

GRIFFIN

FOUNDED 1841

INDEPENDENT
JOURNAL
OF HUMOR
AND CARICATURE



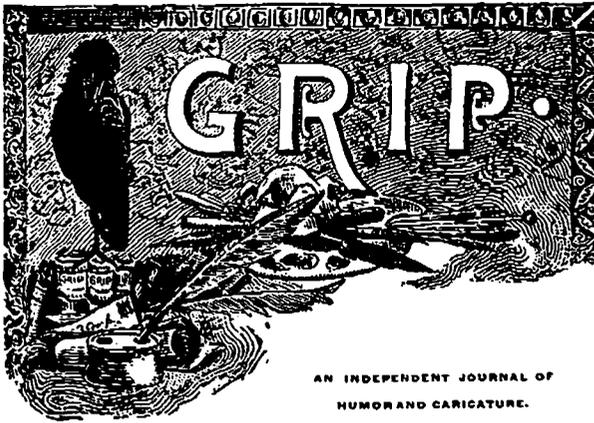
THE CORPORATION WELCOMES HIM.

DESIGN FOR A MEDAL TO COMMEMORATE THE RETURN OF HIS WORSHIP THE MAYOR FROM HIS SUCCESSFUL MISSION TO THE LONDON MONEY MARKET.

PRICE 5 CENTS PER COPY; \$2 PER YEAR.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,

By the GRIF PRINTING AND PUBLISHING Co. 26 and 28 Front St West Toronto.



PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

BY THE

GRIP PRINTING AND PUBLISHING CO.

26 and 28 Front Street West, Toronto, Ont.

President
General Manager
Artist and Editor
Manager Publishing Department

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Terms to Subscribers.

PAYABLE STRICTLY IN ADVANCE.

To United States and
Canada.

To Great Britain and
Ireland.

One year, \$2.00; six months - \$1.00 | One year \$2.50

Remittances on account of subscriptions are acknowledged by change in the date of the printed address-label.

In remitting stamps, please send one-cent stamps only.

Messrs. Joux Haddon & Co., Advertising Contractors, Fleet St., London, Eng., are the sole agents for GRIP in Great Britain.

Comments on the Cartoons.



THE QUEEN CITY RECEIVING THE GODDESS OF SCIENTIFIC CULTURE.—The annual gathering of the American Association for the Advancement of Science is always a notable event; this year it is a matter of special interest to Canadians, as the Dominion is honored with the presence of the savants; and an occasion of particular pride to the citizens of Toronto, as our own good city is chosen as the place of meeting. We extend to the learned body a most hearty welcome, and anything we can do

to make their visit pleasant and successful will be most heartily done. Although Canada has up to the present time been pretty busy with the rougher work of nation building, she has managed somehow to give sufficient time to study and research to give her no mean place in the scientific world. In the meetings now in progress some of the ablest papers will be those of Canadian scholars, and there is certainly no community that will surpass our own in intelligent appreciation of the work to which these learned gentlemen are devoted. The local arrangements for the meetings here are in the hands of an active committee, to whom thanks are due for a great deal of earnest and laborious work. The credit of an unusually pleasant time will be due from our visitors to these gentlemen, and especially to their leaders, Prof. Loudon and Mr. James Bain, Public Librarian.

THE MAYOR'S RETURN.—His Worship Mayor Clarke returned from the Old Country with City Treasurer Coady on Saturday evening, the 17th. His reception at the hands of the citizens amounted to an ovation, and demonstrated that Mr. Clarke has achieved a very marked popularity with all classes of the people. The unqualified success of the mission upon which the Mayor and Treasurer went across the ocean of course added to the zest of the occasion, and furnished a pretext for the excursion, fireworks and illuminated address, but we strongly suspect that it was only a pretext for the explosion of a lot of genuine admiration for the Mayor's general course in office. As to the loan transaction, Mr. Clarke frankly declines to take the chief credit, which rightfully belongs, he says, to Mr. Coady.



SCOTCHMEN in this vicinity were unco' proued last week over the conclave o' the chiefs o' the clans which assembled in our City Hall, and the great gala day or games which followed. Bagpipes, thistles and tartans had free scope, and the praises of bonnie Scotland were played and sung and orated to the heart's content

of her leal sons. We who are native Canadians, and who insist that loyalty to our own land ought to be the uppermost passion in the breasts of all our citizens of whatever origin, cannot, nevertheless, feel that such a demonstration as this is in any degree inimical to our best interests. The loyalty of Scotchmen to their mother country seems only to intensify their love for the land of their adoption; at all events it is certain that Canada and the United States have not within their borders any citizens more thoroughly American, or more intelligent and loyal than those from the land of Burns.

THE *Globe* tells of a man who has cooked his own breakfast for the last fifteen years. His appetite ought to be pretty keen by this time, but he will have the satisfaction of knowing that the grub will not be under done.

MR. GREENWAY and his colleagues evidently mean business. The separate school and separate language in Manitoba have "got to go." It will not be done in a day, of course. Already the Tory organs, whose only business on earth is to wait on the "Old Man," are falling into line with the little minority to "conserve" the dual nonsense, not because they think it good for the Province, but to keep the Quebec vote for Sir John. Some of the old time Grit papers and politicians will, no doubt, follow suit, but at present it looks as though the rank and file of the Reform party—together with a goodly number of sensible men from the other camp as well—are going to stand by the Government.

BUT whatever opposition may develop, the reform is sure to be achieved, and that before a very great while. And, by the way, it is refreshing to find that there are some leaders in the Reform party who deem it not entirely heretical to do something in the way of practical reforming. Mr. Greenway is one of these, and if he lives

up to his present standard it will not be long before he demonstrates to the world the truth of what we have constantly asserted, that a large and enthusiastic following awaits any honest and fairly capable leader who is alive to the interests of the country and not afraid to go forward.

* * *

WHICH reminds us, by way of contrast, of what Sir Richard Cartwright has just been saying to an interviewer. Sir Richard is one of the most gifted men in this country, and has high qualifications for leadership. Moreover, he knows pretty well what is wrong in Canadian affairs, and in what direction to look for the rectification thereof. But he feels obliged to suppress himself out of a sentiment of loyalty to the party, as we suppose. In the interview referred to we find this able man straining his ingenuity to justify the course of the majority in the Jesuit Bill matter. The very best he can do in that line, however, is to repeat the chestnut about "Provincial Rights." He probably sees clearly enough that the arguments against the disallowance of the Jesuit Bill, would be precisely as good against the disallowance of a Bill granting Provincial funds to a society of Anarchists or Fenians. In other words, it abolishes the vero power altogether, for no case can possibly be suggested in which, according to the new doctrine, it would be justifiable to interfere with the action of a Provincial Legislature. So much does the machine require of its well-meaning but too faithful followers!

* * *

IT is an up-hill job to reform the respectable family newspaper of the day, and we are aware that words are simply thrown away on the task. But might we ask what useful end was served by devoting three or four columns per day to the miserable Maybrick case for the past month or so? It was almost as nauseating as the Court-twaddle they inflict upon a patient public as a regular diet.

WHAT HE MIGHT SAY.

SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD has been selected to perform the ceremony of unveiling the statue of Col. Williams, at Port Hope. As is customary, an address will be expected, and as Sir John is just now very busy doing nothing in particular, we kindly submit a draft of what he might say, which may, perhaps, save him the trouble of preparing an original speech.

Citizens of Port Hope. Ladies and gentlemen: It is with mingled feelings that I come before you to-day to perform a ceremony at once pleasant and painful. I am glad to be the medium of formally unveiling this statue—a splendid work of art which will be an ornament to your enterprising town. I am sorry that the statue is a memorial of Col. Williams, one of my dearest friends in other days, for it recalls the fact that he is gone. Ladies and gentlemen, he died upon the field of battle, a gallant soldier in the discharge of his duty. He fell at Batoche, in the engagement which crushed the late rebellion. He was a grand man in every respect, and our country can poorly spare him. As for myself, I can hardly express my sense of the loss. Col. Williams was one of my staunchest supporters in Parliament, and an active and efficient officer of the Party of which I have the honor to be leader. But he is gone! The fatal bullet found its way to his loyal heart, and our country mourns the loss of one of her noblest sons. This magnificent statue will worthily perpetuate his fame as a soldier to distant generations, but as for me, his old friend and leader, I can

only have the consolation of knowing that I supplied him the opportunity of dying in action. Had it not been for the imbecility, the stupidity, the wanton carelessness and the hard-hearted stubbornness of myself and colleagues, there would have been no rebellion, and consequently no battle of Batoche, and consequently no slaying of this hero, and consequently I would not have been here to-day unveiling this memorial. But in view of the facts, I feel that you could not have made a more appropriate selection than myself for this duty, and I thank you that you have thus recognized my logical right to be the one to perform the ceremony.

It's only after reading the Pennells' book that one begins to wonder whether the Scottish Highlands are as Black as they've been painted.

GEMS FROM THE POETS.



"A moment more and they shall meet.
'Tis past; her lover's at her feet!"—Byron.



—"And many a sinner's parting seen
But never aught like this!"—Scott.



"Honor the charge they made,
Honor the Light Brigade!"—Tennyson.



TRUE TO HIS PARTY.

FIRST TRAMP (*reading prison reform platform*)—"What do you say to that, Jim?"

SECOND TRAMP—"No, thankee, no sich prison reform fur me, thankee. I's agin all reform on princip'l. I's a lib'r'l 'Servativ', I is."

GLADSTONE'S PERFDY.

"NEVER, so long as I live—no, never," said an alleged humorist, "shall I be able to forgive Gladstone for his shameful desertion of principle in becoming a Radical and a Home Ruler."

"I didn't think you cared very much about politics," said his friend. "You are always saying that one party is just as bad as the other, if not worse, but you appear animated by a feeling of personal vindictiveness whenever you speak of Gladstone."

"Well, perhaps I do regard the matter from a somewhat personal standpoint. You see, his conversion to Home Rule did me a great deal of injury."

"How so?"

"Why, it everlastingly spoiled one of my favorite jokes. He used to be a Whig, you see, and whenever the subject of his skill with the axe came up I used to quote the line,

"Just as the twig (that Whig) is bent the tree's inclined."

It was highly effective. But he isn't a Whig any more, so it don't work. Isn't it enough to make any man indignant? Confound a politician who can't stick to his party!"

SAYINGS OF SMART ALICK.

IN the race for existence, Luxury is a lap ahead.

SOCIAL discontent is as old as history, and revolution includes among its advocates many illustrious names. Noah, for instance, was an-archist, while Moses was certainly a Nihilist.

The Parnellites in the British Parliament voted for increased royal grants, not because they believed the measure to be right, but from sheer gratitude to old man Gladstone. It is well to be reasonably grateful, but

when that virtue is exercised at the expense of principle and justice, the more appropriate spelling would be this way: "great-fool."

AN American paper contains an account of the finding of a hive of bees in an old drum. They must lead a hum-drum existence, as it were.

WE have now three parties in Canada, Grits, Tories and Equal Righters, and each of them is rather meaner than the other two put together.

"HITCH your wagon to a star," says Emerson. Quite a lot of would-be celebrities, in trying to follow this advice, only succeed in attaching themselves to comets and whirling off into infinite space.

"TRAVELLING enlarges the mind." That explains why so many people who have done Europe are afflicted with the big head.

JOHN ROSS ROBERTSON for Mayor of Toronto! The idea is so good a joke as it stands that I won't spoil it by the vain attempt to make any comment as funny as the text.

APPEARANCES.

RAYSER (*the new barber*)—"Pardon me, sir, but if I might venture to recommend this 'Specific for Baldness'—"

HARELYS—"Sir! are you not aware that I am the manufacturer of it?"

OTHER PEOPLE'S CHILDREN.

MR. BENEDICT—"You'd better put the baby to bed, if Mr. and Mrs. Sissy are coming in this evening."

MRS. BENEDICT—"Why, don't you remember how they admired it, and how fond of it they used to be?"

MR. BENEDICT—"Yes, but they hadn't any of their own, then."

VERGING ON THE PROFANE.

MISS BLUSOX—"I find it useful to have paper and pencil at my bedside, and keep a record of my thoughts when I'm wakeful. You've no idea how much one gains, that would otherwise be lost."

MRS. QUILL—"I don't dare to try it. My husband snores, you know, and my night thoughts wouldn't look well in print."

WOOING FORTUNE.

(*On the Lake Shore.*)

MUFF—"By Jove! he's got another, and a beauty! Tell us how you do it, will you?"

NUFF (*modestly*)—"Oh, it's luck, that's all."

TUFF (*who has fished all day and caught nothing*)—"Say, boss, I'll set 'em up fer de party if you'll spit on my bait!"

A DEADLY INSULT.

(*At the Longview House.*)

MISS SNOOD—"Jennie, I do believe there's somebody at the keyhole."

MISS ROOD—"Never mind. He can't see much."

MISS SNOOD—"Just speak for yourself, will you?"

WELL DONE, HAMILTON!

IT is popularly supposed by outsiders that there is a feeling of jealousy, if not something worse, between Toronto and Hamilton. This impression has resulted, no doubt, from the habit the two cities have fallen into of poking fun at each other, many of the jokes bandied between them being, to say the least, in questionable taste. That a feeling of enmity really exists, unless it be in the shrivelled-up minds of a handful of the meanest citizens of both, is not true. Amongst the most enthusiastic visitors to the Hamilton Carnival last week were Toronto people, and amongst the very best reports of it published were those of the two leading dailies of this city. We are proud of Hamilton, and rejoice heartily over the splendid success she has just achieved. Indeed, GRIP has long suspected that for genuine public spirit in some directions, Hamilton is just a little in advance of her big sister. The trade display in the procession at the Carnival is admitted to have been better than anything Toronto has done in that line; and although we have of late gone music-mad, it is noteworthy that we have never been able to organize and keep up a good amateur dramatic or opera company such as the Ambitious City boasts. So, while we would not utterly frown down the fun-poking, so long as it is good-natured, we would take this opportunity of reminding the people of both cities that they are citizens of the one country, and ought to feel a genuine pride in one another's achievements.

DYING FOR NAPKINS.



THE following touching appeal we find in the Work-Table Notes and Queries department of *The Queen* of July 27, '89. *The Queen*, we may mention, is a High-Clauss journal published in London:

SERVIETTES.—How are afternoon-tea serviettes ordered? I wish mine to be very handsome, and desire minute details, as I am an exile in Canada.

There is no signature appended, it will be observed, but we may safely assume that this unhappy exile, who is famishing on the bleak and barren shore of Canada for want of a few awfternoon-tea serviettes, is some superior being who is graciously condescending in the meanwhile to draw a living from the Civil Service fund at Ottawa. It would be too bad to keep a person of such delicate constitution in suspense on the question of awfternoon-tea serviettes a moment longer than is absolutely necessary, and as *The Queen* will not be able to furnish the information for nearly a fortnight, we hasten to the rescue ourselves. We beg, then, to say that the articles in question are generally ordered by post-card, if you have to send abroad for them, as of course you have. They are kept in stock, to be sure, by all the dry goods dealers of Ottawa, but it might be very inconvenient for you to get them on tick, as Ottawa merchants are becoming very shy of exiles of your class. Send to London for them, by all means; and, as you are anxious to have them very handsome, the manufacturer might be asked to work a beautiful design in the centre, representing an Ass feeding at the Public Crib, with a view of Rideau Hall in the background. Or, on second thought, might we suggest that instead of the London-made serviettes coming to you, you might go to them—and



QUITE APPRECIATIVE.

MR. GOODHUSBAND (who has been good-naturedly reading aloud for the last half hour)—“Arabella, I don't believe you've been listening a bit!”

Mrs. G.—“Oh, yes, Jack, I have. I've heard every word the servant girl has said to her cousin in the kitchen!”

stay? There is no law against exiles of your class leaving Canada. We can raise all the suckers we need out of native material, and you need not fear that the vulgar Canadian money you are living on will go to waste.

A SUMMER SONNET.

IN summer time the festive bank clerk
Sports a suit of snowy white,
Plays lawn-tennis, twirls his racquet,
Thumps the air with all his might;
Mows the lawn until the perspiration
Makes his moustache curl;
Marks out “courts,” puts up the net,
And talks of “love” to his best girl.

In summer time the wild Italian
Turns a crank and gently plays
Ancient airs that make you weary,
Songs that have seen better days,
And the burly, greasy fishman
Wakes you in the early morn,
Yelling like a savage Zulu,
Sometimes tooting on a horn.

These familiar scenes remind us
This is gladsome summer time,
When our fascinating “cousin”
Always spots an ice-cream sign;
When to brawny Mr. Casey
Sporting men all raise the hat,
'Cause his style is very “catching,”
When he “takes 'em off the bat.”

E.A.C.

THE ADVANCE OF SCIENCE.

PROFESSOR NEWFANGLE now proposes the substitution of Dr. Brown-Sequard's elixir of life in the execution of criminals, as being more prompt and effective than electricity.



ON THE WAY TO GRIMSBY.

STOUT PARTY.—“Dear me, what a terrible list this boat has, to be sure!”

MANUFACTURING NATIVE LITERATURE.

JIGGINS.

I AM a literary man,
I'm anxious all should know it.
Can I write verse? I think I can—
Why, then, I'll be a poet.
I'll get me out a book of rhymes
Like this—or even neater,
On subjects suited to the times,
In easy flowing metre.
I rather think I know the trick,
The patriotic racket,
I'll plaster “loyalty” on thick,
There's no one dare attack it.
I'll work Canadian spirit in,
'Twill be appreciated,
And though the thing's a trifle thin,
My fame will be created.

BIGGINS.

I want to write an article
Over my well-known name.
Not that I care a particle
For literary fame;
But literature must be sustained
In this our native land;
Even though no reward be gained,
My task is truly grand.
Whatever shall I write about?
I really do not know.
Oh, yes! There's Jiggins' book just out,
It's got to have a show.
It's overpowering rot, that's sure,
As every critic knows,
But then it's native literature,
And what's Canadian goes.

HIGGINS.

A paper I have got to do
For *Scribblers' Magazine*.
Such opportunities are few,
And also far between,
“Canadian Literature”'s my theme
I've done the poets all,
And Goldwin Smith, whose self-esteem
Is very far from small.
There's Biggins, who has asked me to
Work in his grand critique
Of Jiggins and his volume new,
'Twas published in the *Week*.
“Exhaustive”—yes, to put it plain,
It makes me very tired.
I'll say that “Biggins' easy vein
Is very much admired.”

STIGGINS.

My lecture on “Canadian Thought”
Is hardly yet complete.
I'll mention Higgins—yes, I ought,
He never fails to treat.
We had a beer last afternoon,
And then he lent me two.
Said he, “You're going to lecture soon;
Be sure that when you do,
You say a word or two for me.
For if you scratch my back,
I'll do the same for you, d'ye see?”
He knows the ropes, does Jack.
He lent me *Scribblers' Magazine*,
It's awful stupid stuff,
But lest he think I'm acting mean,
I'll give the usual guff.

And thus a literary name
Is very often made,
By working the log-rolling game
Among the aspirants for fame.
“There's tricks in every trade.”

OSCULATORY.

BY A VICTIM.

MY dear Mr. GRIP I've a plan in my noddle.
It started to grow when I started to toddle.
When ladies and gentlemen, matrons and misses
All felt it incumbent to smear me with kisses.

As bigger, and perter, and older I grew,
My moustached admirers most kindly withdrew,
Till now, I assure you, there's only just one
Whose contiguoous labials I don't care to shun.

My own sex, however, to make matters worse
Now redouble their favors, till kissing's a curse,
On street or in parlor, in hall or at gate,
At meeting or parting they must osculate.

The toothless old lady, with parchmenty skin,
The middle-aged maiden, slab-sidedly thin,
The hoydenish school-miss with mouth full of gum,
Must all add their smack to the nauseous sum.

It isn't for love that the half of them do it,
It's nothing but senseless sham gush (as I view it),
And often I fear that I really look rude, as
I take a cold kiss from some feminine Judas.

Now, just think Mr. GRIP, for a moment or two,
How you would like all your male friends (?) to kiss you.
Sir John A., for instance, Blake, Mowat and Ross—
Why Cartwright alone would make any man cross.

I therefore propose that each woman of sense,
Aged thirty and under, assume the defence,
An oath thus recording whereby they will swear
To refuse every mouth that's not covered with hair.

A THRILLING tale—The electric eel's.

A WELL-MEANING man—The lexicographer.

"CONFUSION WORSE CONFOUNDED."

CHARLIE (*intent upon a tattered news paper*)—"It says this here 'Ripper' cuts across this way (*with a graphic motion*), and vice ver-sa. I say, what's vi-ce ver-sa?"

JOHNNIE (*with superior wisdom*)—"Oh! that's a bone, you know."

CHARLIE—"How d'ye know?"

JOHNNIE—"Guess I know what bones I got."

CHARLIE—"You don't know all."

JOHNNIE—"I do so. There's the back-bone, and the leg bones, and the arm bones, and the breast bone, and the brain, and that vice versa is the neck bone, I guess, becuz the 'Ripper' always goes at that."

CHARLIE—"s that all?"

JOHNNIE—"Y-e-s."

CHARLIE—"Taint."

JOHNNIE (*tottering on his pedestal*)—"What other kin you tell?"

CHARLIE (*triumphantly*)—"The marrow bone!"

JOHNNIE (*after a silence during which he waited for inspiration*)—"You get out—that's a vegetable!"

**THE TRULY GALLANT MAJOR.**

MRS. DASHINGTON—"Can you guess my age, Major?"

MAJOR DE BANGS—"No, my dear Mrs. Dashington, I'm sure I can't—but you don't look it!"

PHRENOLOGICAL.

YOUNG LADY (*throwing herself impatiently on the lounge*)—"Oh! it's so hot out! I do wish, Mamma, that I had more reverence and veneration."

DELIGHTED PARENT—"These, my child, like all the other Christian graces, may be cultivated and"

YOUNG LADY (*absently, as she scrutinizes her head in the mirror opposite*)—"Because it's just shameful; I can't get any of the new hats to fit in front."

A NEW FIELD OF INDUSTRY.

IN this age of competition, when so many people are barely able to make a living, and others fail entirely in the attempt, the man who invents a new species of industry is undoubtedly a benefactor to his kind. GRIP is, therefore, pleased to give additional publicity, without charge, to the following circular, which has been addressed to several aspirants for the Mayoralty and aldermanic positions:

"TORONTO, Aug. 19, '89.

"To _____,

"SIR,—The undersigned learning that you are an aspirant for the position of _____, begs to offer his services as a Creator of Public Opinion among the citizens whose suffrages it will be necessary to secure.

"It is perhaps needless to point out to one of your widespread experience that too early a mention of the name of a would-be candidate in the press often lessens his chances of success. It discloses his plans prematurely to his rivals and evokes adverse criticism from hostile newspapers before there is any occasion for it. Moreover, a 'feeler' thrown out in the columns of a friendly journal is lacking in the spontaneity and evident consensus of opinion which a genuine boom ought to possess.

"My system is to pervade the streets and public places and engage influential citizens in conversation, gradually leading up to the subject of the municipal elections, and finally cautiously to suggest your name in a merely casual

and off-hand manner, as one whose claims are favored by a large number of the voters. In this manner the idea will gradually and unobtrusively permeate the alleged public mind and eventually culminate with the force of a universal conviction.

"My terms are \$2 per day of six hours, with an allowance of 25 cents per hour additional for treating expenses. Special contracts for the campaign if desired.

"Trusting that the merits of my system will commend themselves to your judgment, I beg to remain

"Yours respectfully,

"ORLANDO Q. GUFFY,

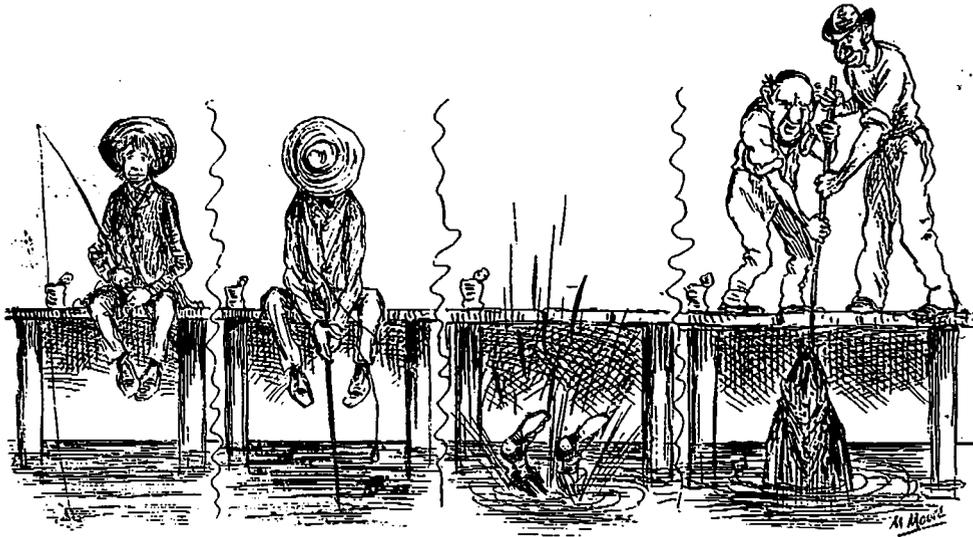
"Creator of Public Opinion."

A LA HEINE.

THE sky is heavy, filled with troubled sleep
The star-eyes with their shadow lashes, sweep
Anon a wond'ring look of pity
Upon the great unconscious city.
And at the window wistful-eyed she stands,
In fancy clasps once more those strong, kind hands;
Beneath the misty street-lamps flicker;
And, list'ning thus, her heart throbs quicker—
For is not that the loved one's tread?
Swift glancing out she sees instead
The post-boy's neat, official head!
With sentiment she cannot utter,
She sinks back sad. But hark! a mutter
Comes faintly from below; if still
It prove, that after all,—Will—
She flies to meet—ah, well—a bill.

E.A.D.

A MAN always spends half an hour going through the pockets of his coat before he harks it to his wife to have a button sewed on. And even then his bosom is full of a nameless terror until the job is completed.



FISHING AND FISHED.

HE ACTED AT ONCE.

MISS SEEKE—"Do you really belong to the Press Club, Jack?"

MR. HYDE—"Of course I do. Why?"

MISS SEEKE—"Oh, nothing! I—I—that is, are you an active member?"

A SUCCESSFUL CANADIAN AUTHOR.



PUBLIC attention having lately been drawn to Canadian literature, its rewards and punishments, I have prepared a brief sketch of the career of the late Bardolph Balderdash, in the hope that it may prove a stimulus to the energy of the rising generation of authors. Few, indeed, may achieve the success of that eminent man of letters, yet it is well to keep the lives

of such great men before us in order to point the path to sublimity.

Though the brilliant record of Mr. Balderdash is wholly due to the force of his genius, it must be acknowledged that his position in life was not unfavorable to the pursuit of literature. On reaching manhood he became, through the kindness of a relative, the recipient of a small annuity sufficient to furnish him with the barest necessities. Thus secured from absolute want he devoted himself to literary labor, with an unfettered mind, buoyant with the hope and ambition of youth. He wrote poems, tales and essays on subjects of national interest. His writings were accepted by the principal journals of the country, and he soon won wide distinction.

His first gains were expended in the purchase of one of those cheap, but tasteful receptacles with which the wise paterfamilias seeks to encourage habits of thrift and industry in his children. He determined to put into this

little box all moneys received for literary work, and draw upon the fund only in emergencies.

Years passed and his fame grew, but his eyesight failed. Too close application to the dictionary told upon his optic nerves. It was necessary to procure the aid of the optician. He considered this an expense which justified him in rifling the contents of his savings box. He did so, and what was his joy to find therein the price of a pair of spectacles. He effected the purchase, and redoubling his exertions soon took the first place among Canadian literateurs.

Time wore on and his teeth wore out. Tough steak and superannuated poultry broke them off short or loosened them in their sockets. A visit to the dentist became a necessity. He had now enjoyed a long era of popularity, yet it was with some misgiving that he again examined the contents of the box, into which he had not failed to put all his earnings. Nor did it fail him in this hour of need. It purchased an hour of agony at the hands of the dentist, and armed him to the teeth in plated mail which enabled him to set the butcher's machinations at defiance.

Some time after this he lost his hearing. Nature threatened to become a voiceless blank to him, an awful calamity to a poet. But once again he had recourse to the box, which seemed as unfailing as the widow's cruse of oil. For again its contents cheered his heart, and he purchased therewith an ear-trumpet.

His popularity suffered no abatement, but even increased with his years. His name was upon every tongue, and no book of selections, in prose or verse, from Canadian authors, was considered complete without large extracts from his works. His garret study was thronged with the good and great, and became a Mecca for the aspiring literary pilgrim.

Death loves a shining mark, however, and so in fulness of years and honors the summons came. On his dying bed he gave directions to his sorrowing friends that they should open the little box and expend its contents in procuring him Christian burial, which was done; and though the amount fell five dollars short of the usual charges, the undertaker, a warm admirer of the poet, generously overlooked the deficit and gave him a respectable funeral.



THE QUEEN CITY RECEIVING THE GODDESS OF SCIENTIFIC CULTURE.

(RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO THE AMERICAN ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENCE.)



THE RISING GENERATION.

AUNT FLORA.—“And do you like going to the Kindergarten, Reginald?”

REGINALD.—“Well, no, can't say I do; it's rather childish stuff, you know.”

PURPOSELESS POEMS.

BY THE LYRICAL LUNATIC.

NO. 5.—A DAY AT THE ISLAND.

A DAY at the Island quite lately I spent,
Where they sell pickled onions and beef,
But why do the cottagers have to pay rent?
So before all my money in candy is spent
I'll describe my sensations in brief.

The Island is round and lies facing the East,
But it seems to be facing the West.
It is otherwise mostly—or sometimes at least—
When the roar of the wind in the evening has ceased,
But the monkeys, they tell me, know best.

For a monkey is not to be passed in disdain,
If you do—but I must not digress.
I recall what Matilda was saying to Jane,
I didn't quite hear it—she didn't speak plain—
And she wore a new calico dress.

And at that time the Dude wasn't known in the land,
It is right that I mention it now.
So the pump wouldn't work till I tried my left hand,
Then quickly the bucket was filled with fine sand,
By the Mugwumps who followed the plough.

Matilda turned sulky and said to her beau,
“Tis the Mugwump, I know him of yore,
He will get us some lemons.” Then I said, “Oh no,
He must follow the plough—it is off—see it go
Cavorting around by the shore.”

“Let it go,” said Matilda, “nor deem that delay,
Would be fraught with a pensive regret,
There are those who emotion will oftimes display
Over joys that have vanished and hopes that decay,
And the Deacon responded, “You bet.”

He was always a person of apt repartee,
Suave, polished, paternal and trim,
The sound of his laugh 'tis a pleasure to see,
But why did the crowd throw tomatoes at me,
When they might have hurled Tomcats at him?

Then the chariot drove up and the man at the wheel
Kept hollering out, “all aboard!”
The Deacon look'd grave and began to appeal
To Matilda's young man, but he turned on his heel,
He wasn't asleep though he snored.

And the scene that ensued was a caution to snakes,
But there wasn't a snake within view.
“Please get some,” I said, “and to make no mistakes,
Ask the man at the wheel just to clap on the brakes
Till we get of and go to the Zoo.”

So, of course, that concluded the sports of the day,
Though the hours we might gaily prolong—
I forgot the collection that's always to pay,
It was mostly in peanuts, tis hardly fair play,
But it pleases the ignorant throng.

I would merely suggest—I would simply propose,
That in future, whatever we do,
We must have the spectators arrayed in black clothes
In order that each may discriminate those
As to which is distinguished from who.

THE LOVING SISTER-CITIES.

(SCENE—Yonge street wharf. Man from Hamilton meets Toronto man.)

HAMILTONIAN—“I now know why Toronto harbor has the reputation of being so very safe. It is because of the consistency of the water in it. No storm could possibly ruffle the eternal calm of such a quantity of sewage.”

TORONTONIAN (*being a Bachelor of Arts, his sarcasm is classical in its nature*)—“It seems very appropriate that the people of Hamilton should call their demonstration a carnival, for the word is derived from two Latin words, *carnis* and *vale*, and really means, “Farewell to the flesh.” Going to Hamilton amounts to about the same thing as leaving the world.”

HAMILTONIAN—“I know why it is that no one ever shakes the dust of Toronto off his feet. It is because there is no dust there. Every spot within the limits that hasn't a telephone pole stuck in it is a mud-hole, and there aren't many mud-holes, either.”

Just then the departure of the boat interrupted the conversation.

THERE WAS HOPE FOR HIM.

SPACER—“I have just been looking through the jokes in *Warper's Weekly*, and they didn't strike me as being at all good. I shall have to send them some myself.”

BIGBEE—“You might be able to get some accepted. They publish some pretty stale things.”

A NICE DISTINCTION.

I DO detest a man that's close,
And furthermore, a day;
But if a pretty girl is close
I feel the other way.

WHILE talking about royal grants in England, would it be out of place to suggest that it is about time the Prince of Wales had begun to lay up something for reigny days?

A NEW servant being informed that 8 o'clock was the usual breakfast hour, remarked that if she was not down in time, the family should not wait for her.

At the Golden Easel, 316 Yonge street, you will find, this week, some excellent water color sketches of Niagara river by Mr. W. Hannaford. Artists' materials, picture frames. Studies rented.

THERE was a young dark-featured Dago, Who said, "Oh, I'm ill and I may go,"

But he took aconite,
When he woke up all right,
And found that 'twas only lumbago.

As a tonic and relief to sufferers from Neuralgia, Dyspepsia, loss of appetite and general debility, Dyer's Quinine and Iron Wine is highly recommended. W. A. Dyer & Co., Montreal.

DR. HUNTER'S LETTERS ON THE LUNGS. No. 3.

In my last letter I stated that only about 20 per cent. of the cases of consumption can be traced to inheritance. I now come to the diseases which directly lead to consumption and from which fully 60 per cent. of the cases arise.

Catarrh—the most common of these—is at first no more than a "cold in the head" which by repetition and neglect develops into a chronic inflammation of the mucous lining of the nostrils. This causes the membrane to swell, and to pour out an unhealthy secretion which in time destroys the epithelium and leaves the raw surface exposed to the air. The germs which produce consumption now fasten upon it, and burrow into—as maggots do in raw flesh—producing ulcers and a corroding secretion, which drips down into the throat, scalding and diseasing every part with which it comes in contact. The glands and follicles of the throat become affected and sooner or later the larynx.

The larynx is the upper part of the windpipe immediately below the throat—indicated by "Adam's apple"—and may be called the outpost of the lungs. When it becomes involved the last barrier guarding the delicate organs of respiration is broken down and consumption soon follows.

Apart from catarrhal disease these parts are subject to many other dangers. The nostrils to polypus and ozena and the throat to enlarged tonsils, elongated uvulae and cancer.

Chronic bronchitis is of the same nature as catarrh, from which it differs only in location and symptoms. The bronchial tubes branch off from the bottom of the windpipe and ramify through every part of the lungs from top to bottom. All the changes described as taking place in the nostrils in catarrh take place in the lungs in bronchitis, but the symptoms are very different. The patient first discovers that he is short winded if he attempts to run. There is more or less cough, by which he raises a little tough jelly-like mucous of a bluish-white color from time to time. The cough is more of a rasping effort to clear the windpipe than a distinct cough. The chronic inflammation soon produces a thickening of the mucous lining of the tubes, which reduce their calibre and still further oppresses the breathing. Often the smaller tubes become completely blocked up by the tough mucous. Gradually the cough increases

and becomes troublesome in the morning on rising and after meals. The matter changes to a yellow color, sometimes of a greenish shade, and occasionally streaked with blood. Not infrequently a distinct hemorrhage will occur. The chest feels sore, and often there is a dull aching under the shoulder blades or in the sides. The breathing now becomes more short, the pulse more rapid, the appetite poor and the sleep restless and unrefreshing. The surface of the body is chilly and fresh cold is taken on the slightest exposure.

Bronchial asthma is another disease which very often ends in consumption. It is in reality only a form of chronic bronchitis attended by spasmodic attacks, during which there is a sense of impending suffocation. These attacks generally come on after taking fresh cold, and last four days. In the interval between them the symptoms are the same as those described under the head of bronchitis.

Chronic pneumonia results from the imperfect cure of inflammation of the lungs or "lung fever." The patient does not regain his former health, but remains shorter breathed on exertion, has dulness on percussion over some portion of the lung—generally the lower lobes—is feverish towards evening, and his cough does not entirely leave him. This condition ends in death either by the lungs gradually filling up by forming wasting abscesses or by running into consumption. I have known hundreds of cases of consumption which could be directly traced to an attack of pneumonia imperfectly cured, in persons who had previously been entirely free from all chest complaints.

ROBERT HUNTER.

73 Bay street.

Toronto, June 12th, 1889.

NOTE.—Copies of Dr. H's pamphlet can be obtained free, by all afflicted, on application personally or by letter, at his office, 73 Bay street.

It is somewhat remarkable that the two most demoralizing things in modern society should be brewed—mischief and beer.—*Burlington Free Press.*

It is not good to take tea in the middle of the day. The man who tried it in an Austin grocery store when he thought the clerk was not looking is our authority.—*Texas Sittings.*

MRS. TIPTOP (*hostess*): "Count Macaroni is late to-night."

MR. MANABOUTTOWN (*curious guest*): "Perhaps his monkey is sick."—*Yankee Blade.*

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. 25c. a bottle.

MASTER: "Confound it, sir, d'ye think I'm a fool?"

NEW BUTLER: "Beggin' your pardon, sir, I ain't been here long enough to find out yet."—*Pick-me-up.*

"Old Mr. Skinner is a very charitable man, isn't he?"

"Oh, yes; of course. But if he ever casts his bread upon the waters, be sure he expects it to come back a meat sandwich."—*Tid Bits.*

SEVERAL Irishmen were disputing one day about the invincibility of their respective powers, when one of them remarked:

"Faith, I'm a brick."
"And I'm a bricklayer," said another, giving the first speaker a blow that brought him to the ground.—*Exchange.*

MRS. PRIM: "It's dreadful the way men drink these days, isn't it? My husband's head is so weak he can't drink. A glass of vichy makes him roaring."

MRS. BLIM: "Yes, and my husband can't read the label on a beer bottle without getting a headache.—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

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CYNICUS: "Minding it."

MEDDLER: "Minding what?"

CYNICUS: "My business."—*Harper's Bazar.*

BAD news for dudes: The market reports quote calves' brains at five cents a pair.—*Howard.*

THE weather clerk should write his cyclone predictions with a blue pencil.

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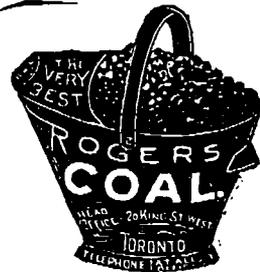
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(See page 142.)



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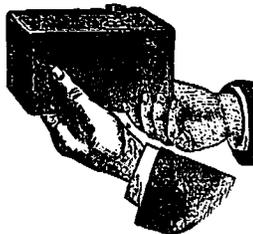
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