

SMOKE "CABLE" S. DAVIS' "EL PADRE" CIGARS.

CHINA HALL!

THE OLDEST HOUSE FOR

China, Porcelain
and Glass

IN THE CITY ALSO

Stone China Dinner
Ware.

CLOVER HARRISON,
Importer.



[The grabest Best is the Ass; the grabest Bird is the Owl;
[The grabest Fish is the Oyster; the grabest Man is the Fool.



49 King St. East, Toronto.

VOLUME XVII |
No. 20. 2 |

TORONTO, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 8 1881.

52 PER ANNUM,
5 CENTS EACH.



A "FAIR TRADE,"

MISS CANADA to JOHN BULL.—"Have no fear of your food supply, Mr. Bull, while I control the world's granary!"

WHEELER & WILSON,
MANUFACTURING CO.'S
SEWING MACHINES

The latest improved and most complete
and perfect machine in the world.

Office: 85 King St. West, Toronto, Ont.

SUBSCRIBE
FOR THE
A B C

THE POPULAR
RAILWAY AND STEAMBOAT GUIDE.
Only One Dollar a Year.
Single Copies 10 cts. For Sale at all Bookstores.
PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY

J. THEO. ROBINSON,
54 St. Francois Xavier St., Montreal.



"Romans, countrymen, and lovers, hear me for my
cause,
And be silent that you may hear."
If you would enjoy in seeing nature outdone in beauty
go to BRUCE'S PHOTO, ART STUDIO, 118 King St. West,
Toronto.

THE MACKINNON PEN.

Pens who purchased the old metallic pen, patent 1876, are requested
to communicate with the undersigned.
The Mackinnon Pen is now manufactured in indestructible, does not
corrode, holds ink for a week's use, and is warranted for three years.



C. W. YOUNG, General Agent for Canada,
Box 609, Stratford, Ont.

PITTSTON COAL. SHIPPED DIRECT FROM MINES TO THE TRADE **A. & S. NAIRN,** Toronto. **-AT LOWEST RATES.-**



AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL.

SUBSCRIPTION TERMS.—Two dollars per annum, payable in advance. Six months, one dollar.

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

Cartoon Comments.

FIRST PAGE.—The speech recently made by Sir Alexander Galt, in which the grandeur of our North West as a grain-growing country was brought out, and in which Sir Alexander stated that Canada, with her fair share of emigration, would in a few years be in a position to provide the British food supply, has been received in England apparently with great delight. It has been copied into the leading English newspapers, and will serve as an antidote to the bilious and lying article of Labouchere in *Truth*.

LEADING CARTOON.—The price of milk is already so high that it is no wonder these men should try to muzzle the calf that has already sucked four millions out of the poverty-stricken cow. Blake, Mackenzie and Cartwright think they are acting a patriotic part in doing what they can to wean such a calf.

EIGHTH PAGE.—Hon. S. H. Blake, brother of the Liberal Leader, was asked the other evening, by a delegation from East York, to allow himself to be put in nomination as representative of that constituency in the Commons. He gratefully acknowledged the proffered honour, but declined on the ground that he had determined to devote the ensuing five years to his profession. He held out the hope, however, that at the end of that term he would be willing to become a candidate.

The Leader of the Opposition in the Quebec Legislature, it is reported, leaves for England shortly, and will permanently retire from public life. Considering what this worthy gentleman has had to bear in his political career, Mons. Tarte, editor of the *Canadien*, being one of his stoutest foes, we should say this is the happiest moment of his life, and that he would be able to sing with fervour, "Good-bye, sweet Tarte, good-bye."

We trust the citizens of Toronto will make a special effort to mark their disapproval of the narrow-minded course of the hotel-men, by giving the Jubilee Singers overflowing houses at their concerts. Aside from this motive the public have the assurance of enjoying a matchless musical treat. The concerts take place at the Pavilion, on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, October 6, 7, and 8.

Mr. John S. Clarke, who is now at the Grand, is a comedian of the school of which Mr. T. L. Toole is the best English representative.

While in the old land, Mr. Clarke fairly divided the honours with the Londoner, if he did not actually eclipse him. He is by all odds the greatest of living American comedians, and his first visit to Canada should mark an epoch in the theatrical history of the country.

The return of Mr. D. I. K. Rine and the recommencement of his work is an event of no small importance in the minds of a large class of our citizens. Mr. Rine's reception at Albert Hall on Sunday was most enthusiastic. There he found himself surrounded by many of the men whom he had been instrumental in winning from drink, their faces bright with hope and beaming with gratitude to their benefactor. We trust Mr. Rine may renew his old triumphs, and that nothing may arise to injure the good work he is so able to do.

Surely the lawyer who defended Vankoughnet at Kingston the other day might have done his client full justice without having demeaned himself by maligning poor Downey who is in his grave. Downey's action in arresting the alleged murderer, unarmed and single-handed, was applauded at the time as a rare exhibition of bravery, and nothing has since transpired to show that it was not so. The heroic old man's memory deserves better treatment than this legal luminary dealt out to it.

Who would be a ruler in these days of dynamite, gunpowder, torpedoes, revolvers, and infernal machines? The lifeless body of Garfield is scarcely cold when rumours are afloat of an attempt to assassinate President Arthur; while Czar and Kaiser are in daily terror of their lives. The people of this Dominion and the Motherland are to be congratulated that peace reigns among them, and that the blood-thirsty spirit of anarchy is not active. There is no absolute security, however, even here, and so we may lengthen the list of those with whom we commiserate.

DEAR MR. GRIP:

As time hangs rather heavy upon my hands I thought I would write you a few thoughts on matters and things in general, dealing mostly with city affairs. And firstly, let me ask, what has become of the circulation question? At one time it promised to rather enliven the dullness and general stagnation of the times, it was sort of a fifth wheel to the comet, but latterly nothing more has been heard of it. Graham and Bunting met, glowered at each other, pulled off their respective coats, spat in their respective lists, and talked loudly with their respective speechifying organs. But they fizzled, simmered and went out, and the only cock that remains crowing is the *Telegram*. Verily the newspaper managers move in a mysterious way, at least in the matter of circulation. While on the matter of newspapers, the stand taken by the pink sheet on the theatre question might be profitably mentioned. Its theory of criticism is to criticize a play on its merits, and if it will only carry out its plan, it will confer a boon upon suffering humanity. But I fear, I greatly fear, that the business office will prove the power that be in this case, as it often has in others.

The Street Railway accident, resulting as it has, in the death of a well-known citizen, is one of the topics of conversation for the week.

I do not believe that the employees connected with the accident were to blame, but there is a great deal that the company can be blamed for. Where are their transfer tickets? Echo answers, Where? and their promises have come to be regarded as hollow as a Tory candidate's professions.

Moses Oates, where, oh where is he? What has obscured the light of his shining countenance and the shadow of his big hat? Where is his big stick, his clay pipe and his glasses? Why do we no longer hear the plod of his big feet upon the pavement, or the music of his voice uttering wise pandects regarding the weather? In fact, where was Moses when the light went out? Answer all those, my dear Grip, and you will oblige me.

Sir Charles has again returned, and Toronto has opened her arms to receive the wandering one back from his travels. He has "done" the Rockies, and the "big Injuns" listened in wonder to his stretchers. He peregrinated through California, and now I am credibly informed that he worked a surprising change in the vernacular of that benighted region. Now when a "native" wants to delicately insinuate that another native is not uttering sentiments of ordinary credibility, instead of using the old-fashioned word, he calls him a "Tupper," or says that he has been guilty of a Tupperism. But as the world moves on we are getting wiser and we send our great men abroad to enlighten the less fortunate natives. What might not California hope to become if it only had a Tupper?

But my dear Grip, I have troubled you enough, and I beg to subscribe myself,

TIMOTHY.



A NICE MAN FOR A MINISTER.

The versatile Irish minister has been having his dirty linen washed in the Assize Court. The record in the case of "Larkin v. O'Connor" set forth that the plaintiff, a certain Miss Larkin, sued the Hon. John O'Connor for \$300, that amount, the plaintiff alleged, having been loaned to the present minister in his younger days in order that he might qualify himself financially as a member of Parliament. The honourable gentleman repudiated the claim, and set up as a defence that he was not dealing with the plaintiff, but with her stepfather—for whom, it transpired, he had secured a situation in the Government Service. The friends of this hon. minister are not very numerous, but it is too bad to think that he has not one to warn him against the line of defence taken in this case. Ministers should not be Larkin after that fashion.

Ursa the Bear Hunter.

A STORY OF THE WILDS OF CANADA.

"Why, Major Ursa! can this be you? You're looking as brown as a berry, where in the name of all that's wonderful have you been for this ago?"

This question was asked by Lady Brabazon de Wiggle of the Honourable Hector Bruno Ursa, a Major in H. M. Horse Guards (Blue), as she sat in the aesthetically appointed boudoir of her Belgravian mansion. "Have you been to South Africa among those dreadful Boers?"

"Well, no," replied the Mayor. "Quite the contrary, I've been to Canada bear hunting, ye know."

"Bear hunting! gracious me, how interesting! Do sit down and relate some of your thrilling exploits, for you must have had some strange adventures among the forests of that lone land."

"Yaas," said the Mayor "I had a stwange adventwah, vewy stwange indeed. Ye see, last year, Felix O'Mulligan (son of Lord Castlepochem) and I, felt owahselves wathaw bawed beah in London, and Felix pwoposed that we should go to Amewica and hunt beahs. Ye see this was wathaw an owiginal ideah. Plenty fellahs having gone to distant pwaiwics in quest of Buffaloes, and all that sort of thing, and it is now wegawded as somewhat commonplace and vulgeh, so we concluded to twy Canada, as we heard that countwy 'was vewy celebawated as a hunting ground for that peculiuh animal, in point of fact ovahwun with beahs. Accawdingly we bought an outfit for the occasion, wifes, shotguns to pwocuh pwovendah if we found it necessary on the woad, a lawge assawtment of wovolvahs and lion kuives, and about two hundwed weight of ball cawtwiges of all descriptions, and embawked on the steamah faw Quebec.

"On the passage we kept ovah fellahs cleaning and polishing up ovah awms and accowwements pwepawatory to ovah onslawght on the wild beahs. On our awival at the wiver St. Lawwence, we had some thoughts of getting ashwah at once at a place called, if I wewollect awight, Fawthia Point, but wew westawined fwom doing so by the captain, who assawhed us that the upper countwy was the best for beahs. On wewaching Montweal, I enqwired of a man which wouid likely be the best diewection to find beahs, but he only replied in bad Fwench, *no compromy sacre fow*, or similah langwidge. Howewah, at the Windaah Hotel wench we lungup, a pwetty, who do you know I wathaw think was inclined to take a wise out of us, expwessed his opinion that in the Seignowies acowss the wiver we couid not fail to encowrthaw the animal, but when we twavelled faw miles thwough a countwy as bawen of twees as Hounslow Heath, we cwmo to the conclusion that we wew misdiwected, but wew assured by a native who fortunatly spoke the English langwidge that the Eastern Townships was just the place faw us. We then set out for Showwwooke, wchaw we met with some vewy fine people and enjoyed owahselves amazingly at lawn tennis and other games of that nachaw, but as we had come to the countwy to shoot beahs of caws we had to teah owahselves away, and we pwocceeded to the wemote townships in the vicinity of Lake Meguntic wench we twavelled the lowest fw leagues, piloted by an Indian, but wew still disappointed as to the beahs and we came to the conclusion that the beahs thwre, if any, wew vewy scarew indeed. We then made up our minds to try the Uppah Pwovinces and made our way to Towonto, wench we passed a vewy jolly time indeed. More lawn tennis, gwawden pawties, and all that sawt of thing. This was awfully pleasant to be suah, enjoying the society of the vewy pwetty gwyls of the place, but it was not what we came to the countwy for, beahs, ye know, being our object. Yaas. It coming to our eahs that in the wilds

of Muskoka legions of beahs wew to be found, we bought a canoc, and twanspwawted it by wail to the newwest lake contiguous to Nipissing, our hunting gwounds. We engaged the sewvices of a half-breed of the Chippawa tribe to paddle us on our elhwent of death and mutilation. We wew almost dowved alive by the black flies and mosqwitos, and aftah twavessing about a dozen lakes, and wandewing thwough countlless cedah swamps, we saw nothing lawger than a small animal called by owah guide, a chipmunk. So we came back to Towonto, had some moah flirtations and lawn tennis with the young ladies, took the steamah for Montweal, and the Allan Linah for Livahpool, the expwess faw London—and—heah I am."

"But the beahs," said her Ladyship. "Did you see no beahs, Mayor?"

"Not a beah, Lady Brabazon, not a beah! I must say good evening—good evening."



DOES CHARITY BEGIN AT HOME?

The poet says it does; but poets are licensed to overstep the truth when rhyme or rhythm demands, and in the case of this sentiment the poet found it convenient to take out a lie-license. The movement to bring pauper children from England to Canada is a very good and commendable one; but would it not be better first to take proper care of the destitute and neglected children who are now in our midst provided for. Liberty makes criminals expert; patronage makes pauperism perpetual; and—paradoxical as it may seem—poverty thrives by neglect. Mr. W. H. Howland is shrewd as well as big-hearted, and the school which he and his associates have organized will do for the Toronto juvenile criminals and ragamuffins just what they need. There is ample scope for all benevolent and educative agencies in our very midst—for some time at least. Our undertakes to ask, in behalf of the neglected classes who have been born and bred in our own Canadian cities and towns, that they first receive attention.

A Legal Flotion.

What is the Legal Profession coming to? Here is a sad result of the new Judicature Act as we heard it. The sun was sinking into his bed of western splendour and tipping the hills of Yorkville with shades of woflen gold when two lawyers might have been seen descending the lovely valley which divides the city from the more northerly regions. "By my scarlet bag," quoth the first, a matured man of fec-vevish and perrons aspect, "this new law likes me not."

"And why, good sir," responded his companion, a youth over whose head some twenty summers had rolled.

"Good youth, the fees would have been

nothing save for our efforts, and the glory of our grand profession would have departed for ever. Don't you know it? The fame of our noble hall would have been derided and rude suitors would have mocked us." "And perchance then," responded the younger, its name would have been changed to (W) Osgoode Hall. But soft we approach the deep valley of Rosedale, and a good quarter of a mile lies between us and dinner.

Memories of the Past.

BY A MELANCHOLY SHOW GOER.

I sit in the saw-dusty circus,
The ring-master enters the ring,
I look at the flip-flap performers
And the acrobats up on the swing.

The clown in his queer suit of moly
Is telling his jokes, oh, so old!
I sigh when I think how so often
These fossilized stories he's told.

I sit in the pit of the playhouse
At the rise of the curtain—The "troupe"
Are hearing the "tambo" relating,
His story about "Shadow Soup."

And it brings me back to the misty
And far away time of the past,
And the shade of the passed-away Christy
Rises up while these old stories last.

This is why I now go the circus
And the minstrels so often of late,
They remind me of childhood's blest hours,
When I swung on the old garden gate.

When equestriennes I fancied wew fairies,
For ever adorned in pink tights,
And ma'am'selles Elise and Nola
Could never be elderly frights.

O, often I wonder the public
Don't club that old clown from the ring,
And fire that "end man" and his tambo
Or bones through a "flat" or a "wing."

When they cruelly torture an audience
With the moss-covered legends of yore,
When the puns make the toney ones tremble
And the gallery cry for their gore.

The Modern Paragrapher.

We who have been there, and speak from long, hard years of experience, know that the time was when the long, heavy, owlishly-wise editorial was the prominent feature of the newspaper, and anything approaching a sensible, jolly view of things was regarded as disreputable; but, thank God and advanced ideas, that day is gone. It is numbered with the dead, and the undertaker who planted it has collected his bill and squandered the cash long, long ago. A new order of events is upon us. Newspaper men have at last learned that sensible people prefer the paragraph; they have learned that a truth can be told or a fraud branded by a joke much better than by long, solemn, meaningless sentences. A subject comes up to-day. Twenty years ago a two column article would have been written about it—an article that all men would admire and but few read, an article that was a weariness to the flesh and a laceration to the soul. Now the matter is pierced to the heart with a keenly-pointed three-line item. All men read it and appreciate it. Frauds fear it, and wise men are glad that it has gleamed through the smoke of heavy ignorance and owlish wisdom. Men may pretend to scorn it, and newspaper men—who have failed in this very department of literature—may crack heavy and threadbare jokes about the "funny-end man," but the "funny-end man" walks rapidly to the front in reputation and popularity, whilst his brainless critic is left in the magnificent distance which lends enchantment to the purple background that fringes the dim come-after-us. Such men as Shellman Bruce, Fisher, Burton, Bill Nye, Gilbert, Bob Bryar, and a score of others will be remembered and copied after, when Cobbett and his kind are forgotten.—G. B. Davis, *Morrilton State*.



"IT'S A POOR RULE," &c.

Scene at the Ticket Office of the Jubilee Singers. (Coloured.)

ANTI-AFRICAN HOTEL-KEEPER.—"Family ticket, please."

TICKET AGENT.—"It's a poor rule that doesn't work both ways here, Mr. Hostelry, and we don't admit anyone in here who doesn't 'act like a white man.'"

An Aesthetic Poem.

An aesthetic young lady named Laura,
Had her heart quite too bowed down with sorrow,
For some reason or other
Lawn tennis, her mother
Tabooed; other girls now her racket can baur.

A too utter young person called Maud,
Her words so excessively chaud,
That adva(u)ntage and da(u)nce
Mixed together by cha(u)nce,
Now her friends by her silence are aud.

Oh! sweet sunflower, upon thy fragile stem
With drooping head, by amorous zephyrs woo'd,
Thy golden stem, refulgent as the gem
That sparkles on some fair one; when bedewed
At morning's blush, with pearly drops, how fair
And sweetly tender art thou; how my longing heart
In sorrow melts, with anguish and despair,
While thinking of thy sad and bitter part.
For when the autumn winds blow bleak and cold
Thy fate I think of, and my soul it sickens,
For drooping wearily, upon thy stem, grown old,
Cut down thou art to feed the Shanghai chickens



TORONTO'S PROPHET.

Rev. Dr. Wild is a prophet who is not without honour in his own country or his own tabernacle. Bond Street church is crowded Sunday after Sunday, and although the building was packed when he prophesied what was to happen after Garfield's death, more than a thousand

people were turned away. The Doctor seems to know intuitively all about the future, and Gurr, being anxious to keep his readers fully informed as to what they may expect, would propound a few questions.

Will Dr. Wild be good enough to tell us who will succeed Sir John as leader of the Conservative Party? In other words: after Sir John—what?

Which party will win in the General Election of 1883? Give constituencies and majorities in full.

And while you are about it, Doctor, you might figure up about the Local Election. After Mowat—what?

Will milk and butter be any dearer this winter?

Will the coal ring be broken? And after the coal ring—what?

Will the C. P. syndicate succeed in ruining our glorious North-West? And if so, after the ruin—what? And if not—what?

Will the Toronto Council ever do what is needed to build a new Court House? If so, when, and by whom? If not, why not?

In the meantime, will any jurymen or judges lose their lives by the foul air of that classic place? If so, whom, when, and how? Please give dates, so that the pestilential atmosphere may be avoided in the most dangerous times. Also give names, so that judges and jurymen may govern themselves accordingly.

Will Toronto ever have a public library? Is there any person of influence other than Mr. Hallam who feels sufficient interest in the subject to write it up? If so, please state fully why it cannot be had, and what causes will combine to prevent a consummation so devoutly to be wished.

Lastly—after Wild—what?

His Ideas.

Mr. Goldwin Smith contributes a paper to the *Fortnightly Review* entitled "The Canadian Tariff," wherein he likens the Dominion frontier to a string of fishing rods tied together end to end. What he means exactly by the simile GRIP fails to understand. He also says that the Maritime Provinces naturally belong to Maine, Manitoba to Minnesota and British Columbia to California. Mr. Smith is of the opinion that sooner or later we will demand admission into the neighbouring Union and in fact that we even now yearn to fall into the arms of Uncle Sam. Perhaps so, Goldwin, perhaps so, but by'r ladie! there is nothing at present in the political affairs in the States that even the "rough, raw and democratic" Canucks should pine to partake of, nor has the record of that glorious Republic for the last twenty odd years been such that we should sigh for the star spangled banner. A civil war of four years duration, one President fraudulently elected by a false count of the ballot, two assassinated and the whole machinery run by a beaurocracy of wire-pulling lawyers and scallawag ward politicians! Goldwin, you are very clever, but you are "off" this time—away off.

Humour's Proper Sphere.

GRIP thoroughly endorses the views of the *Rockland Courier* in commenting on the following:—

"Brethren," said the Loadville clergyman, as he breathlessly entered the pulpit twenty minutes late. "I know I'm behind time. But here is my excuse. I had a flush royal and Deacon York had four queens, and though he bet low I knew he put his entire pile in, and I could'n't break up such a good thing by calling him. So I stayed and scooped his pile. Can you pardon me for the delay?" And the congregation shouted "aye," and gave three cheers for the preacher, and then the services were begun.—*Boston Post*.

The *Courier* says:—"There is a trifle too

much of stuff like the above being perpetrated by American paragraphers under a mistaken notion that they are turning up fresh furrows in the field of humour. When a 'funny man' is so empty of new ideas that he must make a ghastly joke of religion, or of matters intimately connected with religion, it is time he took his little scissors out of the editorial room and applied for a position as first assistant gentleman in a tansorial apartment."



THE POOR MAN'S SHIRT.

The leader of Her Majesty's opposition has been making a great ado about the cruel wrong done to the working-man by the great N. P., which necessitates the shortening of his nother garment on account of the tax upon Oxford shirting. Gurr takes the liberty of illustrating this argument by the case of the hon. leader himself, who, being a working man, we may imagine suffers from this inconvenience as well as his constituents. By the curtailment of the hon. gentleman's garment, additional point is given to his argument, so that what he loses in one way he gains in another. But what of the poor working man, with the long and severe Canadian winter before him?



THE RECENT DROUGHT.

LANDLADY (with eye to boarding-house economy).—"The dry spell has made butter very high, Mr. Thickspread; it is selling in the market for 40 cents a pound."

THICKSPREAD.—"That is high, Mrs. Sparerib; but this butter ought to be high; indeed, it is butter of rank."



MUZZLING THE GREEDY CALF.

See comments on page 2.

The Joker Club.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

A sweet scented business—the florist's.—*St. Louis Hornet.*

A sweet thing in bonnets—your best girl's face.—*Yonkers Gazette.*

The most aggressive monopolist of the age is a dog in a wagon.—*Newark Call.*

Never say "thanks." It is vulgar. Say "bully for you."—*Rockland Courier.*

The slim pocket-book travels slower than the fat bank president.—*Erratic Enriqne.*

"Punch, Brothers, Punch," having been set to music, becomes a car-toon.—*The Score.*

When they brake up a passenger train, what becomes of the pieces?—*Baltimore Every Saturday.*

You may borrow all the trouble you want, and never be asked to return it.—*Steuben Republican.*

Stroking a cat's back with the hand will cure rheumatism. Stroking it with a bootjack will cure insomnia.

On account of the drought everything is high this fall, even the thermometer having an upward tendency.

An additional gloom hung around this office last Monday, two English humorous papers arriving in one mail.

"Indeed, sir, I would box your ears"—(pausing reflectively)—"but where could I find a box large enough?"

A pitcher, still unbroken, has been in an Athurst family 125 years. For mercy's sake, engage him for the Boston nine!

It was said of a man with a very rubicund nose that he looked as if he might be the collector of the port.—*Boston Courier.*

We should think scarf pins would get sea sick. They are so often on the bosoms of such heavy swells.—*Cedar Rapids Stylus.*

Jay Gould will crawl into a \$350,000 hut he has just bought on 5th avenue, near Vanderbilt's hotel, for the winter.—*Portland Press.*

Sum people won't believe any thing they kant prove; the things i kant prove are the very things i beleave the most.—*Josh Billings.*

When a peddler of barometers warranted to foretell rain approaches a man with a good, lively corn he is not apt to find a patient listener.

Blest be the woman that encourages her husband's morning nap. (We do hope the intelligent compositor won't set it "nip.")—*New York News.*

When the Czar of Russia met the emperor the other day it was the former who remarked, "Kaiser, how's your dog?"—*Philadelphia Chronicle-Herald.*

The charity committee did not mean exactly what they said when they announced "The smallest contributions will be most gratefully received."—*Lowell Citizen.*

A donkey is a fearless beast, and one is strongly impressed with this fact when he reads in the old books about a Jack's defying the lightning.—*Wit and Wisdom.*

Why don't somebody marry Anna Dickinson?—"Chaff." Because dear "Chaff," all of the brave men of the nation are already married or mortgaged.—*Steubenville Herald.*

A sick goat at Lorain has been aptly named olozmargerine, he being such a poor butler.

Brukeman: "The train is now about to enter the state of Missouri. Gentlemen who have not provided themselves with carbines will pass forward to the locomotive and crawl into the tender.

An old man lost his balance by kicking at his wife, in Louisville, and was killed by the fall. People who kick at the political parties to which they have long been wedded should take warning.

There is more heat in ten cents' worth of yellow mustard, than there is in a dollar's worth of coal. But you must put the mustard on your bosom, not in the stove.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

Can anyone inform us what is meant by those who say: "So and so's funeral was attended by our best people," or, "Our best people were present at the entertainment," etc.?—*Albany Express.*

The New York Commercial Advertiser speaks of Corry O'Leary as the only Irish play of Shakspeare, evidently forgetting O'Thello, who was one of the Moores of Ireland.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

For sale, an elegant pair of diamond mounted opera glasses. Our reason for selling is that since the coming of the cool weather, our devil don't have to use them to hunt our morning chunk of ice with.—*Evansville Argus.*

It was of course a Boston girl who declared that under no circumstances could she be induced to marry a man whose views on the theosophic doctrines of cosmogony were in the slightest degree loose.—*Boston Star.*

Editor Walter of the London *Times* says he shall visit this country every year so long as he is able. This is a wise conclusion, for in no other country can he learn the art of making a newspaper at once valuable and attractive.—*Phila. News.*

"Is this my train?" asked a traveller at the Grand Central depot of a lounge. "I don't know," was the reply; "I see it's got the name of some railroad company on the side, and expect it belongs to them. Have you lost a train anywhere?"

People never before know how many lunatics there are who think they can write good poetry.—*Boston Post.* Nor how many otherwise sensible people there are who will persist in writing bad poetry and expecting newspapers to publish it.—*Phila. News.*

Meyers has a bad voice, but is all the time humming a snatch of some song. The other day he was talking to Gilkerson about himself, saying "that he would cultivate his voice." "That's right," said Gilkerson, "plant it deep."—*Puck.*

A clerk in a city house recently asked for a half-day's absence because he wanted to attend a funeral in the country. When he returned the next morning with red hands and a freckled face, his employer asked quietly, "Where are the fish?"—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

The train-robbers have opened the fall season in Arkansas by robbing a train near Hope. As the robbers wore masks, and could not be identified, several prominent members of the legislature have come out in cards declaring their ability to prove satisfactory alibis.

An exchange prints "rules to discover spurious bank notes." But we don't want to discover bank notes of that description. It is the genuine kind we are looking for, and rules for discovering several thousands of these would be very acceptable.—*Norristown Herald.*

"I'd have you to know," said Miss Phoebe, "that I was called handsome in my young days." "But of course you never believed it, dear," remarked Cousin Sarah.

A household journal says tough beef can be made palatable by stewing gently for two hours, taking out about a half a pint of liquor when half done, and let the rest boil into the meat. A better and less troublesome plan would be to kill the cow when she is a calf.—*Norristown Herald.*

"I want to go," said a very respectable looking gentleman, accosting a stranger, "to the almshouse." "See here, stranger, ain't you got no pride? Before I'd go to the almshouse, I'd pawn that 'ere fine suit, and make a raise on them spectacles! Ain't you got no pride?"—*Philadelphia Sunday Item.*

"I must say that I very much dislike this ostentatious furnishing," remarked the elderly Miss Pringle, as she looked about her in the new home of the Spankingtons. "Now look at that great elaborately-framed mirror. I declare I can see nothing beautiful in it." "You shouldn't expect impossibilities, Miss Pringle," remarked Fogg, the villain.

They went to the menagerie—
Did Eunice and her Ned;
She had a pair of tight shoes on,
Which pinched her much; he said,
When noticing her pallid face,
"Are you with terror torn?"
Dost fear the lion?" "Nay," said she,
"It is the Eunice-corn!"
—*Yonkers Gazette.*

Some folks are natural born comforters. X, who has a boil on his neck, met Y on the street. "Hello, got a boil, hain't ye? Bad one, too. Same thing Z died of ten years ago. Inflammation set in and choked him to death. Hope yours won't turn out so." And Y pursued his way, ready to pour oil on any troubled waters that might beset his path.—*Hartford Sunday Journal.*

Mrs. Bevington, "an English reformer," is trying to convince English labourers that if they will only eat brown or graham, instead of white bread, they will not need milk, eggs, or meat. If argument could settle the business the labourers in free trade England would have learned to live without eating years ago, but they are a very obstinate class.

Amelia Lewis, editor of *Food and Health*, an excellent magazine, is about to make a practical test in her own case in regard to the effects upon the human system of grape sugar and glucose, both of which she will use exclusively for sweetening for a period of three months.—*Reading Times and Despatch.* If at the end of that time she is not so sweet as she is now the fate of glucose will be sealed.

A Lawyer's Wooing.

My head is like a little deed,
Or abstract of the same;
Wherein, my Bessy, thou may'st read
Thine own long cherished name.

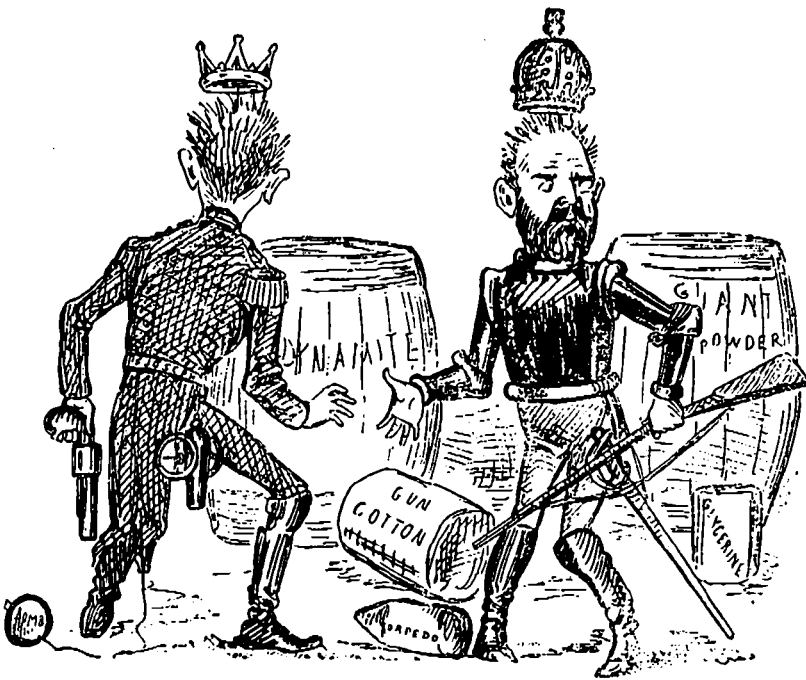
Against thee I my suit have brought,
I am thy plaintiff lover,
And for the heart that thou hast caught
An action lies—in trover.

Alas, upon me every day
The heaviest costs you levy;
Oh, give me back my heart—but may I
I feel I can't reply.

I'll love thee with my latest breath,
Alas, I cannot you shun,
Till the hard hand of sheriff Death
Takes me in execution.

Say, Bessy dearest, if you will
Accept me as a lover,
Must true affection file a bill
The secret to discover?

Is it my income's small amount
That leads to hesitation?
Refer the question of account
To Cupid's arbitration.



WHO WOULDN'T WEAR A CROWN?

(Historical Picture of the Coming Meeting of the Emperors.)

FRANCIS JOSEPH, OF AUSTRIA.—"Mercy me! why, what was that?"
 ALEXANDER III, OF RUSSIA.—"Silent he! it was the cat!"

Ering-bragh Terraco
 October 1st, 1881.

DEAR MISTHER GRIP,

Sure I'd a'most forgot about attendin the meetin' for "the amelioration av the condition of the snobocracy" an' it's in duty bound I am to be ather publicly thankin' Sur Heether for puttin' me in mind av the same. It was the queerest thing: Shure meself was jist havin' a saunter down the beautiful green boovyards on Jarvis Street when I passed by two Hamilton min, wan av thim, he keeps a little corner grocery in a corner beyant, and the other, an' ould whitewiskered fossil, he—bedad, I dunno who he was, anyhow, says he, "Are you going to the banquet to-morrow?" sez he. "No," sez the grocery man, "I don't know as I will." "Oh, come," says the other, wid a wink, "you'd better. I've got tickets, an' I'll take it out in groceries or anything handy. Come?" "All right," says grocery, "I'll be there," and wid that, all av a suddin I remembered about me own meetin' that very night, an' here it was half-past six, an' me had to take the chair at seven! Devil a blade av green grass grew at my heels till I got to me own dure, whin, now, sez I, Barney, if yez go in there, its no end av fixins yer wife'll be ather havin', an' considerin' ye're to have a fling at thim everlastin' sweets av the money-ocemy it would be mighty onbecomin' av the chairman av the meetin' to be figgerin' in an extensive white buzzuin an' green satin necktie. No, Barney, me bye! there's the eternal fitness av things to be considered, an' don't yez iver forgit it aither. So I opens the dure saftly, an' shtepin' in on me big toes, I gets me panacea lut down aff the peg in the hall, thinkin' I might as well have another turn out av it before the cold weather set in, an' thim ye sec, it ud be lighter on me head, secin' we had made a rule to keep our hats on in token av our independince an' opposition to the manners an' customs av the present day. So I sticks it on. It felt kind av

tight. Luck at that now! Ye see how a man's brain grows whin he is connected wid an intellectual an' public-spirited paper like Grip. Last May this panema was jist as free an' aisy an' accomodatun as the prophecies of Dr. Wild, but now, bedad, me brain has expanded wid ideas until it fits as tight as the principles av a *Globe* Reform editorial, an' it's hard work I have to get it on. Thim I takes howd av it be the rim, an' gives it a good pull down, but *shill* it felt kind av shmallish. Whin I got to the hall, behowld ye, it was jammed to the dure; an' Sandy McSnuffly, a Scotchman wid a big blazin' red beard, an pair av blue spectacles on, was jist ather makin' a motion that he would "tak the chair himsel", till Maister O'Hay would come, whin, unfortunately for him, meself arrived. Howly Moses! the charin' and whoorain', and clappin' av hands, an' stampin' av feet, but chiefly the lallin', bato all iver I heard in all me days, born or unborn. Some av the minbers on the platform were doubled clunc up, some were rowlin' aff their chairs in hysteries, and Sandy McSnuffly, he stnd up glowerin' at me from under his specs, his mouth wide open wid admiration, an' iver now an' thim ejaculatin' "Canld airn!" Av coorse I couldn't help feelin' flattered at sich an ovation from me fellow-citizens, an' it showed the popularity av the movement so much that me first impulse was to grab me panacea, an' wave it round me head by way av response, but rememberin' that hnts on was the rule, I merely sat down an' smiled all over me face, as much as iver I knew how. But the lallin' an' cheerin' grew worse the more I smiled, so I stnd up with great dignity, an' riz me hand in a kind of bland protest. There was a shunall bit av a lull thim, an' I began, "Ladies an' Gintlemen, that's to say, I mane Gintlemen, burrin' the Ladies, secu' there's none av yez prisint—" Here "Shoot the hat," cries a spalpeen from the rare av the Hall. "Don't be ather showin' the white feather, Barney," sez another. Begorra thim I gits mad, an' sez

I, "If yez don't mind your oye, young man, its one shtep from the tap to the bottom av the shtairs outside ye'll be takin'." Just thim Anty McIvor's cousin Francis he shteps up, an' tappin me on the shoulder, whispers in me ear, "Barney," sez he. "What?" sez I. "Where on airth did ye get that hat?" sez he. "An' what the devil's your business wid that?" sez I. The hat's me own, an' its paid for, an' that's all you want to know about it." "Mother o' Moses," sez he in an implorin' kind av a tone, "take the ould thing off anyway." "It's me coat I'll be takin' off if yez don't be out av that quick," sez I, an' I looked him strate in the oye. "For the love av the saints," sez he, niver mindin' me a bit, "is it goin' out of yer mind yez are entirely, to be ather diggracin' yer respectable, decent family, an' makin' an ould donkey av yerself?" Now, this was more than mortal flesh and blood could stand, so widout wan more word I whips off me coat an' throws down me hat on the platform. Me hat! Och! I wirra, wirra, that I should live to see the day! It was a woman's hat, a leghorn, (the devil fly away wid it,) an' it was fixed up wid a blazin' red ribbon, two big sunflowers, an' a big white feather, wid a big brass huckle on the wan side, Misther Grip, like the Ancient Mariner.

"I closed me eyes an' let t'hem close,
 An' the balls like pulkes beat;
 For the shkoj an' the say, an' the say and the shkoj
 Lay lik a load on me weary oye,
 An' that hat tows at me feet,
 The cold sweat milted from me limbs
 While laugh and chare did they.
 The look they looked upon that hat
 Will never pass away."

An' thim like the phantom ship, can glidin up to me the recollection that Nora's cousin from the Shtates had come to visit, an' had hung up her had in the hall on the peg where me parama always hangs, an' I had stuck the confounded things on instead av me own. But whin I tuk in the sitivation, I got equal to it, so sez I, "We're ather havin' a bit av fur, Gintlemen, an' we'll now procede to business." But me foine spache an' the miner procedins I musht lave over till next week, whin yo may expect to hear again from

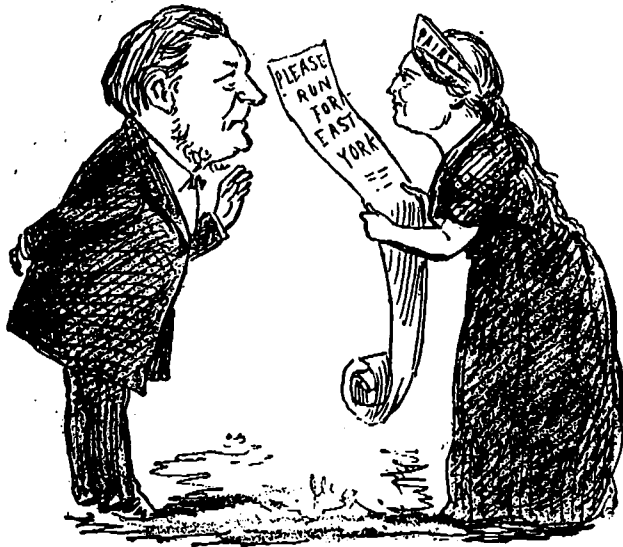
BARNEY O'HEA.

He also Comes from Ohio.

German journals speak of a remarkable young American by the name of Richard M. Jackson, a native of Ohio, who has become a favourite of the King of Wurtemberg. He first studied music at the Stuttgart conservatory, and later became attached to the German consulate. He is described as tall and handsome, with a blond moustache, brown hair and dark eyes. He became acquainted with the king in the gardens attached to the palace, and it is said that he took care to meet the sovereign accidentally every day, and then always behaved with such respectful admiration as first attracted the monarch's attention and then won his favour. Jackson was offered the position of reader to the king, with a salary of \$1,500 and a suite of five rooms in one of the royal buildings, and accepted it upon the condition that in renouncing his allegiance to the United States he should not assume obligations to receive orders from any person except the king himself. The young man is said now to have the king's confidence in a high degree, and often to be his sole companion on travels and walks, being treated rather as a friend and equal than a subject in receipt of wages. Jackson received the decoration of the Franz Josef order from the Emperor of Austria. The old courtiers are jealous, but the young man seems able to take care of himself.

It is sad but true that a man who once becomes deaf seldom enjoys a happy hear after.
 —*Syracuse Standard*.

Translated from the French of M. Jules Mitchelet. A remarkable book. Every Man and every Woman will want it. 100,000 copies have been sold in Paris and London. A beautiful volume. Chaste and elegant illustrations. 500 agents wanted—men and women. Exclusive Territory. The best terms. Address: J. S. & BERTSON & Bros., Whitby, Ont.



DECLINED WITH THANKS.

HON. S. H. BLAKE TO EAST YORK.—“Not this evening; some other evening; good evening!”



A FOND FAREWELL.

(Joly's parting song on retiring from publ'c life.)

HON. MR. JOLY TO MONS. TARTE, editor of the *Canadien*.—“Good bye, sweet Tarte; good bye”

A Boston Schoolboy's Composition on the Oyster.

The oyster is a fortunate creature, if it be fortunate to be much mentioned in history. People who have swallowed an enormous number of oysters figure in anecdotes, and are considered to have done something meritorious. The Roman who first formed oyster beds, which he did at Baie, is known to have been named Sergius Orato, who had the happiness to live in the time of Augustus, and who is known to have made a great deal of money by the exercise of his ingenuity. To-day it is mentioned in the encyclopedias that Apicius, a contemporary of Trajan, was the first who taught the world to pickle oysters. His fame rests upon that fact. There was another Apicius distinguished for his love of lobsters; there was another who set up a school of cookery; but the oyster pickling Apicius has a distinct fame, and survives freshly in classical dictionaries. When George I. came to England from Hanover, the royal cooks could not please the royal palate in the matter of oysters until it was discovered that his Majesty liked them stale, as he had always been in the habit of eating them. When Mr. Thackeray came first to Boston certain of his admirers asked him to supper. There were among other delicacies gigantic oysters. The novelist could not comprehend that he was to swallow one in an undivided state, but being shown the way, and having accomplished the feat, he observed that he felt as if he had swallowed a baby.

Newspaper Circulation.

(From the *Babington Independent*.)

There is a contest among the city newspapers, as to their circulations. The *Toronto Mail* declared it had the largest circulation of any paper in Canada. Upon this the *Montreal Star* offers to bet \$5000 that the circulation of the *Star* is the largest by some thousands; the *Mail* offers to bet about something else, and the *Telegram* runs around with a \$1000 bill in its hand wanting to bet that neither *Mail* or *Star* is equal to the *Telegram*. In fact the moment has apparently arrived for the leading papers to bet on their circulations and of course

we do not wish to ignore any duty which devolves upon us. Therefore we now offer to bet the sum of \$10,000, the whole amount to be given to the nearest nunatic asylum, that

THIS JOURNAL HAS THE LARGEST CIRCULATION OF ANY JOURNAL IN EXISTENCE.

And we appoint the Bishop of Ontario, Mr. Oscar Wilde, and Mr. Forepangh, a committee to examine our publisher's books and the paper mill vouchers. The area of circulation is to be confined to Nogey's Creek. The Ten Thousand Dollars are now in the Bank, and are in no way under our control.

A Social Fraud.

A subscriber at Racine writes to know if it would be proper for him to speak to a lady that he has never been introduced to. He says he has met her on the street, in places of business, and at parties for two years, that he knows all her family, and she knows his, and that she looks as though she wished he would speak, but he has never been introduced to her, and doesn't speak. No, you must not speak to her. You may go along meeting her till Gabriel blows his trumpet, and she may look as familiar to you as your sister, and yet till some mutual acquaintance says, “Mr. So-and-so,” you cannot speak to her without society will say you are an impudent thing. She may wish she knew you, and yet if you should speak to her she would feel it her duty to society to say, “Sir!” and look greatly offended and then you would be all broke up. If she should drop her pocket-book and you should pick it up and hand it to her, she would say thank you, with a sweet smile, but you would have no right to speak to her next time you met. If she should meet you some day and say, “How do you do, Mr. So-and-so? I have known you since you have lived in this town, though we were never introduced formally, and it has got so embarrassing to pass you half a dozen times a day without speaking, while I speak to those who may be with you, that I have concluded not to wait for an introduction,” some nice spot with a number 6 hat would say, “Oh, my, what a flirt that lady is. She actually spoke to a man without

being introduced.” If you should frankly offer her your hand and say, “Thank you, madam, for suspending the rule of etiquette, and speaking. I have seen you so many times that your pleasant face is as welcome a sight as that of my sister, and I have wanted to know you, but had given up all idea that I ever would,” some simpering female idiot would say, “Only to think, that bold, awful man has actually flirted with Miss So-and-so until he has got acquainted without a formal introduction.” No, young man go right along about your business, and don't try to hurry the cattle. Society must be consulted, though in some respects society may be a confounded fool.—*Peck's Sun*.

The man who took a seat in the orchestra when his ticket was for the second balcony fell badly in having to change. In fact, he was moved two tiers.

BENGOUGH'S SHORTHAND BUREAU.—Reporting, teaching, securing situations for shorthand writers—these are the features of this Bureau, which deserves the attention of public companies, professional men, shorthand writers, and those desiring to learn. Full particulars on application to this office.

A WORTHY REPRESENTATIVE.—Mr. Harry Emerson, formerly of Brantford, now of Grip, Toronto, is in the city on business connected with that journal. Harry is heartily welcomed on all sides, as his host of friends here are pleased to see him.—*Brantford Telegram*.

Answer to Many Correspondents.

In reply to numerous inquiries from our readers, concerning the wonderful qualities of the Great German Remedy, St. Jacobs Oil, mentioned in our last issue, we would inform them that the article may be obtained from our retail druggists, or by their aid. Ask for St. Jacobs Oil, and if the dealer does not keep it in stock, he will be able to procure it in a few days from the wholesale houses. We understand there is existing an immense demand for the remedy, which is not so very surprising when it is considered what it is daily accomplishing in the way of relief and cures, bordering, in some instances, on the miraculous.

WOMAN'S LOVE AND LIFE.

AYALA
Chateau D'AY.

THE POPULAR CHAMPAGNE,
“EXTRA DRY” AND “SEC.”

AYALA
Chateau D'AY.