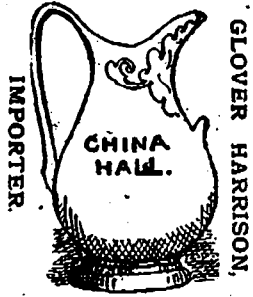


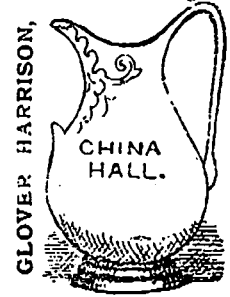
WIRE WORK

ONTARIO WIRE WORKS.
PARTRIDGE & SABISTON. 116 BAY ST., TORONTO.

WIRE CLOTH



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



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

VOLUME XXI.
No. 20.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, NOV. 3, 1883.

\$2 PER ANNUM.
5 CENTS EACH.



"THOU SHALT NOT KILL!"

Photographer, 134 Yonge Street, Toronto.

**THE REMINGTON
STANDARD TYPE WRITER.**

More easily learned, more rapid and accurate in operation, stronger and more durable and more generally used than any other writing machine in the world.

Send for descriptive catalogue to

THOMAS BENGOUGH,
THE SHORTHAND ATHENEUM,
27 King Street West, Toronto.

**JOHNSTON'S
FLUID
BEEF.**

IT STANDS AT THE HEAD.

**THE DOMESTIC
SEWING MACHINE**

A. W. BRAIN, Sole Agent.
Also Repairer of all kinds of Sewing Machines. Needles,
Parts and Attachments for Sale.
98 Yonge St. TORONTO.



1ST GRNT—What find I here
Fair Fortia's counterfeit? What mi-God
Hath come so near creation?
2ND GRNT—It must have been BRUCE, as he e can
so beautifully counterfeit nature.
Studio—118 King Street West.

RAIL COAL--LOWEST RATES--A. & S. NAIRN--TORONTO.

ASBESTOS
I. R. MONTGOMERY
MILL AND ENGINEERS' SUPPLIES, OILS, COTTON WASTE.
73 Adelaide St. W. Toronto
ASBESTOS



AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL
Published by the Grip Printing and Publishing Company
of Toronto. Subscription, \$2.00 per ann. in advance.
All business communications to be addressed to
S. J. MOORE, Manager.

J. W. BENGGOUGH

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.

PLEASE OBSERVE.

Any subscriber wishing his address changed on our
mail list, must, in writing, send us his old as well as new
address. Subscribers wishing to discontinue must also be
particular to send a memo. of present address.

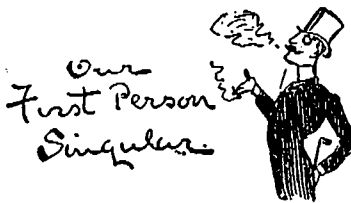
Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—GRIP, who for the past ten years has served the public of Canada by scorching the party leaders, was on the evening of Thursday last scorched himself. In the most mysterious manner a fire broke out at the time indicated, upon the ground floor of our building, and before being discovered the "devouring element" had made a meal of divers and sundry effects stored in that portion of the premises. With an avidity which would do credit to our oldest subscriber, the flames went for our back numbers, and those tomes of light literature were speedily made still lighter. An instant after hearing the alarm the lively fellows of the fire-brigade were on hand, and in fifteen minutes the fire was extinguished, leaving a chaos of charred timber, paper, desks and miscellaneous material instead of the elegant and cosy offices of an hour before. If we make it less hot for our statesmen hereafter, they may thank this brief but chastening experience for it. The business manager asks permission to add, in this connection, that the loss sustained is fully covered by insurance. All the companies concerned, with one exception, chose Mr. Henry Lye, of Cobourg, to act for them in adjusting the claim, and that gentleman has performed his duties with strict regard to the interests of both parties and to the entire satisfaction of all concerned.

FIRST PAGE.—This cartoon is not in any sense fanciful. It is a plain statement in pictorial form of facts which have recently been made public, and it presents one of the most prevalent and hateful forms of human heartlessness. It is simply a disgrace to civilization that manufacturers can be found who are capable of this cruelty of reducing the wages of their employees below the living rate that their profits may be swelled. The explicit curse of Heaven has been declared against those who grind the faces of the poor, and no invective of ours can add to the weight of that

denunciation. We fail to see any real difference between these greedy cormorants and the more vulgar description of murderers.

EIGHTH PAGE.—A few days ago one of the many thousand vagrant untaxed curs which infest this city made a desperate attempt to eat up a little girl—the daughter of a prominent citizen. The authorities make very little, if any, effort to suppress this canine nuisance. Whenever the spasmodic dog catchers appear on the street, public sympathy seems to go in favor of the curs, and the officials of the black van are hooted at and thwarted in every way—an appeal to the police being in most cases unavailing. If this sort of thing goes on we may expect to see the tables turned and the citizens—especially those who are aldermen—hunted by the dogs. Perhaps when it comes to that point, they will begin in earnest to rid the city of the mangy vagrants.



"London Advertiser: Mr. Carpenter, the new tile man, from Hamilton city, etc. etc."
That's rough. Is there only one man in Hamilton who sports a new tile, then?

What with Mister I. himself and Miss Terry, there is more mystery about the Henry Irving combination than there is about boarding-house beef-steak pie. Should either of the parties mentioned happen to read the above, the chances are that it will make them hysterical.

An exchange in speaking of the speed of a new locomotive for the G.T.R. says "Her engineer is confident that she has the speed in her of considerably less than a mile a minute."

Well, now, that is not saying much for the engine. I know several that have the speed in them of very much less than a mile a minute. Almost any engineer can be confident that his locomotive can do less than a mile a minute. Pooh! that's nothing.

One cannot fail to be struck by the immense number of "Letters to the Editor" that appears in many of our newspapers every day, and it struck me that there is a splendid opportunity for some pushing individual to start a daily paper devoted to nothing else but correspondence upon all imaginable topics, as I verily believe such a venture would "take." The facts laid down and the hints, suggestions, opinions, theories, etc., advanced would prove useful in every department of the social, political and financial community. How does it strike you, oh, reader, whoever you may be?

There is a sight to be seen on King-street, in front of the Mail office, that would send the Mayor of Hamilton into fits could he see it, and would cause his Worship of St. Thomas to rend his garments with wrath: I allude to the Stars and Stripes floating in front of the American Consulate: Where is Toronto's loyalty that an outrage is permitted within her walls that places like Hamilton and St. Tom would not tolerate for an instant? Things are coming to a pretty pass, and I shouldn't wonder but the Americans think, after all,

that the Torontonians are not such donkeys as some of the inhabitants of those two places mentioned above.

At the Ward's Island lunatic asylum a paper is written, edited and published by the inmates of that institution. Anxious to see what kind of a publication the lunatics turned out, I wrote to the governor and requested him to forward me a copy and in due time it arrived along with a number of exchanges. I sat down and glanced over column after column, editorial and otherwise, without being struck by anything particularly out of the way, though evidences of insanity on the part of the writer of some of the articles was plainly discernible, and imbecility was interwoven with other stuff less idiotic, but on the whole I—stay: I have just picked up the paper again and I see I had made a mistake and had been reading the Mitchell Advocate.

On the morning after the fire in the GRIP office I took my stand amongst the charred debris of what but a few short hours ago had been the counting-room of that paper, and during the ninety minutes that I stood there I was asked "Was there a fire here last night?" three hundred and two times; I heard ninety-seven people say, "Hallo! looks as if there'd been a fire:" twenty-four men said to me, "Hasn't been a fire, has there?" and all this with the blackened and burnt ruins before their eyes and the water streaming about in all directions. Forty-one persons remarked that the fire was a judgment on GRIP for ridiculing the Tories, ninety that it was a punishment for laughing at the good Grits, and seventy-three opined that retribution was after the unfortunate bird for having given a picture of Mr. Mowat in the character of a slugger. Seven men said that it served GRIP right as he was getting too cheeky, and two fellows hoped that all the books were burnt, as they were eighteen months in arrears with their subscriptions. One individual, asked "Is it hot enough for you?" and his corpse lies in the cellar awaiting identification. One man was sorry, and he was a fall poet who had sent in two reams of fall minstrelsy the day before; his MS was destroyed and he estimated his loss at over a hundred thousand dollars. It is an ill wind that blows nobody good, and the public have something to be thankful for in the loss of this poetry.

The foregoing is fact.

In a Hamilton exchange I found the following libellous effusion of some "doggerl bard."

"Hast ever been in Toronto,
Where flows the broad Don river down,
And where four horses scarce can draw
An empty wagon through the town?"

What does he mean? To what does he allude when he makes that statement about the empty wagon? I do know, however, that if a man started to drive a wagon loaded with number eleven ladies' shoes through the ambitious city, the chances are he would leave the place at the other end with an empty wagon, so great would be the avidity with which the shoelets would be snapped up. Here is *my* poetry about the place, modelled on the other fellow's style:

Hast ever been in Hamilton,
Where the sewers flow into the Bay?
Where Dundurn castle, the residence
of a citizen stands, and to see which
Five cents you have to pay.

Where until recently, they had no baths,
And splashed about in the sewery water,
But now, thro' the philanthropic efforts
of a generous citizen they can get a dip.
By forking out a quarter.

Where the inhabitants, mostly Scotch,
Call GRIP, the raven, a crow or corbie;
And where they look with a wistful
and yearning expression at the coin
Before they spend a bawbee.

There, I think that's pretty good: Of course
the metre is that known as the go-as-you-
p'ense, you-pays-your-money-and-you-takes-
your-choice-but-get-there-anyhow style, but
on the whole it rather takes the shine out of
that other bard's effort. FREDDIE.

POEMS OF LIFE.—No. 4.

OCTOBER.—A REVERIE.

Written during a severe snow storm.

BY MCTUFF.

Sitting by the glowing wood stove
Am I silent, meditative,
List'ning to the noisy crackling
Of its cheerful fire of henlock,
In the furnace fast consuming.

It is noontide, yet I gladly
Draw my chair up closer to it,
For all labor is suspended,
And the herds from field and meadow
Hasten unto place of shelter;
For without the storm fiend's howling,
Driven by the lash of boreas,
From his strong hold, bleak, and sterile,
In the dreary, frozen northland,
Where throughout the meagre summer,
Lulled to sleep by gentle Phoebus,
He on a couch of moss lay dreaming,—
Dreaming of his future triumphs,
When beneath the banner marching,
Of the ruthless tyrant, Winter,
Would with spirit denouance,
Clasp earth's fairest, richest treasures,
In Death's chilly, cold embraces.

Fiend remorseless, born midst ice-bergs,
Knowest thou nought of compassion,
Wilt not stay thy furious onslaught,—
Thy career of desolation.
What de spiteful imp hath driven thee
From thy couch of downy softness
Thus so early in the season—
Yea, in genial October,
When the lords of terra firma
Look for bright and balmy weather,
Calm and pleasant misty mornings
Fraught with joy and health and pleasure,
When the day god sweetly smiling
Casts shy glances o'er the mist cloud,
Gently wooing mother nature,
Lighting up her hoary girdle
With a blaze of heavenly splendor,
Till the drowsy landscape sparkles
With its wreath of frost-wove garlands
Wove by fairies midst the stillness
Of the bright October night-time!
But thou'lt come with scathing fury;
Unprepared we for thy advent;
Ere the robin, hapless migrant,
Hath to milder climes roved;
Or the staid, industrious yeoman,
Hath secured the luscious treasures
Of the ripe, fruit-laden Autumn;—
Come, e'er we can gladly greet thee
With the clasp of friendly welcome.

Yet thou gavest timely warning
That thy hosts were southward marching,
When the maples on the hillside,
And the sturdy oak and beeches
Changed their summer robes of emerald
For a garb of hues more varied—
Robes which by thy breath were tinted
With rich neutral shades of beauty;
And though to the eye most pleasing
Yet to view them filled my bosom
With a heavy load of sadness,
For they proved past peradventure
That the aged year was dying,
Oft I've wandered in the woodland
In the latter days of Autumn,
When the cold, remorseless north wind
Sported midst the quivering branches
Of the monarchs of the forest;
And I've watched them, sadly watched them,
Doff their robes in fretful temper
As if consciously preferring
Primitive, unsoftened nudeness,
To their garb of faded grandeur.

But the hours are quickly passing,
And the shades of evening deepen;
Yet the snow clouds chase each other
Madly over hill and valley,
And a mournful, weirdly wailing
Comes from out the distant woodland,
And the pine grove on the sand-knoll,
As if spirits in deep anguish
Were lamenting for their loved ones,
Who beneath the pine tree's shadow
In their graves lie soundly sleeping,

Heed they not the dreary moaning
Of the tempest in their branches;
Deafened are their ears to sorrow,
Nought of earth can now awake them,—
Nought to them is nature's changes,
Summer's smiles, or Winter's frowning
Cares of life no more harass them,
Deep and placid is their sleep.
But the hours of evening hasten,
And the deep plutonian darkness
Veils the face of outward nature;
And the dwellers of the forest
Snugly lie within their coverts,
Laughing at the fitful fury
Of the fast increasing tempest.

(To be continued.)



PICTURES FROM LIVING MODELS.

I.—THE BUSYBODY.

What community is there on this earth
that does not possess at least one specimen of
the genus Busybody? There is no such place,
for wherever two or three mortals shall be
gathered together, there shall the Busybody
be found.

The Busybody is of either gender, but it is
of the masculine kind that I am now think-
ing.

The Busybody flourishes like a green bay
tree in villages and small towns, and there is
not a man, woman, child, dog or cat in the
place whose business he does not know better
than he knows his own, that is to say if he has
any, for many a Busybody has no other busi-
ness than that of being a Busybody, though,
for the matter of that he makes everybody's
business his business. The list of things the
Busybody knows is only excelled in length by
that of those he does not know, though it
would not be safe to hint to the Busybody
that there is anything of which he is ignorant.
He is the first to discover that the neighbor
who is so proud of the large weekly washing
that appears on her lines takes in washing on
the quiet, from two or three families, and ex-
hibits, as her own property, articles which
belong to others and which she is paid to
purify. Surely this is but a harmless gratifi-
cation of feminine vanity on that neighbor's
part and should be nobody's business but her
own; the Busybody makes it his, however,
and soon the whole community is acquainted
with the terrible fact.

The Busybody, after much diligence and
peeking through knotholes into the premises
of other people, discovers the reason why the
literary gentleman five doors round the cor-
ner invariably stays at home on one day in
every week, and fails to appear in public. To
the Busybody it is granted to ferret out the
fact that the day on which the literary gen-
tleman remains in the seclusion of his domi-
cile, is that on which his shirt is washed, for
did he not catch a glimpse of the literary gen-
tleman himself at the window with his coat
buttoned up to his chin and with no appear-
ance of linen either at the collar or cuffs there-

of? And pretty soon the whole village is
made aware of the scantiness of the ward-
robe of the literary gentleman.

If the line of a new railway is to pass
through the village, the Busybody is the man
who runs about discussing the advisability of
compelling the railway people to construct a
subway, or to make a level crossing, or to do,
in fact, just whatever he, the Busybody, con-
coives to be the most conducive to the general
welfare, and he talks with immense importance
of the "depreciation of property in the
neighborhood" and so on, though he may not
be the possessor of a single foot of land any-
where in the whole wide world. He is the
man who takes upon himself the duty of
drawing up a petition to those railway people
and obtaining signatures thereto, the object
of the said petition being to compel those rail-
way people to conform with his views on the
subject, whatever they may be: and generally
the petition is forwarded to those to whom it
is addressed and that is the last of it; but
the Busybody is satisfied, for he imagines his
importance has been magnified.

It is the Busybody who takes occasion to
let Mrs. Boodle know that Mrs. Tubby said
that her (Mrs. Boodle's) hair was red and that
she must be fully forty if she is a day; and
when the Busybody sees these two ladies pass
one another on the street with no sign of re-
cognition further than a sniff of contempt
from each, he feels that he has not labored in
vain.

It is the Busybody who engages little
Jimmy Struggles, aged 7, in conversation, and
uncerthly, by much cunning, the fact that Mr.
Struggles, senior, came home twice during
the previous week in a state that would hor-
rify good temperance folk; and many hours
do not elapse after the gleaming of this infor-
mation before Mr. Struggles' sins and short-
comings are very generally known.

Surely everyone knows the Busybody, for is
he not the cause of more bickering and un-
pleasantness in all the community where he
dwells than all other evils put together?

Yes, the Busybody is a stern, undeniable
fact and his use in this world is a problem yet
unsolved, though, like all pests, such as mos-
quitoes, fleas, corns, and so on, he probably
was made for the accomplishment of some
end, and for the carrying out of the great plan
of creation.



THE MAJOR.

A STORY OF THE WAR.

(Dedicated to a popular personage of Goderich.)



"I'LL JUST PROCEED TO TAKE HIS MEASURE!"

A TRUE TALE.

CAWEEK OF A SPWIG OF UPPAH-TENDON.

I was—aw—nineteen when my name went in,
And I donned the old "wed was"—
A wattle mess was "ours" I guess
With a spanking team and dwag,
But we made the shinahs vanish, deah boys
Too fahst by the half for me—aw ;
My Governah swore he would send no more,
So I was up a twee—aw.
My papahs went in ; the Jews came down—
As I did'nt care to app a'
I gave them the slip and took a twip
To scaatah the wemnants heah—aw.

I-ah-went o "weform" at Somerset House
Upon ninety pounds, all paid,
But as you may guess, a wattle mess
In the vevy first yeah I mad—
For bouquets and weeds alone, deah boys,
The ninety was short by ten—aw ;
Not a sou could I "squee" tho' I went on my knees,
My dad was the hardest of men—aw !
This time 'twas a wascally bwoker swoah
In court I should have to appeah,
But I gave him the slip and took a twip
To wattle the shinahs heah.

I marwied an heirwess who vevy soon died,
But her coin remained for me ;
I did'nt much mind ; thought it wather kind
To set a poohah beggah twee :
I'd a jolly good time that yeah, deah boys,
And a tewwible lot I spent—aw,
And a wattle mess I made, I guess,
So to Coventwy I was sent—aw
But that bwoker fellah was watching me
Whenever I did appeah ;
So I gave him the slip and took a twip
For freeddom in Canada heah.

SWIZ.

A DILEMMA.

"Charles, dear, I'm in a horrible dilemma," said young Mrs. Flippety.

"How is that, my dear?" asked her husband.

"Why, here's a note from Mrs. Champignon, the wife of that wealthy cheese-monger, and she wants to know whether the doctor ordered me beer or whiskey when I was ailing a short time ago, as she fancies she is in the same state as I was."

"Oh, well, I don't see any dilemma about that ; it was whiskey, wasn't it?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, write and tell her so."

"Yes, but she spells whiskey, w-i-s-k-y, and I hate to hurt her feelings by spelling it right in my note to her."

"Pooh, pooh ! it doesn't matter ; say it was beer, then."

"But, my dear, she spells beer, b-e-r-c, so what am I to do?"

"Don't know, 'm sure ; say both." S.

TO ANGELINA.

WHO IS QUITE PUT OUT BECAUSE I DECLINED TO WALTZ WITH HER WITHOUT GIVING A REASON.

It may not be—at least not yet ;
'Tis no slight cause that bids me own it.
Think not my promise I'd forget.
But for a while I must postpone it.

Think not I've ceased to love the whirl
Of giddy waltz or galop mazy,
Nor that thy hair is out of curl,
Nor that thy Frederic's getting lazy.

Think not 'tis thro' some jealous qualms
That thus I'd have thee disappointed ;
Nor that a prettier rival's charms
Thy nasal organ have disjointed.

Nay ; teach not those sweet lips to pout,
Nor at my pleading make wry faces ;
Canst still thy faithful Frederic doubt ?—
Know, then, the truth : *I've bust my braces !*
SWIZ.

CONUNDRUM.

A correspondent, apparently a crank, sends the following :

Here is something fresh, guaranteed to be the production of this season, and not exhibited at any other show :—

Why is Hanlan the most delicate of all the famous oarsmen ?

Because they are all row-bust except him.

There is nothing that will take away a man's appetite like a bill-of-fare printed exclusively in French.—*Lowell Citizen.*



EFFECTS OF READING MURDERERS' LETTERS AT SUNDAY-SCHOOL CONVENTIONS.

Rev. Gent.—And so you go to Sunday-School, my dear? Now can you tell me who was the meekest man that ever lived?

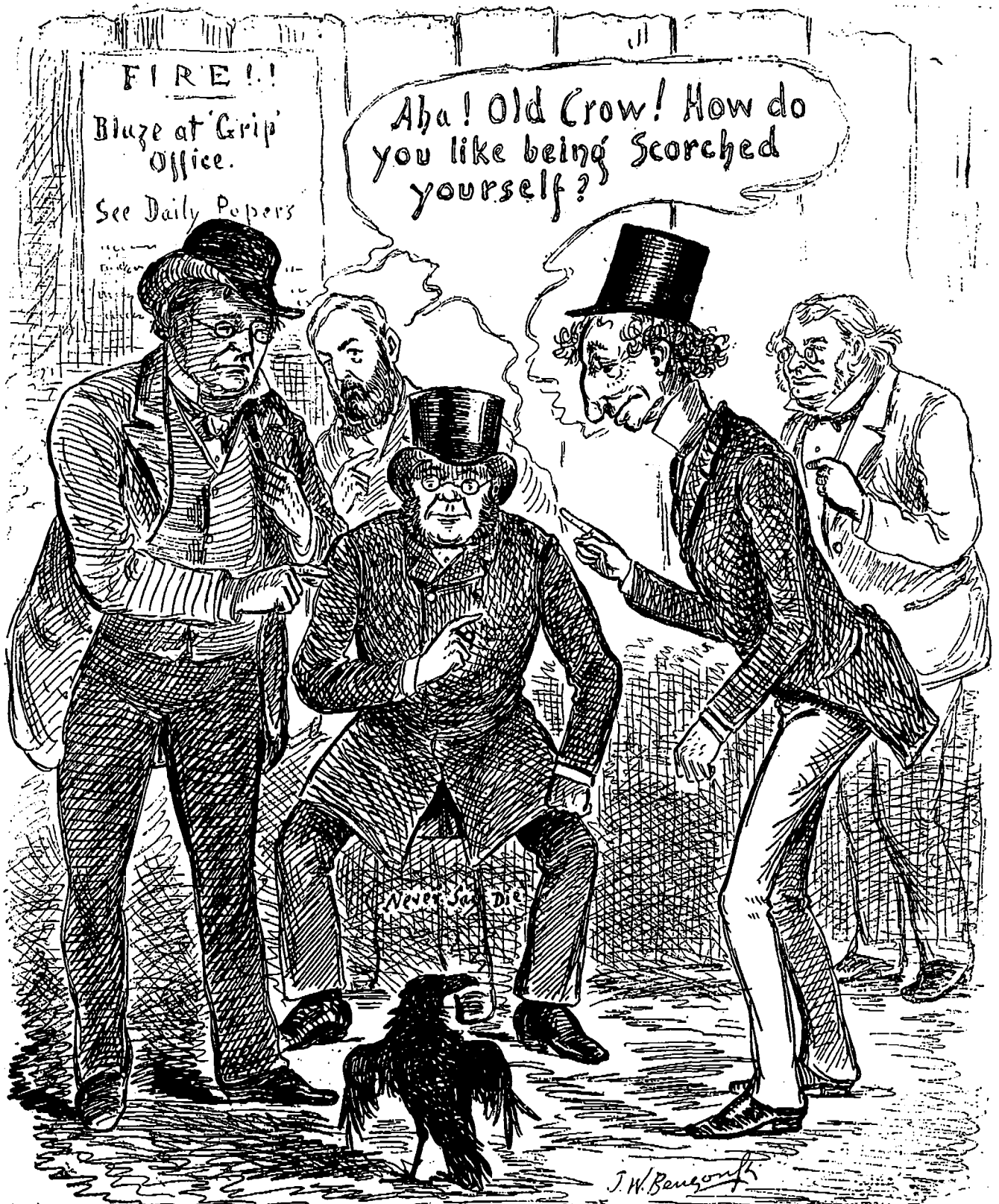
Little Willie.—Yes, sir ; Fred Mann, the murderer.

A small man has always enough to bear, but his dress becomes exceedingly heavy when the despicable salesman of the clothing store, just after the small man has got into his new clothes, cries out to the accountant, so that everybody else can hear : "Boy's suit ! Mark gone !"



RE-APPEARANCE OF THE TRAMP.

FOOTMAN GRIFFIN.—FELLOW ! WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY SKULKING AROUND HERE. DON'T YOU KNOW THAT MACKENZIE DOESN'T LIVE HERE NOW?



AN OUTBURST OF SYMPATHY;
OR, THE SINGED RAVEN CONSOLED BY HIS FRIENDS.



"So the world ways."

One can't be too careful what he says to strangers. I have been, to use a slang term, "slipped up" myself by giving vent to speeches in the presence of those with whom I was but little acquainted, that had much better have been left unsaid. One instance of what I mean was at a ball where I was dancing with a young lady to whom I had only been introduced a few minutes previously. During a pause in the dancing, a little old bald-headed gentleman with immense frills on his shirt front, a wig and a very old-fashioned coat, ambled skittishly up the centre of the room. I was so struck with his extraordinary appearance that I said to my partner, "What a very queer-looking old fellow! Surely he is some harmless lunatic; I wonder who he is?" "Whom do you refer to?" the fair one asked, and when I pointed out the cause of my remark, I was somewhat taken aback when the young lady quietly said, "Oh! that's papa." I felt very cheap. The gentleman in the following anecdote, who certainly had every reason for being a little put out, seems to have taken the matter very philosophically when he owned that

HE WAS THE FOOL.

"I don't understand why women dress that way," said a man pointing to a lady who passed along the street.

"I don't either," replied a bystander.

"That woman," continued the first speaker "is dressed ridiculously. Her husband must be a fool."

"I know he is," said the bystander.

"Do you know him?"

"Oh, yes. I'm the blamed fool myself."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

* * *

The writer in *Vanity Fair* (London, Eng.) who a short time ago took occasion to run down the American race on account of the vulgarity and ill breeding of a few individuals he had seen, must certainly have run across some such specimens as those mentioned in the two anecdotes below, and which I clip from *The Detroit Every Saturday*. He certainly could not have met any of the better class of Americans, than whom no more gentlemanly and courteous people exist. It is too bad to condemn a nation because of the short-comings of a few members of the lower classes. I should be sorry to hear the English people judged of from the conduct of the notorious and ubiquitous 'Arry, who is, verily, a most objectionable animal wherever he goes.

YANKEES ABROAD.

No matter how attached one may be to his native soil, and proud of his countrymen as a class, he is constantly put to the blush by some speech or action of one of them whom he happens to run across in Europe. Let me instance a case or two. Not long ago, at the hotel in Rome where the writer was stopping, there was among the guests an Americanized Irishman hailing from Chicago. Like many others of his calibre, he, upon every opportunity, took

occasion to impress upon the minds of whoever would waste time in listening to him, the immense superiority of American institutions and customs over those of the old world. One evening at dinner one of the English ladies present asked him how he had spent the day. "Well," says he, "I've been up there foolin' away my time at St. Peter's and the Vatican, and you won't catch me doin' it again, I can tell you." "Were you not repaid?" she asked in surprise. "Repaid!" contemptuously. "Say, have you every been to Ameriky? Guess not. Well, when you go you strike out west. St. Peter's and the Vatican 'll pass, but give me Chicago every time."

Another. One morning at the Vatican a number of us were standing before Raphael's "Incendio del Borgo," when an unmistakable American voice behind us said: "I'll bet if they had had our new fire engine it wouldn't have taken them long to put out that there fire." A few minutes later, as we were passing into the next room, I saw that the owner of the voice had button-holed his valet de place, and was saying, "You see, the folks in our town got their notions up pretty high, and after they'd bought that there engine they was a goin' to put up a house, with a bell onto it, and I says, says I—" What he said I did not wait to hear.

* *

There is a great deal of truth in the following, but it might be as well for homely men to bear in mind that what might be quite possible for Richard B. Sheridan to do, would possibly be a very difficult feat for them to perform.

TACT AND BEAUTY.

A lady who had seen much of the world was asked on one occasion why plain girls often got married sooner than handsome ones; to which she replied that it was owing mainly to the tact of the plain girls, and the vanity and want of tact on the part of men. "How do you make that out?" asked a gentleman. "In this way," answered the lady. "The plain girls flatter the men, and so please their vanity; while the handsome ones wait to be flattered by the men, who haven't the tact to do it." There have been cases, however, in which the situation presented here has been reversed, and plain, and even ugly men, have succeeded in making themselves so agreeable to young ladies as to become their accepted suitors. Here is a case in point. When Sheridan first met his second wife, who was then a Miss Ogle, years of dissipation had sadly disfigured his once handsome features, and only his brilliant eyes were left to redeem a nose and cheeks too purple in hue for beauty. "What a fright!" exclaimed Miss Ogle, loud enough for him to hear. Instead of being annoyed by the remark, Sheridan at once engaged her in conversation, put forth all his powers of fascination, and resolved to make her not only reverse her opinion, but actually fall in love with him. At their second meeting she thought him ugly, but certainly fascinating. A week or two afterwards he had so far succeeded in his design that she declared she could not live without him. Her father refused his consent unless Sheridan could settle fifteen thousand pounds upon her, and in his usual miraculous way he found the money.

"SIGH NO MORE LADIES!"

for Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" is a prompt and certain remedy for the painful disorders peculiar to your sex. By all druggists.

When one who reads poetry has carefully examined the exaggerative hyperbolism and overstretched facts of poets in general, he does not wonder that the lyre is the symbolic instrument of the muse.—*Merchant Traveler.*



A DELICIOUS GOSSIP.

THOSE DEAR DELIGHTFUL NEIGHBORS AGAIN

The truth of the following incident is vouched for by the person who related it to the writer, and as he is a friend of the latter he would not tell a falsehood.

In a certain quarter of this city, houses, numbers 26 and 28 had been vacant for some time, but recently tenants moved into each of them. Fully a week elapsed before the lady who occupied No. 24 became acquainted with her of No. 26, but they finally met and naturally fell into a delightful gossip about things in general and their neighbors in particular.

The following is a portion of the charming conversation.

No. 24.—Are you acquainted with the people who have moved into No. 28, Mrs. Blethering?

No. 26.—No, I do not know them, nor (*significantly*) am I particularly anxious to form their acquaintance.

No. 24.—Indeed! Is there, then, something not quite *comme il faut* about them?

No. 26.—I should be the last person in the world to say anything against anybody, but I'm afraid there is a great deal of truth in what I have heard.

No. 24.—You surprise me, Mrs. Blethering, you do indeed: whatever *can* be the matter?

No. 26.—Well, have you seen the gentleman who occupies No. 28?

No. 24.—I have seen him pass the window, nothing more.

No. 26.—Now, candidly, did you not notice what a particularly hang dog look he has?

No. 24.—Now you mention it I must say I did think he looked like a man who was always in dread of something: in fact it did strike me that he was a man who had committed some terrible crime and was continually fearing arrest.

No. 26.—My sentiments exactly; and I'm sure he drinks; don't you think so?

No. 24.—Oh! Mrs. Blethering, I think there can be no doubt about *that*. His nose, his eyes tell the tale. Now, you mention it, he was pointed out to me on the street by Mrs. Fitzgabby as the man who was sentenced to be hanged for killing someone in a drunken brawl, but was pardoned for some reason or other.

No. 26.—Exactly. Now, Mrs. Cackleby, I'm almost afraid to live so near to that man.

No. 24.—And well; you may be, my dear

Mrs. Blethering, for he is actually a most disreputable, abandoned, villainous-looking person, as I've thought all along, only I didn't like to say so at first to a stranger; but now you have started the subject, I must say I agree with you.

No. 26.—I do pity his poor wife; they say he ill-uses her dreadfully and actually beats her.

No. 24.—The horrible creature! but those red-headed men are always so violent.

No. 26.—Red-headed! Why, my dear Mrs. Cackleby, his hair is not red; it is quite dark; you are mistaken.

No. 24.—Oh! no, I noticed his hair particularly, and I'm sure it is red: and—hush—here he comes now.

No. 26.—Where?

No. 24.—There: crossing the street, and actually—good gracious—he is smiling at you. What impertinence and what a diabolical countenance, to be sure.

No. 26.—Why, Mrs. Cackleby, that is my husband!

So they parted; but Mrs. Cackleby vows she will never talk about a man again to a stranger till she is sure she knows who she is speaking about. S.



HIS EXCELLENCY INTERVIEWED.

Doubtless feelings of jealousy have prevented the newspapers from chronicling the fact that GRIP's representative was the first man to greet the new Governor-General on his arrival at Quebec. Such was the case, however, and a brief and much condensed *resume* of the interview between the two first personages in Canada is here given.

No sooner had His Excellency set foot on the soil of British North America than GRIP's ambassador, thrusting aside mayors, aldermen, M.P.s, and such small fry, advanced to the front, and, bowing low, addressed the Marquis with this impromptu gem:

"Je suis bien aise de vous voir
Je le dis sans peur;
Le Gouverneur est parti, a lui bon soir;
Vive le Gouverneur."

and handed his card to His Excellency, who no sooner read what was thereon inscribed, than he sprang forward and fervently embraced the gifted being, at the same time motioning the mayors, aldermen, M.P.s, and *oi polloi* generally to fall back, which they did with evident chagrin.

"At last," said his Lordship, "I behold a representative of a publication of which I have heard so much. Lord Lorne, retired, spoke most highly of GRIP, and his last words to me were, 'Fitzmaurice, eight bob cannot be better expended annually than in subscribing for GRIP.' Put me down for that paper for fifty years. And now, my dear sir, tell me one thing; I have been greatly perturbed in mind by a certain thought ever since I decided to

boss Canada—excuse the phrase—and that is, whether the *Globe* (a paper printed in your city, I believe, and copies of which I have seen) intends to publish a portrait of me or not; do you know?"

"Your Lordship," replied the representative of this sheet, "I believe the cut that has done duty in the paper you mention, for O'Donnell, Vankoughnet, 'Skin-the-goat,' Josiah Heuson, and other celebrities, was found slightly to resemble your Lordship; such being the case, you may set your mind at ease and rest assured that it will not appear, for it is the *Globe's* peculiarity never to publish a picture that looks in the least like the person that it is supposed to represent."

"I am made happy by your words, dear GRIP," answered the Vice-roy, shaking the other warmly by the hand, "and such being the case all obstacles to my being sworn in are removed. I feel better."

"Is it true that an official is to be appointed to weed your Lordship's reception list at Ottawa?"

"Partially; we must draw the line somewhere; that official's duty will be to see that no one under the rank of an editor is admitted to levees and so forth."

"And how high do editors stand in the society scale, your Excellency?"

"Well, between butchers and professors of pyrotechny and the tonsorial art; GRIP's editor is of course an exception."

"Where does he come, my Lord?"

"Next to myself."

"Oh: before or after?"

"Immediately after, but so close that it is touch and go between us." His Lordship then, after glancing round in evident trepidation, continued, "And now, tell me, what are these gentlemen going to do with those rolls of paper with which I perceive they are armed?"

"Those, my Lord, are, if I may hazard a shrewd guess, addresses to be presented to your Excellency."

"Horror!" exclaimed the Governor-General, "what have I done that I am to suffer so hideous an infliction immediately upon my arrival? Is there no way of backing out of this?"

"None, m'lud, it is the custom of the country, and the only way I escape a similar outrage myself is by travelling incog whenever I venture abroad. Nothing delights the Canadian people more than to bombard a distinguished person with addresses, and they appear to take a fiendish delight in observing their victims writhe under the operation."

"It is certainly a refinement of diabolical cruelty that I cannot tolerate for an instant, and yet I might have known what to expect, for the late Governor gave me a hint upon the subject, and in fact I believe he told me that people sometimes read poems to us on these occasions; is that true?"

Only in Hamilton, my Lord."

"Hamilton! Hamilton!" muttered his Lordship, "ah, yes, that's where the asylum is, is it not?"

"The same your Excellency."

"Hm; that accounts for it, but I understood that the lunatics were all confined."

"Such is not the case, for poets are quite common around Burlington Bay."

"Well, I must put my foot down on it from the word go. Here, you—," he continued, raising his voice and beckoning to one of the address bearers, "what are you going to do with that roll of paper?"

"Your Majes— your-your Excellency," stammered the person spoken to, "this is one of two hundred addresses that we propose to read to you."

"You do, eh? Well, my good people, I don't doubt your loyalty for an instant, but the first man that fires off an address at me dies by my hand; the address nuisance is the curse of this country and I am determined to rid Canada of so intolerable an evil."

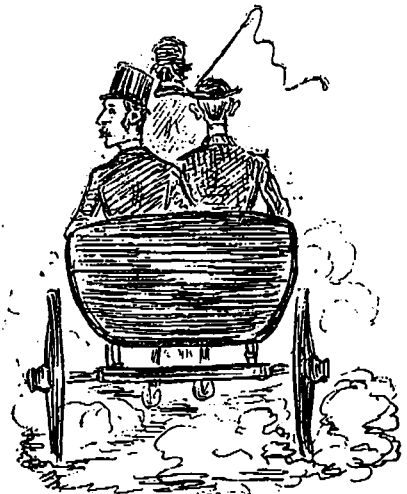
As he spoke, several gentlemen who had not heard what he was saying, stepped forward bearing their rolls of paper, each one vying with the rest in his endeavor to be first to read his own, and, as if with one accord, every man of the two hundred began at the same moment and the air was filled with the words, "To his Excellency the Most Noble—" when his lordship whipped round and took refuge in a caliche that happened to be standing near. "Jump in GRIP," he cried, as he took his seat, closely followed by our representative, "And you—" to the driver, "get away from here as fast as your horse will go. Heavens! what an escape: But here they come; faster, driver, faster," as the crowd poured after the vehicle, their voices rising to a roar as they read their addresses as they ran. "Oh! how I wish I hadn't come," and his lordship sighed heavily.

"It will soon be over, m'lud," remarked his companion, "for see, even now they are reading their addresses, and they are not particular who hears them as long as they get a chance to have it reported in the papers that so and so read an address."

"In that case it would be a good idea to have a dummy figure sent on ahead to receive these addresses, eh?"

"Capital," replied our man, and His Excellency, having reached a place of safety, gave orders to have this idea immediately carried out, and it will be a matter of surprise to those who delivered addresses to the new governor at Ottawa and elsewhere, to know that they read them but to a wax figure moved by strings; such was the case, however, His Excellency arriving after the fuss was over and going into Rideau Hall by the back door.

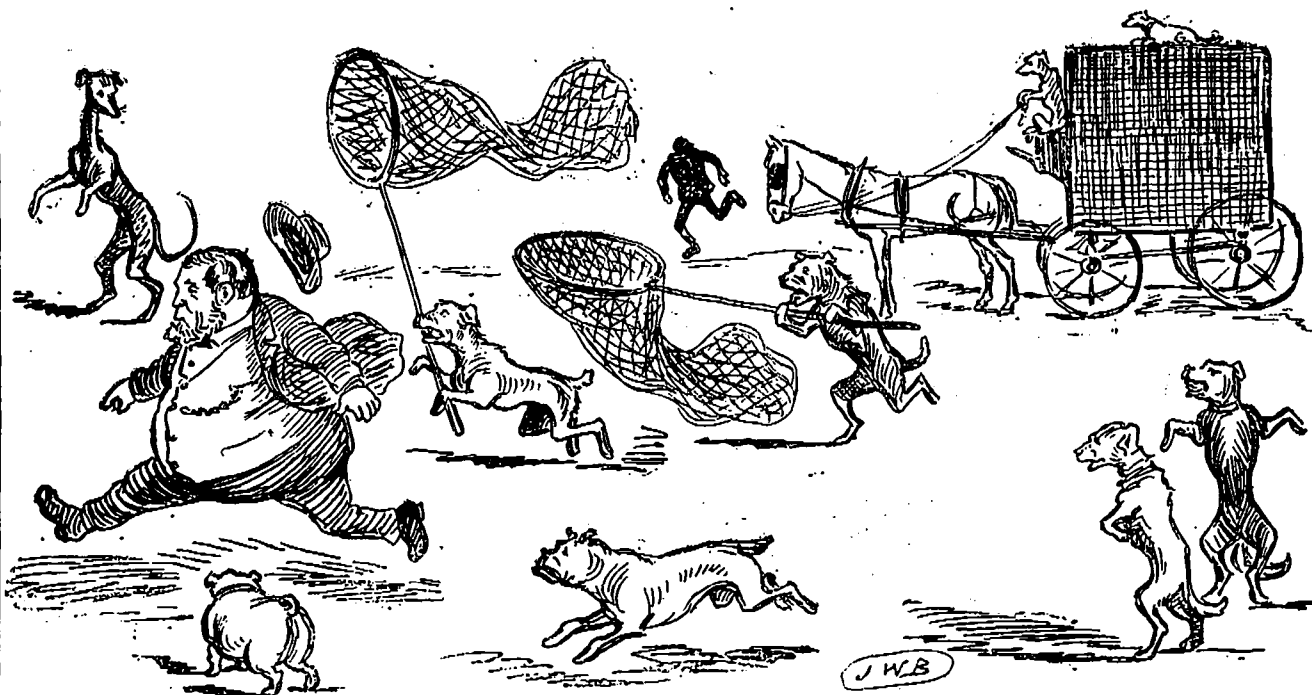
After an affecting parting GRIP's ambassador took his leave of the new Governor-General, much impressed with the *tout ensemble* of the *qui vive* of his *je ne sais quois*. SWIZ.



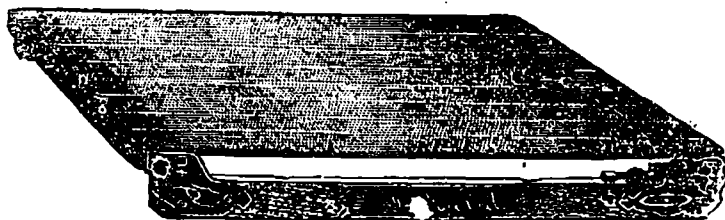
"Let no man enter into business while he is ignorant of the manner of regulating books. Never let him imagine that any degree of natural ability will supply the deficiency or preserve multiplicity of affairs from inextricable confusion."—Day's Business College, 96 King St. W. Toronto.

SNAKES IN THE STOMACH.

Two parties claim that such are the wonderful curative powers of the Notman Pad Co's remedies that they will drive snakes or any other reptile out of the stomach in two days. Whether this is true or not we are bound to say that these remedies are the best in the world for all troubles of the stomach, liver and bowels. Advt.



WHAT THE DOG NUISANCE MAY COME TO.



R. THORNE & CO.,

Manufacturers of all kinds of Spring Mattresses.

WOVEN WIRE A SPECIALTY.

11 & 13 Queen Street East, TORONTO.

INSPECTION SOLICITED.

THEY SOLD HIM A HOLE.

He was telling the story in the billiard-room of a Denver hotel. Said he :

"There were three of us, you see, and Nevada was a cold climate for us. We were dead-broke, half-starved, and clear discouraged, when along came a New Yorker. He wouldn't play cards, wouldn't be robbed, and we couldn't stick him with forged land-patents or bogus pre-emptions. One day we trailed out and dug a hole into a hill and salted it a bit, and rushed back and offered the New Yorker the big discovery for \$3,000 cash down."

"And he bit?"
"Took right hold like a pair of pinchers. Why, he never even stopped to beat us down. We got a cool thousand apiece and made for 'Frisco."

"Purty cool that was."
"Well, I dunno. If there was anything cool in that transaction it was the way that New Yorker hunted up a pard, set miners to work, bought machinery, and took over \$750,000 out of that 'ar hole inside of eight months! Maybe we've got over feeling flat, but I guess not."—*Wall Street News.*

Ballot girls—female voters.

A BAD PASSENGER.

"Fare," said a railway conductor to an old negro.

"Sah?"
"I say, fare."
"Yas, an' we's needin' rain too."
"I say, I want your ticket or your fare."
"Oh, yer wants money?"
"Yes, hurry up."
"How much does yer want?"
"Where are you going?"
"Sah?"
"How far are you going?"
"Don't know how many miles it is."
"What is the name of the station?"
"Jones' wood yard."
"Fifty cents."
"I ain't got no money."
"Well, what made you get on?"
"Case I wanted ter ride, but stop do car an' I'll get off, fur it 'pears like I ain't welcome heah, nohow Good day, boss. Dis is de wood yard."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

WOMAN AND HER DISEASES

is the title of a large illustrated treatise, by Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., sent to any address for three stamps. It teaches successful self-treatment.

ADVICE TO CONSUMPTIVES.

On the appearance of the first symptoms, as general debility, loss of appetite, pallor, chilly sensations, followed by night-sweats and cough, prompt measures of relief should be taken. Consumption is scrofulous disease of the lungs; therefore use the great anti-scrofulous or blood-purifier and strength-restorer, Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." Superior to cod liver oil as a nutritive, and unsurpassed as a pectoral. For weak lungs, spitting of blood, and kindred affections it has no equal. Sold by druggists. For Dr. Pierce's treatise on Consumption send two stamps. **WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.**

A woodman met a dairy maid:
His heart of oak was split in two.
He axed her to be his; she said,
"No, no! I do knot pine fir yew."

CATARRH.—A new treatment. Permanent cure of the worst case is effected in from one to three applications. Treatise sent free on receipt of stamp. **A. H. DIXON & SON, 305 King street west, Toronto, Canada.**



GENTLEMEN,
If you really want Fine Ordered Clothing, try
CHEESEWORTH, "THE" TAILOR,
110 | KING : STREET : WEST. | 110

A. W. SPAULDING,
DENTIST,

51 King Street East,
(Nearly opposite Toronto St.) TORONTO,
Uses the utmost care to avoid all unnecessary pain, and to render tedious operations as brief and pleasant as possible. All work registered and warranted.