

IMPORTER,
GLOVER HARRISON,
CHINA HALL,
49 KING ST. E., Toronto.



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\$2 PER ANNUM.
5 CENTS EACH.

RESULTS OF PROHIBITION IN KANSAS.
Prohibition has closed every Distillery; nearly all the Breweries, and is driving every Saloon from the State.

The State has gained nearly 200,000 in population and increased about \$50,000,000 Tax-able wealth.

The People of Kansas are in favor of more BREAD and less Whiskey, more churches, school-houses, and comfortable homes and NO saloons.

The above noted results are reported after the first THIRTY ONE months of Prohibition. This is how "Kansas is being Ruined"
— Gov. ST. JOHN.



SOMETHING FOR MR. KING DODDS TO THINK OVER.

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• GRIP •

AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL.

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J. W. BRNGOUGH 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.

GRIP'S CANADIAN GALLERY.

In accordance with announcement, we will next week commence our series of Caricature Portrait Supplements to Grip, leading off with a telling likeness of Sir John A. Macdonald, printed in four tints on heavy plate paper, and accompanied by an appropriate biographical notice.

It is our intention to publish these unique supplements monthly with the regular issue of GRIP, and to embrace in the series the representative men of each of our Provinces. The portraits are given gratis with GRIP, and will not be sold apart from the paper. Subscribers and others wishing to obtain copies for sending abroad, will please forward their orders to the office of publication as early as possible. No. 2, for August 30, will consist of a portrait and sketch of Hon. Edward Blake.

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—The Royal Commissioners appointed to investigate the Bribery charges, have suspended proceedings until the first of September. Up to the adjournment they had heard nothing from the Crown witnesses beyond the old, old story. The gentlemen who are believed to be in a position to add fresh matter of a very interesting kind to this story—Messrs. Wilkinson, Shields and Stimson, *alias* Lynch, were absent from the vicinity during the sittings of the Commission, and the witness box knew them not. This absence is rather remarkable, when you come to think of it. Here are three individuals entirely innocent (*vide Mail*) of any attempt to bribe members of the Legislature—nay, who valiantly resisted all efforts of Grit members to get themselves bribed, (*vide Mail* again)—and who are able to throw light upon the vile conspiracy of the Mowat Cabinet (*vide Mail* once more). What do they do? Rush into the court room and demand to be allowed to tell the whole truth? No. Most strangely, no! They seize their carpet bags and get out of the Province before a subpoena can catch them! The *Mail* man, who still harps on their conscious innocence, will be pleased no doubt to learn that two of them have at last been captured, and will be put upon the stand when the Commission resumes its work.

FIRST PAGE.—Mr. King Dodds' time-honored argument that Prohibition does not prohibit, gets a rude shaking up in the presence of the facts reported by Governor St. John, of Kansas, as to the experience of that State under the Anti-Liquor law. If the clever gentleman can show that the Governor's facts are not facts at all, but that there is more whiskey sold in Kansas than ever before, he and the trade for which he speaks ought to be well pleased with the working of the law. Meantime, the people of Kansas seem to be eminently satisfied, and so at last we have discovered the one unique thing of human contrivance that is able to meet the views of all parties. It will be fortunate if our own Scott Act proves as satisfactory all round.

EIGHTH PAGE.—By the use of a pleasant domestic allegory we try to make clear the situation in West Ontario, so far as we can understand it. Farmer Blake's pretty daughter is suspected of a lurking fondness for a local lad, though nothing definite is known as to the alleged attachment—not even the name of the favored party. Meantime, Farmer Blake himself is anxious that the young lady's affections may be fixed upon a certain young city man, whom he has long known as an honorable, genial and clever fellow, and to whom he feels indebted for many an act of kindness. He brings this young man out to the country, and when he casts eyes on pretty Miss West Ontario it is a case of love at first sight. The maiden seems coy. She doesn't say that her heart is already given to another, she simply looks shy. Then Farmer Blake, in the words of *Captain Corcoran*, says:—"In a matter of the heart I would not curce my daughter, but really I would very much like to see her tackle kindly to Mr. J. D. Edgar." At last accounts the young lady was considering the matter, with the kind assistance of Mr. Paul Fry of the *Mail*, who was giving any amount of gratuitous advice.

KICKING HORSE PASS.

St. Matthew's Ward, the north-eastern suburb of the city, is blessed with a batch of able bodied kickers—gentlemen who have nothing in common with the spirit of progress which characterizes most of our citizens. The section in which these slow coaches reside has earned the name of Kicking Horse Pass, from a rather amusing incident which occurred the other day. A petition had been sent in to the Board of Works, on behalf of the wide awake residents, asking that Gerrard-st. be levelled up so that the street car line might be extended into St. Matthew's Ward. The moment the kickers heard of this bit of enterprise they came to the front with their heaviest boots on, and began a vigorous opposition, pleading, of course, that the improvement would cost them some money. As soon as they had cooled down a couple of degrees, somebody called attention to the interesting fact that the petition asked that the cost of the improvements be charged against the property of the ward, exclusive of the *opposition settlement*. In other words, the kickers had been left out of the affair altogether, and felt correspondingly cheap when they found they had used so much good muscle unnecessarily. The petition will no doubt pass the Board and City Council in

due course, and a much needed piece of work—which cannot fail to benefit every resident of the ward, kickers and all, will be proceeded with.



The first subscription concert of Claxton's Orchestra was given at the Pavilion on the evening of the 18th, before a large and well-pleased audience. The Orchestra did better work than ever before, and made it plain that with practice they can hope to rival the very best organizations of the kind. Miss Cowley as piano soloist, was satisfactory, and Herr Jacobson acquitted himself as well as usual. Mrs. Corlett-Thompson was more brilliant than usual, and responded smilingly to several well-earned encores.

The St. Quinten Opera Company are playing "Trial by Jury" this week. The cast is materially changed for the better, several of the principals and chorus singers having been dispensed with, and better talent secured.

WHAT THE FOLKS SAY.

They say that our gallant defenders in camp,
Not that I know it myself,
Suffered greatly from heat, and from wind and from damp,
Not that I know it myself.
That some voted camping a terrible bore,
And some, it is said, rather angrily swore
They'd never go drilling in June any more,
Not that I know it myself.

They say that the Act which is fathered by Scott,
Not that I know it myself,
In spite of Jim Fahay, Kip Dodds and their lot,
Not that I know it myself,
Will come out ahead at the end of the fight,
That pure prohibition's the tail of the kite,
That the trade are, for once, getting rather a fright,
Not that I know it myself.

They say that the *Mail* is the gentlemen's sheet,
Not that I know it myself,
That it's staff are aristocrats, civil and sweet,
Not that I know it myself,
From the scribe whom a \$10 fine makes to gush,
And the able young critic of sewage and slush,
To the man who indites editorial mush,
Not that I know it myself.

They say of the horrible bribery schemes,
Not that I know it myself,
That the cases will never be pushed to extremes,
Not that I know it myself.
They say that Toronto will quickly grow on,
Till her limits extend beyond Humber and Don,
And the days of plunk side-walks and mud will be gone,
Not that I know it myself.

They say that depression is on us again,
Not that I know it myself;
That the *Globe* has long prayed for a big hurricane,
Not that I know it myself;
That the clergy, for once in a year, have agreed
To drop all their difference of worship and creed,
And swap pulpits freely—of which there was need,
Not that I know it myself.

They say that this country's too big and too strong,
Not that I know it myself,
For a thin apron string three thousand miles long,
Not that I know it myself;
They say that its heart upon freedom is set,
If it were not for Yankee invaders; and yet
Have we not Col. Miller and Col. Grasette,
Not that I know it myself.

"General," said the senator's private secretary, "they say it's all nonsense about your being a Greek scholar. Here's a paper that says you don't know a Greek root from a double harness. "Humph! Them fellers only shows their ignorance;" but, all the same he stepped into the next room and asked Mary if the trees in Greece had different roots from those in this country.—*Atlanta Constitution*.



AH SIN'S LITTLE TRICK.

Newspaper shoutee "Chinaman mustee go." Allee samee him notice go. Chinaman play ticko: Pointee commission 'vestigate Chinese Question. Sitee couple years; Chinaman comee in allee same, makee Pacific Laiload. Commission gettee big pay; Chinaman gettee big work; Pa'lliament shuttee mouthee, Sabc?



MRS. McFAGIN GOES TO THE ISLAND.

"Now, Mrs. Neeligan, don't be throublin' yerself to sit down an' listen to me—not that I mane phwat I say isn't worth the listenin' av it, but if ye'll just go on wid yer washin', which, by-the-bye, I see is siventeen times clanner than that long-tongued Mrs. Maloney's across the way, I'll sate myself forinst the stove, and put in a word now an' thin just to kapo ye from feelin' lonely. Ah, me darlint, but ye shud hav been wid me yisterday! Where was I, is it? Shure, an' it was on a sailin' on the beuytiful bay I was, an' was out a steamer, the loike of which I've sildom seen.

I scrubbed me flures in the mornin' till they shone so bright that I'd take me oath on the biggest tistymant in Asgoode Hall there beyant, that there wasn't another flure to equal it in the whole av St. John's ward; an' by the same token I've seen some pretty dirty flures in the same ward. There isn't a blissid woman in all Harry Piper's domain that can kape house like meself, they're all sich outidy dirty trollops—wid the single exception of yerself, Mrs. Neeligan. Well, as I was sayin', I'd scrubbed me flures till they were as white as the sand on the shores of the beuytiful bay, whin all of a suddint it shtruck me—no, Mrs. Neeligan, ye're wrong, Michael didn't shtrike me. It was a thought shtruck me, an' the thought was to go across to the island that lies across boyant the beuytiful bay. Did I go? Of coorse I did go. I put on me bonnet, the same as I won at the raffle at Ballymagragduff Fair some thirty years ago, an' me best shawl—the one wid the beuytiful crimson fringe—besides bein' otherwise retired in me best duds. An' thin I wint down Yonge-Street as proud as a paycock wid the noonday sun shinin' on it. An' next I wint along King, towards Yorruck—ah, Mrs. Neeligan, if ye culd have seen me "doin' King," as they call it, wid the othor Judes and Judeens! Well, me darlint, I reached the fut av Yorruck-Street, an' there I was bewildered. Sich crushin', an' crouchin', an' pushin'! I paid me tin cints for a ticket and shthode out upon the warruf. There I was in a diilimny, for which of the three steamers to go on I couldn't for the life of me tell. There was the Jinnyza, a good-sized, dacont-lookin' machine, as was also the—oh, but Mrs. Neeligan, I fear I can't say it, but I'll thry—it was the Stee Jane Baptisty, which latter you may be sure I didn't set an

inch of me fut on. An' why? Becas it was a Pagan boat. Baptist, indade! Am I a Baptist? Not much, Mrs. Neeligan, an' its yerself as knows it well. I take it as an insult to me creed to have that haythen vessel floatin' there forinst the eyes of sich as moself. I think there was a Baptist picnic that day, for when the Stee Jane Baptisty left the wharruf she was loaded down wid om'. I'm sure they had a foine time. Why? Becas they had gallons of wather, an' more than they needed. But there was a little darlint av a thing that sat on the wather an' hugged close to the wharruf like a day old goslin' benayth the old goose's wing. It was named the Luellyaw, an' on that I tuk me passage. We sharted, but thank me stars and the ingine which didn't break up, we soon rached land. In fact the land wasn't out of me sight durin' the whole voyage, which greatly aised me, for I knew that if we were wrecked we'd be washed up on the shore of some dessert country whence we could be aially riskud. At last we rached the island, and sich goin' ons I niver saw in all me born days. There was a band, the "Quane's Own" they call it, though for the life o' me I can't see why her Brittany Magistrate lets them bugle the life out of thim in this country. Why doesn't she kape them wid her to play "God Save the Quane" whin she has a headache, or whin her knee gets out of workin' order? But hist, Mrs. Neeligan—the greatest thing av all was to see a man an' his wife shwimm'n in the wather in a purty glass case like a pair of ducks wid their feathers off. An' thin to see that faymale craytcher of a woman dive under the wather an' turn summer salts, or Epsim salts, or whatever they call—sure the wather we got through the pipes ain't salty at all—made me wonder. An' Mrs. Neeligan, if you could only catch on to the expression av their close whin they kem out av the wather! Oh my! But the beuytifullest things av all were two little spalpeens av cub bears that was tied to posts to kape thim from runnin' around seekin' whom they might devour. Ah, the little darlints, how they lucked at me wid a shmile that 'ud turn a funeral into a Sinny-Siintianyal celebration. A fine big buildin' was there, an' whin I axed phwat it might be I was reformed that it was the Hotel de Hanlan, which is the Frinch for Hanlan's Hotel. I was furthermore towld that in France ivery wan's house is called a hotel de this an' a hotel de that. Now, I'm as Frinch as the rest av thim, so, Mrs. Milligan whin ye got through wid yer washin' just come over an see me at the Hotel de McFagin, where I'll show ye through me boodwore, an' me sally-manger, an' me salons, an' me kitchen, an' me sphare bedroom where Dinnis lay sick av a fever sivin weeks, the time he was attended by Doether Smith, the same as tinded Honora Maloney whin she was laid up wid a crick in her back, caused by fallin' down the front sthairs at that illigant house where she worruked, I mane the one up on Jarvis-Street wid the beautiful porticho overmounted by the balcony with the Virginy crapers runnin'—the Island, is it? Sure, me darlint, I was gettin' away from me subject, as the spakers say. But come over to the Hotel de McFagin to-night an' I'll finish, an' tell ye all about the othor beuytiful things includin' the beuytiful big man wid the grey an' whito suit an' the pearrol plug hat."

C. M. R.

"Is it correct to say have went?" was asked of a young man. "I don't know," he replied. "Why, I thought that you graduated from a university?" "So I did, but you see we never had anything to do with the English language. I hear that it admits of great possibilities." —Arkansaw Traveler.

MISS PERNICKILY ON THE WEEK'S YOUNG MAN.

Oh dear me, my poor head! What does he mean? Pray Mr. GRIP, help me, you are so clever and so good-natured that I am sure you will never see a woman in distress, even if she be neither so young nor so pretty as she once was, without assisting her.

And really I am in distress for I have been trying to understand what the gentleman who fills the editorial chair of *The Week* means in the following sentences from his utterances on our Public Library. He says "Experience seems to have fully justified the opinions of those who would have dissuaded us from spending money on a circulating library, recommending us to confine ourselves to the establishment of a library of reference, with a first-class librarian to guide study, and of public reading rooms." How many "opinions" "those who" etc., may hold at one time on one subject is a question I am willing to leave for future enquiry, but I'm very anxious to know as soon as you find it possible to tell me, what I am to understand by "the establishment of a library of reference, with a first-class librarian to guide study, and of public reading-rooms." What has "a library of reference" to do with "a first-class librarian to guide study"? Does one have to undergo a preliminary examination before being allowed access to the library of reference, and does the first-class librarian have to conduct the examination so that he may know how much I know about the "Teachings of the Twelve," or the Physical Geography of the Soudan in order that he may be able to assure the Library Board that it is for no other or less scholastic reason that I have desired the privilege of being allowed to enter the library of reference, (towards the establishment of which I assure you, Mr. GRIP, I have paid my share, being as I am, that privileged person a *feme sole*—) And how does the librarian "guide study"? Does he tell one how many books per day it is fit and proper for one to read, and which are the orthodox authors? And does he keep the unorthodox ones under lock and key? For really, Mr. GRIP, I don't mind telling you, that if the "guide" were to turn his back only a minute I would certainly take that opportunity of finding out on what ground he forbade me the use of the orthodox books. I would indeed.

But what am I to do with "and of public reading-rooms"? I really dare not go over that again, it has already brought on a kind twirliness of the brain from the efforts I have made to connect those fatal (almost to me, I assure you) words with the preceding part of the sentence. "And of public reading-rooms?" What does it mean? Pray, dear Mr. GRIP, let me know in your next issue or I cannot tell what the result may be.

ANGELINA PERNICKILY.

GRIP ESQUIRE,

SIR,—What in thunder has novel-reading to do with the expenditure of public money and the people that that *Week* man says "broken down with labor, are being sent to gaol to save them from starving"? If my wife and girls want novels to read and choose to get them out of our Public Library, they're going to have them and don't you forget it! "The public money" is my money and your money and every other tax-paying citizen's money, and if we say it shall be expended in a Public Library that shall furnish us and ours with the books we want to read it shall so furnish us. If anybody is being sent to gaol to save him from starving it ain't because my wife or I read a novel when we choose—for I read novels, too, and like 'em—but because some of my public money is not being expended wisely.

It strikes me, Sir, that if the man that wrote that 'topic' on the Public Library, were to try to write a novel he'd find himself in a box; for beyond talking rot, and maligning the ladies—which I notice he is much given to—he utterly fails to make any meaning clear in his twenty-line paragraph.

Yours,
CIVIS TORONTO SUM.



III.
SCOTTY AIRLIE.

Toronto, July 14th, 1884.

DEAR WULLIE,—Ye see I haena gotten awa yet, I think I'll bide a wee an' see some mair o' this most extraordinary toon. No haenin' very muckle tae dae this mornin' I gaed daunerin' doon among the noospaper folk. They're awfu' sociable sort o' chaps, an' I never was sae dumbfooner' in a' my born days as when I saw them a' crackin' quit' freely to one another. Gude sake! the way they black-guard one another i' the papers, wad gar ye think they wadna' come within a ten-acre park o' one another, and here they are just like brithers. Maybe they dinna attach the same importance to a bit lee or twa—as we do ower the water. There's a great through-the-gaun, on the noo about some cheil they call Mowat, that's game hame to London to fin' oot aboot the boondary line between Ontario an' Manitoby. Noo what the man gaed home tae England for tae fin' that oot, clean dings my comprehension. If they canna mak oot their ain boondary line here richt on the spot, hoo on airth do they think folk living twa-rec thousand mile awa are gaun tae tell them. An' I wad like tae ken what business they has to be fleenin' away ower the water wi' every little fykey thing, just as gin they hadnc' enough gunpntion to manage their ain affairs. Noo, if they had come to me wi' this sma maitter, I cud haec told them that onybody wi' half an' ci cud see plainly that if Ontario's on a'c side, of coorse Manitoby maun be on the ithre, and if they canna fin' the boondary line, canna they tak a bit o' string and measure the hale thing, an' then stick a post richt atween the twa. There could be naething fairer nor that, but nae! naething 'll dae but ower the water to get nae end o' lawyers olish-ma-clever about it a'. Aye, deed aye, an' come back just as wise as they gaed awa.

I'm just clean red wud at the way folk impose on me here in my boordin' hoose. I have to sleep i' the room with another fellow, a no-that-ill kin o' a chiel, but has a maist abominable trick o' sleepin' wi' the window wide open a' nieht through. Last nieht I rowed up ma watch, an' gaed awa to ma bed just at nine o'clock. Ye may be sure I tuk gude care to steek baith the door an' the window. The ithor chap, he had been oot at a party, an' nae doot it was a bonnie-like time o' nieht when he cam in. Hooever, when he did come, he bangs the bedroom door wide open, an' I hears him say: "Good heavens! (he's a great swearer) Phew!" an' wi' that he maks straight for the window and throws 't up clean to the top. "What's

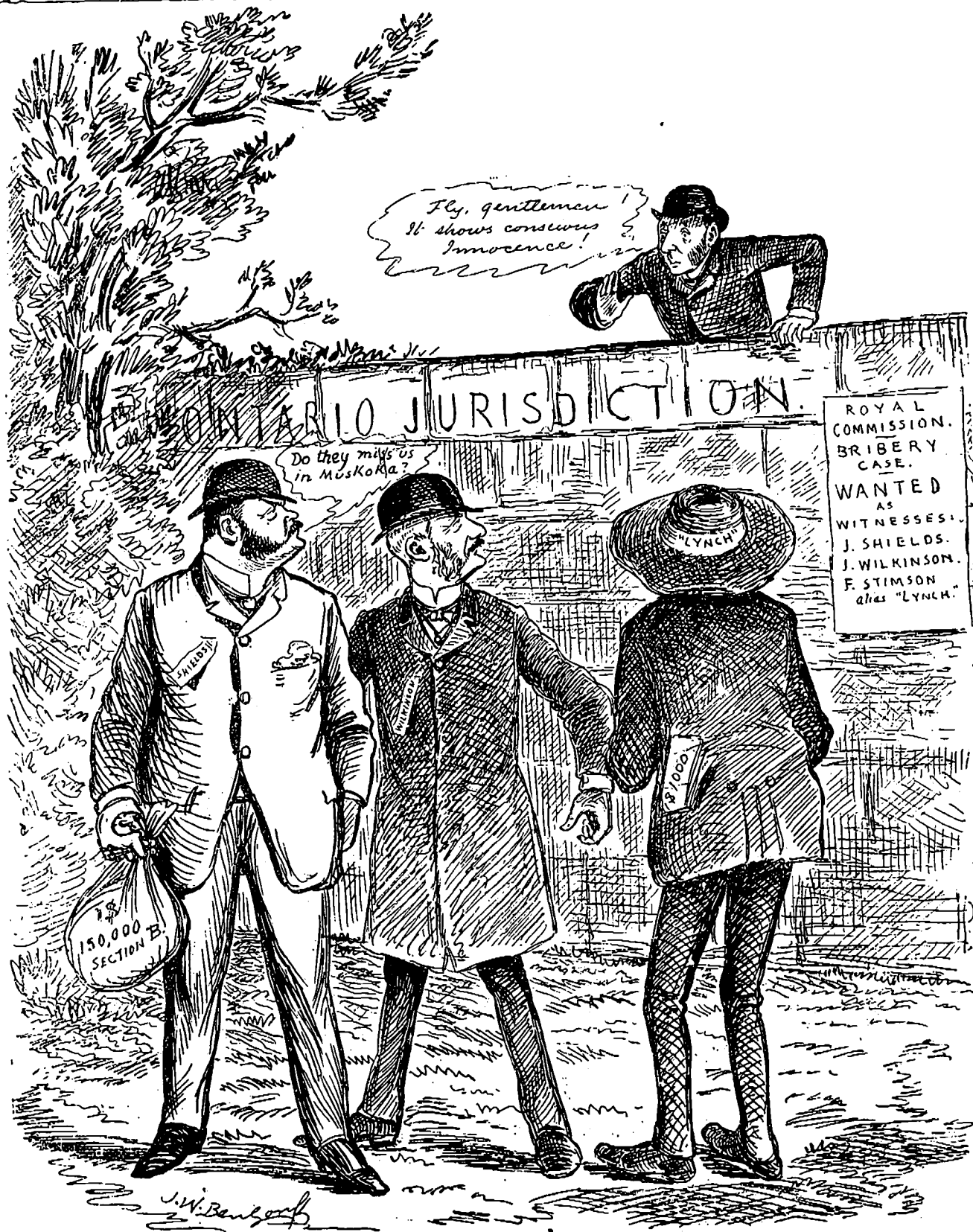
the maitter?" says I, "is the hoose a fire?" "Fire," says he, "nae danger o' that, nae fire would burn here." "Sae muckle the better," says I, "but if I was you I wudn'a swear just when I was gaun to my bed like that, hoo d'ye ken ye'll ever see the licht o' another day?" "Not much chance with that window shut," says he. Well then I just haud my tongue, its nae use wastin' ma breath on onybody that's sae fu' o' self-conceit.

They're great folk for parties here. Oor laudlady inveted me tae a party i' the hoose here last week, an' as shure's death, I haena gotten the better o't yet. They had twa-rec fiddles an' a pianny, an' they danced a' nieht. But I never ance had a chance to get on the fure. They never ance played a reel, or onything but that sing-sang, dronin' bum-bec music, aye the same hech-how ower again, an' what they ca' dancin' is a way they have o' cuddlin' one another an' whirlin' roon an' roon till it maks ye dizzy to luek at them. I declare tae ye, when I saw them cuddlin' one another like that afore folk, I did'na ken whaur tae luek, I never was sae scandaleezed in a' my born days. That limmer o' a landlady's dochter cam up, just as I was sittin' there wi' a face as red as a nor-wast mune, an' had the impidence to speer gin wud'na like hae a waltz. "God forbid," says I, "hae ye nae shame in ye?" an' wi' that af she flew. Then a very civil spoken kimmer cam up an' speered "wud I take some o' this ice cream," and she hands me a bit glass saucer. "Gin ye'll bring me a plateful an' a tablespone, I'll sune let ye see hoo I'll mak awa wi't. She glowered at me for a minit an' then af she ran, an' in aither minit she cam back wi' twa mair lassies, laughin' like to split their sides. She brocht me a great big broth plate fou' o' ice-cream an' a muckle table spunc to sup it wi'. Weel, I thought I wud just let them see I cud sup it for a' their laughin', so I yoked tae an' began to ladle in the ice-cream, though it did taste terrible cauld. Ye ken it's awfu' hot at a party, sae the first twa-rec spungfu's did'na affect me sae muckle, but afore I got half through—Gude forgie me! I lut the plate flee tae the ithre end o' the room, an' was loupin' an' skirlin', an' tearin' ma hair oot by the roots like a veritable madman. Oh, Wullie! Wullie! I thoct the vera croon o' ma head was gettin' pried aff wi' a crow bar—it was ma auld enemy the tuth ache. I stamped and roared like a bull, I got doon on the fure an' hammered ma head on the petition till the vera plaster came rattlin' doon, an' the landlady, puir body, was near daft wi' fear. She never saw a Scotchman wi' the tuthache in a' her life afore, but she got a bottle o' whusky an' she just keptt poorn' richt in tae me, till I got that drunk that I was roarin' an' greetin' an' laughin', and singin' a' at ance, an' neist mornin' they tellt me that I fell asleep singin' "Auld Lang Syne." That's what I got for sleepin' wi' open windows, an' eatin' ice-cream, when it's hot, at a party.

Yer brither, HUGH AIRLIE.

"Ah! and had ye a goot funeral?" asked the old man in Gleneig, when his sons returned from the coremony. "And had ye plenty to eat and drink?" "Yes plenty." "And had ye a good fight?" "No, no, there was no fighting." "Ah," sighed the veteran, "there are no men nowadays."—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

"Carrie," said one Somerville girl to another yesterday, "are you going to the picnic to-morrow?" "I am; are you?" "Of course." "What do you intend to wear?" "My white muslin, of course. What do you intend to wear?" "I will wear a waterproof cloak. I've been at picnics before."—*Somerville Journal*.



“SKIPPED BY THE LIGHT OF THE MOON.”

(PECULIAR CONDUCT OF THREE INNOCENTS.)

SCOTTISH FUN.

(From the Glasgow Bailie.)

A CATCH.

(Scene—A club smoking room; Time, 10.45 p.m.)

1st Member (who is a bachelor, to friend)—Well, it's a quarter to eleven. The train goes in ten minutes. If you leave now you'll catch it.

2nd Member (very much married)—Yes, and I'll "catch it" if I don't go now.

CUSTOM.

(Scene—Grocer's shop in Strathblane.)

Small boy (who enters with an important air)—Four faurdrins for a pennie.

Grocer—Just so, sir.

Small boy (after a wait of a couple of minutes)—If ye dinna hurry up I'll gang tae anither shop.

Grocer (gives the boy the farthings)—Muckle obleeged tae ye, sir. It's just the likes o' you that we depend on.

ACCOMMODATING.

(Scene—Deck of the Arran steamer.)

Inebriated Native (to skipper)—Captain, it's lang since you and I will met on board the Arran steamer before, an' so you'll come doon an a'al gie ye a wee drap o' the cratur.

Captain (sharply)—Much obliged, but I never taste.

Inebriated Native (rather crestfallen)—Touch, taste, nor haunle. Well, well! A'al pe just as weel to stop up wi' ye too, what-civer.

VOLUNTEERS V. REGULARS.

(Scene—The camp of the 2nd L.R.V., near Hamilton.)

Volunteer Private (addressing his officer)—'Say, Captain, can ye gie's a spunk.

Captain (handing his box of vestas to private)—See there's a licht for you, but mind that's no the way to address me. If ye were in the regulars it wadna be alloed.

Private—Wh, man, if we were in the regulars you wadna be captain.

"THAT BOY" AGAIN.

(Scene—Country parish. Two maiden sisters are returning from church accompanied by a nephew from the city.)

Nephew—Considerate old man that minister of yours, so kind of him to pray so earnestly for both of you.

Both Aunts—For us, Charlie, he didn't pray for us; what made you think so!

Nephew—Oh, I think it was perfectly plain that he referred to you both when he prayed for the widow and the fatherless, and those whom no man cared for.

Tableau—Two ladies in a faint! Crowd! Carriage! Charlie rules home on the dicky.

SCHOOL BOARD WANTED.

Mistress (to new maid in whom she is anxious to take a friendly interest)—And what does your brother's employer do?

Maid—Eh, mem, he's an awfu' rich man; he's a bankrupt (banker?).

Mistress—You have a sweetheart, of course?

Maid—Yes, mem.

Mistress—What does he do?

Maid—He's a gentleman's servant tae twa aul' luddies.

MASHER.

(Scene—Class in school.)

Teacher—Any boy in the class tell me the masculine of "belle."

(Small boy cracks his fingers to attract the attention of the teacher.)

Teacher—Well, my boy, can you answer?

Small Boy—Masher, sir.

(Collapse of teacher and terrible disaster to, and discomfiture of, small boy.)

"My child," said Rattler to his youngest, "I always eat the crusts of my bread." "I know it, papa," lisped the incorrigible, "I'm saving mine for you, too."—*Boston Courier.*

The question arises: "Is there any law of the statutes of Indiana, which a free-born citizen is duty bound to respect?" Echo answers, "Yes, the divorce law."—*Scissors.*

The effective preacher always aims to hit the man who sits in the next pew. His church is always crowded and he is very popular with his congregation.—*Chicago Sun.*

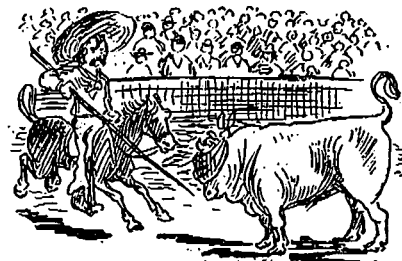
A Chicago woman is suing for a divorce from two husbands at the same time. She finds it impossible to boss around any more than four with any degree of success.—*Burlington Free Press.*

When a young man lays siege to a young lady and insists upon her becoming his wife, she cannot but confess that he is "a man after her own heart," however heartless she may appear.—*Chicago Sun.*

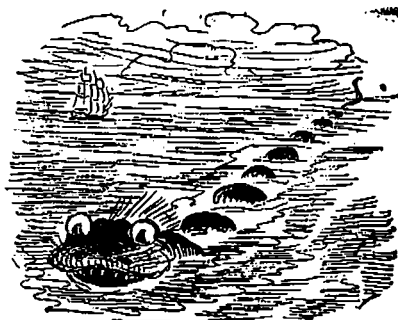


Among those people whom it will most surprise to learn that the Indian uprising in the North-west has subsided will be the Indians themselves. To prepare them for the intelligence it should first have been told them that there was "an uprising." It is wrong to trifle with the finer feelings of Indians even.

A fashion journal has an article headed "How to make a match safe." It seems to me that, in view of the number of titular frands and bold bad bigamists travelling around, the problem with manoeuvring mothers and marriageable maidens is rather, "How to make a safe match."



That bull-baiting should follow champion slugging bouts in the States, is one of the most natural things imaginable; although it is not exactly clear how it came to pass that a town in Kansas was the scene of the initial bull-fight of the season, when Chicago could put in such unexceptionable claims to that honor. The Kansas bulls, it appears, didn't fight very well, but it is quite within reason to presume that the cow-boys who managed the affair made up for any little deficiencies in this line. America is growing in civilization, culture and refinement, and the day cannot be far distant when our free people will be privileged to witness public executions considerably arranged to take place on circus days and other occasions of national importance.



The sea-serpent season has opened somewhat late this year, owing, doubtless, to the increased growth of prohibition sentiment along the coast. The most attractive sample of sea-serpent story as yet to hand, is dated Boston, so that nobody will be prepared to question the truth of it. I only read the heading of the article, fancying that it might be a patent medicine testimonial in disguise; and as I had already that day read in the *Globe* several annexation editorials in disguise, I hesitated about digesting any more disguised literature. But I have no doubt it was a good and truthful account of the sea-serpent, if the fact that no contradiction of it has appeared from or on behalf of the sea-serpent, count for anything. I never saw the sea-serpent myself, but I must own up to knowing several persons who have, my only plea being that a journalist cannot always pick his acquaintances.

I never wrote a paragraph in reference to a remark that Sir Charles Tupper was always careful of his skin. I said that there was hardly a Cabinet Minister in the world who did not show himself careful of his kin. But of course the thoughtful printer set it up "skin," and as I was not on hand to stop the press and chase the thoughtful printer into some distant swamp, the world lost a brilliant *bon mot*. However, I vowed I would seize the earliest opportunity and repair the damage occasioned, and I have it now in the circumstance that Sir John Macdonald has appointed his nephew to a responsible and lucrative—especially lucrative—position in one of the departments at the capital. This awful instance of depravity is being displayed in all its hideousness by the able *Globe* correspondent whose party never did anything like it when they had the chance. From many people who read of the appointment a sigh will escape at the reflection that—they do not happen to be Sir John's nephew.

In opening Grimsby Camp Meeting—the reader has doubtless heard of a camp-meeting—a speaker was introduced to the gathering whose address, according to one of the newspapers, "was ostensibly a defence of the doctrine of entire sanctification, but in reality a tirade against the churches, and the ministers. He caricatured the D.D.s and the ministerial clouttonists most severely to the evident satisfaction and amusement of the Army. He had decided about three weeks ago to separate from the churches and make the Salvation people his people. He condemned the Church for not giving prominence to the doctrine of holiness." All this is said to have been done in the interest of the Salvation Army, although it appears somewhat difficult to comprehend precisely how this procedure is going to advance the cause of that formidable military *mélange*. The churches and ministers seem to have struggled along pretty fairly for a considerable time, notwithstanding all that this critical Salvation soldier has to say against them; and even with the Army on the scene no very positive signs of their disbandment and dissolution are reported in the papers.

My own impression is that if this army advocate had devoted himself on the camp grounds to building fires and carrying water, instead of abusing the churches and ministers, he would have earned more respect for his troops, not to mention claim to his supper and a blanket in one of the back tents.



Well—aw—to begin at home, I see the Salvation Army weddings aye going ahead at a gweat wate,—aw—and I also see that my friend, the—aw—World, is gweatly excheised thewat. He—aw—seems to think this benedictow pwocess will pwove disastwous to the intehwest of the Army. Faw my poht—aw—I cawn't see how mahwiage in these cases is going to pwove any moah disastwous than—aw—it genewally is; than—aw—it might—aw—pwove—to—aw—the World, faw instance. Aw—my opinion is that the fellahs who win this shmy concehn, awe moah shwewd than othewise; aw—this wedding blow-out is one of theiw stwong cahds—aw—among that class. They know that in the wegulah army in England, the wistwiction of mahwiage is a gweat dwawback to enlistment, and the encowagement of that ancient cewemony in theiw wanks—aw—of cawse, must—aw—have the opposite—aw—effect—ya—as indeed—might as well make the best of both wohlds as—aw—the saying is. No, I cawn't blame 'em either, by jawve! I don't.

Aw—so the Alsatian students have tohr down the Gehman flag at the Hotel Continental in Pawee. Well—aw—of cawse, they were dwunk—students always awe dwunk—aw—with something or othew, when such things happen. And the Fwench police—aw—usually on hand—weah too late to—aw—pwevent it—aw—you see! This is, I believe, the—aw—fihst time, but I wathaw think it won't be the last. The hatwed of the Alsations to the Gehmans is only equalled in intensity by their love of *la Belle France*. They look upon them as—aw—the wobwaws of theiw country. The genius of the Alsations is anti-Gehman and wholly Fwench, and befoah we are all dead and bewied Gehmany will find herself in the position of a hen on the banks of a pond, frantic to see the Alsatian ducks sailing away beyond her weach. Ya—as, by jawve—and moah powaw to 'em as Paddy says.

Ya—as—fact—its nothing but "kettle," "pot," "pot," "kettle"—aw—fwom beginning to end—aw—by the time the commission is ended. The buhning question to decide will be who's—aw—blackest—aw—afaw that. I suppose whitewashing will be in ohdaw, and then we'll all sing:

"Tho' ye have lain among the pots,
Like doves ye shall appear;
Whose wings with silver, and with—aw—gold,
Whose feathers covawed are."—aw.

Aw—ya—as—by jawve—too bad—Sir John scawed one on that first point—aw—that's a fact. Sowly faw Mowat—aw—ya—as, indeed. As usual the *Mail* woostw is on top of the—aw—what d'ye call it, and for some time to come we may expect to hear no end of—aw—coek-a-doodle-dos—aw—Mowat's lost his shoes, or something to—aw—that effect.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY

OF A TORY POLITICAL PICNIC SPEECH.

I am the wreck of a Tory Political Picnic Speech. I first saw the light during the period when the Conservative party recognized in the political picnic a chance of saving the country, and having themselves spend the money coming into it.

I was a very healthy and promising—to pay—youngster.

My head was large when the Tory papers first took an interest in me, and I am free to confess that efforts to reduce it in size, what-over the attempt to alter it in shape, have all along been wanting.

At first among my most prominent phrenological developments were:—"Magnificent Ovation to the Conservative Chieftain;" "Scathing *expose* of Grit Extravagance, Recklessness and Jobbery;" "Caustic Criticism of the Woeful Blundering of the Ottawa Intriguers;" "a Broadside of Splintering Truths poured into the Old Reform Hulk with Telling Effect;" "Facts and Figures Pregnant with Food Thought for the Canadian People;" "Grit Lies Neatly Nailed and Falsifications Cleverly Laid Bare;" "Widespread Enthusiasm Unmistakably Manifested in the Conservative Cause;" "The Doom of Incapable Government already being Clearly Sounded."

My body, to all appearance, justified the sanguine hopes my head was calculated to inspire. It was about ten columns wide, and long in proportion—too long, as I often heard



it said by country editors and subscribers to the *Weekly Mail*, who were partial to Indian stories rather than politics.

I was remarkably robust,—a not unnatural thing in view of the imagination of my progenitors, and the strength of their platform language.

My arms were long, but I found their length useful in embracing so many different objects, and keeping my diversified playthings all nicely together.

My hands were never clean. But anyone who knows my nature and habits will not wonder at this. You see I never could be kept from lying about—the Reform party.

I was also singularly given to stretching. Nor was it any trouble for me to turn most daring somersaults.

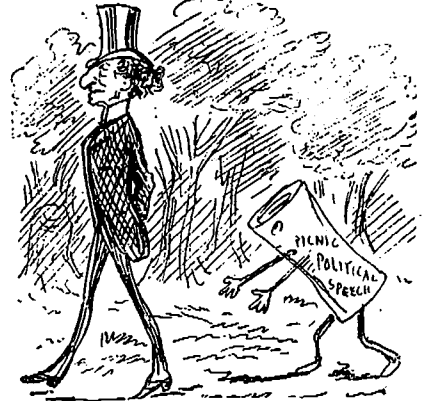
In fact my circus feats actually included an ability, young and all as I was, to jump up and swallow myself on certain favorable occasions.

It is a good thing I was endowed with long legs, for I've had to travel frightful journeys through life, and often make use of these self-same limbs to save my precious body from hurt.

One day, for example, I would be let out at a picnic when nearly everybody was enjoying fun, and paying no attention what-over to me.

Some reporter would catch hold of me finally, and the next day I would find myself occupying a very prominent place in the Tory press, and with different portions of my clothes scattered about on the editorial page until I used to feel positively abashed at the shameless parade that was being made of me.

A short time afterward I would be dressed up in a "supplement" suit and sent away off to the backwoods, where people would admire the enterprise of their local editor in bringing me out for their edification at his own expense, while the local editor on his part would send down \$5 to the city publisher who had sent me up, and then charge the Conservative Association of his riding \$50 to square the account.



The next thing probably that would happen me would be capture by a subordinate stump speaker, who went through the townships displaying me before yeoman audiences as his own offspring, and making me feel ready to die at the foolish, frantic, and frivolous style in which he trotted me about.

This same fellow would maybe show me in the same way, under the same guise, and to about the same audiences right through a whole division of an electoral district. My! my!! I shall never forget all the indignities of this nature I had to endure while doing duty in the agricultural communities *chaperoned* by frothy funkeys, some of whom are now License Inspectors under the McCarthy Act, underlings at the Ottawa offices, mail clerks, and filling various other positions more ornamental than useful.

Eventually I found my way into the presence of a gentleman who was known as the Party Pamphleteer, and emerged from his office in an entirely new and becoming shape—so changed, in fact, that the reporter who had first given me a shove into the wide world would scarcely have recognized me. My hair was neatly shorn and curled into crisp, kinky curls. My dress was made out of choice print material, cheque pattern—the cheque was a pretty large one, if I remember aright. It was spread out in the latest style; the figured trimmings rearranged and amplified, and the "hear! hear!" flourishes let out.

One thing I remember most distinctly about the dress was the large amount of insertion in it. A bewildering array of illusion was also employed to give it effect.

In this grand attire I sported throughout the length and breadth of the land, getting free passes through the post office among the other privileges enjoyed, and mingling with all classes of the community.

But my gaieties were not of long duration. My parents succeeded to power and soon ignored my existence. Constant travelling served to wear off the shine of my garb, and to-day I am slowly but surely wasting away in a city barber shop.

The old folks do not like to hear my name mentioned; indeed, I am informed they have new progeny, like me in appearance but

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THE WEST ONTARIO MATCH-MAKING.

Farmer Blake.—I WOULD NOT COERCE YOU, MY DAUGHTER, BUT IF YOU LOVE YOUR FATHER YOU'LL TAKE THIS NICE YOUNG CITY MAN.

altogether different in character and instincts, upon which they are lavishing all their attention.

The one who remembers me best is my Pamphleteer friend, who never tires letting the Government know, by means of regularly despatched printing accounts, that he once had the bringing up, or at least out, of me and my favorite cousins.

I was going to get my friend, the Grit Politician Picnic Speech, to write his autobiography and present the two of them together. But on reading mine he assures me that his experiences have been so precisely similar to those I narrate, names and dates and a few other things transposed or slightly altered, that an autobiography from his pen would only be a dreary repetition of this one.

Rev. J. G. Calder, Baptist minister, Petrolia, says:—"I know many persons who have worn Notman's Pads with the most gratifying results. I would say to all suffering from bilious complaints or dyspepsia: Buy a pad, put it on and wear it, and you will enjoy great benefits." Hundreds of others bear similar testimony. Send to 120 King St. East for a pad or treatise.

"Has Vulcan Left the Skies?" is the title of a scientific article in an exchange. We understand that Vulcan is guilty of forging, and it may be that he has left the skies for Canada.—*Norristown Herald*.

It is no wonder that the confidence men succeed so well in New York. They are about the only race of people in that city who act as if they cared a straw whether a stranger lives or dies.—*Philadelphia Call*.

Miss Blanche Howard, of Boston, admits that she wrote "One Summer." So will we, so will we. In fact we will admit having written several summers and winters also, if we are pressed to the point.—*Texas Siftings*.

During a performance of Hamlet in St. Louis there were loud cries for the author, and the manager telegraphed all over the city to find out if William Shakespeare lived there. At least the *Philadelphia Call* says so.

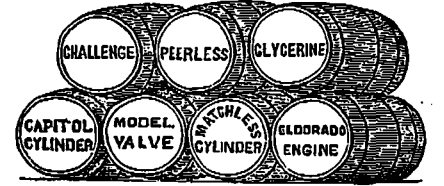
A little four-year-old said to his mother last week, "Mother, I believe God thinks I'm dead." "Why?" asked his mother, somewhat astonished at the remark. "'Cause I haven't said my prayers for a week."—*Denver Tribune*.

"Ma," said a Somerville girl, with a weary air, as she listlessly moved her needles, "I don't think I will knit any more on this stocking at present; I am tired." "You just knit away, Katie," replied the matron, with a severe air; "you knit as fast as you can. This is a Democrat household, this is, I want you to understand, and the you knit rule prevails here.—*Somerville Journal*.

A Frenchman met an English soldier with a Waterloo medal, and cast reproaches on the English Government for bestowing such a trifle, remarking that it would scarcely cost three francs. "That may be true," replied the hero, "but then it cost the French Government a Napoleon."

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