

**CINGALESE HAIR RESTORE!** PREVENTS THE HAIR FROM FALLING OUT. REMOVES DANDRUFF, AND PRODUCES A BEAUTIFUL HEAD OF HAIR. ALL THE LADIES SPEAK HIGHLY OF IT.

# SMOKE [ CABLE EL PADRE ] CIGARS.

IMPORTER.



CHINA HALL.

GLOVER HARRISON,


49 KING ST. E., Toronto

The Greatest Beast is the Ass.

The Greatest Bird is the Owl.

The Greatest Man is the Fool.

The Greatest Fish is the Quiver.



Cable El Padre

IMPORTER.



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5 CENTS EACH.



CATHOLIC SANDFORD AND PROTESTANT MERTON.

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**THE FAMOUS  
TYPE - WRITER.**

Three Styles, Perfect Mechanism, Best Results. Speed thrice that of longhand. No Business House complete without it. Writing as legible as any print. Call and see it in operation, or send for particulars to

**THOS. BENGOUGH, Manager,**  
BENGOUGH'S SHORTHAND BUREAU, AND TYPE-WRITING  
HEAD-QUARTERS, 11 King St. West, Toronto.



1ST GENT—What find I here  
Fair Portia's counterfeit? What demi-god  
Hath come so near creation?

2ND GENT—It must have been BRUCE, a he alone can  
so beautifully counterfeit nature.

STUDIO—118 King st. West.

## RAIL COAL. LOWEST RATES. A. & S. NAIRN Toronto.



AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL

Published by the GRIP Printing and Publishing Company of Toronto.

J. W. BRNGOUGH,  
Editor & Artist.

S. J. MOORE,  
Manager.

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

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

#### Please Observe.

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

#### NOTICE.

To prevent constantly recurring mistakes, we would notify correspondents that the "Sheet and Bureau" has no connection whatever with this office, but is managed by Mr. Thos. Bengough, at No. 11 King Street, West. All letters pertaining to phonography should be sent to that address.

### Cartoon Comments.

**LEADING CARTOON.**—The extraordinary din which the *Mail* keeps up amongst the empty pews of the "Marmion" discussion is clearly understood by all who know anything of politics. The object is plainly to attract attention from the important issues in the coming Ontario election—the Boundary Award and the Crooks Act. There are few Conservatives who approve of the policy of the *Mail* on these questions, and this fact that journal is thoroughly aware of.

**FIRST PAGE.**—The ignorant cry, that the public schools of this Province are "Protestant," has been uttered again of late, and again it is necessary to rebuke the heresy. Our schools are free and unsectarian, and the man or newspaper that wilfully inculcates the "Protestant" idea is an enemy to the best interests of his country.

**EIGHTH PAGE.**—The party managers who started the cry against the Crooks Act are beginning to see that they made a mistake. On this one question of the control of the liquor traffic, hundreds show themselves able to rise above party considerations, and the determination of a great majority of our people is that nothing shall be done to weaken the chain that holds the evil in check. The next step is to kill the "Dog" outright, and thus make a chain unnecessary.

New motto for the *Globe*—"The subject who is truly loyal to Archbishop Lynch will neither advise nor submit to Marmion being read in the High Schools."



Mr. Barney Macanlay is once more with us, delighting the patrons of the Grand with his "Uncle Dan" in "A Messenger from Jarvis Section." The usual matinee on Saturday afternoon.

Everybody and his children ought to go and see Moffatt and Bartholemew in their great pantomime at the Royal. It is one continuation of startling tricks, clever transformations, and bursts of fun, and affords an evening of rare enjoyment.

#### A VEXED QUESTION.

Our "Corpulent Constant Correspondent" (or, as he or she initializes himself or herself for shortness and disguise, "C. C. C.!") anxiously inquires, "What is Allen's Anti-Fat," the *Globe* man having given up the conundrum. Our dear sir or madam, we don't know, how should we? If your question were, "Why is Allen's aunty (excuse our correction in the spelling,) fat?" we might have possibly given some information, that is, supposing we knew Allen, which we do not! We regret to say also that we know not whether Allen has an aunty, or (granting that he has one) whether she is fat or lean. Mr. GRIP, however, is seized with a brilliant idea, and can perhaps give a clue. Allen advertises, and, appended to his advertisements, is a beautiful and telling pictorial illustration, representing two ladies. One (to the left of the cartoon) is very good-natured looking, and, oh! very, VERY (apparently hopelessly) FAT! The other lady (on the right hand) is slight, and, in our opinion, a trifle sour-looking. Now many persons suppose these portraits to represent the same lady under different aspects. Mr. GRIP doesn't believe it, hence his clue to "C. C. C." If the right hand lady is Allen's aunty,—she is slight and somewhat stiff—if, on the contrary, the left hand lady is Allen's aunty, the question, "What! Is Allen's Aunty fat," (we've taken the liberty of altering the punctuation this time,) the question, we say, is answered. She is, she is, and what is more, she looks as if she meant to remain fat, fat, FAT, for the rest of her natural life!

#### ANECDOTE OF A PULLET.

The pullet who distinguished herself in the ancient conundrum "what preserve would a pullet name in informing her maternal parent that she had deposited her first Shanghai-berry?" (answer, mar-me-laid,) has a great-grand-daughter who has just become notorious. All this autumn she has been very absent-minded, and during the last week in September she became absent-bodied also, in-so-far as the hen-yard was concerned. Her mother became quite alarmed at her non-appearance, and set out in search of the missing one. Approaching an outhouse, she heard a snore surpassing all cackles (N. B.—This joke is adapted from the late *Toronto Sun*), and immediately crawled under the building, and found her charming daughter. "What doest thou here, my child?" spake the mother, whose gizzard yearned for her offspring with a large-sized yearn. "Mar-me-on!" quoth the enterprising pullet, who, with commendable zeal, had attempted the unprecedented task of hatching three eggs in the same year in which she herself was hatched. She was indeed on

the nest. The old hen, instead of being lost in admiration at the pluck of the pullet, gave her a severe pluck and said, "Your Crooks and turns are too utter for this yard: march out, for you shall not go Scott free!" Thus was the pullet crushed.

#### "I DO REMEMBER AN APOTHECARY."

The following advertisement appeared in the *Telegram* of last Saturday:—

"Young Gentleman wishes the privilege of spending evening in a drug store. Box 133, *Telegram*."

It is hard to perceive the true inwardness of this advertisement. Is it that "young gentlemen" are a drug in the market in Toronto and therefore naturally pant wildly for admission, on any terms, to a drug store? Are there more recondite reasons at which we can but darkly guess. After 7 p.m. on Saturday, and on certain hours on Sunday, a drug store is for certain reasons a favorite haven of refuge to some "young gentlemen."

#### NOTE FROM THE CAPITAL.

Some one at Ottawa said that Bourinot was French, and therefore couldn't write English. "Voll," said M. Stanislaus Sebastian De Courville, "Ef ee's French ees no better than ee's Engleesh, ve don't want heem!"

#### DAVIN vs. BOURINOT.

*Tompkins, of the Cabbage Department, Ottawa, (reading from the Irish Canadian):* "Mr. Bourinot is not the only literary pretender at Ottawa. The Marquis himself has made grave mistakes—" "Of course, just as I said to Smalfry, we all make mistakes. Why, even I, myself, have fallen into errors at times. Poor Bourinot is not so much to blame, after all."

Of all the humorous sketches written by Frank R. Stockton, the drollest is said to be "The Lady, or the Tiger?" in the *November Century*. It gives an account of an ancient king, who had an arena in which offenders decided their guilt or innocence for themselves by opening one of two doors, behind which were placed, respectively, a tiger and a bride. The king's daughter, her plebian lover, and her rival, are the characters, and the point of the story, like that of all good humor, lies at the end.

DEAR GRIP,—Pray help me: I am puzzled. Mr. McDougall in his work on "Torts and Negligence" says, (p. 138), "the train in fault was then moving and not the stationary one." I cannot make out how a stationary train can be moving, and am in mortal terror. Because, you know, Mr. McD. examines on Torts at Osgoode Hall, and I fear he may pluck me if I fail to comprehend his meaning in every particular. Can the bird of wisdom throw a little light on this dark question and relieve the mind of an humble

PUZLED STUDENT.

A Bradford lady's husband was detained late one night at his business in Haverhill and could not join a whist party to which he had been invited. "Why didn't Charlie come?" "Because," answered his wife, "he had to stay at the store"—after a vain search for the word she wanted—"teetering his accounts." "Balancing" was the word she was hunting for.—*Lowell Courier*.

A BATCH OF LETTERS.

The following letters "mysteriously disappeared" from the post office the other day. We publish them in the hope that they may, perchance, meet the eye of their respective owners, who, no doubt, are anxiously awaiting their arrival. The letters can be obtained by calling at this office, proving property and paying for this advertisement:

DEAR BROTHER,—Yes, I think the course you are adopting in regard to the series of articles at present appearing in the *Globe* is the correct one. There is nothing like ridicule when you have no arguments at hand. I have on several occasions (as you possibly may have noticed), pursued a similar course in my speeches with admirable effect. I would suggest, however, that in dealing with such paltry matters as the "Boundary Award," the "Streams Bill," &c., you say as little as possible. These questions have to do with the rights and privileges of Ontario, and have not the remotest reference to the real question at issue, viz., "Mowat must go!"

Before closing I must again express my gratification at being able to so thoroughly control your editorial columns. It is certainly gratifying to find that amid the growing tendency of the press to independent thought and action, you at least have no desire to be other than the vehicle and mouthpiece of

Yours,

JNO. A. O'DONALD.

DEAR BROTHER,—I have been away from home for some days attending to my senatorial duties, and only received your post card this A. M.

I will endeavor, if possible, to be present at your 5th of November celebration. Bro. Clarke and myself will travel together, leaving here on the morning of the 5th. (Any little reception you may choose to give us will be fully appreciated). The editor of the *Evening News* is preparing, under my personal supervision, an elaborate drawing of the scene which took place under the British House of Commons upon that memorable morning. I might mention that this picture promises to be equal to any yet produced by this famous artist.

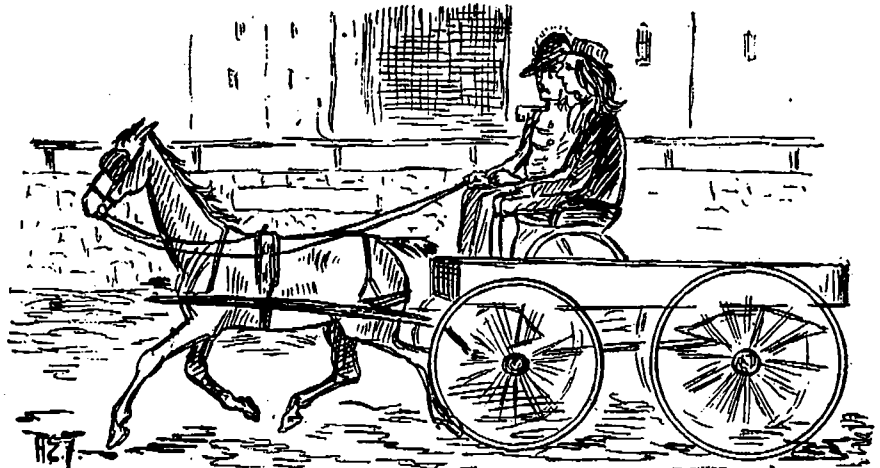
Yours fraternally,

JNO. MACDONALD.

DEAR BROTHER,—Allow me to thank you for your manly and disinterested defence of our beloved Scott. Some one remarked in my hearing the other day that possibly you might have political purposes to serve in thus vindicating the name of my gifted countryman. I was justly indignant at the base insinuation, and resented at once. The *Globe* stoop to be influenced by political motives? Never! As the discussion of this to me serious subject proceeds, it becomes more and more apparent that you are actuated by no other desire than that of sacredly defending the memory of one who has been maligned by the *Mail* for party purposes. I can fully appreciate the painful task you have undertaken. Your well-known love, admiration and esteem for the *Mail* must serve to make the duty of rebuking it all the more trying. But you have not allowed the ties of friendship and respect to hinder you in the path of duty. You have nobly discharged your obligations to Scotland's slandered genius, and, as you say, "can look back with complacency upon the discussion, fearless of results." Of course you can.

Yours thankfully,

COL. DELORNE.



OSCAR WILDE IN HALIFAX.

(His Actual Experience.)

MR. WILDE IS DRIVEN OUT TO GEN. SIR P. McDUGALL'S IN THE MILITARY SECRETARY'S "CARRIAGE."



THE TWO POLITICIANS.

Feargus Donald McIvor, you know, was a Grit, And Francois Labelle was the bluest of Blues, And night after night they would meet, and they'd sit, Propounding and quarrelling over their views.

"I admit we are prosperous, Mr. Labelle," McIvor would say, "and in that we agree; All people with eyes can see that very well, But it's all thanks to Providence—not the N.P."

"Ah, Monsieur McIvor," Labelle would reply, "I doubt not that Providence always is kind, But it only helps those who would honestly try To better themselves, as you always will find."

"While you were in power no hand did you stir,— In talk and talk only, you showed forth your zeal: Make Canada cheap—that's sufficient for her," You said, and then settled like flies on the wheel."

"You are right," Feargus Donald McIvor would say, "We certainly did all we could for the poor; They had luxuries then they can't think of to-day,— That I'm telling the truth you'll admit, I am sure."

So they'd sit and they'd argue for night after night; No symptoms of weariness either evinced; They both felt assured they were both in the right,— Of their soundness of argument both were convinced.

But as small drops of water will wear away stones, So arguments, used with decision and force, Must tell in the end—as this old pair of drones Found out—it was merely a matter of course.

For Feargus McIvor and Francois Labelle Respected each other too much to make light Of the other one's arguments; so it befel That they'd ponder them over when parting at night.

The consequence was that you'll find them to-day, Still arguing on—just for argument's sake— But Feargus McIvor sticks up for John A., And Francois Labelle's a supporter of Blake!

MORAL.

Partisan Politician, whose deep-rooted views Prevent you from serving our Canada well, Make you reddest of Rouges, or bluest of Blues— Think of Feargus McIvor and Francois Labelle.

CABINET CONVERSATION.

Private and confidential, as only stolen for GRIP at immense expense.

SIR CHARLES—What shall be done about the Ontario Local? The columns of the atrocious *Globe* reek with most infamous statements concerning the character of the Conservative party. They declare that Mowat must be sustained, because he would be succeeded by our friends, and that our friends would resemble us, and that we are—I cannot repeat it (*turns pale and sinks into a chair*).

SIR JOHN—My dear friend!—(*aside*)—Confounded dear, too, some of his goings-on have cost us. My dearest friend! Take this (*pours him out a bumper*). Never fails.

SIR CHARLES—(*Drinks and is revived*). I now can say it. They accuse me of being—No, I can't—(*sinks back*).

SIR JOHN—(*aside*)—Hope the rascal has done something that will let me pitch him out! My dear fellow, do not be cast down. Rouse yourself. What rascally falsehoods are they circulating?

SIR CHARLES—(*casting off weakness, rising and roaring*)—They call ME corrupt! They declare that the excellent and patriotic arrangement with Ondononk was a swindle, and that the money obtained by the contractors went into the pockets of, for all they know, —, yes, Sir John. But I denounce their in-fa-m-y to the im-mor-tal u-ni-verse! (*strides up and down the room, and swings his fists, to the great danger of Sir John, who shrinks back*).

SIR JOHN—My esteemed friend (*aside*),—I wish our steamed friend below had him; he'd 'steam him)—never mind: it's not so bad. Hark in your ear. Listen to the old man. Don't want too great a reputation for purity just now.

SIR CHARLES—What! Do I hear a Minister of the Crown propose such a thing to me? To me? Do not want purity? Then, sir, you do not want ME!

SIR JOHN—(*aside*)—True, if I could only do without you. Now, I'll make his eyes twinkle).—Sir Charles, you know my affection for you?

SIR CHARLES—Thoroughly, my dearest friend. (*aside*)—Blest if I don't. Throw me over in a minute if he could).

SIR JOHN—Then, my excellent sir, as has been frequently remarked in the House, when, in the course of human events, the opposing motives draw the will in contrary di-



## COMMENDED TO HIGH CHURCHMEN.

OUR HELP—MAY I HAVE THE AFTERNOON, MEM, TO GO TO CONFESSION?  
 MISTRESS—CONFESSION? WHY YOU TOLD ME THAT YOU WERE PROTESTANT—CHURCH OF ENGLAND!  
 OUR HELP—CHURCH OF ENGLAND, MEM; NOT PROTESTANT, MEM—THAT'S OUT OF FASHION AMONGST THE GENTLEST CLASSES

reactions, and the Orange vote counterbalanced by the Catholic is as the proportion of the parabola to the sine of  $x$  minus  $y$ , as our excellent friend, Mills, would remark, eh, don't you see? that is, I would say—(sits sleepily down).

SIR CHARLES—(his eyes twinkling)—My dear friend, you are fatigued. The cares of State are too heavy for you. What can be done? We must preserve your valuable—your invaluable life. What if a short repose—a period of freedom—a voyage for six months could be procured? Think of the tremendous interests which depend on your presence with us! How could we get along without you? (Aside)—If I could get him out for six months I could perhaps keep him out altogether. Then, what prospects unfold! "Lord Charles!" "The Marquis Charles!" "Charles, *Deo Gratia*, Governor-General of Canada—of India!" Bless me! He's quite faint. If he should go off now! Perhaps he's gone. He don't move. I can't see him breathe. He's gone! He's DEAD! I shall be premier at once! All will occur; my fortune is assured; this is all that was needed; shall call the coroner at once. (Goes towards door.)

SIR JOHN—(apparently awaking)—Um, eh; ah!

SIR CHARLES (starts)—(aside—Bless me! He's all right!) Do you feel revived, my dear Sir John?

SIR JOHN—(sits up and speaks sharply) Revived? From what? Wasn't ill. Was laying plan. Now, my dear fellow, look here. Sit down. Take another glass. You look a little exhausted, or startled, or something. Perhaps, as Sir Leonard is in the next room, if you were to ask him in—

SIR CHARLES—Quite unnecessary, I assure you. I don't need the assistance of Sir Leonard in the slightest, (aside, or anybody like him).

SIR JOHN—Then, here it is. We want the Ontario Local. Why I want it is for two things; first, I mean to show those Ontario chaps that they are not the cocks of the walk, and have got to knuckle down to the man that has the confidence of the other Provinces—that's me. Next, I am tired out with the perpetual clamor of our fellows wanting something. Night and day, wherever a fellow goes, they're after him. They look in at the windows—they stop one in the street—they get opposite one at the club—sometimes I hear things on the roof as if they were coming down chimney—I'll have bars put in the chimney. I can only stay in Ontario a day at a time or the life would be mobbed out of me. Now, if I had the Ontario Local under me I could give a lot of the fellows things, and choke them off.

SIR CHARLES—But, Sir John, there is not really so much to give in Ontario. There will be such an additional rush of the Ontario Local workers upon us, that what there is will be gobbled in a moment.

SIR JOHN—Hark'ee, my dear fellow. Ontario put me out of Kingston, and turned up her nose at me for many years. Quebec always stood by me. Can't feel the same interest. Well, Ontario's got lots of lumber. Best thing in the world. Very valuable. We can give our supporters lumber privileges. In meantime; well, we don't, of course, mean to be impure; no, no; we keep our hands clean as we always did, eh? But don't talk too much about purity, as I was saying. Then all

the fellows will spend cash to get us in there. After that—after we have the Ontario Local—we can give 'em what we like. Quite fair to give 'em the lumber privileges—why not?

SIR CHARLES—I fear they would soon exhaust the lumber of Ontario, Sir John.

SIR JOHN—(piously)—We cannot, Sir Charles, fly in the face of an All-foreseeing Providence. I did not make the Ontario lumber. If, in the fulness of time, we should find no more to give away, there is reason to believe the supply was limited for the most benevolent purposes, and that more would have been an injury.

(Sir Charles holds up his hands in convinced astonishment, and the scene closes.)

Transferred to the Free List—A discharged prisoner.

The conservatives in East Simcoe were Slaven hard in vain.

Many of the plays at the Ambigu Theatre, Paris, are very ambiguous.

A man who has many *pros* in his conversation should be very *profound*.

*On dit*—that beer is going to hop up. GRIP 14ult. Also that whiskey will continue to go down.

Our Funny Contributor has read with some alarm the accounts in the papers of the likelihood of the comet falling into the sun, next year. Our Contributor says he intends hurrying up the little arrangement for his wedding in consequence; as he is determined to enjoy at least one year of wedded bliss, if he can com-et.



# MRS. ONTARIO IN DANGER;

OR, THE OLD-FASHIONED CONFIDENCE GAME.

## The Joker Club.

"The Pen is mightier than the Sword."

### HE WISHED ADVICE.

"I believe you write the theatricals," said a little gentleman in a somewhat lively suit of clothes, as he bustled into the dramatic editor's room.

"Yes," said the editor.

"Well, I'm rather anxious to obtain your advice in a little matter," said the visitor. "You see I have lately come into a little fortune, and I thought it would be a good thing to invest a few dollars in the theatrical business."

"Keep your money in your pocket," said the editor.

"But I have a novel scheme—"

"Of course you have," said the editor; "you are sure you have struck something entirely new in the theatrical business. That's the old story with you amateurs. Now, of course, you wish to build a theatre."

"Yes; that's my idea," said the visitor.

"Exactly," said the editor, "you feel that art is not properly looked after in the dramatic world. You are willing to make little or nothing in your enterprise, providing your ideal is reached. You will go in for playing nothing but educational productions—something elevating and ennobling. You will have none but the best people in your company; your costumes will all be of the best material, your stage settings as realistic as money can make them, and—"

"But you have heard of my scheme before," said the visitor. "That is just what I wish to do. I—"

"Yes, I know all about it," said the editor; you find the stage going to the dogs, and you feel that you have been sent upon earth to lift it up and place it where it belongs among the arts. You feel that the present state of the drama is demoralizing to the country, and that it is your duty to save the people from its evil effects."

"My very words the other evening," said the visitor.

"Yes, you are full of reform," said the editor. "But take my advice and stick to theory."

"But I have plenty of capital, and you know I might double my fortune."

"I understand all that," said the editor. "You talk art but you mean cash. You feel that it is as easy to be a theatrical manager as a gentleman of leisure; that all you have to do is to pass a certain time each evening in finding out how much richer you have grown; and that that you can hire people to do the rest of work."

"Money will do a great deal," said the visitor.

"Then hold on to your cash," said the editor, "and don't make yourself another victim in the long list of amateurs who have attempted the reformation of the stage."

"But I have some good friends in the profession," said the visitor.

"Don't doubt it," said the editor. "And if you want to keep them just stay where you are—on the outside. In less than a month after you have gone into the business you will be rushing down here with grievances and swearing the entire theatrical profession are in league against you, when the fault will be all on your side for going into a business you know nothing about."

"But I have an idea in my head of what a temple of the drama—"

"Temple fiddle sticks," said the editor.

"Then you advise me to keep out of theatricals?"

"Yes," said the editor.

"I am a thousand times obliged," said the visitor. And then he marched straight to a theatrical agency and negotiated for a company.—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

### TWO EPISODES.

"Imogene."

"Reginald."

For a brief, blissful moment Reginald Montague clasped Imogene to his broad, manly breast. Then he laid aside his dark felt reversible overcoat, and the two sat down on a chair. Imogene had turned down the gas when she heard the servant let him into the hallway. She was dressed in a tea-green cashmere trimmed with piled plush and satin to match. Dark rich bangs clustered about a quarter of an inch above her eyebrows covered with an invisible net. A wide linen collar encircled her swanlike throat. It was caught in the front with about three-and-a-half yards of Wabash & Michigan Central lace. In this elegant costume Imogene looked fine.

Reginald was the first to awaken the silence with his rich tenor voice.

"Imogene, what does the old man say now?"

"He says, pet, that when you knew he was short on January wheat that you scooped him on the deal, and wouldn't let up worth a cent."

"Ha!" said Reginald. "Dost think that will militate against his strenuous opposition to our union?"

Well I should pause to consider. He says the man who can call the turn on him in that style is worthy of the broker's daughter. It's a cold day, Reginald, when you get left, isn't it?"

"Verily," murmured Reginald in a husky voice. "Shall we say this day month?"

"This day week would sound a trifle more thrilling," said Imogene: while a warm, solid color blush stole over the sweet young girl's face.

"So be it, light of my heart," said Reginald. "Our future life shall be attuned to the music of the spheres. But I must away! I hear the warning tocsin of the last green car. One, two, three; *an revoir, phi beta kappa oriental de fricasse!*"

'Tis sunset in Kansas. No more the lengthened shadows cast themselves along the dry and dusty road. The last rays of the extinguished sun had just shot themselves down on the humble roof of a small sod house standing on a broad and boundless prairie. A man came up from a low piece of swamp land driving two cows before him. He got them ranged in front of the sod house door. Then he sat down on a plough beam. A small colony of dirty-faced children swarmed around him.

"Go tell yer mother to come out and pail these cows," snarled the man.

"Pail 'em yerself, Reg. Montague. I've fed the pig and split a cord and a half of cottonwood while you was a loafing down in the swamp."

"Well, Imogene, yer can do just as yer darn please. If supper ain't ready in fifteen minutes yer'll hear from me."—*Check*.

Beer may not be intoxicating, but it will make a delegate to a convention look as if he was threatened with sunstroke.—*Syracuse Sunday Times*.

A Main schoolboy has gone insane. The calamity was occasioned by his sitting up nights to find the streams mentioned in the river and harbor bill.—*Boston Post*.

This is about the season of the year when the coal dealer comes out in the extra heavy overcoat, and advances the price of coal fifty cents a ton.—*Middleton Transcript*.

Large assignments of American canned preparations are being exported to Russia. It is hardly possible that the Nihilists intend to use them to further their deadly purposes.—*Lowell Citizen*.

"What station is this?" asked a lady passenger of an English tourist near by. Looking out of the window and reading a sign on the fence he replied: "Rough on Rats, I guess, mum."—*The Eye*.

Madame G. called at a friend's house on a wet day, and her feet being damp, she said to her friend: "My dear, will you let your maid bring me a pair of your slippers?" "My love," replied her friend—there were several people in the room—"do you think my slippers will fit you?" "Oh, I think so, my darling, if you will tell her to put a cork sole inside of them."—*Boston Times*.

## RUPTURE CURED.



BY four months' use of Charles Cluette's Latest Spiral Truss. Patented in U. S. and Canada. POINTS OF EXCELLENCE: 1st, Weighs only one ounce. 2d, Perfect ventilation, air circulates freely under part 3d, Constant pressure. In speaking the tongue acts as a valve in the mouth, which causes a corresponding pressure immediately on the hernia. The pad is so perfect that it instantly imitates the motion of the tongue when speaking. 4th, It will give to the slightest motion of the body, the most perfect support. 5th, Made of best brass, therefore rusting is impossible. The pad when pressed (as above shown) has a clamping pressure, the same as by placing the hand upon the leg, extending the thumb and drawing together. This truss is the result of a life's study and 15 years' material experience. Twenty-four thousand adjusted in the last seven years by the inventor. Recommended by leading physicians. I defy the rupture I cannot hold with ease. Spinal instruments, most improved. A new apparatus for straightening Club Feet, without cutting or pain. Send 6 ct. stamp for book on Rupture and the Human Frame (registered), by Chas. Cluette, valuable information. Address CHAS. CLUETTE, Surgical Mechanic, 112 King Street, West, TORONTO, Ont., and corner Main and Huron Streets, BUFFALO, N. Y.

## EARS FOR THE MILLION!

### Foo Choo's Balsam of Shark's Oil

Positively Restores the Hearing, and is the only Absolute Cure for Deafness Known.

This Oil is abstracted from peculiar species of small White Shark, caught in the Yellow Sea, known as *Carachardon Rondeletii*. Every Chinese Fisherman knows it. Its virtues as a restorative of hearing was discovered by a Buddhist Priest about the year 1410. Its cures were so numerous and many so seemingly miraculous, that the remedy was officially proclaimed over the entire Empire. Its use became so universal that for over 300 years no Deafness has existed among the Chinese people. Sent, charges prepaid, to any address at \$1.00 per bottle.

## Hear what the Deaf Say!

It has performed a miracle in my case. I have no unearthly noises in my head, and hear much better.

I have been greatly benefited.

My deafness helped a great deal—think another bottle will cure me.

"Its virtues are unquestionable and its curative character absolute, as the writer can personally testify, both from experience and observation. Write at once to HAYLOCK & JENNY, 7 Day-street, New York, enclosing \$1.00, and you will receive by return a remedy that will enable you to hear like anybody else, and whose curative effects will be permanent. You will never regret doing so."—EDITOR OF MERCHANTS REVIEW.

To avoid loss in the Mail, please send money by REGISTERED LETTER.

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TIM TUCKER.



IM TUCKER was a tailor trim,  
A trimmer lad than he  
You would not find in London town,  
Nor even wish to see.  
Now, Tim in love with Sally Lunn  
Had fallen ears and head—  
Said he: "She is a baker's child,  
And she should be well-bred.  
Good breeding is a thing, I hold,  
Which gives in life great pleasure,  
And if I marry Sally Lunn,  
I'll surely have a treasure."  
She is the flower of their flock,  
Her father's joy and pride,  
And I shall never rest until  
To "take the cake" I've tried."  
So Tim he donned his best attire  
And sallied forth to call,  
Replete with airy self-conceit—  
But pride must have a fall.  
For Sally loved another lad,  
Her father's prentice stout,  
Who daily helped to make the bread,  
And then to drive it out.

"My baker boy no *lawyer* is,  
Though loafing is his trade,  
Abundance sure will crown his oil."  
Thus said the charming maid,  
But Tim, unconscious of all this,  
Pursued his wifeward route,  
And, seated close by Sally's side  
Began to "press his suit."  
"Oh, Sally Lunn! Oh, Sally Lunn!  
I love you more than life,  
I've long desired to tell you this—  
Say, will you be my wife?"  
A tart reply she snapped at him—  
"What, wed with you? my eye!  
I'll never wed a tailor, sir,  
'Twere better far to die.  
It's needless, sir, it seems to me,  
To tell you, sir, that you  
Are but the traction of a man,  
A vulgar fraction, too.  
Besides, I love another lad,  
Whose heart is kind and good,  
Who to the poor on every side  
Each day supplies their food."  
Poor Tim! I *travels* he was floored,  
Completely taken back,  
No vestige of conceit was left—  
Alas! he'd got the sack.  
Now Tim that very day resolved  
He'd try no other match:  
He chose a solitary life,  
And lived and died a *batch*.

SARTON.

SUNSHINE AND STORM CLOUDS.

A ROMANCE OF LOVE AND LOCAL POLITICS.  
CHAP. I.

It was not the first occasion that Epictetus Whitelaw had fallen in love, but this time it appeared to affect him with a peculiar thrill-someness and to set every chord of his nature in harmonious vibration with the diapason of the spheres. Rebecca Arundel was so lithe and winsome, she presided with such ineffable grace and dignity over the button department of Messrs. Cassimere & Co.'s great retail dry goods establishment—(don't strike this out, I've arranged with Cassimere to send along new towels for the office on the head of this,) at a salary of \$4 per week, that Epictetus was fascinated at a glance. As he put the dozen shirt buttons he had purchased in his pocket and quitted the establishment he swore that she should be his, or he hers, or both of them the others. Entering the palatial restaurant of Odonelli's he sealed the vow by disposing of a bottle of green seal, similar to that which Odonelli has promised to set up as soon as this notice appears.

CHAP. II.

It was a beautiful summer's day some'ers in the middle of July, and High Park presented an animated scene, numerous of the *elite* of Toronto being part of which. Among others present our reporter noticed His Worship the Mayor, Ex-ald Baxter, Robert Bell, M. P. P.,

John Ross Robertson, Col. Gzowski, Peter Ryan, Moses Oates, Dr. Mulvany, Hon. Adam Crooks, J. I. Evans, &c. Mr. P. E. W. Moyer, of the Berlin *News* drove a handsome team of greys which attracted universal attention.

"Beckie dearest," murmured Epictetus to the tall and sprightly damsel who leaned on to his manly arm, "is it not a red-letter day in our life's experience. Here in these sequestered sylvan scenes let us renew those mutual pledges," &c., &c.

"Ah, dear Epic," she said, "I am so felicitous. Methinks our lives might thus pass away like a delightful dream, in fact I have't had such a good time since I used to wait on customers in a confectionary and ice-cream establishment."

"It will be a great thing," resumed Epictetus, "when Toronto has annexed the surrounding municipalities and is enabled to establish a system of parks and drives throughout the outskirts. Now, if, for instance, they were to purchase—"

[Not much. Oh we tumble to your little racket. You stand in with the ring we suppose, but you don't work your little game through our chaste columns.—ED. GRIP.]

"I don't agree with you," said Beckie, when he had concluded his remarks amid the applause of such of the general public as happened to be within hearing. "Now, I think that Parkdale had ought to preserve its autonomy, and by a rigid system of economy secure immunity from the heavy liabilities attaching to civic government."

"Quite agree with you. Economy \* \* \* important, \* \* \* sound principle, \* \* \* oppose centralization, \* \* \*

"said Hon. Adam Crooks, much of his speech being inaudible to the reporters. He promised to write it out and send it in, but he has hitherto failed to do so.

"Oh, then," said Epictetus, bitterly, "you oppose this great project, do you?"

"Yes, to the death," death said Beckie, as her dark eye flashed defiance. "Though a Torontonion by birth I am of noble Parkdale anc stry, and never will I consent to surrender our cherished autonomy and be ground under the iron will of Toronto's haughty and despotic aldermen."

"Brave girl!" said Peter X., in a tone of admiration, as he halted for awhile his panting steeds to listen to the discussion.

"Ha, I see how it is!" said Epictetus, "Miss Arundel, you are false. Some one of the gilded youth of Parkdale has stolen your heart from me by his delusive snares. Never will I swap chawing gum again with you in token of my affection! No, tr-r-raitress, never more will I purchase for you the roseate ice-cream, cold as your heart and evanescent as your love."

He turned upon his heel and disappeared in the shadows of the wood.

She threw up her arms with a gesture of despair and fell to the earth in a swoon.

CHAP. III.

Shortly subsequent to the events narrated in our last chapter, a man might have been seen proceeding in a meditative attitude along a side street puffing a cigar, which he occasionally removed from his mouth to swear at the dogs who made night hideous with their incessant clamor. As the night was unusually dark, however, and the lamps were not lighted because the moon ought to have been shining, he unfortunately was not seen, so that his identity and purpose remain a mystery. It is very provoking, but it is really the corporation's fault, and not ours.

CHAP. IV.

Epictetus Whitelaw hurried along, caring little whither he went. He tore from his

shirt the buttons purchased from the false Rebecca, and hurled them on to the pavement with imprecations. Bitterly he thought of the past, and would have given worlds to recall his harsh utterances.

"Mowat must go!" exclaimed a shrill voice, "Mowat must go!—must go!"

He looked up, and saw a large green parrot which hung in the door of an adjacent barber-shop.

An idea flashed upon him with the suddenness of a quarterly account for water rent.

He hailed a hack and drove straight to the Union Station, where he took the first train for London.

(To be continued.)

THE MAIL'S GRAMMAR.

DEAR GRIP,—Pending the resumption for displacement of "Marnion," would it not be well for the high schools and collegiate institutes to take for critical analysis "Temperance Conservative's" letter in the daily *Globe* of Saturday, Oct. 14th. The *Daily Mail* of Monday, Oct. 16th, gives lead as follows:—

"A Conservative, writing of Conservatives, would speak of conservatives in the *second person*. The organ always gives itself away in its 'Conservative' letters by describing Conservatives as 'they' and 'them.'"

SCENE—School-room at *Pulptower*.

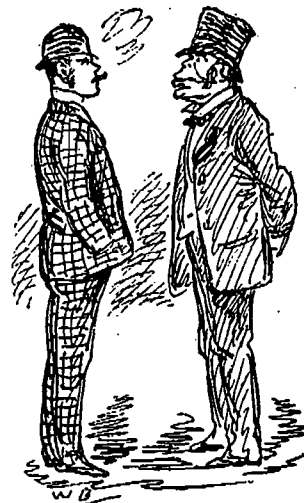
MAIL SCHOOLMASTER.—How are the 1st, 2nd, and 3rd persons used?

NERVOUS BOY.—1st person denotes the speaker, 2nd person spoken to, 3rd person spoken of.

MAIL SCHOOLMASTER.—No exceptions, sir? NERVOUS BOY.—No, none.

(Schoolmaster, glaring, with rod extended over urchin.)

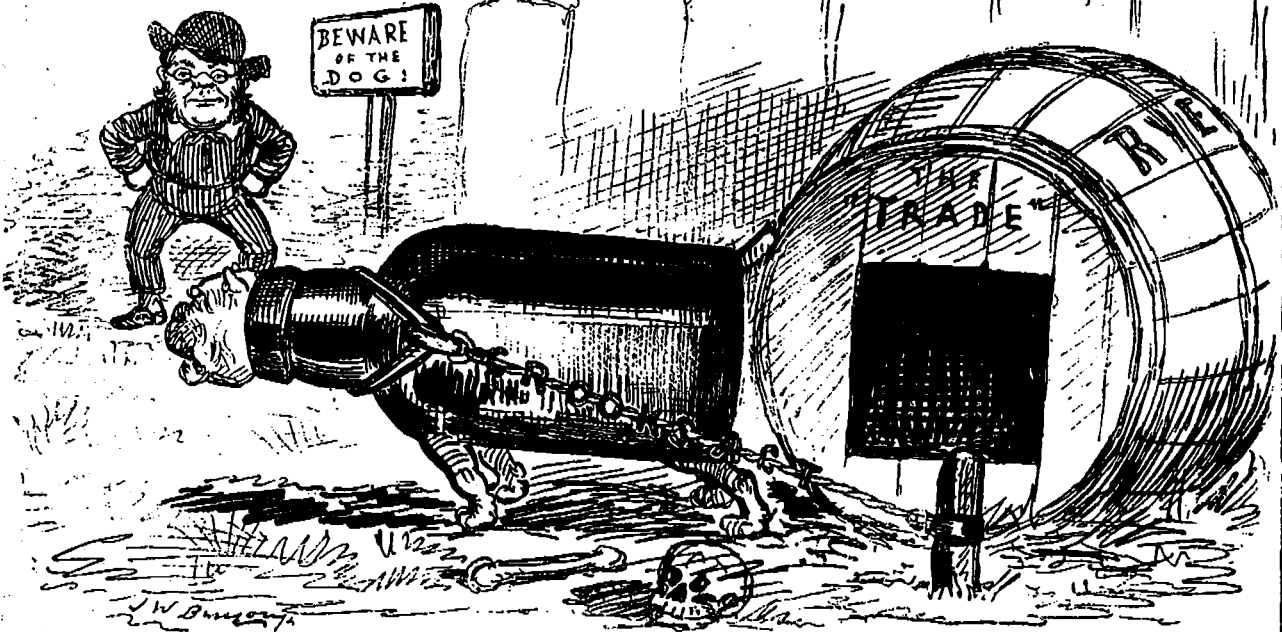
MAIL SCHOOLMASTER.—There are exceptions sir! the 2nd person is spoken of when it's Conservatives, and the 3rd person is spoken to and of, and "CROOKS MUST GO," dear me, you go along with Crooks. The CROOKS ACT goes to my head every time I touch it, *that's the way it increases drunkenness!*



MONSTROUS!

MR. MCGASH—Upon my word, Jenkins, that Robinson is the meanest man I ever met. MR. JENKINS—Why, what's he been doing now.

MR. MCGASH—Doing? I was in there while he was taking his dinner, and he never even asked me if I had a mouth on me!!



DON'T LET THE DOG LOOSE!

**A LETTER FROM LONGFELLOW.**

**HADES,**  
(No date here.)

**MASTER GRIP:**

SIR,—I'm glad to see that you admire with me that Dialogue of Lucian's, where Zevs, Hermes, Athene, Hore and other heavenly ones hold council on the crookedness of man, but I must rate you for your rashness in trying to make a play out of a real meeting here of Shakespeare, Scott, Byron and others to consider a shady thing done to one of our members on earth. I was to have been present, but was prevented. There was a Y. M. C. A. meeting at St. Michael's palace and I (incog.) was reading to the satisfaction of all out of my Golden Legend, that about the wine cellar and the poor box producing much pleasure. But before I left they began to think over it. They had thought I was all right before and recommended me to their nieces, but things are changed now, and on the first hearing I am to be condemned too.

I began to quote from Adam S. Victor, (*Ecce dies celebris*):

From the cross's pole of glory,  
Flows the must of ancient story  
In the church's wine-vat stored.

From the press, now trodden duly,  
Gentle first-fruits gathered newly,  
Drink the precious liquor poured.

and, being full of church hymnody, was going on—but it was useless. So Master Grip trifle no more.

Yours in haste,  
H. W. LONGFELLOW.

A broker is a loansome fellow.

A Negro Uprising—A darkey getting out of bed.

The life of a locomotive is only thirty years. This is another warning to inveterate smokers.—*Oil City Derrick.*

A noted scientist wants to know if "duelling is murder," whereupon some wag answers, "Rarely, if ever."—*The Eye.*

Many a man has gotten rich in this country saving up other people's money for a Washington monument.—*Bloomington Eye.*

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