEAD.

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A. W. BRAIN,

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First Britisher at Boulogne (shady-looking party, evidently resident, to casual acquaintance)—"Oh, I don't care to go back to my native country. They all seemed to be against me." Second Britisher (respectable—tourist)—"Good gracious! What, the whole twelve of 'em?"—*Punch.*

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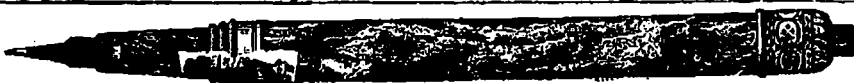
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