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



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Manager.

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The gravest Fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the fool.

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Caroon Comments.

"LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER."—Mr. GRIP is privileged to picture future events as well as those of the past and present, and the romantic affair alluded to in the cartoon is hardly as yet an accomplished fact in our politics, although it is an old story in literature. What we mean to intimate is that before long the gallant young hero, Blake, will succeed in carrying off the charming young Grit party, despite the lamenting and gesticulating of her present guardian, the *Globe*. It is notorious that the young people have a growing fondness for each other, while it is equally well known that the damsel is becoming more and more weary of her present surroundings.

FIRST PAGE.—The truth of Sir John's dictum, "We cannot check Manitoba," has been vindicated with some emphasis by the result of the elections in the Prairie Province, which went against the Government three to two.

EIGHTH PAGE.—This requires no comment. The great powers of Europe and the world at large cannot fail to be interested in this startling bulletin.

The letter signed "A Canadian Nationalist" in last Monday's *World* is no credit to Canadian Nationalism. No one finds fault with the *World* or any other paper for attacking the

Globe, or Mr. Gordon Brown's management of it, but this writer speaks of Mr. Brown as "a vulgar, ignorant old man." This is intolerable blackguardism. No other word describes it, and it is the blackguardism of a blockhead who gushes about "Canada's wild yearning hunger" for freedom. Canada has a wild yearning hunger for a waste paper basket. to receive the bosh of bad writers.

This is the opinion of the able and accomplished Editor of the *Evening News* on our picture of last week:

"*Grip* has a fairish cartoon as to conception, but frightfully marred in the execution, owing to the ignorance of the artist of many of even the rudimental ideas of the art. Surely it is not too late for the artist to take lessons. His horse is about twenty-five feet long, and Sir John is about one foot shorter."

We are glad to announce that it has been arranged for this ornate critic to give our artist a lesson in drawing in next week's *Grip*. Let art students look out for it.

THE LIVES OF CANADIAN SAINTS.

NO. 1.—SAINT SYNDICATE.

DEAR MR. GRIP,—Inspired by a constant perusal of your ecclesiastical contemporary, the *Dominion High Churchman*, and the constant mention of saints' days, which, in the language of the editor of the ritualistic department of the *Globe*, "are observed by the churches of Rome and England," I wish to know why we have no saints of Canadian growth. Most of the saint legends are the outgrowth of a healthy atmosphere of myth and miracle. Where could they be better represented than in the history of Saint Syndicate, as it may be presented to the admiring consciousness of future ages? Let me essay to anticipate a few aspects of the legend.

HOW SAINT SYNDICATE BOLDLY DECLARED HIS FAITH, WHILE YET A CHILD, AMONG THE HEATHEN.

Saint Syndicate, being yet of tender years, was playing with the other children at good Dame Canada's school, when it was proposed that each should declare of what manner of religion he was. And some said, "We are Reformers," and others cried aloud, "We are Liberal Conservatives," and a wicked little boy with curly hair named John A. said, "I worship this talisman which I stole from R. W. Phipps." And a stout lad with spectacles said, "I am trying hard to learn the use of the *Globe*, but I can't quite understand it." Then Saint Syndicate being asked of his faith, said, "I believe in Number One." And they were all amazed, and asked him, saying, "Who is this Number One, that we may believe in him?" Then Saint Syndicate took from his pocket-book certain consecrated pictures whose backs were green, and said, "this is the sacred emblem of Number One, and by accumulating these is he worshipped." Then John A. and the other heathen boys went and were converted, and worshipped Number One all the days of their life.

HOW SAINT SYNDICATE CAUSED MONEY TO FLY INTO VOTERS' POCKETS WITHOUT HANDS.

In those days there was a heathenish ceremony called a general election, and the saint, having need of votes, caused large sums of money to suddenly enter the pockets of thousands of voters, who straightway voted as the saint desired.

And it came to pass that Saint Syndicate looked forth upon the land which is called Canada, and he saw that it was ruled by a certain conjurer named Jon ah, and he had for an adversary a certain dreamer of dreams, Bolak the son of Hum. And there were in

the land two hundred and seventy false prophets, editors of newspapers, and these were fast asleep and spake foolishness and snored. And there were two real prophets, Grrr and Wuruld, who were wide awake and spake words of wisdom. And the saint said to Jon ah, "Give unto me the land that is in the North-west, even millions of acres thereof, and I will work a great miracle, and will cause men to think that thou art a statesman and not a conjurer, and to vote for thee; and I will do yet other miracles, for I will give to the rich and I will take from the poor, and I will cause the hopes of Canada about the North-west to be as empty as the belly of the whale that is in Harry Piper's Zoo." And it was done, and it came to pass the saint lifted up his hand and a great multitude of birds of prey, who were called land grabbers, arose and flew to the North-west. And they preyed upon the poor settlers and slew them, and filled themselves with their flesh very exceedingly. And the false prophets continued to snore and to speak foolishly, but Grrr and Wuruld prophesied wisely. And the people heard them and lighted a great fire and burned two of the false prophets named *Globe* and *Mail*, and their houses, and their young men and maidens, and their oxen and asses. And the fire scared away the birds of prey, and the people got back the land. And when Jon ah saw it he was sore afraid and was converted and said, "this is a great miracle like unto the miracles that are wrought at Lourdes in France. Verily I will now repent and spend my old days in sackcloth and ashes, and will get tight no more than twice a week.



Miss Fanny Kellogg and Sig. Brignoli gave two fairly successful performances at the Pavilion on Monday and Tuesday evenings. They were assisted by Mr. Thompson, a fair baritone, Mr. W. W. Lauder, pianist, and Mr. Torrington as accompanist. Brignoli sang very well considering his youth.

Scarborough Heights Park has evidently got into good hands this season. The management have refitted and vastly improved the steamer "Queen Victoria," and have taken efficient means to stamp out any attempt at disorderly conduct on the boat or at the park. We are glad of this, for Victoria Park is a favorite resort.

The steamer "Empress of India" leaves Custom-house Wharf on Saturday next, at 2 p.m., for Grimsby Camp Ground; returning will leave at 7 p.m., allowing an hour and a half there. Tickets for round trip 25 cents. This steamer will make trips to the same point on Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday of next week.

On Friday and Saturday of this week notwithstanding the mendacious statements of the "Big U. S." another circus is coming, and from all we can hear a far better show than Canada is ordinarily favored with. The fact that Mr. James Robinson, the great bareback rider, is one of the proprietors, is in itself sufficient to guarantee an excellent organization, though the circus is not the only attraction, a splendid menagerie being under the adjoining canvass. Ryan and Robinson have discarded the nonsensical "two-ring" business, and will follow the good, old-fashioned, common-sense method of the first-rate programme, one item at a time. The tent is to be at the corner of King and Portland Sts.



A TIMELY CORRECTION.

THE HISTORIAN OF THE FUTURE.—And so this promising child is Sir John's
THE NURSE.—No, sir; excuse me. He belongs to another party, but Sir John adopted him!

"VOX POPULI VOX DEI."

Dis, sah, am what de folks say to me on de chening ob 'lection day. "Folks pop-you-lic," says I, "what on airth am dat?" "O, dat am 'Varsity talk, dat am Latin." Fo' gracious, Mistah GRIP, dis niggah sat all night under de shado ob de big sunflower on de verandah, gazin' up at de dippah, and de great bar, tryin' to make out what am "folks pop-you-lic." No, sah, I couldn't come it. But jes as I see a gwine to cave in, it cum to me like greased lightnin', dat old Latin dictionary dat I found among de rubbish ob dat pawnbroker's shop whar I was whitewashing last week. You bet I jes took a bee line for de innatic in de top story whar dis niggah sleeps, an' bery soon I lights a candle and an' sticks it on de bed post, and sets down on de bed to find out de meannin' ob dat dere sentinms. Sure 'nuff, 'fore I was five minutes older, I knew all about it as well as if I had bin through de hole creekulum ob de 'Varsity. Nebertheless, I see come to de 'elusion dat dat dar statement hab got to be taken with a pinch ob salt. Kase why? Sometimes 'taint so, no matter how you fix it; den again it am so an' no mistake. Dis am 'ticklerly de case at 'lection time. Here am two opposite parties, each one reuding dere close an' pluckin' dere wool kase de kenty am makin' a bee line for perdition instanter, an' dey am both ready to profess with de last breff in dere body dat nothing but de 'lection ob dere partickler candidate can save de land from ruin and desolation: de grass from growin' in de market-place eteeterly an' ditto three times an' a tiger, to say nothing ob de owls an' de bats dat will make up de next census ob de city dat don't vote dere ticket square through. Makes de wool riz right up on yo' head to hear 'em, an' yo' am shiverin' an' shakin' fo' fear de crack o' doom might come 'fore de 'lections am ober an' one ob de candidates gets in to postpone de dire disaster. An' de papers make you b'lieve dat de leaders ob de opposite parties am either de biggest criminals or de biggest idiots outside de jail or asylum. Dere devotion to de wokin' man at dis time am most affectin'. It am a caution. De wokin' man am an ole boss trotted out at 'lections, an' washed, an' combed, an' groomed all ober gen'ly in public till dey make b'lieve he am a thorough-bred high-stepper. an' dey walks him up an' down, an' exhibit him like a show-man would some 'markable monster. De candidate praises his good points, and shuts his mouf about de bad ones, and appeals to de gen'll public if it ain't a shame dat a noble

animle, with such a splendid horny hoof (he likes a horny hoof), oughtn't to be better fed, an' housed, an' groomed; an' he pledges himself, s'help him Beelzebub, to see dat dat dar horse gets outs three times a day de moment he am M.P. for de city. Den he goes softly up to him, an' pats him on de back, an' gibs him some sugar taffy, an' when he gets on de right side, he mounts his back an' gallops into parliament, amid great cheerin' an' torchlight processions, an' show ob brooms an' a mighty deal ob drunken roarin'. But de filosofher who stands on de sidewalk lookin' on, begins to wonder whether de *vox populi* can really be de *vox Dei*, ebry time after all, 'specially when he sees dat de candidate hab forgotten all 'bout de oats, an' de poor ole hoss, wid de reins lyin' loose on his back, and at liberty to go to—grass, till—next 'lection. No, sah! You can't make me b'lieve dat de *vox populi* am de *vox Dei* ebry time. You mean to say that de *vox p.* in the States was de *vox D.* when it was fur de popagation ob slavery? No, sah! But it was de *vox Dei* when it assented to de extinction ob de mighty wrong. Do you b'lieve dat de *vox Romanorum* was de *vox Dei* when it shouted "De Christians to de beasts"? or when it clamored and drowned de sense of justice tuggin' at de heart-strings of Pilate one day in de history ob ole Jerusalem? Am dat de *vox Dei* which angeores de bull fights in Spain? Am dat de *vox Dei* which votes dat one half ob de community be licensed to make money out ob de physical an' moral ruin ob de oler half? Which gibs de purtection ob de law fur a money consideration to men who prey on de weakness an' infirmity ob po' human nature? Neber! De *vox populi* am de *vox Dei* only when it am unanimous in de cause ob right, an' truth, an' justice. De *vox populi* am changeable as de wind. De *vox Dei* am immutably, unchangeably, an' eternally right. An' when you can prove to me dat de *vox populi* am always so, no matter how big de majority, den dis niggah will b'lieve in de divinity ob dat *vox*. Who'll put up money on dat?

JAY KAVELLE WASHINGTON WHITE.
Sunflower Verandah, June 30th.

The *Art Interchange*, Midsummer Number, has a double page design for Summer Art Needlework. The subject is Wisteria—a number of the blossoms and leaves of this graceful vine being grouped together in a manner suitable for being embroidered on pillow shams. There is more than the usual number of dainty illustrations in which the *Interchange* is unique—and, to lend special interest to the literary department, there is an excellent portrait of Thomas Hardy, the novelist: a supplement in monochrome, consisting of an ideal head by M. R. O. Fowler. The Notes and Queries, always practical and useful; *Ego Notes*, Music and Drama, Decorative Notes, Art and Literary Gossip, complete the contents.

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The Midsummer Holiday issue of *The Century* is to have more than the usual quota of illustrated papers, among them two on English subjects. "The Borderlands of Surrey" will describe one of the most charming garden spots of England, and include, among its illustrations, views of the home of Alfred Tennyson, and of "Brookbank," where George Eliot lived when she wrote "Middlemarch." A paper on some "English Artists and their Studios" will have sixteen pictures of the interiors of the studios of Sir Fredrick Leighton, J. E. Millais, George H. Boughton, Alma-Tadema, Philip R. Morris, John Pettie, and others, drawn by the American artist, Mr. Chas. A. Vanderhoof.

A PROTEST FROM THE FAIR SEX.

HALIFAX, July 7th, 1882.

To the Editor of GRIP.

Excuse the liberty I am taking in addressing you, but I wish to express my unbounded joy and thankfulness publicly and on behalf of my sex, that the Dominion elections are over at last, and I know of no more public manner than through the columns of your extensively circulated paper. For the last six or eight weeks it was simply miserable day after day for us young ladies to look at a newspaper. Nothing but Tariffs and N. P.'s., and booms and splendid meetings and stirring addresses. I am eighteen years of age, and yet throughout my long life I never remember seeing, heretofore, the word "Enthusiastic" so much used by the daily press, as it has been during the elections just over. Column after column containing the most tiresome political news, and nothing at all of any interest to that very large class of newspaper readers among my own sex. We may well cry out for "Woman's Rights," when we receive so little consideration during election times. It is a wonder I am sure, that the papers left space enough in their columns for the marriage announcements. I suppose, however, they publish these as paid advertisements. I noticed that during the elections some papers cried out against the duty imposed on coal and oatmeal and bread-stuffs, but they seemed to forget the duty imposed on themselves to furnish all their subscribers with a good readable paper. Now, my principal object in writing to you is to protest publicly and solemnly against such treatment. If elections are a necessary evil in the world, like the sterner sex, then some method should be devised whereby they (the elections, not the sterner sex) should be more quickly disposed of.

A young friend of mine, who is a lawyer lately fledged, used to be quite attentive to me, but has during the elections been apparently oblivious of my existence, and on one occasion he actually passed me on the street without his usual bow and smile of recognition. He was dashing along with a number of papers in his hand, his brows contracted, and, oh! such importance in his face, nay, even in his very tread. Poor fellow! I hope he will not succumb under the immense pressure of his responsibilities, and that the cares of his country will not be too much for him. I hope he will eventually bestow some little time on lighter and more trifling things than his country's prosperity. Before the opening of the election campaign his mind seemed to be centred on the prosperity of his moustache, the cultivation of which occupied almost his entire time, and I regret to say that the prosperity of the moustache was, to an impartial friend of his, as difficult to believe in and perhaps rather less tangible than the prosperity of the country at large. You see I am a little bitter on this subject, dear GRIP, but I have reason for it. Things are come to a pretty pass indeed, when one is passed unrecognized by one's male friends, and with one's new spring dress on, too! But I am not the only one who complains. A number of us young ladies in Halifax seriously contemplated boycotting all men who took an active part in politics, but this was vehemently disapproved of by the younger portion of our sex, as being too harsh and severe a treatment, and it was finally resolved that we should publicly protest in the columns of GRIP against all such unfair treatment, this letter being the result of that resolution.

I had a letter from my cousin Kate, who lives in Cumberland County, and she says it is just as bad in her county. Nothing but politics, to a nauseating extent. Her father is a farmer, or, as dear Sir Chas. Tupper would call him in an election speech, "a horny-handed son of toil,"—and he has been dread-



SCENES IN THE POLITICAL CIRCUS.

The ass is a good singer. His voice is not a tenor, but a pleasant bass. If it were not for the fact that he would kick against anyone else having a solo, he could get a position in many a church choir.

It cannot be said that the ass has a superlative amount of good looks, but he would have if his auricular appendages were not quite so extensive, and if he had a Grecian nose, blue eye, and less hair on his face, and if he had a countenance more expressive of intelligence. It has never been satisfactorily explained why the ass has such large ears. I am happy to announce to those of the public who are longing for the truth, that, after long, minute, and laborious investigation and calculation, I have discovered the reason. When the father of all asses, roaming through the garden of Paradise, first heard himself sing, it gave his ears such a surprise that they rose up in astonishment, and, in their endeavor to get away from the music, stretched themselves to such a length that it became impossible to unstretch them. As in some theatres a first night memento is given away, so these ears were handed down to assical posterity as a memento of the debut of the first of the family.

When I was a boy, I wanted a rocking-horse, but one day I saw an ass kicking, and I thought that he kicked so beautifully, so scientifically, that I changed my mind, and asked for a live ass. I got one, and the first thing that I did was to examine the rockers of that ass and commence to paint them green. It was only an experiment, but by the time that ass got through experimenting with me I felt sick and wanted to sing, "Put me in my little bed."

One of the worst points about an ass is his stubbornness. He has been known to stop short (never to go again—for a while) in the middle of the road, advance his fore feet, set back his hind feet, and place his four feet in defiant attitudes. Then he is as immovable as the Egyptian Sphinx. Never attempt to force an ass when he is in this mood. Don't try it. It is of no use. The best plan is to coax him. Call him whatever endearing names you think suitable. Fondle him, or do anything else with him except forcing him. If coaxing him has no effect, take a palm-leaf fan, and keep the flies from his ears till he forgets about his stubbornness and decides to go on.

The jackass—or, more properly speaking, the johnass—is first cousin to the ass.

As I have no more ink to shed on this subject, I shall stop by asking all to be kind to the ass, to give him a place in their affections, to minister to his wants, and to keep away from his heels.

MANUAL OF ETHICS FOR MARRIED GENTLEMEN.

1. Never to neglect securing a plentiful supply of cut and split pine for kindling.
2. Always to read aloud the Births, Deaths, and Marriages at breakfast.
3. Not to go asleep after dinner.
4. Never to go out anywhere in the evening except to the Y. M. C. A.
5. Not to be disagreeable if there are no buttons on his shirts, as if that mattered.
6. To use no unchristian language if his study has been "put to rights," and some MSS., which he thinks important, are mislaid.
7. To give way to no unhallowed scepticism as to where on earth the housekeeping money goes.
8. To be always cheerful if asked to accompany his dear little wifey for a few hours' shopping excursion.

ESSAYS ON DOMESTIC ANIMALS.

No. II.—THE ASS.

BY DICK DUMPLING.

Of all the animals known since Noah took his menagerie travelling he know not where, the ass is the most interesting. He always has a melancholy look, yet he can be quite frisky at times; he appears to be remarkably stupid, yet he is wise enough to stop work when he thinks that he has done enough; he has a rough, shaggy coat that almost makes one despise him, yet under that coat there beats a noble heart that prompts a nobler kick; his eyes are very sleepy looking, yet he may be taking the dimensions of that unwise man who is fooling around him, and calculating the exact amount of force required to kick the said man to a home among the angels.

The ass belongs to the family *Equidae* and genus *Asinus*. It is a big family, and therefore the ass has many connections. Some of them are bad. The worst connections are those with his rear foundations. They are to be avoided.

The ass is a debater. He can put forth more forcible arguments in five minutes than a human debater can in five hours. I once saw an ass get into a discussion with a young pickaninny who was tickling his—the four-legged ass's—hoof with a straw. The way that ass let fly his two hind arguments was enough to astonish a book agent. I never yet saw a defeated debater take a thing to heart as deeply as did that pickaninny.

fully excited during the elections, but thank goodness the dreadful elections are over at last, not to come again for some time, I hope. No longer will our eyes be pained by seeing columns headed "Another Lie Nailed," "Disreputable Tory Tactics," "Grit Falsehoods Exposed," etc., etc., etc.

The apparent inconsistency will not be noticeable of stirring appeals to the poor man in one column of a newspaper, and declarations of solid and universal prosperity throughout the country, in another column of the same newspaper.

The poor man will not be appealed to again for some-time. He will be dropped until the eve of another Dominion election, by which time of course he will have no existence at all, as the promised prosperity will no doubt transform him into a bloated aristocrat. Let us all pray that the sudden change may not be too much for him.

Trusting that you will publish this letter immediately and apologizing for its length—(papa says my pen is like my tongue and never stops),

I remain,
MAYD S.

The mineral called talc has a soapy feel. The thing called talk has a soapy feel also, during election canvassing.

When our Funny Contributor—in Lindsay—observes a pretty pair of feminine ankles encased in stockings of a moss rose tint, he immediately becomes afflicted with "pink eye."



LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER;

OR, THE LOVELY YOUNG REFORM PARTY CARRIED OFF BY THE GALLANT CHIEFTAIN, BLAKE.

(NEW VERSION.)

* * "Come back, come back," he cried in grief,
Across the stormy water,
"And I'll not thwart your youthful Chief,
My daughter, O my daughter!"

'Twas vain! the loud waves lashed the shore,
With fury unrelenting,
The *Globe* dictator's reign was o'er,
And Brown was left lamenting.

The Joker Club.

"The Pen is mightier than the Sword."

A NATIVE EGYPTIAN ON THE EGYPTIAN QUESTION.

BY DR. McLVANY.

Allah is great, my children, the one true God is He! And Mohammed is his prophet! and what of a slave like me? For the Usurer's tent is gone, ere the leech had gorged his fill; I owed him a half year's taxes, and Satan may settle the bill! And quickly to yonder ship the tax gatherers fly in fear—Ten lie in Cairo-street, throat cut from ear to ear, The barge on the Nile floats free, for the Frank is there no more To guard our masters' grain from the thin hands of the poor, And the English tourist-horde, with pen and note book in hand That haunted our ruins like ghouls, and covered like locusts the land; With their women who shamed our rags with their jewels and garments gay, Have vanished like ghosts at dawn from yon caravansarai, And he whom I hated most, the preacher, that saint superfluous, With coat as Elbis black, and face like a new-singed swine: Who in famine years when we starved, like a Pasha, ate, drank and fed, In the mission house there in the town, "to convert our souls," he said, He came to my hut one day, the season the Nile had failed, And my wife, hunger-stricken, lay dead, with her famine-worn face unveiled. No food that a dog would touch had passed through my lips for days; He came and talked for an hour, and went, to Allah be praised! He prayed of blessings we had in the khedive's enlightened rule, And, said he, I "advise you to send your sons to my mission school," And he asked me what blighted the crops and stunted the river's rise? And questioned of this and of that, and I answered him not but with lies. Allah is just, my children! Ye shall worship Him alone; And Mohammed is His prophet, and there is no God but One! Ye shall hold no traffic with traders! Be your hearts and your sabres true To crush the Christian schemer, and smite the dog of a Jew! But better the Bedouin camp in the desert palm-tree's shade Than your brau-new, foreign-built "civilized" town where fraud is a trade! And better be robbed by a strong man, who comes with a yard of steel, Than a lawyer licensed to cheat, with a bailiff and writ at his heel; But Allah is great, my children, and kind to a slave like me, And what is written is written, and what He wills shall be.

—The World.

It is stated that while in Louisiana, Oscar Wilde was a guest at a lynching. Everything has been done to make his stay in the United States agreeable.—*Boston Post*.

He—"Why do you persist in moving away from me so far, dear cousin?" She—"Oh, for a distant relative it seems to me you are near enough already."—*Fliegende Blätter*.

"Pa," asked little Johnny, "what does the teacher mean by saying that I must have inherited my bad temper?" "She meant, Johnny, that you are your mother's own boy."

The swan, we have been told, sings just before dying. When we heard Miss Uppasse vocalize the other evening we couldn't help wishing she was a swan.—*Boston Transcript*.

He had lost his knife, and they asked him the usual question, "Do you know where you lost it?" "Yes, yes," he replied, "of course I do. I'm merely hunting in these other places to kill time."

The extraordinary advance of what has developed into the human race is shown in the fact that Darwin left an estate valued at \$730,000. Eighteen millions of years ago no monkey then extant was worth half that number of chestnuts.

"In addition to its value as an article of food, the egg has a variety of other uses." The "star" actor in a one-horse travelling troupe is well aware of this fact, and deeply regrets that it is so.

No one ever believed that beef could get up so high. It was quite poor when it commenced to go up.—*New Orleans Picayune*. Guess Mr. Picayune never heard of the cow that jumped over the moon.

Amice is coming back to America in the fall. Her voice is not so well proportioned as it used to be, but what is better, her ankle retains all its old time sweetness, compass and power.—*Denver Tribune*.

It is stated by a Princetown man that the reason his college is not winning as many athletic prizes as formerly, is that the students have adopted white flannel suits, single-barrelled eye-glasses and ice-cream.—*Puck*.

There was once a law in force in New England forbidding a man to kiss his wife on Sunday. An idea of how ugly the wives were can be formed when it is stated that few men desire to violate the law.—*New Orleans Picayune*.

Hens' eggs 1200 years old have been found at St. Eloi, France. Their usefulness for all purposes must be considerably impaired. Even as "tokens of regard" for presentation to crank "Hamlets" they are utter failures.—*Norristown Herald*.

SUDDENLY SEIZED.

Mr. Arthur Fisher, of the *Toronto Globe* observes: "On my last trip to the States, I caught a very bad cold from a severe wetting I received one night in the city of Philadelphia, which settled into a very bad case of rheumatism, and made me most miserable. I did not know what to do for it, and could not think for a long time, until I bethought me, that on previous visits to that side, I had always bought for Mr. Gay, of our paper, a couple of bottles of St. Jacobs Oil. I remembered also, fortunately, that the last two bottles had cured that gentleman of the rheumatism and so I resolved to purchase St. Jacobs Oil for my own use. I went at once to the drug store and made the purchase; and that very night I began applying the Oil, and in two weeks time I was as well as ever."

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY COMPANY.

The CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY COMPANY offer lands in the **Fertile Belt** of Manitoba and the Northwest Territory for sale, on certain conditions as to cultivation, at

\$2.50 PER ACRE.

Payment to be made one-sixth at time of purchase, and the balance in five annual instalments with interest at Six per cent.

A REBATE OF \$1.25 PER ACRE

being allowed for cultivation, as described in the Company's Land Regulations.

THE LAND GRANT BONDS

of the Company, which can be procured at all agencies of the Bank of Montreal and other banking institutions throughout the country, will be

RECEIVED AT TEN PER CENT. PREMIUM

on their par value, with interest accrued, on account of and in payment of the purchase money, thus further reducing the price of the land to the purchaser.

For copies of the Land Regulations and other particulars, apply to the Company's Land Commissioner, JOHN McFAVISH, Winnipeg; or to the undersigned,

By order of the Board,

CHARLES DRINKWATER.

Montreal, May 19, 1882.

Secretary.



Notice to Contractors.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Post Office, &c., Chatham, Ont.," will be received at this Office until WEDNESDAY, the 5th day of JULY next, inclusively, for the erection of

POST OFFICE, &c.,
AT
CHATHAM, ONT.

Plans and specifications can be seen at the Department of Public Works, Ottawa, and at the Post Office, Chatham, on and after Thursday, the 15th day of June.

Persons tendering are notified that tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed forms supplied, and signed with their actual signatures.

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted bank cheque, made payable to the order of the Honorable the Minister of Public Works, equal to five per cent. of the amount of the tender, which will be forfeited if the party decline to enter into a contract when called upon to do so, or if he fail to complete the work contracted for. If the tender be not accepted the cheque will be returned.

The Department will not be bound to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,

F. H. ENNIS,

Secretary.

Department of Public Works,
Ottawa, 24th May, 1882.

NOTICE.

Time for receiving tenders for the above works is hereby EXTENDED until MONDAY, 31st JULY next, and the time for seeing the plans and specifications, to MONDAY, 10th July next.

By order,

F. H. ENNIS,

Secretary.

Department of Public Works,
Ottawa, 28th June, 1882.

J. YOUNG,

THE LEADING

UNDERTAKER

REMOVED TO

347 YONGE ST.

Telephone Communication.

563 July-23-82

A. W. SPAULDING, L.D.S.,

(Demonstrator of Practical Dentistry in the Toronto Dental School.)

HAS OPENED AN

OFFICE AT 51 KING STREET EAST,

(Nearly opposite Toronto Street.)

Having had over nine years experience in the practice of Dentistry, six of which have been spent in Toronto, he is prepared to do **FIRST-CLASS WORK**, and at reasonable rates.

By adopting the Latest Improvements in appliances, he is able to make tedious operations as short and painless as possible.

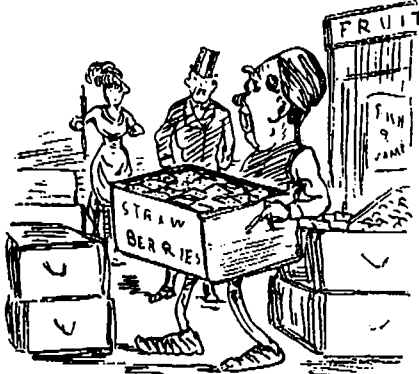
As he does not entrust his work to students or assistants, but does it himself, the public may rely on it always being done as represented.

Office Hours, 8 30 a.m. to 5 30 p.m.

Evening Office at Residence, Jameson Avenue, North Parkdale.

DRAMAS OF REAL LIFE IN TORONTO.

THE SIDEWALK STOPPERS.



FRUIT MERCHANT—Now is the winter of our discontent Made glorious summer with its crop of strawberries! Roll out those barrels on the public sidewalk; Pile up these boxes to impede pedestrians. It is our privilege to block up the road, And drive pedestrians to the middle street.

YOUNG LADY—The water-carts through Yonge-street lately passing, Made puddles with unwonted irrigation. My delicate brodequins that cost five dollars, High-heeled, bronze-laced, gold-buttoned, flower embroidered, Are drenched with mud, because these Yonge-street merchants With fish, and fruit and boxes block the pavement.

FRUIT MERCHANT—You must submit. I choose to pile my boxes

Upon this Yonge-street pavement far and wide;

And if the ladies' boots get wet and spoiled, Why, then, what matter? It is good for trade!

BUSINESS MAN, No. 1—Now this is shameful, more than twenty minutes

I've tried in vain to get along the street, For I am in a great haste to meet a bill.

FRUIT MERCHANT—Pity, ha ha! that the bill can't meet you.

At least half way, you'll hardly meet it else.

BUSINESS MAN, No. 2—The bank is closed at three.

FRUIT MERCHANT—But here, though inconvenience it entails.

The earlier closing principle prevails, For Yonge-street sidewalk, you had best believe, Is closed from early morn till dewy eve.

(Finale. Exit all omnes except Fruit Merchant.)

NOTES FROM HIGH SOCIETY.

DEAR MR. GRIP,—



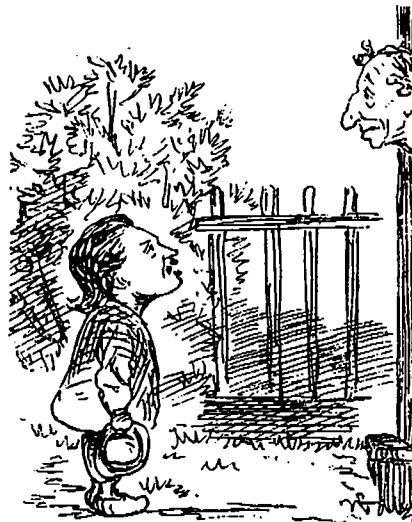
AVE you ever noticed in your happenings in at fashionable gatherings how very common is truthfulness, how very rare is deceit? If you have not, I have, and have often said to myself, "how beautiful is truth!" I chanced to be beside a pretty young lady at a ball and saw a gentleman of middle age make his bow and request "the pleasure." She was so sorry, why had he not come earlier? her programme was full, she was so very sorry! I admired the girl's feeling. As he moved off, consoled, a younger man came up: "Might he have the pleasure of a dance?" "Certainly," and down goes his name for two. How beautiful, indeed, is truth!

Again,—I accompanied some friends to the skating rink last winter. One of the ladies was asked to skate by a gentleman who couldn't talk small-talk. (You may smile, but such people actually exist, occasionally.) She promised, but when the tune was struck up, had left us. After some time we found her in the deepest recesses of the dressing room, hiding from "that man." On no account would she skate with him. The tune over, she emerged, sought out the gentleman, and told him with a sweet, frank smile, that she had really quite forgotten that she was engaged for that time till it was over, and hoped he would forgive her. Impressed by her

penitance, he suggested that they might have a skate to-morrow evening, to which she joyfully assented. *Vive la verite!*

Again,—A gentleman, and one who rather boasts of his honor, met at a dance a young girl with whom he was slightly acquainted. She had been brought up in the country by old-fashioned people, so was even younger than her age. He danced three times with her, declared her the best waltzer in the room, flew to her between the dances, looked unutterable things, and easily made her believe that his happiness that evening depended on her, consequently, hers very soon depended on him. He asked leave to come and see her, but he never came, and when she met him some days after, smiled vacantly, bowed and passed on. She was a little surprised, and wondered if she had offended him, but I was able to explain to her the utter truthfulness of her friend, and others like him. For sure he is an honorable man, so are they all, all honorable men—and women, too.

Yours,
JEMIMA.



LOOKING FOR A PLACE.

CHAPLEAU—Avez vous a place for a smart garcon, who is not particular what he shall do. Salaree not an object so much as a good chance to try ze Quebec experiment in ze larger sphere!

SEKUNDSITE'S VISION.

DEAR MR. GRIP,—Will you kindly allow me through your pages to give to the public a full, true and particular account of what I saw with my own eyes, "not Lancelot's nor another's," one night last week. It was a beautiful night, clear and soft, odorons with the smell of roses and clover and catnip. The stars were out for an airing, the planets ditto, and the lady moon looked smilingly down on the city of Toronto and me in particular. Every dog within a radius of ten miles was out baying loudly, the cats cur-wow-ed among the tender cabbage plants, or struck terror to the hearts of the Colorado bugs, as they went plunging and tearing through the potato patch; the frogs sang as they only can sing, and silence reigned supreme. To remain within doors reclining on the bosom of Morpheus, on such a night, would have been treason to a poetical temperament like mine. So I locked my door and took a saunter down through the University grounds, with the intention of getting inspiration to compose an ode to Taddle, which I thought of sending to the *Century* at a dollar a line. I had just composed these two lines,

"Flow gently, sweet Taddle, among thy green braes; Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise," when suddenly I smelt a skunk. Whew! great Caesar! accompanied by a strong sensation of sea-sickness, which drove the poetry out of my soul. While lost in amazement at the olfactory capabilities of that animal, I grew so dizzy that I behoved to sit down rapidly on the bank until I came to again. But, sir, it's a wonder I ever came to at all after what I beheld in five minutes afterwards, and the fact that I am now alive to tell the tale I attribute to my very temperate living, that is, in general, you know. First I became aware of a soft, damp fanning of my face, for all the world as if a blue, mouldy zephyr were waltzing in my immediate vicinity, and then, as the smell increased, I discovered that it arose from the very stream whose praises I had begun to sing. There was a strange sighing in the air, what the Scotch people call a "soughin'," and quite unintentionally I began to think of that night Obudiah Brown lay a'dying, only he got better, you know. I looked all round but could see nothing, only a strange, white, ghost-like vapor that kept rising slowly from the Taddle in the clear moonlight. Now, however, a dark cloud came looming over the roof of the university, floating darkly upward till it covered the face of the moon like a pall with a silver edging. Then what had at first seemed vapor now in the dim light assumed phosphoric shapes innumerable, pouring out and filing over the grounds with frightful celerity. Small monsters, like one sees in a drop of water magnified, rolled and gambolled in the air; long, gaunt, hollow, wan-visaged skeletons staggered past, clapping their bony hands in hideous glee, while horrible shapes, having red bodies with livid blotches, sported their death's regalia, and shouted hoarsely from their swollen throats. Finally there loomed up a dark figure, horrid, malodorous, blind, and bleeding from sores all over his intangible body, the Demon of Disease. With a horrid leer, he produced a flute, the shin bone of a human leg, and, to my horror, struck up "Mony Musk," at which all the black spirits, and white spirits, red ones and grey, started to dance, philandering and gallivanting with one another, till the dance waxing fast and furious, they flew whirling round and round overhead, like dead leaves and dust in a whirlwind. Suddenly he stopped, and in a loud voice cried, "Attention, spirits and scourges of the human race. Once more Mammon has favored us; once more cupidity, or stupidity—it's hard to say which—has won the day, and left us to prosecute our labors for the extinction of mankind in peace. The people of this city are very fond of themselves, but they are fonder of money. To banish us from these glimpses of the moon would cost money, therefore we remain." "We re-e-c-main," sighed the spirits, by way of "hear, hear," I suppose. "They love health," resumed the Demon, "but money is dearer far. Should they ever adopt as their motto, 'health at any price is cheap,' we are undone. I cannot let this opportunity escape without complimenting the captains and privates of the following brigades for the zealous and successful way in which they have invaded, and the signal execution they have done in, the homes of the people of this city,—Malignant, Scarlet, Diphtheria, Small-pox and others. The medal of honor I award to Captain Typhoid, who this last year has done such signal service. May his shadow never grow less. At the same time I would urge upon you the urgent necessity for special exertion, especially among the students who frequent these banks, who, by their knowledge of science, stir up the people to war on us with sanitary weapons, with a view to our extermination.

"I must warn you that at the present rate of

See OAK HALL'S Stock of Children's Suits. OAK HALL sells Clothing at Rock-bottom Prices.

OAK HALL, 115, 117, 119, 121 King-St. E. Full Assortment of Men's and Boys' Clothing



THE LATEST FROM THE SEAT OF WAR!

your executions the time may come when the cemeteries will have to be largely extended, in which case the question may be propounded, whether it would not in the end be more economical to exterminate us, root and branch, by establishing and carrying out stringent sanitary laws, than to be continually paying doctors' fees, undertakers' bills and Gods-acre lots, to say nothing of the expense of buying tracts of land whereon to build new cities of the dead. It is but a question of money with them, but should they decide against us there is nothing else for us but to seek fresh fields and pastures new, probably in the north-west. And now the watchword is "go for 'em," and when I strike up the "dead march" the several brigades will enter the city, "all unseen by mortal eye, when the pale moon is in the sky." He closed with this quotation, and was answered by a cheer that sounded like the crowing of a Shanghai two blocks off. At the first notes of the "Dead March," they rose like a cloud of locusts, and moved *en masse* to the city. The dizziness had left me now and I resolved to follow, but the moon breaking through the cloud, shone through their vapoury bodies, till I could discern nothing but thin, white patches of mist, to follow which was too thin. I went down University Avenue a good way, and was passing past the house of a friend of mine when looking up to the bedroom where Albert and Harry slept, to my horror I beheld the red heels of one of the malignant scarlet demons disappearing in through the open window, while in the neighboring yard on the windlass sat Captain Typhoid with his skeleton feet in the old water bucket. Later on I saw one of the diphtherias dying on the sidewalk, he had been effecting an entrance through the open window of a student's boarding house, when, inhaling the fumes of carbolic acid, he sneezed himself to pieces and fell on the sidewalk, having received his quietus without a bare bodkin. The above authentic account I believe to be true and herewith attach my signature thereto.

SAMUEL SEKUNDSITE.

There was a young lady of Gloucester,
Whose parents had hoped they had Gloucester.
But she back came one day
To their awful dismay,
So they called her a wicked impouzeester.
—Boston Star.

ST. JACOBS OIL
TRADE MARK.



THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY.
FOR
RHEUMATISM,

Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Soreness of the Chest, Gout, Quinsy, Sore Throat, Swellings and Sprains, Burns and Scalds, General Bodily Pains, Tooth, Ear and Headache, Frosted Feet and Ears, and all other Pains and Aches.

No Preparation on earth equals St. Jacobs Oil as a safe, sure, simple and cheap External Remedy. A trial entails but the comparatively trifling outlay of 50 Cents, and every one suffering with pain can have cheap and positive proof of its claims.

Directions in Eleven Languages.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS IN MEDICINE.
A. VOGELER & CO.,
Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

Men and clocks don't amount to much when they get run down.—*Boston Star*. And a man in the hands of a vigilance committee don't amount to much when he gets run up.

It is said that paper can be compressed into a substance so hard that only diamonds can scratch it. That will be the boss paper on which to print election tickets.—*Burlington Harbinger*.

It turns out that the singer engaged to take Conly's place in the Emma Abbott Company has a voice like a bell, not "like a bull," as nearly all the papers have printed it. The fact that he is a basso probably accounts for the blunder.—*Lowell Courier*.

The Spirometer.

THE INTERNATIONAL THROAT AND LUNG INSTITUTE 75 Yonge street, corner King and Toronto. A body of French and English physicians are in charge. Great reformation in medical science. The Spirometer, the wonderful invention of Dr. M. Souvielle, of Montreal, an ex-side surgeon of the French army, which conveys medicinal properties direct to the seat of the disease, has proved in the leading hospitals of Europe to be indispensable for the cure of catarrh, catarrhal deafness, bronchitis, asthma, and lung disease. Dr. Souvielle and a body of English and French surgeons and physicians are in charge of this, the most scientific institution on this continent. We wish country practitioners who have not sufficient practice to distinguish the different forms of lung disease to bring their patients to our institute, and we will give them free advice. This institute has been organized by this body of scientific men to place Canada in a position to compete on scientific views with any part of Europe, and to protect the people from the hands of insignificant men. Dr. Souvielle's Spirometer and its preparations were invented after long and careful experiments in chemical analysis and use in hundreds of cases to prove its effects. He has the sole right in France, England, the United States and Canada. Last year over 1,000 letters of thanks were received from all parts of Europe, Canada and America for the wonderful cures performed by the Spirometer. Hundreds of the leading people of this country given as references. Write or call at the International Throat and Lung Institute, 75 Yonge street, corner of King, Toronto, and you will be received by either of the surgeons. Consultations free to physicians and sufferers. Call or write, inclosing stamp for pamphlet giving full particulars free.