

# GRIP

EDITED BY J. W. BERGOUGH

GRIP ENG



SIR STEPHEN STEPS OUT.

LETTER-ATURE

MUSIC

DRAMA

TERMS

1888 ANNUAL

PAYABLE IN ADVANCE

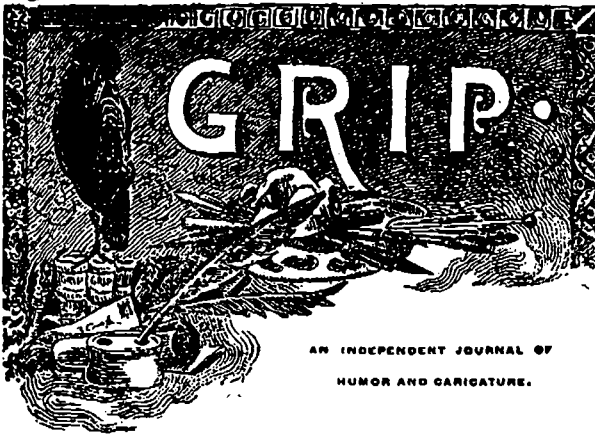
The gravest beast is the ASS.  
 The gravest bird is the Owl.  
 The gravest fish is the Oyster  
 The gravest man is the fool.

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**Comments on the Cartoon.**



LATEST FROM THE WILD WEST.—In the American Senate, a few days ago, in the course of a speech on the Fisheries Treaty, Senator John Sherman came out squarely and emphatically for free trade between Canada and the United States, declaring that the abolition of the customs houses along the boundary line would greatly benefit both countries. This is very significant, considering that John Sherman is one of the most prominent leaders of the Republican party, which is at the present moment engaged in a death struggle in defence of its high-protection policy. We happen to know, also, that Sherman's attention has recently been called to the matter of free trade with Canada by Mr. Wiman or some of his influential fellow-workers in the Commercial Union cause, and the emphatic response of the Senator is a tribute both to the ability with which the case has been placed before him, and his own intelligence in recognizing the merits of it at a glance. Under the circumstances, it is right that 'Rastus the Irrepressible' should have the credit of making this notable capture. We picture the event in "Wild West" shape, as it is probably known to everybody that Buffalo Bill's performances on Staten Island this summer have been under the auspices of the Canadian "King" of that resort.

SIR STEPHEN STEPS OUT.—Sir George Stephen, Bart., has resigned the presidency of the C. P. R. His action is due to falling

health, and the belief that, in the interests of the company, a professional railway man is henceforth needed in the presidential chair. It is stated that Sir George has become the owner of a desirable estate in the County of Kent, England, and intends shortly to take up his residence in that happy land. It is further alleged that there is a strong probability that before long he will be honored with a peerage and a seat in the House of Lords. There is no reason why Canadians should find fault with this brilliant termination of a successful business career, though there is certainly a disposition in some quarters to carp at it. Rather, those who think highly of Queen-given honors should be ready to heartily congratulate Sir George, should all these glories fall to his lot. If he has made a few additional millions out of the great railway enterprise, so much the better for him. He got the opportunity, and very sensibly took advantage of it. If there was anything wrong about the opportunity itself let the blame be placed where it belongs—on the shoulders of the Macdonald Government.

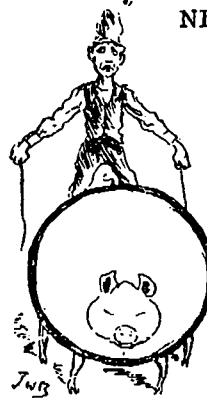
**VALEDICTORY.**

BY THE PRINTER'S DEVIL, EDITOR PRO TEM.

READER,—

I'm bounced out of my position jest when I was gettin my hand in nicely. I thought the editor was off to the seaside like the other swells, but he came back just the day after I got out last week's paper and told me I could resume my duties up-stairs. So that ends it, and I've got to scoot. It panes me to bust these tender ties, dear Reader, as it was a big sight easier to sit here and mold public opinion than it is to wash rollers up in the printer's department. But such is fate, and all I can do is to be frugal and save up a few millions and start a paper of my own. That is now my aim in life, and I will do it or perish in the attempt. I will not say farewell, but only so long, as you will hear again some day from the individual who now signs himself

THE P.D.



NLY a couple of weeks more and the band will play the opening selection for the great Industrial Exhibition, and visitors will flock from the ends of the earth to see the brave show that Manager Hill and his colleagues have made ready for them. Heading the list of attractions is our bran-new Governor-General, who will exhibit himself in the graceful act of performing the opening ceremonies; after him will come an array of acrobats, baloonists, horse-racers, fat cattle, fancy stock, marvellous inventions, poultry, ladies' work, fire engines, brass bands, etc., etc., such as will make any other "greatest show on earth" hide its diminished head.

**GRIP** is glad to find these vigorous words in the *Evangelical Churchman* :—

"Pressure is being brought to bear upon the Dominion Government to disallow this Jesuit Act. Can it be true that there is a single Protestant on either political side who will not raise his voice in condemnation of the Act of Premier Mercier? If so, such faithlessness should bring swift and certain judgment. The man who would barter the liberties of his fellow-men, and the safety of the Constitution upon which so peculiar an organization as the Confederation of the Canadian Provinces depends for its very existence, is deserving of the obloquy with which history will inevitably cover him. There is still time to avert the ratification of this Jesuit Act, so full of omen for the future. Let it be done."

Yes, it *must* be done—let Sir John Macdonald make a note of that. Not only every Protestant, but every Catholic who is loyal to his Church, should spring to arms and help to crush this reviving monster of Jesuitism. Mercier's infamous bill must be disallowed!

A PRETTY, talented girl who has just completed her school course with credit, and by reason of rather special talents has received more attention and admiration than falls to the lot of most girls, was asked the other day how she enjoyed her vacation. "Oh, I'm enjoying it very much," she answered brightly, "I'm doing the housework now, and letting mother have a little rest." "Your mother is away on a vacation, then?" was the natural question. "Oh, no, she's at home, but I'm giving her a chance to rest in the morning and to dress up and sit out on the piazza when she feels like it. I think it will do her good to have a little change."—*Oil City Blizzard*.

Young man, this pretty girl's address is Springfield, Mass., and we would advise you to hustle right smart if you want to get her. Girls of her peculiar variety are mighty scarce now-a-days, and are worth considerably more than their weight in gold.

\* \* \*

ARRANGEMENTS having been made by the Government to visit with condign punishment every man who doesn't vote for Dewdney at the approaching Assiniboia election, that popular gentleman feels pretty certain of being returned. It is very fortunate for him that the people of the Territories are deemed too savage to be trusted as yet with the ballot-box.

\* \* \*

WILL the Genius of Civilization please cast her eye over this news item:—

DETROIT, Aug. 16.—A despatch received here last night from Cleveland gives the following account of the misfortune of a Windsor steamer in that city yesterday:—Captain N. J. Wigle, of the propeller "Lakeside," of Windsor, was fined \$262 by Custom Inspector Kane to-day. The "Lakeside" advertised an excursion from Windsor, and left on Saturday night. She picked up at Detroit 131 passengers and took them to Windsor, and from there came to Cleveland. This is a direct violation of the Act to prevent Canadian vessels trading between American ports, and the Custom inspector has a right to fine the captain for each passenger carried in violation of the Act. There was strenuous objection made by the captain to paying the fine, but as he was refused his clearance papers until it was paid, he settled about 10 o'clock this morning and left.

We simply want to ask the calm-eyed Goddess if she ever heard of anything more barbarous than that amongst the neighboring tribes of the Cannibal Islands? And yet such a law is just what might be expected of two nations who are stupid and childish enough to believe in and practice "Protection" as a national policy.

\* \* \*

IT is refreshing to turn to Senator Blair's resolution now before the Foreign Relations Committee in Congress, in which he proposes the opening of negotiations for the political union of Canada and the United States. This suggestion would have made our woods echo with war-whoops a few years ago, but not an angry word has been said on the subject so far as we have seen. Such a union is not likely to be a popular idea in Canada, but it is certainly high time that some steps were taken to realize a measure of practical Christian intercourse between the two professedly Christian communities of the same blood and language and separated only by an imaginary line.

TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE.

MR. POWDERLY's paper lately announced with flaring headlines the good news that the Bishop of London had thrown up his seat in the House of Lords and his salary

of \$50,000 per annum, and had declared himself henceforth the champion of downtrodden labor. The basis for this bit of news was a sermon by the Bishop which was reported *verbatim* in an English Radical paper. It now turns out that the sermon was a mere satire, put in the mouth of the great churchman by some irresponsible writer, and a great many people are laughing at Powderly for his blunder. It is clear, however, that the person who has cause to blush is the Bishop; Powderly's only error was in supposing that a well-fed dignitary of the Establishment might possibly be a practical Christian, and carry into action the gospel he is supposed to preach.

A FEW MINUTES IN GOTHAM.



REMARKING that Grits and Tories go to the sea-side or the backwoods for their summer holidays, GRIP felt in duty bound to emphasize his separateness from both parties when, a few days ago, he saw his opportunity for a very brief outing. He accordingly headed straight for New York. This was an idea which your Tory would declare to be madness, and your Grit would denounce as folly. It was contrary to the traditions of the fathers, you know, and *must* be wrong. That is the way both

these wings of Fossilism reason in politics and everything else. GRIP proved that it was the exactly right thing to do; and he says here emphatically that for a change of air, and the exhilaration which a study of human nature in all its cosmopolitan diversity affords to the dweller in quiet Canada, the great American capital and its environs is the most charming place within easy reach for a mid-summer holiday. GRIP's flying visit is not to be dignified with such a title, however. It was just a few minutes in Gotham, when you come to consider the thousands of attractive things he didn't see for want of time. But wasn't it scorching hot? Not to a Toronto bird. The New Yorkers were calling it torrid, and their papers were printing such headlines as "Business suspended," "Everybody prostrated with the heat," etc. To GRIP it seemed very decent weather, indeed; not so bad as we have "enjoyed" here in many a July and August. That was right in the city, but you don't have to stay there if it isn't perfectly agreeable. With two or three hundred pretty rural villages and harbors on Long Island within an hour's run; with Staten Island, Manhattan Beach, Brighton Beach, and West Brighton still nearer, and with that glorious spot, Central Park, right beside you, you are not compelled to get all your sport out of the town itself. Though, for GRIP's own special taste, the town is the big attraction—and especially just now, when the streets are bright with Cleveland and Thurman, and Harrison and Morton banners, and every man you meet is willing to go somewhere in the shade with you and discuss the tariff issue. Coney Island, with its multitudinous fakirs and fakes, and Manhattan Beach with its languid swells, both of hotel and ocean, are refreshing studies; so also is Staten Island, with its Rapid-Transit Wiman, its Wild West and its Fall of Rome; but what, after all, can delight the rural soul like the rush of Broadway, the roar of elevated



### POLITICS IN RURAL QUEBEC.

VT. SURGEON—"Well, why don't you give her the castor-oil, as I told you."

HABITANT—"I am afraid, M'sieu. Ze cow, she is Rouge by ze color, and ze Castor oil will agree not. See ze look of her eye!"

trains, and all the sights, sounds, marvels and mysteries that go to make up New York? Then, chief of all—the men whose names make the city what it is to you. GRIP was glad to renew the genial friendship of the great cartoon makers of *Puck* and *Judge*, Keppler, Oppen, Gillam and Hamilton, and to find them all happy, though in the midst of a red hot campaign. Comic journalism in Gotham has other able representatives in *Texas Siftings*, *Time* and *Life*, and a new candidate for fame and fortune has just appeared under the title of the *Saturday Cartoon*. Worth and McCarthy are the principal artists of *Siftings*, which is edited by the jolly "Fat Contributor" A. Miner Griswold, and managed with consummate business ability by another good fellow, Col. J. Armoy Knox. From Park Row, the nest of newspaperdom, GRIP spread his ebon wings and fluttered to Union Square, which is the Mecca of all single-tax men henceforth, for to that histrionic locality the offices of Henry George's *Standard* have lately been removed. Here the great apostle of freedom was found at his desk, pen in hand, putting together one of the brainiest papers that leaves any New York printing machine. Beside him, also hard at work upon their congenial task, were his two bright sons—young men who have evidently inherited a good share of their father's intellectual power, and the full measure of his kindly disposition. To many readers of current controversy, Henry George's name stands for the embodiment of anarchy, or socialism, or crankism of some equally hare-brained variety; and their mental picture of him represents a forlorn fanatic who declaims against home and society in some wild fashion. This is because his critics are given to lying. There is not a more moderate, level-headed, sensible man in America to-day; and if those who have

heretofore thought of him as an anarchist could have shared GRIP's privilege, and enjoyed the hospitality of his home circle, presided over by an accomplished wife and charming daughters, it would have effected a radical cure of their wrong impressions. The next best thing for such persons to do is to read some or all of his works, as thousands of Canadians are doing to-day, we are glad to know.

EVERY patriotic Toronto bosom expands with pride at the thought that *our* boys are leading again in the International League, and the fact also reflects glory on the various towns and cities to which the players individually belong.

### ONLY.

ONLY a summer eve in Aug.,  
 Only a plush settee,  
 Only the wail of a mournful fraug,  
 Only my love and me.

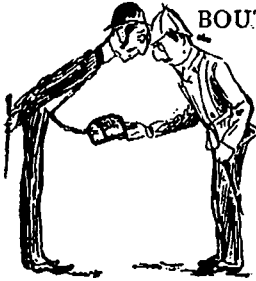
Only the gaslight turned down low,  
 Only her form embraced,  
 Only a whisper, soft and low,  
 Only an arm and waist.

Only a clove to disguise the beer,  
 Only a wild, weird thrill,  
 Only our liplets cooing near,  
 \* Only to meet with a will,  
 Ah!

Only a stealthy step on the stair,  
 Only her papa's boot,  
 Only a groan 't the summer air,  
 Only a sudden scoot.

THE SCOOTIST.

## MR. BINK'S WATCH CHARM.



ABOUT a month ago Mr. Mortimer Binks of this city, who lives up on Cecil street or College avenue or somewhere else in that aristocratic section of the town, was walking down King street, when he chanced to glance into the window of a jewelry store, and his attention was attracted by a very handsome pendant for a watch chain which glittered in the thick pile of a purple velvet case. Mr. Binks paused to admire and finally entered the store to get a closer look at the pendant. It was a piece of cornelian stone fashioned into a small trunk, banded with gold, and was altogether a very unique and handsome ornament.

"Does it open?" asked Mr. Binks, as soon as the dealer had brought it out.

"It does not sir," replied the jeweler.

Mr. Binks examined it, was pleased with it and bought it. He went home and showed it to his wife.

"It is very handsome, my dear," Mrs. Binks said.

"Does it open?"

"No," responded her spouse. "Yes, it is handsome—very."

He got to work rather early the next morning and struck the porter who was just sweeping out. Mr. Binks asked him some trivial question and he espied the pendant.

"Handsome charm you've got there, Mr. Binks. Does it open?"

"Yes it is rather handsome," said Mr. Binks carelessly.

"Just got it yesterday. No, it doesn't open."

Presently the office boy came in, saw and admired.

"Say, Binksey, that's pretty," he said, with the familiar manner which the office boy generally carries around with him. "Does it open?"

"No," Mr. Binks replied shortly. "It does not open. Yes, I think it is rather pretty."

The clerks come in one by one. Each one admired the charm in turn; each one said it was pretty; each one asked, "Does it open?" And to one and all Mr. Binks responded in a careless nonchalant voice, "Yes, it is rather pretty; no, it doesn't open."

About five o'clock Mr. Binks went out. He met a friend, and they dropped into a saloon together for a quiet beer. A number of gentlemen whom they both knew were inside. They all saw the pendant, all admired it and all asked Mr. Binks, "Does it open?" Mr. Binks felt flattered. Everybody was admiring his choice and paying him compliments on his good taste in securing such a handsome novelty. He walked home in a happy frame of mind and felt as jubilant as if someone had died and left him a fortune. During the evening some friends dropped in to admire the charm and ask if it opened, and Mr. Binks' spirits rose to about the same dimensions as a good healthy blizzard. His vanity was tickled. He dreamed roseeate dreams that night, and felt as joyous and chirpy as a spring chicken in the morning.

A week went by and Mr. Binks' pendant was still an object of admiration to everyone, and daily about a hundred people asked him "Does it open?" Another week slipped by. It was still kept up. By this time the novelty had worn off the purchaser, so far as he was concerned, and the perpetual question, "Does it open?"

began to get somewhat monotonous. Every man he met had the same question to ask, and on an average of a hundred times a day he had to say, "Yes, it's rather handsome; no, it doesn't open."

Another week skipped past with the same results. Mr. Binks began to grow desperate. He felt miserable, and under the continued pressure he was becoming thin and pale. During the day a hundred human fiends assailed him; at night he was tortured by a thousand imaginary ones, who one and all admired the pendant and asked him if it opened. It was getting quite unbearable. His appetite fell off; he couldn't eat; he couldn't sleep. He drank heavily to keep his spirits up, but the momentary relief was followed by deeper gloom and misery than had gone before. His wife was warned about him, and his "friends" declared him a hard case, and said he was going to the devil fast. He walked about the streets like an uneasy ghost, murmuring plaintively, "Yes, rather handsome; no, it doesn't open." He wrote the words in his office books when he attempted to enter up accounts, and when he sat down to write a letter he found



A VETERAN.

"No, darling, this man has never seen powder, but has just finished his apprenticeship as wood turner."

himself inditing the same sentence over and over again, in place of giving the lowest cash quotations for gros-grain silks and Canadian tweeds. His eyes got blood-shot; his hair fell out; he trembled constantly as if with palsy, and he walked about with the helpless, hopeless air of a conscience stricken, despairing murderer. If questioned on a business matter, he would stare idiotically before him, and reply stupidly: "Yes, rather handsome; no, it doesn't open." Finally he could stand it no longer. Overwrought nature gave way, and one day he fell on the floor in a fit. He was taken home, where he spent a week in bed, being delirious half the time. He gradually recovered, and yesterday came into the busy world once more. He is somewhat pale and weak from the effects of his recent illness, but he has got rid of his trouble, and his mind is clear again. He has invested, however, in a large revolver, and the first man who passes any remark to him about that pendant, and asks the immortal question, "Does it open?" will die a sudden and violent death.





### MANITOBA SAVED!

GREENWAY, THE VALIANT, FINISHES THE SNAKE.

#### WHAT THEY ALL SAY AT OTTAWA.

THAT Charlie Tupper is a chip off the old block.

THAT Sir John's new title ought to be Lord Fortunatus.

THAT Nicholas Flood Davin's occupation as King-maker is gone with the introduction of Canadian *Royalties* into the North-West.

THAT it is but a step from Low to Small in the Department of Agriculture.

THAT the dark horse in the race for the Deputy Postmaster-Generalship was a White one, and a good "boss" at that.

THAT the picture of the bald-headed man tooting a clarionet on GRIP's fourteen page is a rough study of "Little Thunder," as seen after an electoral triumph.

THAT John Haggart will be as popular with the boys as "John Henry," and equally as well-informed on all party subjects.

THAT the first prize for native perfumery at the approaching Fall Exhibition ought to go to the contractor of the Ottawa Parliament Buildings.

THAT it is about time the people of the capital provided themselves with a public library where books would be held for use and not for inspection only. For further particulars apply to Mr. Graham Moon.

#### AT HANLAN'S ISLE.

I met her there upon the sands,  
She smiled, I raised my hat and bowed;  
Encouraged thus we soon clasped hands  
And strolled unheeded through the crowd.  
We moved, or I did, in a dream,  
Until she softly said "Ice Cream!"  
30C.

Down where the sad waves swept the shore  
We wandered when the night was young;  
We kissed in silence o'er and o'er—  
Her very presence kept me dumb,  
Mine did not her. She murmured low,  
"Sweet heart, please take me for a row."  
ONE WILLIAM.

Again beside the lake we strayed—  
Beside the lake, huge, hoar and old;  
I loved that fair, but costly maid,  
And I, methinks, was somewhat bold.  
She kissed me, smiled, did softly sing,  
And carelessly tried on my ring  
A DIAMOND—\$140.

Then back again to where the crowd,  
Pulsed to and fro, beneath the light,  
Up stepped a big man, brutal-browed\*  
She looked, grew pale, then said "good night,"  
The band played merry tunes the while,  
And this occurred at Hanlan's Isle.  
\*HER HUSBAND.  
Toronto, Aug., 1888. W. C. N.

#### WILKINS' SINGING WIFE.

THE STORY OF A SHARP WOMAN AND A  
FLATTED MAN.

I MET Wilkins the other day, looking most melancholy, but with the lambent flame of suppressed indignation lurking in his eyes. "Why this mournful mien, Wilkins?" I asked.

"Don't ask me," responded Wilkins; "it's a sad story, and will break your gentle heart. My wife, that's all," he added, laconically.

I walked him around several blocks until I got him so tired that he was glad to sit down and rest, and then extracted from him the following story. "All over my wife," he began; "you know she sings. Well, she never made any fuss over her singing ability until a short time ago, when a great professor came to town and charged five dollars a lesson. Then she thought she had a fine voice—I never told her so, never; I always tried to dissuade her from the art, as she kept our baby and the neighbours' babies around the block awake nights,—but she would go. She was certain, she said, after taking a few lessons, a very few, from the five-dollar man; and all the spare cash out of my purse, that she should be able to command ten dollars a night for singing at concerts. But I felt that she would be a failure,—and tried to persuade her from dissolving the dollars. She went, however; she went. What I had previously thought to be torture seemed like unadulterated delight compared to what we,—that is the whole block,—had to endure after those five-dollar lessons. I remonstrated, but was told she had to do so to develop the muscles of her throat and expand her lungs—or bellows, I forget which she said. After suffering for several nights I fled from the house, leaving my wife squalling in the parlor and the baby howling in the nursery. I returned when I felt sure everything had subsided. But the crowning blow came upon me this morning. I was just going out, when an expressman came with a large box, on which I had to

pay seventy-five cents. Not expecting anything, we were all greatly interested in its contents. Getting an axe I soon forced open one of the boards on the top of the box. There was a scurry and a dash—and out came eight black cats. The baby was knocked over in the fire-place; my wife gave out several of her top C's (staccato) and fell fainting on the couch, and the door of the room being closed, those cats tore in and around and over the furniture, and on the tables, smashing vases and bricabrac until I found enough of my wits to open the door, when they spread themselves all over the house and took three hours of my precious time to clean them out. Fastened on the inside of the box was a label with this delightful inscription: 'Fit company for your wife. All concert singers.' The story is all around our neighbourhood for a mile square. I can't survive the disgrace."

I sympathized with my poor friend, and advised him to make the most of the incident to reclaim his wife from her wicked ways. He said he would. We parted.

I saw him yesterday. All is well. His wife took the lesson to heart, and has quit singing.

TITUS A DRUM.

A FAUST YOUNG MAN.

MR. PARIS SINGER, son of the late sewing machine millionaire, is to celebrate his 21st birthday with a grand *fete* at the family mansion in England, and amongst other extraordinary goings-on they are to have a sumptuous production of *Faust*, in which Marie Van Zandt is to play *Marguerite* and young Mr. Singer is to do *Mephistopheles*. This is a new and original idea, but it is to be hoped that the young man will not continue to play the devil after the festivities are over.

IMPORTANT ETYMOLOGICAL DISCOVERY.



HE learned M. Bellecamme, Professor in the University of La Grande Montagne has recently been engaged in some extraordinary etymological researches. He has arrived at his results—and astonishing results they are indeed—by a method peculiar to himself and which no other scientist has as yet adopted. This, however, need excite no suspicion. True genius ever scorns to follow the beaten track!

M. Bellecamme's unwearied industry has proved a French origin for one of our most popular choruses—has proved, (dare I speak it forth to an expectant world?)—has proved that Burns, Bobbie Burns, the lauded bard dear to every Scottish soul—*Robert Burns was a Frenchman!* We are touched to the heart to declare it, but duty and science demand our confession. The completeness of M. Bellecamme's demonstration leaves us no room for doubt. So Scotland loses—France has won the bard! And now for the proof.

The professor's attention was first drawn to the subject by the repeated singing of that well known line in "Auld Lang Syne"—

"We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet."

At a public meeting which—(and let mankind note on how small a peg hang so great interests)—M.



AN AUGUST ENQUIRY.

CHUBLEY—"I say, Lanks, do you get any breeze at all, up there?"

Bellecamme by chance attended. The repetition fixed it in his mind, but by no effort of his imagination could he grasp its meaning. It was maddening!

"Ze kindness! Oui, I know what ees ze kindness, but ze kindness in a cup! Zat ees ze queer sing. Ze Anglais are of ze materialistes, mais quoi! Zey no go so mooch as zat. Ah, ces Anglais, zey air so queer, so queer! I not can it comprehend. I vill zink of it no more."

But not thus lightly was the decree of fate which had fixed upon him as the honored discoverer of the great literary fact to be set aside. The line haunted him. It sang itself in his head and mixed itself with the last strains of the orchestra. Turn where he would, it flamed before his eyes in letters of fire. He walked home alone with fevered step, muttering like a madman, the while: "Ze kindness! Ze kindness! Morbleu, ze kindness in ze cup!

Home at last, he could not rest, but paced nervously up and down the room. At long last he flung himself weary and perplexed upon his bed, muttering and moaning in his uneasy sleep. But the hour of his deliverance was at hand. As the old college bell tolled four in the distance, he awoke with a start, rubbed his eyes and wondered where he was.

"Ah, I remember myself. Ze kindness in ze cup! Sacre bleu, vot ees zat? Mon dieu, I vill not again sleep before I finds it. Come mon ami, ze kindness—zat ees ze *bonté*, n'est-ce pas? Ah, ferry goot. Zat ees ze *bonté*. But ze *bonté*,—ze kindness in ze cup! Zat ees so strange! Ah, mon dieu, I see him, I see him! Ze *bonté*, c'est ze *bon thé*; Ze *bon thé*, zat ees ze "goot tea," certainement! Zat ees not so queer. Ze goot tea in ze cup, zat ees goot, but ze kindness, zat ees so strange. Ah, ces Anglais!"

Need we follow the professor further? Need we point out that on this one peg he has hung a chain of the closest reasoning, and has proved beyond doubt that our beloved Burns was but an impostor or a Frenchman whose name and fame some stupid translator has stolen, with such marrings of the original as the above as the result of his efforts? It is evident that here, misled by the identity of sound, he (the real Burns, translating impostor as he was, or the Scottish dullard who was rendered the French Burns' works into English), has taken *bon thé* for *bonté* and in place of *good tea*, has given us *kindness*.





### HEREDITY.

JIMMY—"Say, 'taint fair to let Tommy Decker play, he's a professh."

BILLY—"Get out, he ain't."

JIMMY—"I tell you he *is*. His uncle is right fielder for the T'rontos. Guess you can't fool me."

BILLY—"Great Scott, so he is; I forgot 'bout that!"

[Tommy is accordingly barred out.]

### A NEW INFANT INDUSTRY.

It is a well-known scientific fact that certain physical causes will produce certain mental effects. Indeed, it would appear that almost every state of mind may be produced as the effect of something partaken of.

Opium, for example, soothes and tranquillizes the spirit, and passes the most celestial visions before the mind until one dreams that he is King of the Cannibal Islands, and named after Cannibal, the great Roman general. Or on the other hand, there are certain kinds of tangle-foot that will rouse the most diabolic and furious temper and incline one to indulge in the exciting and exhilarating pastime of murdering his relations. And then there is the lachrymose onion that will move the most obdurate and hard-hearted to tears. While again there are other drugs that will produce hysteria and make one laugh like a hyena. Champagne induces mirth; and bile, melancholy. Coffee induces wakefulness; and laudanum, sleep.

It is due to Professor Comeintothegardenmaud that is due the honor of bringing this branch of science to a practical issue. After long years of the most assiduous industry and careful investigation the professor has opened what he calls a psychological dispensary; wherein he dispenses various frames of mind at so much per ounce. Learning of this I thought I would drop in and observe the working of this new and curious industry.

The professor had not yet had occasion to enter upon his day's work when I arrived, it being rather early, but was quietly regaling himself out of a jar labelled *Longa Verba*, which I learnt subsequently meant jaw-breakers, or something to that effect. The dose seemed to be in long thin strips like slippery elm, and in response to my enquiring look, the professor remarked that he was taking a little medicine preparatory to giving a lecture before one of the scientific societies of Berlin, Ont.

Meanwhile I had time to look hurriedly about me. It appeared that the highest shelves held the most imaginative and expensive elements, not much in demand except by the poets. The professor said it was always an expensive thing to be a poet. I felt a wild thrill of joy, I

don't know why. Scattered over the counter were what I learned to be a few grains of common sense. I put a few of them in my pocket.

It was not long, however, before the professor had a morning customer, a politician, on his way to the legislative halls. He asked for a pound of Bitter Sarcasm, and preferred to take it with him rather than have it sent. In putting it up, the professor remarked that the only directions to be observed were that it should be taken on an empty stomach; and that a great deal depended upon that. Thrusting his hand into the bag then and there, the politician began to partake of some of it; which seemed to be in the form of a very hard, cold, crystalized substance. He crunched it between his teeth with such force that he could be heard all over the dispensary. There seemed to be considerable grit in it. That it was bitter soon showed itself in the expression of his face; and I heard afterwards that in going along the street he soured the milk in every house he passed. After this there was a pretty continuous stream of customers.

Clergymen sometimes speak slightly of science, referring to it as "science, falsely so-called." I was therefore glad to observe the entrance of a clergyman. He said the pulpit was learning to display a broad spirit of religious tolerance towards the liquor traffic. He said he wanted to be in the van of progress and desired to cultivate a spirit of toleration toward saloons. The professor gave him a dose which had a strong and not unfamiliar odor; and the directions were that it should be taken with sugar, and perhaps a little infusion of hot water.

Although the imaginative elements were on the highest shelves as well as at the highest prices, they did appear to be in some slight demand. There entered among others a high-browed, bushy-headed, foreign-looking gentleman, with a picture of a yacht sketched on one of his cuffs. He said he wanted a great quantity of imagination, and left orders for it by the ton. In telling where the order should be directed, he gave his name as Julia Fern, or something of that sort; and went out muttering something about spots on the sun and whiskers on the moon.

And so on; people continued to come in quest of one thing after another until daylight softened in twilight. I might mention a young lad with a bright, intelligent face, and a hat tilted slightly over one ear. He said he wanted something that would make him feel important and grown-up; he wanted to feel like a man. The professor took out of a small, wooden box a long, thin, dark, brown substance, evidently of a vegetable nature. The directions were that the fumes of it should be inhaled; and the professor said it would produce the desired effect; although he added that the effect would be only temporary. There is some reason to fear that the dose disagreed with him, as I hear that the poor lad has been unwell.

As the shades of night were falling fast a youngish man, with an embryo pale, pink moustache, and whose sharp, angular glances shot across one another like a crochet stitch, sidled into the apartment, leaving his young lady to await him on the threshold. He asked for half an ounce of Moonlight Sentiment, and intimated that as he intended proposing, he would like also a little ingredient of gall. Putting his little parcel into his left vest pocket, over his heart, he passed out into the darkness and the night's plutonian shore.

It was almost time for the professor to close up his dispensary, so I reluctantly bade him adieu, and went back into the every-day, prosaic, matter-of-fact world, as I now give the reader the opportunity of doing.





LATEST FROM THE WILD WEST.

'RAS WIMAN, COMMERCIAL UNION COWBOY, CAPTURES SENATOR SHERMAN'

## BREAKING THE NEWS.

MR. PERCY SILVERTON (*who has had his highly-valued though unpromising moustache removed*)—"See Julie, I have had my moustache cut off!"

MISS JULIE STYLES (*his fiancée*)—"Oh, pshaw! why did you tell me? I wanted to find it out myself!"—*Puck*.

EVERY one who would like to know something about *Montreal*, should secure a copy of *Murray's New Guide*, Price, 15 cents. For sale by the booksellers, also by the author, N. Murray, 498 St. James Street, *Montreal*, agent for Grip Printing and Publishing Co.

CINCINNATI MAN (*to VISITOR from the country*)—"Just wait a minute. I want to see what they did with Lagerbier's case. Lagerbier is one of our prominent saloonists."

VISITOR—"What was he tried for? For keeping open on Sunday?"

CINCINNATI MAN—"No; for closing."—*Puck*.

## THE WESTERN ASSURANCE CO.

FEW, if any, of our Canadian institutions have attained a more prominent position or favorable reputation than the Western Assurance Company of this city. It has a record extending over thirty-seven years, having issued its first policy in 1851, and it has steadily gained in public favor until it is now recognized as one of the most popular and progressive Fire and Marine Insurance Companies on this continent. It has agencies established throughout the United States as well as all the Provinces of the Dominion and received in premiums for the year 1887 upwards of a million and a half dollars. With its substantial assets the Western presents to Canadian insurers security equal to that of many of the large foreign companies doing business here combined with the advantages of a good home institution.

## ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

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

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## THEIR PARTING..

"My dear, you'll come and stay a week? Indeed, I wish it much." His eyes were sad, his voice was meek; "But business, love, is such"—

"Well, then, on Friday evenings—yes—And stay till Monday morn?" "That would not make expenses less." He smiled a smile forlorn.

"I really cannot promise now; But, dearest"—here he sighed—"I shall enjoy the thought of how You wished me by your side.

"Then I must hurry back," she said. "Not so, my Minnie dear; Stay till September's leaves are red." She kissed him with a tear.

He kissed her with a breaking sob

That sounded like a cough.

The train moved out, he winked at Bob—

"Thank heaven! she's safely off."

—*M. S. Bridges, in Judge.*

## ADVERTISEMENT.

TO THE DEAF.—A Person cured of Deafness and noises in the head of 23 years' standing, by a simple remedy, will send a description of it FREE to any Person who applies to NICHOLSON, 30 St. John Street, Montreal.

In the country, Miss Travis.—"Oh, here you are, Mr. De Smith! Mrs. Raynor says she lost the dinner horn and doesn't know how to get the men up to dinner. Suppose you go out and stand on the piazza. I think they could hear your necktie as far as the last meadow."—*Burlington Free Press.*

## Consumption Surely Cured.

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Respectfully,

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"BRIDGET, has Johnnie come home from school yet?"

"Yis, sorr."

"Have you seen him?"

"No, sorr."

"Then how do you know he's home?"

"'Cause the cat's hidin' under the stove, sorr."—*Time.*

"MANDY," exclaimed the elderly aunt of the young lady at the seaside, as she surveyed her in amazement, "your bathing costum shocks me! Remember, you have not yet laid aside your mourning."

"That's all right aunty," said Amanda, reassuringly, "you know I am quite dark-skinned."—*Chicago Tribune.*

## INTRUDERS IN ISRAEL.

"YAIS," said Mr. Hoopenheimer, "ve vos quite a liddle family down at dot Hotel Bacharach at Long Branch. Dere vos vun liddle chob-lot of Gristians ofer at dot table near de kijjin, bot I kess dey go away puddy soon. Dey seen ve don't vant to be unkind by dem, bot ve kain't associade mit 'em, no-how."—*Puck.*

"NAOMI," said the youth, passionately, as he lingered at the front door last Sunday night and held her hand at parting, "as your affianced husband I may now surely claim the privilege of a ki—"

"Wait a moment, Alpheus," said the lovely girl as she looked at the moon, "the eclipse is not quite total."—*Chicago Tribune.*

## THE REASON WHY.

COMMERCIAL MAN (*awakening, to PORTER*)—"In already? Well, I've been travelling for six years, and now I can say I've had one square night's sleep on a Pullman."

PORTER—"Been laying still for five hours sah—freight wreck ahead!" (Continues putting a patent-leather polish on No. 17's russet leather shoes.)—*Puck.*

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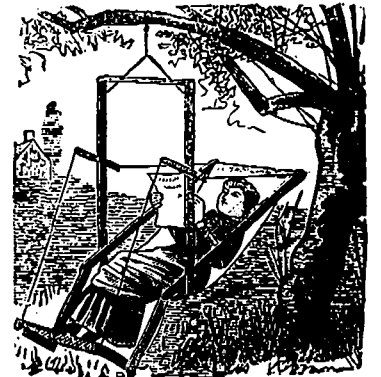
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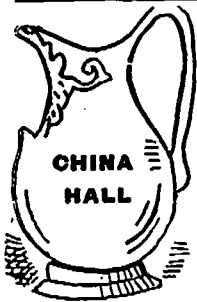
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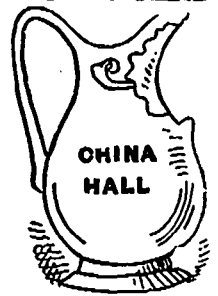
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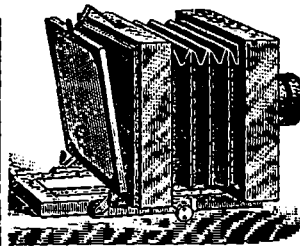


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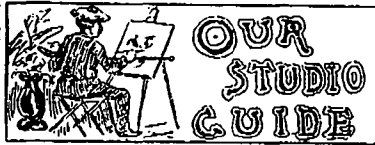
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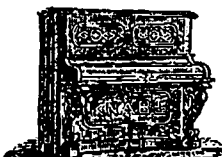
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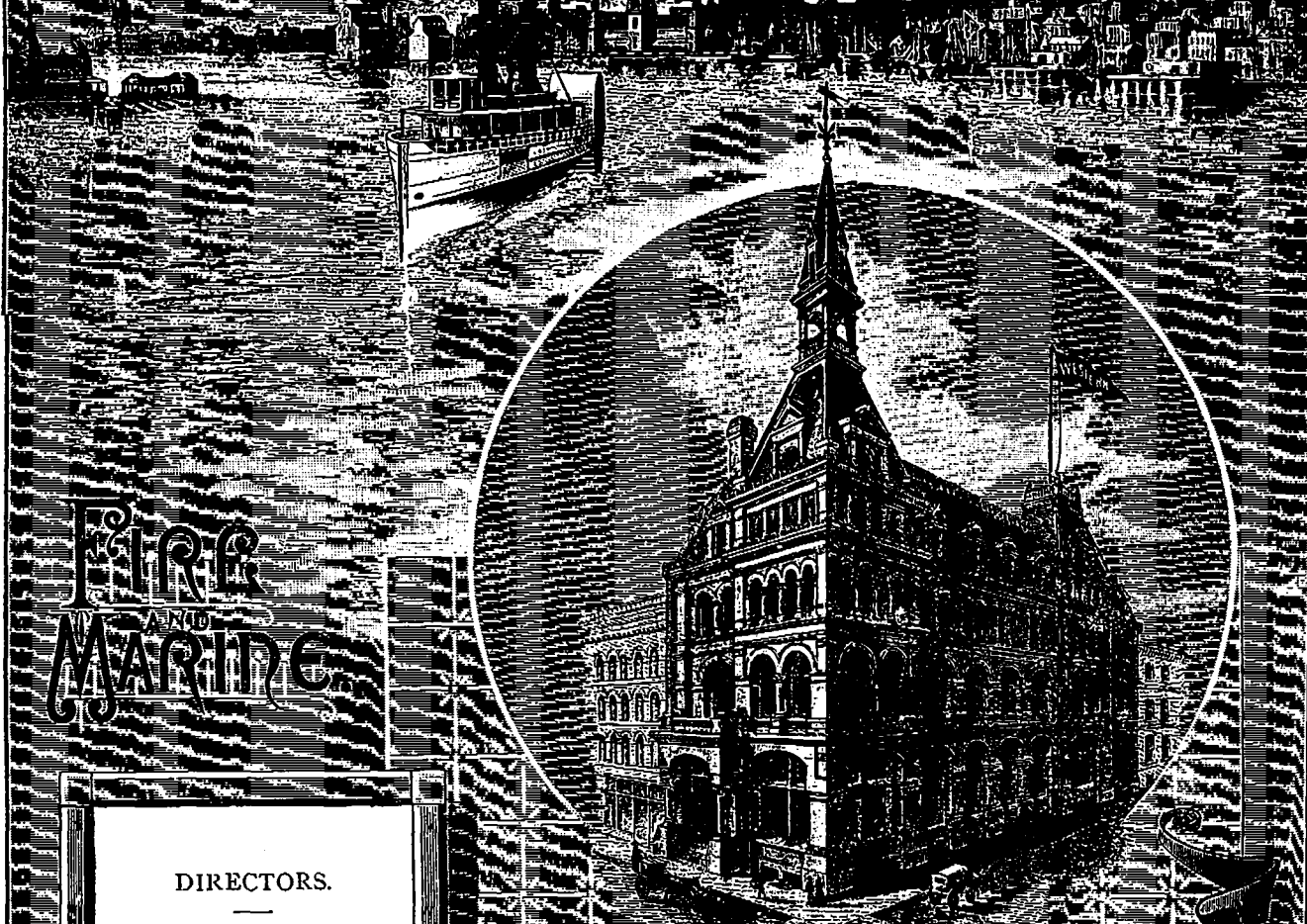
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