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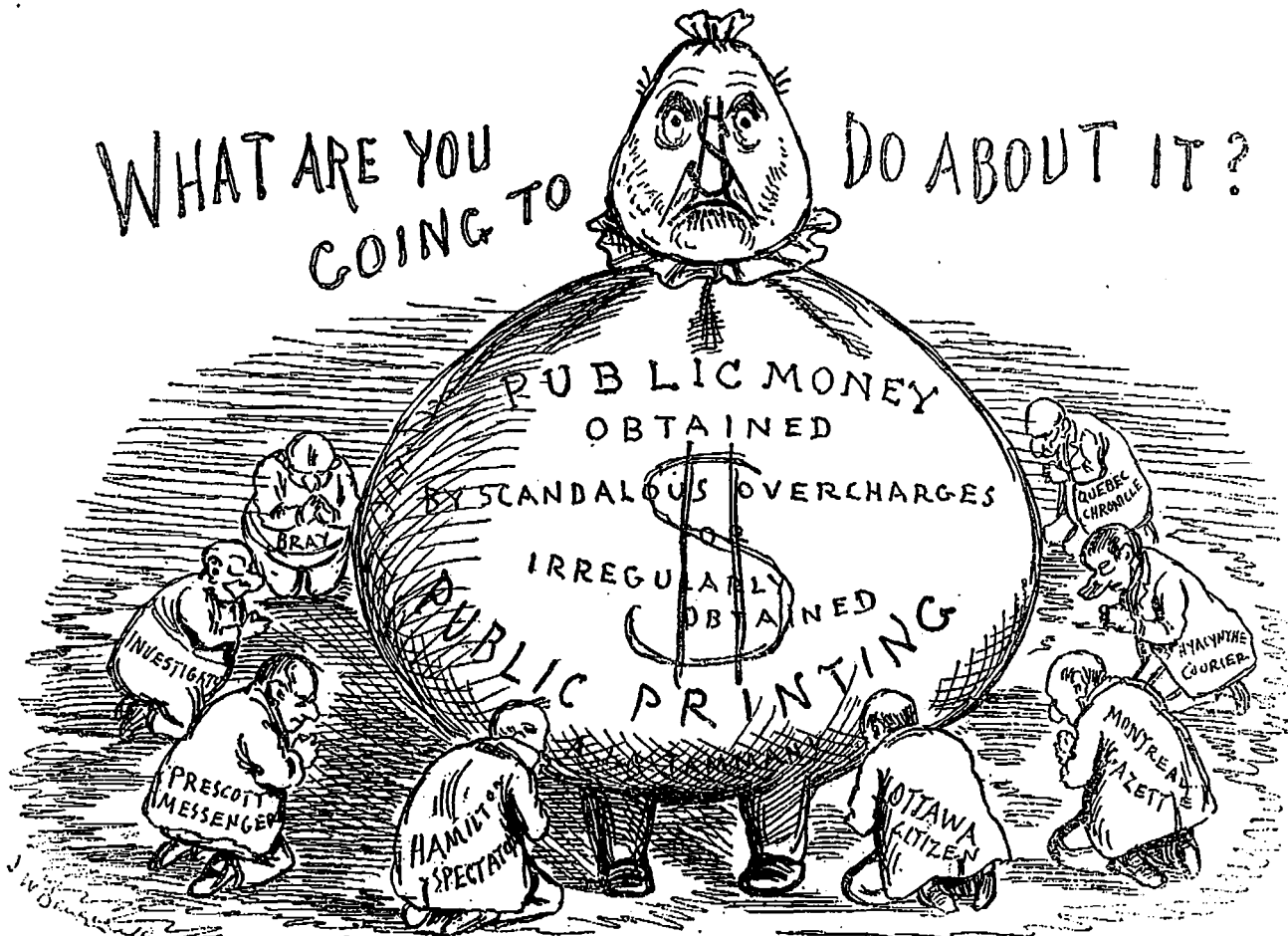
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49 KING ST. E., TORONTO.

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No. 3

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JULY 18TH, 1885.

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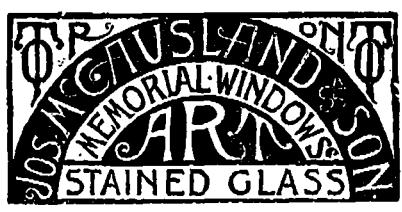


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# GRIP.

AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND  
SATIRICAL JOURNAL.

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of Toronto. Subscription, \$2.00 per ann. in advance.  
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S. J. MOORE, *Manager.*

J. W. BENGOUGH,

*Editor.*

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

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States.

## Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—What a great pity it is that the spirit of Prof. Fanning does not permeate the legislative halls at Ottawa! How much more beautiful it would be if the members on opposite sides of the House overwhelmed one another with politeness instead of, as at present, keeping studiously near the outside edge of what is barely parliamentary! As GRIP's mission is, amongst other things, to infuse sweetness and light into the politics of the day, he pictures the wind up of the debate on the Government's North-West Policy as it should have been—but was not. Mr. Blake had somehow brought himself to believe that, prior to the outbreak, the course of the Government had been marked by grave instances of neglect, mismanagement and delay in matters affecting the welfare of the people of the North-West. This conclusion was in all probability the result of pernicious reading in the shape of papers laid before the House, and documents obtained elsewhere. The hon. gentleman proceeded to express the opinions he had formed, and occupied some six hours in so doing. These hours were packed full of solid facts, sifted through the best legal intellect in Canada. And what was the result? Sir John made a few trifling remarks in reply, and then the House was called upon to say what the truth really was. Without a moment's hesitation the House decided that the course of the Government had *not* been marked by grave instances of neglect, etc., etc. Now, here is where the spirit of Fanning should have stepped in. Mr. Blake ought to have removed his hat, bowed profoundly and begged pardon of the Premier for having made such a serious error. That there has been delay, neglect, and all that sort of thing in the management of the North-West is beyond question, but as the House of Commons says it has not been on the part of the Government, of

course that settles it. Mr. Blake should have apologized for this unprecedented case of mistaken identity!

FIRST PAGE.—The *Mail* defends the system of press patronage in vogue in Canada on its merits. It is practised by both parties and is not accompanied by any evils worth speaking of. The *Mail*, it need hardly be said, is referring to the system of patronage in the shape of advertisements given by the party in office to its own newspaper organs. Nobody finds fault with this. What the people do complain of as a serious scandal is the practice followed by the present Government of giving out *printing* as well as advertisements to its friends, and paying the outrageous overcharges made for it. It has been proved that in many cases no value whatever has been given for the public money thus squandered, and it is also to be remembered that the holders of the Printing Contract invariably sue and recover damages for every dollar's worth of work thus fraudulently put past them. This whole business we denounce as wrong and indefensible, a scandal to the Government, and a disgrace to Canadian journalism. It is precisely the sort of crime for which Boss Tweed went to prison.

EIGHTH PAGE.—There is, we venture to say, a more striking dissimilarity between the portraits of Sir John A., drawn respectively by the *Mail* and *Globe*, than there was between the photographs of the deceased king which Hamlet displayed to his mother. "Hyperion to a Satyr," just about expresses it.

### REV. DR. DEWART'S POSITION.

On our first page last week we published a cartoon which was intended to convey the idea that Dr. Dewart was proposing certain amendments to the scheme of university confederation which he declared to be of small importance, but which really meant the breaking up of the scheme. To convey this point we made use of the familiar scene in which the circus clown punctures a paper hoop, and expresses astonishment that a "little hole like that does any harm." We are sorry to learn that the picture has been misunderstood, and taken as a slight upon Dr. Dewart's learning and good sense. It was *not* intended as an implication that Dr. Dewart is "a clown," and we sought to guard against such an interpretation in the comments which accompanied the picture. Nevertheless the wrong impression has been taken, as we are informed.

So much for the personal aspect of the picture. It is a more serious matter to have it pointed out that our idea itself was untrue. Since the date of our drawing, Dr. Dewart has shown, over his own signature in the public press, that the charges embodied in our cartoon were unfounded, and that the representations of President Wilson, upon which our picture was built, were not in accordance with fact. In short, Dr. Dewart's amendment—which asks that a three fourths majority be required for changing the division of the subjects agreed upon as between college and university—is totally different from the same amendment as quoted by Dr. Wilson, and, so far as we can see, its effect would be to make the confederation more permanent instead of breaking it up. Dr. Dewart has indicated his position, and until it is clearly shown that his statements are untrue, he is entitled to an apology at Mr. GRIP's hands. The cartoon in

question is therefore declared null and void, being proved to be destitute of the only element Mr. GRIP cares to deal in—Fact.

### GET ONE.

The Committee of the Bartholdi Statue of Liberty, (Richard Butler, Secretary, 33 Mercer Street, New York,) have prepared, and are selling to subscribers a very handsome fac-simile statuette of the great French work, as a means of increasing the pedestal fund. The price asked is only \$1. We have pleasure in bringing this to the notice of our readers, many of whom we feel sure will be glad to secure the miniature images, not only for their intrinsic beauty, but as a memento of a unique display of international courtesy.

GRIP is always glad to call attention to worthy efforts in literature on the part of Canadians, and he thinks the poem recently read by Mr. Thomas O'Hagan, at the meeting of the alumni of Ottawa University, deserves to be thus ranked. Irish blood has a natural affinity for poetry, and if Mr. O'Hagan—who possesses that poetic fluid—continues to woo the muse, he will do something ere long to make his name known beyond our own borders.

SPRING, GENTLE SPRING.—Mama, come and get me some of those nice Boots we saw at West's, on Yonge Street.

### "SPECIALLY FOR THE WEEK."

Can it be that there are epidemics of literary dishonesty!!? Does it break out in spots!!? affecting equally high and low, weak and strong? GRIP comes to the conclusion that Jordan and Front Streets being rather contiguous, he had better, as a precaution, have the sanctum thoroughly disinfected and all plagiaristic papers duly quarantined. When a journal of such literary pretensions as the *Week*, publishes in its columns a story which, it solemnly assures its readers, has been "Translated from the French for the Week," when, in fact, the same story had just appeared in good Queen's English in the *Globe*, some days previously—GRIP may well ask himself the solemn question—who will be the next to go? He has a forlorn hope, however, that this universal lapse from uprightness may be accounted for, by the editor's possible practical illustrations of liberal temperance principles at the Orange hooray the evening previous, and that in any case "the devil" is responsible for the—ah—oh—well—yes—fib.

### MORE POWER TO YOUR ELBOW!

At a ladies' college to-day, so a *Globe* reporter informs us, a clergyman delivered an address to young ladies of great power. Now that characterization of the ladies was a work of purest supererogation. As if we didn't know that all young ladies were "of great power!" Power enough to turn the heads and break the hearts and play the mischief generally with all the reporters in town. Not only that, but also power to upset the grammatical arrangement of their sentences in such a way that there's no knowing what it is the poor fellows really mean to say.

### THE GREAT UNWASHED.

The *Telegram* announces that "a respectable woman wants washing!" For shame! We don't believe it. No respectable woman wants washing; at least, it isn't respectable to come out and declare the fact in the public papers. If she wants washing, why don't she go and take a bath, instead of announcing her unwashed condition to a scandalized public?

SCOTTIE AIRLIE.

THE WAREHOUSE,

TORONTO, June 27th, 1885.

DEAR WULLIE,—There never was a truer word said than that nobody can tell what a day may bring forth. Hech! hech! wha wad hae thoct it? that I, Hugh Airlie, could hae lived an' de'ed through the awfu events o' this last week! An' mo a temperance man! Losh! it beats a'! Yo see, I was stappin' awa hame frae the airt gallery on Saturday afternune, when just at the corner o' Yonge Street I sees a man stannin' glowrin' at me in a maist conspicuous manner. He kept on luckin' at me, an' me luckin' at him, wonderin' what he was luckin' at, till at last he staps up, an' wi' a bit lauch in his e'e, says he tae me, "Man, I ken yer face weel, but I canna name ye."

"Weel," says I, "I'm the same way o' thinkin' respectin' yersel'; yer face is quite familiar. Hooever, ma name's Airlie," says I. "The very thing," says he, comin' doon wi' a great stelp on ma shoulder, "the very name. It was just on the neb o' ma tongue. Losh, Hughie! d'ye no mind Tawse?—Jock Tawse, o' the Hech-howe Hotel?"

Sure enouch, it rairly was Jock, but wha wad ever hae thoct o' meetin' him oot here? When I left hame he was doin' a thrivin' business on the Hech-howe roadside. He explined tae me, hooever, that the temperance movement had played the vera deevil wi' the publics an' halfway hooses in the auld kintra, an' that instead o' waitin' on the bar an' takin' life easy crackin' tae drouthy customers, he had actually tae either turn tae an' work like ither men, or come tae Canada to seek his fortune. He had some cash left yet frae the proceeds o' the sale o' his place on the Hech-howe road, an' he said he was gaun tae enjoy himsel' a bit an' luck aroon a wee afore settlin' doon. It wad be time enouch, he said, tae luck for wark when he was short o' siller. After answerin' a' ma questions aboot the auld place, a' o' a sudden he turns, an' says tae me, "Hae a cocktail, Airlie?"

"A cocktail!" says I. "What d'ye ca' that? I'm vera fond o' sheeps' tails an' pigs' tails an' oxtails, but I canna say I evor tasted a cocktail—in fack, hae nae notiou what kind o' an eatable it is."

"Airlie," says he, "ye're naething but a barbarian. Come, we maun hae ye ceevilized. The cocktail is the great offspring an' efflorescence o' Christian ceevilization. Let's hae a cocktail first thing." An' cleckin' ma airm in his, aff he tuk me tae get a cocktail, whatever that micht be. Afore I kent whaur I was he had me inside o' a bar-room. I kent it was a bar-room by the smell o' beer an' tobacco, the extraordinary big chromoses on the wa's, the windows covered up frae the gaze o' the public e'e, an' by the barkeeper, a kind o' white-dickied, gold-greened, hair-oiled high priest o' Bauchus like, stannin' ahint the bar, an' receivin', it appeared tae me, the greatest reverence frae the votaries o' cocktail. Of course the meenit I fand oot it was a bar-room I tellt Jock it was against ma principles tae be seen in siccan a place, but he protested it was against his principles as weel as mine, a' he wantit was a cocktail—an' wi' that he winks tae the high priest, an' says he, "Two cocktails, prime—Old Tom." Wi' that the barkeeper he whusks his towel ower his shoulder, an' takin' a tumbler he rins aff a quarter o' a pint or sae oot o' a silverezed tap labelled "Old Tom." Then he takes a lang-neckit bottle, an' flurishin' it high abune his head, he povers wi' a practised e'e a lang jet o' some ither liquor intill the tumbler, which he hauls gracefully doon as far as the length o' his airms will allow. That feat o' airms he repeated wi' anther bottle, garrin' the liquor i' the tumbler froth an' fizz as brisk as penny ale. Then intae that he draps a strawberry, a slice o' lemon an' a chunk o' ice, an' "Noo," says

Jock, takin' the decoction frae the hands o' the high priest, an' handin' it ower tae me, "drink that—that's a cocktail, the best temperance drink oot." As I said afore, an' I say again, I'm a temperance man, but if the weel-meanin' temperance folk wad just pit up a reward o' say twa-ree hunder dollars or sae, tae the man or woman wha wad invent a temperance drink equal tae that cocktail, there wad be nae nece sity for a Scott Act. Man, it was grand! it was fine! it just gaed creepin' doon ma weasand wi' the maist delightfu' sensation imaginable. I thoct at the time that the nectar o' the gods we hear sae muckle aboot maun hae been a kind o' celestial cocktails. Anyway, Jock, seein' me smackin' ma lips wi' sic evident pleasure, says, "Hae anither ane, Airlie." Weel, as Jock was payin' for't, I thoct I micht as weel be hangd for a sheep as a lamb, an' sae tuk anither, an' sae did Jock. We were just comin' awa, me feelin' like as if I was stappin' on air, sae free an' licht-hearted like, when wha should step in but oor book-keeper. "Hello, Airlie," says he, "how do?—how-d'ye-do?—have a cocktail?" Ma surpris at meetin' Maister Jones, wham I had aye luickt up tae as a pauttern man, in a bar-room, was only equalled by ma heartfelt grief at him catchin' me there. Hooever, no tae appear self-righteous, I accepted his offer, an' swallowed his cocktail wi' a "Here's tae ye" that wad hae done credit till a practised bummer. Then I introduced Jock till him, an' after crackin' a wee wi' oor backs tae the bar an' oor elbows restin' on't backwards like, we cam awa. Jock said he couldna part wi' me yet, an' for the sake o' auld lang syne, he tuk me intill a restaurant an' gied me ma supper. He was extraordinar' kind. I'll say that. Then he tuk me intill anither place whaur we had anither cocktail, an' then naething wad dae but he maun hae me tae gang tae the theatre, willy-nilly. Ye ken, Wullie, we were a' brocht up tae consider the theatre the road tae perdition an' the very mooth o' hell; but I thoct noo, when I had the chance, I wad just mak a'e nicht o't for ance in ma life, an' see what the mooth o' hell was like onyway. I was maist agreeably disappointed. I cud see naething tae indicate onything waur than mase, an' as for the folk i' the audience, they were a' as decorous an' decent as tho' they had been in the kirk—in fack, I've seen a camp-meeitin' a great deal mair indecorous an' unbecomingly ordered in behavior than the audience in the theatre that nicht. I've nae time tae tell ye aboot the play, only, Wullie, it was beautifu'—maist beautifu'—an' I'll never forget it till the day I dee. The curtain had hardly weel fa'en on the first act when Jock he gies me a nudge, an' says he, "Let's go out, Airlie, I want tae see a man." "What man?" says I. "Wad he no wait till the morn's mornin'?" "Weel, Airlie, says he, "You are verdant! Come on; I must see this man at once." "But," says I, "I wad like tae see the rest o' the play; this is only a'e act dune." "Why, of course! We'll be back in a jiffy," says Jock, sae there was naething for't but resignation. He tuk me oot along a lang passage, an' we landed intill a bar-room where there was a great mony mair men, a' come, as Jock tellt me, tae see a man. That man was the barkeeper, as I began tae find oot—but this time it wasna cocktails, it was "invariables," a whiskey composition, that they ordered. I had come tae this noo, that I cud drink onything, sae I whuppit ower ma allowance wi' the best o' them, though tae tell the truth, I was beginnin' tae feel a by ordinar' dizziness in ma head an' an oncomon slackness in ma joints, an' a terrible inclination tae sing "Auld Lang Syne" a' the time. This seein' a man was repeated between every act, a maist extraordinar' proceedin'. I didna see what way they couldna speak oot honestly an' say they wantid anither dram. But, of course, it wad hae been clean oot o' place to advertize ma

temperance principles there at that oor o' the nicht. At length the play cam tae an end—at least sae Jock said, for ma brain was sae muddled, the hale thing, stage an' audience, were whirlin' aboot waur than the witches in Tam o' Shanter. Jock, he grippit ma airm, an' we got safely oot o' the theatre, whaur a whiff o' the fresh air just seemed tae sober me up a bit. We were fairly on the road hame noo, I thoct, very thankfully, when suddenly Jock turns at a door, an' leads me up a stair as dark as a coal-pit. "Whaur are ye gaun, Jock?" says I, wi' some alarm, for I never lost sight o' the "mooth o' hell." "Sh! sh!" says he, "close at eleven o'clock, you know—law very strict—can't get a drop o' liquor, not if you were dyin' for it, Airlie." "I dinna see," says I, "what that hae tae dae wi' me an' you crawlin' up this stair at twal o'clock at nicht. Afore I gang anither fit I maun insist on kennin' whether this is the mooth o' hell ye're takin' me till, for if it is, deil anither fit will I tak up that stair." "Sh! sh! you galoot," says Jock. "Why, we're only going to get another cocktail to sober up on—and, say, by-the-bye, Airlie, lend me ten dollars till I get into the bar-room. I've dropped ma pocket-book." Of course ma heart boin' weel open wi' Jock's kindness an' cocktails, I made answer by handin' him ma pocket-book as a proof o' ma froenship. "I thoct," says I, "ye couldna get a drap tae save yer life after eleven o'clock." "Sh! sh!" says he, an' by this time we had gotten hae the tap o' the stair, whaur there was a door. Jock he chappit at this door an' said something, when it opened, an' then we gaed along a lang passage, up anither stair, through anither door, an' doon anither twa pair o' stairs, an' then, as sure's ma name's Airlie, there we were richt intill the bar-room we had veeited five or sax times that nicht already. Jock ordered twa cocktails, an' of course we drank them doon, Jock drinkin', "Here's wussin' success tae the Scott Act," an' winkin' ower his tumbler tae the barkeeper. The last thing I mind after that was me stannin' under a street lamp wi' anither three Scotchmen, kiasin' ane anither an' shakin' hands ower an' ower again, an' singin' "Auld Lang Syne" wi' the tears poorn' doon oor checks in the maist affectin' manner.

The next thing I kent, I was lyin' on the braid o' ma back i' ma boordin' hoose at twal o'clock o' the Sawbath day, wi' a pain in ma head that made me feel as if ma skull was crackin' open in a' directions, an' ma tongue was rattlin' in ma head like a dry burr thrustle. It was awfu'! I thoct shame tae show face, but kennin' ma landlady—decent woman—was at the kirk, I crawled oot o' bed an' got ma head doon below the kitchen tap, an' after drinkin' like a fish, I lut the tap rin full belt on ma puir burnin' skull for mair than a quarter o' an' oor. If ever there was a repentant sinner it was me that Sawbath mornin'. On Monday I was still a kind o' thorougher, an' afore I could get doon tae the warehouse a policeman cam in in a hurry tae get some o' the boorders tae sit on a coroner's inquest on a body. Bein' in a solemn frame o' mind, I gued wi' the policeman. The body was lyin' covered up whaur they had fished it up frae Yonge Street Wharf. I didna look at it, but spoiled gin they kent wha the corp was. Just inaugin ma feelin's, dear Wullie, when they tellt me it was mase!—Hugh Airlie, o' Tamson an' Tamson's warehouse—a puir deevil, they said, that Tamson had employed oot o' charity tae soop up the warehouse, but wha had ta'en tae drinkin' an' dissipation at nicht, an' wha was last seen drunk on the street on Saturday night at twal o'clock. I was sick, Wullie, dead sick, an' when I luickt at the body, an' thoct hoo that was me, I slippit awa, tellin' them they wad hae tae get a substitute as I couldna stand the sight o' a corp. It was puir Tawse! We had exchanged hats in the confusion o' cocktails an' pawtriotism, an' the puir onfortu-

nate deevil had, after gettin' ma pocket-book, daundered doon, an' fa'en intae the water. It a' cam oot at the inquest, but what I've since syne suffered, baith at ma boordin' hoose an' at the warehoose, I leave it tae yer imagination tae picter. Verily, the way o' transgressors is hard.

Yer brither,  
HUGH AIRLIE.

TORONTO CHARACTERS.

THE CROOK.

Mark ye how the festive crook !  
Every finger's like a hook ;  
Watch his false and sallow mug !  
He should be inside the jug,  
But he's not. If you'll repair  
To the flash saloon, he's there.  
With the "barkeep" he stands in.  
(Barkeep with the diamond pin.)  
The crook seems to defy the laws ;  
Coolly he doth place his claws  
In your pocket, and go through  
All the clothes possessed by you.  
He takes all and leaves you none -  
Then the crook's day's work is done.  
True, he's but a shallow thief -  
Cowardly, and would as lief  
Rob the widow of her mite  
As he would the lummer tight !

HOW TO RECEIVE THE VOLUNTEERS.

GRIP has received a number of communications from various ladies and gentlemen, offering suggestions as to how the volunteers should be received here on their arrival from the front, and requesting his opinion as to their views. Here is one :

"TORONTO, July 6th, '85.

"DEAR MR. GRIP.—There have been so many suggestions appearing in the daily papers as to our brave volunteers' reception that I offer mine to you, hoping you will give it your earnest consideration. Now, Mr. GRIP, I am a schoolgirl attending one of our most fashionable ladies' seminaries and have been so for—well, I won't say for how long—and I know a great number of the lady students of the city. Now, don't you think it would be a pleasing thought if all the different ladies' schools here would 'form'—I believe that is the expression—at the railway station under the direction of their several teachers, and place themselves in line on both sides of the street, and when the brave heroes march between our ranks, that each of the young ladies present each volunteer with a floral wreath to wear upon his martial brow ? I think it would have a pleasing effect ! What do you think, Mr. GRIP ?

Yours patriotically,

GLADYS McCULLY.

"P.S.—I have a dear friend in the Grenadiers.—G. McC."

Yes, my dear Miss McCully, GRIP quite agrees with you, but will offer the following suggestion, that the wreaths be of variegated hue. You see the boys' clothes have been so tattered and patched with material in all colors of the rainbow, including the neutral tints of the buffalo skin and birch-bark, and have become so mud and blood stained, that any of the pronounced colors might be in too violent contrast with the *tout ensemble* of the soldier. A very good idea of required tinges can be had by one of the school marmes inspecting the ranks when the men fall in. Yes, Gladys, the idea is immense.—Ed.

Here is another :

"TORONTO, July 6th, '85.

"EDITOR GRIP.—I know, at least I've herd tell, that you are a lad full of sport, in consequence likely of your running a funny paper. I am a poor and honest man and a loyal vun, and I keeps a public 'ouse. I never read your paper in consequence of not been able to, but I've seen your picters, and I thinks to myself, ere's the lad to hadvocate my views on the volunteer reception business. Now wot I proposes is this. Let hall of hus publicans whack hup and send hup a keg of hale for each oar and a

few bottles of some right good stuff to some station, say fifty or sixty mile above Toronto. 'Alt the train if it don't 'alt, and get the lickor on board. By the time the boys get to Toronto they will hall be in a good humor, and ready to take in the reception full of fun. Wot do you think of that for a hideo, Mr. GRIP ?

"Yours truly,  
"SAFFRON HILL PUMPHANDLE."

Mr. Pumphandle, you are in your humble way a genius, and your and your confreres' generosity, like your "right good stuff," is almost too overpowering. Your refreshments to the boys would doubtless do all you claim—and more. You see, by the time the boys got here they would all be well "started," and would very likely "keep" up the racket while their money lasted, so the generosity of you and your fellow-tradesmen would be repaid tenfold. True, a good many of the returned heroes might fancy themselves at Batoche or Cut Knife Creek again, and make it warm for the civilians, but of course, Mr. Pumphandle, that's none of your lookout. However, you might write to the commanding officer of the brigade touching your laudable little scheme. If he agrees to it we have no objection. You are a whole-souled gentleman, Mr. P.—En.



THE CITY COMMISSIONER TAKING PRECAUTIONS AGAINST THE CHOLERA.

CHIT-CHATTY COMMENTS.

"I tell you," remarked one fellow to another, "the old *Globe* is coming to the front as a humorous paper. I saw a capital original joke on its editorial page two weeks ago, and it's such a good one that it has repeated it daily with variations ever since."

"Yes, sirree," said No. 2, "those *Globe* editors are born humorists. But what was the joke ?"

"Well, I've forgotten exactly, but it was something about cats and Lennox."

Here is consolation for cigarette smokers at last :—

"NEW YORK, June 25.—Edward Fox, an excessive cigarette smoker, who has lately acted strangely, jumped from a second storey window and dashed his brains out last night."

This explodes the idea that no one that smoked cigarettes had any brains.

An exchange declares that "General Grant cannot endure music of any kind except that made by the fife and drum." This is equivalent to stating that the old warrior hates music of every description.

We are informed that "John McCullough, the tragedian, has lost his memory to such an extent that ten minutes after a meal he cannot tell whether he has eaten or not." Well, now, that isn't a very extraordinary instance of loss of memory. We know heaps of fellows who roost in Toronto boarding houses and they declare that they suffer precisely in the same manner as John.

A supernumerary at a Colorado theatre has constructed a fiddle out of a turtle shell. And now, whenever the gods wish him to come before the footlights and display his art as a musician, the yells for "Turtle-supe" are said to be appalling. As the gentleman is making great progress as a violinist, it is proposed to send him to the European continent to perfect his studies, and the "Turtle-supe" will probably soon be in Turin.

The *Telegram* lately informed its readers that there is an almanac in the British Museum 3,000 years old. We have had the pleasure of seeing the work alluded to, and we remember some of the jokes; in fact, they are frequently recalled to our mind by being published in several English comic papers of the present day. One of them commences in this wise: "Father, Algernon is not the poor man we thought him: oh! papa, I this day discovered that he is a plumber." Then there is one about boarding-house steak, and on the page sacred to June, is the remark: "It is *tempus fugit* were here." Let's see; isn't this last side-splitter a regular old stand-by for some paper in Dundas, or Ancaster, or somewhere near Burlington Bay. Seems we've seen it annually somewhere for the last six years or so.

ATTENTION.—What makes you pay more for harness than is necessary? We can give you a better article and later styles than any other house in the Dominion. A \$45 harness for \$23; a \$35 for \$18; a \$20 for \$11.50; a \$15 for \$9. All hand-stitched. All work guaranteed. 200 sets to choose from. Salesmen take a pleasure in showing goods. CANADIAN HARNESS CO., opposite Hay Market, 104 Front Street, Toronto.

LIBERAL TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE (LOQUITUR).

Hic—that's what I shay, reform your grandmother (hic), a good sight better than reforming a fellow's self. Shenshible—(hic)—woman Gail Hamilton (hic)—says the way to reform a man is to reform his grandmother; (hic) that's sho! the o'd lady ought to be reformed—it's a crying shame (hic) the old man too, by Jove. (Hic) Can't see why Gail left granddad out. What I shay is reform your grandmother—(hic) an' th'ole man—an' everybody else—anybody (hic) or anything rather than tell a fellow to reform himself—that's too personal (hic). Wish grannie hadn't died so soon, I'd have taken the old lady in hand and made a splendid (hic, hic) fellow of myself—too (hic) had!

A WANT OF ACTIVITY.

Much of the ill condition of chronic invalids is due to want of activity in a sluggish liver. Burdock Blood Bitters arouses a healthy action of the liver to secrete pure bile, and thus make pure blood, which gives perfect health.



### MISTAKEN IDENTITY !

Blake.—I BEG A THOUSAND PARDONS! SOMEBODY HAS MISMANAGED THE NORTH-WEST, BUT IT COULDN'T HAVE BEEN YOU, FOR THE HOUSE OF COMMONS SAYS SO.

At the late Convention of the Ohio State W. C. T. U., Miss Francis E. Willard spoke thus to her assembled co-workers:—Dear sisters, I am more and more convinced that all God wants is character. He could send a legion of angels to root the liquor traffic from this Christian land; but he wants to make of us co-workers with His Son. And I believe that you, brave and true hearts, are to be once more pioneers, pointing out the more excellent way, proving to the world that Christianity is equal to new and trying tests, and that "in quietness and confidence shall be your strength." You are also to bring the amenities of the parlor into the turbulence of public life. Abundantly have you proved, by your wisdom, courage, and patience, in the eleven years since the crusade, that you are capable of this. Politics is the witch's broth of our times. Into its seething depths you are to cast the one ingredient which alone can purify and sweeten—I mean your influence. You have not ballots, and you have not money; but what riches of clear and thoughtful brain, true heart, and helpful hand you are bringing to the only party that has dared declare itself for an outlawed liquor traffic and a protected home!



HIGHLY CONSISTENT.

(See *Globe* of last Saturday, where the above "articles" appeared side by side.)

MR. WASHINGTON WHITE ON THE STRIKE.

DEAR MISTAH GRIP,—



AM no end ob a long while since dis yah niggah sot down to rite to yo on purlitical subjects, but de fact ob de mattah am I'ae so 'gusted wid purlitics I'ae clean thrown up de sponge. It am no use for me to be holdin' on when eberybody am a pullin' an' a tuggin' de oder way, so I jes' done gone an let go hold ob dat rope, an' let de country go to de debil. When a country goes to work an' sells itself to an ole syndicate for an ole railway it mout a' built itself, an' then goes to work to buy itself back again wid its own spondulicks—den, sah—

I takes no mo stock in dat ar tarr'ry. Case why? Dey am comin' mighty soon to de end ob dat ar tether—sho! But what riles dis niggah wuss'n purlitics am de sight ob po' laborin' men lyin' around in de public parks, under de trees, jes as if dey wor livin' off de interest ob dere big fat bank book, an' were as independent an' well dressed as de lillies ob Solomon in all his glory. Mo' money an' less work am a mighty fine cry, but dere'll be less work when John Frost comes round—an' the winter coal ain't done got in on account ob de striko, an' de wife havin' to go out a-chorin' fur 75 cents a day on account ob de strike, an' de rent am behind, an' de bill runnin' up at de grocery on account ob de strike, an' de little boys 'stead o' goin' to school will be cryin' "Globe or Mail, sah! *Telegraph-ha-ha-ham!*" all through de bitter winter—all on account ob de strike. You'd better think ober de mattah, boys. It am mighty hard, I know, dat you hab to striko fur what oughter be yours by right—but make haste slowly, boys—ef ye don't get de two cents fur de balance ob dis summer see it am got at de beginnin' next summer—but in de meantime dere am such a thing as retirin' wid honor—and doan forget dat when you'll be

shiverin' in yer ole shoes, an' comin' home from de woodyard wid a five-cent cordwood stick on your shoulder, or lookin' round for a day's wood-buckin', de employers will be sittin' wid dere toes up to a big silver-plated stove, in a carpeted parlor—an' when spring comes, ef ye doan get to work now, ye'll hab a millstone ob debt roun' your neck, dat will leab ye in de spring as much at de mercy ob de bosses as eber. Get to work, boys; de summer am short an' de winter am long, an' ef de grocery shut down on you dere am nuffin' befo' you but de poo'-house. Ef I were you, boys, I wouldn't sit around under de trees dar, cussin', an' spittin', an' blowin' yo' trumpet about dat dar two cents; dere am a free library, boys, an' in dat dere library dere am books dat will make yo' know more to-morrer den yo' do to-day. Now's yo' chance, if ye will lounge, lounge—but read! read! read!!! an' doant run away wid de idea mo' money will eber do yo' much good unless wid it yo' get mo' knowledge, an' mo' understandin' ob what yo' are talkin' about—also, mo' wisdom than to spend dat ar extra two cents yo' am strikin' fur, on tobacco or whiskey. I'd a lot moah to say to you, brudders, but it's hot—an' I am got a big job ob whitewashin' to be done afore de volunteers come home.

JAY KAYELLE WASHINGTON WHITE.

JUST now every one wants a new cool summer hat, and if there is any object in saving twenty per cent, the purchaser should let nothing prevent him from going to R. WALKER & SONS', as they import direct from the makers.

THE COON AND THE COUNTESS;

OR,

NONE ARE SO BLACK AS PAINTED.

A Novel: By Mrs. Q. C. N. O. Northworth.

CHAP. I.—SOUTH AND NORTH.

Gentle reader, have you ever lived in the Sunny South, and lain in your hammock, amid the orange and lemon groves scented with the sweet fragrance of the magnolia blossoms, while you watched the smoke of your or your companion's (for, perhaps, fair reader, you are a lady) Habana cigar? Have you, by the fire-fly's light, or otherwise, paddled

your own canoe through the bayous and cane brakes; and watched the lazy alligator catching flies by lowering the upper section of his head upon them?

Perhaps you will answer "no." Neither have I; but these facts did not prevent Lady Feodore Bellvoir Beauclerc from arriving at St. Austin, Florida, in October last, with an immense retinue of servants, and impedimenta enough to embarrass the whole of the Canadian regular army on a line of march. There were cords of luggage, in all shapes and sizes, bull pups, poodles, pugs, and pointers. In the way of carriages there were phaetons, barouches, landaus, and dog-carts, almost without number. In short, Lady Feodore arrived, equipped as becomes a lady of high degree.

Lady Feodore Bellvoir Beauclerc was the daughter of the Marquis of Mullenstauk, of Cobbelstone Castle, in the County of Cork, in the kingdom of Ireland, who departed this life some years ago, leaving surviving his very young and charming widow, Lady Norah, and his daughter, Feodore Bellvoir, whom he made his sole and only devisee, and, by his last will and testament did "will, bequeath, grant, devise, and set over, all his right, title, interest, claim and demand whatever in, into, and out of his property known as Cobbelstone Castle, with all, etc., etc., to his beloved child, Feodore Bellvoir, etc." (Should our readers desire a full recital of the will they can have a copy of the same by applying to the Probate Court in Cork, and as it has nothing to do with this story any more than to show that our heroine is heir-at-law to the great Cobbelstone estate, we will drop the will and proceed.)

On the death of her father, his widow, after a proper interval of mourning, crossed the Channel, and took a magnificent suite of apartments in Piccillilli Square, in London, and by her magnificent receptions, fetes, conversations, and what may be described as "blow outs," became a leader of the *ton*, and, after a somewhat poorly defended siege, laid to her heart by Colonel the Hon. FitzHerbert Jones Snyttche Jones, of H.B.M.'s Royal Horse Guards Blue, married that valiant officer, who, poor man, thought he had a soft snap in obtaining the widow's hand. He, supposing her to be possessed of the late dear departed's hoodle, and not having the sense to obtain a copy of the old Earl's will, found himself left, and subsequent to the marriage, when he made the remark to his wife, "Be Jove, ye know, this wathaw a plank on me, d'ye know! be Jove, I thought Your Ladyship had the brads, ye know," sho siezed him by his military stock and shook him until the plume in his helmet fanned the drawing-room, and his sabretache vibrated like the pendulum of an old Dutch clock, for Lady Norah was, although an undeniable daisy, a Tartar from Tartarville.

CHAP. II.—HOLD HINGLAND.

Among the guests who were almost nightly at Lady Norah's establishment was a young Canadian gentleman, Capt. John Henry Waterelm, an *attache* of the Canadian Embassy in London. True, he only held rank in the Sedentary Militia, but as he always wore his full regimentals at Lady Norah's receptions, where the silver lace of his tunic was hardly recognizable from gold, and being a slashing-looking young fellow, as all young Canadian militia officers are, he passed muster very creditably and even occasionally touched upon some daring exploit he was connected with on the gory field of Ridgeway. Now, young Waterelm was rich—in cheek—his chums in Canada used to say to the extent of that of a Welland Canal horse; so one evening while both were gazing out of a bay window at the silent stars, somewhat marred

in brilliancy by the intervening London fog, he proposed and was accepted by the young lady of the house.

The way Lady Norah's "Irish" got up when she heard of the affair was a caution to cats. She hit Colonel Jones with a £1,000 Etruscan vase, and knocked his head through an aquarium, deluging the drawing-room with water and "strange fishes." She threw a piano-stool at the head of Capt. John Henry Waterelm, who fled as never Ridgeway hero flew before, the lady's valedictory being, "Ye pinnyless upstart from Kinnidy, wid yer yeoman's coat on making belave yer in the army—faith it's myself that knows every uniform in the service—to aspoire to the hand of my daughter, Leedy Bellvoir Bewclere! Come near me house agin and I'll scald ye!" and to poor Feodore, "March off wid ye, ye brazed hussy to your room and stay there, for bad luck to the dance ye'll dance any more this wayson!"

Lady Feodore was confined to her room, grew ill, very ill, so the doctor said, and he prescribed an immediate trip across the seas to Florida.

"Well, if she must go she must," said Lady Norah, "she'll be clear of that villian there anyway, but the deil a fut I'll go, but stay here just."

CHAP. III.—SOUTH AND NORTH AGAIN.

"Wanted—a coachman—colored—apply to Lady Beauclerc, Planters' Hotel, St. Austin," was an advertisement that appeared in the local papers shortly after Lady Feodore's arrival at that place. The following day the hotel was besieged with candidates for the situation; niggers of all shapes, sizes, and colors, from the make that lamp black would make a white mark on to the lemon-colored yaller boy "brought up at masser's," were all there. Among the throng was an individual with a face as dark as Toronto streets on a quasi moonlight night or the doings in an Algoma election, surmounted by a fleece of wool that might easily be mistaken for the interior economy of a superannuated hair mattress. On this mass he wore a plug hat of vast dimensions, unknown fur and prehistoric design. He was further adorned in black frock coat, white necktie, yellow pants, and cow-hide boots suggestive of the Titanic age; his name, as he told the lady's servant at the door, who nearly fainted when he opened his mouth, was "SAM JOHNSING."

"See hyar," said Sam to the astonished lacquey, "you jist tote yessel up-stairs, and told de lady dat Sam Johusing was deployin' on de sittewation; I haint got no visitin' keeris."

Great was the astonishment, not only of her own London servants but of all the other applicants in waiting, to see such a hostile-looking coon march coolly up-stairs, and next morning take his seat on the box of the carriage in her ladyship's livery. But their astonishment was as naught, when, before the end of the week, the terrible fact came out that Lady Beauclerc had eloped with Sam Johnsing, and had taken the steamer for New York on route for Canada, the lady leaving a cheque for the landlord covering all expenses and a desire that her belongings, each and everyone, should be sent per express to Toronto. Amount of cheque \$10,000.

Lest the gentle reader, horrified at our heroine's conduct, should throw away this story in disgust, it may as well be explained that Sam Johnsing was none other than Capt. John Henry Waterelm, C.S.M., and that the sickness, the trip to Florida, and the denouement were all part of a little set-up game while the lady was confined to her room in London. John Henry then came out to Toronto, interviewed Mr. Ald. Harry Piper, whokindly introduced him to his constituents,

with whom he had a very pleasurable time, at the same time posting himself up for his difficult part in Florida.

Lady Norah was much out up at first at what she called the "miss alliance of her darling daughter," but, on receipt of a goodly sum in cash, and knowing furthermore that her daughter was banker, she "let up."

Capt. and Lady Waterelm are living in a magnificent mansion in the "noble ward," and the Zoo is his favorite place of amusement.

THE END.



By Jas. S. Knowles.

**THE DANCE OF DEATH**—The Louis Riel. At Joe Beef's hotel you can either get a bill of fare or your fill of bear.

Sparrows are said to be good scavengers, but they are an offal nuisance.

Speaking of fish, have you ever heard of one dying from spawn-taneous com-bust-ion?

Shouldn't the Salvation Army in Toronto have their barracks on Shuter Street?

Hanlan brought back a pocketful of "rocks" which he picked up on an Australian Beach.

"Big Bear" having been captured, there will be less mischief bruin in the North-West.

The Chinese must be very musical in Montreal judging from the names. There is Sing Lee, Song Long, and P-Salm Long.

At a late meeting of the Montreal Swimming Club, J. T. Finnie was elected president. *Finnie!* Had he ought to make a good swimming-of-fish-al?

**AQUATIC**.—Hanlan's latest aquatic feat was walking on the water, and Sir Leonard has successfully demonstrated his ability to float-a-loan.

There's an eternal fitness in things. At least so I thought on observing the sign: Joseph Champagne, Liquor Dealer. No doubt Joe is bright and sparkling and popular among the boys who go out to Elmwood and Long Point.

Picken & Payne keep a banking and brokers' office opposite the post office, at 124 St. James Street, and Grip's representative will carry a business in the same office. If any burglar is caught Picken the safe lock and the night watchman gets a Grip on him, he will have a Payne-full experience.

When Barnum's circus was in St. John, N.B., an employee entered the cage of the gnu or horned horse for the purpose of cleaning it. The gnu made a rush and pressed him up against the side of the cage (a kind of gnu-matic pressure, you know). Seeing his danger, he jumped for the door and escaped. He now says he gnu it was dangerous.

Messrs S. Davis & Sons sent 10,000 Havana cigars to the volunteers in the North West, but our brave defenders say that they didn't Havana of them. Such treatment is, to draw it mildly, a puff-ect fraud. I didn't think any one Cable-ble—but that settles it! I've got my own opinion about a compositor who can't spell capable.

**SUGGESTIVE**.—In the Union Station, gazing out of the O.P.R. car-window, I observed **BAR ROOM** painted on a window in the station, and close to it the card J. Young, Undertaker. I thought of "departed spirits" and what a fearful warning to those overworked

railway officials of rural lines, who most do congregate in the Walker House bar? Charles! George! dew take warning or you will be cast away on a Lee, sure.

Entering a saloon on Notre Dame Street I noticed a jar on one of the shelves marked lambs' tongues. I asked the urbane attendant for one. He looked in the jar and said, "They are all gone, sir." "Do you know, then," I asked, "why they are like a little disturbance which occurred during the building of the Tower of Babel?" "I don't catch on to the similarity; why so?" "Because it's a jar-gone of tongues." Any babe 'll see it.

SACRED HISTORY.

*Youthful Prodigy*.—"Pa, why is Canada's comic paper like a certain biblical character?"

*Papa*.—"I fail to solve the intricate problem, my son; why is it?"

*Youthful Prodigy*.—"Because it's A-GRIP-pa."

*Foul parient swooneth.*

MONTREAL VS. SHAMROCKS.

The championship lacrosse match on Saturday afternoon last between the Shamrock and Montreal Clubs was a terrible struggle for supremacy, and Grip extends a hearty grip of congratulation to the plucky athletes who won such a hard-fought and well-earned victory. It will forever stand out prominently as a red-letter day in the annals of Canadian sports. On Saturday evening at the Windsor, St. Lawrence Hall, and other haunts of revelry, where the bibulous most do congregate, the knowing Shamrock backers (who had got "pointers," and, like innocent lambs, gambled on the "green") were conspicuously absent, while the lucky winners were quaffing beakers of rosy wine to the success of the boys in grey.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES IN TORONTO.

Strolling along the business streets of the "Queen" City I observed a number of curious signs, as follows:—John Mutton, tailor, struck me as being rather peculiar. It should be a good place to get sheep clothing. You can "chop" out this lamb-entable joke if it don't suit you. Broom & Son, Carpets. This firm should do a sweeping business in the carpet line. Sauntering leisurely along, I stopped in a meditative mood in front of an undertaker's sign. Undertakers, as a rule, are tender-hearted, but here I mused in solemn silence over the hard cognomen of Stone. Why did not that stony-hearted man go into the monument biz? From P. Burns you can bituminous coal and wood. Aikenhead suggested the idea of being a good place for the votaries of Bacchus to "swear off next morning" on a "John Collins" or B. and S.—A **WEATHER SIGN ON A WINDOW**: "GALE MANUFACTURING CO." I stepped in and asked a clerk weather there were any probabilities of my being able to get a supply of light and heavy gales, as I wished to re-gale a few railway friends with a "blow-out" at the Walker House. I also asked him if the officials in that company were any particular kind of re-gale-ia? Noticing a black cloud obscuring the serene brow of the polite clerk, and fearing that a "storm" was brewing, I hail'd a cab and vamoosed. Observing a sign on King Street: T. McIlroy, jr., Manager of the Gutta Percha Rubber Co., I entered and asked the bland and genial manager if he kept all kinds of rubber goods? "Certainly," he replied, "what can I show you?" "Well, if not too much trouble, I'd like you to show me a 'rubber of whist.'" He looked at me with a Malt-tease-cross look and threatened to introduce me to the rubber "bouncer." I left on sight, remarking as I passed out that when he gutta percha-ser like me in his establishment he should display more urbanity.

**GRIP'S SHAKESPEREAN GALLERY.—NO. 5.**



"LOOK HERE, UPON THIS PICTURE, AND ON THIS!"

—Hamlet, Act III, Scene 4.

Punch, a monthly comic shorthand magazine containing 32 pages of fun. Photographic Books supplied Wholesale and Retail. Shorthand thoroughly taught by mail. Teachers sent to country towns where classes can be formed. Address all letters, etc., to the head office. THE ONTARIO SHORTHAND SOCIETY, Head Office, 35 Arcade; Branch, 25 Adelaide-street East, Toronto.

Engineering. Certificates granted, and situations procured. School teachers and advanced students will find this a very valuable school to attend, and should at once send in their applications so as to secure the advantages we now offer. Shorthanders should send for application form to be enrolled a fellow of our Corresponding Society, and also enclose 15c. for sample copy of "Photographic

Shortland, Type-writing, Bookkeeping, Commercial Arithmetic, English Grammar, Writing, Languages, Matriculation in Law, Medicine, Arts, and Civil

**RUPTURE.**



Permanent relief with the "Tucker" Truss. Test of years proves it to be the most perfect and easiest Retainer. No body or wire spring, nor elastic bands. Illus. Pamphlet free. Sent by mail (post free). EASE, SECURITY, AND DURABILITY.

Address, TOMS & CO. (Druggists), 274 Yonge St., Toronto.

A CURE FOR DRUNKENNESS, opium, morphine, and kindred habits. Valuable treatise sent free. The medicine may be given in a cup of tea or coffee, and without the knowledge of the person taking it, if so desired. Send 3c. stamp for full particulars and testimonials. Address—M. V. LUNOX, Agency, 47 Wellington Street East, Toronto, Canada.

SPECTACLES THAT will suit all sights. Send for an Illustrated Catalogue, and be convinced. H. SANDERS, Manufacturing Optician, 185 St. James Street, Montreal.

**QUEEN CITY OIL CO.**



**5 GOLD MEDALS**  
Awarded in the Dominion in 1883-4 for  
**PEERLESS**  
AND OTHER MACHINE OILS:

TORONTO.

CATARH—A new treatment has been discovered whereby a permanent cure of this hitherto incurable disease is absolutely effected in from one to three applications, no matter whether standing one year or forty years. This remedy is only applied once in twelve days, and does not interfere with business. Descriptive pamphlet sent free on receipt of stamp, by A. H. DIXON & SON, 305 King-street west, Toronto, Canada.

Go to Kingsbury's, 103 Church-street, Toronto, for fine Cheese and Groceries.

**PURE GOLD MANUFACTURING CO.**  
31 Front-street East, Toronto.



AT THE FRONT.—While our gallant volunteers are now at the front facing our country's foes, J. BRUER, the well-known Art Photographer is, always has been, and intends to remain at the front in every branch of the Art. Ready, eye Ready, at 118 King Street West.

THERE is no disputing the fact, said Mrs. Talkative to her neighbor, PATTY's is the place to buy carpets, and in no house in the Dominion are they as well made or put down.

COOK & BUNKER, Manufacturers of Rubber and Metal Hand Stamps, daters, self-inkers, etc., etc., railroad and banking stamps, notary public and society seals, etc., made to order. 30 King-street west, Toronto.

WHAT are you thinking of? Others claim to be Kings, and Crowns, and Perfect, but we claim to be only a DOMESTIC, but one that no lady will part with. Found only at 98 Yonge Street, Toronto. Call and be convinced.

**LEAR'S**

NOTED GAS FIXTURE EMPORIUM, 15 and 17 Richmond-street West. Proprietor, having business that calls him to the Old Country in June, has decided to offer for the next two months inducements to buyers not often met with. Ten Thousand Dollars Wanted. Cash customers will find this the golden opportunity.

R. H. LEAR.

A GOOD INVESTMENT.—It pays to carry a good watch I never had satisfaction till I bought one of WELCH & TROWERN'S reliable watches, 171 Yonge-street, east side, 2nd door south of Queen.

**MORSE'S**

Best Toilets in the Market.

SWEET BRIAR, BOUQUET, WHITE CASTLE, PRINCESS LOUISE.

**THE ALBERT TOILET SOAPS**

ARE PURE AND THEIR PERFUME CHOICE AND LASTING.

GOVERNOR'S Fragrant Carbolic Tooth Wash cleanses and preserves the teeth, hardens the gums, purifies the breath. Price, 25c. Prepared only by G. J. GOVERNOR & Co., Montreal. Retailled by all Druggists; wholesale, Evans, Sons & Mason, Toronto.

CLOTHING. J.F. McRAE & CO., Merchant Tailors, 156 Yonge-street, Toronto.

PHOTOS—Cabinets, \$2.50 per dozen. J. DIXON, 201 to 203 Yonge-street, Toronto.

VIOLINS—First-class, from \$75 to \$3. Catalogues of Instruments free. T. CLAXTON, 107 Yonge-street, Toronto.

TENTS and Camp Furniture. All kinds for Sale or Hire. Send for catalogue. Tent and Camping Depot, 109 Yonge-street, Toronto.

**COOK'S AUTOMATIC POSTAL SCALE:**

NOVEL, SIMPLE, CONVENIENT, ACCURATE. Indicates instantly Weight and Postage on LETTERS, PAPERS and PARCELS. The trade supplied. Send for circular.

**HART & COMPANY,**  
31 and 33 King St. West, Toronto,  
SOLE AGENTS FOR CANADA.

R. BURTON, Retail Dealer in  
 "ISGOLD" and "WOOD" Telephone Communication between all Cities.  
 107 King Street West, Toronto.