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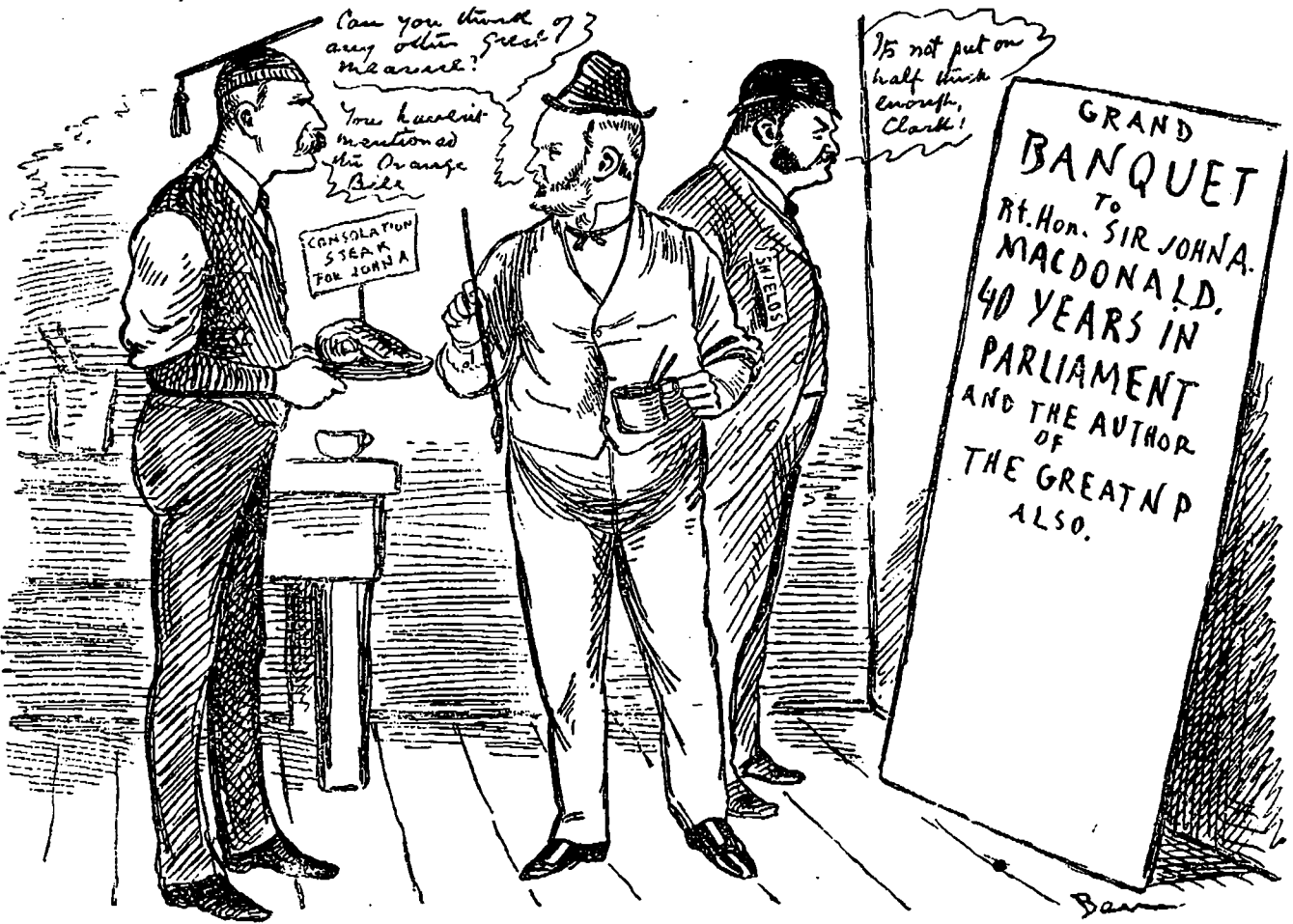
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VOLUME XXIII.  
No. 18.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, NOV. 1, 1884.

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GRIP

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. BRINGOUGH

Editor.

The gravest Beast is the Ass; the gravest Bird is the Owl; The gravest Fish is the Oyster; the gravest Men is the Fool.

GRIP'S CANADIAN GALLERY.

(Colored Supplement given gratuitously with Grip once a month.)

ALREADY PUBLISHED:

- No. 1. Rt. Hon. Sir John A. Macdonald... Aug. 2.
  - No. 2. Hon. Oliver Mowat..... Sep. 20.
  - No. 3. Hon. Edward Blake..... Oct. 18.
  - No. 4. Mr. W. R. Meredith:
- Will be issued with the number for ..... Nov. 15.

Cartoon Comments

LEADING CARTOON.—The Exemption question is to the fore again, and at last it looks as if the friends of justice in the matter of taxation are in dead earnest. The scandal—for it is nothing less—of exempting a large proportion of the property in this city, and elsewhere, from paying its fair share of the taxes, and thereby adding to the weight already borne by the citizens, ought to be at once done away with, and the Local Ministry need not expect any rest until something adequate has been done in the matter. Mr. Mowat has to some extent committed himself, having practically promised to abolish exemption if public opinion demanded the measure. He is now, therefore, in the position of the man who had the lion by the tail. He does not know whether to let go or hold on. GRIP would advise him to hold on, by all means, and to settle the question; for if he lets go, the question is very likely to settle him. The Ministry could not spend half a day more profitably just now than in studying the expression of our lion's eye. *Verb. sap.*

FIRST PAGE.—Sir John's great banquet is in active preparation. Outside of the select circle in whose hands the arrangements are, there is a vast mystery as to what the big dinner is to signalize. For the information of such persons GRIP would state that it is to signalize the fortieth anniversary of Sir John's entrance into political life. It will not be disputed that any man who remains forty years in public life in Canada deserves a good dinner, whatever he may or may not have done as a statesman. It is commonly claimed that Sir John has done little or nothing in the way of beneficent legislation, but a great deal of positive harm directly and indirectly. This, of course, is history read through Grit spectacles. No doubt Mr. Clarke will be able to fill in his placard with a right worthy record of good acts. GRIP sincerely hopes that Sir John will be able to do justice to the meal set before him on the occasion—we can think of nothing more truly kind to wish the Premier.

EIGHTH PAGE.—To the 15,000 (or is it 50,000, John Ross?) readers of the *Telegram*, who daily admire the tight-rope performance given in the editorial column, this sketch will require no comment. To the rest of the world the subject is of no interest, and so comment is needless.



MY FRIEND GRIP,—War is declared. Dead yis. The champagne has begun. The licentious victuallers has hired me and that purl of rhetoric, E. King Dodds (no less), to bitterly oppose the working of the Shecott Act in Kint, and to neutralise the assartious of the enemy, which are breathing out desate and calomel.

Me and Dodds will fight this thing separately and together and two at a time.

This infernal sobriety has got to be shtamped out. So me and Dodds will introjuice the Shtamp Act.

Luk out for squalls, me frind.

I have never heard a solitary argumint in favor of temperance, and I never will if cotton batting in the ears will prevent it.

We are laboring in behalf of the bullwarks of the Constitution, and thim bullwarks is, 1st Breakquest, 2nd Dinner, 3rd Tay; in all their liquid and solid magnificence, if I knows anything about bullwarks or constitutions.

The inemy has tuk to the offensive practise of calling us liars, lately, and not only brutally assarting it, but proving it, bedad.

No cause can prosper by such manes.

What we call errors of statistichs they call lies.

Never mind, though. Me and Dodds can show by mathematics that prohibition is the scourge of civilization.

Now sir, I, Doody, and that purl of rhetoric and diffidence, E. King Dodds, can projuice arguments from histhory, fleabottomy, g-hollow-y, and the double rule of three backwards, to show beyant the shadow of a doubt that fomented liquor is the mother of wit, the father of invention, and the elder brother of arguability; also that Kinnahan's L. L. is the glast of fashion, and ould Thomas Gin the mould of forrum.

I assume, sir, that all the honesty and voracity, as well as the consate, is not the exclusive property of the Tay-tiplers.

I apprehind that me and Dodds and Shako-spir and N. Appolyon Bonyoart counts for something.

And bedad none of us ever died of drowth or temperance.

If a gentleman has a talent for the craythur, let him slack his thirst in pace, and not get run over by a tyrannical board of phanatih.

I lift my tinder voice in favor of the down-throdden drunkard, and E. King Dodds is going to raise his savory tones in favor of the same article. Faix we'll get a rise out of him bechuxt us.

What man wants is elevation, and if that faithful craythur, whine, won't elevate him, throth nothing, but the sheriff could do the work.

Well, here we are sir, launched on the stormy say of unpopular opinion, and buffeting the bilious to the besht of our ability.

Toilin' for the masses, and catching Jesse from antique eggs.

But me and Dodds will never stand idly by and see Kint, wid her thousands of acres of blew clay, shlip into the very Jaws of the Dragon of Prohibition. Not at all.

Temperance, I say, is the parent of poverty and biliousness. Let the people knew it, sir. Let them know that Doody is on the stump, shtruggling wid adversity, pullin hard agin' the stream. Usual terms, board, bitters, and \$3 a week; washing no object. Hang washing! Duds is for dudes. Honesty and intemperance for Dodds and Doody. Hooray.

Mash Meeting to-night. Me and the black-thora will be there.

Your imparishable frind,  
DANIEL DOODY.

THE COMMISSARIAT BLUNDERERS.

When the bold voyageurs went to Egypt's far shore They expected good times and of money galore— But it seems that already they've got very sick Of discipline, and are beginning to kick,— It's hard into shape a free woodsman to lick.

But then it is stated, I fear that it's true, That the prospects for grub are exceedingly blue:— The powers that be seem to think that a fleet And an army can fight without plenty to eat; And they dock the poor devils of bread and of meat.

And who is to blame? In eighteen fifty-four— The rations ran short in the Crimean war; But the men were expected to fight: it was done; Like heroes—but hungry—they fought and they won, But, though covered with glory, they grumbled like foun.

Though I place all my trust in our brave volunteers, When I hear that they're hungry I can't quell my fears; That they'll act like Canadians I'm pretty well sure, And what others can bear our Canucks can endure, But—good rations alone many evils can cure.

Toronto was honored when Wolseley sent word That one of her sons was the man he preferred Of the Canuck contingent the command to assume, And lead them to victory—perhaps to their doom— In attempting to help Gordon out of Khartoum.

But I don't think that even a Denison would Feel as happy without as with plenty of food: So to hear that they've got lots of grub will delight Me and all who expect our brave fellows to fight— They'll do that, anyway, and y'ull see that I'm ri, ht.

And when they return from the banks of the Nile, They shall have a reception in right royal style; And when Denison comes from his trip to the East, Having spoilt the Egyptians and Gordon released, I expect that he'll be—well—a knight at the least.

The *Current* has taken possession of commodious and attractive apartments, specially arranged for the permanent accommodation of its executive, editorial and printing forces, in the new and imposing Adams Express Building, in Chicago. The structure is one of the handsomest of the many superb buildings now in course of erection, or just completed, in Chicago; and in its new quarters *The Current* will be provided with all the facilities which its rapidly increasing business and circulation imperatively demand.

"Heap's Patent" Dry Inodorious Earth or Ashes Closets, have just been awarded two more medals, viz: A silver medal at the Altrincham (England) Agricultural Show, in September; also "The Medal" of the Health Exhibition (Sanitary Institute of Great Britain and Ireland), held at Dublin, and opened by the Lord Mayor on September 30th, making a total of one gold and twelve other medals. Manufactory, Owen Sound, Ont. (See advt.)

THE LANGTRY MATTER SETTLED.

In order to set at rest for ever the state of doubt and uncertainty existing in the public mind concerning Mrs. Langtry's rumored divorce and approaching marriage with Mr. Gebhardt, Mr. GRIP deemed it his duty to despatch his society swell to interview the lady, and accordingly that gentleman crossed the ocean, and before long had sent up his card to the Jersey Lily. The lady herself came running down the stairs, and grasped the interviewer by both his hands, which she wrung most cordially, and, still retaining his hands in hers, she conducted him upstairs to her boudoir.

"I am so delighted to see you again," she said. "And how well you are looking—so handsome! Are all GRIP's representatives as magnificent specimens of manhood as you?" she enquired.

"Every man Jack in the employment of the Raven is a splendid fellow, madame, with the exception of the ladies, of whom there is a large number," replied the ambassador.

"GRIP employs ladies, does he?" enquired the Lily, a shade of jealousy crossing her exquisite features.

"He does," was the reply, "and they are all very beautiful. The stranger entering Mr. GRIP's establishment on Front Street, Toronto, is at once struck by the perfect—(pause)—bouquet of beauty that greets his eyes. Lady stenographers, assistant proof-readers, etc., etc., are grouped in attitudes of the most finished grace. The bookkeepers, clerks, contributors, and even the Editor and Manager themselves are all selected as much for their personal beauty as their ability. In fact, Mr. GRIP's establishment is one mammoth aggregation of transcendent physical and mental ornamentation; an unparalleled combination of the true, the good, the beautiful, with external grace and symmetrical harmony."

"Dear me! I really must call when I come to Canada again, and I propose doing so very soon," said Mrs. Langtry.

"Ah! that reminds me of the purpose for which I called to-day," remarked the ambassador, producing his mother-of-pearl note-book, and a golden fountain pen. "It is rumored that you are endeavoring to obtain a divorce from the old man: is there any foundation for the report?"

"Pardon me, but did you not, in a previous interview, inform me that you were a single man?" enquired the lovely Lily.

"I did; I am still in the same fix," was the reply.

"Then in that case," rejoined the lady, "you may say that there is a great deal of truth in the rumor, and that the sooner I am free the better I shall be pleased."

"Ahom!" coughed the gentleman, as he made notes in accordance with what he had been told. "I shall have to look out,"—this to himself; then he continued aloud—"I believe Mr. Langtry wishes to bring the suit himself, and that you won't consent to any such arrangement, but offer him £10,000 to allow you to bring the action. Is that the state of the case?"

"It was—till to-day," replied the beautiful actress, "since I have seen you I don't care how the matter goes as long as I only get him off my hands."

"And do you think seriously of marrying that Mr. Gebhardt?" asked the visitor.

"Surely you do not admire that little snip."

"I admire his fortune, sir, though I cannot say I really think much of the man. He has such atrociously thin legs—"

"And large hands"—interposed the other.

"And immense feet," chorused the lady.

"And a snub nose," said the gentleman.

"And a big mouth," remarked the lady.

"Then I gather from your remarks that you don't care much for the fellow himself," said Mr. GRIP's proxy.

"Ah! sir, I have endeavored to persuade myself that I admired him, but your appearance here to-day shows me the true state of my heart. Freddie, compared with you, dwindles into the semblance of a polliwog alongside a statue of Apollo. Pardon my nautical expression 'alongside.' I am a Jersey Islander, a Le Breton, of Le Bretonville."

Mr. GRIP's representative began to feel somewhat embarrassed, and scarcely knew what to say; however he remarked,

"I may say, then, in my paper, that you wish to shunt old Langtry at my rate."

"Ye-es," was the reply, rather hesitatingly, "you may say that. Now tell me, are those ladies at the GRIP office so very beautiful?"

"Madame," replied the other. "If you want touch and go beauty the GRIP office is the right shop for it."

"And you are single? You're sure of that!" she enquired anxiously.

"I am, madame."

"Then I do hope they'll hurry up with that divorce," replied the Lily. "Send me a GRIP with this interview in it; be sure; and when does the Almanac come out?"

"About the middle of November. It's going to be a howler this year: on y ten cents a copy—but I'll send you one free."

"Oh! thank you," as the visitor rose to take his leave, "Now do take care of yourself; I shall soon be in Canada again; and don't talk too much to those—those—beautiful girls round your office. Good-bye!" and she sank into a sofa, and buried her face in her mouchoir as MR. GRIP's representative trotted down stairs and sprang into a "hansom," which conveyed him to Buckingham Palace, where he was hanging out. —S.



FASHIONABLE BOARDING-HOUSES. OUR SPECIAL COMMISSIONER CONTINUES HIS NARRATIVE.

"I soon stood before Mrs. Skimpey's establishment, and that lady answered my ring at the door-bell in person. She was a large, faded-looking woman, and had some remains of gentility still clinging to her. 'Ha! I said to myself, 'this is one of those ladies who has seen better days

You may shatter a Skimpey, or 'bust' if you will, but the traces of swelldom will cling to her still, as Tom Moore remarks, and then I addressed her and stated my errand.

'Well,' she said reflectively, when I had finished, 'my boarders are highly respectable. I have—let me see—counting on her fingers, 'three dry-goods sales-gentlemen, two sales-ladies, and Mr. Lum Tiddle—he's in a bank—and those two law clerks, and the young man from the drug-store: all highly respectable, you see. And you—and you—are those your best clothes, may I ask?'

'Madam,' I replied, a faint blush mounting to my cheeks, 'they arc. But madam, it is not the coat that makes the man, nor the trousers, nor even the boots. There beats within this breast—and I smote myself upon the spot indicated—a heart as true as they make 'em. What says Burns, glorious Robbie?

'The rank is but the guinea's stamp, A man's a man for a' that.'

By rank he meant clothes, madam. I am a gentleman, the younger son of a British earl, and here I stand pleading with beauty for a roof to cover my head and for victuals at \$3.50 per week. Madam, have you a vacancy for me?

I could see that my allusion to beauty had its effect, for she simpered, and saying that she had just one chamber to spare, escorted me to it. It was an attic, but I did not care. I engaged it on the spot.

'My terms are payment in advance when a boarder has no baggage,' suggested Mrs. Skimpey.

'My trunks will be here to-morrow, madam. So fair a creature as yourself can surely harbor no base suspicion as to my solvency. My porte-monnie is in my large trunk, and will arrive to-morrow.'

Mrs. Skimpey, though evidently pleased by my flattering language, hesitated and finally said, 'I can't break my rules, even for a junior member of the British aristocracy—by the way, what might the title of his lordship, your father, be?'

'Lord Nosewho, of the Chateau d' Espagne, County Ary, Scotland; and fifteenth Baron Ballycumdigthetaty, in the County Blarney,' I replied without hesitation, 'a very old family indeed.'

'Well,' said Mrs. Skimpey, 'I would rather have the money in advance. I will keep the room for you till to-morrow, when you can take possession of it as soon as your trunks arrive.'

'Madam,' I said, 'there is but little reason or justice in your demands. If I deposit \$3.50—'

'Four dollars are my terms,' interrupted the lady.

'Four dollars be it then,' I rejoined. 'If I should hand you the four dollars in advance, what guarantee have I that you will not be bankrupt to-morrow? Why should I trust you if you refuse to trust me?'

'I never break my rules,' replied Mrs. Skimpey, 'and if you object to comply with them, I must request you to look elsewhere. I cannot say that your appearance prepossesses me altogether favorably, and I do not know that I am particularly anxious to take you in at all, as I do not think Mr. Lum Tiddle, of the bank, would approve of you as a fellow-boarder.'

'Mr. Lum Tiddle be blowed,' I ejaculated, greatly exasperated. 'What care I for Mr. Lum Tiddle? Lum Tiddle or no Lum Tiddle. It is you who should be honored by having me beneath your roof, and the horrible tradespeople you have mentioned, who should be gratified by my presence.'

'Well, sir,' went on the adamant Skimpey, 'my terms are payment in advance, and that I must insist on.'

'Madam,' I replied, choking down my wrath, 'tis useless to argue with the sordid money grasper, and I distinctly refuse to accede to your request. Kindly summon your menial that she may escort me to the door?'

'You can't miss it; go straight down stairs and you will see it,' and she waved me off and I departed, my whole nature rising in arms at the cruel treatment to which I, the representative of the poor man, had been subjected.

I then turned my footsteps in the direction of Mrs. O'Tool's caravanserai on Lombard-street, feeling that whatever treatment I met

with there, it could not be worse than that I had already encountered.

I arrived at my destination in ten minutes or so, and was happy to find Mr. O'Toole sunning himself on the sidewalk in company with a short, black pipe, and a one-eyed dog of mangy and flea-bitten exterior.

I briefly stated my business, and was greeted with, 'Stip in, sorr, stip in. It's the best of accommodations I have, an' barrin' ye don't mind sleepin' three in a bed, ye'll find yerself in a palish, sorr, in a palish. Come right in and sit down.'

Ah! I thought. The generous Celtic heart is the one that can feel for another; and I accepted Mr. O'Toole's invitation and entered the 'palish.'

TOPICAL TALK.

I learn with surprise that the babies of America swallow 1,500 thimbles annually. It is needless to remark that thread dreadful nuisance, and I hope every one has cotton to these puns.

From what I can hear from members of some of those fashionable congregations of churches visited by the *Globe* reporter in his suit of shabby clothes, they are beginning to think that they have entertained an angel unawares. There are two kinds of angels.



I see that Prince Bismarck has a passion for flowers, especially roses, which he cultivates in great variety and tends with his own hands. Would it be appropriate, on this account, to call the doughty chancellor the "Otto of Roses?"

I see that the Pirates of Penzance is to be produced in Hamilton by local talent, the orchestra to be under the leadership of Mr. D. MacDuff. Shakespeare knew a thing or two, and looked a long way ahead when he wrote the words—"Lead on, MacDuff." He evidently meant the Hamilton man.

I see by the *Buffalo Times* that it is proposed to punish German soldiers who attempt suicide with instant death. This is very kind of the German military authorities, and the poor devil who is anxious to shuffle off this mortal coil is sure of being enabled to do so, if not by his own hands then by government decree.

The Tichborne claimant was released from jail last week. The poor fellow has wasted away to a mere shadow and only weighs 252 pounds now, instead of the 364 he tipped the beam at prior to his incarceration. If a man weighing 364 pounds loses 112 of them during ten years' imprisonment, would a one hundred and twelve pounder waste away to nothing in the same period? This is a nice point.

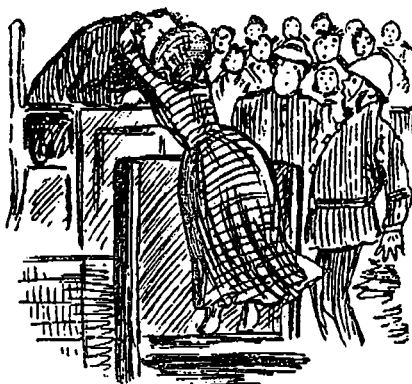
The *Bloomington Through Mail* gravely remarks:—"Nearly everybody who is now a man was once a boy." There is a profundity in the wisdom of this statement that is absolutely tremendous, but if the *Through Mail* would kindly enlighten me a little further and give me a few cases of persons who are now men and who were once girls I should feel obliged.

The resemblance between great and good men, in some characteristics, is very great. I saw the sentence in Mr. Froude's "Carlyle Memories," and it came home to me at once:—"He (Carlyle) never wrote an idle word nor a sentence that he did not believe was true." It hits my character off to a T.

The able journalists of this country have assigned all sorts of reasons for Sir John's visit to England; business, health, pleasure and goodness knows what, but it's as plain as a pikestaff to me that he went to England for the same good reason that Mahomet went to the mountain—because it wouldn't come to him.



An Oregon court has decided that a dead Chinaman is worth exactly \$321. A live Chinaman is worth mighty little as a rule, but Mr. Han Qua, a banker, of Canton, is worth \$1400,000,000 just as he stands. Well, an ordinary Chinaman, worth nothing at all when alive is valued at \$321 when defunct; therefore Mr. H. Qua will be worth just \$419,400,000,000 when he pegs out, about \$2,996,000,000 per lb., as near by as I can calculate. Whew! dead Chinese banker comes high.



Well, well. They seem to carry on in a most extraordinary fashion in the police court at London, Ontario. It nearly took my breath away when I read this in the *Tiscor*: "Jane Reading, the complainant, didn't want him sent to jail, but simply made to keep out of bad company, and when the magistrate remanded him to jail she threw her arms around his neck and kissed him." Isn't that appalling? And what a queer thing to kiss the magistrate for! I can't understand the thing at all. Jane must have been good-looking, that's evident, or Mr. Parke, P.M., wouldn't have submitted to be kissed so quietly in open court.

I am glad to observe that Is Ryal Ighness, Prince Halbert Hedward is reported to have saved up about £600,000, so it looks as if he was putting something by for a reigny day, and there is a remote chance that his younger sons will be provided by their papa with a

pound or two on attaining their majorities without increasing the already appallingly large number of royal paupers who live on the charity of the long-suffering English people.

The Quebec farmers must be strange-looking creatures, I notice that one was recently mistaken by a neighbor for a duck and was instantly shot and killed. There is something wrong in the lower province, it is evident. A man who can't tell a duck from a farmer and vice versa, deserves shooting himself; but the Scott Act is gradually making its way down there, and these strange hallucinations will probably pass away.

A recent issue of the *Orillia Times* came out printed wholly in blue ink in honor of the semi-centennial of the town where it is published. A description of the place ended up with the statement that there was accommodation for 200 inmates in the Idiot Asylum there. If the hotel-keepers of Simcoe continue to act as they have been doing since the passage of the Scott Act in that county, it looks as if there won't be much room to spare in the institution mentioned before long. Here is an *Orillia* hotel man's tariff:—Board \$2 per day; stabling a horse, \$1; driving a horse into the shed for a few minutes, 25 cents—What fools these mortals be!



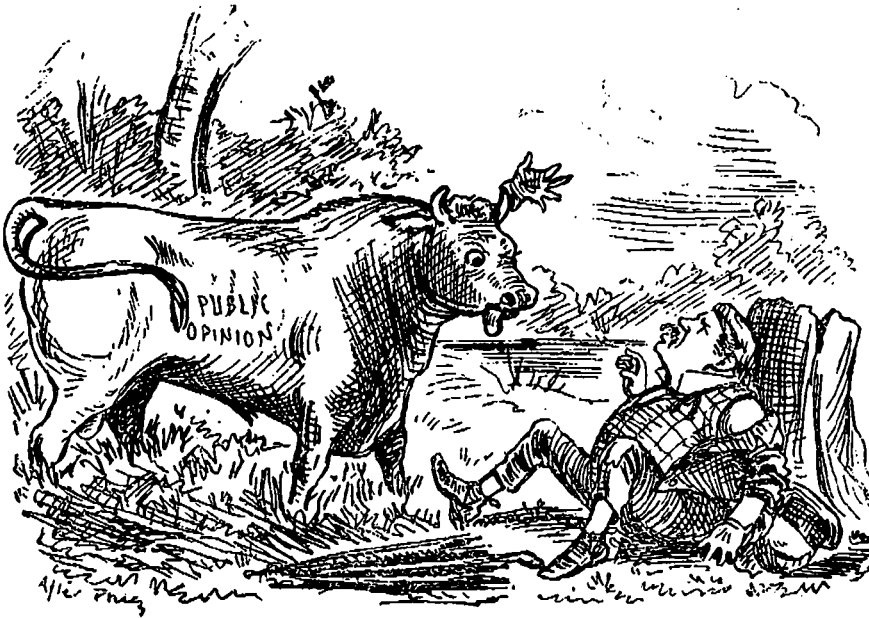
This is the way the *Hamilton Times* attempts to be witty at Toronto's expense. I clip this from that esteemed journal.—"Mrs. B.—"Mercy, John! you are eating pie with your knife." Mr. B.—"Yes, I am practising." Mrs. B.—"Practising! What for?" Mr. B.—"I'm going to Toronto and don't want to appear eccentric." Well, I should like to know how Hamilton people tackle a beef-steak or a game pie. It is very true we do use a knife for the purpose here in the Queen City and, I believe the practice is common in other civilized towns, but the good folk of the ambitious city are probably not able to shake off their savage instincts, and attack pie and every other eatable with their fingers.

Why isn't there a coin smaller than a cent in use in Canada? Such a piece of money is badly needed—not by tradesmen, oh! dear no—they don't want it—but by people who don't care to make a store-keeper a present of half a cent every time they purchase an article whose price is a York shilling. Say a fellow buys a pound of sausages; price 12½ cents; he planks down a quarter and invariably only receives 12 cents change. Why should the confounded shop-keeper get this ½ cent every time? That's what I want to know. He never, by any chance, gives you back thirteen cents and contents himself with twelve; not he; you've got to suffer every time. This matter needs looking into.

Irish Republicanism—Irish Landlord—"How dare you speak in that manner. Do you know who I am?" Pat—"And who may your honor be?" Landlord—"I am Knight, Baron Knight, and Knight of the Garter." Pat—"Then I'll have you to know that I am Pat Murphy, to-night, to-morrow night and the night after."

DON'T KNOW WHETHER TO LET GO OR HOLD ON!





SMALL, BUT ACTIVE.

Scott Act Bull.—There, that settles the Simcoe question; now let us try another toss-up for Kent!

THE DOMESTICATED BRAVE.

BY CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

(Concluded.)

That night he pondered many solemn hours upon his couch, and when the slow dawn stole in through the bars of the blind, lo! he had devised a cunning scheme of escape. All next day as they traversed the wilderness, threading gloomy forests, ancient as time; picking a perilous way through sunless swamps, wherein was no sound save the snoring of innumerable crocodiles, or the snap and hiss of deadly serpents, which stood up upon their tails to watch them go by, the Benefactor was busy. The love that was in his heart he drew out into slender chords, invisible, yet strong as a Dutch cheese. These cords of love he coiled in his blanket pocket; and when the Blowchalks halted for supper he went about stealthily, and made fast each man's pottage to that of his neighbor. (But his own mess he left free.) And when the repast was done, behold! by cords of varying length was the mouth of every man made fast to the mouth of his neighbor. But this was not perceived, because the cords were invisible and the men were at rest. Then arose the Benefactor and hid the whole camp of the Blowchalks a very good evening.

And he waved them farewell. Then the Blowchalks rose as one man and went in pursuit. But coming among the trees they were entangled by the cords that held them, and they fell headlong upon one another inextricably, so that their lamentation was great. And it happened that one man had not eaten of the supper, and he ran a little beyond the rest, being free. But when he saw the army overthrown he was afraid, and casting himself down before the Benefactor, he besought him to make him his servant, for he perceived him to be a very mighty magician. Then the Benefactor smiled, and raising the prostrate Blowchalk by the hair said gently, "come!" and the twain set forth together for the land of the Okenech-keechobees.

Now it so fell out that the plot of ground whereon grew the single blade of grass, had been visited by the Moonshiners, who had buried there a barrel of the unpermitted spirit. For days had the tribe been in suspense, expecting till the bottle should sprout. And they spread abroad the praises of the Benefactor. When

they saw no bottle-green bud pushing its way through the soil, they went and made inquiry of the white man, who showed them certain men digging in the earth and carting home something in barrels; which something, indeed, was potatoes, though they knew it not. Returning, the whole tribe adjourned to the forest, and dug into the plot of ground, under the single blade of grass. And finding there a barrel, with great joy—and much earth—they covered it up again, leaving it until it should become two barrels; for they remembered that the seed had been but a brief time planted. And in their delight they told the thing abroad till it reached the ears of the Moonshiners, who straightway going down cellar and applying their nostrils to a hole in the floor, speedily smelt a rat, "as the phrase goes."—(again, by permission of Mr. James!) That very night, with lamps and a wheelbarrow, they sought out, resuscitated and removed the unsanctioned barrel. And all this while the Benefactor was with the Blowchalks.

Now, when it went abroad that the Benefactor was returning, all the people went out to meet him with an illuminated address, which they read to him all day long as he stood uncovered in the sun. Behind him stood his Blowchalk slave holding the Benefactor's fan, and the train of his snowy blanket, and a pair of dry socks, because the ground was wet. And he postponed the reading of his reply till next day, handing it to the chairman of the tribe. Then, having learned from the address what had occurred, and how the fame of the thing was in men's mouths, he hastened into the forest to harvest the crop, being sorely troubled. And all the people went with him. Seeing marks of violence on the plot he reproached their babbling tongues. And they were afraid, and their hearts sank down into their moccasins, and were trodden upon as they moved this way and that. But when much digging showed that the barrel was indeed gone, then the Benefactor sprang into the air with a cry of woe. He cast down his snowy blanket upon the earth. He tore from off his wives the charcoal, bear's grease, fish oil, turkey feathers and vermilion (wherewith they had made them beautiful and fragrant), and he put them again upon himself. He beat back his crochet hook into a scalping-knife, his tack-hammer into a tomahawk, and tore

up all the skull caps he had made. Then he cried, "I will be no more your Benefactor. I will not be your Domesticated Brave. Ye have made my dreams vanity, and my great deeds emptiness. I will consume all the seed whiskey!" and grasping the bottle of Worcester sauce he drained it to the very dregs. Tears welled up in his eyes, he laughed somewhat wildly, and yelled: "ye have desired whiskey, and now I will give you *high w(h)ines*." So he seized all the dogs of the tribe, and trod long and earnestly upon their tails, till the whines of them pierced high above the sounds of weeping which came from all the people sitting around. And he went away in a great wrath. Soon the pall of night sank down about the sorrowing people of the Okenech-keechobees, and the plot of ground, now bare, and the single blade of grass that lay there prone. And with the night came rain; and with the rain a great wind out of the east. And when the dawn appeared, beheld the whole tribe of the Okenech-keechobees was drowned—in tears; and mournfully the sun rose over the waste of waters.

Now the moral of this tale is well put by Mr. Shakspeare—"How sharper than the wholesome truth it is to have an Indian riled!"

CLEAR THE WAY.

A NEW POEM NOT BY SWINBURNE.

If, instead of pitching into the House of Lords, the eminent English poet had thought of the subjoined theme, it would have been better than the one chosen:

Clear the way you smiling varlets, you have had your  
 any,  
 You've raked in enough of money. You have made it  
 pay;  
 Raked the last cent from your victims. Now git and  
 clear the way!  
 Who has bought your trotting horses and your stylish  
 rig?  
 Who has bought that glossy hat, that brilliant diamond  
 big,  
 Which sets as well upon you as a bracelet on a pig?  
 You may dress yourself in broad-cloth, bedeck yourself  
 with rings,  
 And sport a heavy watch and chain and other costly  
 things,  
 But the "lush drum" air is on you and its odor round  
 you stings.  
 I'll tell you where your wealth comes from: It comes  
 from silly "flats."  
 It comes from squalid wretches who live in holes like  
 rats,  
 And it comes from old time bummers, boozing over  
 their long chats.  
 It comes from husbands' pockets, whose wives perhaps  
 lack bread,  
 It comes from wretched women from the paths of virtue  
 led,  
 And from some lost despairing wretch, who wishes  
 himself dead.  
 It comes from jolly business men who come in for a  
 smile,  
 From duffers, dudes and students young, who're bound  
 to spend their pile,  
 And mix and muddle up their brains with your deco-  
 tions vile.  
 Now leeches are taking warning, not distant is the day,  
 When you'll have to "git up and git" and then there'll  
 be a ray—  
 A hope for many a weary soul—confound you, clear  
 the way!

NEW BOOKS FOR THE FREE LIBRARY.

The following new works will soon be placed before the reading public. They are all by eminent authors:

- "A Misplaced Switch," by the author of "A Broken Tie."
- "Drunk and Disorderly," by the author of "Against the Law."
- "He was a Coachman," by the author of "Why did she marry him?"
- "Stolen Ostrich Feathers," by the author of "Borrowed Plumes."
- "False Teeth," by the author of "The Secret of Her Life."
- "Good-natured Intentions," by the author of "Cross Purposes."
- "The Jim-jams," by the author of "Fatal Shadows."

"No Tick," by the author of "For Cash Only."  
 "An Iron Stomach," by the author of "A Golden Heart."  
 "Liver and Crown," by the author of "Heart and Cross."  
 "No Ice Cream," by the author of "Why Had They Parted?"  
 "At the Muzzle of a Shot Gun," by the author of "How I Married Him."  
 "Am I My Brother's Keeper?" by the author of "The Question of Cain."  
 "\$5000 Damages," by the author of "Two Kisses."  
 "M'riar I'm (hic) drunk," by the author of "A Terrible Confession."  
 "Smash-up on the Grand Trunk," by the author of "Story of a Railway Journey."  
 "Toronto's Streets in Winter," by the author of "No Thoroughfare."  
 "Broken Suspenders," by the author of "Never Too Late to Mend."  
 "Shem, Where's Dad?" by the author of "Japhet in Search of a Father."

MR. BEST'S BLOW.

CANTO I.

A city chap was Mr. Best,  
 As from these lines will soon be guessed.  
 He'd heard of rustics, but I fear  
 He really knew not what they were.  
 He deemed them heavy-headed chaps  
 And called them "green horns," "gawks," and saps,  
 Now, Mr. Best took great delight  
 In cultivating muscles' might.  
 He felt an overwhelming pride  
 As his huge biceps oft he eyed.  
 His comrades deemed it not a jest  
 To get a "clip" from Mr. Best;  
 For he belonged to what he'd dub  
 The City Athletes' Slugging Club.  
 To which, at evenings, he'd repair  
 And "knock out" all the "chummies" there.  
 Each member feared him as he viewed,  
 His "deltoids" vast and "triceps" rude.  
 And all declared he could, with ease,  
 Soon "do up" Boston's Hercules.  
 This "tuff," as, no doubt, you've guessed  
 Was relished much by Mr. Best.  
 Now Mr. Best would oft declare  
 He'd like to sniff the country air.  
 And show the gawks what he could do,  
 And that he knew a thing or two.  
 And that there were some "tidy dabs"  
 Amongst "them thin-legged city slabs."  
 Well, as I think I said before,  
 No rural field he'd e'er step o'er.  
 And what the country might be like  
 He could not any notion strike.  
 How'er, to breathe the rustic scent  
 He gained permission, and he went.

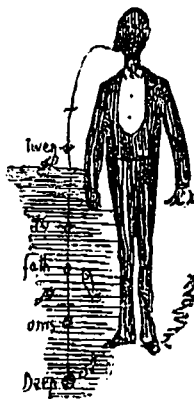
CANTO II.

Two boys sat on a rural fence,  
 With rugged locks and mouths immense,  
 Which, like a gash in pumpkin's side,  
 Were opened most intensely wide.  
 As likewise were their two pair eyes—  
 For they experienced surpriso,  
 For coming down along the road  
 A stranger from the city strode,  
 And these two boys had never seen  
 A fellow of the stranger's mien.  
 And, as my reader will have guessed,  
 The stranger was our Mr. Best.  
 "What are these things I wonder, now,"  
 Said Mr. Best. "Is this a cow?"  
 He laid his hand, as this he said,  
 Upon one rustic's shaggy head.  
 And similar remarks he made,  
 As these two urchins he surveyed.  
 The boys returned the other's stare  
 As he stood questioning them there,  
 "Ha! what's yon whitish-looking thing  
 Which from that branch doth pendant swing?"  
 He asked at last, and pointed right  
 To where the thing had met his sight.  
 The boys looked round and said "That there  
 Is what we call a punch-ball here.—  
 We uses it 't increase the size  
 Of muscle in our arms and thighs.  
 We punches it and kicks it, too,"  
 "I'll do so then, as well as you,"

Said Mr. Best, who wished to show  
 That he could strike a swinging blow.  
 He thought "I'll show these country chaps  
 A few old stinging city slabs"  
 And so he went to where the ball  
 Was hanging, neath the poplar tall.  
 Took off his coat; rolled up his sleeve  
 The tightness of his arm 't relieve.  
 The boys stood near; not *very* near—  
 They seemed to feel some awe or fear.  
 But whether for our Mr. Best  
 I do not think need be expressed.  
 Now see our City Athlete, see  
 Him proudly stand beneath the tree.  
 One urchin said, "Now see him, Mike,"  
 That city slab's a golt' to strike.  
 And so he was: the fatal blow  
 Went forth: The ball was shattered, lo!  
 Our much misguided Mr. Best  
 Had struck a well filled hornets' nest  
 His fist went through; his naked arm  
 Was covered by the yellow swarm.  
 His head, his body, everywhere  
 A vacant spot was, "Jack" was there.  
 And Mr. Best like lightning flew  
 To where a brook appeared to view;  
 Sprang in, quite frantic with the pain:  
 Sank: rose: sank: rose: sank: sauk: rose again.  
 And, as about to sink once more  
 Was dragged by those two boys to shore  
 But what a sight! how swelled! my eyes!  
 His face was twice its usual size.  
 And all his frame from tip to toe  
 Was quite convulsed with hornets' woe.  
 Here ends my tale; the moral's clear,  
 And must to every one appear.  
 'Tis this, that those who think they know  
 The most should learn to go it slow.  
 For oft themselves they over-reach;  
 Experience will a lesson teach.



"Siberia," at the Grand, is well worth seeing.  
 No Canadian can witness this play without  
 Having his natural abhorrence of Russian  
 Despotism strengthened. The Czar wouldn't  
 Let them play "Siberia" in St. Petersburg, not  
 For seventeen free passes per night.



The favorite Jubilee  
 Singers, from Fisk Uni-  
 Versity, open their sea-  
 son at Shaftesbury Hall  
 on the 30th inst. To-  
 ronto never seems to tire  
 of these accomplished  
 vocalists, and they are  
 equally popular through  
 the Province. The  
 charm of the quaint  
 negro melodies is one  
 that does not diminish,  
 but rather increases by  
 familiarity, and we can  
 appreciate the music all  
 the more knowing that  
 the dread institution,  
 slavery, which gave it  
 its pathos is no longer  
 in existence.

AT THE GATE.

They loaned against a garden gate,  
 The stars were overclouded,  
 Long hours had sped, 'twas rather late—  
 The pallid moon was shrouded  
 By misty pall, 'twas in the fall.  
 The streets were very crowded.  
 Good bye, my own, my own, good bye,  
 'Tis time we should be parting,  
 He said—She sprang up with a cry,  
 The tears from her eyes starting,  
 She sobbed, she gasped, and said "Oh dear!"  
 Her lover thought she'd fainted;  
 "Oh, darn it all!" she said "look here,  
 The gate is newly painted?"

SCHOOL MATTERS IN GRUBTOWN.

DEAR GRIP.—We hed a rayther excitin' time  
 here lately—We tukup the hul skule queschin,  
 an' dun up things about rite. Yer see there's  
 a small party here as allus talks a lot ov stuff  
 about a good skule—One ole fool, Frank Wise-  
 man sez—sez he, "It's the best safe guard we  
 have. If we only pay laborer's wages, we  
 can't expect to get a teacher that'll make our  
 boys and girls feel at home and able to take  
 care of themselves when they meet city folks."  
 as if we wanted eny safe gard, and don't know  
 enuf ter sampel both ends of the barl. Ole  
 Kresus sends his young uns to the town so he  
 was rite with us—Sed \$125 was quite enuf—  
 Jones was mad as git out—sed he couldn't af-  
 ford to send his to town—Sez I to em, they  
 has a real splendid teacher over to Dunctown  
 —an' only pays \$225—Cousin Punksseed sed,  
 "the taxes was all of \$12 to \$13 lessun last  
 year. Beside the feller they sent away was  
 so orful upish an' pertikler, sed he wanted  
 em to talk perlitte. So they bounced him and  
 got Miss Slickspooney—She gets up splendid  
 parties, pieces ard singin'—The young uns an'  
 everybody likes it fust rate.

We got all our own way at last. They put  
 another feller in to work with me.

I musn't forget to tell yer how our fellers  
 got over the man that runs the skule—Yer  
 see es long es they're in politicks—we kin  
 fetch 'em every time—Wo fooled around a lit-  
 tle about the holidays—but didn't mean biz-  
 ness till the superanyathun vote kum on—Yer  
 see it costs all ov \$10 a year a piece to insure  
 them from starvin', if they tries to live what  
 folks call kind er decent like—Wiseman sez it  
 keeps a better class in—We don't care we kin  
 git es good ez we want—We told the boss  
 strate he must cut it off—He kums rite down,  
 even offered to take it away from them that  
 paid for it—called 'em paupers—He felt orful  
 bad—es we held the stick over hi' head—sed he  
 wished they was ded—Anyway we stopt Wise-  
 man's party—and got the upper hand an' mean  
 to keep it.

I got a teacher fur Grubtown with no truble  
 an' thought it better ter hev things plane  
 at the beginning before all the rest, so I sez to  
 him—Well, stranger yer kin teach the skule  
 here es you're the cheapest—We want yer to  
 understand that we hire yer—yer must keep  
 order—yer can lick everybody's young uns  
 except ours they never does wrong, never tells  
 lies—They know it an' a grate deal more too  
 —Yer must keep the right side of them—an'  
 don't git too big feelin'—We expect an' kin  
 stand any amount of soft soap, so don't be  
 stingy with it—Yer earn yer muneey easy  
 enough, its only foolin' around in the shade  
 lessen half yer time anyway. So blaze away  
 —Wen yer put yer fut in it with eny of us, or  
 we gets tired of yer, or we wants the skule fer  
 a friend or relashun we'll fire you out.

Ef enything wrong while happens you shall  
 hear frum me again.

yours trooly,  
 ODDIEH GRUBBINS,  
 Skule Trustee.

PADDLE YOUR OWN CANOE.

(NEW VERSION)

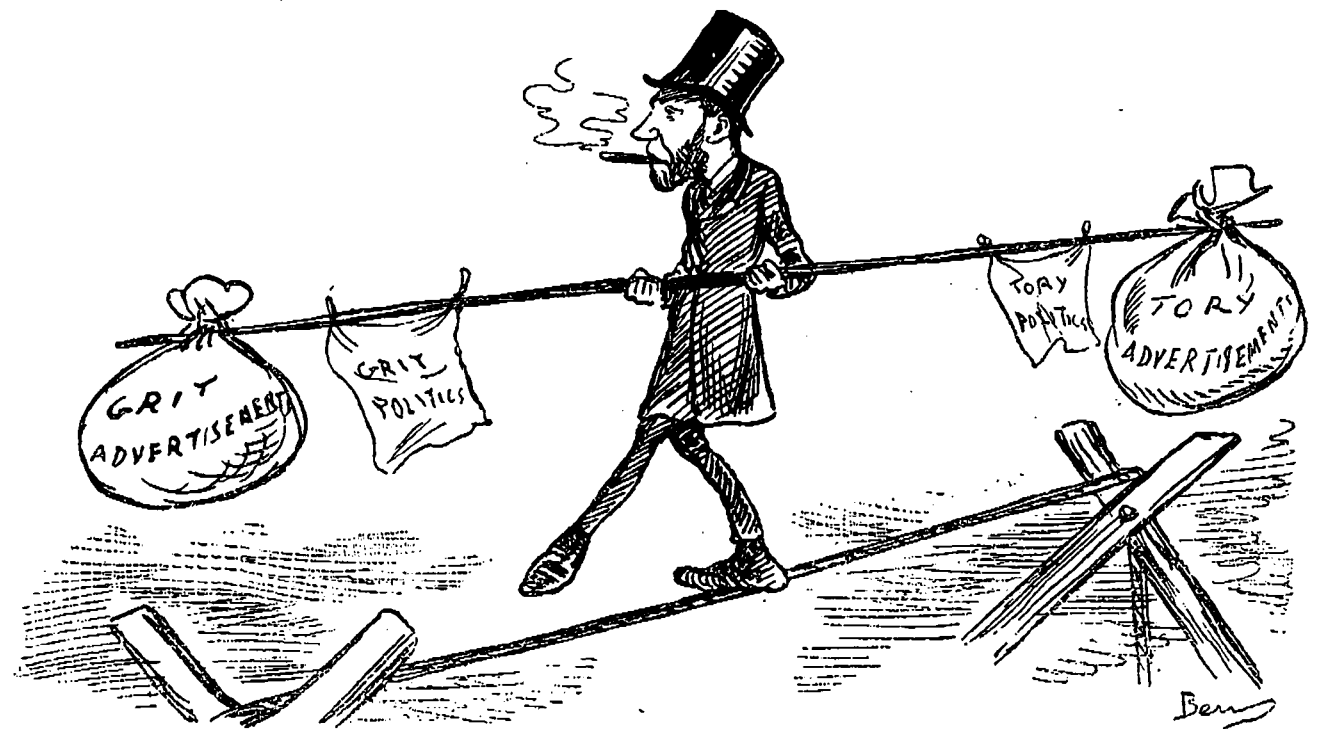
If you want to get on in this valley of tears,  
 And you find it right hard to go through,  
 The very best way, to Grip it appears,  
 Is to paddle your own canoe.

Just mind your own business and let others fret,  
 And work themselves into a stew;  
 About party politics don't worry, my pot,  
 But paddle your own canoe.

You see that Lord Wolsey agrees now with Grip,  
 When he has to get up the Blue Nile,  
 And up all the cataracts take a hard trip,  
 Where the climate and water are vile.

How does he manage to go up the stream?  
 To many the notion seemed new—  
 He said, "You can keep all your boats run by steam,  
 I'll paddle my own canoe!"

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**CANADA FOR THE CANADIANS.**

SIR SOCRATES GRIP.—DEAR SIR,—Will you kindly pardon this intrusion of myself and my affairs upon your very valuable time, my anxiety to gain information on certain points being my excuse for so doing. Will you kindly inform me of the meaning of this so often quoted phrase, "Canada for the Canadians." I cannot understand it. We do not say "England for Englishmen;" all the world is welcome there. Then, you know Canada does not belong to Canadians, but to Englishmen; and Englishmen have a right to be appointed to offices of trust, because it is absurd to suppose that a raw Canadian, but yesterday evolved from a painted Indian or a bear, is capable of fulfilling a position like this to which I have been appointed. Besides, the colonies have always been looked upon as a natural outlet for the superabundant talent of younger sons, who, by the law of entail, have got to make a living for themselves instead of inheriting one. The contempt so markedly shown for titles is one great proof of the crude state of society. Why, Sir David McPherson's name is scarcely ever mentioned without a sarcastic laugh. Now sir, I ask, when, for the services rendered to his country in the publication of a remarkable work on political affairs, the Queen of England and Empress of India, at the recommendation of

some high personages, chooses to confer knighthood on the gentleman and author, who is also rich—is it not a proof, I say, of the uncivilized state of Canada to receive such a one with laughter, instead of the profound respect the conferring of that title entitled him to? Is it not also a proof, that in order to infuse a proper respect for the upper classes, and to influence the masses with a certain amount of awe for the aristocracy, the sons of English aristocrats should in all cases be appointed to rule over the Canadians, to fill all honorable positions, all offices of trust, until a becoming reverence, such as obtains in Europe for the gentry and people of family, shall be fully established; after which we might venture to recommend the appointment of one or two Canadians, such to be selected from those who have been diligent in supporting by purse and personal influence those now in authority.

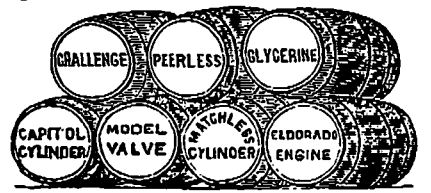
The very fact that the whole of the yeomen of Ontario should assemble and parade the streets of Toronto as they did, in honor of an insignificant personage called Mowat, I believe one who has neither family nor title, while Sir David McPherson was allowed to land and proceed to his residence as though he had come from a funeral, speaks volumes for the appreciation of talent by the people, and imperatively demands a large influx of the noble blood of young aristocrats to counteract this revolting democracy. And, as I said

before, Canada belongs to England, consequently to Englishmen. Canadians have nothing to say in the matter, and the sooner this fact is impressed upon the minds of young Canadians the better, and the sooner will become extinct that absurd cry of "Canada for the Canadians" forsooth!

I am, sir, your obedient servant,  
 AUGUSTUS FITZ-SNOBBINGTON.  
 Late of Snobbington Willows, England.  
 To SIR SOCRATES GRIP,  
 Grip Hall, Front-street, Toronto, E. C.

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