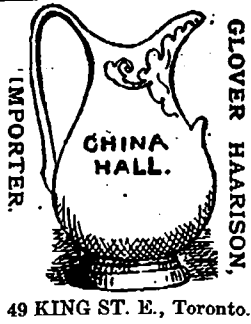


LOOK OUT FOR THE "GRIP SACK" FOR '83.



VOLUME XXI. No 6.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JULY 21, 1883.

\$2 PER ANNUM. 5 CENTS EACH.



MR. ORANGE BOWELL AND THE PUP HE HAS FED ON RAW MEAT.
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Hath come so near creation?
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J. W. BENGOUGH *Editor.*
FRED. SWIRE, B.A. *Associate Editor.*

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

Please Observe.

Any subscriber wishing his address changed on our
mail list, must, in writing, send us his old as well as new
address. Subscribers wishing to discontinue must also be
particular to send a memo. of present address.

Cartoon Comments

LEADING CARTOON.—As these explanatory
comments are written chiefly for poster-
ity, our readers are kindly requested
to overlook this paragraph, which is intend-
ed as a plain statement of the facts so well
known to the living generation of Cana-
dians. A Board of Arbitrators appointed by
the Governments of the Dominion and the
Province of Ontario, to settle the western
boundary of Ontario, brought in an award
which gave that Province some additional
territory. The Dominion Government re-
fused to ratify this Award, and for several
years the territory in question was left with-
out the advantages of municipal government,
although it contained a considerable popula-
tion. This state of things was ended by the
action of the Hon. Oliver Mowat, who, a few
days ago, as Premier of Ontario, took formal
possession of the land, and sent special con-
stables there to look after the interests of the
settlers. Our cartoon recalls an historical
parallel in which another doughty Oliver
made a decided stand against the powers that
be.

FIRST PAGE.—This sketch is meant to illus-
trate a little story which runs as follows: A
certain man owned a pup, which he intended
to train as a watch dog. He gave the animal
a regular diet of raw meat, blood, and other
stimulants, and in due time the dog grew ex-
ceedingly savage. One day he took a terrible
hold on the calf of his master's leg. The latter
roared for his little boy (who had prudently
taken to the roof of an adjacent shed) to take
the dog off, when the youngster retorted:
"Never mind, dad: stand firm to your prin-
ciples,—it will be the very making of the pup!"
This little story may fairly be applied to the
present position of Hon. M. Bowell, who is at
present suffering many things from the Orange-
men whom he has so long fed on the raw meat

of ultra Protestantism, and who have now
seized an opportunity of "protesting."

EIGHTH PAGE.—The census report, of which
the Third Volume is just published, contains
so many statistical blunders that it makes de-
cidedly funny reading. As for the GRIP-SACK
—that mirthful book is just leaving the press
as we write.



"A handful of hay in a panful of water neu-
tralizes smell of paint," remarks an exchange,
and it might just as well have gone on further
and said that, when the water is hot, and a little
skim milk is added, it is, apparently, a sub-
stitute for tea in some of those rural boarding-
houses which the city family flees to in sum-
mer, to enjoy the luxuries of the country in
company with those honest sons of toil—the
corny-palmed farmers.

There seems to be no end to those pugilists
who have "met and beaten all the best men
in England," for still they come, the latest ar-
rival being Mr. Sheriff, who must be a beauty,
as he is said to strongly resemble Mr. Tug Wil-
son. Mr. Sheriff manifests the usual amount of
anxiety to meet John L. Sullivan, Esq., and
as soon as his challenge to that gentleman is
accepted, he will probably hear that the Cali-
fornian climate is just the thing for him,—
they all do.

The susceptible young men of this city, and,
in fact, of every other place, should feel deeply
grateful to Dr. Ellis for his discovery that
soda water is unwholesome. If the learned
analyst would only find out that insidious dis-
eases lurk in ice-cream, and that caramels
and so forth are only one degree removed from
the deadliest poisons, many youths who are at
present unable to meet their landladies with
that clear conscience which all who are out of
debt enjoy, would rise up and bless him as a
benefactor.

Duelling amongst journalists is becoming
quite common, now-a-days, in America, and
we should not be a bit surprised to hear of
horrible bloodshed in a city about forty miles
from here. One reporter has, through the
columns of his paper, actually called another
reporter of another paper a "lad," and blood
would seem to be the only article that can
wash out so infamous an epithet. Our sym-
pathies are with the "lad," and we will act
as his second if we can steer clear of our lynx-
eyed C.C.A.

Whew! hot, eh? and to make matters
worse we are in receipt of a remonstrance from
one of the "uncol' guild" because we made
some little bantling joke about 'hades' five
months ago. The person who lectures us goes
into a long dissertation about the heated here-
after, and the different degrees of sultriness
that some of us may expect, but we must say
that his writing about such matters just at
this season of the year is in most execrable
taste, and he might have kept his three
pages of nonsense till winter. Our jest about
'hades' has cost us a subscriber—who never
paid, however,—so perhaps we are just as
glad we made it, after all.

We are surprised. No less than three city
papers came out during the past week with
the following misquotation:

"When Greek meets Greek then comes
the tug of war;"
and yet the *Mail* has not as much as a line of
editorial on the subject. If we didn't want to
be taken for a literary chimpanzee and a
pedantic journalistic dude we would tell those
papers what old Nathaniel Lee really did say
as far back as 1692, when he remarked that
"When Greeks join Greeks then was the tug
of war."—Hevings! we've done it after all.

Toronto is to be congratulated on the
efficiency of her police force, which has two
tug of war teams of matchless superiority; at
least one of 'em is. This fact ought to strike
terror to the souls of would-be malefactors,
and if our gallant boys in blue could only
manage to raise another team there is no
doubt that the morality of our city would be
materially improved.

Tug, tug, tug with care,
And banish the presence of the bad bur-
glair.

A detective in grey for a safe blowaire,
A blue coat cop for a bold forgaire,
The tug o' war team for the murderaire.
Tug in the presence of Toronto's fair,
Tug, tug, tug with care:
Never mind the presence of the malefactaire.

"I may say the country here is filled with
English tourists to an extent which surprises
an Eastern man, and it is the general remark
that for true, well-bred behavior they equal
the most cultivated of our own people."—
California Letter in Philadelphia Bulletin.

This should be highly gratifying to English-
men, some of whom will doubtless recollect a
sketch in *Punch* some years ago in which a
Californian was represented levelling a re-
volver at the head of another diner with the
imperative demand to the latter to "pass the
mustard." When an Englishman can equal
this, he may feel assured that he has reached
the highest pitch in good breeding—regarded
from a Californian point of view.

We observe that the Hamilton Chief of
Police has applied for leave of absence on ac-
count of his "head being wrong." Though we
sympathise with Mr. Stewart and trust that
he will soon be as well as ever, we must say
that we scarcely think his reason a sufficient
one to obtain a holiday. Why! if every one
in Hamilton was to be permitted to take a
rest and have an easy time because "his head
was wrong" the city would soon be left with-
out an Alderman, to say nothing of other cor-
poration officials.

No, no: if our gallant friend wants a holi-
day, just let him produce about sixty pages of
foolscap, written on, and gently hint that he
has got some very valuable advice to read to
the Commissioners, and just see if he doesn't
get all the "good times" he wants. Take our
advice, Mr. S., and "keep your head cool."

Edmund Yates of the *World*, London,
Eng., is in hot water on account of a bitter at-
tack in his paper on one Ponsonby Fane and a
Lord Lonsdale, the result of which is a libel
suit, which is pretty certain to go against Mr.
Yates.

How thankful we in Canada ought to be
that we have no aristocracy, except amongst
the journalistic class, to attack, and are thus
spared these annoying libel suits. The worst
we can say about our very highest society is
that So and So puts more than the average
quantity of sand in his sugar, or that What's-
his-name & Co. are idiots to imagine that
people believe they sell below cost, or that

Thingummy's "dress goods" are shoddy, and that Trumpeller, or some one else, can't make "pants" sufficiently "nobby" and "dressy" for "gents" now-a-days; and such insinuations are looked upon as good advertisements for the parties mentioned, and we are supplied with all sorts of luxuries gratis. This is as it should be, and we don't want any blueblooded Ponsonby Fanes or any other members of that sort of an aristocracy as long as we get clad, fed, and liquored for nothing.

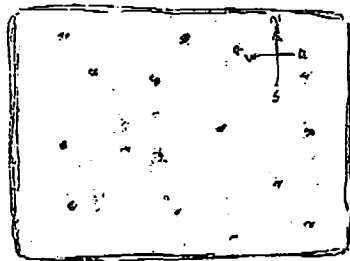
The harshness and tyrannical overbearance of the Hamilton Police Commissioners should rouse the righteous indignation of every right-thinking man, woman, child and yellow dog. An instance of this was given a few days ago when a peeler deliberately broke a standing regulation because others had frequently fractured the same rule: a peelerian reason, truly! And what did those monsters, the Commissioners do? Actually sent for the defaulting lobby without as much as asking him if it would be agreeable to him to appear before them, and told him he was a naughty boy: they did not reprimand him: no, they did not go quite so far as that, but nearly. The cop was offended, quite put out, indeed, as he had every reason to be: The idea! a policeman to be told he had done what he ought not to have done! A little too much of a good thing: but he had his revenge on those despotic Commissioners: he resigned his position, and will revel in plain clothes luxury as long as the \$500, which was the primary cause of all this disturbance, lasts. And his bobbed comrades pat him on the back, call him fine fellow, and some of the newspapers do the same, and the Commissioners sit and weep and tear their hair and rend their garments when they think what awful results their precipitance and severity have brought about. The example of this peeler is worthy of imitation: he has asserted his independence and spirit, and the Commissioners have earned the scorn of all for not bouncing him right off the force at once without giving him a chance to resign. This's our sentiments.

MORE SCIENTIFIC RESEARCH.

YORKVILLE NORTH AGAIN THE SCENE OF LEARNED DISCUSSION.

A most remarkable rain shower was reported a week or so ago, to have passed over North Yorkville, just south and a quarter of a mile north of the toll-gate: the rumor rapidly spreading, all the scientists and savants of the neighborhood, with the exception of the g.c.w.t.p. mentioned last week, were speedily on the spot. The shower had, apparently, not only been circumscribed and confined to the quarter stated above, but the drops had fallen only at intervals of some thirty feet, the earth being quite dry in the space between the drops. A diagram of the appearance of the road was sketched after the shower and forwarded to Mr. Moses Oates, with a request that he would give his opinion on the matter.

This is a copy (very much reduced in size of the diagram).



Scale 30 yds to 1 inch.

Mr. Oates, having devoted two whole days to investigating the extraordinary subject, replied that, to the best of his belief, it, the shower, "had been one of those atmospheric convulsions caused by the radiation of the perihelion of Jupiter towards the equinoctial combinations of the parallaxic librations of geometrical equilibrium," with many more remarks of a similar nature.

The savants and scientists were neither satisfied with nor convinced by Mr Oates' explanation, and accordingly did as they should have done in the first place, and despatched a messenger for the g.c.w.t.p. (these initials standing, it is, of course, understood for 'gentleman connected with this paper') who was shortly on the spot. Having scrutinized the diagram carefully for a few minutes, he exclaimed, "Well, you must be a precious lot of duffers. I noticed this, what you term 'peculiar phenomenon,' and guessed what it was at once." The assembled wise men smiled contemptuously and incredulously: "Bet you a dollar I know what it was," continued the g.c.w.t.p. The wager was made and the stakes placed in Mr Crown's hands. "What was it, then?" was asked on all sides.

"The corporation watering cart on one of its semi-annual tours," replied GRIP's scientific luminary; "I observe that it only lets a drop fall every thirty feet or so, and that that is just the case in this instance."

The stakes were handed over to him without a murmur.



BUSINESS.

The two went walking side by side
And talking sweet and low,
One warm and summer eventide,
As the sun was setting slow.

II.

The bees were flying laden home
Their treasures there to keep,
That eve they would no farther roam;
But lay them down to sleep.

III.

The leaves scarce quivered on the boughs,
The air was filled with balm,
The milkmaid called her bossy cows;
All else was still and calm.

IV.

He raised his hat to wipe his brow,
It was so warm that day,
She said as she looked at him now—
"O Bill, you're gettin' gray!"

V.

"Yes Sal, it's only but too true,
And I ain't married yet,
But Sal, I guess that you might do."
Sal sweetly said—"You bet."

—ZEPHYRS.

HE DIDN'T WANT IT.

A CAUTION TO PATENT MEDICINE ADVERTISERS.

"Now sir," went on the druggist to Mr. De la Cote Sloper, who had dropped in for something to settle his nerves, and which 'something' was of a golden hue, and was kept in a glass jar labelled "TR. ZINGIB,"—but it was n't "zingib" for all that;—"now sir, you are of a nervous temperament: here is something that has performed miracles in the way of bracing up the neurine system."

"Good word 'neurine'" muttered Mr. Sloper, "never heard of it before," then he asked aloud—"what is the stuff?"

"Oh! you see it advertised everywhere: 'Parker's Puissant Pain Pulverizer.' It is a brain food," said the druggist.

"I guess you need it more than I, Mr. Mortarner," replied Sloper, "I suppose it is one of these quack curealls so common nowadays."

"Not a bit of it; it's a genuine affair: it—"

"How much of a commission dy'e get for cracking it up?" asked Sloper.

"Nothing at all: I do it because I am convinced of its worth," responded the druggist.

"Well, what else does it do?" enquired the other.

"Well, it instantly cures dizziness," was the reply. "Hm! it might be useful sometimes," murmured Mr. Sloper. "What else?" "It imparts an agreeable odor to the breath, and produces luxuriant whiskers in ten days as evidenced by the pictures on the wrapper, entitled "before" and "after," and the man of drugs displayed two cuts, one of a most miserable, dejected, emaciated, careworn, bald-headed, and barefaced individual, crawling along on crutches, whilst the other, "after," represented, presumably, the same personage, though thoroughly unrecognizable, prancing along with a most prominent waistcoat, a dense growth of whiskers and mustache, hair like Absalom's, and swinging a light cane joyously as he skipped along. "Yes, yes," said Sloper, "they all do that: has it any other merits?" "It restores an impaired memory—" "That's sufficient," interrupted Mr. De la C. Sloper, hastily, "I want none of it: Here I can go round in blissful forgetfulness of those to whom I am indebted—about half the city—and you offer me something that will so restore my memory, that I shall be able to remember who they are, and, remembering them and being an honest man, sir, an honest man," and he smote his breast a tremendous thwack, "I shall be compelled to pay them: no sir, thank you: none of your Pain Pulverizer for me: I am quite content with my memory as it is; summons to the Division court I find quite sufficient to jog it all I require: no Sir: I am content, Give us another dose of that "Tr. Zingib" and charge it." And he quaffed the aureate fluid and sallied forth with that jaunty debonnaire manner that marks the honest man at peace with his own conscience and all the world.

ANSWERS TO ENQUIRERS.

DRAUGHTS OF INFORMATION FOR THE DROUTHY.

TITE BARNACLE "wants to know," you know," who was the author of this couplet, and what is its meaning:

"I never could live in the valley,
The mountain top for me."

The couplet is found in the famous poem, "Ambition," to the author of which was awarded a prize of a thousand dollars, a section of land (under water) in Nebraska, the grade of Colonel in the Arkansas militia, and a chaplet of bays by the Philadelphia "Ne Plus Ultra" brotherhood. The happy recipient of these favors was the late Major-General Sardanapalus Smith, of Ichabodville, Pa. Titles were his glory. He was four times Thrice Illustrious, and five times thrice Illustrious Companion,



THE PIOUS SABBATH DESECRATOR, AND THE LOFTY MOTIVES WHICH INFLUENCE HIM.

four times Right Eminent, six Grand Masters, eleven Noble Grands, thirteen Worthy Chief Patriarchs, five Grand Counsellors, two Regents, one Vice-Regent, four Venerable Sages, eight Chief Rangers, thrice Master Workman, seven Right Worshipfuls, five Grand Chaplains, two Very Worshipfuls, one Rather Worshipful, two Grand Scribes, three times Very Excellent, twice Most Excellent and once transcendently Excellent Companion, two Grand Heralds, and once Serene Transparency. In addition to these, he held every naval and military rank in the country. He presided over the most flourishing and extensive tonsorial emporium in Washington, where the senators and representatives of the nation enjoyed the treble luxury of shaving, shampooing, and conversation gleaned from a thousand sources. His prices were never more than fifteen cents for hair-cutting and ten cents for a shave. Old Sardine, as he was familiarly called, was a man of mark, stood five feet six inches, weighed 101 pounds, and dictated without contradiction, for who dared to oppose him. Some people were envious, and of course spitefully ridiculed Major-General Smith's titles, calling them bombastic and meaningless, but just such folks would doff their hats to princes, dukes, marquises and such, and would be in their glory if permitted, by an editor, to treat him. S. S. died lamented, and was followed to his grave by several thousand Sir Knights and titled beings in regalia.

What countryman was Apollo? bluntly demands MYTHOLOGOS.—Undoubtedly a Welshman; the family name was Olo, and the prefix-Ap-signifying "Son of," is most undoubtedly Welsh. See the Ap-Shenkinse, Ap-Rhuyses or Ap-Rices and so forth. Further evidence of this is found in the Merionethshire CAPRICORN, a comic paper of the year 831, printed in the Welsh tongue, with an alarming scarcity of vowels. A translation, also very ancient, of this paper is to be seen in the British Museum, in which the following conundrum appears, which would seem to indicate

that Apollo was, as we have said, a Welshman, Pan or Pen being probably a native of Cornwall, a county not a great distance from Wales. This is the riddle referred to:

"Yf Ap-Ollo threwe l'aine into yc sea, Quhen he cam outte, qahatte woulde he bee?"

Answer:—A dryppinge Pannic! Similar bits of facetiousness are to be found in the *Capricorn*, which appears to have strongly resembled the modern *Punch*; in fact some of the jokes in the latter are to be found in the *Capricorn* of 831. The paper, however, was remarkably free from the gross vulgarity that seems to be a feature of the American comic papers of the present day.

"Mr. Grip, do you know the origin of the word 'grog'?" If so, please tell me what it is," asks DORINDA.—Admiral Vernon is said to have given rise to the word, his nick-name being "old Grogan," but this story is false. The manner in which the word was first originated was as follows: John Smith, a loyal subject of his late majesty, George III. of glorious memory, resident in the West Indies, obtained permission to send his dread sovereign a punchon of rum, and with his own hand addressed it, "Georgius Rex; Old Genaikay," the initials of which form the word. The yarn about Admiral Vernon, then, would seem to be disproved. Grog, therefore, must be considered as a colonial contribution to the majesty of the English language and people.

GRIP'S FABLES.

FOR ALDERMEN AND THE VERY YOUNG.
THE OBSERVANT YOUNG MAN.

In one of my former Fables I told you about a young man who wanted to be taken for a Genius but only got mis-taken for a Crank. I am now going to tell you about another Youth of a Similar Species, but I find that I have to be Mighty Careful what I say in these Fables, for everybody's Feet seem to have Corns on them, and since I began to

Write them—the Fables, not the Corns—that is a mild little joke, but never mind Laughing—I think that more than Forty-three people have called on me to Thump me, but I turned their Wrath away with a Soft Answer which was Better than being thumped, was it not? And Good Men have Written Letters to me saying I was a Bold Bad Man; all of which makes me Think that there must be a Great Si-mi-la-ri-ty in the Sizes of a Large Number of Heads as the Same Cap seems to Fit them All. I do not Wish to be a Bold Bad Man, but I am Afraid I am One, for All of those who Wrote to me and told me I was one, said how Good they were themselves, in fact some were Church Members—think of that, Children and Aldermen, Church Members who never can and never do Commit Anything Sinful. Oh! how Bad I felt I was when these Good, Pious Men said so, and I sat down and Cried—in my Sleeve. But I am taking up too much Space—ah! I find I have Done so already, so I shall have to Post-pone my Fable of the Observant Young Man till some Other Day.

And so, as there has been no Fable, there need be no Moral for the Printer to Mis-lay this time. Good By. Oh! how Bad I am

OVERWORKED.

TWO POPULAR CHARACTERS COMPLAIN.

"My gracious, old fellow," said the slice of lemon peel to the oyster, "you look mighty pale." "Pale!" exclaimed the other, "and why wouldn't I? Here I've been up, night after night, attending church socials, church choir oyster suppers, and soon, and I'm about played out. Me and two more was engaged to furnish the stew at the Blim-street Methodist two nights ago; next evening the Wesleyan choir borrowed me for their oysters blow out: all the work comin on my shoulders, and I a ked myself, as I wandered about the stew looking for a chum,

"Oh! Solitude, where a.e thy charms?" I to l you, old slice, it was mighty lonesome swimming around in that great turcen."

"Must have been," the other agreed, "but you'll get a rest now, eh?"

"Rest! not much;" answered the oyster, sitting down exhausted, "I've got to play a lone hand at the Congregational school teachers oyster supper to night: They borrowed me for the occasion?"

"It's stew bad," said the lemon, sympathizingly: "but you're no worse off than I am: I, all alone, furnished lemonade for 563 scholars at the Sunday school picnic two weeks ago, and since that I've done duty in two saloons, and I reckon, I've made fully 150 lemonades."

"My goodness, old man, you're as badly off as I am," said the oyster, "it's a lemoncholly business, ain't it?"

"You bet," replied the slice: "but I must be off and sour up for another gallon of lemonade: tra-la."

"By-by."



Manager Sheppard is at present in charge of the Horticultural Pavilion, where he has an excellent attraction in the shape of an operatic Concert Co. including Signor Brignoli, and several other vocalists of equal renown. They sing this evening.



THE NEW CROMWELL;

OR, OLIVER THE PROTECTOR ORDERING THEM TO "TAKE AWAY THAT BAUBLE."



"So the world wags."

It would be a very good thing if some judges would take a leaf out of the book of Mr. Justice Maule of England; an illustration of whose method of treating the verdict of some juries is given in the short and pithy anecdote, a perfectly true one, appended below. His snub to the jury was a pretty severe one, though it is very doubtful whether there was sufficient intelligence amongst the twelve "good and true" men to convey the fact that they had been snubbed to them. Judge Maule's head is decidedly level.

HIS SENTENCE.

Mr. Justice Maule sentenced a rural prisoner in England in the following words; "Prisoner at the bar, your counsel thinks you innocent, the counsel for the prosecution thinks you innocent, I think you innocent. But a jury of your own countrymen, in the exercise of such common sense as they possess, which does not seem to be much, have found you 'guilty,' and it remains that I should pass on you the sentence of the law. That is, that you be kept imprisoned one day, and as that day was yesterday, you may go about your business."

* *

Truly there are different ideas of hospitality. An Englishman will insist upon his guest, who is visiting at his house, which is of course his castle, making himself entirely 'at home,' wearing his host's garments and so forth: in fact he will want him to do exactly the same as if he were in his own house. Every one knows what a jolly host the genuine Irishman is, but for an eccentric idea of a tempting bait to induce a friend to pay him a visit, commend me to Mr. Rory McRanter, treated of in this anecdote.

HIS INDUCEMENT.

Scene—St Enoch's Station. Time—Afternoon. Rory McRanter, a prosperous butter merchant, meets an acquaintance, a young man of slight build and meek disposition. McRanter (heartily)—"Losh, Simpson, a'm awfully glad tae see ye, man. A'm jist gaun awa tae catch ma train. A'm stayin' doon the watter the noo—ta'en a hoose in Gourcock for the simmer. Gie's a look doon some Saturday efternune, an' stay tae the Monday, ye'll be made welcome. Come doon an' get the fresh air aboot ye. We've gotten a fine garden—plenty o' vaegitables and frit—and a've boucht a new set o' boxin' gloves; come doon an' a'll knock the face af ye."—*Glasgow Bailie.*

* *

That gifted rhymester, W. S. Gilbert, has remarked that "things are not what they seem," another way of saying that "all is not gold that glitters." No one doubts the truth of both statements. One can see it proved every day. It isn't the elder or deacon who pulls the longest face and grinds out the most lengthy prayer, who should, invariably, be given the longest credit at the corner grocery; nor is it the merchant who makes the biggest

display who should be considered, as a rule, the wealthiest man. Others have made similar remarks before me, so I won't continue them, but merely introduce a case in point.

DARE TO BE RIGHT.

I once heard a boy going down street singing at the top of his lungs, "Dare to be right, dare to be true!" singing it so loud that he woke up all the babies on the block and set every last dog in the ward to barking, and as he sang he smashed a window in the parsonage, broke a chicken's leg with a stone, "sassed" a market woman, shot a farmer in the eye with a "nigger-shooter," hit a dog a crack with a shinny club that made poor Carlo howl till his back ached, pulled a picket off a fence, slapped a little boy and took his cookey away from him. He disappeared inside the school-room, and above all other voices I could hear his soulful shriek in the morning song, "Oh, how I love my teacher dear!" And before prayers were over he inked a boy's nose, put two bent pins where they would do the most harm, salted a claim of shoemaker's wax on the teacher's chair, scratched his name on his desk with a pin, ate an apple, and fired the core into the ear of the good boy with a thin neck, who was never absent or tardy.

* *

I have related a little story about a jury; here is a "catechism," from *New York Life*, touching upon the same subject. I don't however, think our Canadian jurors are so bad as those on the other side; our grand juries being in fact, as a rule, composed of very intelligent men:

What is this? An intelligent jury, darling.

But these men who look like ignorant and vicious loafers? They are jurors, dear.

And that wall-eyed chucklehead in the middle? Sh! He is the foreman.

Why is he made foreman? Because he knows less than the others.

My! But what is a jury for? A jury, my precious, is a body of men, good and true, who decide questions of justice for the people.

How is the question submitted? Why, the lawyers talk and chew tobacco and abuse the witnesses, while the judge and jurors take a nap, and the judge is waked up by the clerk and gives his charge.

And what is that? As intelligent a summary of the laws bearing on the question as he can improvise.

Well, after the poor judge has delivered his charge? Why, then the jurors wake up and go off to decide the case.

But they have heard nothing of the evidence. No.

Nor of the law. No.

But is not that awful? No, it makes no difference.

Gracious! why? Because they could understand neither if they did hear.

Then what do they do when they go off? Play poker.

My! but is that not a wicked game? Very.

How long do they play poker? If no one has fixed them, they play until one man is fractured.

How fractured? Broke.

And then? He amuses himself by working out a verdict.

And the rest? Sign it.

Then this is the way the law is administered? Every time.

But you said this is the way the jury did if no one had "fixed" them? Yes, sweet.

How is a jury "fixed"? That is a secret.

Well, when a jury is "fixed," how is the verdict? Immensely satisfactory.

Always? Always.

To whom? To the side that did the fixing.

If I want further information on this subject to whom shall I go? To Mr. Ingersoll,

AN EFFORT.

THE BEST THE "HEAVED TERM" PERMITS.

Hoopla! hi, hi! University editors, college journalists, come here: got a classical joke for you. Run, qufek!

"Did you get that spool of thread as I asked you?" enquired Mrs. Blimblespook of her husband as he came home one evening.

"I told you I wouldn't shop for you any more, and I won't, I'm blest if I will," was the ingracious reply.

"Well of all the obstinate, thick-pated mully men I ever saw your the worst," said the wife angrily.

"Hm! if I'm mully, you must be mulier," and Blimblespook snickered.

The laugh is due here and all who see the joke will please cachinnate: it will soothe us.

LETTER WRITING AS IT SHOULD BE.

DEAR GRIP,—I send you herewith a copy made by myself of a genuine letter sent to the postmaster of a town in Western Ontario. It is copied verbatim, spellatim and punctuatim, except as to names. I don't know how it may strike you, but the matter and manner of it seem to me about as rich as anything I ever saw.

I am, yours truly,

G_____.

DETROIT, Jan. 21st, 1873.

Postmaster, St—.

DEAR SIR,—Under the circumstances you will excuse. But I would like to make a few inquiries regarding a family in your vicinity who is my grand parent and from some cause which I do not understand I cannot in no wise here from them.

My grand parent is C— R— he lives some 3 miles north of S— and some S or 9 from T—, if the Old jent is dead I wish you would let me know. My mother was his C— R—'s daughter. I have never seen my grand parent since I was a babe and that I do not remember and from all accounts the cruel way he treated my dear mother It might go hard with him for me to meet him. God forgive him for I never shall the memory of my dear mother is too dear.

If you will answer this I will not forget it to you. It is not the stile of the breed I descend from to forget a kindly act. I don't mean the R— breed no, no, I mean my father's tribe he was no Canadian although omne solum forti patria and I will hope as did my savior when he said Palma non sine pulvere, palmam qui meruit ferat, pari passu, pro tempore, per se. I am none of the R— tribe and they may yet learn that I am one of those who cry out non generant aquilae columbas meaning by this that eagles dont bring out young pigeons and they may yet have to learn that for the many trials they gave my poor mother I shall not altogether die but I shall keep myself nunquam non paratus and they may yet learn that necillum tempus occurrit regi, odi profandum vulgus et arceo, God will not let me do otherwise but in my case necessitas non habet leges and I will nil desperandum, spes mea in deo, stadiis et rebus honestis, sua cuique voluptas, suaviter in modo for titer in re, fearing that I have already intruded to long on you a stranger I beg a thousand pardons but remember me and my motto Fiat justitia ruat coelum.

Yours truly,

J. B. C.

That chap understood human nature quite well when he remarked: "When your pocket-book is empty, and everybody knows it, you can put all your friends in it, and it won't bulge out worth a cent."

A CAMPING-OUT REMINISCENCE OF THE RIVER ST. LAWRENCE.

At last the holidays are here,
And for a time the tasks so drear
Are laid aside and out of sight,
Much to the joyance and delight
Of the young scholar, whose tired brain
Is aching, through the nervous strain
Of algebraic rules abstruse,
Which would much older heads confuse:
Besides those studies those who rule
Have foisted on the modern school,
Leaving no rest unto his mind—
For oft the studious youth we find
Till far beyond the midnight hour
In silence o'er his lessons pore,
When he, exhausted, doth retire
With fevered pulse and brain afire:
And, judging from the past, to borrow
A dread of harder tasks to-morrow,
Till Nature, wearied by the strain,
Succumbs at last to inward pain.
And often, in the land of dreams,
His restless spirit starts and screams
With sore affright, for there a ghost
Proclaims that all his labor's lost,
And that his papers failed to pass
E'en order of the second class.

What wonder, then, that now at last,
The dread examination past,
He swift should hasten to enjoy
Those pastimes loved by every boy?
What wonder that his mind should flout
All joys but those of camping out,
When free from all restraint undue,
He may his shattered health renew;
And in the charms of Nature bask
Awhile, to fit him for the task
He knows that he must face once more
When summer holidays are o'er.
And learn through studious care and strife
The sterner tasks of after life!

But why should schoolboys moralize,
Or at their age seem wondrous wise?
Avaunt, dull care! the oar we'll ply,
And to our destination hie,
Where, sailing midst the sylvan isles,
We'll woo fair Nature's sweetest smiles.

Within a charming wooded glade,
Beneath the sugar maples' shade,
We pitched our tent, nor Sol's fierce rays
Could penetrate our leafy haze,
Which formed a glorious canopy
'Neath which a potentate might lie
And speculate upon that fate
Which scared his mind with cares of state,
But which to us proved safe retreat
And shelter from the noonday heat.

Our couch of cedar boughs was formed—
Aught else our youthful fancy scorned—
Our days were spent with line and gun,
And off ere Phœbus had begun
At early morn to climb the steep,
Our barque was launched upon the deep,
And skimmed across the sparkling tide:
O'er which she gallantly doth glide:
Or, plunging 'neath the cooling flood,
Disporting in a joyous mood,
The thought would in our breasts arise—
What mortal could such joys despise,
And still believe that constant strife
For gold was chiefest aim of life?
To us no thought such pang can give:
Our only care is how to live,
And cultivate the passing hours
As seemeth best in Nature's bowers:
Nor let our troubles, once so rife,
Defeat the aim of present life.

But see! the sun is in the sky,
'Tis time to cease the oar to ply;
For now a monitor within
Proclaims 'tis time we should begin
To satisfy, as best we can,
The cravings of the inner man.

Then row, boys—row into the shore,
And broach the good things there in store,
And quell with all our boyish might
The stern demands of appetite.

Quick, bring the pine knots, light the fire,
And, as the smoke and flames mount higher,
Put on the pot for boiling water,
And fetch the fishes forth for slaughter;
Put on the pan and fry the snipe,
Bring forth the buns and berries ripe,
The pie, the butter, and the bread,
And show how camping boys are fed.
Let new potatoes from the field
Their due share of enjoyment yield,
And from the shallow, reedy brake,
Bring luscious joints of bullfrog steak;
And place the plates as fast as able
Upon the rough-board rustic table;
Nor let a linen spread deface
The beauty of our feasting place.

Now all is ready—eat, boys! eat,
For shame 'twould be to Nature cheat;
And as the good things disappear,
With repartee the moments cheer;
For nought, the doctors say, gives zest
To appetite like well timed jest;
Nor aught can equal hearty laugh,
As nature's sparkling ale we quaff.

But breakfast past, clear up the dishes,
And gather up the loaves and fishes.

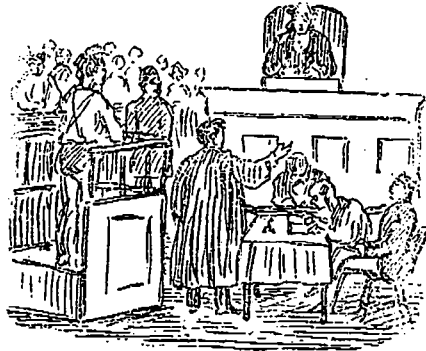
Ah! there's so little really left—
The patient dog is nigh bereft
Of his just share, and yet we will
Scrape up some crumbs his bark to still.

Now, since our royal feast is done,
Pronounced by all as "number one,"
An hour or so within our tent
We pass in pleasant merriment,
Before our guns again we take
To hunt the wild duck in the brake,
Or with the crafty hook and line
Invite the fish with us to dine.

'Tis thus we spend the joyful day
Along the shore, or on the bay;
And when the summer eve at last
Its shadows o'er the forest cast,
Unto our tents we then repair,
Our couch of cedar to prepare,
And light our lamps, and jest or read,
Till tender Somnus gently pleads
With soothing accents in his voice,
And lulls to rest her wearied boys.
Whilst the great river rushing by,
The ear charms with its melody.
And on the night air, calm and still,
Float the weird notes of the whip-poor-will.
The solitary whip-poor-will,
The lonely, plaintive whip-poor-will,
But all unconscious of the sound
The wearied boys, in sleep profound,
Are wandering on that mystic beach
Which sordid souls can never reach,
Where every scene with joy is fraught,
Nor cares of life have ruin wrought,
But beautiful and grand it seems,
Ouvralling a poet's dreams.

Ah! may those happy youths ne'er know
The source whence bitter tear-drops flow;
But may their life path, like their bower,
Be beautified by leaf and flower;
And when that wisdom born of age,
No longer young, but wise and sage,
May they remember early joys,
Nor curb the instincts of their boys.

—McTUFF.



BORN IN THE PURPLE.

A POLICE COURT EPISODE.

"Oh! blame not the bard, sir,"
Said Shamus O'Neil,
"I think it is hard, sir,
To say that I'd steal,
Or any man's pockets I'd ever go through,
I'm a lineal descendant of Brian Boru,"
Said the beak, "In Green Castle
Are several wings,
And one is reserved for
The old Irish kings,
You will rest there a month free from Moses Oates'
rains,
And reflect on your ancestors thrashing the Danes."

"Be jabers!" cried Shamus, "It's kind that ye are,
But my big brother Dinny is here at the bar:
I trust that your worship will not take affright,
I'll not blow ye up, but perhaps Dinny might."

Mr. Forster says that "every man can leave
the world better than he finds it." True, but
in some cases only by leaving it.—Punch.



SHE WAS DEEPLY INTERESTED.

"A three cent stamp, please," said a soft-spoken little man as he stood before the stamp counter in a certain post office in a certain vast city, and deposited a five cent piece thereon.
"A three cent stamp, please."

"Just at this moment," read the maiden fair behind the counter, from the yellow covered book she held in her hand, "'Rupert dashed to the rescue: seizing the villain by his ears he hurled him over the precipice with the words, Die, tr-r-r-raitor-r-r; Ruperrrt de Bworboolong" (so the maiden fair pronounced it) "neverry forgives an injury: and now I must have—"

"A three cent stamp if you please," again pleaded the meek voice.

The maiden fair glanced up from the pages of her novel, and taking out a one cent bill stamp, shoved it towards the humble little man, deposited the five cent piece in the till and resumed her reading, in a semi-audible voice, "'The haughty Baron Von Spuyten Teufel, quaffing a goblet of Johannisberg—' what's Johnnysbug, Louisa?" she asked maiden fair No. 2, behind the counter, who was engaged in a low toned (not as opposed to 'high toned') murmurous conversation with a youth clad in fashionable, rusty-looking corduroy:— calf measurement $11\frac{1}{2}$ inches—

"D'no 'm shaw" replied No. 2, "p'raps its—"

"A three cent stamp, please, and my change," once more came those soft, gentle, unobtrusive tones from the little man.

"Oh! drat the man; I gave you your stamp ages ago," she replied.

"You gave me this, miss," said the little fellow, pointing to the one cent bill stamp.

"Couldn't 'a done: we don't keep 'em" retorted the maiden fair, No. 1.

"At least oblige me with my change then?" urged the mannikin.

"You didn't give me nothing" snapped the fair one, flopping down and again becoming oblivious to her surroundings in the pages of her book, where she followed the fortunes of the haughty Baron Von Spuyten Teufel and Rupert de Bworboolong, until roused by a deep sigh from the little man as he departed to purchase a stamp elsewhere.

"M'riar," said maiden fair No. 2, in an excited tone to Louisa, "M'riar, I do believe that little feller's a newspaper reporter."

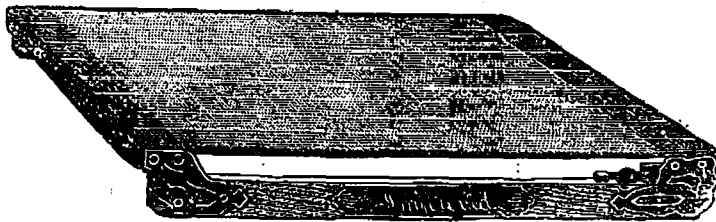
"My!" exclaimed the other, "he ain't really, is he?"

But he was, and the above is what he wrote, and it is the truth.

"Golden Medical Discovery" is warranted to cleanse the blood from all impurities, from whatever cause arising. For Scrofula, Sores of all kinds, Skin and Blood Diseases. Its effects are marvellous. Thousands of Testimonials from all parts. Send stamp for pamphlet on Skin Diseases. Address WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N.Y.



THE FUNNIEST BOOKS OF THE SEASON.



SPRING MATTRESSES.

We are now manufacturing the largest assortment of Spring Mattresses in this market, comprising The Woven Wire (four grades), Button Tie, Triple Coil, Improved and Plain All Wire, Common Sense and U. S. Slats. Parties in need of Spring Mattresses will find it to their advantage to inspect our stock before placing their orders

For Sale by all Furniture Dealers.

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

A young lady who was inattentive at what has broken off her engagement with her lover, because he recommended her to "scoop her mind up in a peanut shell and fix it on the game."

"FAIR GIRL GRADUATES,"

whose sedentary lives increase those troubles peculiar to women, should use Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription," which is an unfailing remedy. Sold by druggists,

A pawnbroker's is sometimes called a leaving shop, probably because, on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle, when you go away you don't take your 'leave.'

"WITH GRATEFUL FEELINGS,"

DR. PIERCE, Buffalo, N.Y.: Dear Sir—Your "Golden Medical Discovery" and "Purgative Pellets" have cured my daughter of Scrofulous Swellings and open Sores about the Neck: and your "Favorite Prescription" has accomplished wonders in restoring to health my wife who had been bed-fast for eight months from Female Weakness. I am, with grateful feelings, Yours truly,
T. H. LONG, Galveston, Texas.

Why is a male child like a poet?—Because he is born, not maid.

Since 1863 Dr. J. Rolph Malcolm, 357 King Street west, Toronto, has made a specialty of treating bronchitis, catarrh, consumption etc., by the inhalation of vaporized remedies. If unable to call for personal consultation send for book and list of questions.

The Physical Culture Rooms

will be
CLOSED

from the end of May during the summer months.

In the meantime await the publishing of
Cuthbertson's Manual of Health,

Explaining its three conditions, viz., Proper Dieting, Exercise, and Rest, *versus* the injury from all Patent Medicines and Stimulants.

IT STANDS AT THE HEAD.

THE Domestic Sewing Machine

A. W. BRAIN,

SOLE AGENT

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

"Of course," said Mrs. Rubric, "our rector conducts the service in English, but then it is just as grand and inspiring as Latin; you can't understand a word he says, you know."



GENTLEMEN,

If you really want Fine Ordered Clothing, try
CHEESEWORTH, "THE" TAILOR,
110 KING STREET WEST. 110



DR. E. G. WEST'S NERVE AND BRAIN TREATMENT, a guaranteed specific for Hysteria, Dizziness, Convulsions, Fits, Nervous Neuralgia, Headache, Nervous Prostration caused by the use of alcohol or tobacco, Wakefulness, Mental Depression, Softening of the Brain, resulting in insanity and leading to misery, decay, and death; Premature Old Age, Barrenness, Loss of Power in either sex, Involuntary Losses and Spermatorrhoea, caused by over exertion of the brain, self-abuse, or over-indulgence. Each box contains one month's treatment. \$1 a box, or six boxes for \$5; sent by mail prepaid on receipt of price. With each order received by us for six boxes, accompanied with \$5, we will send the purchaser our written guarantee to refund the money if the treatment does not effect a cure. Guarantees issued only by JOHN C. WEST & CO., 81 and 83 King Street East (Office upstairs), Toronto, Ont. Sold by all druggists in Canada.

A. W. SPAULDING, DENTIST,

51 King Street East, (Nearly opposite Toronto St.) TORONTO.
Uses the utmost care to avoid all unnecessary pain, and to render tedious operations as brief and pleasant as possible. All work registered and warranted.