

THE MONSTER WHALE AT THE ZOO.

IMPORTER.

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



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MISS CANADA SNUBBED.

LORD COLERIDGE.—NICE YOUNG PERSON AND ALL THAT, NO DOUBT, BUT ONE DOESN'T CARE ABOUT ASSOCIATING WITH ONE'S MERE "POSSESSIONS," Y' KNOW!

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The gravest heart is the Ass; the gravest bird is the Owl;
The gravest fish is the Oyster; the gravest man is the Fool.

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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
articulate to send a memo. of present address.

Cartoon Comments

LEADING CARTOON.—On the eve of his departure from the Old Country, Ex-Premier Mackenzie delivered a speech at Glasgow in which, amongst other gushing things, he assured his hearers that Canada was ready to sacrifice her last dollar and last man in the cause of John Bull. This sentiment does the honest old gentleman credit as an orator, and no doubt he believes it true. But is it? Indeed, is it even consistent with Canadian self-respect? To our view Canada humiliates herself when she expresses more devotion and affection than she gets in return, and she gets precious little of either from John Bull. When our public men—members of the Cabinet—visit England, they find the small courtesy of the title "Honorable" denied them by the magnates of the Foreign Office; they find Americans everywhere in the Old Land preferred before them; and it is notorious that Canada is so little thought of that even the leading editors of England do not think it worth their while to know even the rudiments of Canadian geography.

FIRST PAGE.—As a timely offset to Mr. Mackenzie's gush we get the snub direct from Lord Chief Justice Coleridge—who informs his would-be entertainers in the Dominion that he will not be able to put his foot on British territory on account of engagements in the Republic. In taking this course his Lordship is simply following the example of nearly every Englishman of note who has visited America. So long as the advanced civilization of New York and Boston may be enjoyed, you could hardly expect a refined and cultured Briton to hanker for the wigwams and beaver-dams and frontier shanties of the snow-covered wilderness of Canada.

EIGHTH PAGE.—The facts in the case of Rat Portage ought to be pretty familiar to all newspaper readers by this time; but if there are any yet in the dark, this sketch will form a complete primer. It shows Mowat fighting

Norquay—Norquay being pushed on by John A., and John A. being forced to action by Mousseau. Meantime the patriotic Copperhead gets in his work from behind.

Our Leading Article.

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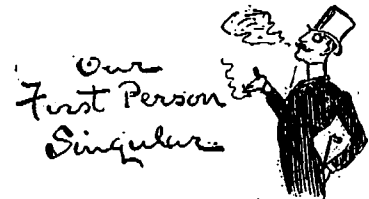
THE SITUATION AT RAT PORTAGE.

The battle—it is now almost literally a battle—at Rat Portage still goes on. Mr. Mowat remains firm in his determination to vindicate the rights of the Province of Ontario and continues to inspire his hired ruffians with lawless emotions and thirst after blood. Justice and Righteousness are not altogether forsaken, however, as Mr. John Shields, at great sacrifice of his valuable time, is devoting himself heart and soul to a peaceful solution of the difficulty. Norquay and his gang of toughs still remain passive instruments of outrage in the hands of the unscrupulous person who for the nonce dishonors the position of Premier at Ottawa. The end is not yet, but it is quite certain that this state of suspense cannot last much longer. Sir John Macdonald is too wise and patriotic a statesman to be moved from the path of duty at this late hour by the impotent slanders of the Grit press; he will fight it out on the line of broad Dominion interests; and in that Bleu-begotten course of national dismemberment he is consoled and encouraged by the Benedict Arnolds of the Tory press—the most sourvy crew of copperhead traitors who were ever permitted to breathe the free air of British territory. "Whom the Gods would destroy they first make mad"—so says the ancient poet, and if he is not astray we may be prepared to see a speedy destruction of the little tyrant, Mowat, whose outrageous and unconstitutional conduct throughout this affair is without parallel in our political history, if we except the phenomenally crass, idiotic and craven conduct of that hulking jellyfish, Norquay. That the territory belongs to Ontario is beyond question—that Manitoba has no shadow of right to interfere with it needs no argument with any but the madmen of the Tory Bedlam. It follows, consequently, that Sir John is simply doing his duty in thus straining every nerve to maintain the integrity of Confederation, a fabric which his incomparable genius first devised and subsequently carried to a brilliant consummation. Let the Right triumph, say we, and let Mowat be driven from place and power which he is unworthy to hold, and let Norquay get up and dust, if he would save his miserable neck.

The Syndicate

[No article genuine without this Signature.

Parasol flirtation is one of the newest fads at the seaside. When the girl jabs a fellow in the eye with her parasol, it means "you won't see much of me."—*Ec.*



"Every dove has its cote and every dog pants."—*Exchange.* Yes, and every horse has a collar and draws.—*Hamilton Times and 199 Exchanges.*—Have at ye then, my merry masters—and every pig its sty, and nearly every cow its scarf, and hens their "shoos," and so on and so on.

The Queen has ordered Mr. Tennyson to compose an elegy on John Brown. It seems to me that, with a little touching up, the one already in existence would do very well, to say nothing of its being familiar to everybody. Of course I allude to "John Brown's body lies a-mouldering, etc."

I do not think it is true that Chief Justice Coleridge was frightened away from the shores of Canada by the alleged portrait of himself that appeared in the *Globe*. His Lordship has a great terror of snakes, and he learned that Canada is at present infested with copperheads.

The New York *Sunday Mercury* of the 26th ult., has the following item amongst its theatrical news, "Charles T. Mills dropped dead on Wednesday evening in a drug store on Broadway. He had been at the Union Square Theatre witnessing Oscar Wilde's play 'Vera.'" Comment is unnecessary on my part, but it looks most uncommonly rough on the ex-apostle of beauty.

A feeling of holy calm comes over me as I read the *Regina Leader* and observe how Mr. Davin goes for Col. W. M. Herchmer, who richly deserves all he is getting. I personally know that officer and I can see in his late action towards Mr. Davin every evidence of a most spiteful, vindictive spirit, and such as I know, to my cost, the colonel possesses. Go for him, Nick, you can't make it too hot for him

Says an exchange—"Cleveland has a young lady with a bullet in her brain. Although she was shot only three weeks ago her condition has so steadily improved that she has actually gone down the street a-shopping. Her physician, however, declares that she is not yet out of danger."—That may be, and it is very certain that her parents, or whoever the people are who pay her bills, are not either. So much for that health bullet-in.

"How shall we stop the great evil of lying?" asks a religious weekly.—Well, the authorities can make the first step in the right direction by killing every man who goes fishing; by making the publication of the circulation of newspapers illegal; by doing away with all members of the legal fraternity; by permitting no one to write in any paper in the first person singular; by not allowing some religious weeklies to be published at all; and by following this advice.

I see that Mr. Fenton called the Police Magistrate's attention the other day to the numerous offensive odors that permeate and pollute the atmosphere of the Police Court and No. 1 Station. It is altogether probable

that Mr. Denison was aware of the existence of these stenches before the C. C. A. mentioned the fact to him, but it is to be hoped that he will now take some steps to improve the air of the building, for he should bear in mind that many diseases arise from these poisonous odors, and that a collarer is always lurking about police stations.

I fear that some of the readers of this sheet will fancy that there has been too much dropping into poetry in this week's issue, but as the epics, sonnets, idyls, elegiacs, and so forth are of a very high order I trust no one will object. When the Muses hit any of us poets a whang behind the ear as a hint that they are about to inspire us, we might just as well try to sit down and write plain, matter-of-fact English prose, and with as little chance of success as the Editor of the *Mail* has when he sets about a similar undertaking.

We must
Write verse or bust.

There, the fits' on me again. Another good man gone wrong.

Lake Moosheicmagunticjocknahmakantajus, in Maine, is pronounced a popular summer resort.—*Er.* That doesn't seem to me to be the right way to pronounce it, somehow; however, let me warble;

Oh! my
Never did I
See a name so outrageous
As Moosheic-
maguntic-
jocknahmakantajus.
Moose with a hic,
Magun with a tic—
Oh! this name doth enrage us
And I'll stop pretty quick
And end it up slick
With jocknahmakantajus.

It is stated on excellent authority—my own—that on the wall of one of the divisions in the recently discovered Ark was found a piece of paper on which was a picture—rather crude and lacking in finish and very *Globe-cut*—of two individuals, one of whom is represented as asking the other, "Have you got a match?" to which the second figure replies, "It would be hard to find a match for you, haw, haw, haw." The paper being detached from the wall, was found to be a piece of a *St. Louis* daily, and a paragraph could be plainly deciphered having reference to the size of a Chicago girl's feet.

As I observe that the authorities are putting the law into force compelling owners of cows to prevent their animals running at large, I think it is about time for me to issue my card of thanks to those people whose cows have been, for several weeks, roaming about the secluded bosky dells in Rosedale. I thank them for the many gallons of milk I have obtained free and for the improved state of my health consequent upon the imbibing of so large a quantity of the pure lacteal fluid which was all the sweeter because stolen. I trust that I am an honest man, and that when I commit a theft I don't try to conceal it. At the same time I think that those despotic authorities before mentioned have acted in a harsh and tyrannical manner in putting a stop to my free milk, and the owners of those cows will display a mean and cringing disposition if they submit to any such high-handed proceedings.

I observe a great deal of talk in the papers just now about a man's right to castigate his wife; and opinions appear to be divided on the subject. I say, without hesitation, that a man has a right to thrash his wife—if he can, which I don't think will often be the case, for

any man who would strike a woman, much less his wife, must be such a contemptible coward that if the woman stood up to him for half a minute she could not fail to knock him out. By all means encourage the brutes to beat their wives, and let us try and show the poor trembling women that if they will only display a little pluck, the bully, who is inevitably a coward, will soon turn tail. Let him have it, ye women: give it to him; nothing's too big to hit him with—rolling pins, broomsticks, pokers, telegraph poles, anything, so long as you give him fits.

As I was glancing over that ever welcome and sprightly exchange *The Arkansaw Traveler*, of last week, my eyes fell upon this paragraph, "The editor of *Grip* is a bright, forcible writer and is worthy of all the success which is accorded industrious man," and a thrill of ecstasy went through all my being; my ears flapped about in delirious rhapsody of enjoyment, brushing the cobwebs from the ceiling and creating a breeze that whirled proofs and copy to the uttermost quarters of the earth. "We," exclaimed I, dropping the commonplace first person singular and adopting the regal and editorial ditto ditto plural. "We are the stuff; we are the humpty-hoodlum that the *Traveler* man delighteth to honor," and I arose and cavorted and pranced about and expended much wealth for the beveraginous delectation of every man and boy connected with this office; and then, when the first ecstatic effervescence had passed off I took up the paper once more and read the paragraph which immediately preceded the one quoted above. It ran in this wise: "*Grip*, that bright sheet once published at Kansas City and afterwards at St. Joseph, now comes from Howard, Kansas." And then a sadness stole over me like unto that which a man who is athirst experiences when he picks up a tin tobacco tag for a half dime; and I flopped as one that floppeth floppily, and I slew a fall poet who entered unawares at that moment with his manuscript. Yea, I smote him hip and thigh. So he died. FREDDIE;

EDITORIAL NOTE.

We wish to explain to those of our city and country subscribers who complain that their copies of *GRIP* failed to reach them till several days after publication last week, that the fault, though apparently ours, is not really so, as the Post Office authorities claim that, owing to being shorthanded as regards letter carriers, for other reasons not yet satisfactorily stated, they have been unable to deliver the immense amount of matter on their hands as rapidly as might be desirable.



MY LOST LOVE.

'Tis many and many a year ago,
In a village away from the sea,
That I loved, with a love that was more than love,
The beautiful Marion Gee;
And I vow, by the stars that are twinkling above,
She loved I as I loved she.

And the spring time came and it passed away,
In that village not down by the sea;
And summer arrived, and on quivering spray
The bobolink sang in the tree;
And my heart, like a trade dollar, lightly did weigh,
As I sported around with Miss Gee.

She was grown up and I was grown up,
At least I was twenty and three;
She divided her love 'twixt her puggy-nosed pup—
Which I verily hated—and me;
And all seemed serene: but betwixt lip and cup
There is nany a slip:—we shall see.

We wandered together by moonlight alone,
That is, I and Miss Marion Gee;
And we sat, arms entwined, on a moss-covered stone,
On a stone that was worshipped by me;
Yes, I own that that stone seemed alone worth a throne,
For 'twas there that we spooned,—I and she.

And the month of July, bringing picnic and feast,
And its flowers, and bumbling bee,
Came dreaming along, and my love never ceased
Till one day, as you'll presently see,
When it died at a time we expected it least
Away from us lovers to flee:

We attended a picnic together, alas!
We attended it, I and Miss Gee;
And we ate, as we sat on the emerald grass,
'Neath the shade of a butternut tree,
The ham and cold chicken, the sweet apple sass,
The potato and succulent pea;

For she was no child, and I was no child,
And with fork and k. n. i. f. e.
We disposed of the 'prog' but I nearly went wild
At what I did presently see.
She ate peas with her knife 'd did this beautiful, mild,
And otherwise lovely Miss Gee.

Like the swift lightning flash I beheld the sharp knife
Go into the mouth of Miss Gee:
And I said to myself, "I can ne'er make my wife
A girl who devours the pea
In that way," and fair Marion went out of my life,
And I hankered no more after she.

And now I am lonely, and life to me seems
A blank and a sad memory;
And my verses I write by whole quires and reams,
But they bring nought of solace to me,
For a knife never gleams without bringing me dreams
Of the beautiful Marion Gee.

SWIZ.

SHE WAS ARTLESS.

"How strange it is," she murmured, as the loving pair, so soon to be made one, strolled beneath the trees together, "that you men are always poking fun at us about our pockets, and the funny men of the newspapers write such a number of pieces about the difficulty a man experiences in finding a pocket in a woman's dress."

"Well it is a fact," replied Bertram: "you see our pockets are so easy to find that it is a hard matter for us to discover the opening to those in feminine garments."

"But do all men have their pockets in the same position?" she enquired, though Bertram wot not that there was guile in the question.

"Well, as a rule, yes," answered the artless Bertram, "though I flatter myself I know a thing or two: Now darling," he continued imprinting a fervid kiss on her beautiful *arc-de-Cupidon* lips, "look here: I have all the ordinary pockets in my-in my-my-these things, you know, but—I always give my tailor instructions to make a small one just here—inside—" indicating the exact locality, "I use it expressly for carrying my money in."

"Oh! how cunning you are, Bertie," she said in her low, admiring tones; and then she murmured softly to herself, under her breath, "but you have given your snap away, and now I shall know just where to strike when I go through your pockets at night without rummaging all round and making a row," and then she added aloud, "Darling, darling Bert."—S.

Alabama boasts a watermelon with a complete map of the world on its surface. The cholera districts are strongly outlined.—*Burlington Free Press.*



LOST BIRDIE BOODLECHUG.

A DETECTIVE'S STORY.

"Yes, sir," said the detective, as he sa down in the easy chair, "as you remark, we see some queer things in our profession," and he darted his keen eyes in my direction, and lit the cigar with which I had just presented him.

"Now, sir, there was that affair of the lost Miss Boodlechug, you've heard of it of course?—No, well I'll tell you about it. I was sitting in my office one morning when an o'd gentleman entered; he appeared much distressed and gave me the following particulars: His daughter, Birdie, a girl of sixteen years of age, had suddenly disappeared during the previous night. She had left no information as to where she was going, and it was feared she had eloped with young Gunchump, who had been, for some time, clandestinely visiting her, as it had transpired. Mr. Boodlechug desired me to take the case in hand and search for his lost daughter. I did so. I accompanied the bereaved parent to his residence, and made a thorough examination of the premises. I discovered nothing at first which I considered would aid me in my hunt for the missing young lady, and as I was about to leave the house, somewhat disconcerted, a parrot, whose cage was hanging outside the front door, gave vent to a series of shrill 'Ha, ha, ha's.' An idea struck me at once, and I pointed to the bird and asked, 'whose parrot is that?' The old gentleman informed me that it had been his daughter's favorite pet. I said nothing, but felt that I had a clue; so, taking the cheque for several thousand dollars which Mr. Boodlechug pressed on my acceptance with a promise of treble the amount if I was successful in finding his Birdie, I left the house. I hunted high and low for the object of my search but was doomed to disappointment. No tidings could I glean of Miss Boodlechug, though I left no stone unturned to discover her whereabouts. Time flew on; at first the old gentleman would call daily at my office with anxious enquiries as to how I was succeeding, but as day after day he met with the same discouraging reply, his visits became less and less frequent and at length ceased altogether, and, as I never saw him on the street I determined not to call on him till I had good tidings for him. I was not discouraged however. Stimulated by the prospect of obtaining the promised reward, I redoubled my efforts, but discovered nothing for many years; still I would not give in. I was then a young man, sanguine and full of hope. The laugh of that parrot was forever ringing in my ears; it seemed to haunt me, sleeping and waking. Thirty years rolled by. I was by that time nearly despairing of ever finding Miss Birdie Boodlechug,—hold on, don't interrupt me;—The annual exhibition was being held and I was sauntering, somewhat aimlessly about the Fair grounds when I was suddenly transfixed with surprise by something I heard behind me. The sound was nothing

more nor less than a feminine laugh, a series of 'ha' ha, ha's,' but the tone in which they were uttered I could never mistake. That laugh must have proceeded from the lips of the person who had taught Miss Boodlechug's parrot to laugh! I turned, and behind me, admiring some immense pumpkins, or, as her companion, a young man, fashionably dressed and on whose arm she was leaning, termed them,



'pumpkins,' stood a young woman of about sixteen years of age, whose blue eyes, long blonde tresses and general appearance answered in every particular to the description I had obtained of Miss Boodlechug. But that laugh! there could be no mistake: It was the parrot's cachinnation to a T. I stepped up to the young lady and saying, 'Miss Birdie Boodlechug, I have found you at last; I shall require you to accompany me: I am a detective, and I have looked for you since May, 1853. I have your description here, as I got it then, and it tallies with your appearance in every particular.' She was surprised, as was her companion, and protested that I was mistaken and demanded to see the description of herself; I shewed it to her and told her why I wished her to go with me, when once more there rang out that never-to-be-forgotten succession of 'Ha, ha, ha's.'

'Why,' she exclaimed, as soon as her laughter would allow her, 'Mr.—Mr.—? and she looked at me inquiringly.

'Sleuthbeak,' I replied, giving my name—'Well, Mr. Sleuthbeak,' she cried, 'this Miss Boodlechug was lost in 1853. It is now 1883—and-and-don't you give ladies credit for ever growing any older—ha! ha! ha! I am only seventeen now; how very gallant you are, to be sure.'

I was horrified; I had never taken into consideration that even a lady's age will increase in thirty years. I saw my error and fled from the scene; I was dumbfounded and hoped the papers would not get hold of the affair, but they did, and that was what brought Mr. Boodlechug, now a very old, feeble gentleman, and accompanied by a lady whose age might be between forty and fifty, to my office. He was assisted to a chair, and as soon as he could get sufficient breath he said, 'I must apologize, Mr. Sleuthbeak, for my neglect, but the fact is that my daughter, who had merely gone to visit a friend on the night she disappeared and with whom she remained for three weeks, having written to inform me of her whereabouts though her letter went astray, returned at the end of that time, and I omitted to inform you of the fact, supposing that you would give up your search in despair. Yes, she came back all right, and here she is, introducing his companion. 'But I will give you half of the reward I promised,' he continued, for the trouble you have taken.' And he did, and there's the end of my yarn of the Missing Birdie Boodlechug."

"Dear me," I exclaimed, "how odd; I mean about you forgetting that she would be thirty years older by the time you fancied you had found her."

"Not so very odd, sir, after all," replied the detective, "I know several ladies who never grow a day older, let alone thirty years, after they attain a certain age. It was not so very odd, after all. Good morning, sir, good morning" and he was gone.

—S.

What is that—is it a circus acrobat? Oh, no, my son, that is a man who is kicking himself. What makes the man kick himself? He has been to a masquerade party and flirted with his wife all the evening.



"MUCH CRY AND LITTLE WOOL."



ONE-SIDED DEVOTION;
OR, A SAD WASTE OF CANADIAN GUSH.



"So the world wags."

No, I'll be hanged if I can see any harm in card-playing, that is, in the simple act of playing cards, though doubtless it may lead to gambling, like almost anything else. Still, children should be taught not to mix up what they learn whilst amusing themselves with the bits of pasteboard, with other and more serious things, or, doubtless, euchre, poker, whist, etc., will lead to

BAD EFFECTS.

Ethel's mother, writes Eli Perkins, was reading her Sabbath-school lesson to her when she came to the verse—

"But when they next saw Joseph, they found him in a position of great authority and power, and —"

"Joseph was King, wasn't he, mamma?" interrupted Ethel.

"No, Ethel, he was not King but he was very high—next to the King."

"Oh, I know, mamma, he was Jack—Jack high."

Alas, Ethel had seen too much card playing.—*Exchange.*

Young men, as your friend and well-wisher, I am always anxious to do everything that will make your lives happy, and as most of your trials and tribulations will probably come upon you *after* matrimony, I feel that it is only right on my part to give you a "pointer" as to your conduct on certain occasions. Read below, then, what John did, and go ye and do likewise.

HE MAINTAINED HIS MENTAL EQUILIBRIUM.

"Here you are again," she said in a harsh voice and with a dark frown upon her face, as she opened the door for him and let him in; "an hour past midnight, and—and—my gracious! you've been drinking, as usual. I don't care! I won't stand this: I'll go back to mother. There!"

"Whizzer mazzar, lovey?"

"Matter! I should think there was matter enough, you brute; what's that you've got in that paper bag?"

"Angel cake; thazzar whizzer call it. But not half good 'nuff for you, lovey. You are better than 'nangel." So saying, he produced a large slice of rich fruit cake from the bag.

A smile passed over her face as she took the cake and said:

"John, you are just too awful, coming home so late and in such a state. Now, just say you won't do it any more, like a good boy."

"Nor, lovey; wonner dor her no more."

"All right, then; I forgive you this time, dear. Let me help you upstairs."

And as she put the fruit cake away in the closet, she murmured to herself, "Angel cake; and isn't half good enough for me, he says. Well, John is a dear, good fellow, after all.—*Somerville Journal.*

The appended extract is said to treat of a conversation that actually happened. It is

not only possible, but probable, that such was the case, as any one can testify who has ever travelled in that land of jaw-breakers—Wales—which country can double discount Germany, Russia or any other known place in the matter of polysyllabic words with most of the vowels left out.

HIGHLY LUCID.

Welsh names are proverbially of a crack-jaw tendency; but perhaps the palm may be given to the following, which casually occurred in a conversation between a Welsh maiden and an English visitor at a village at the foot of Snowdon. The visitor enquired—"What is the name of your little cottage, my dear? Welsh Girl—Lletylliflyfynwy, sir. E. V.—Oh. And are your parents living? W. G.—Yes, sir; but my father works at Chwael Caebraichycafn. E. V.—Well, well. Any brothers? W. G.—Yes, three, sir. One at Rhoslanerchrugog, one at Llanenddwynowmllanddwywe, one lives between Penmaenmawr and Llanfairfychan. E. V.—It's growing worse, I see. How many sisters? W. G.—Only two, sir; one is with my aunt at Llanfairmathafarneithm. E. V.—My word, what a name! And the other? W. G.—Oh, she is in service, sir, at Llanfairpwllgwyngyllgogerychwyrndrobwllgetrobwlllylandysiliogogoch." This agreeable name signifying—"Llanfair," St. Mary near; "Pwll Gwyngyll," White Hazel Pond; "Goger," near; "Y Chwyrn Drobwll," near the Whirl Pool; "Dysilio," Saint; "Ogo," cavern; "Gogo Goch," ancient hermit.

It is to be sincerely hoped that the young woman who speaks in the following verses is not to be taken as a specimen of our Canadian pic-nic going damsel, even though she may happen to "run the bar." I don't think *any* girl in the Dominion above a certain grade would speak of young men as "gents," even to make the metre of her conversational verse run smoothly: No; let us trust that it is an American lass who is speaking of

THE MODERN PICNIC.

"You must wake and call me early; call me early, mother dear,
For our association starts its picnic from the pier.
We've a couple of lads to dance, mother, and a dozen or so to spar,
And I am to run the bar, mother, I am to run the bar!"

"The boys are perfect gents, mother, though they're fond of getting high,
So, just wrap up the cartridges and pistols with the pie
If any Sunday schools, mother, should picnic thereabout,
We're able to knock 'em out, mother, we're able to knock 'em out."

"Of course there will be rows, mother; if there wasn't it would be queer,
When I serve them all with mugs of froth, where they've called aloud for beer;
But what can you expect, mother, when a couple of hundred meet,
Who would rather fight than eat, mother, who would rather fight than eat?"

"If I shouldn't come home at all, mother, through being a bit too game,
Just work the hospital list, mother, until you find my name;
Or else at the station house, mother, though the cops would hardly dare,
Yet you'll possibly find me there, mother, you'll possibly find me there!"

—*Woman's Kingdom, in Toronto Mail.*

BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

are made pallid and unattractive by functional irregularities, which Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription," will infallibly cure. Thousands of testimonials. By druggists.

A noted physician says that nearly all women have smaller chests and trunks than they ought. Baggage-men don't think so.—*Burlington Free Press.*



The managers of the Caledonian Games at Lucknow have courteously sent GRIP a complimentary ticket, which he regrets to say he will be unable to avail himself of. The demonstration takes place on the 12th, and we hope it will be as happy, enjoyable and successful as its predecessors under the same management have been. We can say nothing heartier.

Manager Sheppard has caught the town this week with a grand spectacular play, involving brilliant costumes, gorgeous scenic effects, pretty ballet girls, and no end of attractions. The piece is mounted by Kiralfy Bros., and nothing further need be said in testimony of its excellence.

The Holman Co. are performing *Iolanthe* at the Zoo, and they "do it very well." Miss Blanche Holman is playing the title role, and O'Connor has made a hit as the *Lord Chancellor*. Next week the Company take possession of the Holman Opera House—late Adelaide St. Rink.

A Concert is to be given at Shaftesbury Hall on the 18th in aid of the Children's Home. Mrs. Caldwell and other eminent vocalists are upon the programme, and a first-class entertainment may be anticipated.

PERSEVERE IN WELL DOING.

BY MCTUFF.

Come weal, come woe, let come or go
This world as it will,
Though oft distressed, yet do your best
Life's functions to fulfil.

Nor grief, nor care, your heart let sere,
Though fickle fortune frown,
And cruel fate, first elevate,
Then rudely cast you down.

No thoughts unkind, let sway your mind,
'To give unmanly thrust,
But whilst you've life, ne'er cause the strife,
And in the issue trust.

Let not your heart the dastard's part
Vindictively perform,
Nor ever swerve, but with strong nerve
'To honor's laws conform.

With sturdy arm, and purpose firm,
The right eye keep in view;
Though baffled still, unyielding still,
Its well marked path pursue.

Success with those, will but repose,
Who ply the willing hand;
Who show by deeds that ne'er mislead,
Must confidence command.

Then persevere, nor doubt, nor fear
What the result shall be,
With truth for shield you win the field,
And gain life's victory.

CLIPPINGS FROM OUR COMIC EXCHANGES.

Life is a Sirius affair in the dog-days—*Globe*. (This joke was patented in 1666.)

"Ouida" denies in a very spunky manner the story that she is insane. The Ouidas of her novels, however, will scarcely believe her.—*Globe*. (Birth of this witticism contemporary with the appearance of "Ouida's" first novel.

If a man gets his coat wet from the spray of Niagara Falls, why is the moisture like a certain steamboat that once went down the rapids? Because it's Maid of the Mist!! (Made of the mist!!)—*Globe*. *Punch* please copy.

ODE TO A PRINTER'S TOWEL.

Relic from the realms of Pluto!
I sing of thee, and of thy blackness,
Grim, Styxlike, impenetrable.
And then I wonder with a wonderment
That borders on the mystic realms of awe,
Whether thou ever wast, or ever will be
Again white;
Or whether
The sable hue which thou dost ever bear
Is like the Ethiop's skin, or like the spots
Upon the multitudinously dappled leopard;
Immutable; fixed; unchangeable.
Once, in the bygone centuries of the past
Grim legends say that thou wast white and beautiful
Like to the snow upon the Alpine heights,
Like to the snow of which the *Arkansaw*
Traveler sang some few short weeks ago
In a reprinted poem.
Still, as I never saw thee in thy purity,
In all thy dazzling, glittering incandescence,
I think that thou hast ever been the thing
I see thee now; black, vile, measly;
Avaunt! thou horrid thing,
And quit my sight
'Ere I become a tottering nerveless wreck,
A poor, incapable and gibbering victim
Of the jim-jams.
Begone! I loathe thee.
Pah!

—S.



SCENE AT OTTAWA.

M. MOUSSEAU.—I will have eet, Sare John. Ze Mowat most contemptible must be crush! He must be extirpate!

SIR JOHN.—Why? Good sort of fellow, old Mowat; very honest and all that. Capable, too, used to have him in my office.

M. MOUSSEAU.—Sare John, he is the block to stumble in de way, ze party magnifique of ze Bleu, I require zat he be destroy!

SIR JOHN.—Come, come. Be ruled by me. Let the old man have a word. You are pushing Ontario too hard. She will show her teeth, I tell you. Wants nothing but her own, old chap.

M. MOUSSEAU.—I am not ze old chap, Sare John is one much ze older-r-r-r-r chap. He is the too much old chap. He go into ze state of ze imbecile, ze senile, ze older-r-r-r-r chap of all extremement, antique, worn-out. Par-r-r-bleu!! (*dances about the room in indignation*). Sare John, it will not be navaire any more for Sare John to be exaltation on ze shoulder of ze parti Bleu! He shall descende into ze mud. I will go to ze parti—(*prepares to rush out of the door*).

SIR JOHN.—Give a fellow some peace in his old age. What can I really do for you? Something sensible, now.

M. MOUSSEAU.—Sare John—(*entre nous*) zat is, as you say, wiz ze bed-post between us—

SIR JOHN.—For heaven's sake! Say it right! If you must destroy Mowat spare his language. Between us and the bed-post, that's what you mean.

M. MOUSSEAU.—Sare John, zere is none of us who do not speak la langue Anglais vid ze



more precision zan you, zat is, in ze case if mes compatriotes can speak ze vile jargon deesagreeable at all.

SIR JOHN.—Very true, perhaps. But when you can't. Come now. What do you want?

M. MOUSSEAU.—It is von demand, Sare John, of ze parti Bleu, zat ze opponents of ze sclerac Mowat shall be furnish wiz ze money—ze cashe—ze argout—to contest ze election in all ze cases!

SIR JOHN.—Why, we've done it. Hark in your ear. Look at those chaps who are contesting the elections against the Ontario Reformers. Hadn't money, many of them, to file a protest. Where do you think they got it? (*puts his finger significantly alongside his nose*).

M. MOUSSEAU.—Est il possible? Est il possible?

SIR JOHN.—Not a rap. Why, of course. My boy, you would find, if you lived there, that Bank of Ottawa notes are getting mighty plenty up in Ontario just now. Had to send 'em by hand. Queer questions asked at election trials if drafts are sent, you kuow. Saw that lately.

M. MOUSSEAU.—Sare John, if zis is ze case, I retract ze observation concern-r-r-r-ning ze antiquity of yourself. I considaire zat you have done ze action noble, and prove yourself von chip of ze old blockhead—

SIR JOHN.—Old block.

M. MOUSSEAU.—Oui. Zey have been supply wiz ze fund?

SIR JOHN.—If they hadn't, there'd have been precious few protests.

M. MOUSSEAU.—I retract, I make ze amende, Ze parti Bleu it shall continue to support Sare John—ze hero, ze Achille, ze patriot sublimement of ze age.

(*Exit arm in arm, M. Mousseau shouting, Sir John winking.*)

THE POTATO BUG'S DOOM.

'We may safely congratulate ourselves that th'e tyrannical reign of the Colorado beetle (*Doryphora decemlineata*) is nearly over; various insects, amongst which are the lady-bug and the six-angled soldier-beetle appear to be banded together to work his destruction, and it is safe to predict that his ravages will soon be numbered with things that were.'—*Ex.*

[*The author has taken it for granted that the "o" in Doryphora is pronounced long.*]

Hurrah! his doom is sealed at last; the tyrant's hour is come,
A thousand foes rise up to check the fearful devastator;
His reign is o'er; proclaim it loud with trumpet and with drum,

The downfall of the *Doryphora decemlineata*:

His common name's potato bug or Colorado beetle,
His favorite food has ever been the succulent potater;
To farmers now the news that he is vanquished quite a treat!

Prove; to victims! *Doryphora decemlineata*.

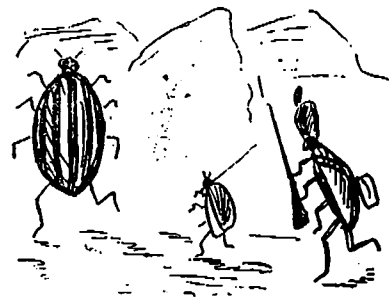
He comes from Colorado, and for years he held his sway
His tastes were simple, and to them it was not hard to cater;

His name was quite the biggest thing about him in his day.—
Ten syllables! lo! *Doryphora decemlineata*.

The horny-handed sons of toil tried everything, I ween,
To rid themselves of this potato vine annihilator;
But little cared the ten striped swell for deadly Paris green,
He only smiled, did *Doryphora decemlineata*.

The plan of his destruction is—the modest little bug
Called lady-bird devours his eggs without a cup or plate or
Utensils of the table, but she tucks them in quite snug,
The *ova* of the *Doryphora decemlineata*.

And then that queer-shaped, greyish thing, the soldier bug, sexagonal,
Appears upon the scene like some dread instrument of Fate, ah!
Each battle field he enters on, he hoists his winning flag
on all
His victories over *Doryphora decemlineata*.



And other insects, too, have sworn to do what they can do
To keep the Tater beetle's power from e'er becoming greater;
And, linked in bonds of sympathy, they'll see the matter through,
And polish off poor *Doryphora decemlineata*.

—Swiz.

GRIP'S CLIPS.

All paragraphs under this head are clipped from our exchanges; and where credit is not given, it is omitted because the parentage of the item is not known.

A pen picture—a litter of pigs.—*Ex.*

Is a season "a son of Neptune?"—*Life.*

Kept on Tap—The door-knocker.—*Ex.*

Kept on draught—The blast furnace.—*Ex.*

The home-stretch—The morning yawn.—*Ex.*

Two for ascent—A pair of balloonists.—*Ex.*

The pawnbroker takes a great interest in his business.—*N. Y. Journal.*

A man with water on the brain should wear a plug hat.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

Assisted emigrants—The English sparrows.—*Milton News.*

Meleesha Melchizedek Mose,
While dressed in her outrest clothes,
Placed her lofty French heel
On a fresh orange peel
And reclined on her Israelite nose.

—*Life.*

The general understanding is that a patient is not out of danger until the doctor has been discharged.

CHOKED TO DEATH.

Mr. Smith was choked with a piece of cartilage, and escaped instant death by a friend striking him a terrible blow between the shoulders while his chest rested on the table. After the gristle was removed he described his sensations of relief so great that they only could be compared to the comfort a bilious person feels while wearing a Notman Liver Pad.

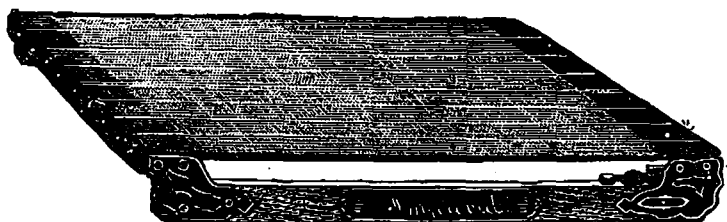
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For Sale by all Furniture Dealers.

R. THORNE & CO., 11 & 13 Queen St. E., Toronto.

Safe blowing—The challenges of American duellists.—*Norristown Herald.*

A western man called his house "Riches." because it had wings. The heavy mortgage on it kept it from doing much flying, however.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

It is a well-known mathematical fact that two nines make eighteen, but from recent baseball reports it is learned that our two Philadelphia nines are not making anything lately.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

A gentleman who touched a "squid" lying at the surface of the water was drenched from head to foot with ink. We believe the squid was the original model of the stylographic pen.—*Burlington Free Press.*

YOUTHFUL INDULGENCE

in Pernicious Practices pursued in Solitude, is a most startling cause of Nervous and General Debility, Lack of Self-confidence and Will Power, Impaired Memory, Despondency, and other attendants of wrecked manhood. Sufferers should address, with three letter postage stamps, for large illustrated treatise, pointing out unfailing means of perfect cure, **WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.**

A rough calculation—Betting on a fight.—*Ex.*

A crop report can be heard a long distance.—*Ex.*

Infamous James Carey was shot in South Africa the other day, and is now said to be in Montreal, Can., which goes to show that had men, when they die, go to Canada.—*Mimneapolis Tribune.*

A SMART MAN

is one who does his work quickly and well. This is what Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" does as a blood-purifier and strengthener. It arouses the torpid liver, purifies the blood, and is the best remedy for consumption, which is scrofulous disease of the lungs.

IT STANDS AT THE HEAD.

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Also Repairer of all kinds of Sewing Machines. Needles, Parts and Attachments for Sale.
98 Yongo Street, TORONTO.

A dead steal—A subject for a dissecting-room.—*Puct.*

Love laughs at locks—particularly if they are red.—*Boston Globe.*

The heated term—"You're a liar."—*Williamsport Breakfast Table.*

The GRIP-SACK.

We have pleasure in submitting the following unsolicited opinions:

"As a specimen of humorous literature it is immense—it is out—Jumbos Jumbo."
"P. T. BARNUM."

"I expect to be in Canada shortly, and the greatest pleasure I anticipate is being able to secure a copy of the GRIP SACK."
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"I never enjoyed complete bliss till I received the copy of GRIP SACK you sent. It is a complete antidote against beetles, mosquitoes, and Lord Randolph Churchill."
"W. E. GLADSTONE."



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