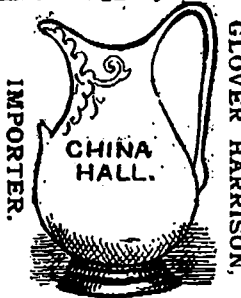


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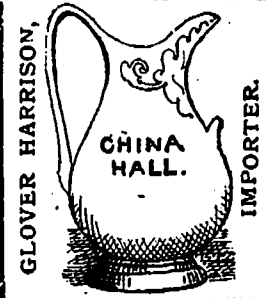
The Gravest Fish is the Oyster.



The Gravest Bird is the Owl.



The Gravest Man is the Fool.



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VOLUME XIX.
No. 11.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JULY 29, 1882.

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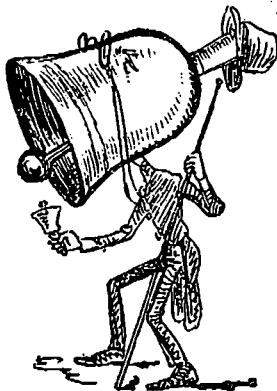
Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—The ever indulgent Mr. GRIP takes a batch of the little boys of his household for an outing this week. They are kept hard at work the year round, making the pages of this journal lively, and no reader will grudge them a little rest and recreation. Though they are not all actually resting. Little Masters Blake and John A. are sensibly snoozing under the trees; Master Plumb is rushing in with a fine fat fish he has captured; Master Bull is giving his little gun-boat a trial trip; Master Norquay is improving his mind and cultivating his sense of humor by reading that funny summer book, the *Grip Sack*; Master Mowat is wading in the stream after the aesthetic lily; Master Tupper is keeping an eye on the little premier (*vide the Mail*); Master Tilley is making some moral reflections on the wicked champagne bottle placed on the table for the use of the bad boys of the party; Master Wallace is crying because the aforesaid Tilley has hung up the rag baby; Master Chapleau is fishing for a provincial loan; and Master Cartwright and Brown are

running the soft drinks. Meantime Mr. GRIP is taking forty winks in his hammock.

FIRST PAGE.—The Egyptian Sphinx has often been importuned to "speak"—to tell out what it knows of the past and future, but the appeal has been in vain. Its stony eyes have stared on in mystery, and its stony lips have remained closed. Our own prophet of Bond-street makes no appeal to the Sphinx: he knows all about Egypt, past, present, and to come, without any assistance from the Sphinx, or any other man.

EIGHTH PAGE.—If it didn't so happen that Attorney-Gen. Mowat is at present in the White Mountains, he might possibly be present at one of Capt. Boyton's exhibitions of the celebrated life-saving dress, and in that case this reflection would in all likelihood occur to him.



THE
 CITY
 BELL-
 MAN.

I had a few hours of leisure the other day, and I took advantage of it to visit the Island—or what remains of that delectable spot. It made me mad to think that through sheer niggardliness or downright negligence this city should allow itself to be robbed of an appurtenance which many another city would willingly give millions to possess!

I am told, however, that the aldermen are beginning to wake up on the subject, and now they propose to spend a lot of money in barricading the Island against the further ravages of the waves. All I can say is, the sooner they got to work the better. Time and tide wait for no man, much less for the long-winded speechifiers in the Council.

The complimentary dinner to Mr. Clark Wallace, M.P. for West York, given by the Parkdale Lib-Con. Association last Friday night, was a great success. The guest of the evening made a very neat and pithy speech, in which he attributed his success chiefly to the admirable management of the local organizations. Mr. Wallace is personally very popular on account of his genial disposition.

Goldwin Smith has returned, looking as hale and hearty as it is reasonable to expect of a man who knows that things in general are being badly managed. He does not intend to turn the *By-stander* into a weekly; indeed, he will not resume its publication at all for some time yet. Meantime, he is submitting to the gentlemanly attentions of the interviewer with remarkable fortitude.

Don't you think Mr. Phipps' present attitude a little amusing? If I could only draw I

would send you a cartoon on the important subject. I would picture the worthy gentleman in an attitude of earnest supplication before the Government, imploring them to cease destroying the North-West with land monopolies, and reminding them that *he* helped to put them in a position to do as they liked in the matter.

The long-legged young man astride of the Shanghai bicycle moving noiselessly up Yonge-street at sunset is now one of our institutions. How gracefully his shanks move up and down, and how beautifully his bull's-eye lantern dangles in the wheel! He is going home from the office, and as he dismounts before the front gate at Deer Park you hear him declare that it's splendid exercise, and far ahead of walking. Then he hobbles into the house and calls for supper.

WE AND OUR NEIGHBORS.

Mrs. Florence I. Duncan is making a brilliant success of *Quiz*, the Philadelphia society paper. The journal is now published weekly, and is one of the best and most interesting of our exchanges.

BENGOUGH'S "Grip Sack" contains so much fun that if there were anything in the saying "laugh and grow fat" we would advise everyone to buy a copy and digest its contents as a sure means of gaining flesh. Ask your bookseller for it.—*Guelph Mercury.*

We welcome to our exchange list a new journal of humor, satire and criticism, *The Bellman*, published at Hastings, England. It promises to be a very bright little paper under the editorship of Mr. Harry R. Davis and the artistic attention of Mr. Harold Furniss.

The new journal projected by Mr. Houston and others is expected to make its appearance next month. It is to be a weekly on the French plan; no editorial opinions expressed, but all the original articles signed by the writers, who, moreover, will be paid for their work. We await the experiment with much interest.

The "Annual Register" for the past year has just been published. It well sustains the reputation it has achieved as an invaluable work of reference for all who are interested in Canada and her affairs. No editor or public man in any position should be without it. Copies may be had through the newsdealers or from the publisher, Mr. Henry J. Morgan, Ottawa.

Mr. J. R. Easton has placed on our table a copy of *Gurr's Grip Sack*. It is packed full of good things suitable for summer wear, light, cool and cheerful. It is illustrated in the GRIP'S well-known and ever-popular style. Jimuel Briggs and other well known humorists, including Lindsay's celebrated joker, contribute to its sparkling pages. Buy one. Only 25 cents.—*Lindsay Post.*

Messrs. Drysdale & Co., of Montreal, have stepped into the place vacated by the *Canadian Monthly* with a new journal to be known as the *Dominion Review*. This publication, which is modelled after the *Saturday Review*, and not in the old magazine form, is to be devoted to politics and literature. The initial number shows careful editing, and is in every sense satisfactory. We trust it may speedily become an established success, as Canada needs just such a journal. The subscription price is \$1 per annum; the next number is not to be published until sufficient subscriptions have been received to guarantee the publishers against loss.

THE GRIP SACK.—Our thanks are due the publishers, GRIP Publishing Company, Toronto, for a copy of their new and promising venture "The Grip Sack." It is a most credit-

able production, its typography is of the first order and its literary and artistic features are far ahead of most of the current publications. It is thickly studded with the artistic laughabilities of GRIP. Its leading literary feature is a clever burlesque of that matchless monument of mendacity, the celebrated Baron Munchausen, entitled, "Baron Munchausen, Jr., in Manitoba," is nirth moving. In fine, the Grip Sack is crammed as full as a woman's satchel of the best of good things in woodcut, witticism or cynicism. To be had at any bookstore for 25 cents.—*Peterborough Examiner.*

VILLAINY DEFEATED ;

OR,

THE CRAFTY BANK CLERK AND THE REPORTER

CHAPTER III.

"Vivian, will you write me a verse in my album?" asked Beatrice in tones which sounded like the breath of the Zephyr on the strings on an Eolian harp; "original ones, dear Vivian." "Will I, dearest, need you ask?" replied the gifted bank-clerk. "But you must solemnly pledge me your word to wed me in the fall if I do." "Vivian, I promise to be the bride of him who writes these lines I ask," replied the blushing Beatrice, producing her album, and handing it to her lover. "And will you write something in mine, darling?" queried the effusive clerk. "Something out of your own dear, auburny-yallery head, my pet?" The promise was made, and Vivian's book was given to Beatrice. Shortly afterwards the lovers parted, and Vivian thoughtfully sought his hash-house. Be it known that Beatrice, regal though her beauty was, had not the faintest idea of poetry, and would as soon have been seen at a front seat at the theatre without her turn table hat as have endeavored to write two lines of verse: but she had had an idea when she had given her promise and she proceeded to carry it out. She had heard, who had not? of the colossal talents of Reginald Adamson, and with him she was slightly acquainted, so, proceeding to her boudoir, she penned the following note:—"Dear Sir,—Pray excuse the liberty I take, but if you would have the extreme kindness to write me four lines of poetry, suitable for a gentleman's album, I shall never forget the favor, and shall be most happy to see you at dinner next Sunday. BEATRICE SEVENOAKS. P. S.—Please let them be nice." And this she despatched by a liveried menial to the office of the *Whooper*, where Reginald was painfully toiling at his desk, and endeavoring to write up the speeches of the aldermen at the council meeting which he had just attended, and to give them some appearance of sense, at the same time striving to reduce the grammatical asperities of their remarks to something like decency, and was at this moment translating Alderman Sevenoaks' statement that "cedar blocks is most astringent to the city's welfare, and hadn't oughter be treated neglectful" into English, when his eye caught sight of the powdered flunkey in the doorway, and fell on the glittering buttons of the livery, recognizing the proud crest of the Sevenoaks' family with the motto "Ye whole hogge or none." Taking Beatrice's missive he opened and read it, and handed a reply to the menial, in which he stated the pleasure he should feel in complying with the two requests contained in Miss Sevenoaks' note. James withdrew haughtily, having a very proper contempt for "them literary fellers," as every right-thinking flunkey should have and has. Not ten minutes had elapsed when Vivian de Vavasour mounted the steps to the editorial department of the *Whooper*, and timidly knocked at the door of Reginald's room. "Come in," sounded the deep tones of Reginald's voice, and Vivian entered. Mingled feelings of hatred and won-

der filled the 46-inch breast of the former as his eye encountered that of his detested rival. Should he brain him—no! impossible for obvious reasons—with a heavy form which stood against the wall, or should he—but stay. What might be the cause of his visit? "Excuse me, Mr. Adamson," said Vivian, "but, being aware of your immense talents—" "Oh! never mind the taffy," said Reginald, "but tell me what you want." "Well, would you write me just four lines, no more, of verse, for a ladies' album. Conscious of my inferiority I seek—" "Oh! give us a rest. Yes, I'll do it," said Reginald, as a demoniacal thought of revenge came into his mind. "I'll do it with pleasure," and he meant it. "Oh! thank yah, thank yah," said Vivian, "I'll nevah forget yah. Can you let me have them by Saturday?" "All right," and Vivian departed. On the following Friday Reginald despatched four neatly written lines to Miss Sevenoaks, and by the same mail Vivian Vere de Vavasour also received the promised poetry.

CHAPTER IV.

Gathered in the drawing-room at the Sevenoaks mansion on the evening of Sunday were John Sevenoaks, Beatrice, Vivian de Vavasour, Reginald, and some half score ladies and gentlemen of the elite of Slumville. Dinner was over, and digestion was at work. "Dearest Beaty," whispered Vivian, "I have brought your album. It cost me a sleepless night to compose what I have written therein, ah! But here it is. Now where is mine?" Beatrice passed it to him. "Let us hear the verses, please," said a young lady, a great friend of Beatrice, to whom had been imparted the secret of the albums. "I'm sure they're nice. Both original, too! oh! isn't it sweet?" "Yes, let us have them, by all means," said several. "Well, I've no objection," said Vivian, "shall I read yours, Miss Sevenoaks?" "Drive ahead," replied the haughty Beatrice. Vivian cleared his throat, opened his album and read, in Beatrice's delicate handwriting, the following exquisite line:

"Flowers fade as the season's will."

when he turned ghastly pale and paused. "Go on, go on!" "Beautiful," etc., etc., were the cries.

Vivian gasped and proceeded,

"Stars grow dim with the morning light."

Vivian would have fallen had not some one caught him. "What is the matter?" "Beautiful sentiments," and so forth, exclaimed those present. "Go on, Vavasour. Out with it." "Oh! I can't, I weally cawn't," gasped Vivian. "It's tewible." But the guests insisted, and he finished in almost inarticulate tones.

"But ever burns within my soul,

My love for Vivian pure and bright.

BEATRICE."

when he threw the book on the table and made for the door. "Old him, old him!" cried John Sevenoaks, "summat's wrong 'ere," and he grasped Vivian by the shoulder and brought him back. "Why, what's the matter with Beatrice?" All eyes were directed towards Miss Sevenoaks. With her own album open before her she sank fainting on the floor. "Plague take the 'ussy, what ails her?" yelled John. "Surely that feller hain't a been writin' anything wrong. 'Ere, some of yer, read this out will yer?" he said, handing the book to the nearest gentleman, who read in a clear voice,

"Flowers fade as the season's roll,

Stars grow dim with the morning light,

But ever burns within my soul,

My love for Beatrice, pure and bright.

VIVIAN."

Reginald Adamson was avenged. He had scented the rat from afar, and had laid his plans accordingly. Crest-fallen and abashed, Vivian stood trembling before John Sevenoaks.

"Wot's the meain' of all this 'ere?" he cried. "Why the pomes is both the same. 'Ow is it? Speak out man, speak out!" and then with many a grasp and stammer Vivian told the story of his deceit: and how he had endeavored to impose on her in order to gain her hand, which she had promised to the author of the verses read. "Well I'm blowed," ejaculated Mr. Sevenoaks, when the recital was finished. "So you tried to gammon us, did yer, and you never wrote none o' them verses at all, eh? Leave this 'ouse, young feller, and never let me see yer again. And you," he continued, turning to Reginald, "Mr. Hadamson I'm proud of yer. Give us yer 'and. Come ere Beatrice. This 'ere's the man for my son-in-law. And you promised to marry the hanthor o' them verses and 'ere he is, and a Sevenoaks never went back on 'is or 'er word unless it was made worth their while, so you and 'im must fix it. Bless yer." The company crowded round with their congratulations. Beatrice avowed her love for Reginald. Reginald reciprocated his for her, and one week afterwards old John Sevenoaks, having gorged himself on pig trotters to excess, fell down in an apoplectic fit and expired half an hour afterwards, leaving his immense property to Reginald Adamson and Beatrice, ditto their hens and assigns for ever.

Reginald bought the *Whooper*, but endeavoring to run it on the temperance platform, and strongly advocating the Scott Act, it speedily declined in circulation and quietly expired, but as he was the possessor of untold millions he had no occasion to be a "literary feller" except for fun, and accordingly exercised his vast intellect in writing for GRIP, which increased its circulation a thousandfold.

Vivian's body was found in his bed room, stiff and stark. He had beaten his head to a pulp with a seven pound bologna sausage. On his dressing table he left a short note. It said, "Bank clerks, beware. It isn't in you to write poetry. Let my fate be a warning." So he died. Switz.



"EVERY MAN TO HIS TRADE."

Carter—Fight you? No, I won't. Fighting is your trade, but I'll tell you what, I'll drive a cart up hill with you for any wager you like!

EPIGRAM.

The Bishop of Tenor C,
Did preach at Holy Trinity,
And strained as High as Tenor E.

Put oh! in his attempt to teach
The flock so High a tone to reach,
He made an awful crack'd screech.

EXPECTED AT THE ZOO SHORTLY.—A brick Bat; a hum-Bug; a dandy-Lion, and a seven barreled Colt.

OUT OF PATIENCE.

DEDICATED TO THE WOULD-BE GILDED YOUTH OF THE PERIOD.

If you're eager for to shine in the fashionable line, as a youth of swiftness rare, You must cultivate a stutter, like a bull-frog in a gutter, and amidst part you hair.

Wear your trousers very tight, for the fashion says that's right, and your coat-tails short and skimp, And as you walk the street manipulate your feet with a lame dog kind of limp,

And everyone will say,

As you take your foolish way,

"If this young man is quite as big a fool as he appears to me, Why, what a most particularly foolish kind of fool this weak young man must be."

Place your head inside a hat like a soap dish round and flat, but not as flat as you, And, to do the matter right you must affect short sight, and in your optic an eyeglass screw.

And be sure and don't forget a tiny cigarette, which will give you a manly air, You needn't mind the smoke if it seems about to choke, for little need you care,

When everyone will say,

As you trip your foolish way,

"If this young man can see any fun in what certainly wouldn't suit me, Why, what a most particularly queer idea of fun this youth's idea must be."

You must mount your Sunday perch as the folks come out of church, with a vacant simple face, And as you talk your silly twaddle, imagine you're a model of fashion, ease, and grace.

You must quiz each pretty girl as your downy beard you twirl, if her brother is not near, But if he comes along, you must quickly change your song, as to you 'twill best appear;

And everyone will say,

As you wend your craven way,

"If that young man doesn't get what he deserves, which is rather a surprise to me, Why, what a most particularly funny lot of men the brothers of those girls must be."

When you speak about your father, never call him that but rather mention him as the "governah;" Call your mother the "old lady," for it looks a little shady to speak of her as mamma.

You must fly into a passion if the very latest fashion your parents don't affect, For it really wouldn't do for a stylish youth like you to show them the least respect;

And every one will say,

As you wend your stupid way,

"If this young man was my young man I'd shortly let him see What a figure he would make as an attitude he'd take, face downwards on my knee."

If, in your daily walk with a friend you stop to talk, don't try to utter sense.

But use such words as these, "By Jawge," and "that's the cheese," and "wealthy, that's immense." Swing a dainty little cane as you rack your puny brain to fish up a stray idea.

And, finally, take heed, if you're anxious to succeed, do just wh't's told you here.

And everyone will say,

As you take your silly way,

"If that young man is a type of all young men, which, surely, cannot be. It's very sad to think what a lot of them there are who are just such fools as he."

SWIZ.



AN EPISTLE TO THE CHURCH—CERTAINLY NOT BY PAUL.

1. Furthermore, brethren, ye have no need that I write unto you concerning the weather,

for yourselves know perfectly that it is warm.

2. Being therefore greatly pressed in spirit to you wards (for the care of your souls is upon me mightily; yea, I rest not because some of you have not yet obtained unto perfection).

3. I take my journey shortly towards the sea, and Timotheus, my beloved fellow-helper, goeth with me.

4. Not that I would have you to think I am weary in well doing, or that my labors are great beyond measure.

5. For I testify of myself that I am strong, and if any man have whereof he may boast of good health, I more.

6. But the manner of the Gentiles is to take a vacation, and it behoveth us to be conformed unto the Gentiles in all things pertaining to this world.

7. For which cause I go to the seaside.

8. But I trust to see your faces again in the course of a few months.

8. Meantime, brethren, I long for you all, and wish I had not to go to the seaside, but such things must be.

10. Finally, brethren, farewell; I leave by the next train.

JUVENILE GRATITUDE.

DUNDAS, July 20th, 1882.

DEER MR. GRIP,—Me and Sam git your funnie paper, and we take it to church, and have a high old time lookin' at Blake an' Sir John and all them fellers. your the stuff, takes you to hit them off. i want to tell you sunthin awful joley. me an' dave an' sam and fatty davis all went down to hav a swime. do you think its a sin to go swimein. Mother says its rite to learn to swime, but the dundas counsellors made a new commandment Thou shalt not swime. we wase havin' a joley old time just like whales havin' fun in the water, when we sees two peelers comin. our close was lyn' at the water ege and you bet we just mad a bec line fur that pile of dry goods bekaws we had nothin' on. the big bullys katched me and fatty. sam he got away. i was awful skared, because mother coulident spare the money to pay for fins. so they hauled us up afore the mare. hes an awful nice man. his name is Marc Wardell. when the cop tuk us in, the marc smiled at me like father docs when hes laffin' at me. He said he coulident think of finin' poor littel boys fur swimein an' haven a good time in the croak, but to plesse them he wou'd just keep us in the station fur 2 hours. an' the counsellors have got to let the boys swime all they like only they have got to ware trunks, bekaws the dundas folks are so allfired good that if they sawe me or sam or fatty without nothin' on they would take a fit. the mare wase onse a littel boy himself an' used to go swimin. hes the stuff. when we grow up us 3 fellers are going to vote for Marc Wardell every time and dont you forget it.

no more at presint

from yours truly,

NED DRAKE.

GRIP AND MANITOBA.

We are sorry to learn that some of our friends in Manitoba have expressed annoyance at certain allusions in GRIP to their Province. These paragraphs, or pictures, or whatever they were, certainly were not intended to be otherwise than playful, and we are not aware of any that were out of keeping with the character of a paper devoted to the humorous side of affairs. We hope nobody believes us capable of attempting to injure the prospects of Manitoba. Since seeing it for ourselves we have missed no opportunity of sounding its praises, and those of its enterprising and whole-souled citizens, and we speak of them as we found them—the country magnificent beyond our an-

tipications, and the people genial, hearty, and hospitable to a fault. If any utterance of ours by pen or pencil has borne the construction of unfrindliness we regret it, though we repeat that it was in reality nothing more than a joke gone wrong.

SOME PEOPLE WHO SHOULD BE PUT OUT OF THE WAY.

The idiot who, when he writes a joke or pun, italicizes it, explains the point in brackets and places half a dozen exclamations points after it. The pages of some journals are largely patronized by this class of imbeciles. The custom above referred to may be necessary for the comprehension of the dull United States intellect, but Canadian readers of GRIP possess sufficient intelligence without any such thing.

The asinine biped, who, when he enters a journalist's room, picks up the scissors and says, "assistant editor, ch?" and giggles like the addle-headed omadhaun that he is.

Youths connected with newspapers, who affect long hair and *outré* manners, under the impression that they will be classed as "literary men, you know, rather eccentric."

People who think a reporter can be bribed to keep their names out of the paper.

Reporters who can be bribed to do so. Very rare cases, these!

The athletic ass, who is always doubling up his arm and saying, "Feel that, there's a biceps for you!"

The human mule, who leads a dissipated life because he has heard that "smart men almost always drink," and fancies he will be classed as one in consequence.

The pumpkin headed galoot who when asked for a match replies, "It would be hard to find a match for you," and grins insanely for several minutes, under the impression that you never heard it before.

The "well, is it hot enough for you?" fiend.

Parties, male and female, who give away a lot of worthless trash, that they can't use themselves, to some charitable institution, and then tell the first reporter they meet about it, and add, "but I wouldn't have it get into the paper for anything, you know."

Those specimens of the human race who go round with the collection plate in church, and rattle in two coppers with an immense flourish just before handing up the plate to the minister.

People in church who imagine they can sing but can't.

That class of Englishmen who only got about one square feed a week at home, and then on arriving in Canada proceed to abuse everything, saying, "It haint the kind o' bloomin' tack I used to get in the hold country," as indeed it is not, though not in the sense he would have it understood.

These, and many, many more whom we all know, might be taken quietly away to some secluded spot, and pelted to death with mashed turnips.

SEVEN TYPES OF FOLLY.

1. *The envious man*, who quarrels with his bread and butter because the man at the next table is eating turtle soup.

2. *The jealous man*, who spreads his bed with poison ivy and then sleeps in it.

3. *The religious man*, who spends his life trying to get some one to call him "My Lord."

4. *The drinking man*, who puts an enemy inside his waistcoat to steal away his purse.

5. *The sanguine man*, who expects punctuality from his wife, and civil treatment from the waitresses at Coleman's.

6. *The garrulous man*, who infests the editorial sanctum.

7. *The low-spirited man*, who does not cheer himself up by purchasing GRIP-SACK.



GRIP'S BOYS ENJOYING A HOLIDAY.

The Joker Club.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

THE INSPIRATION THEORY.

The following is a verbatim report of a discussion of the theological aspect of the late State tragedy, overheard last winter in Washington, while the trial of the assassin was in progress. I thought it was excellent at the time, and think so still:

First theologian (colored)—"De Lord mout a 'spired Guiteau. He mout a done it of 'E'd bin a mine ter."

Second theologian (colored)—"Ob kose He mout. De Lord mout of done it. Kase de Lord kin do anything He's a mine ter. But dat's de very reason why He didn't do it. What for d'you 'spose the Lord's gwine to 'spire a man to break His own commandment, 'Thou shalt not kill?' 'Spouse de Lord did want to 'move the President. He don't want no pistol! Ef the Lord want to kill a man all he's got ter do is jes ter wink at him, and dar he is! (indicating with an appropriate gesture the prostration of the victim.) He don't want no pistol to kill a man—de Lord don't. And dat's de reason why I don't b'lieve He 'spired Guiteau.

JOSH BILLINGS ON COURTING.

Courting iz a luxury, it iz salad, it iz ise water, it iz a beveridge, it iz a pla spell of the soul. The man who haz never courted hez lived in vain; he haz bin a blind man among landskapes and waterskapes; he haz bin a deff man in the land ov hand organs, and by the side of murmuring canals. Courting iz like 2 little springs of soft water that steal out from under a rock at the fut ov a mountain, and run down the hill side by side, singing and dancing and spattering each other, ealdying and frothing and kaskading, now hiding under a bank, now full ov sun, and now full ov shadder, till himchy tha jinc and then tha go slow. I am in favor ov long courting; it gives the parties a chance to find out each uthers' trump cards, it iz good exercise, and iz jist az immer-sent as 2 merino lambs. Courting iz like strawberries and cream, wants to be did slow, then yu git the flavor. I have saw folks git acquainted, fall in luv, git married, settle down, and git tew work in three wreks from date. This iz jist the wa sum folks larn a trade, and akounts for the great number ov almighty mean mechanicks we hav, and the poor jobs tha turn out.

Perhaps it iz best i shud state some good advice to yung men who are about tew court with a final view to matrimony, az it waz. In the first plase, yung man, yu want to get yure system all rite, and then find a yung woman who is willing to be courted on the square. The next thing is tew find out how old she iz, which yu kan du bi asking her, and she will sa that she is 19 years old, and this yu will find won't be far from out ov the wa. The next best thing is tew begin moderate; say onse every nite in the week for the fust six months, increasing the dose az the patient seems to require it. It is a fust rate wa tew court the girl's mother a lectle on the start, for there iz one thing a woman never despizes, and that iz a lectle good courting, if it iz dun strickly on the square. After the fust year yu will begin tew like the bizness. Thar iz one thing I always advise, and that is not to swop fotograffs oftener than onse in 10 daze, unless yu forget how the gal looks.

Okasionally yu want tew look sorry, and draw in yure wind as tho yu had pain, this will set the gal tew teasing yu to find out what ails yu. Evening meetings are a good thing tu tend, it will keep yure religion in tune, and then if the gal happens to be thare, bi accident, she can ask yu tu go hum with her. As a general thing i wouldn't brag on

uther gals much when i waz courting, it mite look as tho yu knu tew much. If yu will court 3 years in this wa awl the time on the square, if yu don't sa it iz a lectle the sikkest time in your life, yu kan git measured for a hat at my expenso, and pa for it. Don't court for munny, nor buty, nor relashuns, these things are jist about as onsartin as the kerosene ile refining bizness, liable tew get out ov repair and bust at any munit.

There has been a marked revival of late in prize fighting. It must be due to the example ov Congress.—*Philadelphia Chronicle-Herald.*

There ought to be a great many red ears in the corn crop this season, it has been talked about so much.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.* Miss Smith, the great artist attended a ball, Where, when it was known, she was stared at by all; And some one said with a very bad grace, That she knew she could paint by the look of her face.

The paragrappers tell of a countryman who, on seeing the yacht Psyche, exclaimed: "P-s-y-c-h-e! Cosh! What a way to spell fish!"

A man may owe 1,000 bills, yet have no bill to spare; but when he has a creditor he meets him everywhere.—*New York Commercial Advertiser.*

A conceited man is like a boot minus the sole—he is uppermost in his own mind without understanding.—*New York Commercial Advertiser.*

Old lady to druggist—"Are you quite sure this is carbonate of soda, not arsenic?" Druggist—"Quite, ma'am; try it, and judge for yourself."

When Arabi Pasha left Alexandria, he probably went to Damanhour—or longer. He evidently felt like it, anyhow.—*Norristown Herald.*

New York's hop crop will be small. This would be a sad blow to the country if the brewers hadn't learned years ago how to make beer without hops.—*Philadelphia Chronicle.*

When her piano 40 she did press,
Such heavenly sounds did MNS, that she
Knowing her Q, soon I U z confess
Her XLNC in an XTC.

—*Music and Drama.*

Attorney-General Brewster is going to Rome. We remember "going to Rome" a good many times in our younger days, when a part of our journey was exceedingly pleasant.—*Lowell Courier.*

The soldiers sent to assassinate the Khedive consented, for shekels, to act as his body guard. What splendid delegates they would make to a nominating convention.—*Buffalo Courier.*

"What bird does that gin fizz remind you of?" queried Alonecagin. "Give it up," says Devvy. "A white swallow," says the conundrum constructor.—*New York Commercial Advertiser.*

"A good line of clothing," said the thief, as he prepared to absorb the family washing. "A good line shot," said the man of the house as he picked up the thief with his legs riddled with buckshot.

Friend—"Hello, Jim, you ain't out of work again, are you?" Unfaithful employee—"Well, yes; fact is, I'm not able to work; been injured by a premature discharge."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

A woman does not care so much whether her costume is warm in winter or cool in summer. All that she requires is that it shall look warm in the one case and look cool in the other.—*Boston Transcript.*

TWO DEPARTMENTS WELL REPRESENTED.

In lately walking through the Government buildings at Ottawa, a representative of one of Ottawa's ablest journals, in the course of

conversation gleaned some items of interest. Speaking with Mr. A. J. Cambie, Chief Clerk of the Agricultural Department, that gentleman replied to a certain question: "I have used St. Jacob's Oil in my family, and found it to be an excellent article indeed. It is the remedy to banish pain, and has a pleasant and soothing way of doing so that makes it valuable. I consider it a great medicine." Calling upon Mr. Sherwood, of the Militia Department, that gentleman thus answered the usual inquiry: "I have found St. Jacobs Oil a great medicine; a splendid remedy, indeed, for rheumatism. I have recommended it to very many. When I commenced its use I had not much faith, but now my faith could not be easily shaken. I consider it by all odds the best medicine I ever tried."

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY COMPANY.

The CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY COMPANY offer lands in the Fertile Belt of Manitoba and the Northwest Territory for sale, on certain conditions as to cultivation, at

\$2.50 PER ACRE.

Payment to be made one-sixth at time of purchase, and the balance in five annual instalments with interest at Six per cent.

A REBATE OF \$1.25 PER ACRE

being allowed for cultivation, as described in the Company's Land Regulations.

THE LAND GRANT BONDS

of the Company, which can be procured at all agencies of the Bank of Montreal and other banking institutions throughout the country, will be

RECEIVED AT TEN PER CENT. PREMIUM

on their par value, with interest accrued, on account of and in payment of the purchase money, thus further reducing the price of the land to the purchaser.

For copies of the Land Regulations and other particulars, apply to the Company's Land Commissioner, JOHN McTAVISH, Winnipeg; or to the undersigned,

By order of the Board,

CHARLES DRINKWATER.

Montreal, May 19, 1882.

Secretary.

A. W. SPAULDING, L.D.S.,

(Demonstrator of Practical Dentistry in the Toronto Dental School.)

HAS OPENED AN

OFFICE AT 51 KING STREET EAST,

(Nearly opposite Toronto Street.)

Having had over nine years experience in the practice of Dentistry, six of which have been spent in Toronto, he is prepared to do FIRST-CLASS WORK, and at reasonable rates.

By adopting the Latest Improvements in appliances, he is able to make tedious operations as short and painless as possible.

As he does not entrust his work to students or assistants, but does it himself, the public may rely on it always being done as represented.

Office Hours, 8 30 a.m. to 5 30 p.m.

Evening Office at Residence, Jameson Avenue, North Parkdale.

BARNEY GOES IN FOR A NEW REVISION.

ERINGORACH TERRACE, July 20, 1882.

DEAR MISTHER GRIP,—



RALEY an' truly it's meself musht shurely be afther the makin' a new an' revised addition, av that ancient an' literary work called the Bible. I want to be, afther seein' if meself can't thry me hand at doin' away wid or parin' down, or somehow bluntin' the keen edge av some shatements therein, that seem altogether too strict an' antiquated to suit this age av larin', enlightenment an' murder. In thim owld an' savage days when the intellect av man was in a state av unsophistacy, it was all very well to shake the flamin' sword av justice in his face an' tell him that no murderers, nor adulterers, nor chates, thaves o' the world, or liars, nor nothing what-some-ever that desleth could enter into the blissid Kingdom Come. But anybody wid half an oye can see, that if such a rule was to howld good in these days, the censur av the Kingdom would mighty soon show a great falling off av the emigration returns. Why, sur, in these days all that a man has to do in order to read his tittle clear to mansions in the shkeyes, is to lie, chate, commit adultery, an' finally wind up wid a brutal cowl-blooded murther. Then begins the *magis operandi* av gettin' the heavenly gates pried ajar. This was beautifully an' graphically described some twenty years ago by the "pal" av a Cockney convict who was anxious to give his fellow villian the benefit av his expyrience through the pages av "Punch."

"You shakes yore 'ead, turnup yore eyes,
And they takes that to be repentingce,
Wich they in course believes 'as been
The consequens av their exortience."

The prastes an' Layvites av our age never know the value av a man's sowl til he has tuk the life av wan better than himself. You may lie, chate, swindle, back-bite an' desthroy the karakter av yornighbour; you may covet his goods in general an' his wife in particular, an' run no risk av been prayed for specially, you aint had enough yet, but you plot an' scheme an' take away an innocent life just to suit yer own convyanience, or feed yer hungry spite, an' behowld yez, av how grate an importance yer sowl has become to the religious an' sentimental community. Ivry day the little byes read a bulletin in the papers av how yez are always readin' that Bible, av yer sorrow at bein' found out—Bedad what an I sayin'—I mane fur yer crime, an' how yer grate devotion is only aqualled by yer grate appetite for good victualls. It would never do at all, at all, fur a criminel like you to be towld to walk safely as became yer sitiwation, an' the sitiwation av the families yez have blasted wid yer devilish wickedness, no sur! No fear an' trumblin' for such as *you*. Doubt an' humility may become thim poor wake sows who darsh't but kiss the hem av Salvation's garment; and thanful fur strength to do that same, considerin' the nivir indin' warfare they're ingaged in wid the devil Self, but fur the man who has crowned a life av wickedness by a brutal an' unprovoked murther, it's off the scaffold yez must spring, straight into glory, and no mistake about it, aither. To join the grate cloud av witnesses, not "av saints an' martyrs, an' shpirits av just men made perfect," as we were taught to believe in thim owld savidge Bible times long ago, but into the grate company av liars, an' swindlers, an' adulterers, an' murderers;

into the society av beatified suicides, and good-bye-meet-me-in-Heaven shpirits, who shew that the aisiest way ov bearin' the cross is to get rid av it by walkin' into glory unannounced, or widout ivir sayin' to the blissid St Peter, "by yer lave, sur." I'm in despair, Misther Grip, the owld theory av faith an' howly life as the strait road to eternal peace an' safety, is exploded; a poor humble sarvint av Christianity, like meself, has no earthly chance, alongside av such brilliant an' shinin' examples of devotion, but I make howld to say that Heaven would scarcely be an equivalent reward fur the sublimity and grandeur av their impidence. I would go further still an' be bowld enough to risk me own chance on Heaven, to see wan av these glorified blatent murderers have the halter taken from his neck, just as he was gaspin' the lasht "glory!" an' turn him adrift unbeknowest to the public, for the next ten years, to test the truth av his protestations by a life becomin' them. I'd like to kape me weather oye on that chap outwardly an' inwardly fur just half ov that time, an' if he kept anything like wan per cent. up to the mark, it's meself would be sorry he wasn't hung at the proper time seein' the cruyther was too good to live. There musht surely be some mistake about that quare shatement about the narrow way an' the strate gate. Whin I'm afther takin' a turn in the cimitary av a Sunday, to meditate among the toorns, as Misther Harvey recommends fur the sowl's health, an' there read the names on marble tombstones, recorded as havin' "entered into rest," an' a grate many more such expressions too sacred fur meself to be afther quotin' here, an' then call to remembrance the lives I reconimber them to have led, the victims they ruined, the hearts they broke, the earthly animals they were all through, so airthy that they had no bands in their death, but marched bowldly, an' widout winkin' an' oie, into the valley av the shadow. I'm sthrukk wid a suspicion that it's me oyesight I'm afther losin', an' surely I can't see straight. But nary a mishtake more's the pity, there it is cut in indelible marble, the virtues av the Christian villains, who were churched, an' buried wid no end av pomp and ceremony, an' a couple av hundred dollars worth av marble shoutin' all over the cimitary about their safe advint on the heavenly shore. Now it shtrikes me the owld Book musht have got out av date, because if these people are in Heaven, what can we make av these shatements that no such truck intirs there. Ould John Bunyan gets out av this scrape, by tellin' how the boatman, Mr. Vain-Hope, ferry's all sich karakters over. Mr. Bunyan cud see through a tombstone very clarely, indade, but he was too strict fur the age he lived in, so bedad! they landed him in jail. There was a bowld an' accomodatin' shtroke made whin they clapt a few boords over the roavin' mouth av hell, by the revision av the Testamint, but I'm av opinion that if all thim karakters that were formerly supposed to gravitate to that place, naturally by the law av cause an' effect (to say nothing of justice to the unpunished here), have gone straight to Heaven as it is declared they do; thin I rayther think they'll find they've only turned that blissid place into a rival institution. Sayrionally, sur, though there may be no limit to the cheek av a converted criminal, there is, I know by expyriance, a limit to human credulity. Aither we musht have a new an' revised addition av certain shatements in this Book, or this blatent road to glory must be guarded wid the flamin' sword av truth. I can ever an' always believe in mercy extended to the broken an' contrite in heart, but the broken an' contrite style av man don't go through the valley whoopin' an' whoorayin' like mad, nor if he lives, sets up for a teacher of others on the strength of being the biggest scoundrel and the man av durtiest expyri-

ance. In the owld savidge days, the man who ministored in holy things had to be clane outside an' inside, but the devil's masther shtroke was his engineerin' av his agents into the service av religion.

Yours, out av breath,
BARNEY O'HEA.



A startling summons—the breakfast bell at 6:30 a.m.

A company manufacturing weak soap should be a limited *lye-ability* concern.

Even the least quarrelsome men occasionally show their teeth to a dentist.

Is a man who thinks all the time about whiskey in any danger of having *water* on the brain?

No one ever shows any ill temper towards money, yet some old coins are the only ones ever "struck."

In speaking of the publishing business our Funny Contributor says that there is no doubt about there being big money in a newspaper. The trouble is to get any of it out.

There was a young man named Slimmin,
Who was exceedingly fond of the wimmin;
He went out to propose,
But a rain storm arose,
'Till his shoes full of water were brimmin.

Our funny contributor learns with dismay that, owing to the Egyptian difficulty, gum arabic has risen in price six to eight cents a pound. As our contributor uses a great deal of the article in making scrap books, etc., this news necessitates a still further delay for his creditors.

"Maria!, will you light the fish?"
"No, Hezekiah! but Josiah, he
Will light the fish, as he is
Somewhat highah, can draw
Niah, and wont so easily tiah."

Men and watches don't amount to much when they are run down.—*Boston Star*. And a man in the hands of a lynching (Viligance) Committee doesn't amount to much when he is run up.

A sensational novel is called "Jack Cade, or the Bondsman's Struggle." The struggles of certain bondsmen to avoid paying securities for defaulting bank officials throw Mr. Cade's little affair entirely into the shade.

WHY SNIFFLE VOTES GRIT.

"Yer see," said Perkins, "he allers did vote right up ter '72, but the post-office bizness fixed the old cuss."

"How was that?" I asked.

"Well, yer see, the post office didn't allers be in the village; it wuz out ter Jake Dickerses, 'bout half-a-mile from here. When the village hed growed a bit, we considered it ought ter be moved, so we agertated the matter an' the rulin' powers agreed ter it. There wuz jist

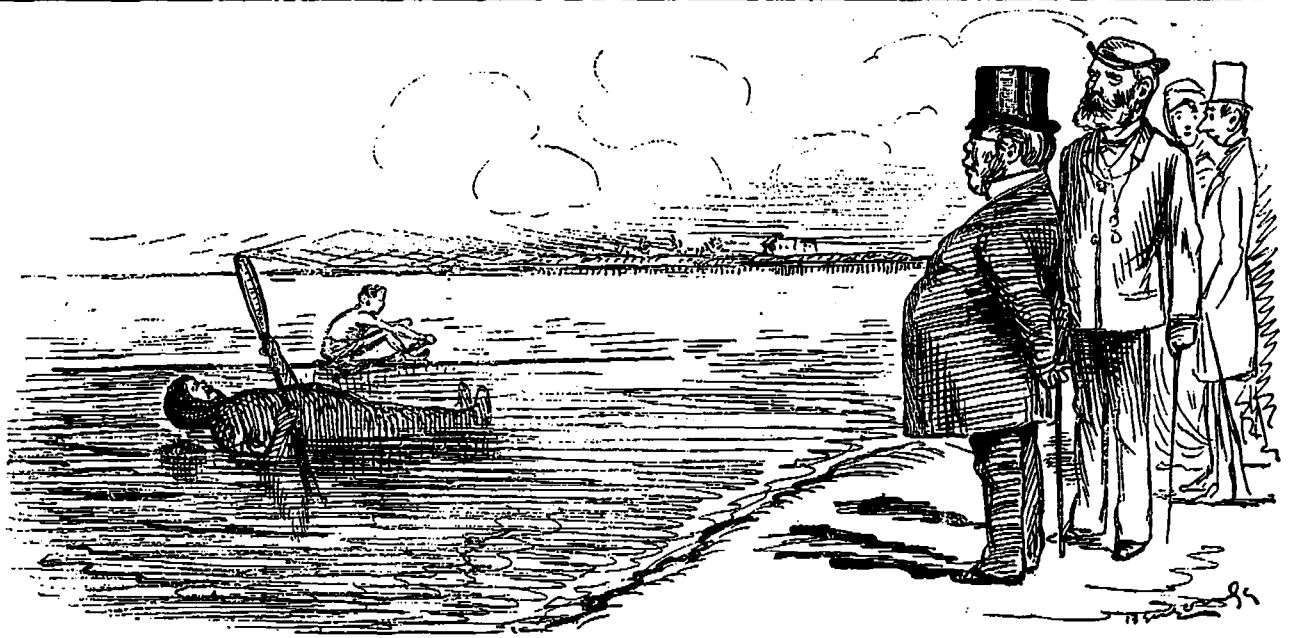
See OAK HALL'S Stock of Children's Suits. OAK HALL sells Clothing at Rock-bottom Prices.

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THE LIFE SAVING-SUIT.—A HAPPY THOUGHT.

MR. MOWAT.—(Says Mowat) WOULD'NT IT BE A CAPITAL IDEA TO GET SOMETHING LIKE THAT FOR OUR CABINET BEFORE GOING TO THE COUNTRY?

two stores in the place—mine an' Sniggles— an' as Dicker wouldn't move in one of 'em would git the job. Howsomdever, I got up a petition, an' went roun' a-gittin' the folks ter sign it, an' all seemed e'rect till I cum acrost Sniggle a-whoopin' aroun' with another. This kinder riled me, fur if anyone wuz entitled ter the office I wuz. Yer see I allers had taken a prom'ent part in the 'lections. I wuz right on the groun' in a case of that kin' an' everybody knowed it. Why, the way we used to make things hum 'fore this infernal ballot cum out wuz magnifercent. Bless yer 'art, I've seed us keep the Grits from gittin' in a vote till nigh onto three o'clock. Ah, them wuz the good old days: none of your sneakin' votin' then; everyone hed ter march right up and vote as men ought ter vote. Well, as I wuz sayin', I wuz allers on time an' gen'rally made things buzz, but old Sniggle never cum out as he ought ter hev. We felt kinder surc of his vote, but we couldn't git him to howl round worth a cent. I s'pose he kep' quiet so's ter git the Grit custom, but, bless yer boots, I got more'n he did, so if that wuz his idee he cum out behin' outer it. Considerin' these circumstances I kinder thought the old beggar wuz purty cheeky ter try an' git the position, an' I told him so. I couldn't git no satisfaction out of him, so I told him ter fire away. When I got the petition filled up I kinder thought I'd send it in by mail, but arter considerin' the matter over I made up my mind ter go down and see John A. himself—kinder personal, yer know. I s'pect we wuz more'n two hours under way, an' feelin' sort o' drowsy, I got up ter go fur a draw ter the smokin' car, when who d'yer think I seed, a-settin' there as comfortable as yer please, but Sniggle! 'Blast yer picter!' says I, 'do yer think yer goin' ter git ahead of Joe Perkins? Not if I knows it!' So when I cum back arter gittin' my smoke, I kep' my eye on the old sucker, an' set near the door so's ter be ready to scoot when the train stopped. I hed been ter Ottawa afore on a depertation, and knowed where the old man hung out, an' when the ingin' slowed up I jumped off an' got a good head on fur the parl'ment buildin's. I didn't look roun' fur I s'pect nigh on five minutes, when, hearin' a kinder noise behin', I turned, an' sure's you're born there wuz old Sniggle a-whoopin' it up fur dear life arter me, an' about a dozen dogs

ST. JACOBS OIL
TRADE MARK.



THE GREAT
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FOR
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*Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago,
Backache, Soreness of the Chest, Gout,
Quinsy, Sore Throat, Swellings and
Sprains, Burns and Scalds,
General Bodily Pains,
Tooth, Ear and Headache, Frosted Feet
and Ears, and all other Pains
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No Preparation on earth equals St. Jacobs Oil as a safe, sure, simple and cheap External Remedy. A trial entails but the comparatively trifling outlay of 50 Cents, and every one suffering with pain can have cheap and positive proof of its claims.

Directions in Eleven Languages.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS IN MEDICINE.

A. VOGELER & CO.,

Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

an' boys a-follerin' him, an' makin' more noise nor a lot of Kermanche Engins. Holy small-pox! I never seed such a race in my life. If we didn't more'n scoot 'long them streets I'm a grasshopper! But Sniggle hed no show from the first. Yer see I used ter practise runnin' when I wuz goin' ter school, an' it sorter stuck ter me, so when I got ter John A.'s office Sniggle wuz 'bout distanced. Yer should hev seed his physerog when he arrived an' foun' the old man an' me a-talkin' as quiet an' circumferential as yer please. Mad? Well, I s'pect so! He wuz that mad that he couldn't speak, nohow, though John A. wuz very perlithe an' offered him a chair. It wuz too much fur the old beggar, an' ever sence he's been one of the howlingest Grits yer ever seed."

The Spirometer.

THE INTERNATIONAL THROAT AND LUNG INSTITUTE 75 Yonge street, corner King and Toronto. A body of French and English physicians are in charge. Great reformation in medical science. The Spirometer, the wonderful invention of Dr. M. Souvielle, of Montreal, an ex-aide surgeon of the French army, which conveys medicinal properties direct to the seat of the disease, has proved in the leading hospitals of Europe to be indispensable for the cure of catarrh, catarrhal deafness, bronchitis, asthma, and lung disease. Dr. Souvielle and a body of English and French surgeons and physicians are in charge of this, the most scientific institution on this continent. We wish country practitioners who have not sufficient practice to distinguish the different forms of lung disease to bring their patients to our institute, and we will give them free advice. This institute has been organized by this body of scientific men to place Canada in a position to compete on scientific views with any part of Europe, and to protect the people from the hands of insignificant men. Dr. Souvielle's Spirometer and its preparations were invented after long and careful experiments in chemical analysis and use in hundreds of cases to prove its effects. He has the sole right in France, England, the United States and Canada. Last year over 1,000 letters of thanks were received from all parts of Europe, Canada and America for the wonderful cures performed by the Spirometer. Hundreds of the leading people of this country given as references. Write or call at the International Throat and Lung Institute, 75 Yonge street corner of King, Toronto, and you will be received by either of the surgeons. Consultations free to physician and sufferers. Call or write, inclosing stamp for pamphlet giving full particulars free.

W. H. STONE { Yonge Street. Telephone 219 Connection. } FUNERAL DIRECTOR