

IMPORTER,  
**CHINA HALL.**  
GLOVER HARRISON,  
49 KING ST. E., Toronto.



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• GRIP •

AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL.

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J. W. BENGOUGH

Editor.

The gravest beast is the Ass; the gravest Bird is the Owl; The gravest Fish is the Oyater; the gravest Man is the Fool.

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—When the business managers of *The Mail*, whose actions are influenced by stern facts, rather than by editorial poetry, find it necessary to cut down the wages of their printers, an outsider may be permitted to mention that we are now enjoying hard times, without being liable to the charge of Gritism. This is the paralyzing reply of the Tory organ to any statement which may be supposed to reflect on the Government, just as the equally dreadful cry of "Tory" is the crushing answer of the *Globe* to any criticisms from the independent press. We are having a depression, whether or not the Ottawa Cabinet is responsible for it. They are certainly responsible for the N. P., and the point we wish to make just now is that the N. P. bears with undue severity on the very classes that need its help most. The wage-earner is crushed beneath heavy taxes on the necessaries of life, and meantime he finds his wages (if he is, perchance, receiving any) cut down by competition "assisted" from the old world by the Government, out of the public funds. This is all very sad, but the average working man of Canada does not ask for sympathy. He steadfastly believes in Sir John as the workingman's friend, and would rather endure hardship under the present régime than live in clover—if he believed that possible—under a pestilent Grit premier.

FIRST PAGE.—The Democrats have, for a wonder, made a good nomination for the Presidential ticket. Cleveland and Hendricks are more acceptable to the decent American voter than Blaine and Logan, but it will be a marvel if their very goodness does not bring about their defeat. Kelly, representing the Tammany Wing, and Butler, who represents a little of everything implied by the word demagogue, have practically bolted the party ticket, and unless these doughty leaders can be reconciled their opposition will more than counterbalance the Independent Republican vote, which, it is anticipated, will be cast for the Democratic nominees. Adversity, it is said, makes strange bed-fellows. So does a virtuous democratic nomination, when it drives Kelly and Butler into the same bunk with Blaine.

EIGHTH PAGE.—Complaint is made against the *Week*, or rather against its controlling spirit—Mr. Goldwin Smith—that nothing on the temperance question is allowed to appear in its columns from the pens of contributors,

which is not in accord with that gentleman's personal opinions. The consequence of this is that the Anti-Scott Act party get an undue advantage. Of course Mr. Smith has a perfect right to do as he pleases with his own paper, but so long as he follows the policy here indicated he cannot expect the public to recognize the *Week* as the unbiassed free and independent journal it claims to be.

PRESS COMMENTS ON OUR LAST ISSUE.

A COMPLIMENT TO KINGSTON.

GRIP's cartoon, representing the adoration of Toronto by her sister cities, is interesting. Several young ladies, bearing the names of the cities they represent, on their coronets, dance around Toronto who is seated on a dais. The handsomest of the group bears the name of Kingston, thus showing that Mr. GRIP has an eye to the eternal fitness of things.—*Whig*.

GRIP had an excellent cartoon in last issue. It represented "Public Opinion" blindfold, in female attire. The *Globe* and *Mail*, in the form of two yelping curs are each endeavoring to drag her in his own direction, but in vain. Underneath is the statement, "Wanted an honest dog to lead her." Behind her are the *World* and the *News* as candidates for the leadership, with the *News* in advance.—*Dundalk Herald*.

That very interesting bird, GRIP, entered his twenty-third volume last week, which was not the least important event of Toronto's semi-centennial celebration week. GRIP is and always has been an enterprising, energetic, humorous, interesting, instructive, and clean cartoon paper, and deserves the hearty support of all Canadians.—*Fleisherton Advance*.



GIVING ONE ANOTHER TAFFY.

HUDDLECOME HUDDLECOME HEARD FROM.

BWUADVIEU, N. W. T.

DEAR MR. GWIP.—Contwawy to your advice, which at the time I confess, seemed to me,—haw,—a little curt, and,—aw,—shall I say, impertinent, I did not return to England, but as you may gather from the above address, came out heah, and purchasing an improved fawm enticed with enehgy upon agwicultural pehsults I have I may say,—aw,—added vevy gweatly to my pwactical knowledge of fawming, and,—aw,—buolic work in genewal, and am now moahovah shuah that your advice was well-meant and cowect. Your kindly intewest in my affaiwys may justify my,—aw,—wecounting some of my expiehences since lawst you heard frowm me. Well, at the vevy outset, I suffehed,—aw,—

a most intolewable insult frowm one of the uncultivated clauss which fawms the majority of the,—haw,—population out heah. When I left the C. P. R. twain at this place, seeing no portah on the platform, I requested the station-agent to see awfiteh my luggage, and cawy it faw me to an hotel: noting some appawent,—aw,—embawassment on his pawt, I added in an explanatowy way, ye know, "I'm a son of a lawd ye know," wheah upon be jove he weplied, "I don't care if you're a son of a gun." Now this, ye know, to me, by jove was neflectly surpwising, such depth of,—aw,—diswegard faw the,—haw,—privileges of birth I could hawdly have imagined. Howevah, so fixed was my determination to avoid twade and follow a fawm life, that I next day pwocceeded to puhchase a yoke of cattle, they being as I am infowmed moah able to stand hawd work on poor feed thau hawses. The only yoke faw sale weah vevy obnoxious on account of theah color, one being white and the other a flaming wed, vevy unasthetic ye know, and quite offensive to my wefined tastes. Howevah, I,—aw,—stomached this drawback, puhchased the team faw \$300, and set out faw my fawm. I may add,—aw,—that the pwospect of abundance of milk from my cattle was what finally decided me upon theah purchase, theah ownah assuring ne that they came of good milking stock. Well, I suffahed anothah seveah twial when I found that my oxen had,—aw,—contwucted a vevy nawsty habit of licking theah chops awfiteh dwinking, quite disgusting to one brought up in the lap of luxury; faw sevewal days I was compelled, by jove, to watch them awfiteh din-hah, or my own appetite would be intefcawhed with, ye know.

The only cwop I have plawnted faw this yeah is hwan, that being, I understand, the best,—aw,—awficle of diet faw cattle. I plawnted an acre three weeks ago, and am becoming,—aw,—quite discouraged to find that it has not yet come up. My seed I feah was bad. Anotheh gwievous disappointment is that my oxen have not yet begun to give milk; I pwopose waiting a week longer faw my cwop and the oxen. If my hopes weinain at that date,—aw,—still unfulfilled, I shall at once leave this countwy and go back to Huddlecome Hall, looking in upon you as I pass through Towonto.

Yours dejectedly,

HUDDLECOME HUDDLECOME.

Late of Huddlecome Hall, Hants, Eng.

LOOK OUT FOR HIM.

(Fragment of a letter from Hamilton.)

He was a poet, he said. Then he unfolded a large roll of manuscript which he begged me to read and criticise. He said the *Palladium of Labour* had given him two dollars for a poem of the Jude species. But he would read several of them to me. The *Hamilton Spec* reporters had praised his poetry very much, and would get some of them inserted in their paper, but really they had so much already in hand, that they could not definitely say when they would be free. However, they would furnish him with letters of recommendation to Whittier and other great minds, to whom they advised him to send some of his pieces. He had done so, and was waiting an answer. Yes—well, yes he was prepared to admit the ability of Shakespere, but he thought I would prefer his. He would now recite to me this exquisite piece of word painting commencing with "Oh! who can fathom a poet's fancy." I sat it through to the bitter end. The rhyme rattled, and hobbled, and grated like an empty waggon over a newly macadamized road, but I bore it like a hero. I suffered and was strong; although, I confess, the old Adam would keep protesting in an undertone, what have I done? what have I

done? After he had mopped off his forehead and swallowed a glass of water preparatory to resuming, I headed him off by asking him if ever he had written or sent anything to Goldwin Smith. He said he was going to, but as he proposed visiting Toronto soon, he thought a personal interview would be more satisfactory. He said he would go down to see Goldwin Smith immediately after the Semi-Centennial celebration. I trust he will be induced to remain in Toronto.



Aw—thank you—you ah a bwick, and—aw—talking of bwicks—here's anothew Fwench fellah comes to the fwont now—with the—aw—infawmation that common house bwicks ah full of vehmin—aw—that is—aw—disease gehms—called—aw—something—like—aw—tobacco—aw—baxter—aw—something. Now—aw—that's too thin. Heah's a good English wold wuined all through the infehnal wewarshes of these middling fw'rch savants. No fellah can call anothew fellah bwick now without insinuating that he is covched with—aw—aw—well, can't you see that it's impossible to call any decent fellah a bwick now without insulting him—ya-as—by Jawve!

Amusing? I should smile. To heah Col. Denison talking about the people of Cwinaud putting down independence, weminds one—aw—of the—aw—old stovy of the—aw—Thwee tailaws of Tooley Stweet woo used to say "We the people of England." Faw all that, I cawn't see that it's woth while to get up on their nind legs about it. Aw—aw—if it pleases the old womer to get out their mops and bwooms and go swabbing awound, why—aw—let them. The—aw—tice wises all the same. Ya-as indeed—aw—I should wathaw think so!

We'l—aw—no—you weally ought to have a fawty yeah celebration in honaw of Sir John. He is without doubt the clewest man going. And as the papaws say, its not likely he can see anothaw ten yeahs—so—aw—it might be a vewy pleasant way of fawtving him befow he goes, and of assuwhing him of your appweciation of the pwospect. He is the only man alive who—aw—can steal from you and yet wetaim your wespact. His policy is, and always has been, to hit you a fwienly slap on the shouldeh with one hand, while he—aw—aw—picks your pocket with the othaw. Fact—aw—you know he does it—aw—you feel his hand in your pocket—you turn wound indignantly—he smiles, flaunts your pwoperty in your face, lays one fingaw on his nose, bows, goes on his way wewoicing—and you fawvgive, and—aw—admiah him! Whatevah is expedient is wight—Towios may pwotest, and—aw—Gwits howl—all the same Sir John cwawies the day—ya-as! By all means celebrwate faw the—aw—last time.

"Do look, how much heavier Digby's wife is than he!" cried Blobson, as the pair referred to rode by in a light buggy. "Oh, no, that isn't it," replied Popinjay; "they are carrying a loaf of Mrs. Digby's bread to a poor family around the corner, and that is what weighs down her side of the buggy so."



CANADIAN FABLES.

I.—THE WELL AND THE WEATHER PROPHEET.

A weather propheet, on the stars intent, Walked, gazing upwards, heedless where he went. While his soul soared above, his body fell Down to the bottom of an ancient well. Then saw he still more stars around him spread, And meteors whirled swiftly through his head. At last his brain cleared; peering through the gloom He saw a white-robed grave-eyed lady, whom He knew to be a stranger; so he said:—"Speak! art thou risen, truly, from the dead?" "Art thou a phantom of my brain's own birth?" "For none like thee have I beheld on earth!" The stranger raised a little lump on high, And scanned the propheet with an angry eye. "You saw me not before? Nay, wretched youth, "No need to wonder, for my name is Truth. "But know that this, my villa, must not be "Contaminated by a thing like thee." Thus saying, up she screwed her little lump, And showed the trembling man a stairway dump; Which led to upper earth: in mortal dread The propheet skipped the rundle, and went to bed.

MORAL.

When the next weather-seer makes such a fall Let's hope the well is brimming full, that's all.



II.—THE PHONETIC TRAMP.

A Tramp, who felt he might be coaxed to eat, Entered a backdoor on a certain street. His wants once stated, "Please," the servant said, "Sit down, I'll see the master," and she fled. The tramp, who was devoted to his work, Thrust in his breast full many a spoon and fork. But soon he found his taken utensils. So softly had the master stooped down stairs. "Be not afraid, poor man, so mock and muto, "Nor think my heart's as hard as proscute. "I value not that silver, yet for tri! "Of your repentance and your self-donial, "Pray put it back." As asked so did the Bent. "That proves your honesty," the Master said, "Fall to and eat—thoro's milk, and beef, and bread." "And nary pudding?" whined the tramp. "To-day "I grieve to tell you that my cook's away. "But, lest you chance to steal for pudding's sake, "Tell me how much of pudding can you take?" "Five dollars' worth," the sullen tramp replied, Nor was his modest estimate denied. Then walking out into the neighboring street, The smiling vagrant met a fellow beat. "Yes, I got lots of chuck, besides a V. "I wished thero were more suckers like to ho." Just then the host, who chanced to leave the door Just as the tramp did, faced the two: "No more! "I feel you, give you money, let you go, "And now I'm called a sucker! Go sir, go!" "Excuse me, sir," the obsequious tramp replied,

"This is not the first time that sounds have lied. "Had I but writ the word upon a slate, "The difference in your feelings had been great. "I said you wore a succour—S-U-C "C-O-U-U-it—and so you wore to me."

MORAL.

Phonetic speller, tell me if you can, sir, Under your system, what the tramp could answer?



SISS SOLILIQUIZES.

Ah! what it is to be a boy. A boy now, is just what I call the incarnation of liberty, fraternity, equality. He can go anywhere, do anything and everything, and it's all right—but a girl—humph! There's Jack now, in summer he elopes before dawn with a fishing rod, and no one dreams of looking for him till bedtime, when he arrives home, dangling in triumph a three inch perch over his shoulder, and ravenous—he can eat breakfast, dinner and supper all at once. Then he plays base ball every summer evening, in his shirt sleeves and stocking feet. Oh! what it is to be a boy! If a circus or a menagerie was to come around, the place that knows i'm now would know him no more, until he saw the last of the animals safe on the outward bound train, and then he'll entertain you for a week, with how a monkey snatched off his hat and made off with it, how he tickled the lion with a switch, fed the elephant with apples, and crept under the canvas, and saw the whole performace gratis. Oh! you may believe he did, boys will do anything, evon to beating their way for a trip on the merry-go-rounds. The other day, in the park now, when everybody was suffocating in the jam trying to see the review; where do you think the representative boy was? in the crowd? no, indeed, but perched on the tip-top bough of that old fir tree, having an uninterrupted boys-eye view of the whole parade. Then, there's the marbles! did you ever know anything to beat the shrieks of a boy when he gets excited over marbles? He feels like his father at election times. Can't he double up his fists and go for that fellow who fobbles! And his kite! give him a stick, a couple of newspapers, and a cup of paste, and next day he'll be out on the breezy commons; dinner, home, everything forgot in the bliss of watching that wavering speck in the blue ether above. He goes swimming, boating, racing; he feels glad he is living. Now, why can't we do all that? Why can't we fly kites, play ball, climb trees, go fishing, and have a jolly good time, without being called bold, forward tomboys. Why don't they lace the boys up in stays, and put clothes on them they are afraid of soiling? Why ain't we allowed to grow up out o' doors, and become healthy and vigorous and strong, instead of narrow-chested, round-shouldered, paling, white-faced useless things. Mrs. Grundy? To Jericho with Mrs Grundy! give me health and happiness, and the unspeakable privilege of growing up like a boy.

SISS.

**A DOWNY DUDE.**

"Twas in the fair city of London the now,  
In a shop where a barber his trade did pursue;  
That a dude most delightfully airy walked in,  
A-twirling his cane, and a-feeling his chin.  
It was his intention just for to be shaved,  
But his boss he came in and to him ill-behaved;  
Ordered him both the shop and the city to leave,  
Lest him of his liberty he should bereave.

Now this downy young dude who came in for a shave,  
Had been shaving his boss in a manner so brave,  
That his livery bill only his wages ate up;  
And still he dressed gaily, and gayly did sup.  
Moreover this dude was to marriage inclined;  
To marry whole seven he'd made up his mind.  
There were two in Vittoria, two Michigan,  
And in South London two, all to marry one man.  
To each he sent watches and jewels galore,  
Then the boss smelt a rat, and upsat all the splore;  
Short shirt did he get, "fifteen minutes—be off!"  
He went—nor once waited his christy to doff.

**MORAL.**

Now, all you young ladies who bank duds affect,  
Beware! No young fellow can be quite correct  
Who spends his small wages on drives, leaving nil,  
Save what he can capture by tapping the till.



FOREWARNED—FOREARMED.

DE ARBOUR, JULY 10th, 1884.

**MISTAH GRIP,**

Spose you know very well dat de cholera  
an on de wah path once moah an' dat it am  
bound to come along heah right away—if not  
soonah. You 'nose de ole proverb—"It's an  
ill wind dat blows nobody good"—well, we  
might as well make all we kin out of de  
cholera—it will make all it kin out of us when  
it comes—but if cleanliness an' de smell ob  
good hot lime kin sneeze him off de premises,  
why, de game is woth de candle anyhow.  
What I kem about dis ma'wnin' is—you know  
de awldermen—dat is, de mos intelligent of  
'em take GRIP. Well, I want to ketch dere  
eye. I want an all fired full page ad, on de  
cover ob GRIP, in dese words printed in capi-  
tals of awldermanic poportions—jes so—

**CHOLERA COMING SHO.**

A LARGE 'SINEMENT OB SHELLS FRFESH FROM  
DE LIME-KILN

**ALSO**

'BOLIC ACID AND DE CHLORIDE AT DE NEAREST  
DRUG STO"—CHEAP.

Whitewashing dun thurly an' neatly, by axeperts  
and artists.

I doan min payin' a little extra fur a cut of  
awlderman-Piper doubled up wid de cramps  
—and a niggah on a laddah whitewashing de  
Zoo. When de cholera's bin an gone yo ken  
send in de bill fur adveatizin'—I'll have my  
bill fo' whitewashing settled by de bord ob  
health by dat time. Ef dey jes give me de  
contract fur a gen'ral clarin up—an' a high ole  
fumigation ob all holes an' cawners—fo' gra-  
cious—dere won't be a single bite fo' a cholera  
microscope to feed on—he'll be starved out,—  
glad to scoot, sho!

JAY KAYELLE WASHINGTON WHITE.  
Purveyor to de Boad of Health.

**THE SCALPEL.**

**"NEVER LOSE YOUR GRIP."**

"CORK, June 20.—The Mayor of this city has tendered his resignation because Dolaney, the defeated candidate, for the mayoralty, has instituted legal proceedings against him."

Now, let us by way of contrast turn to a distinguished countryman of this non-combatative Corkonian, on this side of the water. His name is Haw—, but stay! On second thoughts charity prevails, and we simply but sadly say: "*Requiescat in fatum jobum!*"

**IT'S A FACT.**

"The people of Canada at present want nothing so little as they want reciprocity.—*Mail.*

Yes, they do. They want *Mail* editorial littler, and less violent and virulent in tone.

**SEETHING SEDIMENT—OR SENTIMENT.**

"DUBLIN, June 20.—Earl Spencer, in replying to an address presented by deputation from the Presbyterians of Ormiston, said that Ireland had passed through turbulent times, but there were good grounds for hoping that better times were near at hand."

Aye, "good grounds," to be sure. But the trouble is the grounds won't settle!

**SOMETHING IN A NAME.**

"The lace dress technically known to dressmakers and the trade as Laize, is the high novelty of the passing season.—*Fashion Item.*

Quite in keeping with modern fashionable femininity. But they might as well spell it plain "lace."

**A TRIUMPH OF RESEARCH.**

"The North York Teachers' Association say that the Hon. G. W. Ross is the right man in the right place."

Somebody really ought to hasten and apprise Mr. Ross of this startling discovery. We all know the hon. gentleman himself has not the faintest suspicion of it.

**AN EDITOR'S LITTLE SCARE.**

"Mr. Blake, while acting as umpire in the baseball match between the Beavers of Guelph and the Mutuals of Galt, on Saturday last, had to leave his post during the second innings, he having been knocked senseless by a "foul tip."—*Galt Reformer.*

There was consternation in the family of many a true and tried Grit in good old Waterloo, when this item was first encountered. But further on the joking editor proceeds to explain that it was a local "Mr. Blake," and not the False Prophet of the Great Reform Party, who had got hurt.

**PARTICULARS, PLEASE.**

"Earl Spencer has expressed the opinion that the sway of the Terrorists is ended.—*Cablegram.*

But we'd like to know if His Excellency has taken into account the Toronto police force!

**TAKE NOTICE.**

"The paroxysms of religious enthusiasm into which some Salvationists work themselves are apt to end in the unhinging of weak minds.—*Toronto Telegram.*

This is an awful warning to readers of the *Telegram* never to join the Salvationists.

**A COINCIDENCE.**

"As the world grows older labor increases its value, and to a very large extent in proportion to the increase the products of human industry decline in price.—*Globe.*

This appeared in the same issue of the *Globe* that chronicled its printers' strike, and also contained offers of advertising "rediklus low."

**THEY WANT THE COIN.**

"Lord Carlingford says American power and influence would increase enormously if America had free trade,"

But it is cold cash our cousins are looking after in their fiscal policy.

**TOO PARTICULAR, ALTOGETHER.**

"Figaro's correspondent, Pain, recently left Beach in an attempt to penetrate to El Oband. He was attacked by the Arabs and robbed. When he endeavored to reach the river he nearly perished. A fellow found Pain in an almost dying condition, and carried him to Eilfo, where he was arrested, and the authorities refused him permission to telegraph the French consul. Pain will sue the Egyptian Government for false imprisonment."

He will, eh? Well, that's all we want to know about Mr. Pain. A newspaper correspondent who can't stand a little knocking around occasionally, had better quit and join some police force.

**GET THEE TO A NIGHT SCHOOL.**

"\* \* \* both her and the Salvation Army soldier were arrested." *Mail local.*

Brother Griffin must really try to bear up. It's tough—but cast your thoughts on the success of the Semi-Centennial, and a withering glance at the author of this atrocity.

**STRAIGHT BUSINESS.**

"The latest effort of the genius of Mr. J. B. Alden, of New York, in the art of publishing cheap and useful books, is an issue of "A Concise Practical Concordance to the Principal Poets of the World."—*Mail Book Reviewer.*

"I must give this thing," mutters the able reviewer, "a good stiff, because Griffin himself is interested in the Principal Poets of the World. In fact, he stands right in among 'em with his hat on—in his mind."

**GOULD'S GOLD.**

"Jay Gould never writes his name twice in the same way."—*Item.*

But no one who carries one of Mr. Gould's cheques will throw it away when he learns this. His name in any other shape would draw as much.

**OH, WE KNOW YOU.**

"Farm work is at a standstill now, so that agriculturalists will have a good opportunity to view the sights."—*Toronto Telegram.*

Spelling it "agriculturalist" was done with a design. The editor of the *Telegram* wants people to believe he never worked out on a farm!

**A DANGEROUS RIVAL.**

"NEWMARKET, June 26.—Newmarket to-day celebrates a semi-centennial."

Having kept up so far with Toronto, you don't suppose a semi-centennial is going to scare off Newmarket. It is a very frigid afternoon when this fair town gets left.

**BREVITY IS THE STUD OF PLATFORMS.**

"One of the planks in the Liberal platform is that the Senate should be made elective. At Harriston Mr. Blake explained fully the policy of the party on this question."—*Globe Editorial.*

"The Senate should be smaller than it was; it should be elective—(Cheers)"—*Globe Report of Harriston Speech.*

That was Mr. Blake's full explanation of the Liberal policy on the Senate—*twelve words!* The Liberal platform, on the whole, is not going to crowd the newspapers, for sure.

**ALL ON ONE SIDE.**

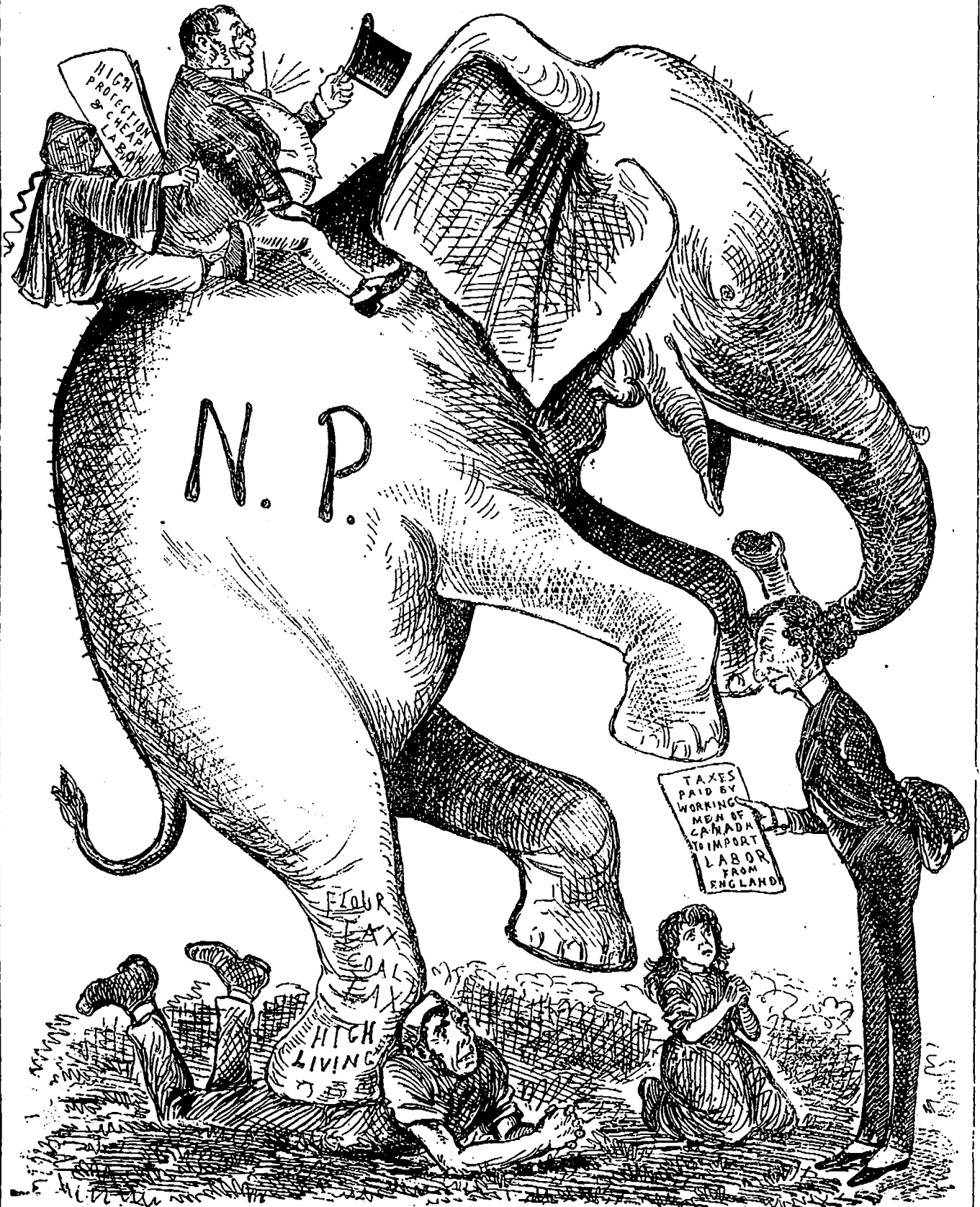
"The Mahdi insists on his warriors wearing a uniform."

Now, if the warriors could only insist on the Mahdi paying for it, the account would be more nearly squared.

**THAT CATCHES ME.**

"His military ardor had been aroused by the sight of the procession, and it made him almost wish that he was a volunteer himself."—*The Lieut.-Governor on the Military Parade.*

There would be more fun in it and less flummery, at all events. But the other job pays better.



THE WORKINGMAN'S DELICATE POSITION.

SCOTTISH FUN.

(From the last Number of the Glasgow Bailie.)

REASONABLE.

(Scene—Top of Tarbert Coach.)

Tourist—Aw ! 'ow ist you know you're in time for the Columbia ?

Coachman—We'll pe look wi' our eyes ant we'll no pe see her.

Tourist—By Jove ! you can't, for them hills.

Coachman—Weel' pehin' ta hills. She'll no pe at ta pier tae she comes tae't.

"WHAT'S IN A NAME."

(Scene—A Roman Catholic Sunday School.)

Father Mooney—What was the Apostle Peter's other name ?

Small Boy (readily)—Spence.

Father Mooney—Who told you that ?

Small Boy—Nobody ; but oi often hear father talkin' to mother about "Peter's pence."

BEGINNING EARLY.

Miss (aged seven, in silks and feathers)—Have you any ices ?

Shopkeeper—None, to-day, miss.

Miss—Oh ! What is the price of that ?

Shopkeeper—That cake is one shilling a pound.

Miss—Ah ! Then have you any chocolate, four cakes a penny.

Shopkeeper—Yes, miss.

Miss—Then let me have two cakes. (And she departs with the air of one having done a good stroke of business with her barobec.)

IN VINO VERITAS.

(Scene—Public-house, Ayr. Two farmers drinking.)

1st Farmer (solemnly)—Man, I dinna hear sae muckle noo about the last day. Duo ye ken, Jock, it might be on us in a meenute !

2nd Farmer (impressively)—Come on, come on. Drink out ! I winna like to be caught in a public house !

IN THE GLOAMIN'.

(Scene—Hotel Bar, Dunoon, last Saturday evening. Baul is playing outside, Musician enters for a collection.)

Shandygaff (slightly screwed, evidently thinking of 'in the Gloamin'.)—I say, Mister, can ye play "In the Twilight ?"

Musician—Oh yes, we can play when it's pitch dark ! [Shandygaff dries up.]

TA'EN.

(Scene—Doctor's surgery in the country.)

Little Girl—Doctor, you've tae come and see my wee brither as fast as ye can.

Doctor—How long has he been poorly, my little woman ?

Little Girl—I dinna ken.

Doctor—And what has he'taken ?

Little Girl—Ta'en ! He's ta'en ill.

ON THE LIVELY KEY.

(Scene—Bridge Street Station. Smith is seeing Brown off with the 4.35 Wemyss Bay Train last Friday afternoon.)

Brown—We'll expect you down with the 2.15 train to-morrow afternoon.

Smith—Yes, and you'll be sure to be on the look-out for me on Rothesay Quay.

Brown—All right, my boy, I'll be on the quay vine.

SUSPICIOUS.

Priscilla—Well, Maggie, what are you going to do about this business ?

Maggie—Oh, I suppose I'll have to be content with the Post Boy.

Priscilla—Just please yourself. I'll have to take that Horrid Master !

(The brother who overheard this startling conversation laughed when he found out that it was hats they were talking about.)

SOUR GRAPES.

(Sandy's employer promised him a suit of clothes if he kept teetotal for a certain length of time, and was surprised to find him drunk within a day of its expiry.)

Sandy—O, I thoct if I kept frae drink a' the time that ye'd be thinkin' I wantit yer claes !

GENTILITY AS IT IS LIKELY TO BE.

(Scene—Private boarding school, near Edinburgh ; Madame and young ladies sitting at breakfast ; Newhaven fish wife, passing outside, shouts, "Caller Haddies, Haddies, Caller Haddies.")

Madame—Now, ladies, what should that vulgar woman have called, if she had spoken properly, can any of you tell me ?

Exceedingly Genteel Miss (after a long pause)—Hades, Madame.

[Baptism of said young lady as "Hades" for the remainder of her school life.]

TRUE.

Jock—Ye're selfish, Wull.

Wull—Because I hae whit ye want ?

A CONTRAST.

Jack—Look, Bill, there's an awfully bandy-legged man.

Bill—Yes, and (pointing to a beggar)—there's a man awfully in (k)need.

A TRUE YIN !

Wife (anxiously)—Whit's wrang wi' ye the nicht, Jock ?

Jock (shortly)—I'm (hic) seek !

Wife (coaxingly)—Try yer finger doon yer throat an' pit it up !

Jock (angrily)—No, I'll no pit it up (hic). It's whusky !

DUGALD'S ORDER.

(Scene—Well-known clothing establishment ; Enter Dugald, a deck-hand on a steamer at the Broomielaw.)

Dugald (in a hurry)—Here you ! I want a pair o' preeks to fit a steamboat !

TUGAL' M'TAVISH.

(Scene—Grocer's shop in Highland village.)

Smart Servant Maid (to grocer)—I want a pun o' fresh butter.

Grocer—Do ye shurely you'll got that. To whom iss it from ?

Smart Servant Maid—From you, of course.

Grocer—Och gosh ay. What a jig fool was I, hersel', Tugal' M'Tavish, was not know tat.

THAT'S THE TICKET !

(Scene—Highland Hotel : Travellers walk into coffee-room hung with bills of the "trade," the most prominent of which is an "Allsopp.")

Tourist (to hostess)—Give us some bread and cheese and beer. And, look here, be sure to bring Allsopp's beer.

Hostess—Oh, we'll not hafe no Allsopp's peer whateffer. We'll shust hafe ta tickett.

LACHIE AND HIS COO.

Lachie—I'm goin' ta die my coo, minister !

Minister—Indeed, Lachie ! What colour !

Lachie—No colour avar ! I'm jist goin' ta deid un ! deid un !!

Rev. J. G. Calder, Baptist minister, Petrolia, says :—"I know many persons who have worn Notman's Pads with the most gratifying results. I would say to all suffering from bilious complaints or dyspepsia : Buy a pad, put it on and wear it, and you will enjoy great benefits." Hundreds of others bear similar testimony. Send to 120 King St. East for a pad or treatise.

THE HAND BOOK OF AMATEUR GARDENING.

(By an experienced sufferer.)

ESSAY No. I.

THE CURCULIO.

This is an insect of the genus *Pestiferous Goldarnationtakum*.

Any one who takes exception to this classification is respectfully but firmly requested to communicate with me if he really knows a worse name for it, which it would be proper to put in print.

Scientific research is all right enough in its place ; but I leave it to any healthy-minded young orchardist if, in diagnosing the curculio, it is not more satisfactory to throw science to one side and fall back on your feelings and the vernacular of your earlier years when you spent your holidays chiefly along the docks.

The curculio is only a fly, although I feel I am safe in saying that no one who has had a pretty decent experience of it would find it difficult to reconcile it in his mind with the idea of an animal standing eighteen feet high on the bare ground, and presenting a more terrifying aspect than a couple of female book pedlars.

This interesting insect has a partiality for plum trees—or more properly, for the plums they bear. It has never as yet been known to devour the plum tree itself, although there is no telling to what extremes it might be driven in the case of a favorite plum tree not realizing its expectations in the matter of quality and quantity of plums. At all events, I don't propose to end the curculio desperate as an experiment in this direction. I shall go on planting and cultivating plum trees, and feeling that I ought to be thankful they bear fruit and thus keep down the fierce passions of the curculio and divert his thoughts from possible schemes against the inoffensive trees. It is, after all, something of a satisfaction even to have the trees in your garden and see them growing and blossoming and forming great big plums and giving you an opportunity to blow to you neighbor about the heavy crop you'll have, and hear him blow back to you about the enormous yield he is going to have. Of course the curculio attends to all your neighbor's plums, as well as yours, and so neither of you ever resumes the discussion that season because honors are even and you don't care to wound the sensibilities of the curculio, not to mention the other's feelings.

As to the *modus operandi* of the curculio, I have the word of an honest man and a journalist that operations are started early in the spring by the insects who divide up into gangs, according to the size and variety of the trees, and proceed to carefully dig around and manure the roots. If true, this will account for the mysterious shortage so often noticed in the loads of manure you buy for your vegetable plot. The curculio steals it on the road up, and afterwards makes raids on it when it has been dumped into your yard. You can, therefore, throw the blame for small loads on the curculio and cheerfully acquit the honest teamster.

If you don't pick the superfluous bloom from your tree, the curculio is careful not to neglect it. His object is a good crop, no matter what yours is.

Pending the formation of the fruit, the curculio pays regular visits nightly to the neighboring blacksmith shop, and tempers up and sharpens his boring machine.

Then, with a sweet sad smile, he gets to work at the plums. He bores every blessed one on the tree. The curculio is too careful and frugal to miss even one plum ; and, anyway, he knows you would scarcely care to go to work and preserve one plum even if he did leave it. Perhaps he does not give much

thought to your disappointment as he merrily drives his drill; but who can doubt that he often and often chuckles to himself as he reflects how neatly he has got the drop on the small boy who had made a note of your plum trees, not necessarily for publication, but for future reference some night when the moon is off in bed.

Sometimes the curculio finds he has contracted for more holes than he can conveniently make; he thereupon enlists the services of a limited number of able-bodied nosquitoes, whom he hires without consulting an employment bureau, and thereby saves money and mosquitoes.

After the curculio has made a complete job of your plum trees he goes into seclusion for the remainder of the year, living on the plum preserves he has stowed carefully away, and the thoughts of coming again next season sharp on time and with more of his relations and friends. A notable feature of the curculio's operations is that he always leaves the plum behind—the hole plum, I might add, if the slight departure from serious writing be permissible. But you do not use the plum—you have too much reverence for your departed guest to disturb the souvenir of his visit. You are sorry his trunk was not big enough to take the plum away, for all the good it is to you. You nevertheless console yourself with the reflection that if the curculio has got the substance of the plum, you have got the holes; but at the same time there are moments when you wish that the curculio was not such a hole-souled fellow—towards you.

I am sure you would not feel offended if occasionally he took an exclusive fancy to some other man's orchard, or would confine himself when he calls on you, to your succulent Canadian shistles or your over-ripe chubarb or your highly-prized catnip, or if he would adopt any other course whereby you could have a chance to know just what kind of plums you had on your place.

Persons who have objected to cultivating plums for the benefit of the curculio have tried to effect his arrest by spreading a clean white sheet under the tree and shaking him down on it. But the curculio, while appreciating this disposition to prevent as far as possible his dirtying his clothes, respectfully but determinedly resists, and, with arms and legs wound around the tree trunk, laughs to scorn all efforts to dislodge him.

A steel trap and patience, and a shot gun and eternal vigilance, have both been suggested as a possible means of apprising the curculio that he has somewhat worn out his welcome. But a friend of mine has an entirely new idea that seems to appeal strongly to one's sympathies. His plan is to get up some very dark night, cautiously approach the plum tree, silently cut it down close to the roots, take it fourteen miles into the back country, dig a large hole in the middle of a big field and bury it completely out of sight.

This would be pretty rough on the curculio; but, after all, a man really cannot always be studying the convenience of the curculio.

A debtor, who had obtained a *cessio bonorum* at a prodigious expense from the opposition to the measure on the part of his creditors, was asked, when the final sentence was given in his favor, if he had gained his cause. "Yes," said the debtor, "I have gained the *cessio*, but the lawyers got the *bonorum*."

"Oh, Doctor, I'm out again; I'm so much obliged to you," said a convalescent, warmly shaking the doctor's hand. "Why, I didn't even know you'd been ill, and have never been to see you," said the doctor. "That's it, that's what I'm thanking you for," replied the gentleman.



The other day lynx-eyed detectives discovered a presumed dynamiter on board a ship which had just reached Queenstown. They of course felt in duty bound to arrest some passenger on this vessel, because the associated press correspondent advised them that he really must have a good dynamite item for that day's budget, if he had himself to go around carrying an American valise and chewing tobacco. Happily on board the boat was a man named Patrick, and the lynx-eyed detectives felt themselves perfectly justified in laying hold of him, on the grounds that if he was not a dynamiter he ought to be one. This man had some sort of contrivance among his effects which contained a mysterious liquid. The detectives could not pronounce as to its nature—although I am morally certain they knew it was not whiskey—but the stuff, it eventually transpired, was only oil, and so Patrick was liberated. There are various distinguished journalists across the border, I might remark, *en passant*, who will say, in referring to him, that Patrick got off oil tight; but I would sooner be arrested as a dynamiter myself than be in their mental condition. A parallel case to this was that of Gentle Jimuel who, when a *Globe* envoy to Ireland, was thrown into the Tower of London—eh, Briggs!—on suspicion of being a pirate, or some such erratic person. I do not care to revive the painful rumor current at the time that Jimuel owed his escape with his head to the fact that he was only a *Globe* reporter and not the chief editor. But the incident suggests the reflection that maybe the British authorities are looking for the editor to this very day, unaware that he has left the *Globe*, reformed, and accepted an office.

It is not surprising to learn that O'Brien of *United Ireland* will refuse to pay the fine imposed on him for contempt of Court. Mr. O'Brien takes rank with those members of the Salvation Army who won't pay fines imposed on them for disorderly conduct,—or maybe it is these Salvationists that take rank with Mr. O'Brien, for it seems to me there ought to be some precedence on an important occasion of this kind. There is certainly no fun, at all events, in going to gaol when you have the money wherewith to settle up the trouble; but there are people who do it as a matter of principle. They believe it eminently desirable, if not absolutely necessary, to suffer for the Cause; and the satisfaction they experience in being clapped into a prison is simply indescribable. If all such self-constituted martyrs would only reflect that a man who has to go to gaol as a victim of what he believes to be an unjust proceeding, is a far different object in the eyes of the public compared with a man who actually *pines* to be incarcerated and won't accept an alternative which he might, probably it would dawn on them that they were making a mistake and that there was more advantage, to say nothing of better board and lodging, in preserving their liberty and going on with the performance right straight, if they mean to go on with it any more at all.

If any one doubts that the Fenians have lofty aims let him learn of ex-head centre Stephens' great scheme. He proposes sending a band of desperados up in balloons, from which they will drop explosives on London and other English cities and annihilate them. I wish the genial Steve would go on with his prospect and employ me to furnish the balloons and refreshments. I would be satisfied with making the balloons up to the standard, but I am bound to confess that my aim would be to make the refreshments beyond the standard—that is to say, the liquid refreshments. With a good balloon and no short allowance of overproof I think the venturesome *voyagers* might be trusted out of sight with the absolute certainty they would get on well—or rather well on—and "get the drop on" England in the most literal acceptance of the term. But it would almost be a pity to spoil a good balloon, when a few feet of well-regulated hemp would do the business instead.

Nothing further has been heard about the international embroglio which threatened to loom up as a result of the United States Minister in London having turned over the *Mail's* special cable grammer to a secretary instead of granting him a personal interview. The *Mail* people have kindly overlooked the matter this time, but I warn Mr. Lowell not to repeat the indignity. I do not want to see the Demon of War loosed on this fair continent. The most politic way to get rid of the cable grammer, if he is really so much of a nuisance, would be to stuff him fearfully some day and then when the paper came out deny the whole thing and say the correspondent must have been intoxicated. Or else the servants might have specific instructions to set the dog on him regularly until he was effectually scared off. But let there be no open and unmistakable hostility shown the young man.

A Barrie editor thus pleads with anonymous contributors:—"Many really good and sensible articles of necessity are thrown into the waste basket because the name of the writer is not given." But when the "good and sensible article of necessity" takes the shape of a mammoth egg, or assumes the form of a basket of prize turnips, or resolves itself into a year's cash subscription for the paper, the yawning waste basket yawns in vain, name or no name.

The strawberry season being at its height it has occurred to a poet to breathe softly the sweet sentiment that the berries are "nature's blushes materialized." This is all very æsthetic; but what are the cold facts? The strawberry blushes at the prospect of being a party to a proceeding whereby a man takes home a quart basket of the fruit under the impression that he has got a quart. Unlike the dealer in it, the strawberry has a soul.

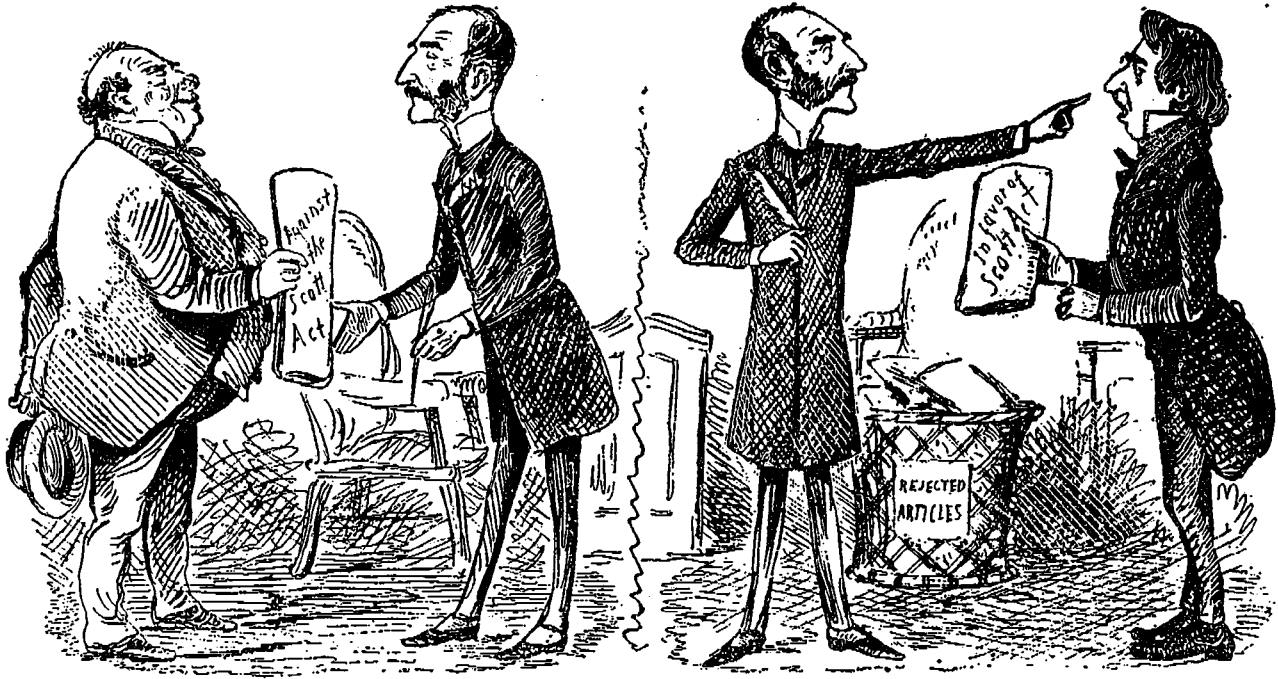
A local paper insists that "The City Commissioner should see that all the sidewalks on the Island are put in proper condition before a drowning accident occurs." Well taken! Nothing hurts the feelings of a drowned man's friends so much as to reflect that the fatality occurred before the sidewalks were nice and ready to have people walk out on them and see him drown.

Blaine believes in the annexation of Canada. To adopt the logic of Blaine's own countrymen and presidents, "people who believe in that sort of thing, why, that's just the sort of thing these people believe in." But if Mr. Blaine is really sincere in his wish to annex Canada there is nothing for it but to refer him to Goldwin Smith, the agent, for terms, etc.

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**THE INDEPENDENT JOURNALIST.**  
 RECEPTION OF AN ANTI-SCOTT ACT CONTRIBUTOR.

RECEPTION OF A SCOTT ACT DITTO.

Still they come! I have just come across this paragraph in a daily paper:—  
 "A comet has been discovered in Vienna, which is visible in North America."

Despite the charming vagueness as to whether the comet or Vienna is visible in North America, I have sufficient knowledge of geography and news summarizers to grasp the meaning intended to be conveyed, and single out the comet for discussion. No dissertation on comets would be complete and worthy of a place in history unless it included the observation that "thereby hangs a tail." There is a tradition to the effect that one philosopher tried to substitute the quotation, "I could a tail unfold," and was next day driven out of his native town by a committee of indignant ladies who thought it was an insidious attempt to ridicule their economical practice of constructing panniers out of old newspapers. The essay in question has found no place in the annals of this glorious country, and the author himself is yet an alien and a paragraph. It is a mystery to me how all these years, while so many comparatively undeserving persons have been finding comets, I should have been unable to discover one. It is true I, in common with other misguided men, in my younger days have stayed out late nights watching comets, or rather helping designing young females to watch them. But I have

never yet "caught onto"—if the phrase is allowable—one exclusively. If I ever do find a comet, I shall wait a reasonable time to see whether any one advertises for it. No one claiming my comet, I shall endeavour to get close enough to knock it down with a club, after which I shall have it stuffed and presented to the zoo.

It is satisfactory to know from Secretary Folger that the United States Treasury is in a healthy condition. There ought to be one sound financial quarter in the United States, anyway, if for nothing else than the look of the thing.

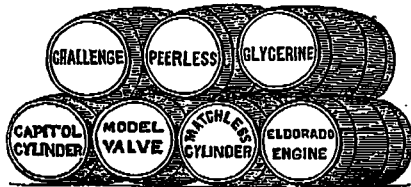
The London *Free Press* still keeps Wicked Weeks' Magistrate. The editor still believes that it only requires time and patience to convince people that that's what's the matter with Hannah.

At the semi-annual examination for admission to the Royal Military College only two martial spirits presented themselves. Seeking the bubble reputation at the cannon's mouth isn't on the line of the young Canadian. He would prefer to seek a job in the civil service and let the reputation go.

There is much in this world to jar the finely attuned sensibilities of the editor of the *Mail*. People, as a rule, are not half learned enough to come up to his standard of thorough culture. For instance, he objects to Logan's candidature for the reason that that eminent statesman and sinner does not speak good grammar; he rises with a sigh from *Globe* Independence argument because the spelling is abominable, and he is utterly prostrated with grief because more elegant composition does not characterize secession articles in the North-West reform press. These afflictions are telling on the poor man. He had better try Boston, or get a partnership with dear Oscar in the poetry business.

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