

GRIP

EDITED BY J. W. BANGCOUGH

GRIP CO. ENG.



TO BE
SEEN ON
THE INSIDE,
O'BRIEN'S
RIB
THAT WAS
KILT BY A
PAVIN STONE
AT THE HANS
OF A MOB
LED BY LANS-
DOWNE IN
TORONTO.

PICTURESK
LYING
ABOUT
LANS-DOWNE
AND
CANADA
DONE AT
EACH
PERFORMAN



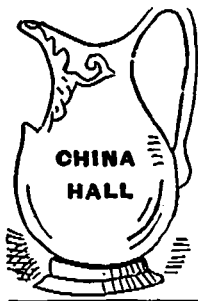
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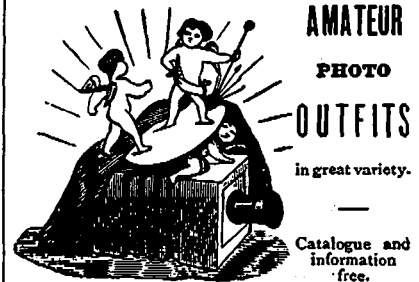
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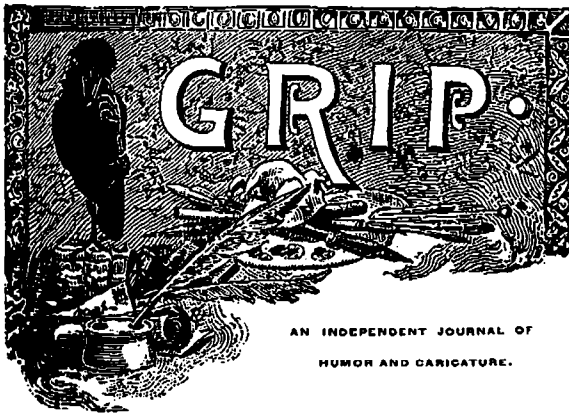
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PUBLISHERS' NOTES.

JUBILEE JOLITIES—No. 2 of Grip's Own Library—is just ready. It has pictures on nearly every page, and every picture is either original or has been specially reproduced for this publication. Every one who sees it is buying a copy. Only 10 cents, at all bookstores, or send the price direct to the office and we will mail a copy promptly.

Comments on the Cartoons.

SYMPATHY.

[Mr. Blake has been obliged through ill-health to withdraw—it is feared permanently—from the leadership of the Reform Party. His system has become greatly impaired through overwork, and he is now afflicted with the distressing malady, Insomnia.]

THROUGHOUT our wide domain, from sea to sea,
All thought of race and Party we forsake,
And all hearts hold the name of EDWARD BLAKE
Wreathed in white flowers of kindly sympathy.

Come, "Nature's sweet restorer, balmy Sleep,"
Bring rest and healing—do thy grateful part,
Spare to our land this high and gallant heart;
Restore to us his wisdom broad and deep,

Come, shade the eyes that in Insomnia gleam;
Silence the thought-vexed, fevered, restless brain
Bind these rebellious powers in slumber's chain,
And weave for him a calm and peaceful dream.

Thy fairy wand need wave but o'er the truth—
Bid him to sleep and dream of one whose name
Lends lustre to a rising country's fame—
The glory and the pattern of her youth.

Call up enchanting visions of a king
Clad in bright robes of Honor, Virtue, Right;
And show him Fraud and Cunning put to flight,
And let him hear the grateful people sing.

So weave thy spell, deft-fingered angel, Sleep,
Cheat care and pain away with magic blest;
Pour in thy oil and wine of balmy rest,
For fain would Canada her statesman keep.

JOHN A'S EDUCATED PIG.—It would be impossible to treat so severely the exhibition of partisanship given by the Conservatives who supported the Government in the vote on the Queen's County case. By that vote it was virtually declared that a minority candidate may take his seat in the House of Commons, if he only belongs to the Tory party. The fact that Mr. Baird was defeated at the polls by sixty-one votes is not disputed by anybody, and yet by this vote that gentleman is given the seat. When we liken this display of "intelligence" on the part of Sir John's followers in the House to that of the educated pig of side-show fame, we are perhaps doing the pig an injustice. It is satisfactory to note that some twenty-six Conservative members of the House refused to so far trample their sense of honor and right under foot as to join in this scandalous deed. The Government's majority was only nineteen instead of the usual forty-five, Hon. Peter Mitchell denounced the vote as an act of infamy, as it certainly was.

O'BRIEN'S SIDE-SHOW.—Mr. O'Brien has gone back home, and no doubt the readers of *United Ireland* will now have his celebrated rib served up as a regular dish for some time to come. After leaving Toronto, the rib occupied a large space in his lectures both in Canada and the United States, and no doubt as an inciter of sympathy it proved most valuable. O'Brien should send a letter of thanks to the Toronto hoodlum who hit him with the brick-bat.

THE QUEBEC LT.-GOVERNORSHIP.—Mr. Masson resigned this office a short time ago on account of ill health, and he is to be succeeded, it is now believed, by Hon. Mr. Chapleau, who accepts the position because his health is not good. This is one of the queer developments of Canadian politics.

THE OPPOSITION LEADERSHIP.—The exigencies of publication require that our cartoons shall be drawn several days in advance of the date upon which they appear, and it sometimes happens that the situation set forth in a picture has been materially altered in the meantime. This is the case in respect of the sketch on page 14. Upon the resignation of Mr. Blake, which was at first regarded as only temporary, the party leadership was vested in an advisory committee. It has now been announced that Mr. Blake has no hopes of returning to his post, and the election of a new leader will be necessary. Mr. Laurier is spoken of as the coming man, but at this writing (9th) the matter is still undecided.



(Puck.)

MODEST BUT IRISH.

O'Tooe—Be japers, there's some ladies comin' this way. Run. Branagan, and tell them to kape aff!

A YARN OF THE BAY.

COME, all ye jolly yachtsmen, come and listen unto me,
While I do spin a merry yarn about the treacherous sea;
Yet not exactly of the sea is this, my little lay,
For it happened just a week ago upon Toronto Bay.
A merry crew of yachtsmen left the shores of this fine town,
Jones, Smith, Ford, Jackson, Robinson, Black, White, Grey, Green,
and Brown,
A very happy crew indeed were they when they set sail;
But not when they came back again, and thereby hangs this tale.
They laid in lots of biscuits, cheese, canned meat and such like
stuff,
And if they'd sailed for India, they'd stowed away enough;
But they, alas! did likewise take, I'm sorry to remark,
A quantity of liquid grog, corked up in bottles dark.
At five a. m. they sailed away before a rattling breeze,
And every man was at his post, and perfectly at ease,
No sober crew of yachtsmen were more sober for to see,
Than this same crew when they put out a singing merrily;
But when that yacht came floating back at twelve o'clock p. m.,
The question that was freely asked was "what's become of them?"
And though one person only might have given some reply,
He could not, for upon his back he speechlessly did lie.
Around him, lying here and there, were bottles thick and deep,
You'd think their noise when chinking would have roused him from
his sleep;
But it didn't, for he slept right on as calm as any child,
Only when the chink grew louder, quite unconsciously he smiled
And raised an empty bottle, which was quite tight in his grasp,
Unto his mouth and suck'd and smack'd his lips, and gave a gasp,
And then he'd roll right over in his sleep, and snore away
As though he were in bed instead of on Toronto Bay.
Six hours later he awoke, and gazing wildly round,
Said "Shiver all my timbers! mates, I guess she's gone aground;
Why, by the bones of Davy Jones, where are my messmates true?
Black, Green, White, Grey, Smith, Jones, I say, Robinson where
are you?"
Where's anything? and where's the yacht, that jolly little craft,
Of all the boats upon the bay the best built, fore and aft?
And where's the bay? Where's Hamilton? Where's here, and
where am I?"
And when he paused a mocking voice did unto him reply—
"You're here, my hearty, right and tight, and here you're going to
stay
Till morning brings you into port, where you will then belay,
For cutting off with that same yacht from Hamilton last night;
It's lucky you weren't drowned, if you had you'd been served right."
Then Brown, when he quite realized he was a prisoner,
He cursed the yacht, and cursed the grog they stowed aboard of her;
He cursed his mates, and cursed his luck that put him there in jail,
When he had only put from shore to have a pleasant sail.
All night he box'd the compass, reeled the log, and paced the deck,
But when he woke at morn, alas! he saw he was a wreck;
Before the magistrate he stood for stealing of that yacht;
He tried to spin his yarn in vain, for really he could not
Explain how he came all alone upon Toronto Bay,
With empty bottles ballasted, and neither could he say
Exactly where he came from, though he said on being sworn,
That he had sailed from that same place at 5 o'clock last morn.
The court all laughed, the constable cried "silence" with a smile,
The magistrate proceeded to reprove Brown in a style
That indicated plainly he discredited the tale,
And was just about to sentence him to eighteen months in jail,
When in rushed White, Black, Green and Jones, Smith, Robinson
and Grey,
With Jackson, who most coolly asked, "How much is there to
pay?"
And told how they in Hamilton the day before had beached
With Brown, who'd taken too much grog before that place was
reached:
And how they'd left him in the yacht most peacefully asleep,
While they around the village walked, at pretty girls to peep;
And how when they came back they found a sudden storm had
come
And carried off the yacht and Brown, and left them to walk home.
The J. P. winked most kindly at the yachtsman's little tale,
And said "My jolly mariners, when next from home you sail
Upon a friendly voyage to some far-off foreign town,
Let all your grog be locked up tight, as was your shipmate Brown."
Pokerville, Ont. P. QUILL.

A SPANIARD has turned the whole Bible into "poetry,"
—260,000 stanzas. He is still at large.

For GRIP (?)

THE LAZY MAN.

I THOUGHT it better to query the legend heading this
essay, for there are very few things of which we are
certain in this world.

The lazy man is now in season. Like ill-weeds in hot
weather, "he grows apace." Most of us feel quite at
home on the subject of laziness, too, especially about the
dog days, and we know whereof we speak. We can put
our whole energies into it, as it were; and as in many
other things, he who can speak with force, speaks from
knowledge, and his opinions are entitled to some respect.
From the above and other considerations, I venture to
write you on the seasonable topic of "The Lazy Man,"
believing that your columns are open to anything in which
the large majority of our afflicted race are concerned.

Of the lazy man it may truthfully be said, the sun never
sets on him, that is, he is to be found in every nook and
corner of the world—more often, indeed, in the nooks
and corners than anywhere else. The sun does not often
shine on him, either, because he has a decided preference
for the shade. Perhaps there are instances in which it
might be wished that the sun or some other ponderous
body might set or *set* on him. He is cosmopolitan, and
may be found in all the great centres of civilization—and
all the other parts of civilization, too, for that matter.
He is educated; he is ignorant; he is sometimes, per-
haps always, a sinner, and yet he goes to church—at
least he gets there eventually, generally some half hour
or so after everybody else. He comes in just when the
congregation is deeply interested, and at such times
receives a good deal of attention, if not admiration. He
finds his seat at last, sits down in the corner, and goes to
sleep; he has been known to sleep very emphatically,
too; he can be heard, if not seen.

Many hundreds of years ago the wise King Solomon
said to the lazy man—"Go to the ant, thou sluggard,"
though I believe the sluggard would have much preferred
having the ant come to him. Thus we have again the
old truth forced upon us that there is nothing new under
the sun—the lazy man is not a production of modern
times. There were mighty men of old, and I guess
there were lazy men, too. Some people argue that we
surpass the ancients in many things; very likely we excel
them in laziness too! at any rate, I think, our style of
laziness is more finished and complete. Have we not
the experience of the past to guide us? It is an old and
accepted truth that we profit by experience. So there
are some good points about lazy people at this late day.
They are very modest—not a bit proud of their laziness!
I don't know that I ever heard a lazy man boast of it,
though often they *are* quite proud of their ancestry, or
some other equally interesting thing. I believe if there
were prizes given by our enterprising Industrial Fair
Board for the champion lazy man, there would be no
entries; excessive modesty, or something—perhaps their
laziness—would keep them at home. The lazy man is
also very retiring—not a bit obtrusive; indeed, he would
sooner retire than advance, and much sooner lie down
than do either. He is ornamental, attracting much
public attention when gracefully propped up against the
wall at a street corner; but the policeman has nearly
monopolized this time-honored privilege now. As a kind
of recompense for this invasion of their rights, our lazy
men take a very prominent place in the ranks of those
pretty young men found ranged on either side of the
church door as the congregation is coming out on Sunday
evening.

The lazy man sometimes follows a business—indeed he always follows it, for he never catches up, and he lags so far behind that the business gets out of sight entirely in a short time. The race becomes too one-sided to be very interesting.

I have heard it remarked that the lazy man is born tired, and perhaps he is sorry for that, too, and won't do it again. I believe in being charitable to brothers in distress, therefore, for your sake and his, I will stop the machine for the present, though it has been well wound up, and is capable of producing much more if it gets a chance.

POLONIUS.



A MONTREAL RELIC.

Tourists (from Toronto)—Have you any old relics in Montreal worth seeing?

Polite Official—Relics? It ees ze old, ancient tings you shall desire to see? *Eh bein!* Ve can show you ze first papaire serve in ze case of Dugas v. Sheppard!

THE REFORM LEADERSHIP.

THE leadership of the Reform Party having become vacant by the retirement of Hon. Edward Blake, the managers *pro tem.* are anxiously casting about for a permanent successor to that distinguished gentleman. We understand that the following correspondence has passed more or less within the last few days:—

(*Post Card.*)

HAWARDEN CASTLE.

GENTLEMEN,—I regret to say that important engagements here will make it impossible for me to assume the Liberal leadership in Canada. Salisbury, Churchill, and other friends have strongly urged me to accept, but I cannot see my way to it.

W. E. GLADSTONE.

(*Telegram.*)

BOSTON, MASS.

Cannot go at present. Am still keeping my eyes transversely on Presidency. Thanks for flattering offer.

B. F. BUTLER.

(*Typewriter Letter.*)

NEW YORK.

GENTLEMEN,—My business interests are so vast here that I cannot well get away, though I confess your offer is a tempting one. As you say, my long experience in making big deals would peculiarly fit me for the position, and it would also give me a chance to boost the Commercial Union idea. There are, however, insuperable obstacles in the way. What is to become of the Metropolitan Base

Ball Club and Staten Island Rapid Transit if I accept? I would also want a guarantee that I should not be called upon at any time to accept a knighthood. Yours, etc.

ERASTUS WIMAN.

TORONTO, June.

DEAR EDGAR,—My chances for the York shrievalty are so good that I hate to throw them up for such a shaky position. Why not take the leadership yourself? I will assist you all I can *ex officio*. Yours, etc.,

JOS. TAIT.

BUFFALO, June.

GENTLEMEN,—If you will get the 65th Regiment fellows calmed down, I don't mind returning to my native heath and tackling the job. If I don't make old John A. hump livelier than he has ever yet done, I will not ask a cent of salary. You can find my platform at the head of *News* editorial column. I'll stick to that every day of the week, and Toryism will be knocked out in the second round. What your leader wants is snap and go, and when you come to me you come to the right shop for it. Yours, etc.,

E. E. SHEPPARD.

QUEBEC.

RESPECTED SIRs,—Being absent from home and having plenty of wealth at my command, with nothing to engage my attention, it has struck me that the leadership of your party would afford me the relaxation I am in need of. I will take it on condition that all party funds are entrusted to my care. Let me hear from you by return mail. Yours, etc.,

JOHN C. ENO,
late of N. Y.

(*Private and Confidential.*)

OTTAWA.

GENTLEMEN,—Having long been aware of latent powers of leadership locked up in my breast, I seize the opportunity presented by the retirement of your chief, to apply for the position. I think I could fill his shoes and find them a tight fit. He was an orator and a scholar; so am I. He was Irish; so am I. There are other striking moral and political resemblances, no doubt, if I only had time to look for them. 'Tis true I am at present a Conservative, but I could be a Radical with equal facility, being of an elastic disposition. If you do not avail yourselves of this offer please keep it quiet, as I think my chances are good for succeeding Sir John. Yours, etc.,

N. F. DAVIN.

FINANCIAL.

You wish to know why I should care for
The changes there may be
Made in the tariff, sir, and wherefore,
They should trouble me?

I once deposited a vest
With Levi Isaacstein,—
Three golden balls do hang at rest
Before his shop, for sign.

The interest I had to pay,
Ere he restored the vest,
Now, might not that be termed, I pray,
A vested interest?

W. J. H.

A MEDICAL OPINION.

AN eminent practitioner at the Capital says that Canada has been laboring under commercial anæmia and *Doctor Tupper* has administered an iron tonic.

EVICTION.

O'BRINEY tears were falling fast
As through Canadian towns there passed
A man who groaned at Ireland's woe,
And yelled wherever he did go—
Eviction !

His brow was sad, his eyes were wild,
He was Old Ireland's vengetul child,
And like the roar of lion rung
The accents of that Irish tongue—
Eviction !

When the Queen City he did reach,
And to the mob essayed to preach,
He was evicted by the crowd,
While still his voice cried, long and loud,
Eviction !

"Try not to pass !" the Mayor said,
"Or thy own blood be on thy head."
But still he came, 'mid cries and groans,
While round him fell protesting stones—
Eviction !

O'Briney tears still fill our eyes,
Deep sorrows in our hearts arise ;
'Twere better had the hoodlums tried,
'Stead of O'Brien, to Killbride—
Eviction !

W. H. T.

THE JUBILEE ORATION.

SUDDENLY the door of the *Week* sanctum was burst open, and a wild looking individual with a fiery eye and a green umbrella strode in. Before the astonished editor could collect his senses, the visitor had sprung upon a chair, and in a voice of thunder and with violent gesticulations, proceeded as follows :—

"On the 20th June, 1837, when the girl-Queen, Victoria, ascended the throne of England, the steps trembled with joy, and the ermine of the imperial robe blushed with the scientilla of glory from the reflected promise of her reign. The larks winged their ambitious flight to the loftiest peak of Snowdon and the sparrows twittered anthems, cantatas, operas and oratorios, while the zephyrs played nocturnes and fuges about the stately elms of Hyde Park, Buckingham Palace, St. James' Palace and Pall Mall. It was a glorious day for the little island that sits in the ocean blue, like a 'twinkle twinkle little star.'

"Neither time nor the one hundred dollars worth of oration with which this speech is to be compared, will permit me to descant on all the glories of this jubiliferous reign. Sufficient to say that the most brilliant achievements are the mental somersaults of the Grand Old Man on one side of the Atlantic, and Mr. Goldwin Smith on the other. When the sweet-tongued Nester of the Commons, with his Diomedean craft and Ulysean wiles beguiled, with his siren voices, the august representatives of a free people, all England quivered, like the string of an Æolian harp when it is struck by a cyclone, William summersaulted. He went up a tory, he came down a liberal. He went up the defender of the faith, he came down the despoiler of the Irish Church. Then Goldwin from the classic shades of Isis twined wreaths of ivy, oak, holly, laurel, chestnut and juniper, elm, and broom, and gorse, and every other pretty thing, for the hero, who, like another Achilles, had left the silken meshes of a luxurious court, to wield the sword and hurl the spear in the sacred cause of Greece. But William hurled a javelin or two and then acrobated again. He went up an Imperialist, he came down a Home-ruler. At once the wreaths

withered, and Goldwin hurled stones and arrows of cutting scorn.

"But among all the wonders of this thauamazonian close of miraculous volts, this electro magnetic dynamo hyperbolical trending of palaeozoic mastodons, nothing more thaumastical has arisen than the wisdom begirded stratagem of the plan of the Campaign. From the lowly hut of the Irish peasant, where the true principles of democracy are carried out, in loving community with the pig and cow, to the stately mansion of the gentleman tenant, where lordly acres and stately parks, where tennis lawns and conservatories stocked with choice exotics, tell of oppression and pain, of sorrow and of woe, one blighting hand of landlord misrule rests, and crushes out the life of all. The plan of the campaign, the peculiar glory of the Victorian reign, is to hamstring cattle, to shoot men in the dark night, on the lonely road ; to boycott women and children, and to steal the rent from the trembling and tyrannical landlord.

"These gentle deeds, with pyrotechnic displays of dynamite and other fireworks glorify the Jubilee of a gracious Queen, while the lion rampant tears his hair, and lifts his mighty voice in accents of despair, which hover round the chalk cliffs of Albion, and catching on to the electric cable are wafted over the vast empire, where the sun never sets, and the moon in bright effulgence never veils her silvery ray !"

"And now, sir, what do you mean by this outrage?" demanded the editor.

"Outrage, sir?" replied the orator, "on the contrary I want that hundred dollars. This is the Prize Oration, and your conditions were that it should be *delivered* at your office, weren't they?"

ON CERTAIN LATIN PHRASES.

THE simplicity with which some well-known classical phrases can be translated into our language and adapted to certain modern persons and circumstances struck the illustrious author of "The Jubilee History of Canada" the other day, as he was revising his immortal work, and consequently he proceeds to illustrate the obscurity of many current remarks of the ancient authors by applying them to the exigencies of modern life. First let us take a few suitable mottoes :—

Vota vita mea has been translated "My life is devoted." The phrase originally applied to a patriot. As applied to the political patriots of Canada, we must translate "My vote is my life."

Ne cede malis "Don't yield to misfortune," is still good advice to any *seedy* swell.

Pax vobiscum was the salutation of the early card-sharpers to a greenhorn.

Post mortem was the name applied to Rome's dead letter office.

Bella, horrida bella, was probably suggested to Virgil by a noisy cow in the vicinity of his study.

Cetera desunt "The rest is wanting," doubtlessly originated with some poor victim of insomnia.

Caput mortuum was the term applied to the Roman "dead-head" by the saloon keepers, whose motto was *In hoc signo mea spes*, "My hope is in this sign." When the old Latin Scott Act was in force this was changed to *Finem respice*, "Look out for the fine."

Ad quod dannum was the phrase used by a judge in sending down a thief.

Such are a few singular examples from the work being pursued by the renowned historian in his classical re-

searches. But still more curious results have been attained, which prove that "there is nothing new under the sun." The practice of presenting a man with a prize for guessing the right number of beans in a jar was current amongst the Latin races, hence their phrase *Quam diu se bene gesserit*: "So long as he guesses the beans." The term *alter ego* was first applied to the chicken who altered the egg that was really its other self.

Audi alteram partem was doubtless an instruction to early telephonists who had to "hear the other party." When a man was hungry, it was said to be a *casus belli*.

The old motto for a flirt was *cui malo*, "To which male," and that for a mute was *Dum spiro spero* "Though dumb I breathe and hope." *Magnum bonum* was the humorous Latin for the *humerus*. A subtle anticipation of the character of Hamlet can be found in the phrase *Nunc aut nunquam* and a prophetic remark of our greatest living-*prima donna* is to be read in these lines:—*Quid fuit durum pati meminisse dulce est*, "That which was hard to Patti is sweet to remember."

Another saying common with the young ladies of the Roman Empire is still applicable to those who parade the streets of Toronto: *Non equidem invideo miror magis*, "Indeed I do not envy, I am rather inclined to the mirror."

These few random examples are taken from a huge work on which the great Jubilee Historian is engaged, which will be published every half century until complete (probably 40 parts) and entitled "The Calisthenics of Languages." Subscriptions (not less than \$10) may be sent to the author,

POKERVILLE, P.Q.

P. QUILL.



(Texas Siftings.)

BENEVOLENCE.

Kind-hearted Lady—What are you doing there, sir?

Tramp—Eatin' grass, missus; I'm starvin'.

Kind-hearted Lady—Poor man! Come right out in the back yard where the grass is nice and high!

AN EXPLANATION.

THE real but hitherto hidden meaning of the reception accorded to O'Brien by the loyalists of Toronto has just leaked out. The whole affair has been ridiculously misrepresented. The supposed riot was in reality a dramatic performance for O'Brien's amusement entitled, "A Scene from Irish Life;" and it must be admitted that the actors performed their parts admirably. Somebody should have been killed, however, to make the representation strictly accurate. No doubt O'Brien will appreciate the delicacy of the compliment, when he gets well. The only puzzling circumstance is their making O'Brien himself one of the actors, and giving him a difficult part to perform, as he seems to have been required to make his way through a narrow lane and a blacksmith shop in the midst of a shower of stones, and scale a twelve-foot fence in about one second and a half.

MY ALARUM CLOCK.

I SHALL never forget the first time that clock went off. I shall simply call it "that clock," for no number of adjectives could remotely describe it. I had to get up early—what for I forget; I think to get tickets for some "last appearance" of some *prima donna*; at all events it was for something very important—perhaps something more important than "last appearances" of *prime donne*.

I set the thing for 4.45 a.m. precisely. I went to bed early—with the intention of getting a good sleep. I need not say I did not sleep. I lay awake wondering whether I could trust that thing ticking away so quietly (and yet I thought cunningly) on the mantel-piece. I wondered whether it would go off at the time I set it. I wondered whether I should hear it if it did go off. And so I kept on wondering till towards the early hours of the morning, utterly wearied out with wondering, I fell into a quiet sleep.

I dreamt of the *prima donna* I was going to hear. There I was in a good seat. She was on the stage. Everything was ready. The audience was hushed to a dead silence. The accompanist had just finished the introduction and was waiting for her to commence. She smiled, opened her mouth, and—

Whir-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r—

Oh! the start it gave me. The universe seemed to be one mass of noise. The music of the spheres seemed to have got out of tune and time and to be howling this fact close into my ears. I was drowned in noise. I floundered in horrible atmospheric waves, rushing, screaming, tearing over one another. I was blinded with sound. The room was full of it. It was all round me. I could not escape it. It was intolerable. I should go blind, dumb, deaf, mad, if that thing continued for another second of time. What was to be done? Stop it, stop it at once. Of course. No sooner thought of than I leaped out of bed. The leap sent the blood into my head, and half blind I staggered across the floor, sprawled over two chairs and a sofa, trod on my watch, upset the water-jug, and dashed at that cursed clock. I seized it, squeezed it, shook it, flung it on to the bed, buried it in pillows, threw myself on the pillows, and breathlessly waited while it angrily rung itself out, enraged at my interference.

After that I went back to bed and slept soundly till 10 a.m., missed my breakfast and, of course, my appointment. I have had heart disease ever since, and have given that clock away.



JOHN A.'S EDUCATED FIG.



SYMPATHY.

THE LYING MACHINE.

THE lying machine is again
Abroad and all ready for work ;
He spins out his little refrain.
With a countenance grave as a Turk.

He tells how he fished in " Muskoke,"
And caught a trout big as a whale,
Then, adds this degenerate soak—
" I had just put my hand on its tail

" When the blamed thing flopped off my fly,
And the water flew so when he fled,
That, without a bit of a lie,
I was soaked from my feet to my head."

He tells us how, one day, he spied
A bear as he travelled along ;
How it stood on its hind feet and cried
While he sang it a fisherman's song.

Fact was, the man threw down his gun
And ran for five miles ere he stopped ;
He would likely be still on the run
If he hadn't with weariness dropped.

Yes, the lying machine is in trim,
So beware of his fanciful tales ;
If you'd get at the verity dim,
Just weigh it in common-sense scales. W.H.T.

ARFQUAKES.

BY PROF. ASTRONOMICAL TOMSON.

To my 'steemed scientific breddren an' de public gen'ly. Whereas—It hab cum to my knowledge dat dere am a certain cullud pusson callin' hisself by dis chicken's given name an' purtending to be a 'stromoner on arfquakes, and whereas, dis yer cullud pusson am an impersition an' a fraud and a quack, case he goes quackin round de kentry about arfquacks which he don't know nothing about ; darfore, be it dissolved, dat de public get shet of dis cullud pusson on shawt notice, an' undercumstand once for all, dat dis chile am de only fust original purfessor Tomson, author of de celebrated article on de " Sun do Move," an' beware of base imertations. Dis yah article on arfquakes am de only genowine article, case de oder am a fraud.

Arfquakes my breddren, am a thing dat is approached wif great fear an' tremblin'. De geography ob de word am peculiar. *Arf*—de world we live on—and *quake*—a fit ob de agur. De world we lib on my breddren am nothin' more nor less den a great big animile an' we am de fleas a crawlin' up an' down its back. It am a kind ob camel to carry us cross de desert ob Time on our journey 'twen de two 'ternities. Dat ar what dis yer world am, an' nothing else. It am square, wid four corners an' it sits squat on its base an' never moves ; fixed as fate, an' doan you forget it. An' we po' mortals sit on de top ob dat yar box, an' like Joseph watch the sun, de moon an' de 'leben stars go sailin' round an' round it all day long, an' de greater part ob de night, 'cept when its rainin' an' den dey doan come out case dey might get wet an' blow out an' dey couldn't shinc no mo'. An' yet in de face ob all dis okler demonstration dare am people so ignorant an' pig-headed as to deny dat de sun do move.

Now dis yer camel a-journeying through de desert ob life, am very apt to cat something that doan agree wid his stomach, an' he gets a great rumification in his innards, an' he roars an' tears an' doubles up an' shakes de folks off'n his back, an' dey get frightened an' cry " Oh Lor' ! de arfquake : " Dat am one theory ob arfquakes, an' if it doan suit yo' taste, here am anoder jest as good. Dis

yarf, my breddren, am a great witch's cauldron, de bery same-as am prescribed by de great playactor Macbeth. Nature, deah breddren, am de witch, an' she puts all sorts into dat ar cauldron an' den she rams on de lid, an' lays on five or six rocks on top ob de lid to keep it down. Dose rocks am what folks call de mountains. Den nature she says, step up ladies an' gen'leman, its all right ; an' de folks step up, an' dey build houses an' churches on top of dat ar witch's cauldron, though all de time it am a-fizzin' an' a sizzim fro' de cracks in de lid—till some fine day—plunk ! down goes de lid an' de whole caboose am landed into the belly of de cauldron, an' de people way off on de edge what didn't cave in say " It am a terrible arfquake ober dar, golly ! " But nature, de great witch, she laff softly, an' fixes on de lid till de nex time, an' so de story goes on. Dis am de true full an' particular history ob arfquakes an' doan you go to believe no oder, case why, you'll get left an' when de big camel takes a fit ob de agur he'll shake you off'n his back right into de witch's caldron dat am a sputterin' an' a sizzin' right below. Dere am anoder view ob arfquakes. Dis arf am a mighty long-sufferin' animile, an' doan mind de human fleas cuttin' up rough once in a while, but when it comes to cuttin' up an' rollin' ober an' ober in sin an' niquity all de time, an' givin' out dat yo' am a purfesser ob 'stromony when you ain't nothin' but an old fraud, den ole mother arf ain't agoin' to stand no sich goings on no longer, she jist quakes wid ondignation, ad' opens her mouf an' her false teeth falls out, an' you po' sinners fall into de open jaws an' get chawed up fo'ever mo'.

Dis am de only old reliable an' fust original explanation ob de fenomenon ob arfquakes, which am de secret place of thunder, an' de oncontrivertable proof dat de sun do move, also, (which am ob more impawtance) dat yo' humble servant am de only genowine purfesser.

ASTRONOMICAL TOMSON.

OUR JUBILEE GIFT.

THE Queen she sat at Windsor
Reading Jubilee addresses,
That came in such profusion
That the very thought distresses.

At length the one from Canada
She read with greatest pleasure,
And to the *Standard* man she said,
" This does their loyalty measure.

" 'Tis elegant and eloquent,
And full of subtle beauties ; "
" But not so eloquent," quoth he,
" As Tupper's iron duties."

HIS DEGREE.

THE cablegram didn't give particulars of the honorary degree conferred by Cambridge University upon Sir Donald A. Smith. We understand it was a B.Sc. (Syn-dicate Bargain.)

DURING a lesson in natural history to a primary class, the teacher asked for the names of animals with scales ; after a little hesitation two or three hands went up in token that their owners had answers ready, and a little fellow, the son of a butcher, piped out, " Please, miss, butchers have scales ! " When the teacher had sufficiently recovered, she called on a little girl, who eagerly cried out, " Please, miss, pianos have scales ! "

**AN OIL BURNING STEAM LAUNCH.
AN ENJOYABLE TRIP AROUND THE ISLAND
IN A MODEL LITTLE VESSEL.**

A BEAUTIFUL little steam launch 30 feet long, 6 feet beam, built of cedar, with elm frame work and trimmed with oak, covered with a canvas awning and propelled by a four horse-power engine and boiler, the furnace under the latter fed by a continuous spray of crude coal oil from a 20 gallon reservoir in the bow, awaited a *Globe* reporter at the Yonge street wharf yesterday afternoon. It had fired up in 25 minutes from cold water and its steam-gauge registered 100. It was under the control of Mr. Wanless, of John Wanless & Son, Queen street west, and a moment after the passengers got in it started for the eastern gap like a race-horse. Its motion was steady. The machinery was almost noiseless and but the minimum of heat and smell came from it. With great rapidity, for a vessel of its size, it made its way through the gap and around the island, affording the passengers glimpses of the villas on the beach, and causing them to wonder why the island is not a beautiful spot instead of an almost desolate sandbar. Coursing on to the western gap a way was soon made to Queen's wharf, where another passenger was taken on and the Yonge street wharf was reached again in a moment after. The course is said to have been at least ten miles, and including the stoppage the time occupied was one hour and three minutes. These launches are made in different sizes, with engines to suit, and the engines are put into ordinary boats. They are manufactured by Messrs. John Gillies & Co., Carleton Place, Ontario, and are well worth consideration by those who wish to enjoy themselves on the water. The engine is easily controlled, and is run at a cost of 15 cents an hour.—*Toronto Globe*.

DE BAGGS—So, so ; Van Chump is dead, is he? De Kaggs—You knew him well? "I remember him as a man of good character and a very strong will." "Must be some mistake about that. The lawyers got at his will the other day and broke it in like a toothpick."—*Philadelphia Call*.

YOUNG Man (in Park Row coffee and cake saloon)—Waiter, I want a beefsteak, unpeeled potatoes and a couple of eggs fried on one side only! Waiter, (vociferously)—"Slaughter in the pan," "a Murphy with his coat on," an' "two white wings with the sunny side up!"—*Puck*.

"GLAD to see you up so early," said the young lady boarder in the country as she encountered the hired man while taking her spring time morning walk and then added: "The early bird catches the early worm, you know;" and to her utter confusion, the innocent and unsuspecting granger made reply: "Laws, marn, I didn't know they were catching I!"—*Charleston Enterprise*.

"Do you call that ten pounds of ice?" enquired Jollywag of the iceman the other morning, as the lump of congealed water for which he had negotiated was jerked onto the pavement. "Why, yes—certainly," was the answer; "you must have lost your eye-sight, ain't you?" Silence deep and opaque fell upon the scene, as Jollywag, suddenly aware that he stood in the presence of a great American humorist in disguise, made an obeisance and withdrew for recuperation.—*Washington Hatchet*.

"We love our child," the old man said,
"And want her always by us,
For though we much despise a lie,
We do like Anna nigh us."
—*Birmingham News*.

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INSTITUTE.**

Mr. Joseph P. Howe, late with Dr. McCully, wishes to inform his friends and the public generally that he has opened the above Institution. He has for some time past had charge of the Electrical department of the Medical and Surgical Association, and under Dr. McCully's direct tuition, he is to-day thoroughly competent to treat and cure by Electricity the following diseases:—Paralysis, in all its forms and stages; Neuralgia, in any part of the body; Sciatica, no matter how old the case; Lumbago, when every other treatment has failed; Rheumatism, acute, inflammatory, or chronic, either of the joints or muscles; Housemaid's knee or white swelling, sun strokes, general debility, etc., etc. We have lately procured first-class apparatus from one of the best makers in New York, and can promise the utmost satisfaction to our patrons. References will be given when required. Consultation free and advice cheerfully given. Office hours: 9.30 a.m. to 9 p.m. Address, JOSEPH P. HOWE, 349 Jarvis Street, Toronto.

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Notice Respecting Passports.

Persons requiring passports from the Canadian Government should make application to this department for the same, such application to be accompanied by the sum of four dollars in payment of the official fee upon passports as fixed by the Governor in Council.

G. POWELL,
Under Secretary of State.

OTTAWA, 19th Feb., 1886.

The London and Ontario Investment Company (Limited).

DIVIDEND NO. 18.

NOTICE is hereby given that a dividend at the rate of 7 per cent. per annum has been declared for the current half year, ending June 30th inst., and is payable by the bankers of the company on and after the 1st day of July next. The stock transfer books of the company will be closed from the 16th to the 30th inst., both days inclusive.

By order,
A. M. COSBY, *Manager*.

TORONTO, JUNE 3rd, 1887.

The Canadian Bank of Commerce.

DIVIDEND NO. 40.

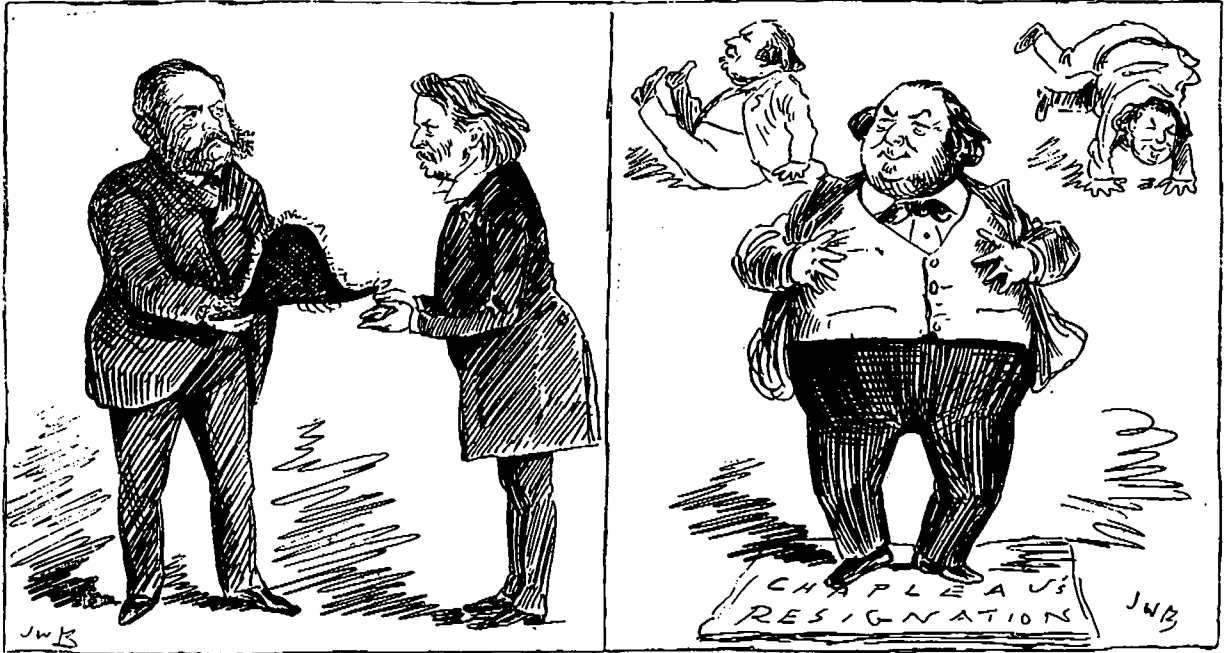
Notice is hereby given that a Dividend of Three and One-Half per cent. upon the capital stock of this Institution has been declared for the current half-year, being at the rate of Seven per cent. per annum, and that the same will be payable at the Bank and its Branches on and after SATURDAY, the 2nd day of July next.

The Transfer Books will be closed from the 17th of June to the 30th of June, both days inclusive.

The Annual General Meeting of the Shareholders of the Bank will be held at the Banking House, in Toronto, on TUESDAY, the 12th day of July next. The chair will be taken at twelve o'clock noon.

By order of the Board,
R. E. WALKER, *General Manager*.

TORONTO, May 23rd, 1887.



THE QUEBEC LT. GOVERNORSHIP.

Masson—As I am in ill-health I resign this position.
Chapleau—As my health is far from good, I accept it.

“L'HOMME QUI RIT.”

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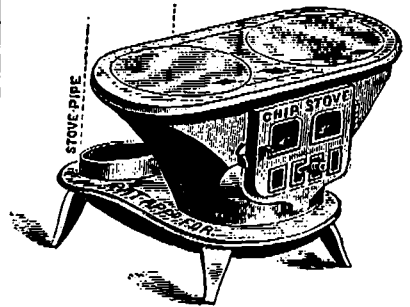
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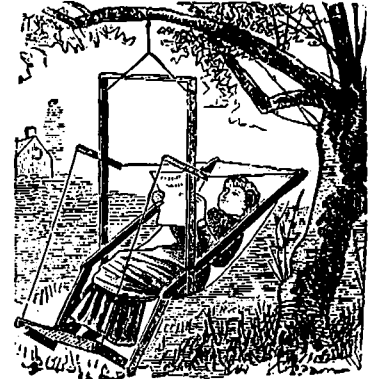


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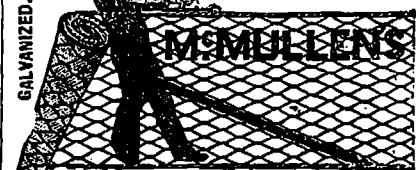
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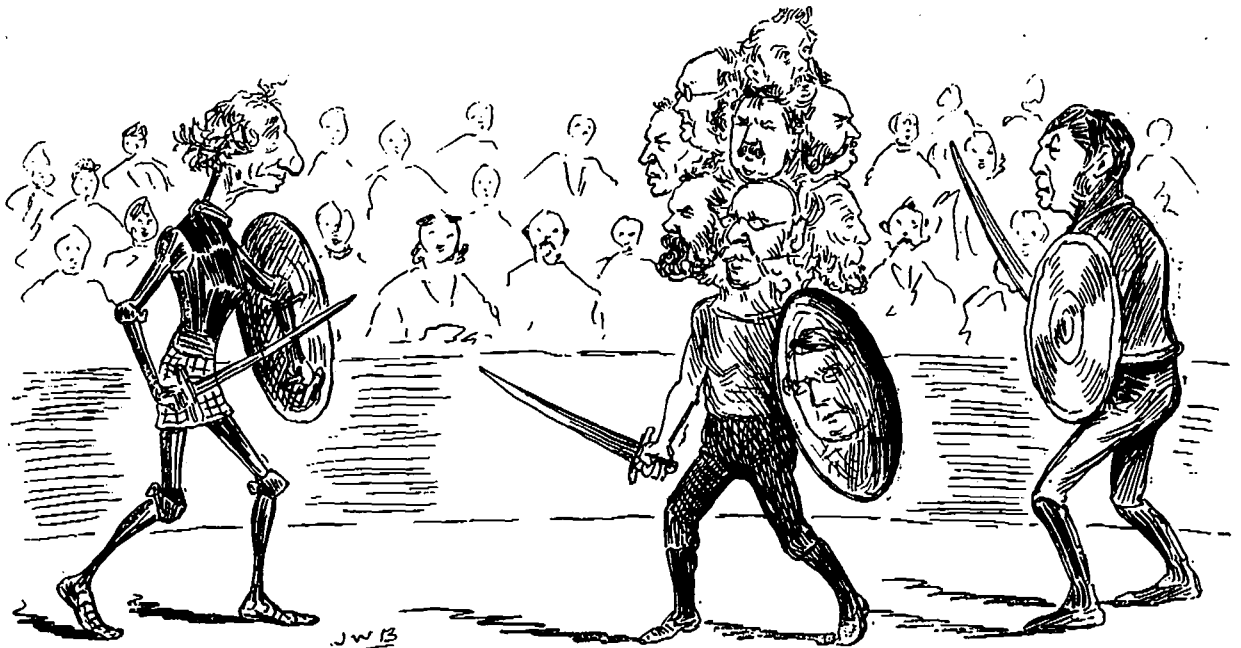


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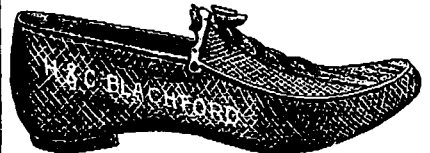
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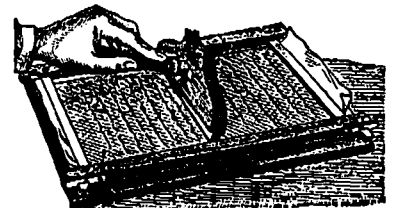


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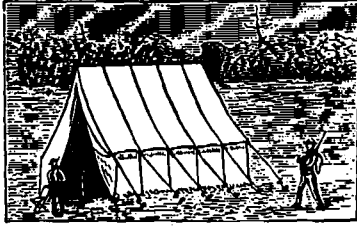
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For keeping the Stomach, Bowels, and Liver in good working order, I have never found any medicine equal to Ayer's Cathartic Pills. I always use this remedy when occasion requires.— Randolph Morse, Lynchburg, Va.

About five years since, my son became a cripple from Rheumatism. His joints and limbs were drawn out of shape by the excruciating pain, and his general health was very much impaired. Medicines did not reach his case until he commenced taking Ayer's Pills, three boxes of which cured him. He is now as free from the complaint as if he had never had it, and his distorted limbs have recovered their shape and pliancy.— William White, Lebanon, Pa.

After suffering, for months, from disorders of the Stomach and Liver, I took Ayer's Pills. Three boxes cured me.— A. J. Pickthall, Machias, Me.

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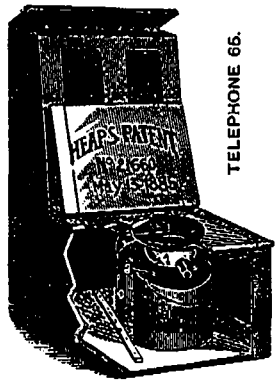
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A CRITICISM.

He—Did you go to see the "Flying Dutchman," Miss McFlimsy?
She—No; I don't care for these broken English plays. I think they're vulgar.

ECHOES OF "THE WEEK."

(Condensed from any week.)

THE NEW LIBERAL LEADER.

AFTER giving Mr. Blake a hot send-off, we will now proceed to warmly embrace Mr. Laurier as the temporary leader of the Opposition. We fail to see why Mr. Laurier was appointed. He is a French Canadian; he would have taken part in the rebellion had he been a half-breed; he is eloquent and clever; he has done nothing in particular and done it very well. We prognosticate a complete collapse of the Liberal party under his leadership, unless he faithfully follows out the inconsistent course of independent politics, as laid down in the columns of this high-toned paper. If he carries out our suggestions on all subjects, he will prove himself the most versatile leader of any party, and be an unique character in Canadian history. This is his only chance of success. We have spoken.

LETTER FROM VENICE.

We will now visit the famous Ducal Palace, which looks on the one side towards the glorious sea and on the other to the Piazzetta.

"Where are the roses of yesterday?" Alas! indeed! unless they be in the jaunty jacket of some milliner's apprentice wending her way to the daily scene of toil, or stowed away in the private diary of some sweet *donszetta*, as a memento of the happy meeting with her *amante*, I know not; and who shall say, "Where are the glories of Venice?" Gazing on the majestic pile of glorious architecture, known as the Ducal Palace, I reverently touch my bangs and exclaim, "There were Dooks in those days." As I told you in my "letter from Rome," that specimen of urban architecture was not brought to a state of completion in a day; so might I remark of the Ducal Palace, with its successive styles and numerous additions, the tributes of succeeding generations. Inside is the "Paradise" of Tintoret, which all my Canadians are intimately acquainted with, and the "Europa" of Paul Veronese, which nearly comes up to the standard of excellence required by the judges of the Royal Academy of Toronto. Don't forget to see Titian's "Doge," which was brought to the Ducal Palace from the Rembrandt art gallery in Leader Lane. *O gemini! O mores!* There is a gondola waiting for me on the Rio del Palazzo, and I am going to see the Bridge of Sighs, which is said to be

an exact counterfeit of the famous bridge across the Humber. *Addio.* L. L. L.

SCENES IN PONGO-PONGO.

We were sitting in the golden sunset, playing with the dazzling fireflies and inciting hostile tribes of mosquitoes to mortal combat, when fifteen naked savages came to the door of our tent bearing a can of salmon from the Emperor of Pongo-Pongo. We extracted the contents and threw them away, after reading on the cover a friendly invitation to be present at the great court ceremony of "sending off a prime minister." We at once put on our plug hats and white ties, and started to the Court House at a jog-trot, to which we were kept by the natives who pricked us with their spears from behind. Arrived at last and out of breath, we were shown to a place of honor under a banana tree and witnessed the beautiful and interesting ceremony. The prime minister was brought into the circle and received a kick from each of the 500 warriors as he walked around. We added our testimonial by an application of boot, and the prime minister acknowledged the difference by a slight jump. He then stood before the King, who took a spear and ran it through his body. The prime minister executed a double somersault and balanced himself on the end of the spear for five minutes, when he fell down dead. The Emperor then asked us to accept the vacant position, but we declined with thanks. After we had reached home, his Majesty sent the prime minister's head, some bananas and a bottle of Perry Davis' Pain Killer, as a royal present. We sent him in return an old tooth-brush and a copy of Imrie's poems. DEVIATOR.

LITERARY NOTES FROM THE WASTE PAPER BASKET.

"Many people never think, who think they think," is the title of a romantic essay by Rath Rafton, to be published shortly. It has been greatly admired by a select circle of literary lights.

"She'll Brainus" will write an entirely new poem on the "Muskrat," which was omitted from her recent "Poems of the Zoo."

"Old Wynne's Myth," a study of Canadian party politics from an outside point of view, and illustrated by Ancient History, is to be printed for private circulation only. E. S. SENCE.

CONTEMPORARY LIFE AND THOUGHT AMONG THE ESQUIMAUX.

(For this article see the *Fortnightly Review* of last year.)

TOPICS.

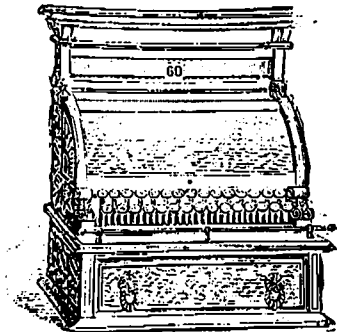
(See daily papers of last week and add a few denunciations of everybody concerned. Refer to old numbers of *The Week* and say, "We told you so.")

POEM—"The Fog Horn."

Listen! There it goes again!
 With its melancholy strain.
 Like a mammoth in the throes
 Of a bunion on its toes.
 Persons waking from their sleep
 From the bed-clothes fearful peep,
 Wondering in mental strife
 If Piper's *wail* has come to life.
 Faintly sound the cat-a-waul
 And the baby's toothsome bawl.
 Sweetly sound the barking dogs
 And the early grunting hogs.
 Never noise that yet was born
 Soundeth like the dread fog-horn.

N. O. MORE.

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16 inches deep, 12 inches high, 20 inches wide.

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1.—Rings a Bell. 2.—Drops the indicator of the former sale out of sight. 3.—Raises into full view one or more indicators showing new sale. 4.—Unlocks the drawer. 5.—Throws the cash drawer open. 6.—Adds up the amount of new sale.

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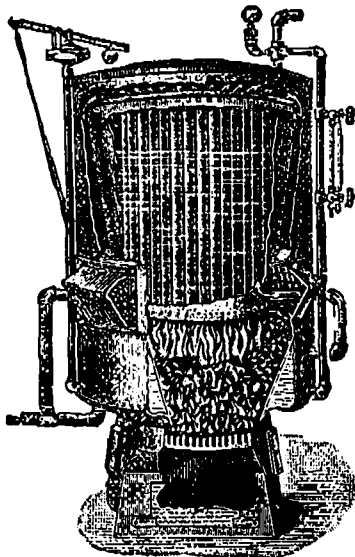
GREENHOUSES,

— AND —

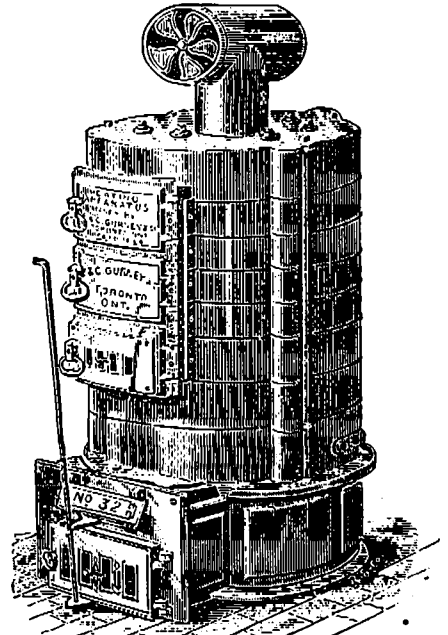
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