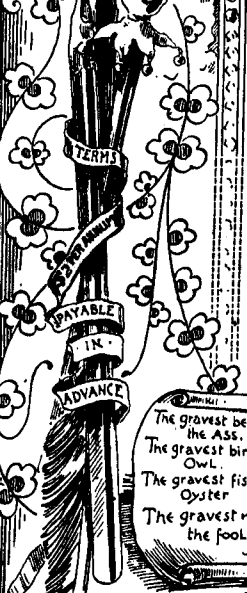


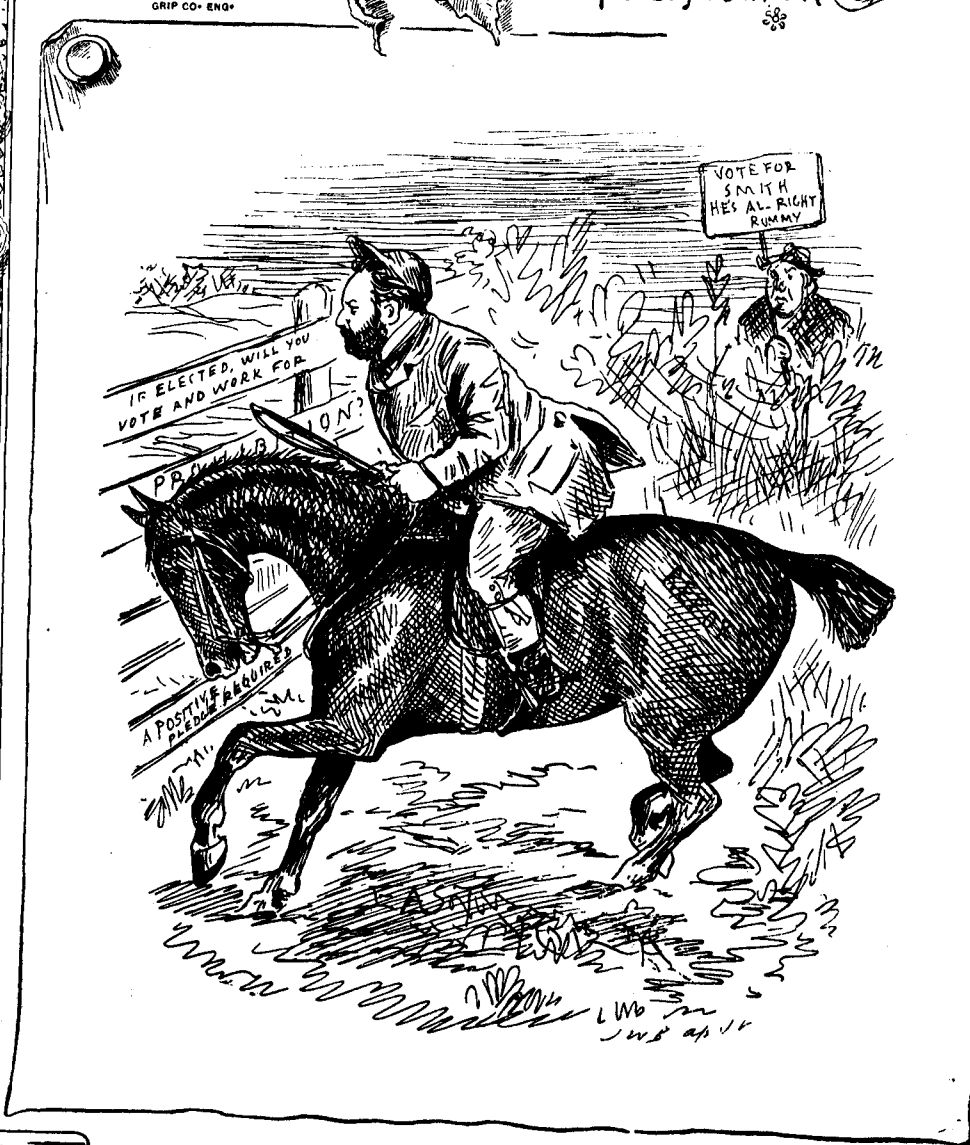
# GRIP

EDITED BY J. W. BINGOUGH

GRIP CO. ENG.



The gravest beast is the Ass.  
The gravest bird is the Owl.  
The gravest fish is the Oyster  
The gravest man is the fool.  
- Joe Miller -



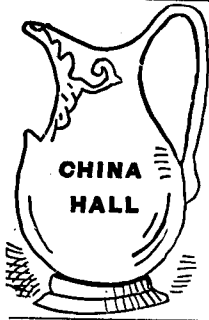
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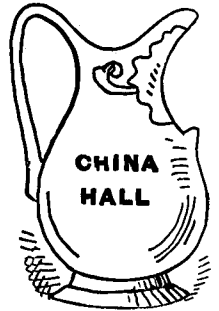
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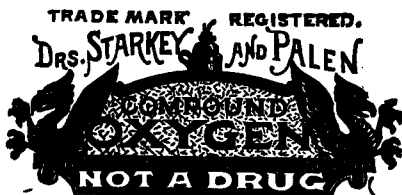
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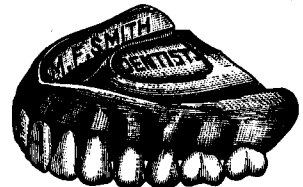
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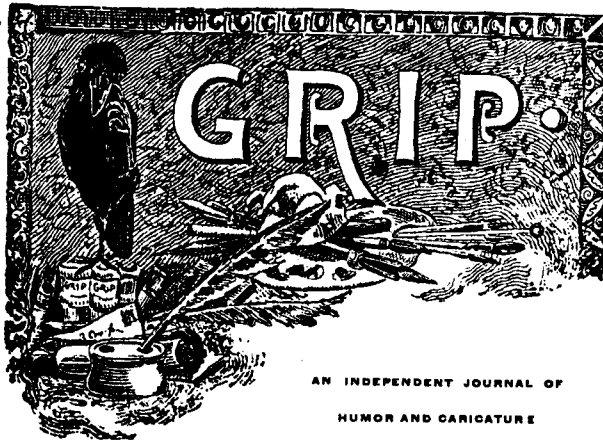
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Golden Medical Discovery cures all humors, from the common pimple, blotch, or eruption, to the worst Scrofula, or blood-poison. Especially has it proven its efficacy in curing Salt-rheum or Tetter, Fever-sores, Hip-joint Disease, Scrofulous Sores and Swellings, Enlarged Glands, and Eating Ulcers.

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J. W. BENGOUGH

EDITOR.

VOL. XXVII. TORONTO, NOV. 13TH, 1886. No. 19.

*Remittances on account of subscriptions are acknowledged by change in the date on the printed address-label—in the issue next after our receipt of the money. The date always indicates the time up to which the subscription is paid. We cannot undertake to send receipts aside from this.*

### NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

OUR friends are reminded that the magnificent lithographed plate, "Prominent Conservatives," issued as a supplement to Midsummer GRIP, will be sent to every subscriber applying for same and enclosing five cents for postage.

### Comments on the Cartoons.



AN IMPORTANT OMISSION.—Attorney-General Mowat has made reply on behalf of his Government to the general charge that Roman Catholic aggression has been permitted under Reform rule. After stating his belief that these charges are the outcome of a Tory plot, he proceeds to give them an emphatic denial, and to assert that the Government of Ontario has never, during his incumbency, given the Roman Catholic Church more or less than even-handed justice. Upon all points wherein Mr. Mowat speaks of his own knowledge, his word is an end of all controversy. Neither friend nor foe believes him capable of speaking anything but the truth. There are some important points, however, upon which he confessedly speaks upon the information of others, and it remains a question as to whether this information is perfectly reliable. In addition to this, there is a very important matter omitted altogether from Mr. Mowat's letter, viz.: the relation of the Roman Catholic Church to the Public Schools. The feeling of the people of this Province is, that, Separate Schools having been granted, the Roman Catholic Church as such has no business with the Public Schools at all. And yet it is charged that she has been permitted to have her say in connection with them; that she has claimed the right to be consulted as to certain text books prescribed for the schools, and has been so consulted. It would be interesting to know what the respected Premier of Ontario has to say to this charge, which is really of greater moment than any of the matters he has dealt with.

THE EAST YORK HUNT.—We are informed—most reliably, as we believe—that the Reform candidate in East York, Mr. G. B. Smith, was nominated at a convention in which the rum element was most pronounced, and that the rummies of that section are working like beavers for his election. Now we have a high regard for Mr. Smith personally. He is a clever and capable man, altogether too good a man to go to Parliament as the humble servant of the liquor dealers, and this is of course what they mean him to be if they help to elect him. He can be very easily saved from this doom, if some good elector will put a Prohibition pledge squarely before him at a public

meeting and give him a chance to say that if elected he will vote and work for the extermination of the traffic. If he says so and means it, he will either go to Parliament to serve the best interests of his constituents, or stay at home with the consolation that at least he has no cause to blush. Any candidate for whom the rummies are working is a good candidate to defeat.

DAVIN FOR ASSINOBIOIA.—Mr. N. F. Davin, of the Regina Leader, is to be a candidate for West Assinobioia, N. W. T. We advise the people up there to elect him, if they want a representative who can speak for them with an elegant brogue. If Davin had the moral stamina of Alex. Mackenzie he would be the greatest man in this Dominion inside of five years. O, Nicholas, Nicholas, can't you get that one thing needful?

INCONSISTENCY.—The Mail a little while ago came out for manhood suffrage and, as a preliminary, the abolition of the Franchise Act. Now, in criticising Blake's alleged platform it says these important reforms are impracticable.



### HER MAJESTY'S MOST HUMBLE AND OBEDIENT SERVANT.

"Our Mr. T. Mason cables that Her Majesty the Queen has commanded that one of our pianos be sent to Windsor Castle."—*Vide Mason & Rische's advt. in Daily Papers.*

Her Majesty.—Just tote that instrument up to Windsor, Thomas.  
T. M.—Most gracious sovereign, I obey!

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WANTED IMMEDIATELY IN EAST YORK.

A NUMBER of gentlemen to serve as Reeves, Deputies and Councillors in the various municipalities of said riding.

Applicants must be residents of Toronto, impertinent, cheeky, unscrupulous, rich and willing to spend, no other qualification expected.

Also will be required early in the spring a whole batch of Pathmasters—qualifications as above—to be employed in the Great Work of Centralization now approaching completion.

Apply to the Organized Board of Wire-pullers, Markham village or Richmond Hill, stating means, etc.

*By order of the Board.*

**THE TRUEST FRIEND OF MEN.**

(A REJOINDER TO ALEXANDER M'LACHLAN'S POEM, "THE KNIGHTS OF LABOR," IN "GRIP.")

IN GRIP, I see you say, dear sir,  
 "The Church has been too long  
 The bulwark of oppression, the  
 Apologist of wrong."  
 Go read your history again,  
 And con its lesson o'er—  
 The Church has always stood between  
 Oppression and the poor.

Before the crushing arm of might  
 Unawed she's stood alone ;  
 She's braved the tyrant in his hall,  
 The monarch on his throne.  
 When plague and famine stalked the land,  
 Or fields were dyed with red,  
 Like Aaron, saying she has stood  
 Between the live and dead.

She tamed the savage hordes that poured  
 Across the Alpine wall,  
 To batten on the eagle's spoils  
 In Rome's imperial hall ;  
 From out that wild and awful wreck  
 She brought the peace of home ;  
 The Church it was who conquered these,  
 The conquerors of Rome.

She led the barons in their strife  
 Against the royal greed,  
 And won the charter of our rights  
 At graceful Runnymede ;  
 In Harry's reign a bishop braved  
 The King's despotic power,  
 Was lodged like common criminal,  
 And doomed from the tower.

And in these latter days go ask  
 Who cares for Ireland's poor,  
 On Galway's coast or grassy vales,  
 Or Mayo's barren moor,  
 Throughout the great bleak country,  
 'Mid rain, and grime and care,  
 Where low of thousand oxen drowns  
 The rising voice of prayer ?

Who feeds the starving laborer  
 By Dublin's docks, bring smiles  
 To all that want and wretchedness  
 Of Donnybrook and the isles ?  
 Amid the courts of Kensington,  
 The slums of vile Soho,  
 The Church's consecrated priests  
 Share half the weight of woe.

Through Minnesota's prairie plains  
 Or grand Dakota land,  
 Where Indian races die before  
 The white man's blighting hand,  
 The Church alone is brave to stay  
 The hand of lust and might—  
 For souls themselves too weak to plead,  
 She pleads aloud for right.

On Gaspé strand, on Hudson Bay,  
 Or in the dark tepee  
 That dots the whilom hunting grounds  
 Of Blackfoot, Blood and Cree,  
 The Church's priests toil patiently  
 With hero heart and will,  
 To save the men their fellowmen  
 Would cheat and crush and kill.

How can you say in face of this,  
 "The Church has been too long  
 The bulwark of oppression, the  
 Apologist of wrong ?"

Go teach your Knights of Labor, sir,  
 Their lesson right, and then  
 They'll know the Church, the foe of wrong,  
 The truest friend of men.

Hamilton, Nov. 1.

READER OF "GRIP."

**THE JUNIOR PICKWICKIANS ;**

AND THEIR MEMORABLE TRIP TO NORTH AMERICA.

CHAPTER XXII.



HOUGHT you were no novice at this sort of thing, sir," said Mr. Viner to Yubbitts as the game ended ; "You play a capital game." Yubbitts replied that once upon a time he used to fancy that he could do a little in that line, but that his hand was out just now.

"Good gracious, sir," exclaimed Mr. Viner, "if it's out now, I should be deuced sorry to tackle you when it's in. Shall we have another ?"

Crinkleand Coddleby said they thought they had had enough for the present, but would like to look on at Messrs. Viner and Yubbitts. The former gentleman declared that pool for two was slow and proposed billiards ; to this Yubbitts agreed, and on

being asked what game he preferred, decided on the English pocket-game, to this Mr. Viner assented and after declaring that Yubbitts ought to give him at least a dozen points (which, however, that gentleman declined to do, but with an air which plainly said "I could if I chose, and still beat you") the game began.

Coddleby and Crinkle took their seats on the elevated chairs placed for the accomodation of spectators, and where a rather stout, elderly military looking gentleman in a white waistcoat was already seated, and prepared to watch the contest.



This elderly gentleman might have been a major in a line regiment, from his appearance, which was decidedly military ; he had a heavy, grizzled mustache, and was partially bald, sitting remarkably stiff and erect, and being corpulent, he presented a good deal the appearance of a penguin squatting on a rock, as he sat looking on at the game.

"Your friend plays a remarkably fine game, sir," he remarked turning to Coddleby who sat next to him, as Yubbitts, by a horrible "fluke," pocketed the red and his own ball,— "a remarkably fine game."

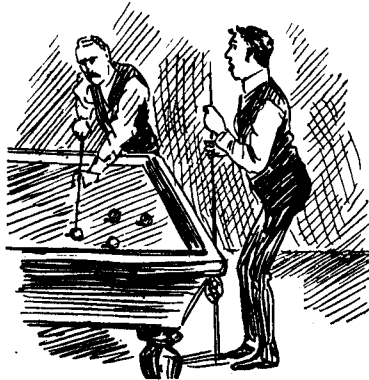
How he had divined that Yubbitts and not Viner was the friend of Crinkle, is one of those mysteries which those unacquainted with guile may never know.

"Yes, sir," replied Coddleby, "he is very good at all these sorts of things."

"Ah! indeed," said the other, "a regular admirable Crichton; there he goes again, by Jove, six more, that makes it nineteen to four; look out Vi—ahem," and he checked himself, for as yet no sign of recognition had passed between himself and Yubbitts' opponent.

As far as appearances went, Mr. Yubbitts, though in reality a miserable player, was superior to his antagonist. The game was for five dollars, or as Yubbitts styled it "a quid," and there seemed every probability that he would come out victorious, for though the ex-lieutenant was gradually creeping up to him, Mr. Yubbitts only required five to make to win, whilst Mr. Viner lacked ten of the requisite number of points.

"By Jove, sir," exclaimed the penguin-looking gentleman, "this is becoming interesting," as Viner scored eight before he missed, whilst Yubbitts still wanted two to go out; but it was his turn to play.



The excitement of Coddleby and Crinkle was intense as they, bending forward, watched their friend prepare to make his stroke; and at this moment Viner darted a quick glance towards the military-looking gentleman in the chair, and his nose worked more rapidly than ever. The elderly gentleman, however, merely shook his

head, as Yubbitts made his stroke and missed, leaving his opponent two to make to win. Mr. Viner, chalking his cue with great care and preparing to play with seemingly the utmost caution, now took his position. The shot was, apparently an easy one, but it was missed, and Mr. Viner, stamping with vexation, exclaimed with an oath, "Never saw such luck; couldn't have missed that if I'd tried," and Yubbitts, victoriously made a cannon and rolled his ball into the pocket, and won.

Loud was the applause from his two friends, who really seemed proud of his victory.

"You must give me my revenge," exclaimed Mr. Viner, handing over a five dollar note, and to all seemingly much chagrined. "You must indeed, my luck was against me, though I cannot but admit that you are an admirable player. You must teach me a few of those strokes, sir."

Mr. Yubbitts was delighted, and expressed his perfect willingness to try another tussle.

"What shall it be this time?" asked Mr. Viner, "double or quits?"

"Oh! I'm not particular," answered Yubbitts elated by his success, "say a 'fiver' on the game."

"By a 'fiver' do I understand you to mean dollars or pounds?" enquired Viner.

"Sovs., of course," replied Yubbitts, "dem dollars. But let us have something to drink; I am as dry as a demd fish; here, waiter," and he knocked on the floor.

The various potations having been brought, and the military gentleman having accepted a tumbler of brandy and soda at Mr. Yubbitts' invitation, the second game commenced, Mr. Viner having agreed to make it five pounds or twenty-five dollars as the result.

This contest was closer than the preceding one, for though Mr. Viner led from the very start, he never obtained more than three or four of a lead, all the way through, and at one time Mr. Yubbitts was seven ahead. At this

point, when Messrs Coddleby and Crinkle seemed perfectly confident of the ultimate success of their comrade, the military gentleman turned to the former, who was now seated on his left and offered to bet twenty dollars that Mr. Viner would win. Mr. Coddleby though by no means a betting or gambling man, was so carried away by his excitement that he immediately closed with the offer, and Mr. Crinkle, infected by this example, made a similar wager with the military penguin.

"Now, Yubbitts, be cautious," whispered Crinkle, whilst Coddleby uttered the same precaution to their champion.

A sharp glance, unobserved by all save the individual for whom it was intended, was darted from Viner to the personage on the chair, who returned the look by the very faintest nod imaginable.

And now the game became one of intense interest and excitement, and several spectators gathered around.

Mr. Yubbitts' lead of seven was rapidly reduced to no lead at all, and in a very brief space of time he was again a few points behind, which position he occupied till the end of the game, which closed in favor of Mr. Viner, much to the Pickwickian's dismay, not to say disgust.

"By jingo, sir," he exclaimed, "I gave you your revenge; you must give me mine; if I hadn't been so confoundedly nervous I'm sure I should have won."

"As you please, sir," replied Viner, "though I think we've had enough for to-night. It's late and I'm sleepy."

"No, not by any means," vociferated Yubbitts, "there's time for another game. What do you say, gentlemen?" He appealed to his friends and the military gentleman.

"By all means." "Have another." "You'll win, sir," and so on, from all sides, and Mr. Viner, apparently unwillingly, prepared for the final struggle, the stakes being as before, twenty-five dollars. The struggle proved to be a short one. Mr. Yubbitts had scored seven points when his antagonist having run out in three breaks, replaced his cue in the rack, and having received the amount of his winnings, nearly fifty dollars, and expressing a hope that he should meet his newly acquired friends on the morrow, left the room with a very polite bow which seemed to include the military gentleman in its sweep. The warrior, in turn, having received the amount of his winnings from Crinkle and Coddleby, just forty dollars, also sauntered stiffly out.

Both might have been seen shortly afterwards in the bar-room, apparently enjoying some extra good joke with their refreshments.



"Well," said Coddleby, somewhat crest-fallen, as he and his friends met in the reading room, which was now deserted, no one occupying it with the exception of a gentleman who was writing a letter, and a large man who appeared to be dozing in a far corner. "What do you think of that? I wonder what Bramley will say when he hears of it."

"I think," Yubbitts remarked, "that the less we say about the matter to Bramley, the better. If I hadn't had such demd bad luck I should have won in

a canter. By Jove! how that fellow ran through that last game. The luck was all on his side."



"I'm sure I hardly know what to think about the affair," said Crinkle, "I'm afraid we did wrong to bet, Coddleby, and what is more, I'm afraid that honesty will compel us to chronicle the affair in our diary, which is to be laid before the Club on our return, and I certainly think we should consult with our leader and hear what he has to say."

"Well, do as you please, only I know there'll be a regular blowing up, if you do," remarked Yubbits, who seemed to feel his defeat very keenly, "but I believe that fellow, Viner's, a 'leg'; he played so much better in that last game, eh?"

"Have any of you gentlemen been playing cards or billiards with that rascal Viner," enquired the gentleman who was writing, looking up from his letter, "because if so, I should advise you to let it be the last time you try that game?"

"Well, yes, sir," returned Yubbits, "I'm sorry to say we have, or rather I have; but who is he?"

The person who had spoken smiled quietly as he replied. "He's one of the most notorious dead-beats in Canada; a professional swindler, sir; nothing else."

"Great heavens!" ejaculated poor Crinkle; "why, he seemed to be a perfect gentleman——"

"I see it all; we've been swindled, Yubbits; what's to be done?" exclaimed Coddleby.

"That's more than I can tell; nothing, it seems to me," and then, after a pause, he asked the gentleman, who had resumed his writing, "Where do these fellows live, sir?"

"Everywhere; anywhere," was the reply, "wherever there are sheep to be fleeced."

"Coddleby," said Crinkle, very sadly, "I'm afraid we're sheep."

"Crinkle," assented Coddleby, "I fear we are."

"Yes," broke in Yubbits passionately, "and I'm the bell-wether of the flock. By heavens! we'll leave this place to-morrow."

"I suppose, sir," he enquired of the gentleman who had enlightened them as to the characters of their late companions, "I suppose, sir, it would be no use attempting to get our money back?"

"None in the least," was the answer, "and would only make matters worse. You can't touch pitch—unless it is very hard, which the pitch I refer to is *not*—without blacking your hands, and if you'll take a fool's advice, you'll just say no more about it, but be more cautious in future."

"It seems to be the best thing we can do," remarked Yubbits sadly. "Well, I'm going to bed; I wish I'd gone when Bramley did. Good night, sir, good night," and the three, very much crestfallen, betook themselves up-stairs, fully determined to leave Ottawa at a very early hour on the ensuing day.

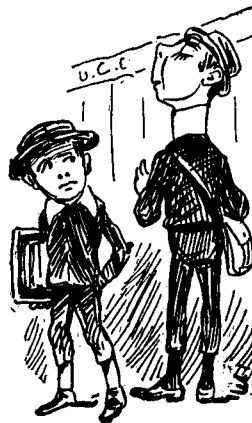
(To be continued.)

MAN'S WORLD.

Editor "Man's World":

DEAR OLD BOY,—Did you see that paragraph at the end of the "Woman's World" column in the *Globe* of the 23rd October about Upper Canada being a good place for a boy *because* there he did not need to come in contact with "the rabble of the earth," nor be compelled to sit at the same desk with "the great unwashed"? I would like to know what *you* think about it?

Yours democratically,  
JOHN SMITH.



Hm! ah! let me stroke my moustache, *a la* Sam Jones, for a minute. Let's see, this was in the *Globe*, eh? Queer, rather—that sentiment, considering the election looming in the near future. Quite gratuitous; pity Upper Canada couldn't have been complimented without an insult to the majority of the *Globe's* readers. Still, John, when you consider that it was the work of a woman—there—there—you know how easily they are carried away by a bit of flattery or attention—Here is the whole thing in a nutshell:

It is the day of the distribution of prizes—the boys, fine fellows, are all agog and on their tip-top very best behavior—enter Lady *Globe* Reporter, whose previous experience of boys has been — —, the experience of all who know nothing at all about them. An embryo Chesterfield, or dancing master, bows, shows her to an excellent point of vantage, bows again, retires, leaving her to evolve into one large exclamation point, at the unusual, the unexpected, the matchless act of politeness. Evidently she expected the boy to bawl out to the Principal "Say, here's a woman!" She sees the boys, fine fellows, all get their prizes—a pleasant sight, truly, wish I had seen it myself.

From all of which she extracts, like a bee extracting honey from a flower—the glorious idea—of the young spirits budding into glorious manhood, and going forth to propagate in noble lives the grand lesson of universal brotherhood? No! Of using the knowledge they have gained—to the farther getting of understanding? No! Of using their superior advantages towards making the world better than they found it? Of raising the downtrodden, of succoring the oppressed, in short of the realization of duty which includes in every case the welfare of the less fortunate?

By no means, John Smith! Our reporter, if she is anything, is original. She seizes the tamborine and breaks forth:

Blessed are the boys of Upper Canada College!  
For they mingle not with the rabble of the earth,  
Neither come they in contact with the great unwashed.  
Praise to the powers that be for such an institution!  
Success and honor and glory to Upper Canada College!

\* \* \*

And now, John Smith, hear me while I drop into poetry on my own hook:

Now from our would be friends, oh, save and deliver us!  
And let the boys of Upper Canada go upon their knees,  
And thank their stars that they are not as other boys are;  
Boys "for whom compulsory letters are provided,"  
The "rabble of the earth," "the great unwashed."

Let them lift up their voices, lift them up and cry,  
Lo! we sit not at the same desk with such boys,  
As was Carlyle, or Burns, or Will Shakespeare himself,  
Who was often hard up; nor with any such poverty struck cads  
As Abe Lincoln, or Garfield, or any horny-handed stone mason,  
Like the Edinburgh geologist, Hugh Millar, or even Sandy  
McKenzie.

Let them be glad and rejoice that they are spared the insult  
Of sitting at the same desk with such boys as their fathers were;  
With such boys as Professor Wilson referred to the other day  
As taking front rank in other and higher seats of learning,  
"The rabble of the earth," offspring of "the great unwashed,"  
Bringing honor and fame to Toronto University!  
Oh, be joyful! that from contact with such  
We are protected; from contact with those whose earnings  
Contribute to the support of this select institution;  
From contact with the rabble who read the *Globe*,  
"The great unwashed," who earn an honest living by reporting!

\* \* \*

There, John Smith! that's what I think of it in a (cocoa) nut shell, as I said before; with this addendum, that no one would be more amused at this mischievous idea of the function of Upper Canada, than the worthy and able Principal himself, than whom a more thorough friend to universal higher education does not exist.—  
ED. MAN'S WORLD.

#### HOW I GOT RID OF FILKINS.



FILKINS is a very decent fellow in his way; but he's an awful nuisance when he gets in any one else's way. He has several peculiar habits, of which he cannot be broken; for instance, he knows perfectly well that I attend the Wednesday evening lecture at the Y.M.C.A., yet every Wednesday evening about half-past seven Filkins invariably turns up at my lodgings and says he has come to have a smoke with me. Filkins knows I never smoke. It is always difficult to make him go after he has once settled himself comfortably in my easy chair. Another irritating habit Filkins has is to drop in at my business office about half-an-hour before mail time on Mondays. I have always a heavy mail for

Europe, but it doesn't bother Filkins in the least. He sprawls himself over the table and puffs cigarette smoke in my face as he asks the most absurd questions and makes the most flippant remarks. The other day he honored me with a visit. It was mail day, of course. When he entered I felt mad; because only on the previous Monday I had asked him as a personal favor not to call on that day. Before he reached my table I spoke to him; because I knew if he once spread himself out on that necessary article of office furniture, he was bound to stay. "Filkins," said I, "do you know it is Monday?"

"Why! of course I do. I'm not so bad as that, you know. I can always remember up to Tuesday or Wednesday, but I always get mixed up on Thursdays, Fridays, and Saturdays. It's all very well for you business fellows, you know; you have a calendar; but we poor devils, who don't do anything, can't remember everything."

Filkins' manner was cool, and I grew warmer as he deliberately threw his umbrella on the table and upset

the inkstand over the letter I was writing. Before I could say a word Filkins mildly remarked:—

"Awfully sorry, dear boy; but I give you my word of honor I didn't notice it. Offices are beastly places anyhow. I never go into any other office than this, and I wouldn't visit this if it weren't to see you, you know."

I muttered something about his never coming at all, and called the boy to clean up the table. Filkins pulled out a cigar, cut off the end, and asked the boy to procure him a match. This was too much, so I said at once:—  
"Filkins, you know I don't like your smoking here."

Filkins smiled, and placed the cigar between his teeth. "Yes, I think you have said something of that kind before; but it's awful rubbish, you know. You'll get used to it in time. You haven't much stuff here that smoke can spoil, anyhow."

I was afraid my temper would get the better of me, so turned away to get a few papers. On my return Filkins was lighting his cigar with half of a letter which he had picked up from my table. This was indeed too much.

"Filkins," I said hotly, "I have had enough of your nonsense. This sort of thing must come to an end. I won't endure it any longer. You have no idea of the importance of my business, and how easily it may be hindered."

Filkins blew a cloud of smoke into the office boy's face, causing him to cough violently for several seconds, and then remarked:—

"No, my dear fellow, I confess I have not. I frankly admit I don't know the slightest thing about your business or anyone else's, and what is more, I don't wish to. All business is abominable, and I'm deuced glad I've nothing to do with it—yes, and I'm sorry you have, dear boy."

Filkins is a very dull fellow, so I plainly said:—

"Mr. Filkins, you are wasting my time, when it is of the utmost value to me. Either be quiet or get out."

Filkins fired a volley of smoke into my face this time as he raised himself languidly from the table.

"Don't call me *Mr.* Filkins, Bob," he said; "it sounds comical. My old landlady calls me *Mr.* Filkins; nobody else does. Call me *Filky*. However, if I'm in your way for a few minutes, why, I'll just use your telephone and talk to White."

With that he put his hat down on my cash-book, which was not yet dried, obliterating a score or so of figures, and walked over to the instrument. I was grateful to get rid of him even for a few minutes, and set myself to work. I had scarcely started when Filkins said:—

"Here, old fellow, you understand these machines better than I do—ring up Central—"

I jumped up hurriedly, snatched the holder from Filkins, and rang up Central, saying:—

"Now listen, he'll be there in a minute, and then talk to him."

Filkins applied the instrument to his ear, and was silent two seconds, when he remarked:—

"Say, old boy, what makes all that clicking?"

(Further particulars next week.)

Stox.—If you are a coal dealer, or if, for any other reason, you don't know what to do with your wealth, we would advise an investment in stocks. But before doing anything in the matter at all, invest in a copy of the *Handy Pocket-Book of Rates* published by Hart & Co. This is a capital little work, and will save you all mental worry in calculating your dividends.

# JOE SERIA

I HAVE just discovered what a chestnut is—not the edible so-called nut imported from the vales of Malaga or Alicant, nor the equine species, the delight of the suburban schoolboy when there is something to throw at—and to him all objects in nature are either throw-able or throw-at-able. But in all seriousness I believe that I have discovered what a chestnut is.

I say "I believe" I have discovered, for in truth I am still somewhat misty on the subject. My intellect lags behind that of my fellows; it is sluggish. When everyone in my small circle of friends has learned and become tired of some piece of news or information, then it is generally that I begin to inquire about it. This, reader, will account to you for my recent discovery. I am myself the greatest concrete personification of chestnut I know of.

I am, however, in the dark as to many things connected with the chestnut. I want to know when a thing begins to be a chestnut, also when it ceases to be a chestnut. Are yesterday's telegrams chestnuts? After all, are not all things chestnuts? Is not the universe one huge chestnut tree? For has not the wisest of men said, "There is nothing new under the sun," and is not staleness the very kernel of all chestnuts?

Methinks there is something to learn even from chestnuts. They are no new variety of fruit. Paul saw the chestnut-hating character of the Athenians when he described them as spending their time in nothing else but either to tell or to hear some new thing. We differ from them only in our fastidiousness of novelty. We drink our champagne with the fizz on it. Mellow wine our palates relish not. "*Beerum statum*" we pronounce, contrary to the old adage, "*malum*." We must have the fruit with the bloom on it, and very frequently all we care about is the bloom. We cannot wait for the jam to cool, we devour the scum. A depraved taste this, an artificial appetite, created by hurry. We are all of us in a hurry.

It is a bad symptom this. The healthy stomach loathes not chestnuts; *news* is food only to be compared to that upon which the prodigal son strove to appease the pangs of hunger when he was down on his luck, poor fellow. To the healthy mind nothing is stale, nothing chestnutty. It is only the diseased mind that cries

How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable  
Seems to me all the uses of this world!

I am afraid to tell you, reader, that in these lines Hamlet first shows the signs of madness, as you would ejaculate, "chestnuts!" But I will quote the next line to show you how closely are allied incipient mania and the faculty of recognizing chestnuts in everything:—

"Fie on't! O fie! 'tis an unweeded garden  
That grows to SEED."

Take my advice, reader: Be not ever on the look out for these "seeds." To Nature nothing is old, not-

ing useless. Nature even sees that in what is called refuse are germs of future beauty innumerable. If you persist in thinking all things garbage it may be said of you:

That noble and most sovereign reason  
Like sweet bells jangled—

But there is the chestnut bell!

J.W.

## A GENERAL REMARK.

It appeared to be the general remark here on Saturday morning by the subscribers of Toronto GRIP that the leading cartoon "Stop the Death Factories," in Saturday's issue was the best hit J. W. has made yet in favor of prohibition.—*Oakville Star*.



CANADIAN GENIUS ENLIGHTENING THE  
YANKEES.

OUR American neighbors have been spreading themselves upon the inauguration of Bartholdi's colossal statue, but there appears to be a general misapprehension as to the exact meaning of the grand work of art. The popular impression that the idea intended is "Liberty Enlightening the World," seems to be at fault. At least we have one high authority—the *New York Sun*—a journal famous for its erudition in the matter of bric-a-brac, peach-blow vases, sculpture, etc.—which declares emphatically that the massive figure on Bedloe's Island represents: "Erastus Wiman Defying New Jersey."





AN IMPORTANT OMISSION.



When gripping grief the heart doth wound.  
 Of doleful dumps the mind oppress.  
 Then music with her silver sound.  
 With speedy help doth lend redress.  
 Shakespeare

**AN INTERCEPTED LETTER.**

(The writer can recover by applying at Grip office.)

Toronto, 16th, 1886.

TO MISS MADGE THRUMS,  
 Hamilton Coll. Inst.



MY DEAR MADGE,—Litoria! Litoria! Litoria I've got on the brain, tra-la, ever since Convocation. For you must know we made it a matter of duty and principle to turn out in full force to see the boys. And not only did we see them, we—shall we ever forget it—*heard* them, their fish-horns, their chestnut bells, their voices, from the raw shrill of the freshie to the *basso profundo* of the bearded graduate—male, of course. We heard Old Grimes as sung in the original

“For he's a jolly good fellow” chorus, three cheers and a tiger, dedicated to Professor Young, who, however, is old, tho' not above joining in and feeling like old times. We nigh swooned at the witching strains of “Upi-dee-i-dee-i-day,” and as for Litoria it came along with us and we sing it in our sleep.

But oh, darling Madge, you remember Tom, Dick, and Harry—the dictators, the exalted demigods of the Hamilton Literary Soc.? It was a sight for angels to weep over, the way they were “sot upon” by the sophomores. It was “sit on the floor, freshies,” here, and “sit on the floor, freshies,” there, until the poor ex-demigods were fain to droop their chins on their vests, and sneak towards the door like badly used canines. Viewed in the light of the past it was a refreshing sight to us who keep the memory of their late magnificence green.

As usual, your Ambitious City boys were characteristically to the fore, upholding the reputation of your famous and successful co-educational Institute. Didn't I just crow to see Wilton and Bowerman and Bensley getting medals and honors. Hooray! Why wasn't I born a boy

that I could stand up and cheer? But oh, say, you should have seen J. T. in his brown check suit and—cigar. Your worthy ex-president, to wit—the only student there who had the—the—gall to make a funnel of himself among all the ladies present—wonder if his mother knew he was out on exhibition as a brown-check smoke-stack.

And Bob! You would have expired to see Bob play football with his head! Oh, my side! and the tears came running down my cheeks till I looked a holy show—laughing so. Always gave Bob credit for a good hard Presbyterian head—but when I saw him butt like a billy-goat at that ball and send it flying over the goal—oh! it was too funny for anything. But why *don't* he put on long stockings? he used to be a modest boy—knit him a pair, Madge, do!

Oh, I must tell you—the strangest, the cheekiest thing—I had just got home from convocation, and was up in my room singing Litoria for all I was worth, when a policeman came walking up and down before the window—and scowling! you ought to see him scowl! he looked a veritable Blue Beard ready to gobble me up. Now, what do you suppose ailed the man?—Ever thine, Litorially,  
 GERTY SCHNELLANGEN.

THE *Dominion Annual Register for 1885* has reached our table, and is equal to any of its predecessors. This is high praise, for the *Register* is an invaluable adjunct to the library of any man who is interested in Canada and its affairs. The volume before us is an epitome of everything pertaining to the country worth recording during the year 1885. Henry J. Morgan, of Ottawa, is the publisher.



“FAIRY FINGERS,” the French comedy drama presented by Rhea, on Saturday night, was a delightful five-act piece, one of the most sparkling things our stage has ever seen. The fair comedienne herself, and Mr. Forrest, (whose comic gifts are very great) added much to their laurels, and the support was in all cases satisfactory.

This week Alfred Thomson's comic opera *Pepita* (music by Solomon, of *Billee Taylor* fame) is being given at the Grand. This work scored a fine success in New York. At the Toronto, the Mexican Orchestra performed the first half of the week. Janish, the distinguished comedienne, is the present attraction.

On Thursday evening, Mr. Walter Pelham, the celebrated English humorist, appears at the Horticultural Pavilion in connection with the Court Musicians, in a series of four entertainments.

On the evening of thanksgiving day (Thursday next) the Trebelli-Musin Company reappear under the auspices of the St. George Society.

AT THE MILLINER'S.

NEW fashions? Oh, yes, ladies 'll find lots of novelties for them to choose from for the autumn.

That autumn-make 'em happy, I should think, oughtn't it.

Oh, it does, you know. Now, here's a lovely plaid for—

What, that stuff not plaid out yet? Why, I thought—

Played out? Oh, dear no; its in immense demand for walking and travelling costumes.

I see. That accounts for its being all the go then, of course

Yes. The last few hot days we've had, though, have caused muslins to be resumed.

La! didn't you know that muzzlin's are to be continued right through the winter? Why, the great Tyke-coon's—

Well, all I can say is that they'll be extremely unfashionable, then. Er—by the way, fur boas are very much liked— Eh, what did you observe?

Oh, nothing—in fact, I purposely fur-boa making any remark.

Um!—er—the Bulgarian jacket is becoming very popular.

Really! Made out of the jacketing Bulgaria got from Russia, of course.—Er—I suppose there's a good deal in the making up, though, isn't there?

Ahem! All the fashionable habits are worn tight.

You mean loose habits are abandoned—eh? Well, I've always been of that opinion myself.

Um! The prevailing mantles are extremely simple.

Simple—eh? Then that accounts for their being "put on" so I suppose!

Precisely. Small tailor-made coats will be the mode for the next few weeks.

Indeed! Er—its through their use being only temporary that they're not important enough for the big tailors to make—eh?

Ahem! The favourite bodice has a basque—

I know. A bask in the sun of fashion you mean, of course?

Oh, dear no. I mean a basque or two at the side. Er—Turkey twill will soon be highly fashionable.

Oh, it will—eh?

Take my word for it, China crepe in terra cotta is very stylish.

Get out! How can it be china if it's in terra cotta?

Hem! The blues are very prevailing shades.

No doubt. Everybody's got 'em. You see, it's the prevailing depression—

Er—many ladies evince a preference for rich, warm browns.

Naturally, they would be greese if they didn't, especially if they're none of 'em married; though why a rich, warm Jones, or Smith or Green wouldn't do as well—

Ahem! The latest novelty in *lingerie* is a feathered trimming called "speckled trout."

Really! must give quite a finny-shed sort of look to the toggery, I should think.

Um! Velvet bonnets with the material built up in quite a tall puff at the top are the style.

I see—a puff the top, so as to reach the extreme height of fashion, eh?

Hem! Hats are ornamented with the curling tip of an ostrich feather—

Oh, come, I say, *that* isn't a straight tip, you know. I didn't think when I came here that you'd take advantage—

Ahem!—er—excuse me, I—I won't—er—detain you any longer. Er—good morning!

Oh, la! ain't we gettin' considerate! Well, so long, Ribbons.—*Funny Folks.*

THE fisherman's favorite musical instrument is the castanet.—*Yonker's Gazette.*

WHAT makes that man there look so glad, His face so cheery? He's seen a scientiest who ne'er had An earthquake theory.—*Boston Courier.*

A TRIAL balance.—The baby's first run.—*Phil. Inquirer.*

A BIGOT is a man who doesn't believe in allowing other dogs to wag their own tails in their own particular way.—*Boston Post.*

NEWSPAPERS in reporting the ground rents made by earthquakes generally give the hole particulars.—*Norristown Herald.*

A BOOK-KEEPER named Doll has lately taken up his residence in Canada. Before he went he took 60,000 of the firm's \$s with him. He was a very expensive doll.—*Boston Post.*

THE earthquake has struck Ohio, but it can't do much damage; it is certain to be counted out.—*Buffalo News.*

HAROLD BRYDGES has written a book entitled, "A Fortnight in Heaven." A fortnight is a long time to tolerate in that delectable abode a man who spells Bridges in such a ridiculous manner.—*Norristown Herald.*

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IMPERIAL BANK OF CANADA.

Dividend No. 23.

NOTICE is hereby given that a dividend at the rate of eight per cent. per annum upon the capital stock of this institut'on has been declared for the current half year, and that the same will be payable at the Bank and its branches on and after

WEDNESDAY, THE 1ST DAY OF DEC.

next. The transfer books will be closed from the 17th to the 30th November, both days inclusive.

By order of the Board,

D. R. WILKIE, Cashier.

TORONTO, 28th October, 1886.

THE BANK OF TORONTO.

Dividend No. 61.

NOTICE is hereby given that a dividend of four per cent, for the current half year, being at the rate of eight per cent. per annum, upon the paid up capital of the Bank has this day been declared, and that the same will be payable at the Bank and its branches on and after Wednesday, the first day of December next. The transfer books will be closed from the 16th to the 30th day of November, both days inclusive. By order of the Board,

D. COULSON, Cashier.

BANK OF TORONTO, TORONTO, 27th Oct., 1886.

THE FREEHOLD LOAN AND SAVINGS COMPANY, TORONTO.

Dividend No. 54.

NOTICE is hereby given that a dividend of five per cent. on the Capital Stock of the Company has been declared for the current half year, payable on and after the 1st of December next at the office of the Company. The transfer books will be closed from the 17th to the 30th of November inclusive. By order of the Board.

S. C. WOOD, Manager

TORONTO, 27th October, 1886.

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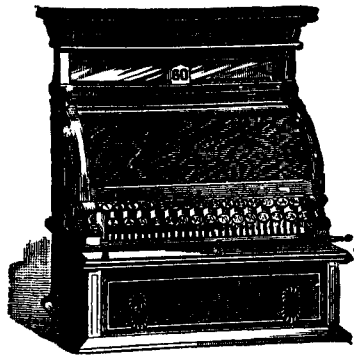
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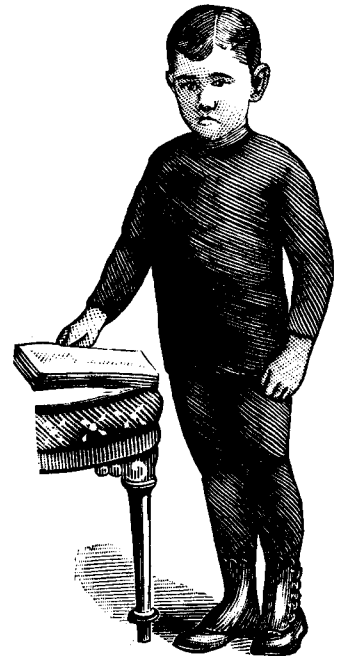
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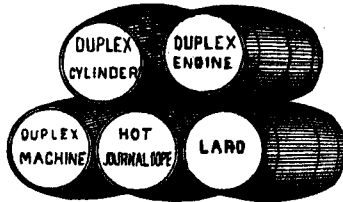
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