



**THE BREAK DOWN OF THE TORY PLATFORM.**

(ARE WE TO LOOK UPON THE MURRAY CANAL ACCIDENT AS A POLITICAL PROPHECY?)

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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\* GRIP \*

# CHINA HALL.

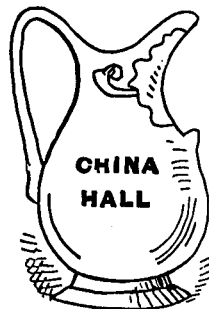
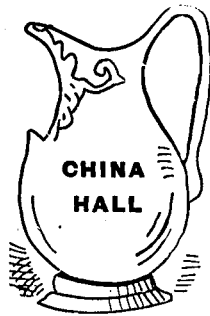
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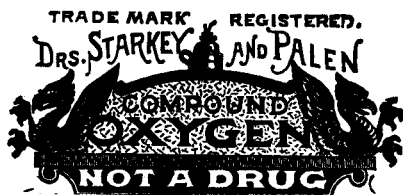
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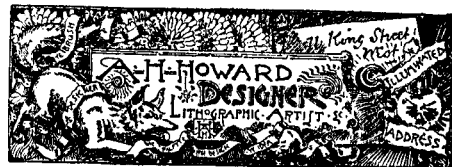
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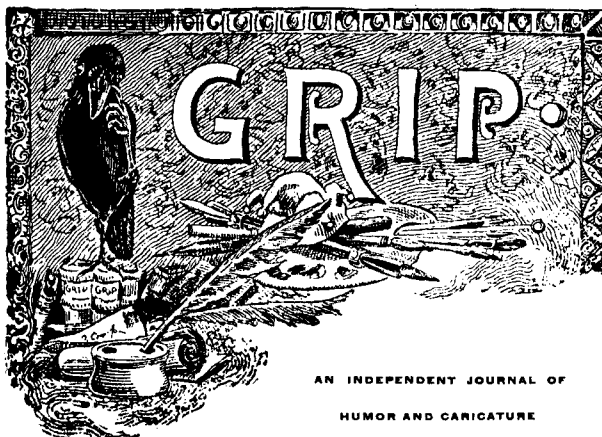
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J. W. BENGOUGH . . . . . EDITOR.

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

**NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.**

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

**Comments on the Cartoons.**



**POLITICIANS, GET FROM UNDER!**—With the race of politicians courtesy, privilege and favor are measured by a well-recognized standard—political influence—votes. The man who can control two ballots will receive just twice as much consideration in high quarters as the man who can only control one; and the church which is so constituted that it can be transformed in a moment from a spiritual organization to a political weapon, controlling the solid vote of thousands of electors, naturally commands more deference than its neighbour which is not so constituted. This is precisely why the Roman Catholic Church gets more attention and more political favors in this country than the Society of Friends. If that Society asked for Separate Schools, etc., etc., etc., however necessary it might think them, the Government of the day, whether Grit or Tory, would laugh it to scorn. The corporate vote is the thing that inspires respect—aside altogether from the question of right or wrong. The demand now made pretty widely is that politicians of both parties shall cease to tremble at the Catholic vote, and that the Catholic Church as such shall cease to assert undue claims because of it, and be content to stand on a level as to rights and privileges with the other churches. This demand can be made consistently with the utmost respect for that Church as a spiritual body. For religion in any proper sense of the term, has "nothing to do with the case."

**THE AMBITIOUS JACKDAW.**—In one of his interesting Moral Stories, Mr. Æsop tells of a Jackdaw who, seeing an Eagle carry off a lamb with elegance and ease, deemed that there was nothing to prevent *him* from carrying off a sheep. Acting upon this conclusion he fixed his talons in the wool of a desirable animal, and endeavored to soar away. This part of the performance, however, proved a disheartening failure. The artist suggests this absurd fable as an illustration of the *Mail's* present endeavor to capture the Prohibition vote.

**THE BREAKDOWN OF THE PLATFORM.**—During the great Conservative open-air meeting at the Murray Canal last week, the platform upon which the speakers—Cabinet ministers—were assembled,

gave way with a crash, causing considerable excitement. This incident is regarded as ominous for Tory chances in the forthcoming campaign, as it is well-known that the principal planks upon which the Government proposes to stand, are worm-eaten with age.

**THE INDEPENDENT DOG.**—The *Globe* is exceedingly anxious that the *Mail* should demonstrate its independence, and as a means of so doing, suggests that it should give the public an article on the blind-share scandal. The *Mail* scorns to take the hint.

**ORAL EXAMINATION IN LAW.**

*Examiner.*—Suppose you found a \$100 bill, how would you reconcile your conscience to keeping it?

*Student:* (without pausing for breath). The man who could lose a hundred dollars didn't deserve to have it; I wouldn't lose it; "Down with monopoly"; if I returned it he might lose it again; some dishonest person might find it; I need the money more than the loser; so does my Tailor; "This is an answer to prayer"; he might use it badly; I would spend it better; "*Virtue is its own reward.*"

*Examiner.*—What arguments would you use in order to reconcile you to returning it?

*Student.*—"Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, "The owner might have seen me pick it up; he might be bigger than I and able to run faster; "The Devil takes care of his own," therefore the man who lost the money was a good man; I might spend it and get found out afterwards; my creditors would get it anyway; The owner might suicide with grief; I would be his murderer; "Honesty is the best policy." "Wealth does not bring happiness" "Easy come easy go."

*Examiner.*—You have passed a very successful examination sir, and I congratulate you on your success; you are now one of us and I trust you will soon get an estate to manage. You will one day be wealthy.

R. A. W.



**"GENERAL REJOICING."**

*Soldier.*—God bless you, sir; if it hadn't been for the Army, I would ha' been a miserable outcast yet! Now I'm the happiest man in the place!

*[And this is what Gen. Booth hears wherever he goes. Where is the next general who has done as much for his country?]*

FLIPKINS was passing along the streets, and saw a trunk outside the door of a dealer, bearing the legend, "This size for \$10." "So do I," said Flipkins.

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**Past and Present;**

OR, THE OLD SCOTCH LAIRD'S COMPLAINT.

PART I.

THE PAST.

AH, things are changed ! ay, changed indeed !  
 A blight's come owre us a' ;  
 Oor manners and oor very creed  
 Are passing swift awa' .  
 Ance Scotlan' was the nurse o' men,—  
 O' big and buirdly chieils ;  
 And there were strappin' hizzies then,  
 Wi' smeddum in their heels.

For there were nae pianos then,  
 To deave us wi' their din ;  
 Nor novels then when men were men  
 That dashed through thiek and thin.  
 And in this new progressive day  
 We're deluged owre wi' print ;  
 And I'm but lauch'd at when I say—  
 I see nae guid that's in't.

Your very weans gang a' to brains,  
 It puzzles me to ken  
 Gin they be weans, or the remains  
 O' some auld ancient men ;  
 And ev'ry sentimental hash  
 Each hanless stipit creature,  
 Lord ! hoo he'll spout sic silly trash,  
 About the joys o' nature.

E'en in their ballads noo-a-days  
 They tear a' sense to tatters,  
 A' aboot bowers, and bonny flowers,  
 And waving wuds and waters.  
 And for oor manly auld Scotch joys  
 Ye think ye rise abune them ;  
 While ye resort to silly ploys  
 That hae nae gumption in them.

Hoo blithely many a merry morn  
 Ere yet the sun awoke,  
 We started at the tout o' horn  
 To draw the sturdy brock,  
 And a' was then wi' dugs and men  
 A helter-skelter hurry,  
 And in the glen frae en' to en',  
 Lord ! what a gurry-worry—

And nocht was seen but bleezin e'en,  
 Sharp teeth and hairy lugs,  
 'Mid ae lang growl frae morn to e'en,  
 Frae angry brocks and dugs ;  
 And oh amid the wild hurrah !  
 Wi' pluck and smeddum rife,  
 Warena sic moments weel worth a'  
 Your silly humdrum life ?

I've seen ere yet the run was up,  
 Aboon Benlmond's brou,  
 Full twenty Lairds wi' spur and whup  
 Come riding into view.  
 But noo-a-days, in oor changed ways,  
 I've even met wi' folk,  
 Wha'd even plead, ah, yes indeed !  
 For mercy to a brock : \*

The day wound up wi' drink galore,  
 The like ye never saw ;  
 We mony a time kept up the splore  
 Until the day did daw ;  
 That would be deeviltry wi' you  
 Hoo nicely things ye minch !  
 And if an honest man gets fu'  
 He must be cut at ance :

Ye haena whisky ! noo-a-days  
 Your drink micht staw a brock ;  
 But oors was brewed among the braes !  
 And fit for honest folk :—  
 The real peat reek—and nae man's foe !  
 And I would wad a groat  
 There wasna a sair heid I trow  
 In fifty gallons o't—

Oh man it did a fallow guid !  
 And made him fit for ocht,  
 Inspired his sowle, and fired his bluid,  
 And through sheer love we foucht !  
 And at sic merry drinking bouts,  
 If an insult was gi'en,  
 We ne'er ava ran seeking law,  
 But foucht it on the green.

At mony a pitch fecht too I've been,  
 I've even held the stakes,  
 And mony a swankie chiel I've seen  
 Baith gie, and get, his paiks.  
 Is't ony wonder I complain  
 That folk hae changed their ways ;  
 Guid fallowship is deed and gane,  
 In their degenerate days ;

The glory o' the Kirk and State  
 Is noddin' to its fa' ;  
 The very things that made them great  
 Are passing swift awa'.

ALEXANDER MCLACHLAN.

**THE JUNIOR PICKWICKIANS ;**

AND THEIR MEMORABLE TRIP TO NORTH AMERICA.

CHAP. XVIII.

THE "guard," as they all persisted in calling the conductor, of the train they had left, on being asked for his advice, had recommended them to try the Parliament Hotel, and, entering a bus, to that house they were driven accordingly, and were much pleased with its clean, well-managed appearance, which augured well, Mr. Bramley remarked, for their comfort and well being. "You are anxious, my dear Crinkle, to see the River Ottawa and hear the boatmen's songs ; if I remember right, Moore mentions the evening as being the time when he heard them—"

"Yes, yes," said Crinkle, eagerly,

"Softly as falls the evening's chime,"

you are right, Bramley, and

"The daylight is past, you know."

"Well, then," continued the other, "what I want to say is that we will all go down to the banks after dinner or tea or whatever meal they have here in the evening, and I sincerely trust we shall be gratified by hearing a genuine Canadian boat song. Till then we will take a stroll round town and have a look at the Parliament buildings which I believe are the principal objects of interest here."

"I expect they will look pretty cheap after Westminster," said Yubbits.

"Hush ! hush ! remember *Punch*, Yubbits," remonstrated Bramley.

"Oh ! *Punch* be hanged ; I'm sick of hearing about it," said Yubbits, angrily.

"Oh ! Yubbits, surely you can't mean what you say," exclaimed Coddleby, horrified. "If we express ourselves in such language about such matters, how can we be surprised when foreigners do the same. For shame, Yubbits," and he seemed very much hurt.

\* "Weel, that's queer enough !—But since ye take his part deil a tyke shall meddle wi' him mair in my day. We'll e'en mark him and ca' him the captain's brock. But Lord save us a' ; to care about a brock !"

"Oh! well, then; don't be always twitting a fellow about little things," responded Yubbits. "There, *Punch* needn't be hanged, then; will that satisfy you?"

"Quite," replied Coddleby, and harmony was restored.

"Now I propose," said Mr. Bramley, "that we start off with as little delay as possible and see what there is to be seen of this place. Yubbits, pray try and keep your feelings somewhat under control; we have a mission before us, and the eyes of a large portion of the world are upon us."

Mr. Yubbits said nothing in reply to this, but merely stated that he was ready to go and "do" Ottawa as he termed it.

Having debated for a length of time the propriety of employing a guide, our friends consulted the urbane clerk of the hotel who highly recommended one Monsieur O'Brallaghan, a gentleman who for several years had acted in that capacity, and whose intimate acquaintance with the young gentlemen of the great Parliamentary buildings guaranteed him a favorable reception under all circumstances and at all times. It may be mentioned that the city of Ottawa, the metropolis of the great Dominion, is a suburb of the immense palatial structure known as the Parliament Buildings. The upper town differs from the lower in being more British and on the other side of the canal. The natives are known as "shiners," and the lower town is the happy possessor of a motly population, an unromantic market house, several third-class hotels and a very Bendamere of pellucid water known as the By-wash. The area of the whole city is about two square miles, in reality; in fiction founded on the hopes of those who made it a capital, at least-twenty-five. Its position may be discovered on any respectable map by a due regard for latitude, longitude and assiduous research.

It is an established evidence of that great foresight so characteristic of the British mind, that By-town was transformed into Ottawa and created a metropolis, for it may be fearlessly asserted that had such not been the case some other place would have been so dignified; perhaps Toronto; possibly Cayuga, with remote chances in favor of Orangeville. One great peculiarity is that the population is fluctuating and depends entirely on the number of office-seekers who cannot find an outlet for their ideal great ability, which class abounds in Canada, even surpassing their brotherhood in the model Republic. Living is cheap here, as boarding-house keepers are so well accustomed to run-away guests, that a person able to pay in advance receives the best of accommodation tintured with heart-felt gratitude. Lumber and legitimate ability are the chief productions of this wonderful city, and it also affords an excellent school for self-denial on the part of those whom the Queen delighteth to honor with a salary of \$50,000 a year, and the prospect of being embalmed in a few lines by the future Dominion historian.

This brief but reliable description of the city being concluded we will now return to our friends, who are in the meantime awaiting the appearance of their guide.

Toussaint L'Ouverture O'Brallaghan was a gentleman of mingled Irish and French ancestry, and possessed in a great degree the characteristics of these two great people: good-natured and witty, polite and self-esteeming, he was a universal favourite. In physical attainments he was of the five feet four style of architecture; slim, dark-haired, his locks clustering about his neck, his moustache of the same hue carefully combed and waxed, with imperial *à la* Napoleon III.; small hands and feet encased in the newest styles of gloves and boots; faultless dress and complete self-possession made him the very *beau ideal* of

a guide, and even the fastidious and exacting Bramley acknowledged him quite an acquisition, and as he entered the office in obedience to the clerk's summons he stood revealed every inch a man; his bow would have done honor to the days of Versailles, and his "I have the honor to await your orders, gentlemen;" won for him at once the good-will of our friends, who expressed their desire to visit the Parliament Buildings and other metropolitan objects of interest. This statement was briefly completed by the clerk's explanation that they were gentlemen of means and leisure, who, combining pleasure with profit, were making the grand tour, with the ultimate design of giving to the world their impressions of men, manners and things in general as existing in the new world.

Mr. O'Brallaghan bowed and devoted himself entirely to their interests; expressed himself in the choicest terms, lamented in self-depreciation his inability to do justice to the extent of his desire and lived in the hope that his humble exertions would meet with the approbation of the gentlemen who did him the great honor of placing confidence in his knowledge and ability. The terms being settled, and a vehicle provided, in a few moments the entire party stood at the entrance to the beautiful grounds, wrapt for a few moments in speechless admiration of the magnificent structure. Coddleby was loud in its praise, compared it with the Parthenon, the Colliseum, the Escorial, the Alhambra, the Luxembourg, the Mosque of Omar, the Kremlin, and the buildings in Westminster. "Behold," said he, "the exquisite combination of the Doric and Ionic: yonder see the Corinthian and the Gothic, struggling as it were for pre-eminence: the Etruscan there, in magnificent contrast to the Gothic, and the composite here mellowing as it were, while, in a way, coquetting with the Arabesque. Talk of Sans Souci, Fontainebleau, the Pratz, and Chatsworth! Even Vauxhall, Cremorne or Kew!" The note books of of the others rescued from oblivion the remarks of the speaker, and the guide clasped his hands and lifted his eyes in mute but eloquent acquiescence.

They passed into the spacious halls: critically examined the magnificent picture gallery; the extensive library; the awe inspiring senate chamber; the majestic throne, and all the paraphernalia of a responsible government, viewed in the abstract. The different departments were in turn visited, and the numerous little cabin like rookeries in which embryo patriots and statesmen whiled away their time in reading the newspapers, magazines and very lightest literature of the day, varied by nearly an average, per diem, of one and a half hour's work, attracted a fair share of attention. They were courteously received, and were gratified to overhear themselves called distinguished visitors, literary men, scientists and so forth. The demeanor of the younger clerks was especially flattering and each of our friends in turn timely checked the impulse to distribute shillings and half-crowns among them; but these youths know a thing or two in Ottawa; their eyes have beheld royalty its self, and many of them treasure in their hearts the recollection of the few words vouchsafed to them by the grandees of the old world, who have done Canada the high honor of devoting a few of the hours of their precious lives and time to making it happy.

On leaving the buildings Bramley expressed his great satisfaction with the visit, and, addressing the guide said,

"I suppose the good people of this country greatly admire this magnificent pile. Is it not so?"

The dapper little gentleman assented,

"But, sir," said he, "there are here as elsewhere envious persons, and there are men, aye, sir, and newspaper men at that who say that our government departments and even our senate are merely hospitals for very lame ducks."

"Ah!" said Yubbits, "I see; a kind of Chelsea or Greenwich for worn-out pensioners."

"Exactly so," replied O'Brallaghan. "And, sir, they do not sufficiently admire the etiquette of our government which is modelled in rule and costume on that of la grand monarque whom my ancestor, pardon me for saying it, had the high honor to serve as chief valet of the imperial chamber." The words, the attitude, the gestures were exquisite, and Yubbits experienced a higher degree of respect for the diminutive embodiment of propriety.

"In one word," said Bramley, "the buildings are superb."

Yubbits, slightly sarcastic at all times, could not let the opportunity slip.

"Oh! very fair, very fair indeed, Bramley," he said, "but I do not see any reason for being so rhapsodical; in my mind there are finer structures, even in England, and after all the country is only a colony and the people nothing but colonists. This is a colonial building; we have seen royal and imperial ones."

Bramley gravely observed, "Yubbits, do you consider yourself a judge of architecture?"

"Undoubtedly," was the reply, "but I can't climb into the clouds as you do."

"No," said Coddleby, seeing that Bramley was displeased and coming to his friend's rescue: "your forte is of the projective kind; fracturing cabin door-panels and so forth."

Yubbits took the sarcasm good-humoredly and clapping Bramley on the back said, "Never mind, old fellow: let bygones be bygones." Isn't it about time to be getting back? I'm deucedly hungry." In this all expressed their acquiescence and before long they found themselves at the hotel, where, before entering the door they were amused by the expression of a slight difference of opinion between Mr. O'Brallaghan and the Jehu on the subject of fare. As is usual with that class of gentry, the latter demanded three times the amount specified on the tariff card, but he expostulated in vain; his expletives had no effect on the well-trained suavity of Mr. O'Brallaghan, whose final threats of an interview with the magistrate subdued the loud tones into low mutterings, and a reluctant acceptance of the legal tender. In explanation the guide said, "gentlemen, the rule is in general with cabbies, deduct one-half; in Toronto two-thirds, at Hamilton never pay till there is a policeman in view; at Niagara Falls, should you visit there, tender one-eighth of the amount asked."

Thanking and liberally rewarding their escort, our friends entered the hotel and soon were engaged in the pleasing task of corroborating the universal idea that an Englishman knows how to deal with his supper.

*(To be continued.)*

**WHAT THEY SAY IN ENGLAND.**

"GRIP is better than ever," an enthusiastic Canadian remarked to me this week. And certainly, as I ran over the pages of the number just to hand, I was strongly disposed to endorse his opinion.—*Anglo-Canadian, in London Edition of Toronto Globe, Sept. 18.*

**THE MODERN BARNEY BUNTLINE.**



ELL, Bill, my boy, I reckon as we're going to have a storm;  
Some one prophesied the coming of a gale,  
So we'll get into the fo'castle and keep us snug  
and warm,  
While Wiggins is a-wagging of his tail.

Sailors' dangers are just doubled since he first began to blow,  
And he blows a spout as big as any whale;  
And it makes it most unpleasant when to sea you have to go  
While Wiggins is a-wagging of his tail.

When its only in an almanac it don't do so much harm,  
'Cos they're limited to wind or rain or hail;  
But a special storm prediction causes seamen much alarm  
While Wiggins is a-wagging of his tail.

Now I don't raise no objection to an earthquake shock or two,  
Though it makes so many land-lubbers grow pale,  
For it really doesn't bother us if niggers do turn blue  
While Wiggins is a-wagging of his tail.

Nor a cyclone doesn't matter if it blows away a town  
And clears off lots of prangermen wholesale;  
But it's hard to hear it prophesied your ship's a-going down  
While Wiggins is a-wagging of his tail.

I can stand them big eruptions from volcanoes not quite out,  
With the lava and the gases they exhale;  
But it isn't nice to read as how your boat is like to bout  
While Wiggins is a-wagging of his tail.

Though I don't believe exactly as these prophets know as much  
As they pretend; predictions often fail;  
But a fellow can't help thinking of his wife and kids and such  
While Wiggins is a-wagging of his tail.

Why, Bill, look out! the sky's all clear! let's get upon the deck,  
Weather prophets all be hanged! fetch up a pail;  
For we may as well look tidy if we're going to be a wreck  
While Wiggins is a-wagging of his tail.



"STONE WIGGINS!"

JUST WHAT THE CHARLESTON DARKIES FEEL LIKE DOING.

**THE WEATHER PROPHECY'S LAMENT.**

If we "prophecy unto them smooth things" someone gets ruffled. When we predict a tempest (and it doesn't blow their way *that week*), they raise a storm on that score. When we send them showers, they don't hail their advent as blessings. A thunderstorm, and it had better have been *mist*. For promising sunshine we are consigned to the shades. Then we go in for something big, tornadoes,

hurricanes, earthquakes; these also must be the c'rect card, if they are no great *shakes*, they promise us a domino, if they're rattlers and bring down the house (and the tower in fact)—or within an *ace* of it—we are to be sent to the *deuce* for it, and, in short, there is nothing of so *little profit* after all our efforts, according to them, as us great prophets, and the next SMALL prediction that doesn't trot up at the time specified, *we get a Wiggin* for it, and are forsooth deemed but a *fire, air, water,* EARTH QUAKE.

### A SYMPHONY IN HARMONY.



WHEN Jones got *dun brown* (through not seeing the colour of Robbingsum's money), he felt himself a sort of *sap green* (not sage) grew *scarlet*, then got *madaer*, *blew* it about like a reg'lar *ultra-marine*, and wanted to pitch him into the *Lake*. To tone down he took a short trip on the C. P. R. (*Sepia*.) He swore you couldn't trust some *purple* with a *red cent* (this after a *moistening* of his tubes with a lemon—and a dash of something stronger of a deep *orange tint*), protested he'd have everything he hadn't *deeply red* in black and

white—and for the future would confide in himself only and keep his business secrets *in violet*. P.S.—This is not to be laid up in LAVENDER but *mauve* on with it.

(EDITORIAL NOTE.)—When the author of the above handed it in he complained of being ill—said he was suffering from nervous exhaustion, and he certainly looked it, poor fellow. He had just written this piece, and yet he attributed his sickness to an entirely different cause!

### JUST SO!

THE *Mail* refers to Mr. Massie as "an official who has the confidence of the Government, and a Presbyterian elder to boot." Judging by the amount of rough usage he has received from the press of late, the idea seems rather prevalent that he *is* a Presbyterian elder to boot.

THE child is born. A golden spoon  
Was ordered for the natal day,  
But then he cries like other kids,  
Because he's Vander-bilt that way.

—Tid Bits.



To the calm, sober, philosophic mind, above all to the jocoserious mind, it is a relief when now and again there occurs a lull in the almost incessant storm of public excitement; when the billows which rose high over the meaning of "independence," and broke in froth over the strange antics of the Salvation Army soldiers, and rolled back in foam over the Rev. "Sam" Jones, quiet down into a peaceful, undisturbed, glassy surface of every-day life. Russia and Bulgaria are of course still at loggerheads, but that does not much concern us. Neither do we care over much how Parnell will steer through the narrow channel made for him by the action of the National League on the one hand and British public opinion on the other. Problems nearer home concern us more.

A drama witnessed in a crowded street-car the other day suggested an unsolved problem. Seated by the side of a portly dame—made more portly by the addition of a gigantic *tournure* (*Anglice*, bustle)—was a slim youth. Standing near was another portly dame, similarly increased in dimensions, but evidently expecting the slim youth to offer her and her encumbrance his seat. Politeness suggested his giving it up. Common sense showed her acceptance of it to be out of the question. Delicacy pointed out that, should he give up, and she refuse the proffered, seat, the cause of the unfortunate predicament would be obvious to the occupants of the car, to the confusion of the encumbrance-bearer. What was to be done? To sit still would be rude. To get up would be perhaps ruder. Ignorant of the squashibility or unsquashibility of such articles, the innocent youth remained where he was, and the abnormally developed dame stood still, painfully conscious of the cause of the misunderstanding. It was a problem. And so long as seats remain at their present dimensions, and dresses increase in size, every car, every edifice, every place devoted to the congregating together of men and women—especially women, will see the rehearsal of similar dramas.

\* \* \*

The same car, strange to say, suggested another problem. In the far corner sat a negress. Her proximity to her sisters of lighter hue brought strongly into prominence the physiognomical differences existing between the Indo-European and African races. Chief among these differences was the very much larger area displayed by the labial protuberances—the lips—of the African maiden. They were enormous—at least so to Aryan eyes they seemed.

\* \* \*

It was not only that the muscular portion was hugely developed, the external and (what may be called) the cutical portion—the portion upon which, had she been a man, the "wool" would have grown; but it was that inner—it can hardly be called that soft, or red, much less tempting—surface that so particularly attracted (no; let me say *distracted*—or, better still, *dys*-tracted, if I may use a Greek affix signifying "painfully"! ) my attention.

\* \* \*

The question which disturbed me was: *Is the pleasure of kissing proportionate to the area kissed?* If so, what a very large amount of exquisite enjoyment has the Indo-European race missed.

\* \* \*

It was a strange thought, one that has haunted me ever since I gazed upon that broad area of kissable surface. To me now every male negro of youthful age is an object of exceeding interest. Is it possible that he, owing to such slight cause as a relatively greater mass of labial tissue, stalks through this universe proudly conscious that to him alone is given the power to extract from that simple and delicious osculatory operation a degree of agreeable sensation not accorded to any other race upon the face of the habitable globe? Envidable fellow-man—for fellow-man I feel thou art despite thy dingy hue, never again will I mock at thy (to me) strange physiognomical peculiarities, for to thee now I know they are a source of delight all unknown to me.

*John*



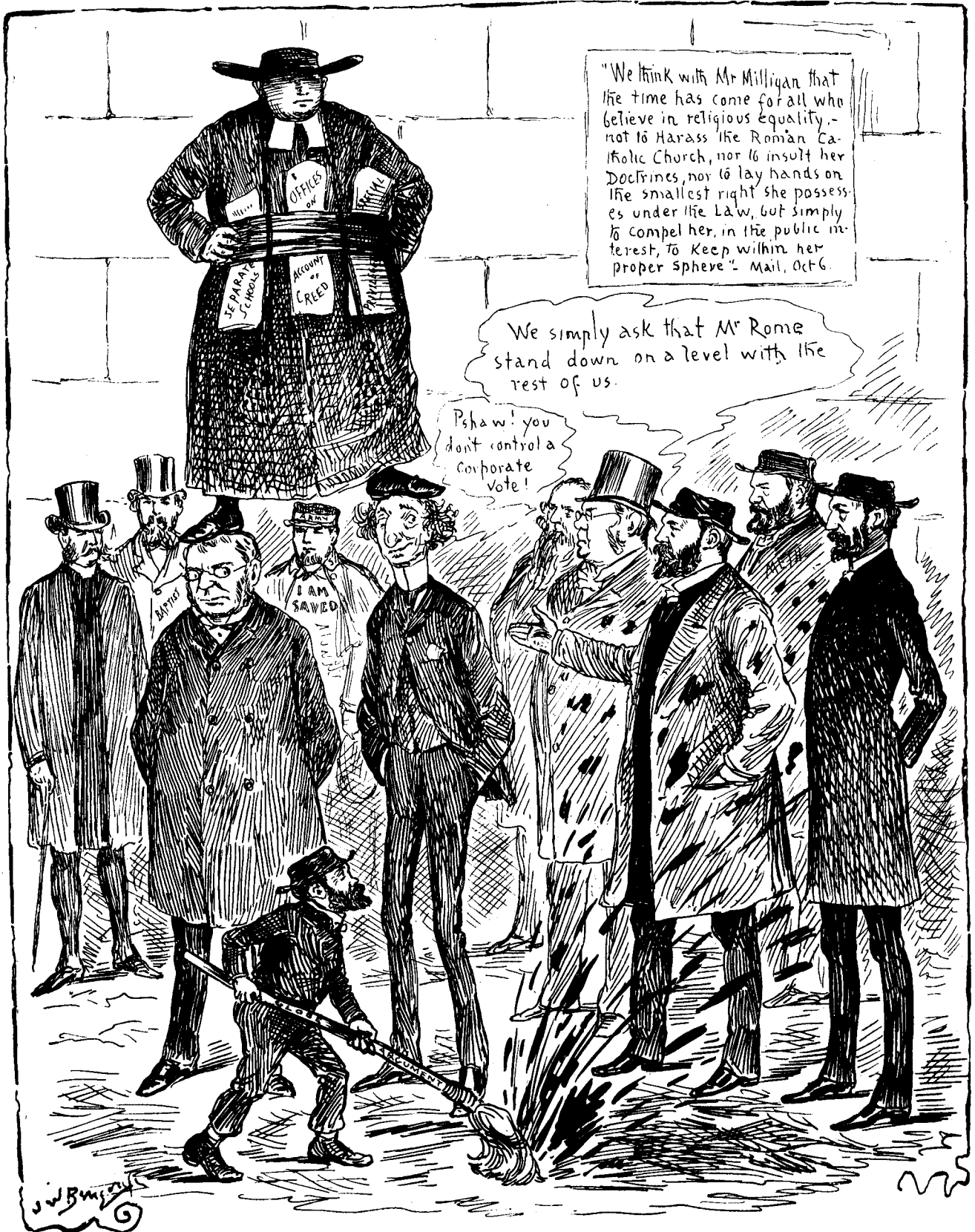
S. Hunter

### THE AMBITIOUS JACKDAW

IN HIS CELEBRATED ATTEMPT TO RIVAL THE EAGLE.

(For particulars consult *Æsop.*)





POLITICIANS, GET FROM UNDER!

**THE LAST ROWS OF SUMMER.**

The air grows damp, the evening breezes chill,  
The fairy summer season all is o'er,  
And Doty's orchestration now is still,  
And closed its slatted, once wide-open door.

We'll hear no more (this year) the piercing shout  
Of the bold man who runs the group of swings;  
We'll see no more the monkeys run about  
With dark Italians tugging at their strings.

The hobby-horse is gone, the peanut man  
And roller-coasters—all is peaceful now;  
We see no flitting, flirting, flouncing fan,  
We hear beneath the trees no whispered vow.

So every day I row me to yon isle,  
Knowing full well the nickels in my clothes  
Are safe from every known extorting wile;  
And these I call my summer's fading rows.

W. H. T.

**STUBBS ON THE WAR PATH.**

I DESIRE briefly to state that I hate and abhor cats. I have a deep-rooted prejudice against them, an inborn hankering after cat's blood, and all the water of the deluge could not quench these murderous fires in my breast. They will burn with raging fury until my hands can spill the blood of the animal I am about to tell you of.

For several days I was aggravated by the presence of a large black cat around my premises. At night he would howl and yell like a score of demons, a steam whistle and an auctioneer combined. It was agony to live within three blocks of that cat. His blasphemy was so horrible that my hair would straighten itself out and raise my head three-inches off the pillow. I am in the habit of wearing a night-cap, but that became useless—couldn't keep it on my head. You may not believe this, but I haven't time to stop and argue the point. One night while the moon was shining with a pale lustre I heard this black howler proclaiming in the back porch, and I decided to go upon a reconnoitering expedition. I softly tip-toed my way down-stairs and into the dining-room, a door from which opened on to the porch. This door I opened noiselessly about an inch and peeped out. There he sat, within two feet of me! I was surprised to think how easily I had approached him, and closed the door again to deliberate a moment as to the best method of annihilating my tormenter. I had not brought any weapon along, not even a boot-jack, and so I decided that my only plan under the circumstances was to open the door suddenly and kick daylight through him, not taking into consideration the nude condition of my feet. I gloated for a few seconds over the sweet vengeance I was going to reap. I imagined the nice semi-circle he would describe into the next lot when my foot lifted him, and it tickled me exceedingly to think of the tableau I was about to witness. Then I lifted the latch, gave the door a jerk and bounded out, making at the same time a double back-action swing with my right foot, and planted it square on the cats—

"Suffering Joseph! Hi, yi! Oh! O-o-o-o! Wh-wh-what in th-u-un-n-der!" It was a small black pot I had attempted to macadamize. The cat was four miles away by that time.

It is now two weeks since this happened. I am still on crutches, and spend my nights watching for that cat, with a 32-calibre bulldog in each hand, and he isn't dead yet

STUBBS.

**LACK OF CONFIDENCE.**

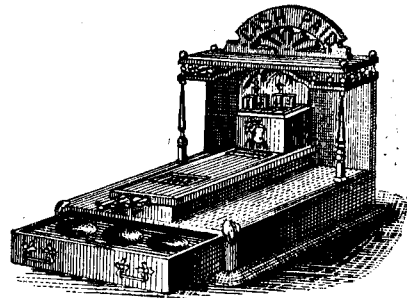
*Gentleman.*—There you are, Uncle Rastus. You just hand that order to Mr. Smith and he will pay you the money.

*Uncle Rastus (scanning the order)*—Am dis a verbul order, sah?

*Gentleman*—No. If I gave you a verbal order he wouldn't pay it.

*Uncle Rastus (relieved)*—Yas, dat's 'zactly wot Mister Smif sayed. He sayed ef I brought a verbul order dat he wudden't pay it. I reckon he hain't got much confidence in yo', sah.

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### Entirely Cured

me, and my appetite and digestion are now perfect.—Fred. G. Bower, 496 Seventh st., South Boston, Mass.

I have, for years, suffered acutely from Dyspepsia, scarcely taking a meal, until within the past few months, without enduring the most distressing pains of Indigestion. My stomach sometimes rejected all food. I became greatly reduced in strength, and very despondent. Satisfied, at last, that my trouble was of a scrofulous nature, I began taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and believe it has saved my life. My appetite and digestion are now good, and my health is perfect.—Oliver T. Adams, Spencer, Ohio. ††

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## A CARD.

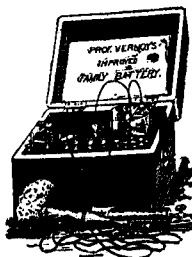
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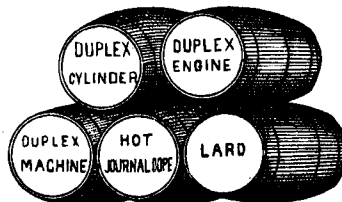
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*He (significantly).*—SOME FOKES LIKES BLUNETTES, BUT GIMME BLARNS EV' TIME.  
*She.*—LOR ! MISTO CULUMBUS, YOU MUS'N BE SO PUS'NAL IN YO' REMARKS.

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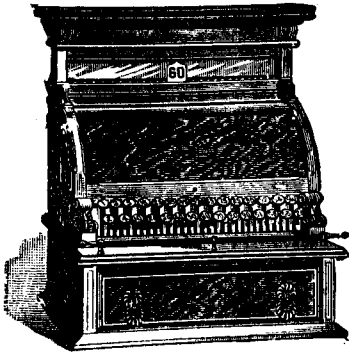
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W. H. Lytell, Mose Jewell.

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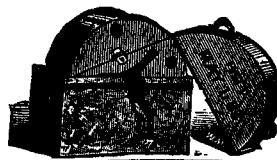
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ON  
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NO HOME IS COMPLETE WITHOUT THE  
EAGLE STEAM WASHER.  
MESSRS. FERRIS & CO.,

DEAR SIRS.—About two years ago I was in Philadelphia, and while there I bought one of your Steam Washers, and brought it home to my wife. She has been using it ever since, and is well pleased with it. It does all you claim for it, and every family should have one, for the saving on clothes every few months would more than pay for the machine.

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Please mention this paper.

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**THEY WERE STERLING.**

"Halloo, Robinson, when did you get back to Toronto? How are things in Stratford? By the way that reminds me that I wanted to see some one from Stratford. You know I have been having very poor health lately, and I have been advised to try Dr. Jug's medicine. Now, I don't believe in patent medicines and before I would try it I thought I would make enquiries from some one who was acquainted with Stratford, if those persons whose names appear to recommendations are known in Stratford. I believe that most of such testimonials are not genuine, and then I am always suspicious of a cure-all, and I see according to the testimonials that people have been cured of a great many different diseases by the use of Dr. Jug's medicine and pills. Now, here is D. Duggan, dry goods merchant, who writes that he has been cured of kidney disease that he had from childhood, and from which he failed to get any relief from eminent doctors in New York, Chicago and other places. Do you know such a person?" "Yes, I know him well, and although I do not know all the facts of the case, no one who knows Mr. Duggan would doubt anything that appeared over his signature." "Well, now here is a testimonial from W. H. Magee in which he says that four bottles of Doctor Jug's medicine completely cured him of a bad attack of bronchitis." "Yes, and that is perfectly true, as he was unable to do any work for six months, and he is entirely cured and says he never felt better in his life." "Well, there is certainly not so many of the testimonials spurious as I had thought, but there is one from E. Hodgins. I should judge from what he writes that he was far gone in consumption, as he says that both of his lungs were partly consolidated. Is it possible that this is true?" "Yes, it is true, every word. There are very few better known men in Stratford than Mr. Hodgins, and I suppose there are hundreds of our citizens who can remember saying of Mr. Hodgins, 'Poor fellow, he is getting worse rapidly he has not long to live,' and there is no doubt that, as he says in his testimonial, Dr. Jug's medicine saved his life." "Well, that is certainly wonderful, but here is a letter from Frank G. Counter, of the firm of Starks & Counter, Cigar Manufacturers, saying that he was cured of one of the worst blood diseases by seven bottles of Dr. Jug's medicine, after failing to get relief from the doctors, although he consulted a number of the most skilled in the country." "This is also perfectly true, and it is almost incredible, the difference there was in Mr. Counter's appearance after he had taken seven bottles." "Well, the Dr. Jug Medicine Co's and their remedies certainly seem to be an exception to the rule, but, how do you account for a medicine curing so many forms of disease." "Well, I am no doctor, but I think I can explain that in a very few words. It is this, blood purifiers like Dr. Jug's medicine and pills strike at the root of these different diseases by purifying the blood. I might also say that those parties whom you have mentioned are only a few of the very many in Stratford who have been cured by Dr. Jug's medicine. There have been thousands of bottles sold in Stratford and surrounding country during the last year or two and now that there has been a company formed under the name of the Dr. Jug Medicine Co's, with headquarters at 68 and 70 Colborne street, Toronto, to manufacture and sell it, I have no doubt that in a short time it will be as well known in all parts of Canada as it is now in Stratford.

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 IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN  
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 celebrated Fluid Beel  
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 stimulants and meat flav-  
 ors, but having all the necessary elements of the beef,  
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MANUFACTURERS OF  
**RUBBER BOOTS AND SHOES, RUBBER**  
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ANOTHER VICTORY SCORED.—We have just secured the contract to supply the City of Toronto with 4,000 Feet of our Celebrated Circular Woven PARAGON BRAND OF FIRE HOSE.

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