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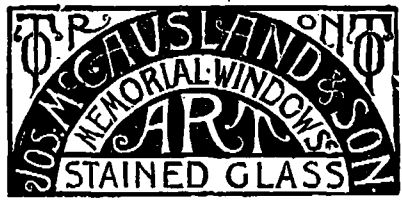
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GRIP.

AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND
SATIRICAL JOURNAL.

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of Toronto. Subscription, \$2.00 per ann. in advance.
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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.

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States.

Cartoon Comments

LEADING CARTOON.—It appears that the proposal to strike a medal in commemoration of the late rebellion is not the silly season joke of a Grit satirist, as we certainly supposed on first hearing it, but a genuine emanation from the Ministry at Ottawa, uttered in all seriousness. Well, it only required this grotesque idea to cap the climax of ministerial folly. History may be safely challenged for anything at once so impudent and so absurd. No doubt, having decided upon issuing a medal in honor of the event, the Government will be glad to receive suggestions for appropriate designs for the obverse and reverse sides thereof, and surely nothing could be more to the purpose than a series of vignettes setting forth the cold historical facts, as to how and why the rebellion originated. Mr. GRIP, in a spirit of loyalty suitable to the occasion, herewith submits such a design for the consideration of the authorities. He hopes the Ministers will see its immense superiority over a mere wreath enclosing the words: "Fish Creek, Cut Knife, and Batoche." These words simply recall the valor of our citizen soldiers, whereas Mr. GRIP's design is calculated to pour a flood of glory on the Ministry, by showing that they were not only able to crush out a rebellion, but also to nurse it into life.

FIRST PAGE.—That we are on the eve of important political changes is evident to all observers. The feeling that both Tory and Grit parties, as they now exist, have outlived their usefulness is universal outside of the sagged circles of wire-pulldom. The popular disgust with corruption on the one hand and do-nothingism on the other is coming to a head, and if the leaders intend to remain in the business they had better take measures accordingly. This week two important political conventions have met in Toronto. The special

convention of the Dominion Alliance, composed of delegates from all parts of Ontario, had, as its chief business, the purely political object of massing the temperance vote so as to achieve the object they are aiming at—Prohibition. Hereafter, the party leader who counts upon the temperance men of his stripe to support his candidates as a matter of course will find himself "left." Then the Young Liberals sat down to see if they couldn't carve out a policy for Mr. Blake. They have suggested some new planks—living issues—for the consideration of the Grit leader, and he probably knows what that means. The young men of the country yearn for something more dignified than waiting for Sir John to pass peacefully away and be gathered to his fathers. If Mr. Blake intends to lead those young men he has got to hustle.

EIGHTH PAGE.—The Government is blamed frequently for neglecting its duty in the matter of securing a reciprocity treaty with the United States. The popular impression seems to be that Uncle Sam is willing and waiting, whereas the opposite is the sad truth. Our picture seeks to convey in an allegorical form the relative attitude of the Dominion and the Republic, and those of our citizens who have ever had experience in the matter of catching a frisky two-year-old with salt, will appreciate the delicate position of our Government, and do them more justice hereafter in reference to reciprocity.



CRUELTY TO A DUDE.

Bad Street Boy.—Hi, mister! look out! The peeler's got his eye on you! They're arrestin' every crook they can find!

At the Toronto Exhibition the first prizes in all classes of clothing were awarded to R. WALKER AND SONS. Their stock of Fall and Winter materials is now complete. Place a trial order for a suit or overcoat.



"A Night Off," the comedy at the Grand this week, is generally considered the cleverest we have ever had on our local boards. Like all Daly's work it is clever as well as sparkling and funny, only that it surpasses its many predecessors in the latter respects.

GRIP'S GUIDE TO TORONTO.

XIII.—THE PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS—VENERABLE RELICS OF A BYGONE AGE.

No lover of the truly æsthetic and beautiful in architecture should neglect to pay a visit to the Parliament Buildings of the Ontario Government. The various styles of building displayed in these edifices are modelled on plans handed down from the old masters, and some visitors may imagine, on beholding the venerable pile of buildings, that they were erected in the time of those old masters themselves, if not before that age.

The Parliament Buildings, like the City Hall, are painted a deep red, and this is supposed to be symbolical of the erudition and literary acquirements of the members who mostly here assemble and who are all deeply read themselves.

Could the stones composing this structure cry out, what marvels of eloquence could they not disclose! Eloquence that would have put Demosthenes and Cicero to the blush had they been living, but fortunately for those gentlemen, they died about the time that the Parliament Buildings were first commenced. Toronto is justly proud of these buildings, and regards them with affectionate pride as an example of the length of time that bricks and mortar may be made to hold together.

Not long ago some malicious miscreant attempted to blow this beautiful pile sky-high with dynamite; doubtless being lured to this fiendish act through motives of jealousy of Toronto's world-wide fame as the city which gave birth to so beautiful an aggregation of architectural grandeur and symmetry. The nefarious plot, however, failed, owing to the fact that the dynamite was black sand and the fuse of a non-combustible character. The dastardly attempt, luckily, put the authorities on their guard, and boys are no longer permitted to let fire-crackers off within a radius of two miles of the buildings, for fear of the stately edifice being shaken to the earth. This edict was passed after Mr. Mowat had taken the matter into his most serious consideration. Doubtless the arch-conspirators who hatched the plot alluded to were villainous Tories who were egged on to perpetrate the deed through a hatred of the little Premier, who was a Mowat in their eyes; they determined to shake off the tyrant's yolk, and so began by endeavoring to burst this old shell; their foul intentions were, however, frustrated and the country was saved.

The grounds surrounding the sacred pile are beautifully laid out with grass and gravel walks, and in fine weather the janitor's wife makes the picturesque area gay with the varied product of her wash-tub, and should the curious visitor chance to visit the spot the day after a washing tournament, his intellect will be made to grasp the fact that the janitor wears flannel shirts and brown woollen socks. The presence of the Parliament Buildings in our midst is, however, not regarded with a

favorable eye by Toronto's stouter citizens, as the ever-vigilant police have received strict orders not to allow any man to pass along Wellington or Front Streets between Simcoe and the next street west, who weighs over 225 pounds. This precaution is taken for a similar reason to that which caused the order forbidding boys to let off fireworks near the buildings.

People have been found who have actually asserted that these splendid edifices were a disgrace to Toronto! Perish the thought! *A la lanterne* with such grovellers. What would Pompeii and Herculaneum, Rome and Athens be without their ruins? What, indeed! What would Egypt be without her pyramids? Why, then, should not Toronto have something to show that is as venerable and as much to be respected for its age as those old tumbledown rookeries in the cities mentioned. Moreover, the Parliament Buildings are in better repair, or in nearly as good a state of preservation as the Colosseum and the much-treasured relics of the cities mentioned!

It is not contended that people who are always wanting some new thing and who have no respect for age, will be pleased with these buildings; they were not built to please such people; but it is boldly asserted that the lover of relics of a long bygone age; the antiquarian whose heart is gladdened by anything that smacks of the dim past; the archaeologists and geologists who delight in mementos of the pre-Adamite and antediluvian periods; all these would hear with regret and indignation of any attempts to do away with Toronto's frowny, measly, disgraceful, foul, unhealthy and hideous old Parliament Buildings.

—S.

(To be continued.)

A SPECIMEN BRICK.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "WHO SENT FOR YOU?"

"HADN'T YOU BETTER GO BACK?"
"WHAT'LL YOU GIVE ME ON THIS?" AND OTHER TALES.

"What are we to do with Horatio, my dear?" asked Hon. Letitia Muggles of her lord and master, Peter Muggles, Esq., Banker, Lombard St., City, London, Eng. "He was thrashed and rusticated at Eton, Rugby, and Harrow. He has been plucked and expelled at Oxford, Cambridge, Trinity, and Edinboro'. His extravagance and dissipation in the 101st Hussars has cost us a respectable fortune, and now he has left the regiment, on the suggestion I believe of his commanding officer who was on the point of cashiering him. His habits and associations, in fact, his very limited education, entirely unfit him for the Bank; now what are we to do with him?"

"Nothing!" roared the indignant Peter, "I tell you, Mrs. Muggles, that your aristocratic notions which, by the way, ill became you when you condescended to marry me, have made the boy to a great extent what he is, a dissolute, useless duffer. The only occupation that he is at all fitted for is that of a billiard marker, in which position he will at least find congenial society. I'll do no more for him. Let him go to Halifax!"

"Halifax! Why, bless me! The very place, Halifax, I believe, is somewhere in Canada, and Canada is one of our colonies. My dear Horatio will go, I'm sure. I will get a letter from my uncle, Lord Tenantsquis, who is a great friend of the Colonial Secretary, to the Governor or whoever it is that rules the colony, and Horatio shall go at once," said the honorable dame, jubilantly.

"He may go to the"—but the concluding words of old Peter were lost as he left the room banging the door after him.

The reluctant Horatio, much against his grain, took ship *en route* for the wilds of Canada. He was equipped, besides the ordinary

impedimenta of an English gentleman, to wit—some sixteen packages of trunks, valises, etc., a regular armory of arms and ammunition, for the benefit of buffaloes, bears, etc., which he expected to encounter, and at length he arrived at the Capital, the noble city of Ottawa, erstwhile Bytown, overlooking "Uttawa's tide" of poetic mention. Of course he got a situation at once, fourth-rate clerk in the Bead and Moccasin Department. But was a gentleman and an ex-officer of the 101st Hussars to sit all day (10 to 4) cheek by jowl with a parcel of colonial prigs? No! He thought of his aristocratic lineage (on the maternal side) and shuddered. "I can't stand this sawt of thing, ye know," he was heard to remark, "listening all day to the woe of the infernal wivver. It gives one a perpetual fit of dem vapahs. Crush me! I'll weisign!"

His resignation was accepted with resignation by the Department, and Horatio went to Montreal. His money soon disappeared, so did rifle by rifle and shot gun by shot gun. Horatio then came up to Toronto, where watch by watch, ring by ring, and trunk by trunk vanished,

"Till all had fled."

And our hero, with his last procurable dollar, shook the Canadian dust off his feet and emigrated for the Western States, and the once dashing Horatio may now be seen by the curious peeling potatoes and polishing knives in a cheap restaurant in Denver City.

MORAL.

The moral of this story is simply this. Let Horatio Muggles and fellows of that ilk stay at home, and let the young barbarian Canuck have a chance for his life in his own country.



COMPLIMENT, A LA MODE.

Mr. Masherton.—Miss Birdie, you are fixed up so pretty to-night that I hardly recognized you!

DECIDED AT LAST.

A decision has at last been reached in regard to which is the cheapest place in the city to buy harness at. The name of the firm is the Canadian Harness Co., 104 Front Street, opposite Hay Market. You can buy a set of harness \$15 cheaper of them than any other firm in the city. They have the advantage over small dealers as they manufacture in large quantities; 200 sets to choose from, all hand-stitched.

AWFUL CONSEQUENCES

OF THE HON. W. F. CODY'S VISIT.

Oh! Buffalo William, oh! Scout of the Prairie,
You've been and you've gone, but we cannot forget
you;
You came here amongst us and caught us, unwary,
And now we are sorry that ever we let you.

Your show was a good one, of that no complaining
Is heard in our city; you did all you said;
But now 'mongst the boys there's no order maintaining,
And many a parent is wishing you dead.

Or rather he thinks that it would have been better
If you'd never come, for the peace of his mind
Is shattered and broken; he never can get a
Sweet hour of repose and no peace can he find.

The lads who beheld you are rampant and furious
To be o'en as you, and one can't look about
Without seeing some urbin in panoply curious
Who, from this day henceforth, is a bold prairie scout.

There's my eldest son, Tommy, once quiet and attentive
To lessons at school, but behold the boy now!
He's a wild Indian fighter, and with men'r'y retentive
He imitates you and your racket and row.

His dear mother's clothes-line this imp of Iacariot
Has hooked from the yard, and, from daylight to eve,
He is using the same as a lasso or lariat,
And the cats of the neighbors have much cause to grieve.

For not a day goes but he digs up the hatchet
And out on the war-path he stealthily goes;
And my! how the curs and the felines do catch it
As over their necks he his lariat throws.

Then there's small Jimmy Johnson, aloft he is waving
The splitting axe—whilst of hair-raising he'll rave;
He's Johnson no longer; for gore he is craving—
For now he is Squitay-Wah-Boo, the great brave.

He has striven to scalp his small sister and nearly
Succeeded in doing the same, and he took,
With a band of his followers— young imps of eight,
merely,
As prisoners of war both the housemaid and cook.

He proceeded to torture these females, but Laura
The cook is quite muscular; she burst her chains
And routed her captors, who fled from before her,
And made for their hirs near the Bay in the drains.

Old Towser, the watch-dog, is stuck full of arrows;
The cow's made a target for pistol and bow;
The cat has been killed, flayed and skinned and the
sprrows
Are playing the dickens wherever they go.

The rats hold high carnival; never a feline
Is seen since these lads have turned cow-boys and
scouts;
And where will it end? will they e'er make a bee-line
To civilization again? I've my doubts.

Oh! Buffalo William, you've caused us much sorrow:
You've ruined our peace; oh! go back to the plain,
To the prairie and Wild West; yes, start off tomorrow,
And please, Mr. Cody, don't come back again.
—Swiz.

SPRING, GENTLE SPRING.—Mama, come and
get me some of those nice Boots we saw at
West's, on Yonge Street.

A TRIP WITH A LUNATIC.

It is a fact that there are many houses, even localities and neighborhoods, which have acquired, for reasons more or less evident, a very disreputable character, and such a character once obtained is seldom lost. Everyone knows the proverb about giving a dog a bad name; it applies equally truthfully to houses and neighborhoods.

The scene of a criminal tragedy or of a great public calamity retains forever its terrible fame, and in this way railways or sections of railways have become noted, and not long ago a certain line by which it was my fate to travel enjoyed this notoriety. This line, or rather this section, connects two large towns and there is only one intermediate station, distant some five or six miles from one of these towns, and it forms the only break in a run of about seventy-five miles.

It was a cold, bleak December day when I found that the Fates had decided, of course in conjunction with certain fleshly superior

officers, that I should travel by this objectionable route. Objectionable for several reasons. It had always been noted for the numerous accidents that had taken place upon it, and for various tragedies that had befallen travellers, and it was at this particular time especially famous—or infamous—owing to a very recent affair which had taken place under very peculiar circumstances, as follows: A gentleman entered a compartment at one of the stations mentioned at the end of the section, which compartment contained but one other occupant. (For, be it known, I write of an English railway and of English railway carriages—villainous, stuffy, moldy boxes with which none but those benighted Britishers would put up for as long as they have done.) As soon as the train moved out of the station, the first occupant, rising from his seat, walked over to the newly arrived passenger, and taking from his pocket a razor, requested the other to be so very obliging as to hold his throat in a convenient position for having it cut. Not unnaturally there was considerable objection raised to this exceedingly amiable proposition, and a fierce struggle ensued, the result being that the attacked party, the first occupant of the compartment, succeeded in ejecting his assailant through the door, which, by some strange chance, had been left unlocked, and his corpse was afterwards found and recognized as that of a violent lunatic who had made his escape from an asylum.

I am naturally of a nervous and somewhat timid temperament, and I considered it a great misfortune that I was compelled to travel over this particular line. This being the case, I endeavored to find a safe carriage, and imagined I had discovered what I wanted when I stepped into a compartment in which there was but one vacant seat, the rest being occupied by a party of simple looking, harmless rustics.

I took my place, and we were soon off. I congratulated myself on my companions, who were evidently all related, as their conversation soon convinced me. My feelings of complacency were soon dispelled, however, for the train pulled up at the intermediate station, and my fellow travellers one and all rose and trooped out of the carriage, leaving me disconsolate and alone. I was somewhat reassured, however, by the reflection that this station was an out-of-the-way place, and that it was unlikely that any passengers would "board" the train there. I was mistaken, for, just as the train began to move and I was jubilant over the thought that I should continue my journey alone, I noticed a tall, powerful-looking man running by the side of the carriage window, and a moment later the door was thrown open and the stranger sprang in and sat down.

I eagerly scanned the countenance and massive proportions of my new companion, who glanced, as I thought, in a nervous and excited manner at me from beneath his huge, shaggy eyebrows. He was evidently a tremendously powerful man, as his unusually broad chest and shoulders testified, and there was a restlessness in his eyes—which were constantly turned in my direction, as I discovered by stealthily peeping at him—which I did not like at all, and which rendered me supremely uncomfortable and uneasy; for the episode of the lunatic and his razor was still fresh in my memory. He sat with his back to the light, and for some time neither of us spoke. Involuntarily I was mentally wondering how I could best ward off an attack, and I prepared myself for one at any moment. Then the stranger began to slowly unbutton his long military overcoat from the neck downwards. Having accomplished this, he paused. A moment or two afterwards he recommenced this unbuttoning process on his under garment, and then solemnly searched his pockets, his eyes being all the time fixed on me.

I put my hand into my pocket to get my handkerchief, and my companion visibly started as he observed the action.

He continued to search his pockets for some time with but little apparent success. Finally he plunged down into the deepest recesses of his trousers pocket, and at last drew triumphantly forth—a razor-case!

There was no doubt about it. I was in for it; the only question for me was, "When will he begin?"

Again he commenced unbuttoning; this time his waistcoat occupied his attention, and with those wildly restless eyes never for a moment off me, he proceeded with his labor. Then from the ample folds of his waistcoat he produced a newspaper and put it beside the razor-case on the seat before him. Lunatics are proverbially cunning, and this newspaper was evidently designed to be used to remove the stains of blood after the accomplishment of the deed.

Next he sat regarding me with a strangely bloodthirsty look upon his face (so I thought), and then, after a long pause, he snatched up the razor-case, half rose from his seat, opened the case, and drew forth—a pair of spectacles! Taking up his newspaper he began to read, and continued that occupation until he had perused as much of the contents as he desired, when he politely offered the journal to me.

We entered into conversation, the reserve so common to travellers in England being dispelled by this act, and I found him a most pleasant and entertaining companion.

It was not long before we discovered that each of us had been watching the other, both being of the same opinion, viz.: he was convinced that I was a dangerous lunatic, as my eyes roved so constantly in his direction (the effect of my state of "funk"), whilst the opinion of him the reader already knows.

We parted the best of friends.



"WHAT! NEVER?"

I return no more.—PHINEAS T. BARNTM.

Oh! Phineas! Thou stretchest us
Upon the rack of awfulest suspension!
Must we believe, great master mind, that thou,
At length grown weary of the hungry gulls
Who still will bite, with most ferocious fierceness
At thy dog-faced "Boho," and thy "Woolly Horse,"
Thy "Cannibals," thy "Amazons" and "Cariboes";—
Hast really turned thy massive mind to truth,
And now, without most *she* exaggeration, bid'st us a last
farewell?

Or, art thou hankering, most cash-capacious man!
For a great haul of stamper, and minted gold—
Which thou dost reckon lavishly will flow
When thou dost say—"I did thee all farewell?"—
Poor fools, I cannot bear to see
Thy rushing haste to swallow all I say.—
Give me but one more dollar and I go
To seek new fools upon a newer shore!"—
Ah! Phineas T. Barnum, who can tell like thee
The true extent of this most sad farewell?
Say, great Long-bow! must we in earnest mourn—
Or merely make a show—a pretty pantomime of grief?
Tell us, dost mean to ship thy canvas world
Across the treacherous "Bobo-sickening" main?
Or, wilt thou simply, with that native "fun"
Which surely finds its fountain head in thee—
Deceive us for a time, and when we weep
Cheer our torn soul, by bidding us refrain,
Saying next season, "Here we are again!"

—GEO. H. CANDLER.

OLLA PODRIDA.

That the old saying "Time is money" is a true one is, I think, shown by the fact that so large a number of people require so much of it to pay their debts.

* *

OYSTER-STEW.

We have signals, May and I;
When I hoist my kerchief blue
And she sees it waving high,
Gentle May will hoist hers too.

* *

Wife.—Here's another "mysterious disappearance" in this paper. Listen; it is headed "A Woman Misses her Husband," and—
Brutal Husband.—H'm; missed him, oh? Does it say what she threw at him?

* *

I see that in Richmond, Ind., corpses turn to stone after being buried there. Now, any prominent man who desires a statue of himself to be erected after his death has only to be interred in Richmond and dug up in a few years. Patent applied for.

* *

Wonderful fellows scientists and doctors are, to be sure! They've discovered now that people who sleep on their right sides compose beautiful rhymes in their dreams, but rhymes utterly devoid of sense. If this be true, a large majority of our poets must sleep on their right sides.

* *

HAD HIM THERE.

"Pap, buy me a bicycle, will you?"

"I can't, my son. I am very, very poor. Be diligent at school and you will be a rich man, and you'll be able to indulge your whims."

"Pap," (after a few moments consideration) "why wasn't you diligent when you was a boy?"

* *

I am at a loss to know what becomes of all the bow-legged children we see. What is their final limbo? I notice hundreds of little youngsters toddling along on understandings that resemble distorted compasses, but I never, or very seldom, see any such legs amongst the grown-up people. Either Nature straightens these limbs out before children arrive at maturity, or else the children themselves are destroyed, for an extremely bow-legged person of either sex is a *rara avis*.

* *

HOW THE BRAVE SLEEP.

A poet howls out, "How sleep the brave?" Well, old fellow, only tolerably just now; weather's too hot; but we manage to get a doze by kicking off all the quilts and things and assuming the costume of Adam prior to the Fall, but this don't do along towards sunrise, as the flies get too much exercising ground on our symmetrical form. Thanks for your enquiries, dear long-haired bard, but the brave don't sleep well this weather.

* *

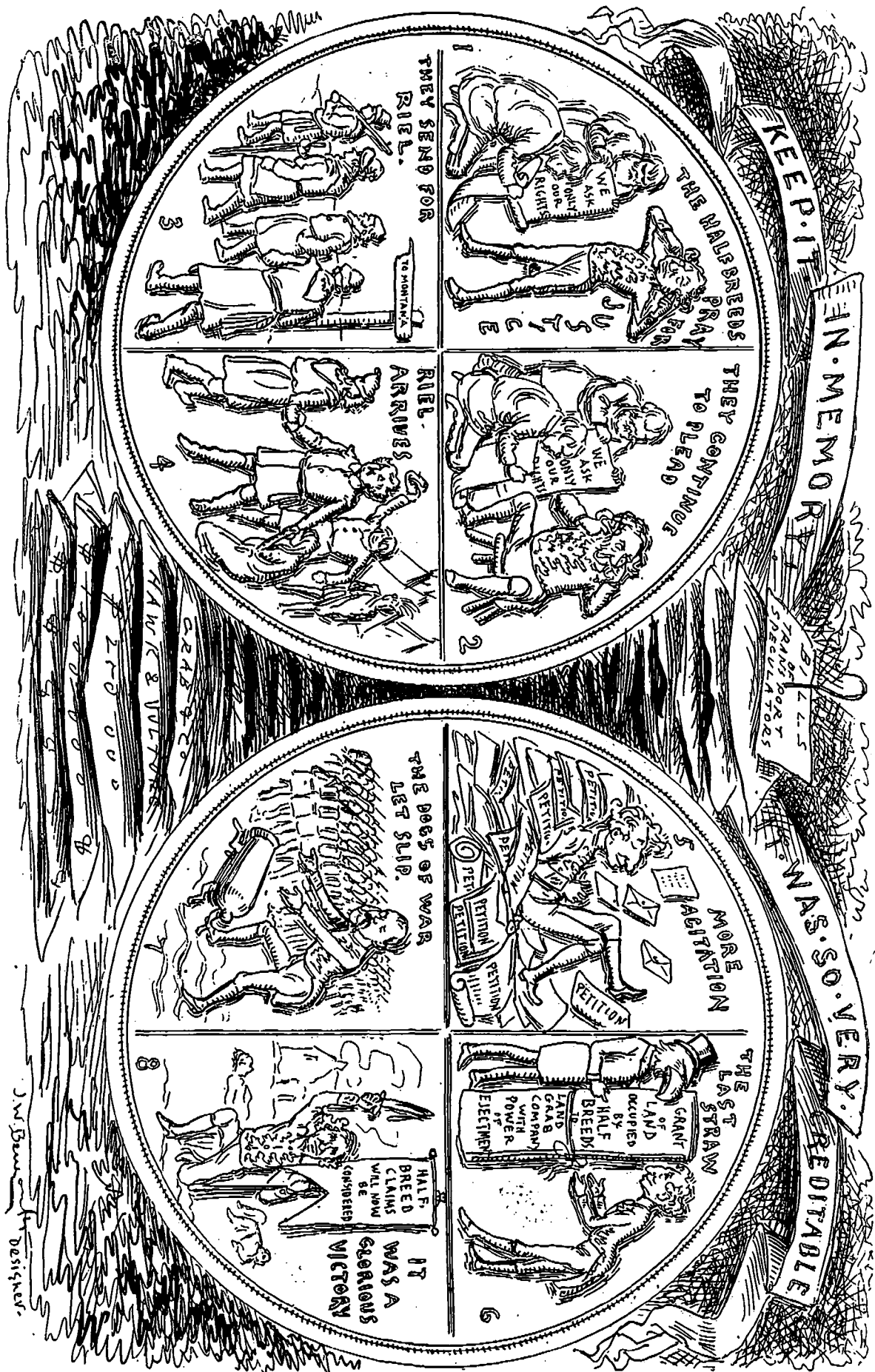
SIX OF ONE, ETC.

"So you pawned your watch, you young blackguard," said old Bumbaree to his son. "You're a disgrace. The idea of any son of mine pawning—actually *pawning*—his property! I'm ashamed of you."

"Then why don't you keep me better supplied with funds?" retorted the son. "I must keep up with my friends and do as they do. Besides, I don't see the disgrace of pawning anything."

"Don't, eh?" said the old man, "and you want more money from me, eh? Well, I may as well tell you I had to mortgage this house and lot yesterday. I must keep up with my friends, and do as they do."

And the young man vainly tried to see how pawning was disgraceful and mortgaging isn't.



KEEP IT IN MEMORY IN MINDS SO VERY CREDITABLE

1 THE HALF BREEDS
PRAY FOR
JUSTICE
WE ASK
FOR
OUR
RIGHTS

2 THEY CONTINUE
TO PLEAD
WE ASK
ONLY
OUR
DUE

3 THEY SEND FOR
RIEF.
TO MOUNTAIN

4 RIEF
ARRIVES

5 MORE
PETITION
PETITION
PETITION
PETITION
PETITION
PETITION
PETITION

6 THE
LAST
STRAW
LAND
OCCUPIED
BY
HALF
BREEDS
LAND
COMPANY
WITH
POWER
BY
ELECTMENT

7 THE DOGS OF WAR
LET SLIP.

8 HALF
BREED
CLAIMS
WILL
BE
CONSIDERED
IT
WAS A
GLORIOUS
VICTORY

TO BE STRUCK IN COMMEMORATION OF THE LATE REBELLION. RESPECTFULLY SUBMITTED FOR THE CONSIDERATION OF THE GOVERNMENT.

DESIGN FOR THE MEDAL

J. W. Bennett Designer

CRAB & CO
12000

ON TORONTO STREET CARS AND THEIR DRIVERS.

To look at a Toronto street car the casual observer would not imagine for a moment that it was a vehicle for the conveyance of demons—yes, demons. The word "demons" is written after the most profound consideration that a thoughtful and reflective mind is capable of bestowing on its selection. Let not the polite reader imagine that the diabolical term is applied to the innocent passengers, for they are but the victims of the fiends in shape of conductors and drivers—not on all of these do I intend to make reflections, but on about 97½ out of a possible 100.

The horrible malignity shown in the manner in which a conductor will pull a bell cord at the precise moment when a particularly stout passenger—especially if it be a female—steps inside the door is fearful to witness. He or she is given no time to take a seat anywhere but on the floor. For the driver is in league with the conductor, and they are, in fact, a couple of Ishmaelites.

Of course a woman never expects the car to start before she is seated, even though she may have ridden in these vehicles 10,000 times. The feminine mind is not capable of taking in these matters, and though she seats herself on the car floor (in the manner she assumes when removing her shoes and stockings at home) four times a day, she will keep on doing it, but it is not her fault, but that of the impish conductor and the equally impish driver.

A man may be a staunch upholder of the strongest temperance principles, but when he enters a Toronto street car—especially in winter when he passes through the door with a couple of lumps of hard snow on the heels of his boots—he is bound to stagger and fall and earn the reputation of being a bad man from Badmanville, as he staggers and rolls frantically from side to side, and wildly clutches at the nearest passenger's cap or hair or anything graspable at all. And all on account of those two aforesaid demons.

It may well be asked why the passengers do not arise in their wrath, seeing that they are so often forced to sit down in that state with a suddenness that is excessively funny—to the driver and conductor. A seat upon the floor of a Toronto street car is not one that would be selected were others available. The writer knows. He has sat. As before hinted, the faller does not always fall upon the floor. That would be monotonous to the demons aforesaid, and they would become weary, so they contrive, by some occult knowledge possessed only by themselves, to throw the sitter into some stout old woman's lap, and if she happen to have a bag of eggs or oranges there deposited, so much the greater is the delight of the fiends.

The eggs or oranges or clothes or all three may be completely ruined by the sedentary performance lately gone through, but what recketh the conductor even though the ruin be most complete and the wreck for which he recketh not thorough? All he knows is that he is employed by a wealthy and soulless corporation which pays him a very limited salary, and he must take it out of somebody—not the salary, but Vengeance.

Now this essay, though it could be much prolonged, must approach a close. One thing may be mentioned, however, before we put its close on, and that is that the fatter a man or woman may be, so much the more likely will it be that the bell cord will be jerked just when the staggery-sittery act will come off with the greatest *eclat*. (French word; don't mean anything wrong, though.)

Children even are not safe from the demon

who pulls the bell cord and the other one who starts off with a sudden jolt. It's all the same to them—5 cents or 3 cents a head; little do they care.

Little, little does the driver care,
Little heedeth the conductairo;
A jolt and a bang for a three-cent fare,
A bang and a jolt for a five-cent fare.
Bang, jolt, bang with care—
Down goes the victim—but the seat's not there.



THE GERMAN LAIRDIE.

A ROMANCE OF SCOTLAND.

It was in Scotland, bonny, or, as some call it, *bonny* Scotland, probably on account of the well-developed cheek-bones of the clansmen of the North. A mist-covered mountain and lea, on the morning on which our story opens. A Scotch mist, by the way, is the equivalent of a continuous rain-pour in other countries. It was a cold and penetrating mist, which would chill the enervated southerner to the marrow of his bones.

His Royal Highness Prince Henry of Battenburg lay sleeping in his royal couch in the royal residence of Balmoral, dreaming, perchance, of sauerkraut, Limburger, Rhine wine, and flaxen-haired fraulins, when suddenly he was awakened by an unearthly uproar, as if all the demons of the Hartz Mountains had got into a deadly ruction and were clamoring for his possession.

"Donner und blitzten! Tausand tyvels! Vos vas dos?" yelled H.R.H., as he jumped from his silken couch and pulled the bell cord, which speedily summoned Hamish McAlpine, a faithful gillie of the castle, to his chamber.

"Vat spoud vas dot invernal hideous noise?" he asked of the attendant.

"What noise, your Royal Highness? I hear no noise whatefer."

"Why, dere it is again!" said the Prince, with a face as white as Banquo's ghost.

"Och! Och! ye ca' it noise. 'Tis only Her Majesty's pipers blawin' ta revelly," replied the disgusted gillie, muttering to himself: "Puir body! Aye, but you wee German lairdies ken but little, cawin' the scirl o' the Queen's pipers 'noise'!"

At this juncture another stalwart stalked unceremoniously into the room bearing a letter and a rather large-sized bundle, "Frae Her Maugesty," was all he said, as he handed the Prince the letter, threw the bundle on the carpet, and departed. The Prince opened the note, which read as follows:

DEAR BATTY,—The bundle sent you, you perceive, contains a lovely Highland suit of tartan, plaid, phillibeg, spleuchan, all complete. Likewise a claymore, dirk and cairngorm, all of which you will wear this afternoon on the grounds. It will be very becoming, and although you may find the costume rather ool at first, you will soon get used to

it, and you'd better, as I intend to make a smart Scotchman out of you.

Your afft. mama-in-law,
V. R.

Now, notwithstanding the affectionate and familiar language of his august mother-in-law's letter, His Royal Nibbs knew well it was a "Queen's Command," and although the climate in the surroundings of his present quarters was cool, his grub was hot, which was more than he could conscientiously say of the menu at Battenburg. Consequently, after ineffectually trying to put on his kilt with the aid of his German valet for some time, a "native" had to be called, who speedily made everything right, and in due time, with dirk in hose and his plaid fluttering in the chilly blast, he started on his way to the scene of the festivities.

"Fine day, this, fine day, this. It's our luck it's turned out sae fine, yer Royal Highness," said young Lord McIntosh to the unfortunate German.

"Yaw, it vos, mein Lord, I lige a day like dot," said the poor prince, with chattering jaws, as the cold moisture fell in large drops from his bare legs.

"Yee've saldom sic weather as this in Jairmony, I'm of opinion," observed the old Laird of Gilliegalum.

"No, dot's so, I bed you! I hope not!" said the shivering visitor.

"If your Royal Highness would but ascend to the summit of yon crag, you'd have a much finer view, and the breeze is delightfully fresh there," remarked the charming Lady Flora McDonald, with a most engaging smile.

"Ach gott! No, excuse me, of you please; I shtay down," and Battenburg's knees battered together.

"Wull yer Highness hae a wee glass wine? Gin ye'd prefair mair ice, we'll hae it brought," asked the old Marquis of Tweeddale, courteously.

Prince Henry could stand it no longer. His legs were as blue as those of a boarding-house chicken. Turning his royal back unceremoniously on the noble company, he incontinently fled to the castle and went to bed.

AT THE ZOO.

I met her at the Fair
And she stepped inside the Zoo,
To see the lions there,
And the fiery kangaroo;
And the tiger in his lair,
And the savage grizzly bear;
Thinks I, I'll step in, too.

My heart she did engage,
As she stood inside the Zoo;
She could hardly be of age,
And her lovely eyes of blue,
When she looked into each cage,
Calmed the lion in his rage,
And the bear and tiger too.

I approached the lovely maid,
And asked her if she was
Of the animals afraid;
"I ask you, miss, because
It's notorious," I said,
"That they sometimes make a raid
And devour folks in their jaws."

She turned around and smiled,
And looked at me, and then,
In a voice so sweet and mild,
Said, "Oh! here you are again.
You're very fresh, my child,
And you're looking very wild;
When did you skip your den?"

—B.

The Volunteer who, having escaped the bullets and bulletins of our late "Non-Weater," will get married first, is to receive from the Toronto Stove Co., the free gift of a Diamond "A" Range or Square Splendid stove. Marry, sir, you will find more glory in a Diamond Range with pie-a-pot and little cubs at home, than in a no-pay, hard-tack and "Big Bear range abroad. No more Fallen-tear for you!

HOW TO MAKE MONEY.

BY ONE WHO HAS BEEN THERE.

"Ah," our readers will exclaim, "now we are coming to it; this is something sensible." We know it, dear reader, we know it, and if we admit the fact that a temporary seclusion from the cares of this world has hitherto prevented us experiencing the sweetest benefits accruing from our suggestions, we trust that such a "child-like and bland" confession will in no way prevent the reader from giving the various plans that degree of fair trial which they deserve.

Money is a strange factor. It is "the root of all evil," yet it is one of those roots which, if placed in the earth, never grows but to grow less. Again, it "makes the mare to go." Here it also possesses a mysterious power, acting upon the mare and not upon the horse, unless he is collectively understood as in the saying: "The grey mare is the better horse." But "na malr" of this, let's to horse and to business.

One way to make money is to coin it. This, our first suggestion, certainly has a coin of vantage in it for those in need of cash, providing the representatives of the mint do not take advantage of the coin when made. There is no danger whatever in the process of coining itself; that only comes when you are found out. Then you will be given other quarters for your new ones where you can sing your dollarous ditty, and receive a centence afterwards. But this is anticipating. Your money coined, the die is cast, and you must next proceed cautiously to circulate it. Do not go about this in a round-a-bout manner. Set up your goal (we implore the printer to be most careful how he sets up the word "goal," should he make it read "gaol," we are lost), strike direct for it, and you will soon find yourself there, rich in pocket or experience. Fact. Another way to make money is to appropriate it. Very vulgar persons call this stealing. Should you undertake to work this method, fight not such people, they are not worthy of your steal, keep it by your side. There are several ways of working the appropriation lay. Become a lawyer, persuade a number of your well-to-do clients to entrust their money in your keeping for investment; then one fine day (a cold day will do) skip out with the money in your vest pocket, leaving a letter stating that was the investment by you. Your clients will think more of you than ever.

Another way is to become a bank president. This will require a little money as capital, but make no labor about that—put your money in one day and draw it out the next; it is not a wise thing to have too much of your money in the bank at once, some one else might appropriate it. Having made your position secure, proceed to get every note within your grasp by whatever instrumentality you can (take no heed if your conscience whispers the business is a notey one and should be checked), and when you have obtained your last, like a good cobbler stick to it and haste with your gains to Ameriky. Should an American read these lines and act upon them, he must, of course, hurry to our beloved Dominion, where he may depend upon a right hearty welcome from Mr. GRIP, over the left.

A nice genteel way of making money is to act the part of a broken-down or broken-up gentleman. We are all players upon this world's stage, and a change in the cast occasionally makes little difference. All that is necessary is a book to put down the donations (of course, no one has the least to do with it if the donations at the earliest possible opportunity change to libations and are again put down; it is merely book-keeping by double entry), a bundle of letters testifying to your general good character, and a long tongue. This method, if properly worked, will net

large sums, and as net cash, all profit and no loss, is always the most desirable in all businesses, the method will commend itself.

Another excellent way is to start up a big scheme—the bigger the better. Make yourself director, secretary and treasurer—especially the latter. Issue a prospectus for, say, The Company for the Extraction of Gold Dust from Soap Bubbles. Place your shares at a low figure and the public will snap them up like hungry dogs will a piece of meat. The reader is asked not to fly to a "dogone" conclusion that this is a "biting" piece of pleasantry. The biting don't come in until the bubble bursts and the shareholders find themselves minus their "dust." This, however, should not discourage the promoter. If he is wise enough to retire to a cooler climate, he will find that he has extracted a large amount of gold dust from his bubble.

There are other ways of making money, but we will pass on to our last suggestion. That is, earn it — !!

Come to think of it, this should have been suggested first. However, the methods are before the world. Any who choose to act upon them do so on their own responsibility. We stand bail for no one.



I sing of mouths. Not masculine mouths. They are of little interest to any but their owners, and then only when they "smile" (see?). It is of feminine mouths I sing. Of all the features of the face is it not the chiefest, sweetest, best? At most the eye can but open and shut. The nose can only turn up in irritating scorn. The cheek truly will do two things: it can dimple and it can blush. But the mouth—it can smile, and—yes, sometimes it can kiss. Above all, can it not be kissed? "So can the cheek, the chin, the eye," do you say? So they can. But for me, give me the lips; the

"Lips, slippery blisses."

Indeed the feminine mouth has but two chief functions: to kiss, and to be kissed.

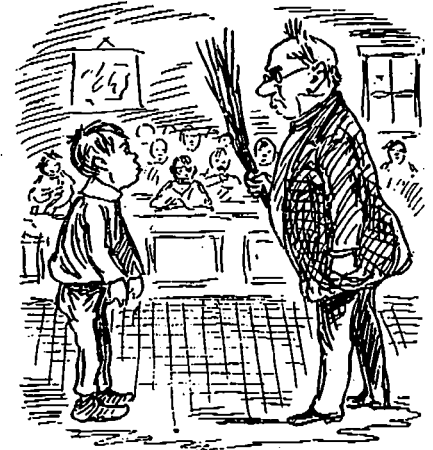
For myself, I like a large mouth. One that runs riot. One that where it will go next, or what delicious shape it will soon take on, you cannot conjecture. A sort of "movable feast" as it were.

About feminine mouths there is a problem the solution of which has long puzzled me. Is the pleasure of kissing proportionate to the area kissed? If, for example, the lips covered say about a square foot, would the fun be a hundred and forty-four times the amount that a kiss on a square inch of lip would afford? Sometimes I have dreamed of trying the experiment on a nigger. But I have not made up my mind about this.

When I speak of my delight in large mouths, mistake me not, reader. I do not want one too large. I do not mean such lips as would be taken for two sheets of red blotting-paper, for instance.

I think, too, I am in the fashion when I like large mouths. Large mouths are fashionable.

I have heard of a way of making small mouths fashionable. It is to stretch them with a glove-stretcher or fire-tongs all day, and sleep with a cheese, a whole cheese, between the teeth all night. But then, of course, there must be a little "give" to the mouth before these plans succeed. Still they are worth trying in any case; for, as I said before, the mouth after all is the chief feature of the face—especially at dinner time.



BENEFITS OF VACCINATION.

Schoolmaster.—Now, sir, I'll teach you to mind your work! Hold out your hand.

Johnny Smith.—I can't, sir. I'd like to, but I'm vaccinated.

Schoolmaster.—Hold up the other one, then!

Johnny Smith.—Please, sir, I'm done on both of 'em.



GRAND

Colonial Exhibition in London, England, 1886.

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In order to give becoming significance to the event, a Royal Commission is issued for the holding of this Exhibition, for the first time since 1862; and His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales has been appointed President by Her Majesty.

The very large space of 54,000 square feet has been allotted to the Dominion of Canada by command of the President, His Royal Highness.

This Exhibition is to be purely Colonial and Indian and no competition from the United Kingdom or from foreign nations will be permitted, the object being to exhibit to the world at large what the Colonies can do.

The grandest opportunity ever offered to Canada is thus afforded to show the distinguished places she occupies, by the progress she has made in AGRICULTURE, in HORTICULTURE, in the INDUSTRIAL and FINE ARTS, in the MANUFACTURING INDUSTRIES, in the NEWEST IMPROVEMENTS in MANUFACTURING MACHINERY and IMPLEMENTS, in PUBLIC WORKS by MODELS and DESIGNS; also in an adequate display of her vast resources in the FISHERIES, and in FOREST and MINERAL wealth, and also in SHIPPING.

All Canadians of all parties and classes are invited to come forward and vie with each other in endeavoring on this great occasion to put Canada in her true place as the premier colony of the British Empire, and to establish her proper position before the world.

Every farmer, every producer, and every manufacturer, has interest in assisting, it having been already demonstrated that extension of trade always follows such efforts.

By order,

JOHN LOWE,

Sec. of the Dept. of Agriculture.

Ottawa, 1st Sept., 1885.



MISS CANADA TRYING TO CATCH HIM ;
OR, THE PRESENT POSITION OF THE RECIPROCITY QUESTION.

"WHAT'S IN A NAME."

A young man with the innocent name of Lamb, clerk in a jewellery store in Montreal, has been arrested for "fleecing" his employers. He will probably have cause to lament his speculating proclivities.

Gertie.—George, why are you like a bad case of vaccination?

George.—I give it up; why?

Gertie.—Because I've hinted to you that it's time for you to go home, but you don't "take."

An eminent English authority says the cancer is a disease confined to the rich.—*Boston Courier* The rich appear to monopolize all the luxuries. They can have it; they can, sir.

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LEAR'S

NOTED GAS FIXTURE EMPORIUM, 15 and 17 Richmond-street West. Proprietor, having business that calls him to the Old Country in June, has decided to offer for the next two months inducements to buyers not often met with. Ten Thousand Dollars Wanted. Cash customers will find this the golden opportunity.

R. H. LEAR.

A GOOD INVESTMENT.—It pays to carry a good watch I never had satisfaction till I bought one of WELON & TROWER'S reliable watches, 171 Yonge-street, east side, 2nd door south of Queen.

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