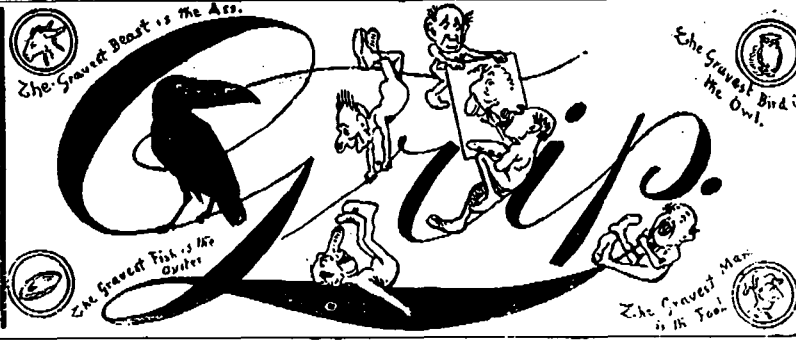
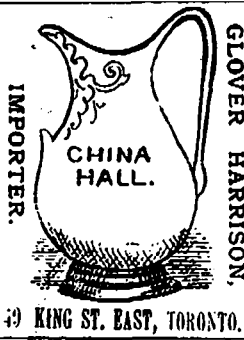


SMOKE [CABLE EL PADRE] CIGARS.



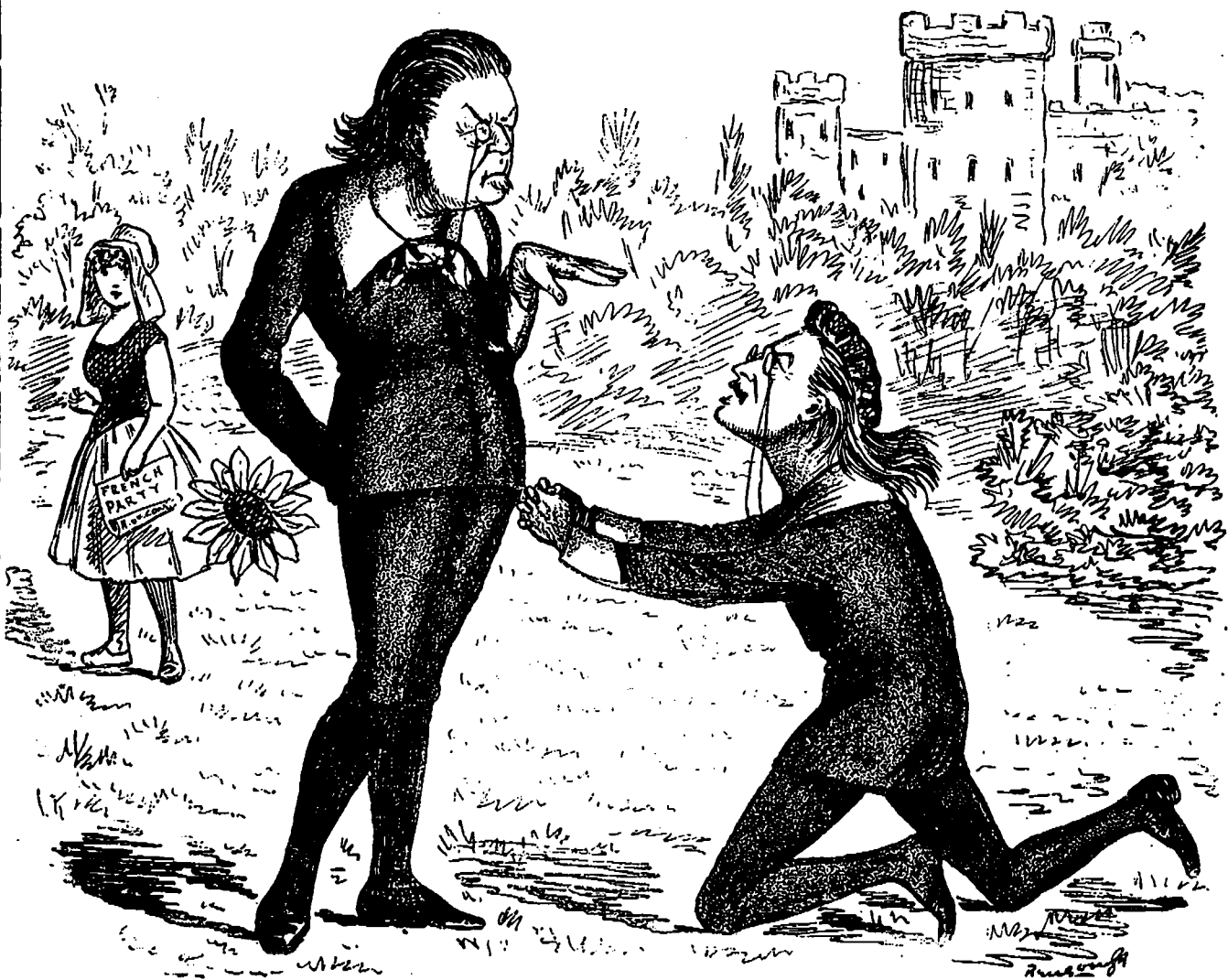
VOLUME IX. No. 14

TORONTO, SATURDAY, AUGUST 26, 1882.

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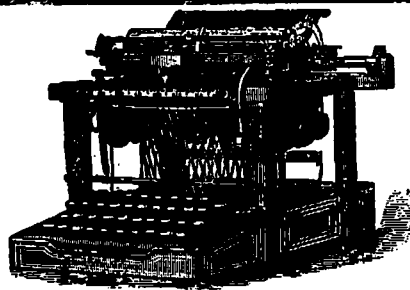
SUPPOSE, SIR,—I DO NOT SAY THAT I WILL GO SO FAR,—BUT SUPPOSE THAT I SHOULD CURSE YOU! HA! HA!

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—OVER— "THE GRIP-SACK."

CONTENTS:

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Do
Patient Penelope, 1 Illustration. Henri Le Blanc (Burlesque Novel, by Jimmel Briggs), 9 Illustrations. Socrates and Zantippe, 1 Illustration. Baron Munchausen, jr., in Manitoba, by J. W. Bengough, 24 Illustrations. Prof. Saniker's Humorous Academy, 1 Illustration. The Higher Education of Women, 9 Illustrations. Besides other illustrated articles, and pages of comic pictures.

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AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL

Published by the GRIP Printing and Publishing Company of Toronto.

J. W. BENGOUGH,
Editor & Artist.

S. J. MOORE,
Manager.

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The gravest fish is the Oyster; the gravest man is the fool.

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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.—If comment be not unnecessary, turn to your Aesop, where you will find something like this. "A Hungry Wolf one day espied a Lamb upon the bank of a stream, and at once made up his mind to make a meal of it. He felt some slight qualms, however, so he sought for an excuse for making an attack. "Sir," quoth he to the Lamb, "you have no right to interfere with this stream—you make it muddy so that I cannot drink it!" "As you may see," replied the Lamb timidly, "the water is flowing from you to me, so that I cannot interfere with it; besides it so happens that I hav'nt touched it." "But," retorted the Wolf, "I hear that you follow a centralizing policy; for that you deserve to be punished." "If I have done so, sir," replied the Lamb "you at least ought to forgive me, for I have only followed your own example!" "Confound you!" savagely roared the Wolf, "if I cannot beat you in argument at least I can overcome you with brute force!" Whereupon he sprang—(To be concluded after the Local election.)

FIRST PAGE.—Why the French members of the House of Commons (who all understand English) require a leader of their own aside from the Party Chieftain, is one of the mysteries of Canadian Politics. The next session of parliament bids fair to witness no less than two of these superfluous absurdities, as it is well known that M. Chapleau aspires to the position at present held by Sir Hector Langevin. A prolonged squabble between these two distinguished gentlemen would be indecorous in a House which is notorious for its good manners, and so Mr. GRIP (who duly acknowledges his obligations to Gilbert and Sullivan) begs to suggest to Sir Hector that a good way to end the trouble and to crush his rival would be to adopt Mr. *Bunthorne's* utter measure, and threaten Chapleau with "a nephew's curse!"

EIGHTH PAGE.—Mr. E. Dwyer Gray is the editor of the *Freeman's Journal*, of Dublin, a paper noted no less for its moderation than for its ability. In the columns of this paper it was stated that a certain lot of jurymen who sat upon a certain case were drunk the night before they gave their verdict. Mr. Gray was brought before Judge Lawson for saying this, and charged with contempt of court. He was no doubt guilty of contempt of that jury, but the Judge didn't think it worth while to inquire into the truth or falsity of the statement. He took a short cut to "justice," and sentenced Mr. Gray to a term of imprisonment besides imposing a monstrous fine. John Bull may well begin to wonder if his servants are not getting things mixed—and visiting upon innocent people punishments due only to rebels like Arabi Bey. And this is the same government that seems to take lessons in common sense from Canada!

THE PRESS EXCURSION.

The Editors are off on their annual excursion—two Pullman car-loads of 'em. The party embraces fifteen ladies—that is, the hubbies of those ladies embrace them on behalf of the party. The programme is a choice one, perhaps the most tempting that has ever been put before the Association, and certainly attractive enough to ruffle the spirits of every unfortunate editor who finds himself unable to go. Mr. GRIP (who is one of the unfortunates) wishes his brethren a pleasant and instructive journey. Under the leadership of a *Statesman* like Climie, and with a *Guide* like Wilson, they cannot go far astray. Brother Innes, who is now an M.P., and mustn't associate with plain editors, is of course not going, but his partner Davidson will, it is hoped, show himself of as *Mercurial* a disposition as the chief. We will look over our exchanges in due time for a *Review*, or *Transcript*, or *Record* of the proceedings *en route*, from which we expect to learn that the trip proved a joyous *Era* in the life of all who participated, and that both *Whig* and Tory thoroughly relished it. The destination is Winnipeg, and we trust that our brethren may land there

under the genial rays of the *Sun*, enjoy the *Free Press* of the honest hand of Editor Luxton, and fully appreciate the jolly *Times* in store for them in the Golden City.

THE CITY BELL-MAN.

On Saturday last I went to the Island on the good ship "Genova," one of Commodore Turner's fleet. The Geneva is brass mounted and silver cased, with Turkish carpets in her cabin, likewise plush lounges for the ladies who may possibly become unwell while the ship is breasting the stormy bosom of the Bay. Commodore Turner, however, notwithstanding his inclination "to please," objects to people depositing newly caught fish on his cabin carpet.

It will soon be the season when the haughty aristocrat, the miserable plutocrat, and the high-toned democrat return from their different lairs or hiding places. Professor Davis will then appear upon the scene, and will let the young people know how in proper candence to do "one, two, three, four," as the case may be.

Policemen have a queer life; their lot is not a happy one, so saith the poet, medical and law students to the contrary, notwithstanding. A man with a green or orange cooked hat, may (in the possible exuberance of his spirits) smite the "peeler" any moment without "cause" if he be a law student, or if in medicine, without a proper diagnosis. By the way, why don't the policemen get paid for extra duty, which obliges them to "stand round" when they would wish to be in bed. Can some of the magistrates, or somebody (say Ald. Baxter), "sit" upon this question.



It will be a satisfaction to the lovers of good singing and acting to learn that Haverly's Comic Opera Co. return to the Pavilion for the second week of the Exhibition.

The Royal Opera House opened for the season on Monday, with *The Maid of Arran*, an excellent poetic Drama in five acts, which is mounted with all the attention to detail which distinguishes the management of this theatre. The Company is a good one, embracing five artists who are recognized as stars, besides good supporting players. The attraction announced for next week is Julia A. Hunt, in "Florinel." Mr. J. C. Conner resumes the management of the Royal, and we trust his energy in catering for the public, as well as the good taste he displays in the selection of his attractions, will meet its due reward in a good season's business.

The Grand also opened on Monday, the boards being occupied by *The Meteors*, a first-rate variety combination headed by Evans, Bryant and Hoey, well known leaders of the specialty business. This Company gave three nights and a matinee. The celebrated military drama *Youth* is billed for early performance at the Grand, and is sure to pack that spacious house at every presentation.



THE THREE HEROES.

The following startling and alarming announcement appears in one of the dailies:—*“Three Irishmen have left Philadelphia for Egypt. It is their intention to join Arabi Pasha in operating against England.”* We cannot allow such a paragraph in the world's history to appear “unwept, unhonored, and unsung,” and we therefore seize the harp, and with the melancholy cadence of Kingley's “Three Fishers” floating in our brain, proceed to indite the following anticipatory requiem, as it were:—

THREE PADDIES.

Three Paddies went sailing away from the West,
Bee-line for the East, while our hopes went down;
And England stood weeping and wringing her hands
When she heard who had left Philadelphia town,
“John, hand me my smelling salts, ah! let me weep,
Nor prestige nor power any more can I keep,
“Three Irishmen gone to Egypt!”

Three Irishmen left Philadelphia town,
To Arabi Pasha direct they have gone;
And England may now nail her crape on the door,
For these Irishmen three, they will do it alone.
France, Russia, Germany, she may defy,
But think of it, tyrants, and tremble and die,
“Three Irishmen gone to Egypt!”

Three Irishmen set out for Orient lands,
And leave with great pomp Philadelphia town,
And Arabi Pasha is rubbing his hands,
For England, proud England, at last must go down.
And a telegram's off to New Zealand to say,
“Bring your pencil and sketch book without more delay,”
“Three Irishmen are off to Egypt!”

FROM OUR LONDON (ENG.) CORRESPONDENT.

Och, you dear ould bird! wazent I glad to see yer face wanst more? Bedad, it's you that's the great artist, for who did I meet one day at Chairin' Cross but that grate frind an cmony of the idditur-in-chief of the *Globe*, Gooden Smith, an' by this an' by that, if I didn't know him the minit I clapped eyes upon him, an' all becase you used to dhrav his picther so natly when Brown an' himself did have so minny little huffs an' misanderstandin's. He has been ritin fur a magazeen here they call the *Fortnightly*, an' he has such a spite at ould Baconsfeel that he can't let the poor crayture rest in his grave, but must be takin' an odd rap at him in this magazeen. They say Baconsfeel made game av him wanst in a book, and Gooden niver furguv him.

Shure I wint to parliament t'other night, an' my hart almost blid for poor Gladstone. It's at home an' in his bed the ould man ought to be instid of sittin' up to three an' four in the morning listenin' to them spalpeens, that they call Home Rulers, badgerin' him. They wuz takin' up nearly all the time av the House an' nothin' wud shut their mouths. There wuz a difformed crayture among them, a member for Cavan they sayed he wuz, an' sich a spaker you niver heard. There's occasionally lively

times on a Canadian hundred-and-fifty-acre-farm about the ind of Novimber, whin they're killin' off fifty hogs. I would much prayfer that music. Half that number of mimbres had to be silenced an' suspinded, so that the bizness av the House could go on. I had a good laugh about that same suspinsion. I'm boordin' in the house of an ould jintleman that spakes Frinch, and some quare English too, for that matter. He sarved in the Raypublican Army of France long ago, and he says he's a Swish, or sumthin like that; but he's a grate radical, an' atther all, the Home Rulers is too much for him. I wuz tellin' him the fun about them bein' suspinded, an' sez he, “Suspended,” sez he, “it is on ze nearest lamp-posts zey ought all to be suspended,” sez he. I beg John A.'s pardon and the pardon of a good many Canadian politicians, but I must say they put their fut in it whin they sint that dookymnt over here recomminidin' that the Irish shud be let govern themselves. They jist put themselves in the way av havin' somebody say to thim “Mind your own business.” The Queen did not like it, no more did Gladstone, nor Englishmin in general. Shure what does John A. know about the janus an' nachure av Irish min? They would be very dull if they had to live in pacc. A shindy now an' thim makes things lively, an' is necessary for the joyment of hilt an' happiness. Bedad, if they had a Hause av Commons av their own there would soon be minny the free fight on thim same Commons. Do you think thim divils of Orangemen in the north would lie down gratefully under the heels of the majority? No, begorra, it's Home Rule they'd be wantin' for thimselves atther a bit.

You shud a seen your townsman Curnel Souskey among the volunteers on Satherday, doin' the agreeable among the nobls. He wuz dressed out av fine as spinnace, as the Queen's Eddycong, very splendid indeed. I diddent ax him how he was gettin' on wid the Ontario Bank, tho' I shud. There's manys the poor widdy that's frettin' an' maybe starvin' becase of the spill that was made there—an' more than widdys too. The boys from Canada diddent do badly atther all wid their rifles, but—oh wirra—what wether for shootin' in! I have well-nigh worn out a bran-new silk umbrell in a very few weeks, for 'tis openin' an' shuttin', openin' an' shuttin' whin you're on the shthreets, nearly ivery day. An' then if its not rainin' you don't know the minnit when it will, so you have to carry the troublesome thing wid you, fair wether or foul, an' if you don't your shiny “plug” hat, as you calls it, will soon have the consate tuck out av it.

I see yez have had a grate time fixin' John A. a little firmer in his lofty sate. Wan av your picthers (July the 1st, “on a mornin' clear”—Mr. Bowel will rimbimer the cotay-shun) shows Mr. Blake on his *sate* too, but bedad its another soart of a sate—sich a wan as a tailor wud talk to you about. I hope the poor man wuz not badly hurt, an' that he got up again some where. Oh what treatments for the champion of the party of the N. P.'s—piety, purity, an' progress! Well woundhers will niver sace.

We're all in a frustration here about the hornet's nest that Gladstone has disturbed. The hornets is bitin' like the dickens, an' they'll bite worse yit. The Prussian an' the Texas an' a lot av Canadian and more boats besides, is goin' to take out min an' horses an' gins to Agypt's sandy shore, an' the big fear is the min an' horses will either hev too much wather or too little whin they git there. They say the ribil cheef can aither kill them with drouth or drown them all if it so plazes him. Faix an' its meself that's sorry to see the 4th Royal Irish Dragoon Guards goin' out, for they have done plinty of travellin' an' fightin' in their time, an' there's some fine boys amongst thim, but as for the big, pampered Horse

Guards an' Lifo Gaards that hev been cam-paignin' for sixty-five years in the parks wid the purty nurse maids, an' stuffin' themselves wid beef and beer, let them go an' welcome an' larn what work is. There wuz wan thing I liked in the account av the bumbardin' av Alexandria. Whin the thavin' rascals wuz obleeged to stop their firin' on the British ships an' thim wint to robbin' and mnrderin' right an' left there wuz an ordher signal led from the A dmiral for min to be landed to stop the slaughterer an' the plunderin' an' the firin' of bildins', and to keep the pacc generally. So whin the min landed, faix who shud step up to thim cheerin' an' shoutin' but a lot of Yankee sailors and marrens too I understand; an' says they, “We'll help the English!” Wuzzent that good? A frind of mine whin he read this composed a song upon it, an' shure I got a copy av it, an' I'm goin' to send it to you to put in GRIP if it's not too sollem a thing for them funny collums. You need not be afraid to use it for the price won't be more than five hundred dollars an' its shure to make GRIP more popular across the lake.

My lethier is too long already but I want to put you in a good humor before I stop by tellin' you a little sthory about my landlord. Wan day he was talkin' to me about dixon-arrays an' he thought that had ones wuz a dreadful cause of trouble. He points to an ansient wun he has—French and English—an' sez he, “I de wish I did neyvure see zat, for it is so difficoolt wen you've learned wrong tings to get zem out of your 'ed. Now I am fond of 'am and I used to enjoy one—two—tranches de jambon, so ven I come to England, before I was marry, I look in the ze digisionary for English for *jambon*, and I find *gammon of bacon*. So I go to a restaurant and I speak to ze waiter and I say, “Hi! bring to me a slice of gammon.” He did open his eyes and regard me fixedly, and den he laugh and go away. He tought I was mocking me of him. Sacre! I was vex. Den I go also and find shop vere I see one jambon in ze window, and I point to it and buy a good big peese, and I carry it home in triomphe, and I say to my landlady ‘I ave brought some gammon for you’—and she open her eyes too and look furiouse and demand vat I mean by such talk, and I takes off ze papier and show to her the jambon, and then she comprehend and we had a grand laugh.” Wishin' you may have the same,

I remain,
Your humble sarvent and
OWN CORRESPONDENT.

ESSAYS ON DOMESTIC ANIMALS.

NO. V.—THE COW.

BY DICK DUMPLING.

Without the least doubt as to the truth of the statement, we may safely say that the cow is the model domestic animal. As patient and as quiet as a lamp-post, as obedient as a sewing machine, and as fruitful of good things as the mystical cornucopia that we see on big pennies, it is to man a boon only second to a gold mine. From its callhood days, when it gambolled in the meadow and disrespectfully wagged its few inches of frisky tail in the face of its matronly mother, it has always been of variegated use to man; even if it had given up the ghost in the days of its infancy, it would have been of use, for what we now call beef would have been digested as veal—and veal is dead calf, and calf is juvenile cow. Meekly and peaceably it goes through its daily routine of eating and being milked.

Just picture a cow. See the dear creature with its sleepy eyes beaming forth good nature by the bushel and its face as solemn as a coffin; see it chewing its cud with the easy satisfaction enjoyed by a boy locked in the preserve closet; see it slowly swinging its



"A MENTAL RESERVATION."

Mother Kirk.—GORDY! GORDY! I'M AMAZED! DIV YOU NO KEN IT'S AWFU' WICKED TAE PUBLISH A NEWSPAPER ON THE SAWBETH DAY?

Gordy B.—YES, BUT IT WASN'T A NEWS-PAPER; THERE WASN'T NO NEWS IN IT!

tail, now to and fro like the pendulum of an old-fashioned clock, now stopping for a moment to take a rest, and now whisking it over its back to annihilate the flies thereon. This is the ideal cow. Can there be anything more docile than such a cow? It is a cow like this that we see in landscape paintings where it is nearly always represented as standing in a pool of water under a spreading tree. How truly rural is the cow! A landscape without a cow is like a hand-organ without a monkey. The only article of clothing worn by a cow is a bell, probably to show that it is the belle of the stable, or to warn people that it is sometimes belligerent.

The chief productions of the cow are milk, butter, and cheese, the first directly, the two latter indirectly. The first is used for drinking purposes, but in this Age of Shams if one wants to drink pure milk, one must see with his own eyes—and a pair of goggles, if convenient—that the milk he drinks comes direct from its natural source. And why must man do this? Because of the depth of love and the limitless amount of friendship existing between the milkman and the barnyard pump, and because of the triplicate affinity between milk, water and chalk, and the love of each for the company of the others. It is the same with the butter. Unless a man accompanies his butter through the process of churning, etc., he is in doubt as to whether the grease he eats comes from a farm or an oleomargarine factory. Cheese has a slightly better reputation. It is apt to get up on its muscle and walk away, but in this case a man must use his nose, eyes, and feet to avoid deception.

Like in every other class of animals, there are some disreputable members of the cow tribe. There is the peregrinating old animal who persists in eating the tops of Aunt Belinda's rose bushes, and the vagrant, all-alone-in-the-world-and-no-one-to-love-me cow that walks over our smooth, green boulevards, "leaving footprints on that grass of mine," but these are failings of small note. We might go farther and fare worse. The only ill-natured thing that a cow ever does is to kick over the milk pail occasionally; but

this is seldom done with malice aforethought, and is not such a great crime so long as the milker is not kicked over.

The most ferocious cow is the bull (someone will surely say that this statement is a bull). A man is often left in a very queer position and is put to a vast deal of hurry and trouble by finding himself in the middle of a field all alone with a bull. If he is wearing any article of attire of a red color, the bull is sure to strike a bee-line for him with the speed of a man anxious to get away from his creditors. It is a critical moment. If he can reach a fence before the bull catches up to him, he is to be congratulated; if he does not, he will not feel very comfortable when the bull has got through playing catch with him. It takes the conceit out of a man to be tossed by a bull. People will hardly have the same respect for him; they decline to associate with a man who has become so undignified as to allow a bull to shoot him through space. Literally, it is, but truthfully, it is not a bully thing to be elevated on the horns of a masculine cow.

✽ The world has seen some very respectable cows. The one that reached the highest distinction was the cow that jumped over the moon, presumably to see the man therein; that man could not have been a butcher. We cannot tell if that cow was ever afterwards milked on earth. History does not say. Some people will pay as high as thirty thousand dollars for a cow; and yet such a cow has got but one head, four legs and a tail, the same as any other cow. But I suppose that the man who pays thirty thousand dollars for a cow enjoys great satisfaction in seeing his money invested in cowhide. One thing is certain, his money is safer there than in many a bank, for they don't keep defaulting cashiers to attend to the milking, etc., of a cow. "Every man to his own taste," as the man said when he kissed his cow. (He was no moral coward). It is far better to invest thirty thousand dollars in a cow than in a soda water fountain.

It is a good thing that cows are not horses, for then we would be without butter. It is far better that cows are cows.

WINNIPEG BUGS.

There was a Yankee bed bug
Who dined on dainty fare,
He journeyed up to Winnipeg
To see his cousins there.

They met him at the station,
The little Yankee cuss,
And they drove him round the city
In a little buggy buss.

They showed him all the houses
Where bugs were boarded free,
And when he saw their crannies
He smacked his lips with glee.

They showed him cracks in bed-posts,
Where they so long had staid,
Without the first misfortune
From house or chambermaid.

This little Yankee bed bug
Was mighty pleased to see
How well his friends were treated
In this new coun-t-iree.

He called for pen and paper,
And for a little light,
And to his blood relations
He thus began to write—

"This is a charming city,
And how my bosom swells
To see such boarding houses!
Such bedsteads, such hotels!

"They live in peace and comfort,
With food for all their needs;
They bleed the fresh arrivals,
And swarm among the breeds,

"Then come to Manitoba,
A land for bed bugs, prime,
Come and see the El Dorado,
Come and have a heavenly time."

Stonewall, Man.

—BADGER.

FULL TRANSLATION OF THE PRAYER

COMMENDED TO THE CLERGY OF HIS DIOCESE
FOR THE SOLDIERS AND SAILORS ENGAGED IN
THE WAR IN EGYPT.

By the Archbishop of Cant.

COPY OF THE PRAYER IN ECCLESIASTICAL VERNACULAR.

"O Almighty God, whose power no creature is able to resist, keep, we beseech Thee, our soldiers and sailors who have now gone forth to war, that they, being armed with Thy defence, may be preserved ever more from all perils, to glorify Thee, Who art the only giver of all victory, through the merits of Thy only Son, Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

TRANSLATION IN EVERYDAY ENGLISH.

"O Thou omnipotent One, whose power no creature is able to resist, exercise it, we beseech Thee, on behalf of our soldiers and sailors whom we have sent into the midst of all the perils of a great war. Let no cannon of the enemy shatter their ships, nor destroy the men. Let no bullet directed against them hurt anybody. In all hand-to-hand encounters, as well as in the carnage of the battle field, let the enemy's sword fall flat and may his bayonets and spears be pointless, so that our men may return to us unscathed, bringing news of victorious slaughter of the foe, and ever more glorify Thee whose might endured their swords with sharpness, their projectiles with terrific force, and gave precision to the bullets of the rifles with which they did so great execution on the enemy."

Reflection for worshippers in the diocese of Canterbury, and elsewhere, that the appointed prayer is used:—

"If, as is more than probable, half our men are left on the field of conflict, are wounded, maimed, and otherwise injured, even though we get the victory, it will be a proof either that the men were bad, and consequently undeserving of the protection from peril we ask for in this prayer, or else that such prayer has no meaning in the ear of the Almighty, which is quite probable, too, as it is really quite oracular to us."



THE WOLF AND THE LAMB ;
OR, MIGHT MAKES RIGHT.

The Joker Club.

"The Fun is mightier than the Sword."

While gadding about on horseback the other day, we saw a gad annoying our horse: took our gad in hand, and egad! you should have seen that gad-fly.

Some lads in Lindsay stole some stationery left over in the Conservative committee rooms. The motto of the boys was five years more of good times.

A visitor, on calling at a friend's house during the session of the Legislature, was questioned thus by a little boy: "Where is your axe?" "What do you mean, little boy?" asked the visitor. "I heard pa say the reason you came to town was because you had an axe to grind."

"See here!" yelled the farmer to the city chap who had just fired into a flock of ducks on the pond down back of the house. "Those are not wild ducks. Those are domestic ducks, sir." "Can't help it, sir, if they are," answered the city chap, calmly reloading. "They're just as good for my purpose, exactly."—*Lowell Citizen.*

"THE WAIL OF THE WISE CHILD."

I am hungry, oh my mother,
But I know not what to eat.
Did you mention bread, ma darling,
Why, men knead it with their feet;
And the bakehouses are pigstyes,
And the smell is such, they say,
That a Government Inspector
Has been known to faint away.

Meat! Oh, mr, how dreadful!
Read the newspaper reports
Of the dealers who are punished
At Guildhall and other courts.
Try the things in tins—good gracious!
Have you read that inquest, ma?
It was eating tinned opossum
Killed six children and their pa.

There is verdigris, they tell us,
In some tins which grocers sell:
And whole families who try them
Very often feel unwell;
And the doctor has to hurry
With the stomach-pump, to save
Folks who buy, for tencepence farthing,
Yankee tins of early grave,

Shall you bring me in a pasty?
What—a meat one! Have you read
How they make the paste while nursing
Fever cases ill in bed?
Will I have a bun or tartlet?
Oh! mamma, you can't have seen
How the pastry-cooks are using
Tons of oleomargarine.

THE WISE MOTHER.

Child, I own its very dreadful,
If these stories all are true:
But I thank my lucky planet
I am not as wise as you:
For I do not read the papers,
And I eat what I can get.
I am ninety-six to-morrow,
And ain't been poisoned yet.

DAGONET in *The Referee*

A CURIOUS ACCIDENT.—On Saturday last Mr. B. Joransen, who lives at 1542 Ludlow-st., met with a remarkable accident. He was reading *Grip-Sack*, the new comic annual, and commenced to laugh heartily over some of the jokes. He read them over to his family, and Mrs. J. laughed, too, and so did several of the small J's. The fun became contagious, the more Mr. J. read, and at last the family observed that he came to a long pause, with his mouth wide open, and there was a curious look about his face as though he were trying to come to the end of a laugh which, seemingly, had no end to it. At last by signs he got the family to understand that his jaw

bone was dislocated. Dr. Berryman was sent for, and the injured member was speedily restored to its normal condition by his skill. He advised Mr. J. not to look into *Grip-Sack* for a week; and J. heartily complied. But can the remembrance of good things speedily fade from the memory? Just as Mr. J. was sitting down to dinner on Sunday, and as he thought of putting his jawbone to practical use, there came into his mind a recollection of some of funny stories he had read, and he again commenced to laugh, and laughed more heartily than ever, when, snap! again went the jaw from its socket. The doctor once more set the member, but all persons with weak jaws are warned against *Grip-Sack*.—*St. John's Globe.*

AN UNREASONABLE PARENT—A MISCHIEVOUS BOY'S ACCOUNT OF HOW HE CAME TO BE PUNISHED.

"I am afraid you are a terror," said the grocery man, as he gazed at the innocent face of the boy. "You are always making your parents some trouble, and it is a wonder to me they don't send you to the reform school. What deviltry were you up to last night to get kicked so early this morning?"

"No deviltry, just a little fun. You see, ma went to Chicago to stay a week, and she got tired, and telegraphed she would be home last night, and pa was down town, and I forgot to give him the despatch, and after he went to bed me and a chum of mine thought we would have a Fourth of July. You see, my chum has got a sister about as big as ma, and we hooked some of her clothes, and after pa got to snoring we put them in pa's room. Oh, you'd a luffed. We put a pair of number one slippers with blue stockings down in front of the rocking-chair beside pa's boots, a red corset on a chair, and my chum's sister's best black silk dress on another chair, and a hat with a white feather on the bureau, and some frizzes on the gas bracket, and everything we could find belonging to a girl in my chum's sister's room. Oh, we got a red parasol, too, and left it right in the middle of the floor. Well, when I looked at the lay-out and heard pa snoring, I thought I should die. My chum slept with me that night, and when we heard the door-bell ring, I stuffed a pillow in my mouth. There was nobody to meet ma at the depot, and she hired a hack and came right up. Nobody heard the bell but me, and I had to go down and let ma in. She was pretty hot, you bet, at not being met at the depot. "Where's your father!" said she, as she began to go up stairs.

"I told her I guessed pa had gone to sleep by this time, but I heard a good deal of noise in the room about an hour ago, and maybe he was taking a bath. Then I slipped upstairs and looked over the banisters. Ma said something about 'heavens and earth' and where is the huzzy," and a lot of things I couln't hear, and pa said 'it's no such thing,' and the door slammed and they talked for two hours. I s'pose they finally laid it to me, as they always do, 'cause pa called me very early this morning, and when I came down stairs he came out in the hall, and his face was redder'n a beet, and he tried to stab me with his big toe nail. I see they had my chum's sister's clothes all pinned up in a newspaper, and I s'pose when I go back I will have to carry them home, and then she will be down on me. I'll tell you what, I have got a good notion to take some shoemaker's wax and stick my chum on my back and travel with a circus as a double-headed boy from Borneo. A fellow could have more fun, and not get kicked all the time."

And the boy sampled some strawberries in a case in front of the store, and went down the street whistling for his chum, who was looking out of an alley to see if the coast was clear.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

OBSERVE.

Observe a man with used-up clothes.
Observe a man with carmine nose.
Observe a man with hostile swagger.
Observe a man with lurching stagger.
Observe a man with bleary eye.
Observe his shirt—observe his tie.
Observe his tie tied at right angles.
Observe his legs that something tangles.
Observe his clothes don't seem to fit him.
Observe the spot where some one hit him.
Observe his wife—observe her dress.
Observe his household in distress.
Observe his children all in rags.
Observe him classed among the "vags."
Observe him placed within the dock.
Observe the Colonel "taking stock."
Observe his Worship when he says,
"Observe your down for thirty days."
Observe the slab within the Morgue.
Observe him lie there like a "dorg."
Observe the water dropping down.
Observe the face with upturned frown.
Observe that life's not beer and skittles.
Observe you've taken "*Licensed Vitals.*"

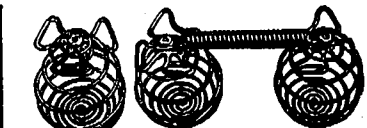
If a woman knocks down her husband with a blow from her right hand, isn't it an exhibition of woman's rights.

There is a blind beggar on the street in Lindsay to whom our Funny Contributor has (owing to his impecuniosity) given nothing. Our Contributor feels cheap over it, and is satisfied the man has a poor opinion of him every time our Contributor passes, as the beggar can see how persistently he refuses him alms.

THE SPRINGS DID NO GOOD.

The following item is given for the consideration of those of our readers who are in search of just such an article as that referred to in the following statement of Mrs. Geo. A. Clark, a well known lady of St. Catherines: "I cannot refrain," says Mrs. C., "from bearing testimony to the wonderful effects produced by the use of the very best remedy in the world, St. Jacobs Oil, for rheumatism. I had rheumatism and dropsy and did not walk a step for fifteen years. I tried nearly everything our most skillful physicians prescribed, —Clifton Springs, —St. Catherine Springs, etc., residing with a celebrated German doctor who pronounced my case incurable. Thinking everything of no use I was induced to try St. Jacobs Oil, and it has certainly done wonders for me. I heartily recommend it to any who may be suffering as I did. I have not had any use of my right arm for more than a year; now, however, I can raise it very nearly to my head."

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DE GREENHORN.

BY PROFESSOR JAY KAYELLE WASHINGTON
WHITE.

Dis niggah am completety absawbed in perfound quondamplation ob dat ar natural phenonoman called by de denizens ob dis continent, a greenhawn. A greenhawn is an aboriginee of de old world just arrove in de new. Dis name am derivated from cabbage-green, and sprout-a horn, indicating dat he am as soft an greon as a cabbage sprout. Dat is, least he pears so. Pearances, hawever, am mighty deceitful. Sure's you're bawn. Dis niggah once knew a cute young fellah, who had trabbled all ober yewrip an finally pulled up in New Yawk lookin', wa'al, kind ob seedy and sunburnt as it vor. He was settin' in a restyournant, lookin' at an English paper, when in walkstwowells, an sets down opposite him. He seed them wid the tail ob his eye, but kep on readin' his paper upside down. Says one to de oder, "Ahem, we're from de kentry?" "Ya'as," says de oder, eyin' de greenhawn through his eyeglass. "Green?" "Ya'as." "Stranger in de city, eh? have to be taken care of." "Gentlemen," says the greenhawn, lookin' them blandly in de eye, "you are strangers in de city I see, ken I do anything for you?" Fo gracious sah! de maunnah in which dese two swells locomoted out ob dat dere restyournant was a moral, second only to de grin on de face ob de greenhawn, as he resumed his paper right side up agen.

De British greenhawn am de most amosin' cuss alive. All de las' winter he hab bin 'tendin' de lectures gib by de emigration agent in de village schoolroom, wid de Pirsbeterian minister in de chair. He am told dat de streets ob Meriky am like de streets ob de New Jroosalem, made ob gold, and all you got to do is to take a cold chisel, and a geological hammer and chip off all de dollars you want and go west an buy a farm wid de purceeds. De agent gibs him no end ob taffy, he am tryin' to earn his own salary, an de po clod-hoppers swaller de 'hole hog. So when it am January and de snowdrops am just ringin' in de new year, wid dere fairy white bells, he gets sum socks darned up, de February crocuses sot him a packing up, an when de daffodils am wavin' dere yallar heads in de March breezes, he whistles "De gal I left behind me," an arrives on dese shores in time to catch de third last blizzard ob de season. We hab known some greenhawns stay for a week and embark on de next ship, on purpose to persecute de em. agent fur breach ob promise, fur bringing dem out to dis "owling wilderness of snow," where dere ain't a green leaf to be seen wid de naked eye. Anoder and no acceptable kind ob greenhawn hails from funder norf. He arroves about de

white heat ob midsummer, arrayed in a heavy suit ob inch thick tweed, sootable fur Artic wear. In de lanwigde ob scripiter de iron hab entered his sole, fur he lugs around more'n a cwt. ob hob nails in ebry shoe, dis makes his feet come down ebry time like a thousand ob brick. His head am large, thatched wid piles ob hair, and roofed in wid a heavy hat, under which his ruddy cheeks ooze fatness. He am eber an' always accompanied by a big wooden, which looks as if in de words ob de poet it could "brave a thousand years de battle and de breeze." He am chuck full ob books, some ob dem in furrin tongues, and he tells you he just brought dat dar Algebra, and at Colenso to "amuse me when I weary in de e'enins." He take your bref away, when he asks you "what kind of a mess is this that Gladstone's got de kintra in noo?" He speaks in a barbaric tongue, an calls de ole ooman at home "my mither" and hab some queer outlandish ideas about purviding fur her old age. He has a pocket book well filled wid—no not dollars—but certificates ob character from de pastor, de schoolmaster, and de village poet. He am a practical farmer, he 'clares he "can thin neeps, saw, maw, bind an' thresh wi one man" and consequently he am hired rite away at \$25 and board. Dis am de Al kind ob greenhawn fur dis kentry. A kind ob Scotch pebble in de ruff, all ober queer corners and akwerd angles dat am dissagreeable at fust. Bymeby he will be tossed and rolled and ground down in de surging tide ob Canadian life, and after some years you will find him away up on de sands high an' dry, gleamin' an shinin' in de sunshine ob prosperity, round an' smooth an' pleasant an' valuable; all his roughness rubbed off an' his better qualities brought clearly out.

Anoder an' more doubtful kind ob greenhawn, goes sailin' round de streets ob de city, a small undersized kind ob man wid de suspicion ob a cast in his eye, and wid one question ever uppermost on his lips "what the doose brought him to this blawsted kentry" where he am first roasted, then frozen, then thawed out again wid de revolving seasons. His accompaniment am a limp faded woman in a limp faded dress, wid a wilted little bonnet slipping off de back ob her head, who gets her livin' by doin' a "bit o' washing" wid de aid ob a "drop o' beer" of which she and her husband are mighty fond. Manifest destiny, an orange or pea-nut stand.

Den dere am de eber welcome cosmopolitan greenhawn, who de moment he lands, plants his foot firmly on de lowest rung ob de ladder, tackles de fust job he gets an' sticks to it till he gets a better, goin' up hand over hand, right ober our heads, till we find ourselves liftin' our hat to him when we meet him in de street, or sendin' him to de House ob Commons, to represent us dere. De greenhawn ripens very soon in de heat ob de Canadian sun; de soft look ob innocence gibs way to one ob shrewd business talent, an dat air ob conceit and oppressive goodness, walks away wid his strait-laced cant and caste and other ederecences, peculiar to de old lands, he grows into a ripe mellow well tode citizen, active, liberal, an' with an ever ready hand to help strugglin' greenhawns.

The credit system is bad, but so long as there's sheep there will be ticks.

Our Funny Contributor lately had a call from de now and popular Episcopal minister in Lindsay, and was much gratified thereat. But in conversation with a friend belonging to the same church afterwards, the friend complained that the minister had neglected him of late, adding, however, that he did not mind, as the parson only took care to call on the "hard cases." Our Contributor didn't feel so well after this, and has not mentioned that call since.



IN LIQUORIAM.

BY A. T. (OPERA.)

I hold it false with him who sings
To a cracked fiddle or the bones,
'Twere better to be breaking stones
Than loafing round for tails and slings.

'Tis muchly too and many more,
And too too muchly more again,
It fills my gizzard full of pain
To stand around a bar-room door,

And see the boys the cocktails scoop,
And ask each other: "Have a smile?"
Yet never to enquire the while
If I, my lofty soul would stoop—

And take with them a brandy-smash!
'Tis sad to think they never will,
And thus within the grasping till
I sadly drop my little cash.

But who, when he's been swilling beers,
Tries on his pants to light a match,
And doesn't reach his claw and catch
The friendly lamp-post in his fears?

Let Thirst clasp Drink, and Grief be drown'd
In liquors tempting to the soul;
Ah, sweeter to be drunk, and roll,
And whoop, and yell, and paw the ground.

Than that some wretched cop should sneak
And put a period to your fun,
And rush you into Number One,
To come next morning 'fore the Beak.

II.

Old dog that followed at my heel,
And gobbled bones with snaps and growls,
I'd sooner hear thy frantic howls
Than many a giant organ's peals.

The seasons bring the bull-frog's bark,
And bring the toper to the dock,
And bring the spouters in a flock
To air their 'ntinious in the park.

But never more shall tiware vile
Be fastened to my nanky tail,
To send thee forth upon a sail
At half-a-minute to the mile.

And when to sleep I fling me down,
In some dark lane or vacant lot,
The cops, unnoticed, to the spot
May creep,—thy bark is "out of town."

It often seemed when day was done,
And we were kicked into the street,
As round my legs you'd clasp your feet,
We were incorporate into one.

But never, never more I'll greet
Thy bot-tailed carcass here again;
In schooners I must drown my pain,
They've made thee into sausage meat.

ASTRONOMY.

"Why," asked Tarquinius Superbus Mehaffy the other day, as he was pensively gazing at a fresco on the wall of a bar-room, "Why is it the sun is hotter in this country than in the ould country?" "The reason," replied his comrade, Clinton De Vere Murphy, "is this, sorr. Ye may not be ware that in Ireland the sun rises four hours and more before it does here, and consequentially as he keeps rising all the time he grows hotter and hotter, as ye may observe on any summer's day. Now d'ye know why it's hotter here?" "Murphy, y'er a genius," said Mehaffy. "What'll ye have?" and the two philosophers smiled.



E. DWYER GRAY AND ARABI BEY.

WHICH OF 'EM WAS JUDGE LAWSON'S SENTENCE INTENDED FOR ?

AILEEN LE STRANG'S VISIT TO MANTOBA.

When Miss Aileen Le Strang went out to the west She had many good wishes, though the ill-natured guessed That they knew the object that was taking her there, And a "fig for the fiction that 'twas *pour son cher fere.*" Her gowns were perfection, her bonnets divine, She'd the daintiest boots and lace very fine; The garments, I fear, sent an envious pang In the hearts of the friends of Aileen Le Strang.

Now Aileen Le Strang, though possessed of such clothes, One wouldn't compare to a lily or rose; Of beauty so skin deep the maiden had less Than the average amount, but made up in dress What she lacked in good looks, and was thought rather fast. With bank clerks had flirted until twenty-five past, And still wasn't married nor likely to be, Yet she went to the north-west her brother to see.

For she'd written to Thomas and gushingly said They all fretted at home at the lone life he led; So as his kousekeeper to be 'twas the wish of her ma, He'd very soon see her in Manitoba. With a party of others the journey she went, 'Twas somewhere about the beginning of Lent, And though some have met snow-storms Aileen met none, But had on the whole trip some jolly good fun.

While to the land of the future they travelled along, They met a young Englishman tall, handsome and strong; His delicious broad accent made him quite *comme-il-faut*. Broad a—o By Jove, are so "fetching" you know. When in Winnipeg fair our party did get, Mr. Tom hadn't come for the roads were so wet; But with sweet resignation Aileen said she'd wait, While the Englishman vowed he was glad he was late.

While on the bad roads with his oxen Tom tarried, The Englishman "popped" and Aileen got married; With a message for Tom, this couple so green, Went to take up their land which they never had seen; And they counted on farming without any care, The soil proved as rich as the landscape looked rare. They hadn't a doubt if all turned out well, Their fortune 'd be made and they'd be very swell; They made up their minds they'd not very long stop In a short space of time they'd have such a good crop.

The house made of logs with two rooms and mud pot, Was a shock to Aileen and no less to her top; Aileen couldn't cook, no more could Fitzhugh, So when meal times came round they were in a fine stew. They knew nothing of farming, there were no neighbors near,

And they found the experiment cost them quite dear; They lived there for a month, then this faint-hearted pair Left the wild prairie and its health-giving air.

It is hinted indeed that she'll have to come home, While over the prairie poor Fitzhugh must roam In search of a fortune, which he wants without work, A thing some young settlers are most apt to shirk. A word of advice to those going to farm, Though it may do no good, cannot do any harm; Never go to a country that's young and new, If you're any way like the young couple Fitzhugh.

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