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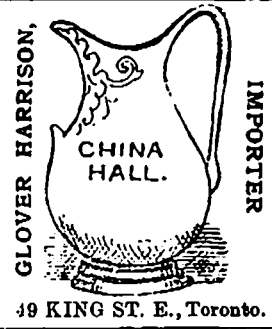
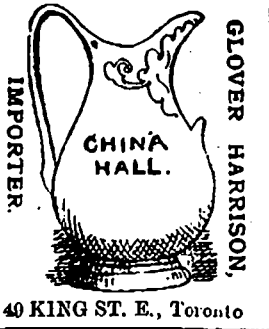
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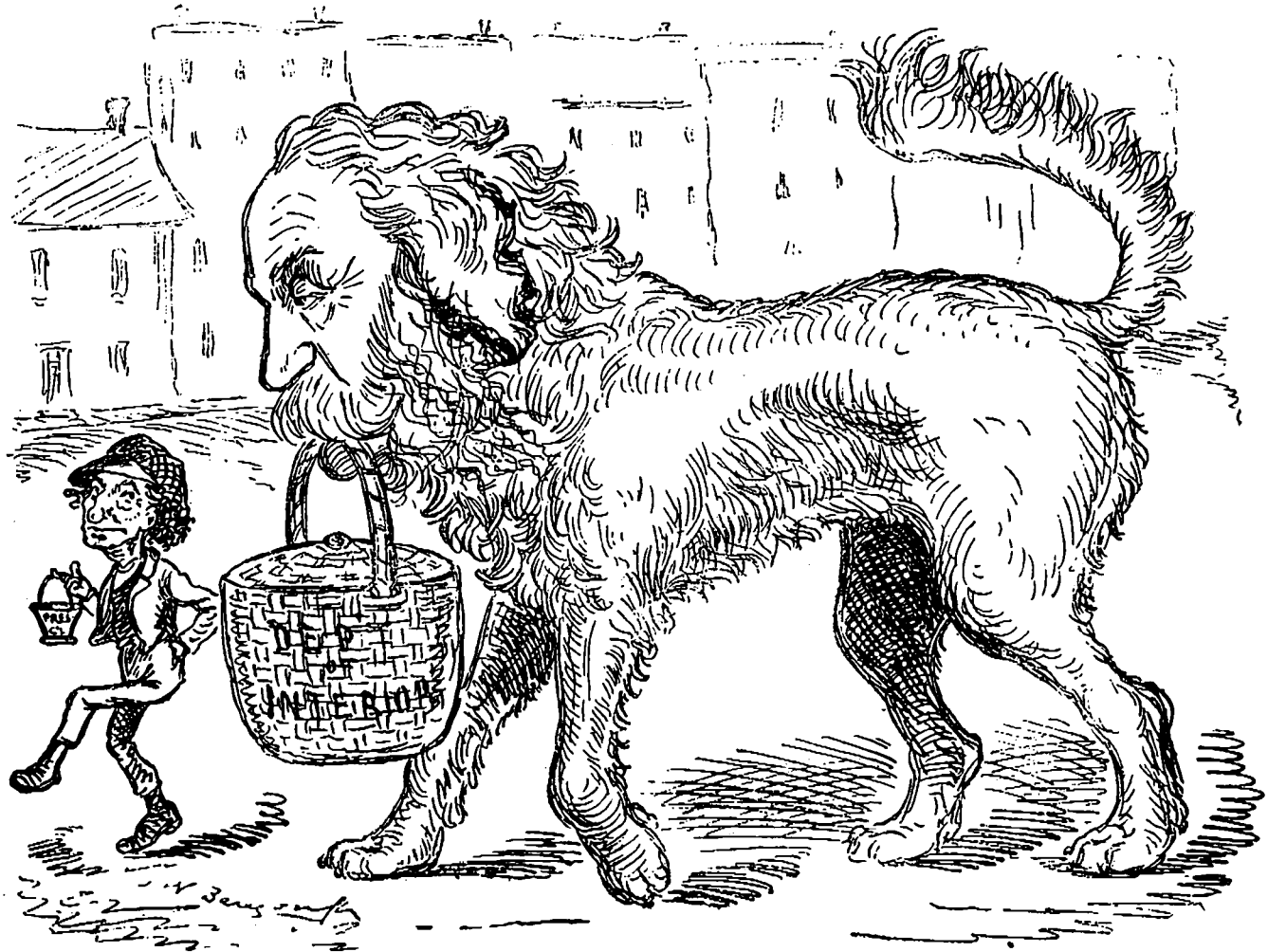
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AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL

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J. W. BENGOUGH

Editor.

The gravest Beast is the Ass; the gravest Bird is the Owl;
The gravest Fish is the 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 memo. of present address.

Cartoon Comments

LEADING CARTOON.—The *World's* suggestion that Mr. Mowat should himself assume the portfolio of Education is obviously made in the interests of the Province, and is certainly in the interests of the Cabinet. If the Premier had any adequate conception of the feeling which at present exists throughout the country on the School Reader question, he would take action without further delay. The present Minister has, by his great blunder of authorizing two Readers, and thus inflicting upon the School teachers and trustees of the Province the unexampled humiliation of being "canvassed" by drummers from rival publishing houses, got the local ministry into a mess, which it will require all Mr. Mowat's tact to overcome. The Ministry is a good one, and on many leading provincial questions commands the confidence and support of the Province, but no Cabinet, however strong and popular, can afford to make a mistake in their policy on Educational matters such as the present government has made. If Mr. Mowat takes GRIP's advice he will lose no time in rectifying as far as possible the ruinous work of Mr. Crooks.

FIRST PAGE.—Sir John Macdonald has transferred the heavier duties of the Department of the Interior to Hon. D. L. Macpherson, assuming himself the Presidency of the Council. The change is welcome to the country, for it is not in the public interest that so important a portfolio should be held by a minister who confesses in open court that he knows nothing of the details of his office, as Sir John recently did.

EIGHTH PAGE.—Lord Lansdowne has arrived, and Canada extends to him a cordial greeting. The advance slanders which sought to destroy his chances of popularity by representing him as a bad landlord have been disproved, and he comes amongst us with every claim to our highest regard. He may rest as-

sured that Canada will give him every chance to win her heart, and GRIP trusts he may succeed in doing so as thoroughly as did his brilliant countryman, Dufferin.

A CHIEF'S AMANG YE.

We take this opportunity of informing *The Chief*—a professedly humorous paper published in Glasgow, Scotland, that we have not the slightest objection to seeing articles from GRIP re-printed in its columns; in fact, we appreciate the compliment conveyed in the act of thus republishing our gems as long as we receive due credit therefor; but we mortally detest to see literary matter taken holus-bolus from our columns and reproduced in those of *The Chief* with some other fellow's signature attached, as was done in the paper referred to of October 13, the stolen article entitled "Advice to young people about to marry" having appeared in GRIP of Sept. 1st. "Bloater," who coolly signs his nom-de-plume to our work and passes it off as his own in *The Chief*, may find that he will have a "hard roe" to hoe if he continues his scaly career of literary piracy.

Last week we published a complimentary notice of *The Chief*, but judging from the manner in which that paper appears to obtain its contributions, we fear we have been giving praise where it was but little deserved. We recognize the fact that it is quite proper for a chief to be amang ye takin' notes, but when he takes everything else he can lay his hand on we must protest, especially when the pilfered property belongs to us.

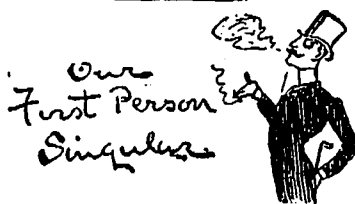
MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

"The Rev. Dr. Patterson, of New Glasgow, N. S., who has been awarded the one hundred guinea prize for the best essay on Missions, is an uncle of Mr. J. M. Oxley, of the Marine and Fisheries Department."—*Ottawa Citizen*.

The winner of a prize essay being uncle, give effect of nephew on production?

TO CONTRIBUTORS, ETC.

McTUFF.—Curb that fiery Pegasus of thine, oh! sweet singer of Campbellford, as his antics occupy too much space. A little shorter, next time, if you please.



The *Boston Star* says: "The bigger a newspaper is, the more bustle there is about it."—This is obviously a case of putting the cart before the horse. Transpose the words "newspaper" and "bustle."

People laugh when they read about the talented Mr. Wilkins Micawber "turning his attention to coals," but that is just about what most of the leading daily papers seem to have been doing for the last month or so.

Lord Derby says that Charles Darwin's one of the half dozen men of this century who will be remembered a thousand years hence.—*Ec.*—Well, here's another; that makes two, but who the mischief are the other four?

It is rather unfortunate in one respect that the master of the hounds in this city happens to be a doctor. It looks so well—so-so something or other to read, as I often do, that Dr. Smith was in at the death. You understand what I mean: so-so-yes.

I should like to know why the editor of the *Kingston Whig* is so anxious to have a hangman appointed who will put an end to a condemned criminal without bungling and with as little pain as possible on the part of the hanged. Is it possible that the *Whig* man has some foreknowledge of what is to happen, and that he? but no; it cannot be.

Is not this a sign of the times? Wanted—A lady-help to do plain cooking for a family, where lady helps are employed. Address SIGMA, P.O. Lock-drawer 29, Lakefield, Ont. *Mail*. And this: Wanted.—A young person to act as governess in a family, etc., etc.—*Exchange*. Lady-helps to do plain cooking: young persons to look after the education and morals of the children. Ah! me. I shall not be a bit astonished when I see gentlemen-assistants to remove swill and aid in blacking boots advertised for.

The *Toronto Mail* said a short time ago that "The Canadian farmer is not the fiend that frantic men describe him to be." The *Hamilton Times* rears up at this and says that only a few months ago the *Mail* spoke of a gathering of several thousands of farmers in Toronto as representing all that was filthy and vile—as in search of a free lunch, and much in need of a bath. Well, I don't see that looking for a free lunch and wanting a bath make a man a fiend. If so, then there is a remarkably large number of fiends drifting about.

And now every one who wrote to the *London Free Press* in favor of Canon Baldwin as a fit and proper person to be bishop of the diocese of Huron, is congratulating himself that it was his particular letter that secured the election of the reverend gentleman. The Bishopric page of the journal mentioned had got to be quite interesting, and I miss with pleasure the lengthy epistles of those who have, for the past few weeks, been spreading themselves on the subject of electing a bishop. The *F. P.* will now have more space to devote to the tour of Mr. J. L. Sullivan, and interesting passages of arms between the gentlemen of the close-cropped polls.

I fancy the Americans must laugh at us Canucks most consumedly sometimes. A few weeks ago a Hamilton policeman prevented the American flag from being carried through the streets of that city; a few days back Dr. Gustin, mayor of St. Thomas, and one Alderman Brown, ordered the stars and stripes, which some citizens had hoisted over the hotel where Judge Rogers, of New Orleans, was staying, in honor of that gentleman's fortieth birthday, to be hauled down. Their orders were not obeyed, however, and it looks as if St. Thomas and America will go to war. Verily, man, clothed in a little brief authority, etc., etc. Ah! me.

I observe considerable discussion taking place in some of the daily papers as to whether or not it is possible for a man to marry and keep out of debt on a salary of ten dollars a week. Several letters have been written to the papers referred to, both for and against the matter, the majority of the writers seeming to be of opinion that it is not possible to do these two things on the amount specified. I say, distinctly, that it is possible to get married on ten dollars a week; there's nothing to prevent it; and as for keeping out of debt, it is not only possible, but unavoidable, for a man with that salary will find it a very difficult, if not an impossible, matter to get any credit at all.

I observe, as I suppose scores of others have observed before me, that those people who are constantly preaching about the sinfulness of running into debt, and the low moral state into which a person who is in debt must have fallen, are the very individuals themselves who are unable to obtain credit anywhere, and who the man at the corner grocery won't trust for a penn'orth of blacking for a single day. Such people, when they find it is impossible for them to get into debt,—though they have tried with all their might to do so, hold themselves up as patterns of goodness because they don't owe anything. Oh! I know, and everybody else knows just such folks. They are nearly related to those women who pride themselves on their immaculate virtue, but who are so fearfully homely that a man would go into fits if he looked at them for half a minute.

I think that the police are making a move in the right direction by instituting annual athletic sports, and it would not be a bad idea if our two hundred and thirty pounders were to go in for a systematic course of physical training, not only for a few weeks immediately before the annual gathering, but all the year round, and practice at sprint and long distance running should be indulged in. What is more depressing than to see a huge mass of constabulary flesh and bone in pursuit of an active runaway evil-doer, losing ground with every step and finally, at the end of a chase for a few hundred yards, being compelled to abandon the pursuit on account of the giving out of his breath and physical collapse generally? It is all very well for a policeman to be a big man, but unless he is muscular in proportion to his size, it were better for him that a boarding house pie were hanged about his neck and that he were compelled to eat it, than that he should be called upon to give chase to a fleet, bad man. I am a good runner myself, so I care not how fast the cops become; but I am sure they would derive great benefit from a regular course of athletic training.

Vanity Fair, an English weekly publication, goes for the Americans who visit England, in a lively, but altogether unfair manner, condemning the whole American nation as vulgar, impertinent, low-bred, and so on, because a few individuals, visiting England with some of the cheap excursions, conduct themselves in a manner distasteful to the writer in *Vanity Fair*, who evidently has not met any of the better class of Americans in England who are very highly spoken of by people who move in a much higher social atmosphere than *Vanity Fair's* correspondent appears to do, and of whom Mr. Labouchere, a man who is likely to know whereof he writes, speaks in most flattering terms in *Truth*, his opinion being that of the majority of the class of English people whose opinion is worth noticing. It would be just as fair for the Americans to take, as specimens of the English nation, those irrepressibly vulgar cockneys or those mushroom 'gents' who so constantly talk about the superiority of things at 'ome, who visit America and make themselves objectionable wherever they go, and on their account, condemn the entire English race. The Englishmen who come out here and talk loudest about their aristocratic relations at home are generally dead-beats and frauds of the first water and the truth is not in them, and as a rule, they have left their country for their country's good, and anyone who knows anything at all can see through them and their pretensions at a glance. An American gentleman is a fine fellow, and it is hard lines to class all Americans as vulgar and so on, because a few cheap trippers don't know how to behave themselves abroad.

MARIA McCABE.

SENTENCED TO BE HANGED FOR THE MURDER OF HER ILLEGITIMATE CHILD.

Yes! hang her up, O Justice, stern and cold,
End her unhappy life—put her away—
The law decrees that life be given 'or life!
So let her strangle, O most righteous law!
Come, haste the killing—here's the gallows tree,
And here's the ghostly priest with open book,
And here's the cord to pinion hands and feet,
Why this delay? Come on! What, can it be
That Justice halts to weigh Compassion's plea,
And spare this mother's life?—this frenzied maid,
With blood upon her hands?
Is Justice, then, so weak as lend her ear
To Mercy's wild narration of the tale
Of guilt and shame, of frenzy and despair,
That blurred this woman's sense of right and wrong.
And stung her on to murder! no!
Canadian Justice has a heart of steel,
And 'tis no intercession stays her now,
But stern necessity; no hangman is at hand,
And none, they whisper, can be got for gold!
The city's slums have spewed out none so vile
As he must be who would perform this job!
But stay! who's this breaks from the shrinking group,
And bows to Justice with the air of one
Who knows himself in favour with Her Grace,
Lays by his dainty coat, removes his jewels,
And waves aside the hangman's modest mask.
Here's one will do the work! here's one at last
Whose heart knows nought of pity or remorse,
Sweet Law, thou shalt not then be wronged and robbed.
So Justice smiles and leads the victim forth
And yields her to the hangman's novice hands,
The hands most meet to do such horrid work—
The father of the culprit's murdered child!

HOW IS IT?

I wonder how it is that so many things are constantly happening, according to humorous writers, that I have never seen, though I have done my best to try and believe that these things do take place, and to be on the spot when they were happening. A few of them are as follows:

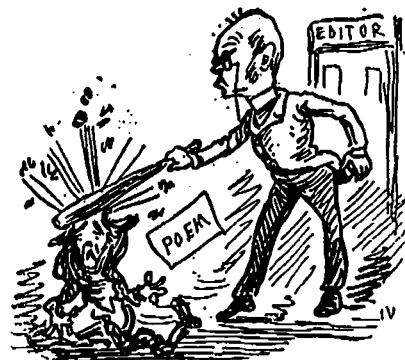


1. I have never thrown a bootjack, or seen a bootjack thrown, at a cat. Take up a humorous paper, and see if a bootjack is not the missile most frequently mentioned when cats are the writer's theme. How many of my readers, I wonder, ever aimed a bootjack at a cat. Very few, I dare be sworn.



2. I watched a goat in a yard one day for three solid hours; around him were strewn tomato cans, rags, old ermine hoops and such luxuries as the goats of humorists always feed upon, but veracity compels me to state that the goat in question regarded these delicacies with an air of indifference and went on quietly nibbling the grass, and behaving as though he didn't care a snap whether he was showing that humorists know not the truth and that veracity is not in them, or not.

3. Though I have spent many years in newspaper offices, the sight of an editor brain-



ing a poet has never yet been granted me. Yet posticide by editorial murderers is as common in the pages of funny papers as the grammatical errors therein.

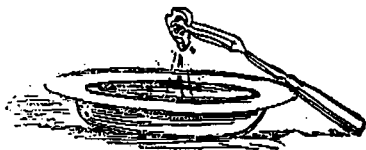


4. I never beheld an editor writing an article with the foreman and printers' devil both yelling "Copy" at the top of their voices, and nearly driving him to distraction. Why, a humorous paper would be unworthy of its name were not some such incident as this introduced occasionally.

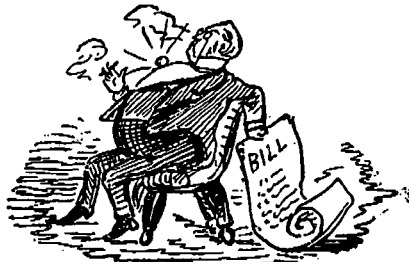


5. I am acquainted with no less than seventeen poets, and with one exception their hair is as short as that of other mortals; the exception is in gaol and his hair is considerably shorter. I cast my eye over the first funny paper I find and I read an article beginning thus: "The door was softly opened and a wild eyed, long-haired individual crept timidly in and enquired for the editor." Of course this was the conventional poet of the humorist, the adjective "long-haired" was enough to settle the hash of that question: but how is it, how is it, I say, that the hair of the poets I know is all short?

6. I do not know whether I am exceptionally favored by luck or not, but I must confess that I have attended numerous church socials, and the oyster stew invariably abounded in



the bivalvular delicacies from which it takes its name. Whence, then, arose that dismal, weird tale of a solitary, used-up and dejected oyster which invariably figures in the funny man's description of a church social stew?



7. When I temporarily accepted the position of book-keeper for a firm of plumbers, I, certainly, after reading all I had done about the wealth of this class of people, and the way in which that wealth was accumulated, expected some very startling revelations, but I must admit that most of the plumber's charges and the bills I had to make out seemed reasonable enough, and when I accepted an invitation to dinner with one of the firm one day, instead of dining off gold plate and sitting on diamond studded chairs as I had expected to do from reading of the plumbers of funny men and their habits, we ate off plain delf and sat on ordinary cane bottom chairs.



8. I have lived a great deal among mules—but I think I had better stop here, for I see that I have laid myself open, in that last statement, to an attack from all the humorously inclined people who read this. Good bye.

SWTZ.

Every man has three characters—that which he exhibits, that which he has and that which he thinks he has.

The paradox of paradoxes is that in the marriage ceremony the woman doesn't get in any more talk than the man.

An exchange has an elaborate article for amateur vocalists, "How to begin to sing." How to get them to quit is still an unsolved problem.

A Vermont editor, in publishing one of Byron's poems, changed the words "Oh gods!" to "Oh gosh!" because the former was too profane for his readers.

"So your husband is a critic? Now tell me, does he always write just what he thinks about a play?" "Oh, dear, no! It wouldn't do. His paper goes into the best families, and profanity is out of the question.

A LAY OF MODERN PETERBORO'.

Mr. Toker of the Peterboro' *Review*, and Mr. Stratton of the *Examiner*, have been exchanging compliments in the usual way, through the medium of their journals. On Saturday, the two gentlemen met on the street, one armed with a cane and the other with an umbrella, and they began a battle, the like of which had never been witnessed in Peterboro' before. One of the combatants plucked mighty boulders from the street and hurled them at his opponent. The police stood aghast at the spectacle, and did not venture to interfere until the contest was well nigh concluded. — *World*.

APPOLOGIA.

Oh! would that I were gifted with a minstrel's clarion tongue:
Both wide and near the story of this warfare should be sung.
But e'en my best I'll do, forsooth, and let all folks be told
How journalists in Peterboro' fought in the days of old.
No grey goose quills the weapons used;—a walking cane
one feller
With puissant arm bewielded, and the other his umbrella.
Come aid me muse; inspire me now for I am fain to sing,
And cause their martial deeds through all the continent to ring.

VE FRAY.

They were two knightly journalists who drove the pencil fleet,
Who one another had abused, each in his own fair sheet;
"Now, by my halidome!" quoth he who writeth the *Review*,
"I'll teach this varlet courtesy; his insults he shall rue."
"P'fackins!" yelled the other knight, "I'll have the catiff's blood;
I care not though I hang for it with dull and sickening thud.
Go forth, mine herald, sound the trump and let the fray begin;
Grammercy! it shall be to death; and may the best man win."
The herald tooted through the streets and out upon the pave,
On Shanks's mare came ambling the gallant knights and brave:
"Now, have at thee," the Tory knight exclaimed and drew his stick,
"Draw and defend thy Liberal head, and do it mighty quick."

Th' umbrella of the other knight estsoon from scabbard sprung;
Oh! surely such a fray before hath never minstrel sung.
Like lightning's flash th' umbrella flew and circled through the air,
Whilst from the walking-stick the blows were rattling everywhere:

On helmet visor, breast-plate, greava, the blows poured down like rain;

Oh! may I never see a fray like of this again!
"A Strayton to the rescue," swift the blows pour in a flood:

"A Toker, aye, a Toker"—thrice the Tory stick drew blood.

"Ha, ha; take that," cried one, and "Ha! there's one upon thy ribs,"
Cried t'other; "That one tickles up the midriff of his nibbs."

The minions of the law stood round in awe and blank dismay,
And dreamt not of attempting to end the fearful fray.

When, ci-rash; th' umbrella's bust; and all unarmed
Knight Strayton stands,

Then pounces on some paving stones and hurls them with his hands;
Now breathless all the foemen pause, and then as quick as thought

They turn, march through the city street and toward the justice court.

And each records a lengthy charge of battery and assault;
Each knight declares the other knight to be the most in fault.

And so the fight was ended. Now let it wide be told
How Peterboro' scribes have fought in the brave days of old.

A lady's boudoir is a powder magazine; preparatory to an expedition into the very heart of the enemy, she has a little brush and then raises her colors.

"There are souls in my church so small," said Mr. Talmage to a reporter, "so infinitesimal, so mean, that fifty of them could dance a schottische on the point of a cambric needle without touching each other."

Dudes who chew the heads of their canes are advised by a medical editor to have the same made of soft rubber instead of silver. It makes less wear and tear on the gums, and helps the teeth to come through just as well.



AFTER DINNER GOOD HUMOR.

MEREDITH, (IN AGITATION), DO YOU REALLY MEAN THAT, SIR HECTOR, OR IS IT MERELY AFTER DINNER TALK? 'CAUSE IF YOU DO, WHY I SHALL FEEL JUSTIFIED IN RESUMING MY FORMER ATTITUDE IN FAVOUR OF THE RIGHTS OF ONTARIO!



"I THINK I'D BETTER TAKE CHARGE OF THIS DEPARTMENT MYSELF!"



"So the world ways."

I was very glad to see the following remarks in an editorial in the *Hamilton Tribune* a short time ago. Possibly some people will say that the subject treated of is out of place in a paper like *GRIP*: with such I beg to differ, though space will not allow me to give my reasons in full for doing so. The article quoted refers to the unfortunate woman who was sentenced to death at the last assizes, for drowning her illegitimate child. "There is a probability that her sentence of death will be commuted to imprisonment for life, and she escape the extreme penalty of the law. Even this will not lessen the guilt of the man who is the author of her destitution, her crime and her death to the world. In the lexicon of the law of Canada this man's crime is not crime. The poor girl may be hung, the law adjudges it her due, the man, the tempter, goes free and uncondemned. Is it that our courts of law are thronged to-day by men who have not the old-time love of equity in their hearts? Is it that chivalry and the sense of justice have been blotted from the soul of man forever, that the gladsome light of jurisprudence is not shown in the enactment of a law making the betrayer of innocence a criminal? Let a sentiment for such an enactment be fostered by the press, by judges, and by those who were fabled to have only high crested thoughts—barristers and counsellors at law—and it will come to pass that men will not spoil the lives of women with impunity. We want this greatest of all sins placed on the criminal list of Canada."

The following, reprinted from that receptacle for spicy original matter and excellently selected clippings, the *Arkansas Traveler*, and written by Derriek Dodd for the *San Francisco Post* will, doubtless, bring to some of my readers recollections of the days when they looked anxiously for the arrival of

MAMMA'S SHIP.

The Point Lobos watchman of the Merchants' Exchange was aroused from his monotonous contemplation of the horizon yesterday morning by a faint rap on the lower panel of the door of the station, and upon opening the latter he discovered a rosy-cheeked boy of about five, looking very hot, tired and dust begrimed, and having evidently made the journey from the city alone and on foot.

"Please, sir, is mamma's ship coming in?"

"What ship is your mother on, my child?" asked the lookout, staring at his diminutive visitor.

"She isn't on any; she's at home," replied the small inquirer, somewhat puzzled. "She has a ship of her own, though, and I want to know if it's coming in."

"I suppose its father's a captain," said the lookout to himself. "What's the ship's name, my son?"

"Name?" reflected the child; "it hasn't got any name; it's just mamma's ship, that's all."

"No name?" said the station man, more mystified than ever; "who sent you here, little one?"

"Why, old Jim, the sailor, who lives back of our house. He said this was the place where they watched for the ships to come in, and so I thought I'd come out to-day and see if mamma's was in sight. I started this morning and people showed me the way, but I didn't think it was so dreadful far. Please, mister, won't you look again for mamma's ship," and the tiny traveler sank down on the door step much exhausted.

"What makes you think your mother has a ship?" asked the watcher, as he lifted the child into a chair.

"Why, because she says so," replied the baby, much astonished by the absurdity of the question. "You see I'm most crazy for a little spotted pony like Charlie Peter's has, and—and a red cart to hitch 'Gardie,' that's our dog, to. But whenever I tease mamma for them, she says I must wait 'till her ship comes in.' I'm awful tired of waiting, so I thought I'd come out here and ask you. Don't you think that little one way off there, with the long black tail, might be it?" and he pointed to a steamer smoking along past the Faralones.

"I guess it will be along pretty soon now," said the lookout, gravely, sighting through his telescope. "Meanwhile you climb into that berth yonder and take a nap while I watch." And in a few minutes the Merchants' exchange telephone repeated to police headquarters the message that a lost child would be found safe and well at the Point.

An hour later, when the distracted mother arrived at the station, the truant was still fast asleep, the contented smile on the little mouth showing that he had reached that placid haven—that dream-land—where, only, all our ships come in.

* *

Any one who has seen the real, genuine, bona-fide London flunky will acknowledge the truth of the remarks appended, which are from the pen of W. J. Stillman in the *Century* for October. The writer has so fully covered his subject that any remarks on my part are impossible.

THE LONDON FLUNKY.

In the intonation of the lower-toned command is the highest expression of the incommunicable, indescribable, and, except by generations of cultivation, unattainable quality we call high breeding. In the reply to it is that perfect antithesis in breeding, which we ought to call low—the profound, unquestioning, and unhesitating prostration of self of the traditional hereditary "flunky," disciplined like a soldier, who, as his master never permits himself to express a disturbing emotion, never allows himself an expression of surprise or a word of comment; whose self-command is as great as his master's, perhaps greater—a well-apparelled statue, save when an order is given; whose bows and deference for his master's guests are graduated by the distance at which they sit from the head of the table; a human creature that sees nothing, knows nothing, and believes nothing which his master does not expect him to see and know and believe; who, if he thinks of a heaven at all, never dreams that it can be the same thing for his master and himself; he hopes to meet his father and grandfather and great-grandfather in the servants' hall in that celestial abode where his master and all the family for countless generations will dwell in their mundane state; his brain could no more take in the parable of Dives and Lazarus than the laws of Kepler, and the most insensate chartist or radical could never inspire in him an ambition to be anything beyond butler in his master's mansion.

What in a woman is called "curiosity" in a man is grandiloquently magnified into "spirit of enquiry."

GRIP'S CLIPS.

All paragraphs under this head are clipped from our exchanges; and where credit is not given, it is omitted because the parentage of the item is not known.

THE FORCE OF HABIT.

Missus (*Who is acting as Amanuensis to Mary.*)

"Is there anything more you wish me to say, Mary?"

Mary—"No, marim, except just to say, please excuse bad writin' and spellin'."

They say that figures won't lie, but one is inclined to doubt the old saw when he looks upon the figure of a fashionably dressed woman.—*Boston Transcript.*

The making of wooden trinkets from timber grown on the lands of Abbotsford, the home of Sir Walter Scott, is said to be devastating the forests of the State of Maine.

England, a Philadelphia paper says, is quite justified in sending her paupers to America. "After importing the English sparrow," it sadly observes, "we ought to receive anything without a murmur."

"Yes," said Farmer Jones, "My summer boarders complain that the nights are cold, but they certainly have no right to expect me to take the blankets off the tomato vines such weather as this."—*Philadelphia Call.*

Jones asked his wife, "Why is a husband like dough?" He expected she would give it up, and he was going to tell her that it was because a woman needs him; but she said it was because he was hard to get off her hands.

Jane Grey Swisshelm has endeared herself to every newspaper pilot by saying in a letter of advice to an aspirant for journalistic honors, "It is much more respectable to do up an editor's shirts than to bore him with bad manuscript."

"I am trying to break myself of slang phrases," said the Centralville girl, "and have been for some time. But actually I used the word 'racket' to-day before I thought, and I'm so ashamed of myself. You won't give it away, will you?"

Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets" are sugar-coated and inclosed in glass bottles, their virtues being thereby preserved unimpaired for any length of time, in any climate, so that they are always fresh and reliable. No cheap wooden or pasteboard boxes. By druggists.

Gontran one evening said a number of foolish things in a house where he had paid a visit for the first time. His friend, Georges, went the next day at Gontran's request, to repair the injury as best he could. "I've fixed it," he exclaimed, when he came back; "I told them you were drunk!"—*Christian At Work.*

A collector of a gas company presented a bill for payment the other day, and was met with the response: "Are you sure this bill is right? I must have burned more gas than that." The collector turned white with fear, and hastily making his way down-stairs, told a policeman that a madman was up in the third storey, and something had better be done about it right away.

"After this week," said the editor of the *Bungtown Arouser*, "I shall enlarge my paper to twice its present size and at the same time reduce the price from \$2.50 to \$2.00 per annum." "For heaven's sake," shrieked Bass, "don't do anything of the sort. If you'll reduce the paper to half its present size and double the price, all right; but don't do anything rash, if you expect to retain my name on your subscription list."—*Boston Transcript.*



RICH AND RARE WERE THE GEMS.

"I am going to show you something," said my conductor, as he paused with his hand on the knob of the door leading out of the show-room of the immense jewellery establishment of which he was the proprietor, "that I keep a profound secret from the world in general; but I feel I can trust you, for you are a newspaper man, aren't you?"

"I am," I replied.

"A good solid journal, isn't it?"

"It is," I answered.

"Not one of those neutral and indecisive affairs that say anything?"

"No: nothing of the sort."

"It isn't run by Yankees, is it?"

"No: at least the Mitchell man has not so decided yet."

"Well then, come along; I pledge you to secrecy," and he opened the door and bade me follow him.

After traversing a long passage we came to a staircase leading down apparently into the bowels of the earth. This we descended and found ourselves in a vast chamber on the floor of which were immense heaps of diamonds which sparkled in the rays of a gas-jet here and there.

"Surely," I said, "this must be that cave or garden, or whatever it was, spoken of in the Arabian Nights, is it not?"

"No: Aladdin was never here," replied the jeweller, picking up a handful of the glittering gems, and flipping them carelessly about, as a boy would do with marbles, "Now what do you think those are?" asked my guide.

"Why diamonds," I answered.

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene; How beautiful! how exquisite!"

"Yes, these are diamonds," was the reply, "and here," he continued, throwing open a door into another room where several workmen were engaged, "here is where they make them."

"Make them!" I cried in astonishment "what do you mean?"

"I mean what I say; these are what are known to the initiated as 'actresses diamonds.' An actress wishes a good advertisement; she comes to us and purchases a few quarts of these precious stones and has them stolen; dy'e see?"

"Quarts!" I said, "why what are they worth?"

"Well, they range from four seventy-five to seven dollars a quart; it is cheaper to buy them by the bushel."

"Verily, there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy. I am astonished."

"That's nothing; now look here," and he led the way into another large store-room, piled high on every side with silver watches; "look at those."

"I had no idea there were so many watches in the world," I exclaimed in astonishment, "why surely you must have several millions of dollars worth here."

"Scarcely," was the reply; "these are what are termed 'newspaper watches': they are given away with papers that are unsaleable on their own merits; we sell these by the cord; eighteen dollars a cord is the regular price."

"Heavens!" I cried, "but do they go?"

"Go! what dy'e take us for?" asked the other contemptuously.

"Well then, what's the use of them?" I enquired, mystified.

"Nou e—as watches: of great value, though, as a means of getting rid of the paper they are given away with."

"Oh!"

"See these chains," he continued, pointing through another opening which led into a smaller store, at the further end of which was a spout through the ceiling, and down which flowed a constant stream of gold watch-chains, "these are the articles so much worn by clerks on small salaries, dudes, and those lah-di-dah chaps who wear two chains outside their coats, and so forth: the factory is just above, they cost us about four cents a-piece, we sell them for \$2.50."

"Well, well; I had no idea of this."

"Now we come to the 'hotel-clerk's breast-pin' and 'bar-tender's solitaire' department," said my guide, as he preceded me into another room. "These goods are very expensive," and he opened drawer after drawer whose contents fairly dazzled my eyes.

"These then are genuine stones, I suppose," I remarked.

"Yes; as genuine as we make them; here is a pin, now," taking up an article fairly blazing with brilliants, "that is worth as much as two dollars: handsome, isn't it? Take a few if you care to."

He offered me a handful which I declined, however.

"That's all I have to show you to-day," he said, after a pause.

"Well, but haven't you any real bona fide jewels at all?" I asked.

"Yes, we have, let me see," and he hesitated, "you're a newspaper man, aren't you?"

"I am."

"Well then I hardly think it would be advisable to throw temptation in your way; not to-day; some other day; good day," and he mounted a staircase and opened a door leading out into the street, and, with his words ringing in my ears, I awoke.

HE UNDERSTOOD FEMININE HUMAN NATURE.



LIRRYPIP was sub-editor of the *Trumpville Trombone*, the office of which paper was directly opposite a tailoring establishment where several pretty girls were employed, amongst whom was one whose good looks far surpassed those of her companions, and which made a deep impression on the too susceptible heart of the journalistic Lirrypip, whose desk was placed in the window of the *Trombone* office from which position he could see the fair tailoress every time he raised his eyes and looked across the street, for she worked in a front window of the sartorial establishment. That's a rather long and very exhaust-

ive sentence, but like the foot of a daughter of a neighboring town, it covers a deal of ground.

So Lirrypip made love to the fair girl across the way as best he could, with a space of about thirty-five yards between himself and the object of his affections, and she, though evidently a modest and respectable young woman, let him see, by an occasional smile, that she was not altogether proof against the arrows of love that were darted across the street from Lirrypip's eyes. But Lirrypip had never spoken to the young lady, though he had despatched several notes across the street to her, to which, however, she had never vouchsafed any reply, thus displaying her good-sense and modesty; for it was presumption, even in a sub-editor, to write love letters to a girl to whom he had never been introduced, wasn't it? Of course if Lirrypip had been a full-fledged editor-in-chief, it wouldn't have been so bad, because an editor-in-chief is a man above suspicion and one in whom guile cannot dwell, and Mary Anderson allows herself to be presented to editors-in-chief, though she says "no thank-you," to H. R. H. the P. of W. (sounds Masonic and mysterious to use initials.) But to get back to Lirrypip. The young woman would not reply to his notes and he determined to make her answer. This was an heroic resolve on Lirrypip's part, for he had read that couplet which says, concerning woman.

"If she will, she will, you may depend on't,
And if she won't, she won't, and there's an end o'nt."

But, nothing daunted, he tackled her on a weak point. Instead of writing her a note he sent her,—what? A newspaper from which he had clipped a three-inch paragraph. It turned out just as he had anticipated. In half an hour came a note from the beautiful tailoress, its contents as follows:

"Dear Sir,

The newspaper duly received, but please tell me what was on the peace you cut out?

Yours, etc.

JULIER."

Lirrypip had vanquished her. He had played upon her curiosity and—she fell; that is to say, she didn't fall far, but she broke through her maidenly reserve and wrote to a stranger.

But the affair never came to anything, for Lirrypip decided that a young woman, though fair as Cleopatra, who spelt "newspaper," with three p's, "received" with an s and ea and so on, would never do to associate with a sub-editor. And so the ocular flirtation ceased, and Julier married an alderman who couldn't tell whether her spelling was right or not.

Thus endeth this romance.

S.

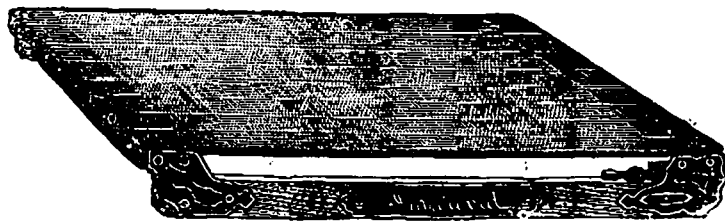
"Let no man enter into business while he is ignorant of the manner of regulating books. Never let him imagine that any degree of natural ability will supply the deficiency or preserve multiplicity of affairs from inextricable confusion."—Day's Business Colloge, 96 King St. W. Toronto.

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Two parties claim that such are the wonderful curative powers of the Notman Pad Co's remedies that they will drive snakes or any other reptile out of the stomach in two days. Whether this is true or not we are bound to say that these remedies are the best in the world for all troubles of the stomach, liver and bowels. Adv't.



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"Why does a kiss raise the spirits?" "Because it's the cream of ta ta."—*Lampoon.*

Dr. Griffin, the stepfather of Miss Mary Anderson, writes to a Louisville friend as follows: "While we are boating on the Thames me and Mary is the syonshure of all eyes."—*Courier Journal.*

We read in an exchange of a young lady having been made crazy by a sudden kiss. This should teach young ladies to be constantly expecting something of that kind, and to be prepared for it when it comes.—*Lowell Citizen.*

Functional derangement of the female system is quickly cured by the use of Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription." It removes pain and restores health and strength. By all druggists.

An acid-boweled, British-born reviewer bites his thumb at our native authors thus: "Any force which can keep the average book in manuscript and out of type is a powerful aid to civilization. Enough trash has found its way into book form to disgust the world and to reduce American literature to a sorry position."

The man who was kicked out of a seaside resort was caught by the under toec.—*Marathon Independent.*

Binks—"The idea of that Salisbury fellow putting his cellar of Port into the river. How would my friends feel if I threw this wine away?"

Jinks (after tasting it)—"Jolly Glad!"—*Funny Folks.*

First party—"When does a man become a se-matress?"

Second Party—"When he hems and haws."

First Party—"No."

Second Party—"When he threads his way."

First Party—"No."

Second Party—"When he rips and tears."

First Party—"No."

Second Party—"Give it up."

First Party—"Never, if he can help it."

A FATAL MISTAKE

would be not to take Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" if you are bilious, suffering from impure blood, or fearing consumption (scrofulous disease of the lungs). Sold by all druggists.

CONSEQUENCES.

First Country Doctor—"Could you come to my place, Brown, to-morrow morning?"

Second Ditto—"All right, old man. What is it?"

First Country Doctor—"Well, I've had a case of 'Elaocarditis,' which I've very successfully treated with 'Convallaria Majalis,' and I want your help with the 'Post Mortem'!"—*Punch.*

Gamesome—Shooting tenant—"There's not much here besides grouse, is there?"
Keeper—"Aye'll get a mixture, whiles! There was an English gentleman here 'at killit a dowe, an' knockit the bannet off of a laddie, an' nearhun' baggit the laird 'imself' a' in ae day."—*Fun.*

CATARRH—A new treatment. Permanent cure of the worst case is effected in from one to three applications. Treatise sent free on receipt of stamp. A. H. DIXON & SON, 305 King street west, Toronto, Canada.



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