

# GRIP

EDITED BY J. W. BUNGOUGH

GRIP ENG.



## NORQUAY, THE LION KING.

Hon. John—LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, THE ANIMAL'S PERFECTLY HARMLESS IF YOU SHOW THAT YOU'RE NOT AFRAID OF HIM!

The gravest beast is the Ass.  
The gravest bird is the Owl.  
The gravest fish is the Oyster.  
The gravest man is the fool.  
—J. W. Bungough

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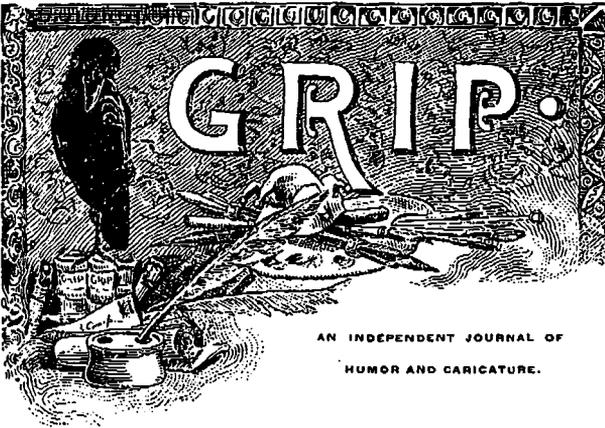
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**Comments on the Cartoons.**



WHITHER ARE WE DRIFTING?—No word in the English language better expresses the present political condition of Canada than this word *drifting*. It may boldly be affirmed that there is not a thoughtful, intelligent, disinterested patriot within our borders who can contemplate the facts and circumstances of the day without having at heart a sickening sense of the apathy and aimlessness which characterize both Government and people. That the country is practically ruled by one man would not so very greatly matter, if that man were known to be in the prime of his powers; keenly alert to the dangers of the State, distinguished for sound constitutional views, and actuated by high principles in all his doings; but nobody—not even the most fawning party sycophant—can claim that in any respect this description fits Sir John A. Macdonald. If Sir John is really a great and good statesman, he is missing a fine opportunity to prove it; and he is doing himself a great injustice by leading the country to suppose that he is more interested in the little details of partisan management than in the great matters entrusted to his care. A real statesman may sometimes move in a wrong direction, but he never *drifts*, as Sir John is doing now. And Laurier is in the same boat, as the representative of the Reform party—drifting, both of them, and Public Opinion fast asleep somewhere on the bank of the stream, apparently! To put it in perfectly plain language, what we mean is that Canada is at present in a most perilous situation, and neither Government, Opposition, nor people, seem either to know or care. Our debt is now about \$60 per head of the population, or \$300,000,000, and still piling up, while with lavish hands the public money—filched

from the pockets of the people by unequal, and in many cases unjust, taxation—is being scattered in the interest of party; Monopoly, in many forms, protected, if not created by our guardians, is crushing the life out of industry; the free voice of the people is smothered by legislation such as no people of British blood have ever before been known to submit to; bribery, boodling, and betrayal of trust—such as the resident American scallawag must blush to see—run riot at the capital; the Maritime Provinces declare for secession as a way of escape from tariff-slavery; the power of disallowance is abused to keep Manitoba under the heel of a railway syndicate, but is not availed of to save Quebec from an act incorporating the Jesuits; Ontario is as far as possible disfranchised on the one hand, and mercilessly robbed on the other; the Northwest Territories, instead of being nurtured and assisted, are wronged and dishonored; and British Columbia joins Manitoba in rebelling against a tyranny which is no longer tolerable. This list leaves most of the troubles and dangers which surround Canada at the present moment unmentioned, but those named are surely enough to justify the question “Whither Are We Drifting?”

NORQUAY, THE LION KING.—The building of the Red River Valley Railway is going on as busily as if the Government and people of Manitoba had never heard of Ottawa in their lives, and didn't know what the word “disallowance” meant. The Dominion Government, evidently conscious of the weakness of their cause, have given up the fight. Norquay finds that the terrible lion, whose roaring was wont to terrify the Prairie Province, is not much of a lion after all if you tackle him in earnest.

NOT SO BRIGHT AS HE ONCE WAS.—John Bright is against commercial union between Canada and the United States, chiefly for the reason that it would, in his opinion, lead to a severance of the union between Canada and Great Britain. Mr. Bright does not produce any stronger arguments in support of this view than he does in support of his contention that Home Rule for Ireland would “sever the union.” In both cases we believe the fine old gentleman is mistaken. Commercial Union would kill the annexation idea, and Home Rule would create a real union in place of the united discord which now exists.

THE REFORM PARTY GIVING ITSELF AWAY.—The fact that Mr. McIntyre of the C. P. R. Syndicate, the standard bearer of “Reform” in the late South Renfrew contest, was defeated by a good solid majority, does not make the case of the party leaders any better; it only proves that the rank and file of the party have clearer ideas of the fitness of things than their managers. Mr. McIntyre is a very worthy gentleman personally, and he would no doubt have been elected on this occasion but for the unfortunate fact that he is a member of the Syndicate. That corporation is feared and distrusted all over the country on account of the influence it already possesses, and the voters of South Renfrew did well in defeating its candidate. But what of the Reform “managers” who selected Mr. McIntyre as their nominee in the face of their record against monopoly in general, and the C. P. R. in particular? Why was it necessary thus to stultify themselves and court the snub they have received? And why should the recognized leaders of the party have given their personal endorsement to the questionable candidature? These questions are too deep for us. It is “management” minus principle—that's all we can say about it. But hereafter M. Laurier will be open to the taunt that he has offered to give himself away to the Syndicate.

**THE GARDEN GATE.**

My love and I stood, side by side, in a nook that's dear to me,  
 While above us towered, and almost touched, a noble poplar tree;  
 It seemed to swing, and bend, and sway, and suddenly kiss its mate,  
 While a snowy cloud caressed the moon—but between us was the gate.

Once more I looked to its silvery height, while the clouds rolled swiftly by,  
 And the grand old tree, in sympathy, delivered a heartfelt sigh,  
 Once more it bent, on embrace intent, and they melted to one; in  
 state,  
 I reached for my love, but found instead — between us the garden gate.

The cloud rolled by, and the man in the moon looked down on the poplar tree,  
 He looked at the gate, and the poplar mate, and then he winked at me;  
 The sky grew clear, and the stars, with a leer, laughingly twinkled—  
 “too late.”  
 And I swore, you bet! next time I'd get, on the other side of the gate.

Listowel, Ont.

O.I.N.



“SOCIETY.”

*Ethel*—MA, I'M SURE MRS. HIGHFLYER HAS GONE TO MURRAY BAY. THERE'S NO USE IN CALLING.

*Ma*—COME, MY DEAR, WE MUST CALL; BUT LET US HOPE YOU ARE NOT MISTAKEN.

**Song—Pride.**

WELL has the poet sang, through pride  
The angels fell frae Heaven;  
And since that day, from earth away,  
All faith in man is driven,  
Pride sets God's creatures far apart;  
Its folly all surpasses!  
God made man of one human heart,  
Man made us into classes:  
Made lords and ladies out o' those  
Whom God made lads and lasses;  
From them the proud oppressor rose,  
And trampled on the masses.

CHORUS.

Then weary fa' this wae fu' pride!  
This only can be said o't:  
On every haun, on ev'ry side,  
A sorry worl' its made o't.

See hoo that chap will dodge and le'e,  
And's never out o' trouble;  
Yet his ambition's but to be  
The biggest empty bubble.  
While underneath yon weary sun,  
Some weird we a' are dreeing;  
What have sic creatures ever done  
To glorify our being?  
Alas! life's fearfu' mystery  
They ne'er tried to unravel;  
And what idea can they hae  
O' a' its toil and travail?

Then weary fa', etc.

Nae wonder men o' sense deride  
This looking down on others;  
This scornful pushing to a side  
Their sisters and their brothers.

I'm vexed but to look at thae swells,  
Wi' nae stamp o' the true man;  
And yet they hae convinced themselves  
They're something mair than human.  
There's nae a class supreme in art,  
Or intellectual stature;  
A hind may hae a kingly heart,  
A king be but a creature.

Then weary fa', etc.

ALEXANDER M'LACHLAN.

**STUDIES IN SHAKESPEARE.**

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS—TO THE GENEROUS READER.



OWING to the fact that I have been unable to discover certain necessary information, and to the discourtesy of the Government in not giving me all the documents in their possession, I have been obliged with great reluctance to relinquish all hope of completing even the first chapter of "The Jubilee History of Chestnuts,"—I mean "of Canada." I was on the point of committing suicide by mixing "Rough on Rats" with my usual morning porridge, when a letter from the editor of GRIP arrested my ravenous appetite. The precious missive (now framed and hung up in my front hall) contained the offer of a large salary, if I would turn my at-

attention to two remarkable men who have recently been mixed up in a matter of personal dispute, and endeavor to elucidate the question of identity which has caused the unpleasantness. I have just requested my amanuensis, Stubbs, to make a copy of the letter. After several days consideration and a phrenological examination, I have decided to oblige the world and the Editor of GRIP. The persons whose quarrel I have undertaken to settle are Ignatius Donnelly and William Shakespeare. As William is considerably older than Ignatius, I will deal with him first as a matter of etiquette, proposing to give a short account of the gentleman himself, his life and times, and a critical analysis of his works, to which will be added notes not to be found in any commentator's edition of the Bard of Avon.

Stubbs has just brought in the note, which I now insert :

"Illustrious benefactor of the human race ! I will give you a cheque for \$—,000.02, on condition you settle the dispute between Shakespeare and Donnelly without a blow."

As a further instance of generosity the noble-hearted editor has offered to supply the illustrations of any difficult passages or allusions. So, to business !

I.—THE LIFE AND TIMES OF SHAKESPEARE.

It was at the time when good Queen Bess tried to fill the throne (I shall say *we* in future, as Stubbs refuses to find my references if he is not included in the work.) when good Queen Bess tried to fill the throne (Stubbs wants to know what she wanted to fill it with. He always was a fool),—at the period of English history when good Queen Bess endeavored to expand her emaciated figure to fit into the numerous angularities of the particularly royal article of furniture known vulgarly as the throne, (Stubbs says that sounds like Macaulay. I tell him if he must make a noise to *make-all-he* can. Stubbs faints), the arts of interviewing and telephoning were unknown ; but in order to compensate for the unknown losses England was then suffering from, William Shakespeare was born—Ignatius Donnelly says he was invented ; but we say he was born—" *Poeta nactus—non fit*"—that settles it. Donnelly says his name was Bacon—Donnelly's name is *Ham* henceforth for saying so. Shakespeare himself says " 'Hang-hog' is the Latin for Bacon " ; but we say " Hang Donnelly." Shakespeare was born specially on St. George's Day, 1564. Donnelly says Bacon was Shakespeare, and he was born in 1561 ; but Donnelly doesn't account for what the poet did during the three year's difference. It is not asserted by any of Shakespeare's biographers that he had the measles. We beg to supply the hitherto unknown fact. Shakespeare's father, every one of the biographer's kindly say, was in debt. As an answer to this, we assert that the whole world is in debt to Shakespeare—that clears his father, anyhow. Of his school days nothing is known, and as a consequence many volumes have been written to prove that he knew " little Latin and less Greek." He knew more than to display his ignorance in any of his writings, nevertheless, for he wrote entirely in good English. The Bacon-Shakespeare used to write in dog Latin, so he couldn't have been William. W.Shakespeare stole a deer once from old Lucy, and afterward stole Anne-other, even more dear, from old Hathaway. Donnelly hasn't noticed this co-incidence. Shakespeare got married in 1582 ; but had domestic troubles. His wife first detected his great qualities as a player, and wanted him to stay at home and play with her and the children. William refused. The result was

he went to London and played the ghost in Hamlet. Many volumes have also been written about this ; but his simple reason was to escape from his wife. If he had taken a human character she would have found him out ; so he played ghost with a sheet over him. Shakespeare wrote lots of plays and poems, and lasted for many years ; but he gave up playing the ghost in 1592, when he probably became a real one. His wife followed him later on.

*(To be continued.)*

**HYMN FOR THE DEDICATION OF THE STRAIGHTENING OF THE DON.**

Oh, calmly flowing river Don,  
Thy sinuosities are gone,  
Thy little coves,  
Where lurked the aguistic germ ;  
The tadpole now has grown infirm,  
And no more roves.

Changed are thy curves and marshy bed ;  
By other paths is being led  
Thy real estate ;  
Yet still we cannot purify,  
But hold our nose while passing by  
With quickened gait.

" Straight as an arrow from the bow,"  
Thy murky waters noiseless go ;  
Majestic sewer,  
With banks well worthy of the name,  
And year by year, with added fame,  
Long will endure.

" Flow on, thou deep, green river, flow,"  
And lose thyself where rushes grow—  
We're satisfied,  
For thy grim depths can never hold  
A fascination for the bold  
Bad suicide.

W. H. T.

**STRAY RESEMBLANCES.**

THE comma is never seen on the diamond, and yet it is the original short stop. This point of resemblance has hitherto attracted even less attention than the following, between a latch-key, namely, and what cats on the woodshed sing in. The answer, of course, is, a night-key. It is bad enough to have to listen to cats chanting in a night-key, without being entrapped into reading weak-kneed jokes like this one.

Well, we remember observing to a friend the other day that there is a wonderful similarity between a marriage-license and a noose-paper. It is a way we have when we are feeling pretty well.

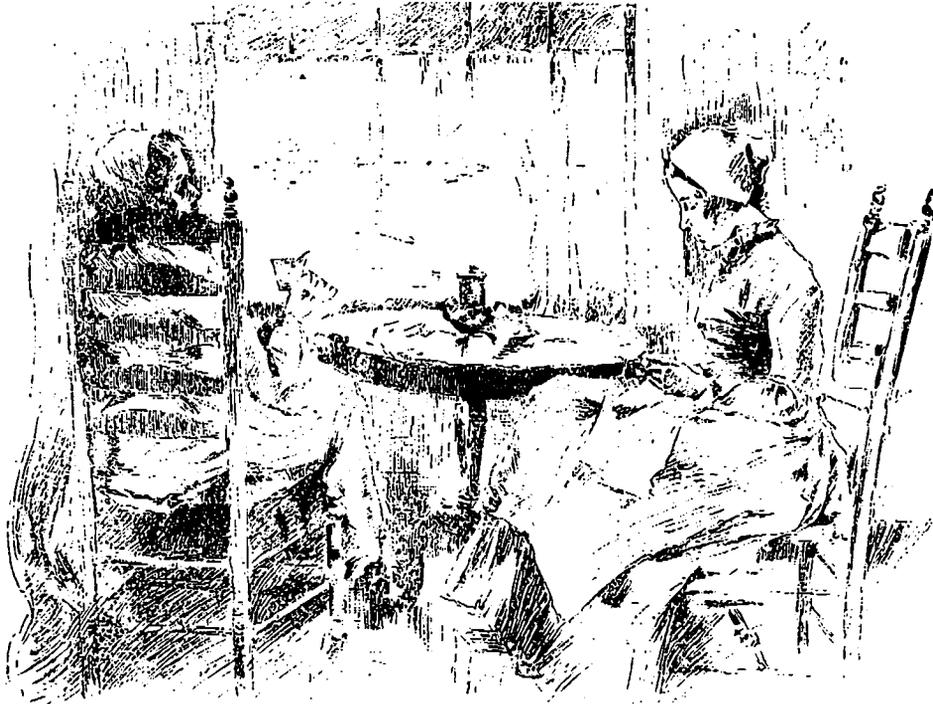
The detective is often a mere shadow ; while the baseball manager is generally a bouncing boy. These two furnish about as striking a contrast as that between Sullivan and the Knights of Labor.

When we were speaking of the detective we forgot to mention that he ought to wear a hunting-case watch. And, in conclusion, we may state that Poetry is like Virtue, inasmuch as each has its own reward.

**SPECIFY !**

" Its references to His Grace, the venerable Archbishop of Toronto, are insulting and disgraceful in the extreme."

It will astonish most of our readers to learn that this refers to GRIP, and that it is from a paper which professes to teach religion. The paper is not called *The Whopper*, but it ought to be.



#### MR. HOWELLS FORTHCOMING NOVEL.

In a late number of the New York *Critic* an interview with Mr. Howells appeared, in the course of which he was represented as saying that he had begun a new novel the day before. Our ingratiating Young Man betook himself immediately to Lake George, where Mr. Howells is staying at present, and by his engaging disposition, the charm of his manner, and his unobtrusive vivacity, soon won the esteem and confidence of the illustrious occupant of the "Editor's Study."

Now, for some time certain persons have been offensively criticizing Mr. Howells' methods, and the scope of his work in fiction. These misguided people allow, not without hesitation, that he often makes skilful use of his material, and that in certain directions he is even talented; but they deplore his limitations, characterizing him as "vapid" and "effete." Mr. Buchanan in his late book, styles him "Howells, the gentle apostle of man-millinery." Most of all do his critics bewail the repose and quiet which pervade his novels—the repose and soothing quiet of a village burying ground. From certain expressions that Mr. Howells dropped, our Young Man infers that this sort of criticism makes the great Realist's hair ache.

Hitherto Mr. Howells has met the slings and arrows of outrageous critics with a quiet disregard. He is introducing a considerable amount of action into his new novel, not out of deference to them, but from having himself acquired new ideals, new conceptions of the aims and possibilities of fiction. It is indeed a surprising announcement we are privileged to make. Mr. Howells read to our Young Man the nineteen chapters already written, and our Young Man pronounces them so tumultuously thrilling as to be almost melodramatic!

The drawing given above pictures the most thrilling scene in that portion of the book already in manuscript—a startling dramatic situation in the eleventh chapter,

glowing with life, and fire, and vigor. The drawing will be at once recognized as in the best manner of Mr. E. A. Abbey, who is illustrating the novel—to which, by the way, Mr. Howells told the *Critic* interviewer he had not yet given a name. He imparted the title, however to our Young Man, but in strict confidence.

We owe our best thanks for Mr. Abbey's courtesy in allowing us to forestall, in a certain measure, public expectation, by presenting his work in *GRIP* at this early date.

TRISTRAM S.

#### SAVED.

A DUDE by the name of O'Groat,  
Fell in love with a maiden of noat;  
When he begged for her hand,  
She made him understand,  
That she'd "sooner pick up with a goat."

Then that dude by the name of O'Groat,  
Went out on the bay in a boat;  
Though he tried to get drowned,  
He was soon after fowned,  
For his wooden head kept him afloat.

#### A FORGOTTEN MANUSCRIPT.

WHILE rummaging among some old papers of mine the other day, I came across a rare manuscript, in the form of a diary. It brought back to my mind the halcyon days of early married life, and I dropped a tear to their memory as I perused its musty pages. It read as follows:

SATURDAY, JULY 4.—Evelyn has gone to her father's. Old folks wanted to see new baby. I am to keep bach., keep the house in order, and keep the peace. She is to be gone a week, and made me swear that I would keep a diary during her absence, faithfully chronicling my every

act, "simply for her amusement when she returned." She has gone two hours. The house is a little lonely. Wish I had gone with her; but she said no, I must stay and look after the house, and see that burglars didn't run off with her set of silver-plated spoons, and the gold-washed necklace I had given her as a wedding present. Think I detected a little sarcasm in her speech when she said that. Gave me strict orders about feeding the cat and dog twice a day, giving the canary water, and keeping the flower-pots moist. Guess I won't write any more now. I'll go down to Tom's restaurant, see the boys, and get dinner.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, JULY 11.—My heart pains me when I think of how I have neglected my duty during the past week (my head pains whether I think of it or not). I came home this morning at 2 a.m.—think I came in a cab. The transactions of the past week are not very clear in my memory. I know I "saw the boys," and forgot all about the cat, dog, canary and flowers. I find that the first is lying on the top of the refrigerator, cold in death; the dog, I think, is alive, but he can't wag his tail; the canary—well, there are a few feathers on the floor of his cage, and a large mobilization of flies are sweeping up the crumbs; the oleanders and hydrangeas have shed their leaves, but the stalks can be utilized for kindling wood. I haven't had time to look around to see if the spoons and necklace are safe, as I only arose half an hour ago. I must get the cat buried, buy some more plants and a new canary before Evelyn— Great Cæsar! If that isn't her in a cab at the door now!

The above all happened several years ago. Evelyn has never asked me to remain alone since that day, and as I could not furnish her with a connected and satisfactory account of my actions during her absence, a coldness arose between us—a regular Arctic iceberg—that is only now getting thawed down level with the water; but it still bobs up to an alarming height whenever anything is said about going to see the old folks. When the latter wish to make the acquaintance of our later editions of little Stubbses they are obliged to visit us. There is a small board sticking out of the ground in our back yard with painted letters somewhat faded, but they can still be deciphered as "*Requies cat in pace!*" SAM STUBBS.

### JONES.

ADOLPHUS KARL DE WYNTON JONES  
Was one of high degree;  
His name was great, his name was long,  
And long his pedigree.

No toil e'er hardened 'Dolphus' hand,  
No overalls knew he;  
In ease and fun his days were run,  
He went on many a spree.

Yes, many a night was 'Dolphus tight,  
Full off his head did swim;  
For first Adolphus downed the wine,  
And then the wine downed him.

Thus roll'd Adolphus' life along,  
'Twas thus he spent his time,  
Until one day he crossed the bay  
On Doty's Ferry Line.

He wandered on the level shore,  
He filled his boots with sand,  
And after tea a seat took he,  
And listened to the band.

Ere long the maids began to come  
As oft they'd done before.  
They gathered fast; each ferry boat  
Brought many maidens more.

They flirted on the promenade;  
He watched them come and go.  
As I have said, his name was long,  
His head—it was not so.

Adolphus rose to move among  
That throng of beauties rare;  
He winked at one, she looked around,  
He followed and—got there.

They talked about the heat that day,  
Gazed at the stars above;  
She shot an upward glance at him,  
Adolphus was in love.

They looked upon the waters dark,  
He spoke of ocean's foam;  
And when at last the lights went out,  
Adolphus took her home.

Full tender were the words he spoke,  
Full gentle were his tones;  
Full deep the sighs that oft would rise  
From Karl de Wynton Jones.

His heart beat fast, his bosom showed  
He longed to know his fate;  
His courage came and went again—  
He left her at the gate.

Then wan Adolphus grew and lean,  
He was a painful sight;  
He moaned for Mary Ann by day,  
He dreamt of her by night.

At last he could no longer hold  
The secret of his breast,  
He sought his love with eager step  
And thus his love addressed:

"Dear Mary Ann, since first we met,  
I've lived alone for thee;  
I've loved thee well, I pray thee tell,  
Now wilt thou marry me?"

She moved her head away a space  
To think of what she'd say;  
The word was found, she turned around,  
A smile began to play.

She looked into Adolphus' face  
With earnest eyes of blue.  
"You must think I'm a fool," she said,  
"To take a dude like *you*."

Thus Mary Ann with cruel speech  
Put 'Dolphus' hopes to flight;  
He sadly took a parting look  
And tottered from her sight.

Wild were the pangs that filled his breast,  
Wracked with despair was he;  
To seek relief, to drown his grief,  
He flitted to the sea.

He thought perhaps amid the storms  
He might in time forget;  
Perhaps his love for her would cool  
If he got good and wet.

He sailed away from New York bay;  
He *did* get good and wet;  
The rigging moaned, Adolphus groaned,  
His stomach was upset.

The Fates pursued Adolphus' steps,  
Relentless as a curse;  
To be love-sick was bad enough,  
But sea-sick—that was worse.

So when Adolphus reached the shore,  
Resolved no more to roam,  
He left the main and took a train  
Straight for his inland home.

This is the story of his love,  
For now no more he moans  
For Mary Ann. A wiser man  
Is Karl de Wynton Jones.

J. F. F.

### PROBABLE DRAFT

OF MR. HENRY SYLVESTER'S LETTER TO HIS SON AS  
PROMISED TO MR. HASTINGS PORTER,  
JUNE 17TH, 1887.

(See "World" for July 26th, 1887.)

MY DEAR SON,—I have told Mr. Porter to castigate you. That I would not mind if such castigation confined you to bed for a week. I have told him your mother hopes he will give you the rope's end. I have also told him to "leather you well," "not to spare the stick," to "keep you under any strict discipline that will lick the devil out of you." I have told him to do as he likes by you. I shall not complain.

I have also told him that it was a piece of abominable impudence on your part to say the premium I paid him bound him to keep you. You must be a fool, my son, to suppose that I paid a premium with you for anything but the pride and pleasure of doing so. I have told Mr. Porter also that I do not think you wicked enough under any provocation to set fire to his barns; so you see I do not think you as bad as you might be; and I have told him that if you lamed his horse it was probably in a fit of bad temper, as I know you to be fond of animals. Was the horse an ill-tempered brute, my son, spoiled by ill-treatment in its colt-hood? Perhaps so; if it was, I hope you are sorry you were rough with it, poor thing; how could it be other than a brute so brought up.

I have told Mr. Porter that I shall not send you any money; that he is to give you none, because you are too fond of revolvers. Revolvers are not a nice plaything, my son, they do murder occasionally, especially in the hands of those who are irritated beyond endurance. I have also told Mr. Porter that I think an empty belly, hard knocks, and heavy work would make you wise, my son; and I have told him you are a liar. Your father,

HENRY SYLVESTER.

### CROAKS.

JAIL birds are usually night-hawks.

THE cricket's chirp is always 'oppor-tune.

AMATEUR oarsmen who take their girls out on the bay should hug nothing but the shore. See the drift of this?

WITH the sudden disappearance of its organizer, the proposed new literary club will certainly go to the Dickens.

MANY of our streets are in bad odor with the scavengers, who drive by decaying refuse as if they were not scent for it.

MRS. SPRIGGINS says she was taken aback to see her Julia playing leap-frog with the boys. Julia had also taken a back.

THE Boulanger-Ferry duel is not likely to end in smoke; though pistols are spoken of. Probably the pen will be mightier than the sword—Ferry likely.

THE Canadian gentlemen defeated Derbyshire at cricket. The Derby men would naturally feel Peak-ed at this; but cricket was never heard of in that county before.

KATKOFF is dead; long live the Czar. He is said to have advised the Czar when certain Polish editors and their papers were seized to "bind them in Russian leather."

THE Chinese are pulling down the telegraph poles in certain parts of the Celestial Empire. If the poles are anything like those in Toronto we don't blame the heathens' taste.

THE Ontario Bark Company has just been started. If they would only utilize the nightly dog-barks that keep this city awake when it ought to be asleep, the Company would do a good work. P. QUILL.

MCGARIGLE, the Chicago boodler, escaped from the United States and made his way to Canada on board the schooner "Edward Blake." It is just as well that the late Liberal leader is not now in politics, or this matter of assisting boodlers to escape justice would be made a good deal of by the Government press.

### MY QUEEN.

SHE rules with power, she rules with art,  
Somewhat tyrannical, 'tis true;  
Her throne is built within my heart,  
Her sceptre sways o'er all I do.

'Tis said when woman rules a man  
She does so in such artful way  
That he surmises not her plan,  
And thinks to serve her is but play.

I'm gifted with a keener sight;  
I know her schemes, her wiles are plain;  
Yet still I think my burdens light—  
As murmuring would be in vain.

I run her errands, pay her bills,  
And nurse the babies half the time;  
These are but sugar-coated pills,  
That man gulps down in every clime.

And so she plays her queenly role;  
I laugh and jest beneath her gyves;  
Along life's road I pay the toll,  
While she but holds the reigns and drives.

Oh, yes, she rules. But tell her so?  
I dare not, for my very life.  
Call me blind fool? Oh, well, you know,  
I dearly love my Queen—my wife.

W. H. T.

### THE HUMAN BOY.

LITTLE EDDIE is just three years old. He would much rather have his mother chastise him than his father, in fact a threat to tell the latter always causes instant obedience. The other day Eddie had done something particularly wrong, and mamma told him she would inform his father as soon as he came home. A very short while afterwards he was in mischief again, and his mother whipped him. He cried; but suddenly recollecting his former misdemeanor and the pending paternal thrashing, he cried the tears, and looking up, said: "Ma, lick me for that other now!"



WHITHER ARE WE DRIFTING?

### THE USUAL THING.

In August, when o'er all the summer fields  
The skies are blue, and the golden harvest stands  
Swaying with every wandering breeze, we read  
Something like this in the papers:—

"Jas. P. Briggs,  
An old and respected resident of this place,  
A veteran, who was through the Civil War,  
Has worn for a little over sixteen years  
An eye of glass. About four months ago  
It seemed to him that he could—so he thought—  
Faintly distinguish a glimmering of light  
With the glass eye he'd worn so long—the left.  
He believed himself mistaken at the time,  
And thought no more about it. On a Tuesday,  
Not more than two weeks later, in the middle of May,  
He stood astounded on the corner of Main  
And Jefferson streets, about three in the afternoon,  
Vaguely putting his hand to his head. Again  
(But clearly and distinctly) he seemed to see  
With his left eye. Unconscious of the truth,  
Believing himself the victim of illusions,  
He laughed to find himself the mockery  
Of his own imaginings. But strange to say,  
The sight of his left eye, from that day on,  
Continued to increase quite rapidly;  
And at this date—such are the marvellous workings  
Of Nature!—he is possessed of perfect sight  
In both his eyes. All the doctors are lost  
In admiration at an occurrence hitherto  
Unknown to Science, and are quite unable  
To account for this most strange phenomenon."

Chronicles such as this (not all unlike  
The Nile, whereof the sources no man might know)  
Are set up generally with the heading  
"Associated Press Despatch," and dated  
"Erie, Penn.," mostly always—  
(Sometimes, 'tis true, "Peoria, Ill.,"  
Or "Zanesville, Ohio,") and they go the rounds  
From paper unto paper. For Truth is mighty,  
And will prevail. TRISTRAM S.

### THE CANADIAN CHAUTAUQUA.

BY OUR MAN ABROAD.



ESTEEMED MR. GRIP,—When I get time, if I ever do, which is doubtful, I intend writing a book, to be entitled, "Summer Holidays as Related to Civilization," and if I can get your firm, sir, or any other enterprising house, to pay me a large lump sum for the manuscript, I will permit such work to be published. In this book I will endeavor to show that the summer Holiday is an infallible index to the Civilization, as

thus, briefly: No holiday; no civilization; no devoted to fishing, hunting, &c.; rude state of c.; h. devoted to seaside flirtation, superficial c.; h. devoted to quiet, restful amusement combined with intellectual exercise,—high state of c.—and so on,—you catch the idea, no doubt. It's a large subject, but I have no doubt I'll exhaust it when I sit down to my task. Well, it was in view of this future undertaking that I thought it worth while to pay a little visit to the Canadian Chautauqua. I took the *Chicora*—or rather perhaps I should say the *Chicora* took me—to the beautiful and venerable town of Niagara-on-the-Lake. Good trip that—no family should be without it three or four times in a season. And while I think of it, let me suggest that a Fresh Air Excursion on this well-managed steamer be tendered to the hundreds of your

Toronto poor, sir, who are not able to afford even the small fee charged. I will contribute handsomely to the Fund, if you start it, and I'm sure we can give a day of delight to many a weary mother and child. Set this ball a-rolling, MR. GRIP, or hand the matter over to Harry Piper, or some other large-hearted citizen who will take it up. Well, I landed at Niagara. On the way over I was reading a city paper, and observed that the despatch from Grimsby Camp was headed "The Canadian Chautauqua." I accordingly took train for Grimsby, but when I arrived there I learned that the title of the article was given without authority; Grimsby Camp was *not* the Canadian Chautauqua, and didn't profess to be. The latter was along the shore east of Grimsby, quite near the mouth of the Niagara River. I resumed my journey, and in due time arrived at The-Canadian-Chautauqua-and-not-Mistake at Niagara-on-the-Lake. Here I found everything new, though I don't wish to say that anything or anybody was too fresh. The grounds are about an hundred acres in bigness, and beautifully wooded. The place altogether was delightful, both in its material comforts, pleasant companionship and intellectual attractions. In the big auditorium we had feasts of reason every evening, and we had instruction in music, botany, and other branches of art and science, judiciously intermixed with bathing, boating, and fun in other forms all through the day. I send you a portrait of one of the preachers who was there to prove that dyspepsia was unknown in the vicinity. Our Chautauqua has made a gallant start. Every year it will improve, as it takes permanent shape, and before long it will be amongst the most attractive spots for the civilized holiday-maker.

### SIR MATTHEW ANSWERED.

ANECDOTES of the late Chief-Justice Cameron are now in order. I recall an episode which I witnessed in a trial at the Toronto court house in which the eminent lawyer, who was at that time the leader of the criminal bar, was decidedly non-plussed. Mr. Cameron was cross examining an Irish woman with his customary acuteness and apparent severity. She was a very unwilling witness, and this was evidently her first appearance in a court room. Her anxiety to avoid being involved in the case—with which she really had no connection except that of an accidental eye-witness of the assault under investigation—led her to be very chary in her answers, much to Mr. Cameron's inconvenience. At length, wearied with her stupid parrying of his questions, "Matt" said, somewhat testily,

"It appears to me, madam, that you have not been in the habit of meeting gentlemen of my profession."

"O, dade I have, thin!" she promptly answered.

"You're not the first lunatick that Oi've seen!"  
During the roar of merriment which greeted this Irishism, the ornament of the bar stood thoughtfully toying with his characteristic "goatee."  
J.W.B.

### JUSTIFIABLE.

"PRISONER at the bar, have you anything to say why the sentence of death should not be pronounced upon you?" asked the judge in a dry, harsh voice.

"I have," promptly responded the prisoner. "The evidence has not shown the provocation I had for killing the man. He came up and asked if it was hot enough for me."

"Ah!" said the judge, "it is well you mentioned that. You are discharged."

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As solicitor to the estate of the late Gilbert Horne, I fully endorse the above, and wish your Association every success. Yours, etc., T. W. GEARING.

We pay one-half the claim in case of "total disability," balance at death. (Copy.)

WICKSTEAD, June 20th, 1887.  
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36 Take Back the Heart	156 Don't be Learned to Love Another
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38 Slavery Days	158 Old Log Cabin in the Dell
39 Der Mule Shod on the Shteamboat Deck	159 Whisper Softly, Mother's Dying
40 Recitation	160 Will You Love Me When I'm Old?
41 My Old Kentucky Home, Good Night!	161 Gathering Shells by the Sea Shore
42 Thou Art so Near and Yet so Far	162 By the Sea Waves
43 The Seal of Banker Hill	163 Come Into the Garden, Maud
44 I'll be All Smiles To-night, Love	164 Where there's a Will there's a Way
45 Listen to the Mocking Bird	165 God Bless My Boy at Sea
46 Silver Threads Among the Gold	166 Annie Lawrie
47 Her Bright Smile Haunts Me Still	167 Sherman's March to the Sea
48 Sunday Night, when the Parlor's Full	168 Come, Birdie, Come
49 The Gypsy's Warning	169 Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep
50 Swinging in the Lane	170 Ever of Thee
51 'Tis But a Little Faded Flower	171 Love Among the Roses
52 Touch the Harp Gently, My Pretty Louise	172 Don't be Jealous, Cat
53 The Girl I Left Behind Me	173 Old Arm Chair (as sung by Ned Barry)
54 Little Buttercup	174 The Sailor's Grave
55 His Sisters and his Cousins and his Aunts	175 Oh! Dem Golden Slippers
56 Carry me Back to Old Virginia	176 Mornin' by the Bright Light
57 Kitty Wells	177 Four, but a Gentleman Still
58 Billy's Appeal to His Ma	178 Nobody's Darling but Mine
59 When the Swallows Homeward Fly	179 Put My Little Shoes Away
60 The Old Man's Drunk Again	180 Darling Nellie Gray
61 I Am Waiting, Essie, Dear	181 Little Brown Jug
62 Three Perished in the Snow	182 Ben Bolt
63 Sight Hints—Comic	183 Goodbye Sweetheart
64 Take Me Back to Home and Mother	184 Sadie Ray
65 Come Sit by my Side, Little Darling	

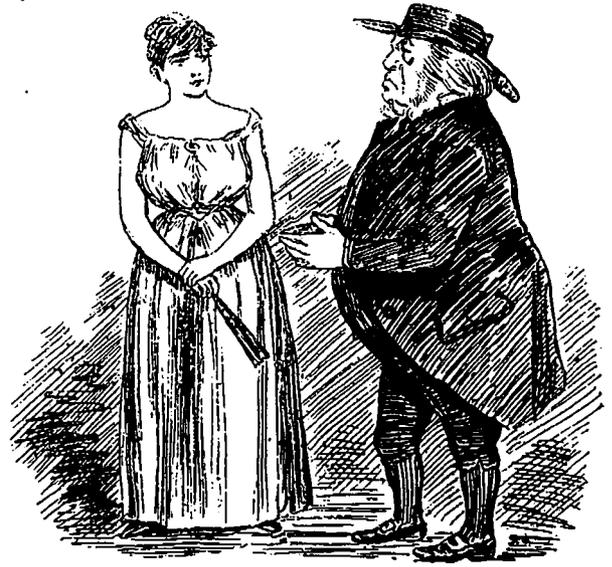
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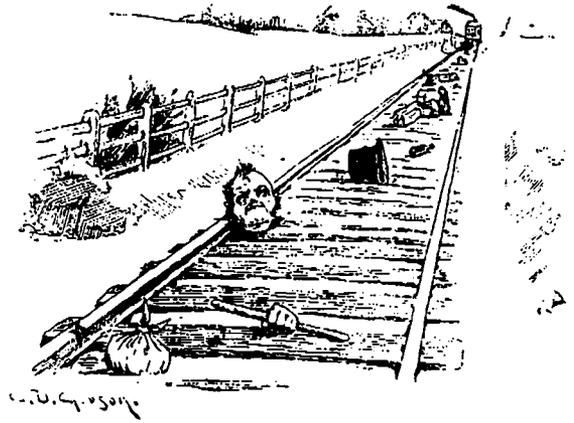
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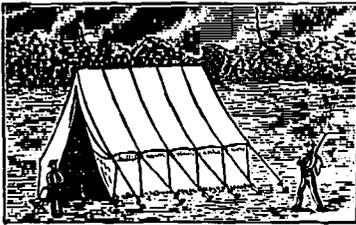


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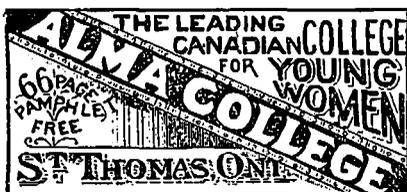
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Department of Indian Affairs,  
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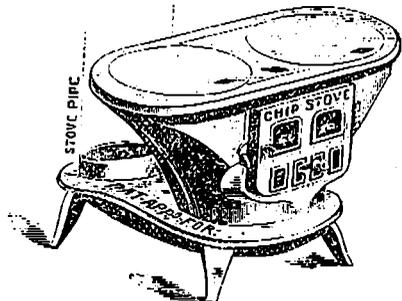
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