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TORONTO WINDOW SHADE CO. } Manufacturers of and dealers in Plain and Decorated OIL-FINISH CLOTH SHADES. { 417 QUEEN ST. WEST, TORONTO, ONT.

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• GRIP •

AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL.

Published by the Grip Printing and Publishing Company of Toronto. Subscription, \$2 00 per ann. in advance. All business communications to be addressed to S. J. MOORE, Manager.

J. W. BENGOUGH

Editor.

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

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON—GRIP remarked some weeks ago that the liquor traffic in Ontario was doomed. Its knell was duly sounded in Halton on the 5th, and the votes to be taken in a score of other counties at early dates will form an appropriate requiem. There is no moral doubt that nearly all these counties will decide for the Scott Act, and nobody believes this more surely than the liquor dealers of this Province. Before many years Ontario will have Prohibition, and the hundreds of worthy men who are now living after the manner of parasites—for a saloon-keeper certainly gives no equivalent for the money he receives—will be obliged to turn their hands to some honest toil here, or emigrate to some less favored land. Our cartoon is a pictorial adaptation of one of Hon. J. Finch's happy illustrations, wherein he points out that the bed-bug and the bee differ only in "the way in which they make their living."

FIRST PAGE—Hon. Oliver Mowat was on Tuesday the recipient of a demonstration worthy of a conquering hero; beyond comparison grander than has ever been offered by the people to any political leader of Canada. And nobody seems to grudge the plucky and persistent Premier his triumph—friends and foes are alike aware that he had indeed performed a great service for his Province. But there is a fly in the ointment, nevertheless. In reality, if not in fact, alongside of the deputation which met him at the station with an address of congratulation there stood another "band of brothers"—to wit, the local opposition, prepared to read a formidable document charging Oliver Mowat *et al.* with conspiring to bring them the said opposition into disrepute by aiding and abetting sundry persons to conspire with sundry other persons—friends of theirs, the said opposition's—to offer them, the aforesaid first-mentioned sundry persons, bribes of money, to induce them to vote against said Oliver Mowat and so throw him *et al.* out of office. The flare of the torches and blare of the trumpets are now things of the past, let this other part of the programme go on; we feel interested.

EIGHTH PAGE—Notwithstanding the superabounding adjectives on Mr. Forepaugh's posters, it is generally believed that his "white" elephant got its complexion at the hands of a skilful whitewasher. This has been asserted as a positive fact by scores of the leading papers of the States, and is beyond questions if newspaper evidence is worth anything. In fact

it has been hinted that Forepaugh and Barnum jointly agreed to get up this elephantine joke, just to test the truth of old P. T.'s famous assertion that "the people like to be humbugged." It is not on record that any patron of the great show has enjoyed his white elephant any the less because it was not a white elephant. And the same may be remarked as to the attitude of the agricultural community towards Sir John's celebrated N.P. "Light of Asia." The farmers know now that they do not get what was promised them, yet where will you find a Conservative yeoman that won't throw up his hat for the elephant? The *Globe* tells us there is a tremendous volcano in the rural districts, ready to burst upon the ministry and bury it in oblivion. We fail to discern the slightest wreath of smoke in that direction.

GRIP'S CANADIAN GALLERY.

NO. 2.—HON. OLIVER MOWAT.

Master Oliver Mowat was considered by his mamma, his nurse, and other constituted authorities, to be the very finest and most good-natured baby born in Kingston, in the year of grace 1820. Though cradled amid the Toryism of this fossiliferous limestone city, little Oliver early advocated a liberal policy with regard to pap, sugar and jam. He never cried for the moon, but with true practical wisdom limited his demands to cake, and generally got all he wanted. As long as this was the case he was a most sweet-tempered child.

He was very precocious, as historian Dent records, and the whole college of Dentists maintain, that when five years old, Master Oliver would climb the high stool in his papa's office, read aloud the newspaper editorials and explain the conservative fallacies therein to the astonished clerks.

Master Mowat was in due course sent to school—at Sunday-school he had been a pupil from his earliest days. He was distinguished for his punctuality, diligence, and all sorts of good behaviour. Many tracts and Sunday-school biographies of Good Boys have been written which, in reality, are practical reproductions of good Oliver Mowat's school days. In Kingston at that time there lived a sad bad boy whose name was John A. This boy used to try very hard to get Oliver to go fishing with him on Sundays, but Oliver always said no; he remembered that boys who went fishing on Sunday always got drowned. Only John A. did not get drowned, his destiny being a higher one. Nor would Oliver go with him to rob farmer Pippin's orchard, "for," as he wisely said, "we might get found out."

When both the boys had finished their education John A. became a lawyer, and Oliver, who was a good deal younger, entered John A.'s office, when he devoted himself to studying the law of equity, as between *meum* and *tuum*, a branch of the profession that had never been much to the taste of John A. From Kingston he moved to Toronto, when he became an attorney, and soon after a barrister, two species of the genus lawyer which resemble each much as an alligator does a crocodile. Lawyer Mowat worked hard, conquered divers (legal) chimeras, and talked the hind-legs off several dogs. He became famous. The beaux and springalds who sucked their gold-headed canes as they sat on the snake fence in front of St. Jock Strachan's church, said "he is a clayver speakaw, bai Jove!" and the farmers who sucked their pipes round the great town pump on King-street, guessed that young Mowat exceeded for smartness the then celebrated Philadelphia bar. Mr. Mowat got into parliament when integrity and good sense were

quite as valuable to the public interests as in the courts of law. He was made Vice-Chancellor, but when the Hon. Edward Blake, Premier of Ontario, made the stupendous discovery that not even he could be in two places at the same time, and if he wished to lead the Reform party at Ottawa, he could not lead them at the same moment in Toronto, Mr. Blake induced the Hon. O. Mowat to take his place as Premier of Ontario. At this many worthy people were much scandalized, as fearing that the ex-Vice-Chancellor would impart too much judicial impartiality and fair play into politics. From this cause, however, not much harm has since resulted.

The Hon. O. Mowat has met the people of Ontario at a general election since then, and always with the same result. He has been repeatedly asked to "go" by certain interested parties, and at last did "go" to England when he won the belt of Canada's champion constitutional lawyer, and secured for every man in Ontario, whether Grit or Tory, the substantial benefit of a vast increase of territory, and so got what he deserved, such a triumphant procession, such a banquet, such cheers and plaudits as never rewarded Cicero or Pompey, especially Pompey, after a conquest.

They cheered him along King street,
And passed both *Globe* and *Mail*.
They cheered him where the one cent *World*
And *Telegram* have sale.
They who peruse the morning *News*
Beheld the pageant sway,
And heard the people, myriad-voiced,
Vociferate "Hooray!"
And they'll soon get up his statue
In some chief street hard by,
And so shall Mowat carved in bronze,
Sir John A.'s brass defy!
And in his hand the umbrell
He long was wont to hold;
And on his nose the spectacles
That first saw the award!

THE NEW CONFEDERACY.

PORT ROYAL, JAMAICA, W.I.,

August 5, 1884.

My DEAR MISTAH GRIP:—I heah dars a great amount of enthusamasm now away up norf in Canady, 'bout the gittin of dis heah illum into dar confederacy. Now, I heah dat in Toronto dars a great openin fo' colo'd folks, and dat General Harry Piper, who is gubberon ginral of de Zoologium Gardlons is 'pinted by de Gubment as de immigrant agump to look arter de niggers when dey arive dar. I se hearn' tell a good deal about Toronto and de noble ward whar de col'd folks mostly lib, and I se hearn' tell dat dey is doin putty well in de calcoamine and white washin' business. I se got a boy to read de newspaper of Canady lately, an' I duno hardly what to advise de Gubment heah to 'bout jining Canady. De *Globe* says de boss Gubment in Ottawa stole four or five huned milyum dollars from a Sindumkate. I dont know what a Sindumkate is, but it must be pow'ful well fixed, and a feller called Mowit stole a boun'ry. I cant read myself, but dat's as near as I kin recollect de boy said. Why de must be was dun de chicken liftahs down in Ole Verginny where I was bo'n. Dat's a fac, mistah GRIP. De only reason I see we hab to jine Canady is dat we can hab recumprocity in fruit line. We kin send you yams and bananas and you kin send us water milyons. Oh, dem water milyums. I clar to gracious I haint cut a water milyon in 30 yars. Yis, I guess dat settled is. Is'e gwine to go in fo' annumexation to Canady.

Wid great warmf,
I remain yours to def,

POMPEY CASS JOHNSTON,
Late of U.S.A.

P.S.—What is yo' pinion on de water milyon question.

A WICKED REPORTER'S WORK.

HOW A MUDDLED MAN MIXED A WEDDING AND A SLUGGING MATCH.

A most interesting ceremony took place last evening at St. Barnaby's church, between Jem Slugg, the well-known New York heavy weight, and Mr. V. Adolphus Spooner, a gentleman whose many accomplishments and shining talents, know chiefly to the members of our most exclusive society, have rendered him an object of interest to the sporting fraternity of the continent. Slugg was seconded by his trainer, Miss Clytemnestra Van Zoot, the acknowledged belle of the last three seasons, during which time she has received attentions from and put in good fighting condition, no less men than John Lightning Sullivan, S. Victor Dudgeon, Slade, Oscar Wilde, Mace, Freddie Gebhart, Paddy Ryan, Tug Wilson and other society gentlemen whose exploits in the ring have elevated them to the positions of idols in the hearts of our lovely fair ones. Mr. V. Adolphus Spooner was ably seconded by "Gougher" Jackson, a local pugilist of considerable fame, who has quite recovered from the injuries to his proboscis received in the recent sparring exhibition in which the hearts of many ladies were touched by his gallantry and utter *sans froid*. The Rev. Mr. Sanctimon, a sport whose memory will ever be held dear by the widows and orphans, in view of his long association with old timers, officiated with heavenly graciousness and good-natured piety. A space of twenty-four feet square was roped off, within which stood the contracting parties beneath a handsome floral wedding bell built of ten pairs of boxing gloves. The bride and her attendants were dressed in the usual sparring costumes. The former looked perfectly lovely as she sat on a chair in a corner, wrapped in clouds of filmy lace and a heavy ulster, awaiting the word to begin from the officiating minister. The groom, the favorite on whom bets were freely offered at two to one, wore the regulation pantaloons, black dress coat and sleeveless jersey, that showed to good advantage the hard muscles of his arms playing under the smooth and white skin like gliding snakes. The audience comprised all the well-known sports about town, the brilliant costumes of the ladies and the uniforms of the cops and the military gentlemen adding great splendor that was lighted up by the glances that shone from the eyes of the bride and by the electric light with which the hall was illuminated. Rev. Mr. Sanctimon stepped to the front of the platform and announced that the tussle would be for a purse of \$500 and two-thirds of the door money, adding that he felt sure that great blessings would fall upon the heads of the happy couple who were about to be united in the bonds of pugilism. He then called on the sparrers to toe the mark, whereupon low murmurs of "Bust his snoot, Jem," "Lay him out stiff, Jackson," "Blind his blinkers, Gougher," "Draw the first blood, Slugg," and shouts and yells of "Ah, how Clytie blushes," "the charming man," "what an exquisite moustache," burst from the lips of congregated gentility. The preliminaries having been arranged and the organist having finished playing Mendelssohn's Wedding March, the happy couple kissed each other, shook hands and then commenced the

1st round.—Spooner led off with a well-directed blow which caught Miss Clytemnestra Van Zoot under the left optic just as she was about to say "for better or for worse" in reply to a question from the master of the ceremonies, she dropped promptly, and not having answered "I will" soon enough to dodge a blow from her opponent, she was badly used by Spooner who made her retire to her corner from which she had not emerged when time was called, and the best man was vainly hunting for the ring which was stowed away in one

of his vest pockets. Spooner therefore won the first round.

2nd round.—Both men smiled sweetly as they toed the mark. Slugg poured in blows right and left upon the groom while the latter was placing the ring upon the finger of the bride, whose eyes "spake love to eyes which spake again." Spooner could not bear up under the terrible punishment. The clergyman pronounced the final benediction, after which V. Adolphus Spooner retired to his corner bleeding considerably from the nose, "and all went merry as a marriage bell." Slugg was declared the winner of this round, and was foremost among those who congratulated the blushing bride on the conclusion of the ceremony.

Rev. Mr. Sanctimon appeared alone upon the platform and, amid cries of "catch on to the dude!" from some roughs in the back of the hall, called on the candidates for fistic honors to commence the third round. But they did not appear, and it was found that they in company with several others had gone into the vestry to sign the register.

The exhibition then closed amid much confusion, during which the choir started to sing "For they are jolly good fellows," while the organ pealed forth "Only a pansy blossom." As the bridal party walked out of the church they were good-naturedly pelted with cigars, as they are called, adjoined to the nearest saloon where at an elegant *déjeuner* the health of the pugilists was proposed by the bride in a very neat speech. Thus ended the most *chic* wedding that has taken place here for some time, and our local sports are to be congratulated on getting up such a successful exhibition of the manly art.

May joy be theirs.

The wicked reporter has gone to Maine where he has secured a position as a "terrible example."

C. M. R.



SQUINTS THROUGH AN EYE-GLASS.

THE FASHIONABLE MISFIT.

I began a poem on the above subject for GRIP, but produced only two stanzas. The first I think eminently good, and I give it:

As when great storms in tempests are blown o'er,
And locusts cease their flitting on the sea—
And ancient ladies tired from talk do snore,
A calm has come on this community.

The second is less full of poetic ornament, but more to the point. It runs this way:

Last week there came to our progressive town,
A travelling tailor from across the sea;
With cloth and tweeds in black, and gray, and brown—
With "lines he sells the aristocracy."

Then I desired to describe the agitation and the tumult, and the rushing of the more genteel among our local gentlemen to the lodgings of this tailor to get measured, and the scurrying of a number of other gentlemen who got suits last year "on time" to get out of

sight of the tailor; but the bounds of verse were too narrow to enable me to do the important event justice, so I turned to prose. I suppose your readers are aware that no gentleman with any standing or self-respect in this city will now be seen wearing Canadian-made clothes. All the cads do, but the *real* gentlemen, those who are English, those who talk like the English, walk like them, act like them, will not pain their friends or degrade themselves by getting their clothes made of a Toronto tailor. A few here in society for a long time held out and wore the Canadian-made garments, but they were at length frowned down. Then it is no trouble to get credit from Strickland. All you require is the English accent; and a number of very bright young Canadians in our banks practised this accent for three weeks before Mr. Strickland came, and made such progress that they had no difficulty in obtaining clothes "on time."

The qualities which give to the English-made garment its special merit are chiefly the cut and fit. Now the coat made by the Canadian tailor nearly always fits, and every common person, tradespeople, mercantile clerks, and such like go round with their clothes fitting them. But the English coat does not fit. I have known the vulgar standard to be so far departed from that one gentleman could use his coat as a pair of trousers. The fashionable-coat never fits about the collar; if it won't button it is worn open, and is "in the English style;" if it is capable of buttoning twice around, it is also "in the English style." Two young gentlemen who lately came to the city got into society at once by the misfitting of their coats. Several others that I know, though, got the cold shoulder, and very properly, although they did belong to good families, because their clothes fitted them. However, unfortunate occurrences of this kind are rare, because it is a point of honor among the Strickland customers for each member whenever he "goes out" to name all the gentlemen who wear Strickland's make.

I have heard it stated that some persons in Toronto are getting capital together for the object of starting an establishment wherein will be made misfits, in the hope that a large trade will be drawn from upstarts who, by wearing such clothes, will endeavor to work themselves into society; but I trust that through the medium of GRIP their unworthy aims will be frustrated. Meanwhile all who wear the genuine Strickland clothes,—colors like those worn by the Duke of Norfolk,—will stick together, and exclude from their social circle all who wear the vulgar Canadian-made coat or trousers.



Our visitors certainly cannot complain of a dearth of amusement to occupy their evenings this week. Having "done" the Exhibition with its vast variety of gape-compelling wonders, and having had a comfortable supper, the pleasure-seeker has only to drop in at the Horticultural Pavilion, the Grand Opera House, the People's Theatre or the Summer Pavilion (York-street), and he is sure of a treat. Besides these regular establishments, concerts are announced in various parts of the city.

A New Orleans lady claims she can prove that the soul is in the body. She might find that a difficult matter as far as corporations are concerned.—*Morning Journal*.



THE NEW VICEROY TO INDIA.

Grip to Duferin.—Accept the congratulations of Canada, my lord, on your advancement—may you be as great a success in the East as you were in the West.

THE LETTERS OF AUGUSTUS FITZGOBBE TO HIS MA.

TORONTO, Aug. 16th, 1884.

MY DEAREST MA:—

At last, at last, I find myself in the intelligent incropolis (or is the word *metropolis*? Please look it up for me) of my glorious country: at last I find myself on the way to the realization of my brightest dreams. Toronto is grandiloquent,—or perhaps I mean magnificent,—and seems to me considerably larger than Gobbville. Gobbville, as you may remember, dear Ma, from the extracts which I read to you from the last census, contained 3001 inhabitants, besides two chinamen, and a new-made knight. But Toronto boasts of a population approaching 200,000; and its population is increasing, which I believe is not the case with that of Gobbville. (Do not think I am forgetting the circumstance of Mrs. O'Montague's twins; but really, since my arrival in Toronto, *such minutiae*—this is a very literary word, Ma—have come to be of little importance to me. I aim, now, rather at large generosities and extractions. Besides, you know I have left Gobbville, and Mrs. O'Montague's brother-in-law came away last week to take up his impertinent residence elsewhere, so things are about even after all.) Really, Ma, the growth of Toronto is expoundingly rapid. I met a very polished gentleman of the Press, yesterday morning, before breakfast, in a charming sort of talking-room and place of intellectual refreshment called McCornell's, and he said that, according to last week's census, Toronto contained 120,060 souls besides uppers. This afternoon I met him there again, and he said that, by the newest confirmation we were approaching 200,000. "But," said I—"Mr. Mc-Khan, is not this a very ignorable ratio of increase?" "It's making good time," said he, "but you must bear in mind this is not all legitimate and nominal increase. We multiply and replenish the city, but the city also daily enlarges herself by the conquest of popular suburbs; and many of these suburbs themselves are nearly as large as Montreal." This led me to speak of Montreal, which I had read of in my geography, and of Hamil-

ton, which Shakespeare says that Brutus slew because it was ambitious. I learned with surprise that Hamilton was still alive, thanks to Toronto's fostering care, and had become an important suburb of this city; and that Montreal was decaying rapidly owing to its unhappy remoteness from Toronto. The gentleman of the press seemed sorrowful as he spoke this, and put me in mind of those delightful, tender, well-greaved Greeks which Homer tells me about; and he said Montreal was a fine city, and one which Toronto would not willingly let die. Then he went away to advocate a scheme for moving Montreal right down here, before it should be too late. It is a noble, a philanthropomorphic scheme. The city is to be put upon the Island, opposite Toronto, somewhere between Wiman's Baths and Mead's; and Mount Royal is to go somewhere near Hanlan's hotel, where it will add greatly to the attractiveness of that favorite summer resort. I want to tell you all about the Island, where the aristocracy of Toronto go every summer now that London and Paris and Venice have grown so cheap and common. But I must preserve this for my next or an early letter. I must speak to you now of my prospects here. I have not yet obtained any definite employment, but I have not yet sought for any. I am doing well, though, I assure you, my dear Ma. I have formed a host of acquaintances, delightful young men who know everybody and have promised to introduce me. I treat them to great many temperance drinks which go by such strange cognomens as "John-Collins's," "John-James's," "Cobblers," "Shandy-gaffs," etc., and which are much nicer to the educated palate than the blue-berry-vinegar we used to have in Gobbville. These young men accept my attentions with great politeness and no apparent reluctance, and their influence cannot fail to secure me one or more good editorships. I have told them all what I can do, what sort of work I am willing to accept; they are all looking out for me. If I fail to get an editorship I will get into some good firm as a barrister or perhaps as a judge; but the idea of failing to

get an editorship seems a very remote contingency. Besides such steady work, this is the place to pick up lucrative extras. This being the literary centre all the almanacs are made here, and orations for the members of parliament; and I have a splendid field before me, with prospect of fame, in the composition of poems about Warner's Safe Skewer, Blueberry Tooth Powder, and Shop Fitters. With such work as this for my leisure hours, and something steady like the poetical editorship of the *Globe*, for instance, or two or three of the vacant editorial chairs on the *Week*, I would be completely happy. In any case, dear Ma, Gobbville could no longer hold me. On Tuesday next I shall go in person and present my letters of introduction to the various editors and proprietors of the neopolitain journals, and I doubt not they will perceive it to their interest to procure me. I cannot attend to this to-morrow, because it is Sunday, and on Sunday there are no means of locomotion in Toronto saving bicycles, and the numerous boats and canoes upon the bay. The street cars are not allowed out, lest they should disturb the numerous gentlemen who gather in darkened rooms at the various hotels, to discuss in hushed tones quaintistic philosophy and ice water. Monday is the civil holiday, and I am going to get some impressions from a Lacrosse match. But on Tuesday I shall pay my numerous calls, and meet the leaders of our thoughts. I shall find myself among those mighty intelligences which constitute the society for which I feel myself fitted by kind and partial nature, who never intended me for Gobbville and its limitations. I shall write you speedily, dear Ma, about the Interviews; also about the Lacrosse Match, and the Island, and Niagara Falls (another suburb of Toronto), and Dr. Wild, and the "Zoo" (by the way, I think this expression is a mere bit of vulgar slang. Write and tell me if it should not be "Epi-zoo." Sorry I haven't forgotten all my Greek?) I shall probably go to church to-morrow. Of course, you know, dear Ma, I would never so pander to the conventionalities were I still in Gobbville. But here it is regarded as the correct thing for even the most enlightened to appear, not religious, exactly, but somewhat in sympathy with religion, and appreciation of its efforts for the benefit of the people, but I must close. On looking over this letter I see I have not attended to what you told me about breaking a letter up into numerous shapely paradoxes. It is written in one long paradox, but I hope you will forgive this, for the sentences are right, and some of them, I think, rather nice and full of promise. I shall have to buy a new stand-up collar this afternoon, and my navy-blue socks have a large hole in the heel, which I hope won't show in church. Good bye for the present. Ever your affectionate son,

AUGUSTUS FITZGOBBE.

P.S.—I think a postscript always looks so genteel; and I want to say that I have just thought how well it would suit my talents to be a Bystander. There is only one Bystander in Toronto, but he stands at the head of the profession, and stands by everything, except his own views, with unrivalled brilliancy and popularity. I shall consult him on Tuesday, having got a nice letter of introduction to him in the Editor of the *News*.

P.S.—I hear the *Mail* is going to amalgamate with *Truth*, but the report seems to me incredible on the face of it.

"Mr. Simpkins," said Johnny to his sister's beau, "please open your mouth."

"Why do you want me to open my mouth, my little man?"

"'Cause I heard sister say you had a mouth like a whale and I wanted to see what a whale's mouth looked like." Tableau.—*Bohemian*.

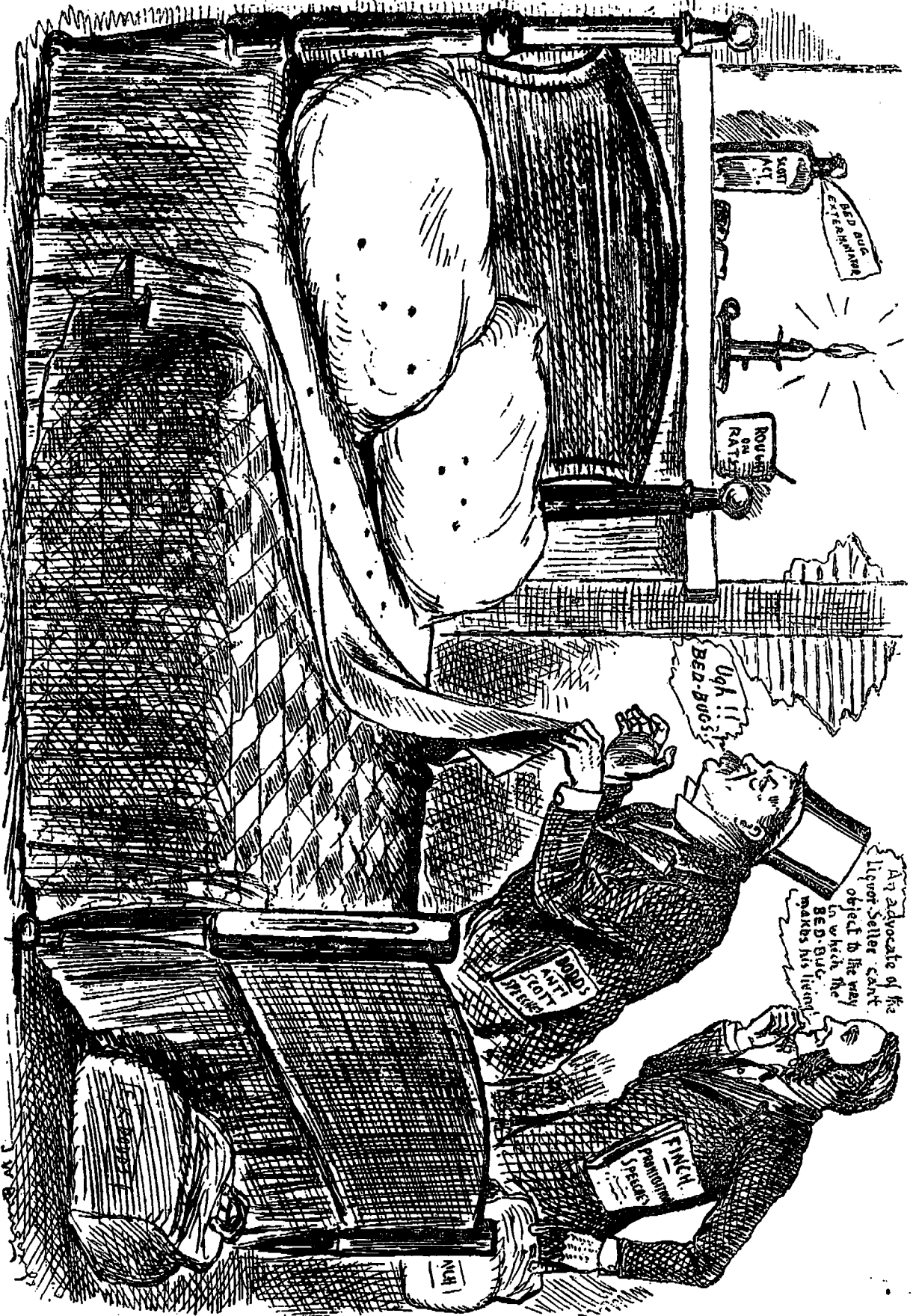


No. II.—HON. OLIVER MOWAT, PREMIER OF ONTARIO.

TORONTO WINDOW SHADE CO.

Manufacturers of and dealers in Plain and Decorated OIL-FINISH CLOTH SHADES.

417 QUEEN ST. WEST. TORONTO. ONT.



A NATURAL HISTORY ARGUMENT.

Grip's Clips.

All paragraphs under this head are clipped from our exchanges; and where credit is not given, it is omitted because the parentage of the item is not known.

AN ECONOMICAL DUDE.

"Really, Mr. Slimlet," observed the sensitive Miss McGinnis. "I can excuse you for saying 'aw' and 'naw', but why you say September for September is more than I can comprehend."

"You see, my dear Miss McGinnis I only dwop the 'r', which is very economical these hard times, you know, aw suppose."

"I don't see how that makes any difference."

"Aw, my dear, doncher know that we don't eat oysters in the months without the 'r'?"

"I had observed," replied Miss McGinnis, "that the season has been very backward."

At this Mr. Slimlet came near choking himself by pulling at his suspenders suddenly. — *Scissors.*

WAS WILLING.

"I hab almos' 'cluded ter vote de democrat ticket," said old Marley, the colored gentleman, who, years ago, lighted the lamps that "shone over fair women and brave men" in the Ashley mansion.

"Yer may do it er few times," replied Silas, the politician, "but aiter erwhile, when de democrats gits inter power, da'll 'pribe yer o' suffrage."

"Wall, I'd thank de Lawd fur dat, fur I'se been sufferin' fur fifteen years. Ef da'd jes' 'pribe me o' dis heah rheumatiz, I'd be willin' ter be a democrat all my life."

MEDICAL AID.

"How is your husband to-day, Mrs. Jones?"

"He is very ill, indced."

"Worse than he was?"

"Oh, yes; the nurse says he is beyond the reach of doctors, now."

"I'm glad to hear it."

"What? What?"

"I'm glad to hear it. Now, if you can only keep him beyond their reach, I think he will get well rapidly." — *Merchant Traveler.*

SHOULD NOT KNOW.

A physician in great haste is summoned to the bedside of a suffering man.

"What do you think is the matter with me, doctor?"

"Why sir, you have been handling a poison vine, known as poison oak. A child should have know better."

"It is not natural that I should know better."

"Why sir?"

"Because, I am a professor of botany."

How many women would laugh at the funerals of their husbands if it were not the custom to weep?

An authority on angling says that the best way to brain a trout is to hit the fish on the head. Fishermen who held that the best way to brain a trout was to amputate its tail, will uow see their error. — *Norristown Herald.*

The Mother Hubbard dress has one advantage. When a woman is tired of wearing it on dress parade, she can give it to her husband for a night shirt. — *Fall River Advance.*

It may appear strange, but nevertheless it is a fact, that rich young ladies are often pressed for money. If you don't believe it, ask the young men who do the pressing. — *Yonkers Statesman.*



CASE HARDENED.

"Did you read those horrible stories of the Arctic sufferers living off of each other?" asked Mrs. Lumpley of her husband.

"Yes, I read all the particulars."

"Dreadful, isn't it?"

"Oh, its nothing when you once get used to having people live off of you. I used to kick when your mother, and your sister, and all the rest of them came to live off of me; but I've got so used to it now that I never complain." — *Texas Siblings.*

THE BRIDGE.

BY AN EAST ENDER.

I stood on the bridge at midnight,
The bridge o'er the mighty Don,
And the flats on each side of the river
Were spread out like a neat cropped lawn;
And the odor that stole o'er my senses,
Seemed like the natural horn
Of vile and unrefined whisky,
That the bumper affects every morn.

And oh! the sweet scent of the cow-byres,
Intermixed with the smell from the marsh,
And the floating debris from the sewers!
Don't think that my language is harsh,
If I say that that horrible rum mill
And those byres at the foot of the bay,
Should be swept away down to the ocean,
To the salt seas far away!

THE EDITER'S HOLIDY.

WROTE BY THE OFFICE BOY.

Our editer has cum home from his holiday lukin immens but he sez his arm is sore with pullin up black bas and he can't rite hisself so he told me what to rite and sez i must be his manenses. This is the first time i have rote for the paper and I don't think I can do it very good but i will shove all the blame for had ritin on the editer. Well, in the first place he did not go to Urope like Jack Robinson, cause he ain't got the spondulix I guess. Jack is a rich cojer and can go all over. i think it's a shame that our editer don't have so much cash as the other newspaper men such as Sheperd and John Cameron and Bunting, but such is fate, the Wicket is bound to flourish in this world, so our Sunday scool teacher says. Our editer is a awful patrotic feller and it is agin his principals to go to long Branch which is on foren sile, and he sez there's no fun outside of Cenady. So he ups and he goes to Prints Edward for a holiday. Don't make no mistake and sponse I mean the Prints Edward way down near Halifax. That is a boss place I guess but it costs fearful to git away so fur. I mean down to Picton, Ontario, and low me to state John A. must be hard up for names when he has two Prints Edwards in one small sized country, it mixes things up like everything and shows John A. isn't much of a smart man after all. Well, when our editer got there he had a lively time

keepin hisseef cool. He didn't tell me much bout what he did every day but only goin fishin, but he says the country of Prints Edward takes the cake for beautiful scenery and farms and rich old farmers and hops and cand frute and cet. He went in a big factory down there and seen a heap of girls and wimmin makin cand frute and corn and chicken. They done it up slick and the editer sez he never tasted anything so spleudifres before. Mr. Boulter and Mr. Dunning is the names of the firm, and you ought to here em toot bout the N.P. They told the editer it was making their big factory hum, and they was sendin carlodes of cand frute all over creation and got orders to fix up a lot for the Army wot is going to Egypt. I have a mind to jine the army, if they take small boys, and go along. I ain't much on the fight, but I can get away with a heap of cand strawberries and things. The editer sez there is lots of jolly fellers in Picton, and sum of em was anxious to have their picturs took such as the shereff and other high nob, but he told em he did not like to enkeridge pride of that sort. Now about the fishing, and this is the principel thing. It was black bass, and the reglar standard heft of em was between five pounds. He ketched em in West Lake, which is near the Great Sand Banks, and a lovely spot for a picnic. The editer most ruined his reputashun for vracity by tellin bout the black bass to the amature sports of Picton, such as Jedge Gellitt and John Allan. That's all he tolc me to rite bout Picton, so here I close. I'd ruther rite bout a holiday wot I was on myself ony they don't give me none.

P.S.—The editer tells me don't forget to menshin he dropped in to see the ever happy and geniel Matheson at the Def and Dum Instoot, Belleville. Every editer nose Matheson and there ain't a man they would sooner die fer. He is a brick and so is his hull fambly and may they live long and prosper as the Gov't institoot under his charge is doin'. That's all.

EXHIBITION NOTES.

The wonder of the Fair is "the Little World," a marvellous collection of automatic figures representing the various branches of industry practiced in the big world. This remarkable piece of mechanism is the production of a clever Scotchman, Mr. W. H. Robertson, a native of Leven, Fifeshire. It has been exhibited in all parts of the world and has never failed to elicit the astonishment of intelligent onlookers. Be sure you see it or your visit is a partial failure.

The king-bee of Canadian apiarists, Mr. Jones of Beeton, is to the fore as usual, with a magnificent display of honey and beekeeper's sundries. Take home a good supply and you will have a reminder of the pleasures of the Fair which will be literally "liuked sweetness long drawn out."

PERFECTION SPRING BED CO.

Among the improvements noticeable in spring beds are several by the Perfection Spring Bed Co., 61 King-street East, Toronto, whose exhibit attracts considerable attention. One of these is the double coil spiral, the first of the kind invented, which not only doubles the strength of each spring, but also obviates all noise. Another is the facility for taking the bed apart in sections to facilitate sweeping and dusting, and the third is the use of lighter springs at one end to admit of the feet sinking to a level with the rest of the body. The article is likewise so adjusted that it can be packed in very small space for transportation.

Bring up a cashier in the way he should go, and when he gets fixed he will skip out to Canada. — *Texas Siblings.*

HISTORICAL ORIGINS OF SOME APPARENTLY SLANG PHRASES.

"SHOOT THE HAT."

When the redoubtable William Tell was about to raise his cross-bow to his shoulder to fire at the apple on the head of his son, John Henry, in compliance with the cruel order of the tyrant, Gessler, the lad observed that his father had been indulging, pottle deep, in the seductive bowl, and that his hand was shaking like an aspen leaf. Fearing that the aim of the author of his being would not be true, and that his own head instead of the apple would receive the bolt, the lad cried out to his father, "Hold on a minute, dad, don't fire at the apple, but," pointing to Gessler's cap on the pole hard by, "shoot the hat." Tell obeyed his son's request and let fly, not at the cap on the wooden pole but at one on the pole of Gessler, which he pierced, as well as the head that was inside it, with the fatal missile. This is the true account of the episode, ball-mark warranted, and all others are bogus. The phrase "Shoot the hat," has passed into a proverb or something.

"YOU TAKE THE CAKE."

When King Alfred fled from the battle-field of Ridgeway and took refuge in the house of Gubba, he was ordered by the good-wife, who did not recognize her sovereign, to attend to some oat-cakes that were baking on the hearth whilst she went about her avocations, such as secreting stones in the centres of her pound rolls of butter, stowing away the small strawberries in the bottoms of the boxes and so forth. The king, whose mind was busied with other thoughts, neglected the cakes and they were burnt to cinders. This naturally aroused the old lady's ire, and she rated her royal guest in no measured terms, dealing him a heavy buffet on the snoot as a warning to him to be more careful in the future, at the same time telling him there would be no cake for him that day. "Peace, good dame," replied the gentle monarch, taking a fat capon off the spit where it had been roasting. "This is good enough for me, you take the cake." The old woman was so overcome by the cool effrontery of Is Ighness that she despatched her pure country milk to market without putting any water in it.

"WIPE OFF YOUR CHIN."

In the reign of the Emperor of China, Sam Lec, in the year 2081 B.C., there was a favored jester at His Highness' Court named Wah Sing Chinn. This varlet was most impertinent to visitors and one day when a distinguished foreigner named Jon Lung Sullivan paid his devoirs to the Emperor, Wah Sing Chinn commenced to play his customary jokes on the stranger. Annoyed at this Jon L. seized the jester and tapping him on the conk sent him sprawling into a huge caldron of puppy stew, whence he emerged in a very woful plight, the savory mess streaming down over his motley garments. The Emperor hastened to appease his visitor's wrath and to apol-gize for his jester's insolence. "Och! ye nadn't mind me, yer Honor, but—" replied Mr. Sullivan, pointing to the dripping Wah Sing, "wipe off your Chinn."

The jester's chin was wiped off as well as his head, which was immediately struck from his shoulders by the deputy chief mandarin.

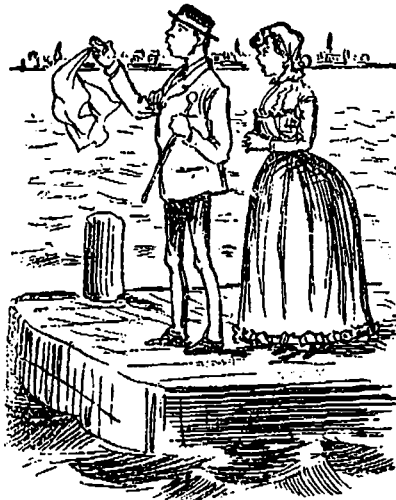
"HOW IS THAT FOR HIGGI?"

This phrase has become distorted by translation. The way in which it originated was as follows. Julius Caesar and two of his officers riding along the banks of a stream called the Rubicon, one of the latter attempted to leap his horse across the river, but failing, floundered into the water. Caesar, laughing immoderately at his warrior's mishap, set spurs to his steed and cleared the stream by several feet, exclaiming as he fled through the air, "Tu es nullus bonus sed quam est istul pro ego?"

(You are no good, but how is that for I?) Bad boys on the streets now use this phrase little knowing its illustrious origin.

"HOW'S YOUR POOR FEET?"

This is another phrase which has got mangled up through British ignorance. In the reign of Charlemagne a great fete or holiday was in progress to which several Britishers were invited, amongst them being a certain Lord Ure who was to accompany the Emperor, with whom he was an especial favorite, to the fete. When the time drew nigh for the Imperial cavalcade to start, Lord Ure was nowhere to be found, much to the distress of Charlemagne who enquired, again and again; in the ancient French dialect, "Ou est Ure pour fete?" (Where is Ure for the feast?) The sentence was published in all the journals of the day, *La Grippe*, the comic paper of the period, producing a cartoon illustrative of the incident, the legend being the words made use of by the Emperor and which the benighted Englishmen rendered in their own villainous dialect, and which has been thus handed down to the present day.



CANUTE COMSTOCK AND GERTRUDE GREEN.

A HARROWING TALE.

Canute Comstock and Gertrude Green Were as nice pair of lovers as ever were seen.

They sat together hand in hand Upon Ontario's billowy strand.

They'd been to Ward's and eke to Mead's, Amid the cut tails and the weeds.

Round by the light house they had gone, To visit the home of the Champion.

They'd walked and walked and walked and walked, And talked and talked and talked and talked.

They'd walked to the East and walked to the West, And they sat them down to take a rest.

They heard not the cry of the wild curlew, Nor the sound of the ferry boat's loud kazoo.

Now the solemn owl from the light-house top Wakes up, and his wings commence to flap.

To whit! To whitt! Too whoo! Too whoo! Yet still on the sands sat the happy two.

Now the ferry whistles give a hideous blast And a dreadful shriek. It was the last!

"'Tis time to go, my dear," he said To the fair young girl he was going to wed.

Then they both walked off at a rapid pace, Till they came to the ferry landing-place.

No boat was there—"we'll have to wait, We'll have another *tete-a-tete*."

The young man said, as on the pier He sat down once more with his dear.

Fair Luna rose; her pallid light Relieved the darkness of the night.

Responsive to the bull-frog's tune, The bank clerk's watch dogs bay the moon.

Anon a man comes down the pier, And for the couple straight did steer.

Quoth he, "Wot ye 'tis twelve o'clock— I am the watchman of this dock."

Then Gertrude said, "Oh dear Canoot, That was a hint for us to scoot."

Oh, watchman, watchman tell me true, Tell me when the next boat's due."

The "watch" replied "I'll tell you when— Tomorrow morning at half past ten!"

Now Canute Comstock and Gertrude Green Had not one nickel them between,

So they walked all night the dreary pier, And they thought the long night was a year.

They walked and walked till the day light broke, And not one word to each other spoke.

MORAL.

The moral of this is very clear,— Don't stay all night on an island pier.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of GRIP.

SIR,—In the church notices on Saturday last we noticed the wonderful attraction at St. George's of "Surplices." It was preceded by a list of the clergy, three in number, and the stated hours of service—but the thought paramount was evidently surplices. Allow me to suggest—for this must have some talismanic force—to St. Luke's church, that they should advertise "surplices and cassocks"; while St. Matthew's might draw the crowd by "legs, surplices, and more cassocks."

Your friend,
A MAN.

P. S.—Don't confound me with "Amen." Quite the opposite. I don't agree with the advt.

BARNEY AS A SCIENTIST.

DEAR MISTHER GRIP,—Its meself is just afther gittin' back from Mont-re-haal, where I wint to meet wid the British Association he special invitation. An' sure an' didn't meself twig yez sittin' there a takin' the countenances av our illasthrous visitors aff on yer thumb nails, an' which no doubt yez'll be afther kapin' fur future use. Meself had the honor av shakin' hands wid all the visitors, an' wid the figure-head av this Dominion—Sir John Macdonald, L. L. D. "An' how is yerself?" sez he to me wid a tremendous slap on the shoulder. "Magnificent," sez I, "how's the youngster?" "Oh! thrivin' bravely, a beautiful child, the very image av meself," sez he. "What paper are yez going to read before the ass?" sez he. "I've prepared a paper on *parfumes*," sez I, "wid the bay at the fut av Yonge-street," sez I, "fur illustration." Nivir a word did he spake, but sayzin' howld av his nose betune his thumb and forefinger, he walked away. I nivir clapt an eye on him all the time meself was there afther that, but Sir somebody towid me he had gone to bed sick.

Yez'll be proud to larn that whin meself was called to the platform to read me paper on "*parfumes*" yer correspondent was listened to wid marked attintion. An' though I'm sorry to see that though the report has bin crowded out wid less important subjects, the *Glob* has taken howlt av it an' shows its appreciation av it in the following words: "We trust that an effort will be made to engage the services av the leading sanitary authority among our visitors from whom to procure a report upon our sewage system." Av course the report will be based on the principal av the survival av the fittest—an the man that survives the visit to the sewer at the fut av Yonge-street will be the fittest man to write out a description av the parfumes ascandin' from it.

Some of the scientific gentlemen were very

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THE PROFESSORS OF WHITE ELEPHANTRY.

Sir John to Forepaugh.—THE RURAL VOTER LIKES TO BE HUMBUGGED, DOESN'T HE?

innocent wid all their larnin. Fur instance wan av them towld us that the focus av magnetism was just two hundred miles from Rat Portage! The idea av any man givin himself away like that! An' he wondred why Dr. Bell hadn't hit the spot before now! Arrah! doesn't he know that Dr. Bell's a daycent married man, and has got more to do than to be huntin' up another man's focus av magnetism, even though that man may be an English scientist. Herself must be spindin' the summer in the North-West, while the ould gintlemen's in Montreal. Myself larn't a grate dale however, I larn't it was no sign av poverty at all at all to be in debt, that it was more desirable to have a national debt than not, an' that the national debt was a moighty good investment fur pable's money, an' that the richer the nation grew the more it got into debt! How the devil a cent more av that mortgage will meself be after payin'. Sure an' wasn't I a goose, thinkin that if I cud get the mortgage paid off, the interest would be in me own pocket handy whin the carner grocery bill cum in, but that's the beauty av being scientific.

Prof. Ramsey Wright read a paper on catfish. Sure thin, they're just beautiful, whin they're skinned an' dipped in the yolk of eggs and rowled in bread crumbs an' fried in a bit o' good butter, an' sarved up wid a snifter av Worsted sauce. Musha, but the Professor

has moighty good taste, an' may he eat many's the good meal av seacats.

Dr. Taylor described the method av measuring the human living body, but he forgot to tell us whether that was before or after it had been arranged and suited to modern ideas of beauty by tight lacin' an' pinnin' up wid whalebone an' steel.

Myself is under the impression, that Mither Ravenstein, when he towld thim to encourage the youngsters to think for thimselves instead av acceptin' the definitions av the test book, forgot that thinkin' fur wan's self is rather a dangerous practice, all very well far geography maybe, but supposin' some av thim byes war to become clergymen now, the habit av thinkin' far themselves instead av "acceptin' the definitions" as laid down in the forty-nine articles, or the Westminster confession and catechism might be apt to get them into throuble. Shtick to the good ould definitions, an' nivir mind thinkin'; thinkin's a bother, an' always drives ye further than ye bargin' fur.

The gratest trate of the whole to meself was a sight av Lieutenant Greely. Musha! I couldn't tak me hat aff, fur it was aff already, but meself riz up to me feet, and bowed low with rinerinos whin he cam in. Its the tears that wouldn't keep back whin I thought av him away there among the ice fields an' the shuow, wid his crew dyin' off wan be wan,

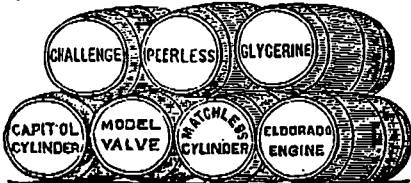
afraid to luk aich other in the oyes fur fear they wud bethray the one question ever uppermost in their moinds, shall we or shall we not? What a poor trifling wuruld this must appear to a man who has been fur weeks in the ice-bound valley of the shadow—hopin' against hope, lyin' down an' risin' up, conscious of the one grim presence continually with them. Musha! but the ould life must feel warm an' kindly now—although you couldn't make me believe that he cud ever be the same ould two an' sixpence again, after sich an ordeal. Excuse want of space, compilling me to stop short.

Yours scientifically,
BARNEY O'HEA.

A notice of a certain lecturer states that "he always carries his audience with him." We thought, when we heard him, he'd have to, if he wanted to have any.—*Boston Post.*

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