

GRIP

EDITED BY J. W. BINGOUGH



THE ACCIDENT IN CHAMBLEY.

CHAPLEAU BLEW DOWN THE GUN TO SEE IF IT WAS LOADED. IT WAS.

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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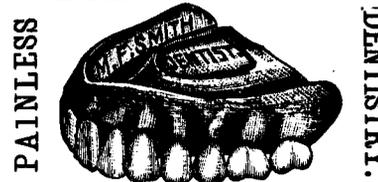
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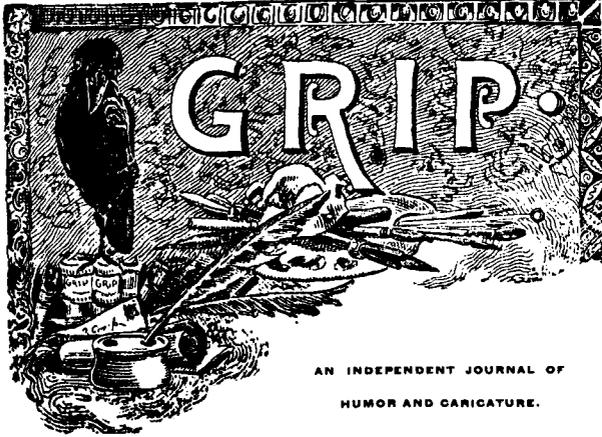
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J. W. BENGOUGH

EDITOR.

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Remittances on account of subscriptions are acknowledged by change in the date on the printed address-label—in the issue next after our receipt of the money. The date always indicates the time up to which the subscription is paid. We cannot undertake to send receipts aside from this.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

OUR friends are reminded that the magnificent lithographed plate, "Prominent Conservatives," issued as a supplement to Midsummer GRIP, will be sent to every subscriber applying for same and enclosing five cents for postage.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

SINCE the enlargement and typographical improvement of GRIP, this paper has taken a firm position in the front rank of comic journalism, and is regarded by Canadians generally as an honor to the Dominion. Having achieved this proud position, it is now GRIP's purpose to extend the field of his beneficent labors, and to visit weekly thousands of homes in which he has hitherto been a stranger, except by reputation. To this end it has been decided to resume the former subscription price of \$2 PER YEAR, and the former charge for single numbers of 5 CENTS PER COPY. The paper will remain in its present form, 16 pages, and it is now absolutely the cheapest humorous journal in America. The new terms go into effect with the present issue, and subscriptions already received at the \$3 rate will be credited in extension of their respective terms. We feel confident that this departure will give us immediately a much increased subscription list, although our list as it now stands is greater than that enjoyed by any weekly periodical in Canada.

Comments on the Cartoons.



DANGEROUS BUSINESS.—The late election in Chambly is the keynote to the series in Quebec, and it means that throughout that Province the Opposition party intend planting themselves squarely on the Regina scaffold. This is the structure that Mr. Blake expressly declined to mount, and it must be somewhat embarrassing for him to find his followers in Ontario and the other Provinces telegraphing their hearty congratulations to the French Liberal leader over his success in Chambly. The Regina issue may do very well in Quebec, but it will prove a dangerous experiment to try and give it a prominent place in the campaign in the English Provinces, and this is what Mr. Blake's Quebec lieutenant is apparently endeavoring to do. It is about time that the Liberal leader interfered—the animal may turn if Mercier persists.

THE ACCIDENT IN CHAMBLY.—Hon. Mr. Chapleau went down to Chambly full of confidence in his ability to carry that old Tory stronghold once more. He had no dread of the "Nationalist" gun,

for he didn't believe it was loaded. To prove that he was right he boldly blew down the muzzle of the weapon. It went off, and so did Chapleau. The Tories down there appear to draw a line at hanging as a Government "policy." They are convinced that Riel was put to death as a measure of practical politics, and not to satisfy justice. And there is no question that they have good grounds for so believing.

A POLITICAL VIEW OF THE SENATE.—As the Senate is shortly to be relegated to oblivion, we seize the opportunity of depicting the venerable body in session for the benefit of future generations of Canadians. It will be observed that our view is purely from the political standpoint. It cannot be denied that, literally, there is more facial variety in the Chamber than our picture represents, but politically there is a remarkable resemblance all round. In about the proportion shown the senators are more or less grotesque reflections of John A. and Blake, and this is why we propose to abolish them. We don't want a Senate that cannot think for itself.

CHURCHILL'S ELEVATION.—Mr. Goldwin Smith is still in hysterics about Gladstone, but there is a fly in the ointment of his joy at the overthrow of the Grand Old Man. Lord Randolph Churchill, who resembles Disraeli in at least one insignificant particular in being cordially hated by G. S., has been elevated to the leadership of the House of Commons, and Goldwin isn't at all pleased about it. Poor man, people will keep doing things he doesn't like! And yet, he is very unreasonable to object to Churchill's elevation. He did his very best to make that calamity possible. Moreover, why should Churchill be his *berè noir*? His talents are much better fitted to lead persons like Mr. Smith than Gladstone's. He can double and twist in his opinions quite as rapidly as the learned professor himself!



THE Fire Insurance Exchange is a DARLING project to be carried out in a HUGE (Scott) fashion, worthy of consideration, commendation, and imitation; but their prospectus omits to state where the EXCHANGE comes in. Wonder whether it is a black cat for a blue monkey?

"A BLUNDERING BOY."

ONE of our bright contributors, Mr. Bruce W. Munro, is about to make a venture in the realm of comic literature, in the publication of a book entitled "A Blundering Boy." Mr. Munro wields a facile pen, and has a keen eye for the humorous side of life, so that his forthcoming book is likely to compare favorably with the efforts of other authors in the same line. The work is to be sold only by subscription, and already a good edition has been bespoken.

A CHESTNUT.

MR. FRANCIS PARKMAN, who has written Canadian history so graphically, lives in Boston, on Chestnut street. Two blocks from his door are grouped several livery-stables; whence Dr. Holmes calls the street Horse-chestnut.

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The Church.

PART I.

ALL faith in human worth has fled ;
 Fraud's in the very air ;
 And human kites and parasites
 Are swarming ev'rywhere.
 Alas ! on ev'ry hand we see
 The worship of the strong ;
 And human inhumanity,
 And selfishness and wrong.

And poverty's the deepest crime—
 Most hated under heaven—
 The one accursed thing in our time
 That cannot be forgiven ;
 The very Church which we believed
 Humanity's abode
 Will very soon (or we're deceived)
 Set Mammon up for God.

She's giving him her aid, I ween,
 While he does all he can
 To turn into a mere machine
 The living soul of man.
 Full surely she was wont to be,
 Till by this lust o'ertaken,
 The refuge and the sanctuary,
 The home of the forsaken.

Humanity in sore distress
 For help looks all around ;
 The Church, whate'er she may profess,
 Gives but a hollow sound ;
 Alas ! she's even now a mart—
 No refuge from despair ;
 What comfort can the stricken heart
 Of the oppressed find there ?

For Mammon has her in control,
 His right, dare she dispute
 The very fountains of the soul
 To poison and pollute ?
 The Church ! the temple of the heart !
 Divinity's abode !
 Must Christ himself from her depart,
 And Mammon be the God ?

When higher interests are at stake,
 And low ones strive to win us,
 The Church is here to keep awake
 The voice of God within us :
 And on Time's wild, unstable sea,
 When Wrong has triumphed thorough,
 Right's guardian she should peerless be
 And the retreat of sorrow.

And from conventionalities
 Free as the winds that blow
 The mother of humanities,
 And Mammon's deadliest foe :
 But when her duties she forsakes
 And from the people turns :
 Then Nature instantly creates
 A Wesley or a Burns.

If longer she'll stand by and see
 This wicked usurpation ;—
 See put to rout, yea trampled out
 Our very civilization !
 Then deposed she shall surely be,
 Her glory all departed !
 For by outraged humanity
 She'll surely be deserted.

Forgetting the things of the past,
 And leaving much behind ;
 Let her lead forth the legions vast
 Upon the march of mind.

ALEXANDER McLACHLAN.

PART II.—Portrait of "The Time-Serving Preacher," in our next.

THE JUNIOR PICKWICKIANS,

AND THEIR MEMORABLE TRIP TO NORTH AMERICA.

CHAP. IX.

It is well known that, as a rule, all the Cabins on board a steamer as far as external appearance goes, are as like one another as peas in a pod, and those of the "Chinaman" were no exception to the general rule, so it may be imagined that the task of finding No. 57 when the cloudy state of the brains of the trio is taken into consideration, was by no means a light one. More by good luck than good management, however, they at length arrived at the wished for number, Mr. Yubbitts having caused his friends unheard of trouble and anxiety by an apparent desire on his part to repeat the battering ram feat of which he had a short time previously been the hero ; and though such little exhibitions of agility as jumping head first through doors, may be exceedingly diverting when performed on the stage in a pantomime, they lack interest when the audience is very sleepy and anxious to get to bed, and their is no certainty that the harlequin (for the time being) will perform the feat alluded to without coming to frightful grief in attempting it. As Mr. Yubbitts' cabin was No. 59, as it turned out, for Mr. Coddleby peeped into that apartment and at once recognized the gun cases and other paraphernalia which he knew to belong to his friend, that individual was at once assisted to bed, and Mr. Coddleby retired to his own couch ; but Mr. Bramley, on whom the punch had exercised rather bewildering, though not precisely intoxicating effect, was by no means *exactly* certain whereabouts his temporary chamber might be. He knew it was not far from Mr. Coddleby's, but that was pretty nearly the full extent of his information. He *believed* it was No. 51 ; but what use is belief unless backed up by the strength of conviction ? The door of No. 51 stood open about two inches : so much Mr. Bramley could see by the dim light of the swinging lamp, in that neighborhood ; (for as most of the passengers had retired early for reasons which need not be specified, all the lights had been extinguished with the exception of a few here and there ;) Mr. Bramley recollected having left *his* door open about two inches, so this fact was a point in favor of his presumption that No. 51 was *his* cabin : "At any rate" he muttered to himself "I can look in and see, that won't hurt anybody," and accordingly he pushed the door open, peered into the darkness within, and perceiving nothing but the odor of cherry tooth paste, a preparation he invariably used, came to the conclusion that he had been right in his surmises, and that No. 51 *was* his cabin. Accordingly he entered and felt in all his pockets for a match wherewith to light the candle which he could dimly discern standing on the chest of drawers, just where he remembered seeing it when he had been down in the afternoon ; but search as he might, no match was forthcoming. "No matter" he said to himself, "I can see well enough to undress," so leaving the door slightly ajar in order to derive whatever benefit he could from the glimmering lamp outside, he proceeded to divest himself of his garments. This operation was in a pretty far advanced stage, and he was about to reach forth for his night-shirt which, with his usual forethought he had unpacked in the afternoon and laid on his berth, when he was startled, nay, horrified, by hearing a long drawn breath proceeding from the very berth upon which he was about to lay his hand. "My goodness !" he murmured, "What was that ?" I thought I heard someone

breathing : Dear me, this is very terrible, I wish I had a light, I am very sorry I ever started on this expedition. Dear me ; there it is again," as another deep breath, followed by a sound as of someone turning over in bed smote his ear. "Surely," thought Mr. Bramley, I cannot have mistaken my bed-room : this is awful. I may be shot any minute, for who knows but that I have got into the apartment of some American, and they all carry fire-arms I believe ; good heavens!" and his hair began slowly to rise, as he discerned in the dim light to which his eyes were becoming accustomed, a figure in white raise itself on its elbows, and a female voice exclaim, "Is that you, Ichabod?" Mr. Bramley's tongue seemed to him to become suddenly paralyzed, and though he strove to make some reply, not a word could he utter. "Why don't you speak, Ichabod? Ichabod—" Here, Mr. Bramley, by a superhuman effort managed to gasp out, "I—I—I am not Ichabod ; I—I—there's some mistake—" but as soon as the tones of his voice fell upon the ears of the white robed figure, such a tremendous shriek came from the berth that Mr. Bramley nearly fainted with fright and horror. "B-be calm, madam, b-be c-c-calm" he stammered. But shriek upon shriek, scream after scream followed one another with awful celerity, as the originator of them buried her head under the bed-clothes and yelled with all the full power of her lungs. What could Mr. Bramley do? That there was some horrible mistake somewhere was evident : was he in some one else's cabin, or was some one else in his? He was soon to learn. Hurrying feet were heard rapidly approaching : several pairs of them if one could judge by the noise they made. Mr. Bramley would gladly have fled, but whither could he flee? and he was nearly undressed too! His state of mind was simply agonizing, and a cold perspiration broke out all over him as the shrieks were redoubled in intensity, and the footsteps drew nearer and at last halted in front of the door, which was violently thrown wide open and a strong light from several lanterns carried by those outside was cast into the cabin, revealing the unfortunate Bramley in a state of semi-nudity, standing pale and horrorstricken in the middle of the floor ; and a young and not at all bad looking female sitting up in a large double berth, with the bed-clothes drawn up to her chin, and emitting a series of most appalling and blood-curdling screams.

"What's the matter, dear?" shouted a middle-aged gentleman rushing into the cabin and nearly overthrowing the not too steady Bramley in his mad career, "and who the devil is *this* fellow? Who are *you*, sir? He demanded in tones so fierce that Bramley's knees smote together and his teeth chattered : his Napoleonic demeanor, now when it would seem to have been most needed, and when it might have served him in good stead, had entirely deserted him ; nothing of the blood-thirsty Corsican remained to him but his pallor, as he looked from the face of his irate questioner to the open door with some faint idea of escape glimmering through his bewildered intellects, though escape was impossible as fully twenty people, passengers and others had congregated outside the cabin under the impression that some horrible deed of blood had been perpetrated. "Who are you, sir? I repeat," roared the gentleman whom the terrified female had addressed as "her darling Ichabod" on his first appearance ; "and what in the name of all that's damnable are you doing in my cabin at this time of the night or morning?" and he sprang at the unfortunate Pickwickian, and seizing him by the throat, shook him violently till his eyes seemed as though about to start from their sockets.

"I—I—I, it was a mistake," pleaded Mr. Bramley, "I am a gentleman of honor, sir, and that woman—" "Who are you calling a woman, you pesky critter?" snapped the lady from the berth, who was an American, as was also her husband, "Ichabod, do you hear him, what he calls me?"

"By heavens! sir," yelled the incensed husband, for such he proved to be, "by heavens! sir, you shall pay dearly for this. Has he insulted you, Marantha?" he queried turning to his wife.

"I don't know what he's done : I was asleep till a few minutes before you came : perhaps he was only after my jewels," replied the lady.

"Oh! no, no, no," gasped Bramley, "I don't—"

"Your blood shall pay for this insult to my honor," broke in the male tenant of the cabin, "as soon as ever we reach land, that is if you are worthy of meeting me," and he again shook Mr. Bramley violently ; "but you are most probably beneath my notice—" "He is, he is, Ichabod" shrieked the lady : "he is, don't fight him : kill him now."

(To be continued.)



A CONSERVATIVE'S OPINION.

"I HAVE been all my life a conservative, but I have sad reason to declare my entire want of confidence in any present organization of that name. The machine party politics imported into Canada from the United States has introduced a vast deal of the same depravity which has distinguished that system in the country of its origin. Your valued GRIP is doing good service ; it is the *Punch* of Canada on all public questions—but you must feel almost hopeless of instructing the blind and stupid people."—(From a letter to the Editor, July 29.)

Esteemed correspondent, don't worry about the "blind and stupid people." There are thousands of decent people like yourself in both parties, and from his high perch GRIP can clearly discern the fact that they are waking up to protest against this machine politics we have so long suffered in Canada. It looks as though that protest would take the form of a third party into which the cleanly element will step in a body, leaving the corruptionists and deal-makers to console themselves with reminiscences of the past. The people are all right. They move slowly, but when they do move they make short work of grit and tory.

"AH," said Jehokus, taking his friend's baby, "he has got his mother's eyes—and my hair," he added, as the infant prodigy grabbed him by the foretop.—*St. Albans Messenger.*

Because there was a little too much of him.



Because there was hardly enough of him.



Because he was too choleric



Because he was rather too "down the road"

Because they were twins and she couldn't marry both.



Plenty of £s.d, but not much else.



His sentiments were lovely, but £s.d was scarce.



Because he was too juvenile.



Because he couldn't waltz!

Because he was a little too cheerful.



Because he sang comic songs.



Scarcely eligible!

Because he had a beard. he hadn't just the thing, but he didn't come up to the scratch!



WHY SHE WOULDN'T HAVE 'EM.

A CHARCOAL POET.

MR. FRANK COWAN of Greensburg, member of a dozen learned societies of which nobody has ever heard, and author of a dozen books which nobody has ever read, sends us his thirteenth, entitled *Australia; a Charcoal Sketch*. It is "poetry," and Frank is a bird of a poet. If Walt Whitman had never lived Frank would have been one of the most original of bards; even as it is, he is no slouch, and when he spans his lyre there is trouble. Get onto this 'ere:

I see and sing
 AUSTRALIA!
 The Austral world;
 The World beneath the Cross, the Coalsack and the Magellanic
 Clouds of Southern Skies;
 The Nether World:
 The World below the Belt.

That is great verse, but Mr. Cowan can do better when his mauleys get fairly at work slogging the rebel wires and snatching out great gobs and clots of music, like the enthusiastic grab-dog diligently lifting tangles of tendon from the human calf. F'rexample:

I see and sing
 The Seas Surrounding; sweeping swashing gnawing gnashing;
 coming to and going from; a mighty ravenous amœboid
 monster, having in its maw a continental animalculum:
 alternately devouring and rejecting it; eternally digesting
 and ejecting it: Amœba panpelagica.

Other oxen may have curveted with as airy grace; other geese may have buffeted the clouds with as free a wing; other donkeys may as sweetly have trilled the lilting lay; but there is only one Frank Cowan, and when he executes his vernal gambol, springs into the purple empyrean and signifies his views the ensuement is remembersome! He's a harp-whacker from the Dim Remote.—*S. F. Wasp*.

AT THE MILLINER'S.

COSTUMES are being worn now with all the millinery *en suite*—

On sweet? Oh, you mean what you dressmakers call *confections*—eh?

Ahem! Tea gowns are appropriately decorated with flowers and leaves—

Ah! Tea roses and tea-leaves, of course—eh?

H'm! Dinner dresses have a gore in front, so as to—

Indeed! So as to help the fair gore-gers in their gore-ging, I presume?

Sssssh! The fashionable wraps are very light and soft.

To be sure; nice soft (w)raps don't hurt like hard ones would, do they?

Um! Black real lace is coming into fashion for widows and or—

Exactly. I understand—on account of their nearest and dearest real-lace-uns, eh?

Pissssh! The high collar of the redingote is now cut in teeth—

You don't mean it—cut(t)in' teeth, eh? It must be very young.

H'm! For boating and yachting purposes the rush hat is in high favor.

The *rush* hat, eh? Ah, I see now, because of its fastness, of course!

Well I'm— Er—I should say—er—white sailors' shapes are much admired—

Are they, though? Why, I always thought it was less the *shape* than the *tint* of colored sailors that—

Excuse me, I wasn't referring to the form of a sailor, but to the *chapeau*—

Exactly, not the form, but the shape. Oh—yes, I understand!

Ahem! Er—stylish adornments for hats are flowers set over coque—

Flowers over coke! Ah, I see.

Er—pardon me—I was about to say coques of ribbon. Er—mauve is a highly fashionable color.

Really! Not anyway *mauve-ais* now, eh?

Oh, no, Um! "Clouds" is one of the reigning hues—

Precisely! Raining is just what might be expected of clouds.

Bless the— Ahem! Er—pink faille is becoming very general—

Ah, I was thinking. Can't be a faille through the prevailing depression, then, because *that* sort of fail's tints are the "blues"—

Er—excuse me—*good morning!*

Well, so long!

F. F.

PATRONIZE NATIVE TALENT.

EVERYBODY wants a nice new novel when they go off on a vacation tour, and GRIP says the last and best one is "A Heart-song of To-day," by Mrs. Annie G. Savigny. Editor Haultain, and his late substitute editor, have both pronounced judgment upon it—what better authority could one have! The publishers are Hunter, Rose & Co., who have turned out the volume in dainty style.

"I SHOULD think these professional oarsmen would be all tired out," said Mrs. Goodman, turning from her newspaper. "Yes," said her husband, "it's a terrible strain on their memories." "Memories? Why, what have their memories to do with it?" "Bless you, my dear, don't they have to remember whom they are hired to beat and whom to let beat them?"—*Chicago News*.



My Lady.—You nasty wicked girl, you have not properly cleaned my glass again, for it makes me look like a perfect old hag.

Maid.—Oh! m'Leddy, the glass is quite clean, and pardon me for remarking that if your leddyship will dance all night and eat hot suppers your beauty must suffer, and it is not fair to lay the blame either on me or on the glass; but if you will only wait until I have put a little paint on your face and eye-brows, you will again look charming.

THE BOLD DRUMMER'S MISTAKE.

HE was a bold and naughty good-looking commercial man,
And he saw two black eyes peeping from behind a widespread fan—
Two black eyes, so saucy that his heart dissolved like snow ;
And he vowed if his luck still by him stuck, their owner he soon
would know.

He sat just across the aisle in a Grand Trunk railway car,
And he wondered how he could gain the ear of this bright, particu-
lar star.
The wiles he had always used before seemed to fail him completely
now,
And his heart kept pace in the railway race, while he wrinkled his
manly brow.

The conductor came, and he heard a voice, melodious as a bell
When she asked, with a smile, how far it was to the town of Dingle
Dell.
And he saw the conductor seat himself by her side, and he vowed a
vow,
While his heart kept pace in the railway race, and more wrinkled
became his brow.

Oh, the angry thoughts of that drummer man, as he saw his rival
there !
He would try to annihilate him quite, with a black, misapproving
stare.
So the man in blue, with a blush of shame, which no drummer to
use knows how,
Resigned his place in the railway race, when he saw that wrinkled
brow.

And the fates they smiled on the drummer then, when assisted by
guileless art,
For the lady the window could not raise a particle of a part.
So this artful man, quick to seize his chance, raised the sash with a
" Please allow "—
Took the vacant place in the railway race, and radiant became his
brow.

Oh woe ! woe ! woe to this drummer man ! And his heart is sore
to-day,
For the cup of bliss as it touched his lips was cruelly dashed away ;
At Dingle Dell her husband came, and she left with never a bow ;
While his thoughts kept pace in the railway race, and he wrinkled
again his brow.

W. H. T.

GOING FOR OUR MILLIONAIRE.



THE wicked editor of the
Chatham Planet has been
going for one of our million-
aires. He has the audacity to
say that Toronto's great and
only E. O'Bickford is a bump-
tious and cheeky person. Is
not this too bad? Why, our
own E. O'Bickford is a famous
man and comes of the ancient
family of the O'Bickford's of
Cork, who it is well known,
are the descendants of the
Kings of Ireland of that name,
and could never have been
guilty of acts that would
justify the language of this

wicked editor. It has been said that E. O. is a Pennsylvania Dutchman, and once peddled fruit trees, and scrap iron, but this is, we believe, only another misrepresentation of this naughty Chatham man or some other, equally bad and devoid of truth. Supposing he does boast of making promises which he never intends to fulfill, what's that to do with the Chatham scribbler anyway? "GRIP" has got to hold up Toronto's millionaires, you bet.

BETROTHAL CIRCLETS.

IN selecting an engagement ring the first thing to be consulted is the jeweler, the object of the interview being to ascertain whether he will give you credit for an indefinite period. While timepieces and pillow cases can easily be obtained on tick, engagement rings, though emblems of eternal trust, can generally be had for cash only. Jewelers have no sympathy with young lovers. They are groveling delvers in the mines of Mammon, and they have no more appreciation of sentiment than an alderman has of honesty. The next thing to be consulted is your bank account. Neat inexpensive engagement rings are considered *cafe au lait* for young men with airy, fairy incomes, while the larger and more costly the circlet the more *creme de la creme* the rich young man who purchases it. It is not necessary according to the dictates of fashion for a swain on a salary of ten drachmas a week to buy the Kohinoor for his affianced. If she is reasonable girl, she will not except it. Neither is it *décolleté* for a millionaire to buy for his betrothed a bone collar-button set in a nickel-plated circlet as a token of undying devotion. Some sense of the eternal fitness of things should be evinced. Another item for consideration is the kind of jewels to be selected. Precious stones have their peculiar significances, and some of these poetic meanings will be found very appropriate to express the sentiment existing between the engaged parties.

The diamond signifies that the purchaser is "broke." It, therefore, is a beautiful token of the extent to which the swain's infatuation will carry him.

The imitation diamond, which is one of the rarest and most precious of gems signifies thrift and ingenuity, and practical and enduring affection. It also shows the possession of nerve. When presented with one of these jewels, it is considered *liaison* for a young lady to exclaim: "Foiled again!"

The amethyst betokens intemperance in the donor. Young ladies should guard against accepting amethysts from their suitors as there seems to be some occult connection between the word "amethyst" and "am athirst."

The emerald typifies a green and verdant freshness which is usually the concomitant of exclusive and single-hearted devotion to one girl.

Sapphires mean that the giver has been to a German picnic and garnered empty soda-water bottles from which to manufacture various articles of jewelry.

The ruby signifies a *penchant* on the part of the giver for painting the municipality the brilliant hue of that attractive gem.

The carbuncle betokens an unhealthy condition of the blood.

The opal is a portent of ill-luck and should always be given to your *fiancée* after you have made a bet on a horse-race with her.—*Rambler.*

Amanda—Reginald, I understand you have been circulating the report that we are engaged around town.

Reginald—And so we are, my dear.

Amanda—Yes, I know ; but it seems as though a man who cared for my future happiness ought not to say anything that will prevent me marrying some good man.—*Ex.*

Miss Ethel—Mother I want to go the hop at the hotel.

Mother—What, two months after the death of your lover.

Miss E.—Well, I'll take part in the slow dances only.—*Ex.*



DANGEROUS BUSINESS.



TRIALS.

Widow French.—I AM GLAD TO SEE YOU SO HAPPY THIS EVENING, JUDGE.

Judge Wise.—YES, I AM HAPPY FOR A MAN HAVING SO MANY TRIALS.

Widow F.—TRIALS? I THOUGHT YOU WERE ENTIRELY FREE FROM ANY.

Judge W.—YOU FORGET I AM A JUDGE OF THE CRIMINAL COURT.

CHARACTER IN HANDWRITING.

“PLEASE remit and save further trouble,” Chicago, Ill.—Lawyer’s hand. Though written by a lady copyist, with a type writer, it is easy to see that the writer of this hand is a man of clear ideas, quick perceptions and terse expressions. He knows what he wants to say, and says it in the fewest possible words. His communication will receive prompt attention, unless we conclude that it will be cheaper to stay away from Chicago, which is impossible.

“And would like too hunderd dollers to buy some New greek books that has just ben Discovered.” This

letter is not dated but is a note from a studious young man at college, requesting his father to advance funds for educational purposes. His handwriting exhibits a lofty disregard for conventional spelling; the slant of the letters prove him to be a hard hitter, and his peculiar way of dotting his i over some other letter in another word, mark an elegant second base.

“I sent it to you in a letter nearly two months ago. The letter must have been lost in the mail.” D. C. L. Memphis. This is a letter from an actor to a fellow actor informing him of the return of a sum of money borrowed by C. D. L. and its probable loss in transmission. The handwriting does not convey much meaning, but the

letter itself indicates that D. C. L. is a good walking liar and not a safe man to lend money to.

P. S. Annie Graham is engaged to little Ben Marmaduke. Good bye. Write soon.

P. S. They will be married in October. Good bye. Excuse haste and write soon.

P. S. Clara was here last week. She says Fred's baby is the very picture of Isabel. Good-bye. Love to all. Write soon.

P. S. Ma wants you to send her your recipe for jamming apricots. Write soon. Good-bye. All send love. Good-bye.

P. S. Eugene has gone to Indiana to preach and practice law and medicine while he teaches school. Good-bye. Write soon.

P. S. Be sure and bring the children with you when you come. Write soon. How is dear little Beth? Good-bye. Write soon.

P. S. Did you match that chenille for me when you went to Buffalo? Write soon. Good-bye.

P. S. The Johnsons have moved into the old Smithers' home. Write soon. Good-bye."

Lady's hand. A letter written on social and domestic matters. The handwriting indicates that the writer doesn't know just exactly what she wants to say, but is going to say it, if it takes her all night.

"Sir, stop my paper. I wouldn't have another copy of it come into my house if every printed word was a dollar. You don't know enough to print a hand bill." This handwriting indicates great improvement. When this correspondent was the property of Balaam he had just learned how to talk. Now he can write.—*Robt. J. Burdette.*



GETTING OUT OF IT.

A thousand pardons, Miss Silverbil, but really your foot is actually so very small that I didn't see it at all.

Mrs. Millions—I'm so glad to see my pastor. I want you to see my son. I brought him up a real Methodist. But at college he has taken to Herbert Spencer and Professor Huxley, and I am afraid he will turn out an acrostic.—*Ex.*

OUR ORILLIA ASYLUM CORRESPONDENT.

DEAR GRIP,—i am goen too rite this lettre becaws i no u are awfull hard up for sum thing funny that evry body & thare frends wil laff at, i supoas u are dredfully bothard buy boars hoo think they can rite funny and poitery, u must bee nearly board threw buy this tiem, i wish u wood cut of a peas & send too me so as i cood sow it in the gardin, i herd a man say thare wear only 2 funny people in canidy, i was GRIP, & i supoas i was me, leestways i am awfull funny, evin our horse hoo has got a hare lip on too it laffs at my jaoks, his naim is lazarous & he is awful comekal, on the end farther most from his bacc end is his hed & on his othre end which isent his hed end he carys a tale, it is such a sad tale to, whear wunce it was long now is it short, to short too tel, we have got a taim caf ovre too our feeld & its a succor, only we don't let it succ the cow, it has got a hed & tale to, but they are fastent onto diffrent ends, the furst tiem i saw it a tree stoopt down & lifted me up, bil nigh was thare & tolled the boys that a calf skaret me up a tree, butt i am goen to lay down & let bil cick me the furst tiem i kach him, deer GRIP ime afrade ime progresing on ure tiem & so no moar this tiem from ures troolie,

TOMMY.

P.S.—This is a Scot ack town or ells ide send u up a horse shoo of spirrits.

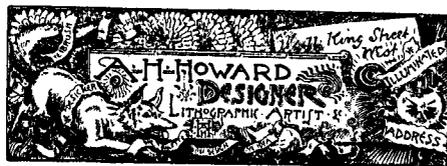
P.S.—u needent mind senden me any, so good buy. T.



August 11, '86.

98 GAMES IN THE SERIES.

Club.	Won.	Lost.	Club.	Won.	Lost.
Utica.....	39	22	Syracuse.....	35	30
Toronto.....	39	26	Buffalo.....	31	34
Rochester....	38	24	Binghamton..	22	33
Hamilton....	35	29	Oswego.....	17	48



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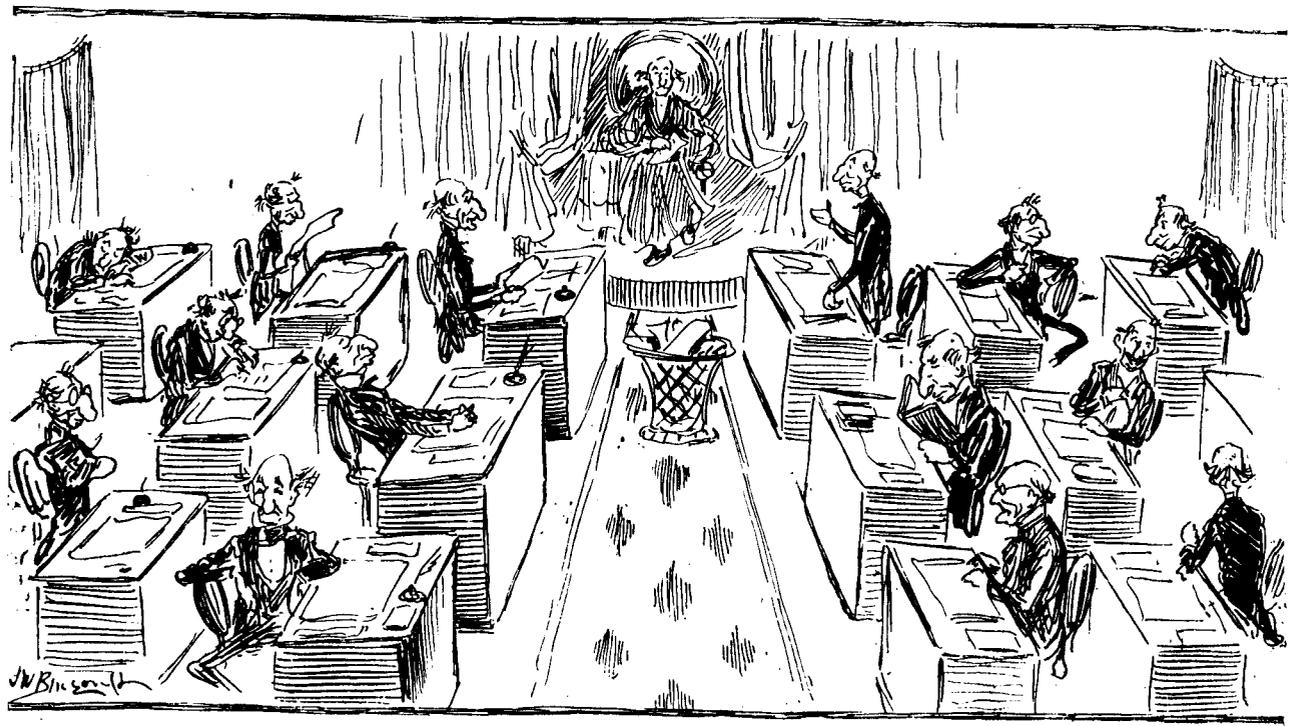
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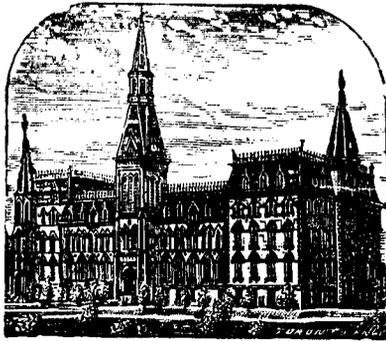
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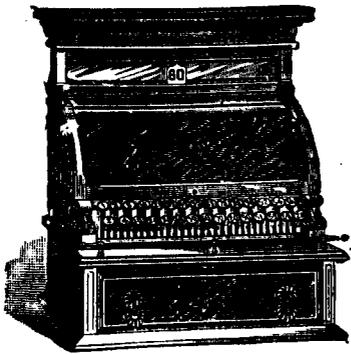
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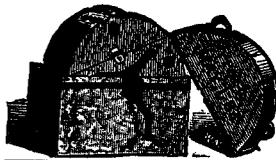
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**SCIATICA
CURED**



By Dr. McCully.

Mr. Lewis, whom this cut represents, lives in Meaford, Ont. He was a victim for some time of Sciatica and the representative ignorance of the medical profession, and for a wonder escaped from both with his life, another sacrifice to the licensed humbugs of this province. He came to Dr. McCully for relief, and he did not come in vain, for a few weeks after he writes: "I am doing splendidly; I have no more pain now, and am working at my trade." Electricity scientifically applied cured this man. Electricity is the only remedy for sciatica, but as it is not taught in our medical schools as a scientific part of medical training, the average medical man knew more about a glass of whiskey than he does about this great remedial agent. There are to-day many medical professors in this city who could not set up 12 Bunson cells, form a current and say which is the positive and which the negative pole. No wonder these poor wretches are "a-ham-d of their company and pray for separation." Ignorance hates light. To-day the medical schools of this city are machines to grind out students, and practical medical science is lost sight of in the race to turn out long lists of graduates. If it were a case of dog eat dog, the public might not object, but the people are the victims on whom these stuffed geese practice their subtle want of knowledge.

This happy family demand more legislation, more protection, a more distinctive pag law. They are afraid of exposures, and they would rather at any time see a patient die than fall into the hands of an advertiser and recover, for fear the public may lose confidence in the genuine orthodox breed. A man was poisoned in this city a few days ago by a drug-gist with morphine, and the man died; two doctors saw him while in profound coma from the morphine, they hushed the matter up, and sent a lying certificate to be registered as to the cause of death—accresories after the fact. Who needs protection, eh? These refined scientists never seek a quarrel with their coadjutor as to who does the job, they simply say, "pass on another." Remember, readers, the cures we publish are cures effected when all medical treatment has failed, and every statement we make we can verify by the patient whose case we publish. Our field is chronic disease in male and female, old and young, the foibles of youth and the errors of maturer years, skin diseases, tumors, cancers and deformities.

Address,

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MEDICAL DIRECTOR,

Medical and Surgical Association,

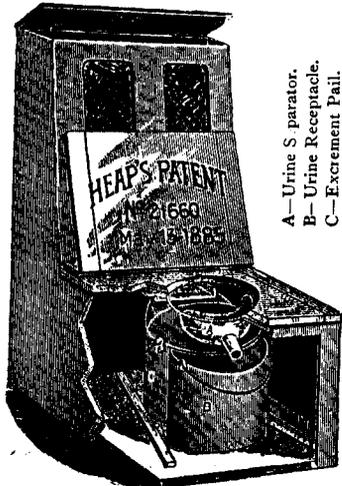
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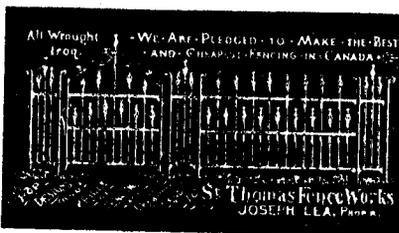
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