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• GRIP •

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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.

GRIP'S CANADIAN GALLERY.

(Colored Supplement given gratuitously with Grip once a month.)

- ALREADY PUBLISHED:
- No. 1, Rt. Hon. Sir John A. Macdonald.... Aug. 2.
 - No. 2, Hon. Oliver Mowat..... Sep. 20.
 - No. 3, Hon. Edward Blake..... Oct. 13.
 - No. 4, Mr. W. R. MEREDITH:
- Will be issued with the number for.....Nov. 22.

PARDON A SLIGHT DELAY.

No 4 of GRIP'S Canadian Gallery, being a cartoon portrait in colors of Mr. W. R. Meredith, M.P.P., should, in accordance with announcement, have appeared with the present issue of GRIP. Owing to an extra pressure of work in our artistic department, however, it has been impossible to finish the plates in time for this number. The supplement will be forthcoming next week without fail.

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON—Some person, whose mind has been greatly upset by conflicting facts, writes to the *Globe* to propose this dilemma:—If Sir John A. Macdonald is the scamp the Reformers make him out to be, how comes it that a kind Providence has allowed him to dominate over the good people of Canada for forty years? Either Sir John is a much abused man, or Providence is a myth. To this the *Globe* replies at Knox College professional length, the conclusion being that there undoubtedly is a kind Providence, one of whose offices is to punish people when they go astray; and that rulers like Sir John are often used as whips wherewith to inflict the needed punishment. This is a theory entirely worthy of consideration—and in order to impress it more deeply on the popular mind, we have put it in pictorial form.

FIRST PAGE—The presidential fight is over, so far as the ballot-box is concerned, and an end has happily come to the atrocious gouging, striking below the belt, and flinging of filth that has characterized the contest. Cleveland receives the wreath, but whether he will ever be allowed to wear it in the great chair at Washington no man can at this moment say. At present it looks as if the high-minded Republican party had made up its mind to steal the election for Blaine as it did for Hayes.

EIGHTH PAGE—We decidedly disagree with the *Montreal Journal of Commerce*, and the other papers, which deprecate any discussion of the Jamaica question on the ground that it is not yet "before the chair." We know that a much more important question—that of the C.P.R.—a question-involving, at least, much

more money, was sprung upon Parliament, and rushed through the House, beneath the lash of the party whip. It may be the same in this Jamaica case, but whether or not, the discussion of the pros and cons can certainly do no harm. On the contrary, a very decided benefit will be gained, if a timely ventilation of the subject awakens a public opinion which will ensure the instant rejection of any annexation scheme that maybe proposed to Parliament.



THE RULE OF "THE ROAD."

Scene—Toronto—Hour, Six p.m.

1st Laborer—Weel, we hac'na dune vera muckle the day, Paddy.
2nd Laborer—Faix, thin! we can make up for it be doin' less to-morrow.

MAUD.

A UNIVERSITY LYRIC.

Come into the 'Varsity, Maud,
For the last objection's flown;
Come into the College, Maud,
By the Queen's Park gate alone;
For the lawn is smooth and the gravel path broad,
And the fees in advance have gone.

For (*sic* Bachen) "the world moves,"
And the star of woman is high.
At last she will shine in the light she loves
Beneath a Toronto sky.
She will revel at last in the lore she loves,
And take a degree, or die.

Oh hawk! how long we have heard
Old fogie, galoot, buffoon;
I said, will they never grow tired
Still thrumming that same old tune,
Of the terrible, horrible danger incurred.
Why! A male student must be a lunc.

As I said to Lilly, "There is not one
Who is monkish enough to say
He'd much rather be with the boys alone,
Than have us in the class each day.
Why, half of the fellows up there are gone
On some girls far away;
And the other half's wooden, or rather stone,
So we can't bother them anyway.

I said to our Rose—"Were I to pose
In a way that would make them pine,
I'd quiz them and say, "what signs are those
For honors which ne'er will be thine?"
But mine,—but mine," as I said to our Rose,
"For ever and ever mine."

So let's march in my Maud, my sweet,
With ever so airy a tread,
If the hearts of the fellows beat,
Why let them—keep up your head.
But don't let your own heart beat,
Or your cheek grow celestial red
When they welcome you in with their feet,
And a noise fit to waken the dead.

FRESHWOMAN.

LET US ANNEX!!

DEAR GRIP,—Doesn't it make your glossy black coat turn green with envy to think you are living under a monarchy, when republicanism (?), no—democracy (?), no! no!! no!!! American iustitooshuns, yield such magnificent results as Col. Maynard so graphically depicts in the following clipping from his speech on the Democratic platform:

"We have seen the Republican party clothed with a supreme power, with curse and sword in its crime-stained hands and a hundred thousand fawning, cringing, servile, spaniel-natured, parasitic, toad-eating, lick-spittle officials to do its bidding. We have seen the Republican party throttle the supreme judicial tribunal of the Republic and retain its hold until the genius of justice fled its polluted presence, and contaminated by such a fountain, we have seen the minor federal tribunals of the country sink to the level of gambling hells, where sporting men, from bunko steerers to bucket shop proprietors and patrons, in alliance with poker politicians, bet on decisions and rulings, as they would on keno or faro, and where the chances for a Republican rascal to escape punishment were a thousand to one against conviction."

Let's annex, dear bird, let's annex right off.
Yours, HONEST AMBITION.

PHILOSOPHY.

Jones is a great philosopher: reads Darwin, Ruskin, Herbert Spencer, and the whole lot. Simpson was his friend.

"Come Jones," said Simpson, "let's go down to Chalkline, the tailor's. I'm getting some new togs, and I have to be fitted this evening."

They went.
Jones' friend tried on the garments. He was dissatisfied, and said so; told the fitter that he was an ass; said the clothes fitted him like a sentry box; abused the man shamefully, in fact, and the latter was angry.

"I say they do fit," said the fitter.
"I say they don't, and you're a thick-headed galoot to say so," howled Simpson.

"Take that back or I'll whale you," shrieked the man of goose, tape and shears.
"Come on," cried Simpson, and the two went at it hammer and tongs.

The tailor was a muscular man and a scientific.

He peppered Simpson in the bread-basket; he tapped him on the conk; he rattled the ivories in his dice box, closed his peepers for repairs, and in fact completely used him up.

Jones stood by and philosophized.
Simpson lay at full length on the floor.

He was dead.
"This coincides with my theories," remarked Jones, as Simpson's body was carried out.
"How so?" enquired the coroner.

"It is the survival of the 'fittest,'" replied Jones.

The "fittest" was hung, however, and the goose hangs high.

"Did the clothes fit, though?" you ask.
I don't know; the men did, however.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

R. B., DORCHESTER, N. B. — Thanks. Always glad to welcome fresh talent. The pictures are on too large a scale to be used in our columns without re-drawing. Give Mr. GRIP'S compliments to the clever artist, and invite her to try again.

THE CURRENT. — This brilliant periodical keeps up its reputation as the best literary weekly in America. It does this by liberal dealing, which secures for its columns the best work of the leading writers of the day. No Canadian gentleman should be satisfied with his literary outfit without including the *Current*, which is well worth the \$4.50 charged for it.

A SUITOR WHO SUITED.

"I like your looks, young man," the old gentleman began, as the private parlor interview opened. "You are handsome, intelligent, and of good address. But my daughter's future welfare is of paramount concern to me. In her interest I feel bound to question you closely. Tell me, therefore, what is your profession, and how are your worldly prospects?" There was a deep-toned, earnest gravity, approaching almost to sternness, in the father's voice, and the hand which he laid on the other's shoulder trembled visibly.

The young man drew himself up haughtily, as if disposed to resent the implied distrust.

But it was only for an instant. The anxiety of his questioner was as honest as it was eager, and its depth moved him.

Quietly, but with a ring of real sympathy in his voice, he replied: "Sir, as a suitor for the hand of your daughter, I am bound in honor to answer you, her father, questions which I would deem, coming from another, a gross impertinence—in fact a gratuitous insult, which my keen sense of manhood would prompt me to avenge without a moment's hesitation. Ahem!"

The old man fairly hung upon his words.

"In the first place, then, I am a banker by profession. Ahem!"

The old man looked as though a great load had been lifted off him.

"I was cashier in a big bank out in the Western States. Ahem!"

The old man's face brightened palpably.

"The bank failed recently. Ahem!"

The old man smiled and reached out his right hand.

"I came to Canada—about the same time. Ahem!"

"Before or after the burst, my son?" softly queried the aged man, tightening his grip.

"A little before, sir. Ahem!"

Then the old man began to shake the taper hand that lay in his; and as he shook his whole soul was in his eyes, and his whole heart in his voice as he exclaimed: "Not another word, my boy—not even a syllable. I was wrong to have even a semblance of doubt about you. I might have judged from your noble face and manly bearing that you were no penniless adventurer and fortune hunter. Woo her, my lad, woo her, and may you win her! I can safely trust my precious child's happiness to a man who boasts an open heart, a good profession, and true business instinct!"

ELEGY IN THE WHISKEY GRAVE-YARD.

The Scott Act tells the knell of parting rum,
The very air a drouthy stillness holds;
Behold the thirsty bu'ners sadly come
And take a rest within the temperance folds.

Full many a mouth too oft in tankard dipped
Goes dry because the beer's no longer there;
Full many a nose with purest crimson tipped
Now wastes its brilliancy on the grogless air.

Can vacant jugs, and piles of empty pots
Back to the bar-room draw the swifty crowd?
Where all day long they tumbled, happy erot!
And woke the beer-pumps with their laughter loud.

And where is he who once so deftly drew
The foaming lager and the amber ale?
Who gazed with fondness on the rum's red hue?
List! for ancient him there doth hang a tale.

Off have I seen him at the break of day
Washing the cobwebs from his throat so dry,
And driving from his mind the blues away
With festive "cocktail" or with Walker's Rye.

One day I missed him at the empty bar;
"Where is he gone?" I asked in gloomy tones,
The answer came, "I'll tell you where they are,
He and his boss are now both breaking stones."

Thus sinks the whiskey sun beneath the wave
Of Scott Act waters; and the paler beam
Of Temperance star-light shines upon the grave
Where bummers roost. The past is but a dream.

TO NOVEMBER POETS.

Now cometh the November
Poet, and
He'll rhyme with dying ember,
Understand.
If he skips the dying ember,
He will have the word remember,
Or else the bleak December,
Right on hand.

He'll ring in, of course, the russet
Leaves that fall;
We don't know how he does it,
But the tall
Oak tree's leafless branches,
And the cheerless backwood ranches,
He'll ring in, take the chances;
He has "gall"!

Oh! miserable misguided
Poet man;
Henceforth try to avoid it
If you can.
Send not rhymes that are tabooed
(If they're not they surely should);
They are under, bad or good,
'Neath a ban.

It is some consolation
'Tho', to know,
That without hesitation
We just throw
And entomb them in a casket
That is known as the waste-basket,
For which we oftimes "sass" get,
But it's so.



MESMERIZING A BULL-DOG.

I had heard a great deal of mesmerism, electro-biology, magnetism, and the effect of the human eye on the lower animals of creation. I read up on these subjects, and from what I discovered I was led to conclude that I possessed all the qualities necessary to be a mesmerist. My works on the subjects mentioned all agreed that the power of the will was a very important matter, and that the stronger the will power of the operator the greater his success.

However, I was fully convinced that I was cut out for a mesmerist, and I felt that the effect of my eye was something terrific.

I longed for an opportunity to test my powers. My wish was shortly gratified; I had returned home at an early hour one morning—about 1.45—from a political meeting. Knowing that during the campaign then going on, my duties would compel me to be absent from my home till a late hour frequently, I had, on the day alluded to, purchased a magnificent specimen of the bull-dog breed, and had chained him to his kennel near the front door, giving my wife instructions to set him free at about 10 o'clock if I had not returned home by that hour. He was a magnificent animal; deep-chested, bow-legged and extremely powerful, the muscles of his jaws standing out to so great an extent that they gave him the appearance of having a couple of billiard balls in his mouth. A black patch over one eye added to his ferocious appearance, and I felt that my home was safe in my absence whilst Clincher was on duty.

As I have said, it was a quarter to two, a.m., before the politicians with whom I had spent the evening had exhausted all their eloquence

and thoroughly blackened the reputation of all who were of the opposing faction. I recollect that I wondered, as I proceeded homeward, why the fine, broad sidewalks had been removed, and a mean, narrow, contemptible little affair laid down in its place. I declare there was hardly room for me to walk on it, and its inequalities were such that I frequently stumbled off into the boulevard. It was a moonlight night; not very bright, and I distinctly remember the peculiar phenomenon of two pale half moons, close together, shining in the firmament of heaven.

However, I reached my gate at last in safety; opened it and entered my garden and was proceeding towards the front door when my steps were arrested by a low growl, followed by a subdued angry snarl and a bark. "Ha!" I said to myself, "Clincher is on the *qui vive*; splendid idea getting Clincher," and then I added aloud, "Goo' boy, Clincher; poo' fellow; goo' dog." This address brought forth a perfect storm of barks—barks in a storm I remember I wittily said to myself—and in the dim shadow of the porch I could see Clincher's eyes fairly blazing—with delight at seeing his master, I suppose. I recollected, however, that the nature of the bull-dog is a treacherous one, and that, moreover, my honest animal might not have recognized me. Clincher was standing a few feet from his kennel, evidently preparing for a rush. All this I could see, though the two half-moons were behind the house and all was in deep shadow before it.

"Now is my time to put my theory of magnetico-mesmerism into practice," I thought. Clincher was awakening the echoes with his terrific barking, and I saw that he was about to spring at me. I rapidly scaled an oak tree that stood close by, and from this point of vantage proceeded to mesmerise Clincher. I threw all my will power into a look that should have annihilated him on the spot. It did not, however, but seemed rather to increase his furious roars. I made mesmeric passes at him, but he, thinking I was threatening to throw something at his head, dashed to within four or five feet of the tree and fairly gashed his teeth with passion. "Poo' fellow!" I said, coaxingly, "poo' fellow, good dog, Clincher," but my caressing tones had no effect on him further than to add to his wrath, and he capered about on his hind legs in a frenzy of rage. I had read of tigers being put to instant flight by the steady gaze of the human eye. I stared with all my concentrated force at Clincher, but no. Evidently tigers and bull-dogs differed in some respects, for Clincher only made savage snaps at me, and seizing my umbrella, which I had dropped, rent it into fragments. I shuddered as I heard the handle crushing in those powerful jaws. What the deuce was I to do? Here was I, treed by my own dog on my own property! For two long hours I sat in that tree, and for that period Clincher never stirred from beneath it. Sometimes, when I thought he was dozing, I attempted to stealthily descend, but the slightest movement on my part aroused the demon of passion in his breast, and he redoubled his canine cuss words and made the welkin ring.

At length day began to break. The light grew stronger. Clincher was still at his post. The east gradually brightened up, objects became more and more distinct. I looked down at my captor. Imagine my feelings when I saw that he was chained, just as I had left him, and could not have approached a bit nearer the tree unless he had dragged the kennel and the house to which it was fastened with him. I slid down rapidly and rushed into the house. My bed-room was at the back and this accounted for my wife not having been aroused by the din in front. That female encountered me at the door. To her I owed my imprisonment in the tree, for I, of course, imagined she had obeyed me and loosed Clincher as ordered.

"This is a pretty time of day for a respectable man to come home, isn't it?" she said with concentrated scorn. "A nice name we shall get in the neighborhood."

"Maria," I replied, "I was home seven hours ago, and have been chasing Clincher round the garden ever since to chain him up, and I had to mend his chain into the bargain."

The look that woman gave me! In vain I threw all my mesmeric-electro-biological magnetism into my eye. She quailed not one tittle.

"I did not loose him," she said in cold, freezing tones, "I knew you would return in your usual disgraceful condition and that he would attack you. I never let him loose."

"Woman," I retorted, "he broke his chain and I had a terrific struggle before I could master and secure him. I broke my umbrella to pieces over him—but I quelled him at last with the power of my eye."

"Faugh!" was her reply, "got to bed and never, never let me hear of your going to another political meeting. You hear me."

I did. Magnetism with such a female was useless; mesmerism futile. I took off my garments and got into bed, and was not awaked till a late hour, when my wife aroused me by remarking, "Mr. Gooseby, you should really go into the repairing business. You have mended Clincher's chain so neatly that I really can't discover where it was broken."

As I have discarded politics, anyone requiring a faithful watch-dog can be accommodated on applying to me.

THE MEDS. AND THE LADIES.

General Hospital, Toronto, Oct., 1884.

Thomas Tough, Medico, Montreal.

DEAR TOM,—Just a line to tell you about the gay old times we had here to day. It was killing in every sense of the word. A couple of girls came in, you know, and the moment we clapt eyes on them we began roaring all sorts of things, singing every species of doggerel we could mention. Evidently they were not surprised, for, on the whole, they kept rather cool until we got pretty smutty, when, like good little girls, they left. Of course we don't pretend to say that it is good for patients who are in a low nervous state, to be startled with our rough music, but so long as these women fools will come, the programme has got to be kept up. I tell you the subjects didn't like it a bit, but as Dr. — didn't interfere (he knew better), the fun grew fast and furious. Yes sir, we are bound to emulate your noble example in Montreal, and if nothing will drive them out but smut, then, by Jove, smut they will get *ad infinitum*.

Oh, by the way, I met your old flame Miss B—, she was looking charming as usual, but, whew! didn't she give me fits; told me we were a set of unprincipled raffians, not fit to be allowed in decent company, and that all our conduct went to show the necessity of a better class than we were taking up the medical profession; that folks who were capable of wilfully insulting ladies, by singing these things in their presence—or out of it, for that matter—were unfit to be consulted by women, or the daughters of women, etc., etc. Oh, I tell you I caught it, and though, of course, I presented an unflinching front to her, I tell you I felt mean enough to crawl into a knot hole. She wanted to know what we expected to gain by disgracing our profession by such exhibitions of flippant and unfeeling rowdyism. I told her we wanted to drive the girls out of that, when she said our impudence was only equalled by our vulgarity. It would have one good effect, she said, it would open the eyes of people to the kind of puppies young doctors were made of—to wit, fellows who had no respect for women. If we only knew it, we were, by our folly (she called it) strengthening the

hands of the women. But, by Jove, you know, we must go on, till they cry *Pecavi*. As for the patients, they are getting free board, lodging and attendance of us fellows free gratis, all for nothing, so they must expect to put up with the echoes of "Litoria" ringing along the corridors, even if it should startle them out of a life and death sleep, and send their souls to hades and their bodies to the dissecting room, where, I assure you, old fellow, we need them badly. More anon; will keep you posted, never fear. Litoria!!! Litoria!!!

Yours eternally, as the sinner said to the devil.
SAM SADDUCI.



Not a drum was heard, nor a bugle toot,
As the Dufferins on Sunday paraded,
For the stern little Doctor had strangled each note
That the silence of Sabbath invaded.

As of yore, he came down like a thousand of brick
On the clanging of bells out of season;
So now he protests 'gainst this soldierly trick
Which he vows is without rhyme or reason.

It is true that the stranger in Brantford now hears
The bells like a babel all clanging—
And we cherish the gravest of natural fears,
That the drums will again soon be banging!

CLARIBEL.

A LEGEND OF THE ORIENT.

Miss Claribel McCurdy
Lived down in Cabbagetown;
Her teeth were white, her eyes were blue,
Her flowing locks were brown.

Her father kept a grocery,
And retailed bottled beer;
And the boys from round the corners
Used to flock there far and near.

And many a bowl of beer they bought,
As tales of love they'd tell
To McCurdy's lovely daughter,
The charming Claribel.

Of all the fond admirers
Who would make the girl his own,
None was so ardent in his suit
As Marcellus P. McGlone.

He would sit upon a picket fence
For hours to see her pass,
And take his post just opposite
Across from where the gas

Would light up the lovely bonnet,
That Marcellus knew so well,
That adorned the lovely features
Of the charming Claribel.

Marcellus P. McGlone was thought
A youth of talents rare
By his parents; and the girls admired
His black and curly hair;

And many a maiden heaved a sigh,
A deep and longing sigh,
Whene'er she'd see the manly form
Of young McGlone step by.

But old McCurdy's daughter
Had o'er him cast a spell;
And day and night his sole delight
Was lovely Claribel.

Now among her numerous suitors was
One Michael James O'Toole,
Who thought himself a masher,
And Marcellus just a fool.

And he used to watch for Claribel
At the corner of the street;
But she always turned her small nose up
Whene'er they chanced to meet.

He used to buy his beer from her,
And groceries as well;
But still he couldn't win the heart
Of haughty Claribel.

Now Marcellus and Claribel
In time grew very thick,
And Michael J. O'Toole, of course,
Made up his mind to pick

A quarrel with Marcellus,
But Michael got knocked out,
And for the "cops" at number four,
Full loudly he did shout.

He vowed revenge, and after that,
He'd watch them after dark,
As they used to stroll together
Round the lovely eastern park

Of Riverside, where Marcellus
His tales of love would tell,
And pour into the pearly ear
Of his dear Claribel.

This diabolical O'Toole
Did now conceive a plan
That showed that Michael J. indeed
Was a vindictive man.

The idea was suggested
From the fact that he had seen
Marcellus and his Claribel
In trysting place so green,

That was nicely situated
On the side of a ravine;
And a hideous thought then struck him,
So wicked and so mean,—

Said he, "the pair to-night will have
Another tale to tell,
I will make a dizzy dance
Of the haughty Claribel!"

And Michael J. O'Toole, the fiend,
Was not long at a loss;
And he held a consultation
With old Muldoon, his boss.

For Muldoon had a big contract
To keep the streets all clean;
And the refuse he would cart away,
And dump in a ravine

Which flanked the southern border
Of the gun-defended park,
Where Marcellus and his Claribel
Together used to spark.

So that night Mike got a green hand
To dump it down the dell,
The trysting place of Marcellus
And the cautious Claribel.

That night the lovers sat them down
In their bow, hand in hand;
And Marcellus talked the nicest talk
He had at his command.

And Claribel responsive sat,
And gazed at the pale moon;
While the bull-frog on the marshy flats
Trilled out his cheerful tune.

When, great Augustus Caesar!
There fell on them a shower
Of cats and dogs and other things
Like lead from a shot tower.

While Michael J. O'Toole, above,
Gave a triumphant yell,
That rose above the piercing screams
Of Marco and Claribel.

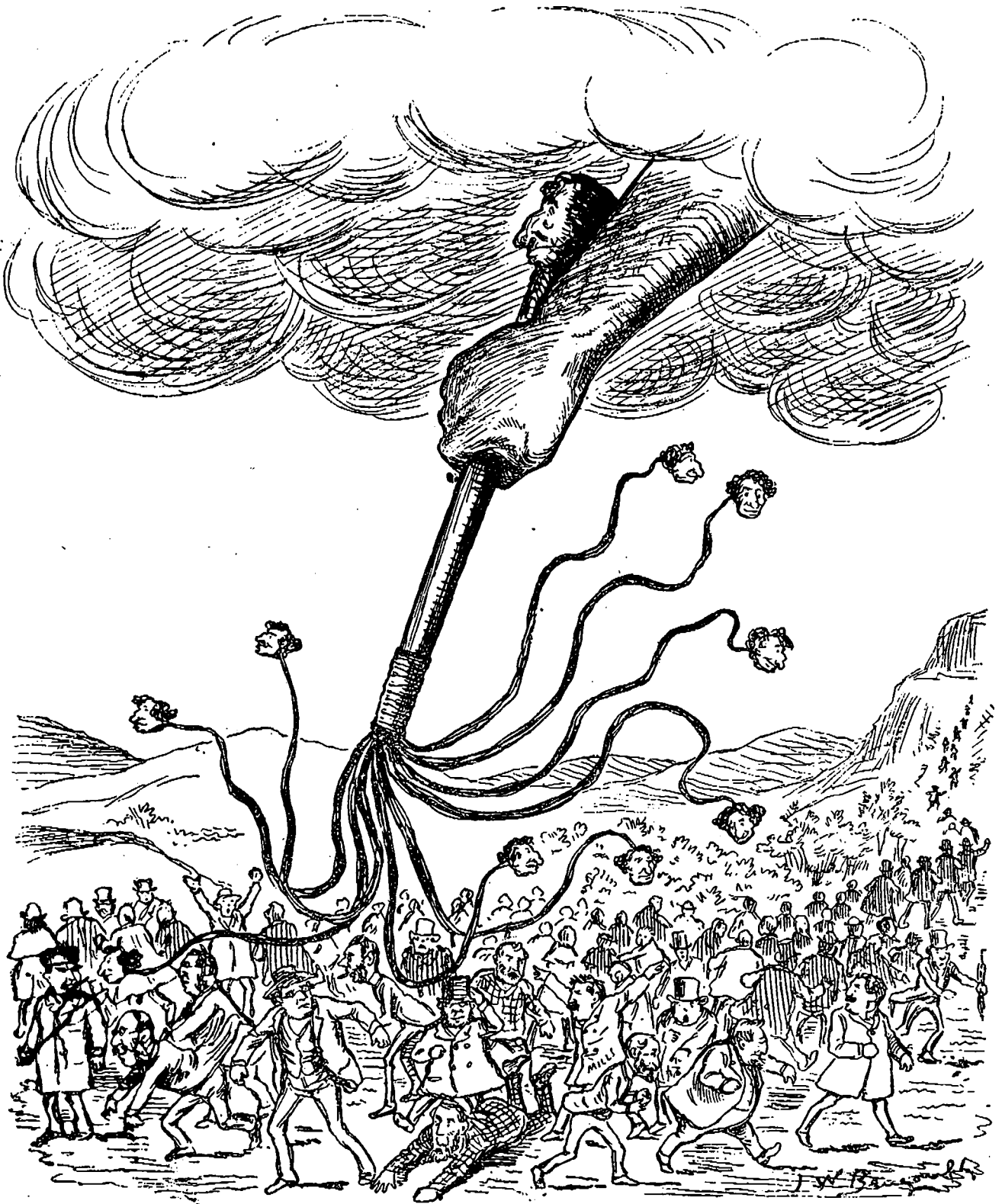
Now in a most unsightly plight
Were the once happy pair,
As Marcellus was shaking out
The thistles from his hair.

While Claribel lamented
At the sight of her new hat,
Which bore a deep impression
Of the form of someone's cat.

Her Mother Hubbard rent in twain,
Her jacket cut in two!
Her parents wouldn't know their child,
Were she held up to view.
While her beau with both eyes blackened
Lay down where he first fell.
Oh miserable Marcellus! unhappy Claribel.

MORAL.

If you've a jealous lover,
Sit where you can be seen,
And never make a trysting place
Down in a dark ravine.



"MORAL USES OF DARK THINGS."

"They (bad rulers) have often been the whips and scourges in the hand of Providence to make men know and feel that good can never eventually be secured by immoral and unrighteous means."—GLOBE on Sir John Macdonald.



1. This is the dude from Dudeville.
2. This is the maid with golden hair,
The soft blue eyes and languid air,
That was "mashed" on the dude from Dudeville.



3. This is her brother, a "slugger" bold,
Who thumped the dude when to him was told
That his sister, the maid with the golden hair,
And soft blue eyes and languid air,
That was "mashed" on the dude from Dudeville.
4. This is the father who saw the fun,
But said not a word till the thing was done
By his son, the tough young "slugger" bold,
Who thumped the dude when to him was told
That his sister, the maid with the golden hair,
And soft blue eyes and languid air,
Was mashed on the dude from Dudeville.



5. This is the bull-dog, true and tried,
That caused the dude to "git up and slide,"
When unloosed by the father, who saw the fun,
But said not a word till the thing was done
By his son, the tough young slugger bold,
Who thumped the dude when to him was told
That his sister the maid with the golden hair,
And soft blue eyes and languid air,
Was mashed on the dude from Dudeville.
—New York Star.

ONLY A SINGER GIRL.

SPASM THE FIRST.

'Twas a sad, sweet voice that wandered idly into the left ear, the right one was deaf, of the Duke de Pomarosa, as he sat lazily dangling his limpen legs out of a back window in his mansion, and picking his teeth with a three-year-old tooth-pick. His silken vest became visibly agitated and his cheek's hue came and went; his memory strolled back along the ages of the past to sunny Italy, wher

the voice of melody is oft heard in the land, and the Duke was only restored to earthly consciousness by falling backwards upon his cranium, awakening the dull echoes therein, and disarranging his well-set wig. The voice still wandered idly. The Duke was prompted to action. Throwing a summersault he alighted nimbly on his feet, and reversed his former position by throwing his head from out a front window in his mansion, hoping thereby to catch a glimpse of the owner of that sad, sweet voice. Alas! she had gone. All the world now seemed a blank to the Duke. The voice lingered, lovingly in his left ear. He would follow her! One stride took him out of the room, two more found his hand on the front door handle, and a third gracefully landed him into a heap of mud reclining in the gutter. Nothing daunted, he picked himself up and hurried on. At last the singer was before him. "Only a singer girl," the Duke de Pomarosa murmured, whilst his heart went out to her. The girl's face had an intellectual cast, and would have been pretty had it been nature's will. But the Duke cared for none of these. Time would heal all. Calling her to him he asked her address, thrust into her eager hands a roll of dollar bills, and hastily left the scene, lest his emotion should get the better of him.

SPASM THE SECOND.

When the Duke arrived in the seclusion of his room he flung himself upon a couch on which were strewn several innocent tacks, heads down, but he felt them not, and was soon deep in a reverie, in which the singer girl was the central figure. When his valet came to ask whether he would take the Ducal mutton hot or cold, he found the greatest difficulty in bringing His Grace back to the world. Finally, after digging several dozen pins into His Grace's legs, and pouring a pint of hot water into his left ear, he succeeded in bringing the Duke to the realities of life and cold mutton. From that moment the Duke de Pomarosa was a changed man. Not many days after the Duke was entertaining a brilliant assemblage of guests, some in the drawing-room, others in the back kitchen, when he startled them out of their usual serenity by bounding out of the room, upsetting three marchionesses, two earls and a dozen of Bass's bitters in his flight. He had remembered the singer girl's address, which, from the time he received it, had stubbornly refused to show up in the ducal memory box. Finding the house, the Duke sent in his card, and was admitted. The first object he cast his optics upon was an old lady who sat crooning over the stove smoking a short, black pipe. "Where is your daughter, ma'am?" asked the Duke, offering a cigar to the old lady. "Which dother, sur, I've foive of 'em?" "I mean the singer girl." "Och! sure, sur, a moighty foine girl. She's larning a new song on the pianny fortyay up in the garrett. I'll call her down to yez. Bridget, Bridget! come down here, and don't let me calling of yez many more toimes. A gentleman wants to speak to yez." A voice replied far up the height: "I'm coming, ma," and immediately there came the sound of a pair of number fifteen boots descending the stairs. The Duke's heart throbbed painfully. The thought of many weeks past stood before him in all her fragile beauty. One glance from each other's eyes was enough. The singer girl knew she was beloved, as the Duke folded her to his bosom and passionately kissed her. "Aisy, aisay, sur," I wants no trouble wid a breach of promise." "You shall have none of that, mother dear," murmured the Duke, as he looked deep down into the shady-colored eyes of his beloved, "I shall send her to school and make a lady of her." "Pwhat! send her to school and eddicate her? What shall I say?" "Say yez, mother dear," rep'ied Bridget in purest English, "I shall be a lady and a grent singer, and will keep you in com-

fort all your days." The old lady gave her consent, a keg of lager was sent for, and the bargain concluded thereon.

SPASM THE THIRD.

Bridget was sent to an academy, where she blossomed into a fine lady, and was more and more beloved by the Duke, who was happy in the thought that he would soon possess a wife who could sing him to sleep in the still watches of the night.

SPASM THE LAST.

They were married, and Bridget the singer-girl became Duchess de Pomarosa. Now as they sit around the stove, the Duchess sings a different tune into the Duke's right ear, and when the hours of sleep have approached, she treats him to a song in a minor key, whilst the Duke wishes she would a-Bridget, and turns his deaf ear to her sad, sweet voice.

(Finis)

TITUS A. DRUM.

THE MONKEY AND THE MAPLE.

Once on a time, a grave old chimpanzee,
Had for his home a stately maple tree,
In spring he drank the toothsome sap that oozed
From spots which part by chance his claws had bruised.
Some hugs that ate the leaves he promptly sped,
And used the leaves to make a nice warm bed.
Rutby and by the owners of the tree,
Grown tired of this same old sombre chimpanzee,
Announced their fiat by a mighty shout,
And quickly fired our virtuous monkey out.
A little later through the branches sprang
An agile and a large ourang-outang;
He cut poor chimp's old perch at once away,
And lo! the maple grew from day to day.
The chimpanzee beneath, with woe-worn eyes,
Watched the proceedings with a sad surprise.
And so for years this state of things went on,
Yet all the misdeeds that were heaped upon
The happy monkey feasting in the tree,
Failed to make room for the chimpanzee.
One day, however, the ourang-outang
In sweet and simian tones came out and sang:
"I fear, I fear the falling of my tree;
"Its foliage is not all it ought to be.
"It needs attentions: I'll explain the case,
"And get some help through my kind neighbor's grace."
The listening chimpanzee, with clearing brow,
Wound his tail thrice around a lower bough.
"I know my duty," said the chimpanzee,
"No money shall be spent on this here tree."
So through the monkey tribe the news did fly,
The wood was rotten and the sap was dry.
Gorillas, white-faced apes and houndolims,
And swore not one was sound among its limbs.
Now, who can hope the truth itself to reach,
When apes or women meet in strife of speech?
The tenant got his fertiliser. So
Each one declared the price too high or low.

MORAL.

Guard your own maple trees yourselves; beware
Of trusting monkeys with your precious care.

ANOTHER BOLD BURGLARY.

THE BIGGEST AND BOLDEST STROKE YET OF
THE KNIGHTS OF THE JIMMY.

(By Grip's Special Prophet, anticipating the Toronto
daily papers.)

Following close upon the heels of the successful burglary perpetrated at the residence of the chief of police, and which, it will be remembered, was preceded two nights previous by the cracking of the safe in Pat Finnegan's, just adjoining the Central Station, not more than half an hour before a couple of detectives dropped into the saloon for a bowl, comes a case of burglary more daring by far than any heretofore recorded. The safe in the Central Police Station was blown open by means of dynamite last night, and every atom of its contents carried off. The whole affair is

shrouded in deepest mystery. Everything was going on as usual in and about the station at the hour it is supposed the robbery took place—some time between midnight and day-break. Four stalwart policemen came in at 12:10, having in close custody a helpless drunk, who was cleverly captured in a Lombard-street lane. The officer on station duty awoke sufficiently to tell one of the cops that another international tug of war was on the tapis, after which he turned over his exhausted frame and sought, in sweet, restful slumber, that recuperation which tireless vigilance at the telephone and oiling up his pistol all day, had rendered him so much in need of. The safe at this time was intact, as one of the policemen, who had hidden his plug tobacco behind it, is prepared to solemnly testify. The fact is impressed on his mind from the circumstance that when he went to look for the tobacco it wasn't there. It may be said *en passant* that this policeman is strongly of suspicion that Detective Jack Hodgins collared the plug. But to return to the burglary proper. No one in the station remembers to have heard any explosion—except the "drunk" referred to, whose statement, however, must be taken *cum granum salo*, as he is known to bear an ill-will towards certain members of the force, from whom some explanation of the mysterious matter is naturally looked for, seeing that the men were on the premises all the night. The ponderous door of the safe was hurled clean through the ceiling, and fell close to the foot of a detective's bed. To do this able officer justice, it might be said that he has an indistinct recollection of some object falling on the floor of his bedroom, but thought it was his room-mate, another detective, who has a habit in undressing of throwing his boots recklessly about the chamber. After rifling the safe the thieves must have ascended to the chief's apartments, because a deck of cards belonging to the station, and which are kept in the safe when not in use, were found on a table there with every evidence that the cracksmen had had a little game before taking leave of the station. An exhausted bottle of champagne bore testimony to the fact that the robbers knew a good brand of "fizz" as well as the chief does; while an emaciated ham bone was a silent witness to the loss of a capital lunch that the big detective had to sustain. The thieves made a thorough over-hauling of the impounded burglar's tools kept in the "curiosity room," and went away with a very choice assortment. A note pinned up on a mirror expressed the regret which the visitors felt at leaving "without formally bidding the peelers good-night;" but they "really hadn't the heart to disturb the sleeping beauties," and "would see them later and apologize." The police have the matter in hand.

THE ARAB AND THE INJUN.

A STORY FOR LITTLE BOYS WHO WANT TO GO TO EGYPT AND FIGHT THE NATIVES.

Says an Arab to an Injun
On the banks of the Nile,
While the sun the sand was singin',
Let us go and take a smile.
Says the Injun to the Arab,
I don't care if I do
Just take a little skitty,—
A very little skitty—
Skitty-wau-boo;
You might toll by my gar-b,
I'll take skitty-wau-boo.

When the Arab heard the Injun,
He grinned and laughed haw! haw!
And roared "now had it been gin,
And you would drink it raw,
I would show you where to get it
If you bring me 'long with you;
It will do as well as skitty—
It is twice as strong as skitty—
Skitty-wau-boo;
It will act, if you will let it,
Just like skitty-wau-boo."

Now the Arab thought the Injun
Wouldn't know what he'd be doin',
And he always kept a cringin'
Tho' he'd much like to be chewin'
The ear right off the red man,
And all the camp go through;
For he knew that Lo liked skitty—
Was very fond of skitty—
Skitty-wau-boo;
And he soon would be a dead man
Through his skitty-wau-boo.

But Lo he took a tumble
To the specious Arab chief,
For although he seemed so humble,
Lo knew he was a thief.
So he drew his scupling knife,
And cut his jugular through,
And remarked it was a pity
That you cannot steal um skitty—
Skitty-wau-boo.

Then the Injun raised his hand,
And he gave an Injun whoop,
Which roused out the command,
And Major Fred's big troop
Rode out upon the scene
In their uniforms of blue.
And the Arabs lost their skitty,
And the Injuns saved their skitty,
Skitty-wau-boo.

'T was the first time that the queen
Heard of skitty-wau-boo.

TOPICAL TALK.

I FANCY that if the Scott Act is ever passed throughout the whole of Canada one result will be that clever but "swiping" young men will get steady berths, and those youths who have but little ability and whose sole recommendation is that they don't drink, will be left out in the cold.

ALTHOUGH the price of meat is considerably reduced just now, ladies complain that the quality is inferior, and that what is sold as prime beef is cut off from the back of the neck. Well, if those ladies expect to get better meat from in front of the neck I am surprised. It is mighty queer beef that comes from in front of that spot, let me tell you.



EVOLUTION seems to be a very simple thing after all, for Herbert Spencer tells us that it is merely "an integration of matter and concomitant dissipation of motion, during which the matter passes from an indefinite, incoherent homogeneity to definite coherent heterogeneity, and during which the retained motion undergoes parallel transformation." I have been of this opinion myself for a long time, and I am glad that Spencer confirms my views.

THAT this is a fast age nobody will deny, and in nothing is this evidenced so well as in the age of women. For instance, two men marries in 1865 at the age of 22; this must be true, for she says so. She dies in 1880, the plate on her coffin gives her age as 48; this must be true, for no one would surely place a falsehood on a coffin. Thus we see that the average modern woman lives twenty-six years in fifteen. This is too fast.

"SEMI-EDITORIAL" is what the Ottawa Citizen man calls a column of paragraphs in that paper. What's a semi-editorial? an article written half by the editor and half by the man who runs the furnace, or is it a paragraph composed by a man who is only half an editor, or what? Probably when the Citizen genius sees the remarks his heading is calling forth throughout the press, he will feel inclined to say "Dem-my-semi-editorials."

It seems, from what I read in an English paper, that it is the fashionable thing now to ask a blessing at dinner immediately after the soup. This looks to me as if the diners looked upon the soup as a kind of a sample of the rest of the dinner, and if it is found pretty good it is considered worth while invoking a blessing on the whole spread. It is needless to say that, if this course was adopted at church oyster-soup festivals, the blessings would be few and far between.

THE other day a tramp walked off with a new hat from the front of a hatter's store and left his own in its place. The clerk, on discovering the transaction, reported it to his boss and, according to the News, this is the way the latter talked:—"Well, I'll be blankety, blank, blanked if I haven't got the blankest blank, blank clerks around me! You're a blankety blank lot of blank, blank fools!" If that's the way this class of merchants talk, the old saying, "As mad as a hatter," seems to be a pretty correct one.



I AM happy to state that I have solved a difficulty that has sorely perplexed good housewives for many years. They have sought in vain for some method by which cabbage can be boiled without permeating the whole house from cellar to attic with the offensive odor of that vegetable. My method is as simple as it is effective, and consists in merely boiling the cabbage in a pot of water from the river Don. As the weaker invariably goes to the wall, so does the odor of the cabbage melt away into nothingness before that of the boiling water. True the cabbage is not fit to eat after this method of boiling, but nothing was ever said about that when these good women asked for a plan to do away with the perfume of the cooking vegetable.

THIS is from the Dominion Dry-Goods Report:—"The paper-pad shirt is a new invention. The bosom of this novel garment consists of seven layers, of which one can be torn off every day, on the blotting-pad principle, exposing a clean white surface in its place."



I can see a fortune ahead for some one. Here's the plan: On the back of each pad print an instalment of some thrilling story, such as The Lost Clue or the Toronto Detective, or Bleary-eyed Bart, the Terrorizing Tyrant of the Ticonderoga Canon. Let each pad end with an exciting situation. Why, bless my stars! the buyers of those shirts will be ripping off the whole seven layers in one day; it won't matter where the wearer may be; in church, in a street car, in a saloon; anywhere, off will come a pad. Seven pads! a whole volume of 350 pads won't be enough to satisfy the demand. The story should never be finished, however, on one shirt. It should run through a dozen. I fully

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Lady Sirjonne.—PERMIT ME, MISS CANADA, TO PRESENT MY YOUNG FRIEND MR. JAMAICA GINGER, WHO IS EAGERLY ANTICIPATING THE PLEASURE OF A HIGH TARIFF WALTZ WITH YOU.
 Miss Canada.—THANKS, MY LADY, NO; MY PROGRAMME IS QUITE FULL.

expect to see such advertisements as the following:—"Bungster's Patent \$7 pad shirts. The whole romance of 'Glory-eyed Jim, the Train-robber,' complete in six shirts." Whoop! there's a good time coming.

THE Burlington Free Press remarks that it makes a young man feel rather cheap to hear his sweet-heart singing: "Nobody loves me," as he approaches the house. There is some truth in this, for I know that, in my own experience, it made me feel most uncommonly worse than cheap to hear some of my girls sing at all, and my love for them went out from me when I found that I had been so duped as to fall in love with girls whose singing resembled the warbling of a rusty buck-saw as it is drawn back and forth over a knot of *lignum vitae*. I lived in Peterboro' in those days.

I SOMETIMES think that the poet who wrote the lines "The saddest words of tongue or pen are these, etc., etc." When I read the newspapers and see the phrases: "Mr. Mowat promised to give the matter his most serious consideration," and "The detectives have the case in hand" I think that there is far more sorrow hinted at than can be got out of the poet's oft-quoted lines. "Abandon hope all ye who enter here," could not cause more sadness to anyone than the words: "The detectives have a theory," must bring to a man who has been robbed and has left his case in those officers' hands.

I NOTICE that Sir David McPherson has graciously permitted the portrait of Sir Allan McNab to be replaced in its old position in the Parliament Buildings at Ottawa. I should like to know why Sir Allan's picture was ever allowed to be removed. Sir Allan did something for Canada, and was, I believe, an upright and honest man. Sir David may be upright enough, physically, and he may be honest, morally, but it's very hard to settle such things definitely nowadays. The main question is what did he ever do for Canada that entitled him to stick up his own counterfeit presentment in place of Sir Allan's?

THE British government had a magnificent double-screw war vessel built the other day at a cost of some millions of dollars, but when the vessel was launched it was discovered that, when her screws were working, her rudder was perfectly useless, and that she would not answer her helm at all; so they had to go to work and have their costly ship re-constructed and converted into a single-screw vessel at the cost of £500,000, in order that she might be enabled to go in the required direction. This brilliant blunder is in keeping with the usual method adopted by the admiralty board and others of doing things over there. What seems to be required, that is, judging from recent disasters to vessels of H. M.'s navy, such as the wreck of the *Wasp* and many more, is not so much a vessel that will steer, as some inven-

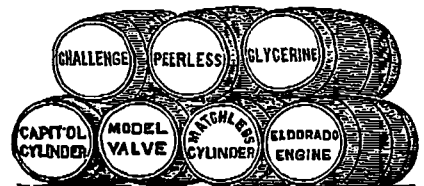
tion whereby islands and rocks will be compelled to get out of the way when they see a British man-o'-war bearing down on them.

STRANGERS in Canada who glance over our newspapers must imagine that we are an exceedingly military nation, judging from the number of names that appears with military titles prefixed. Captains and lieutenants in Canada are as common as colonels in Kentucky, and anyone who didn't know that the holders of these ranks were captains of stone-hookers and mud-scows and lieutenants in the Salvation Army must think we are a race of warriors indeed. Of course we Canadians, like our cousins across the line, despise titles of all sorts, but I imagine a law-clerk must feel a little thrill of pride when he sees his name in print with the abbreviation "Capt." or "Lieut." before it. That Canadians abhor titles is proved by the manner in which they invariably decline the honor of knighthood. Our "Honorable," too, are very retiring, and the fact that one of them daily prints his title in full at the head of the editorial columns of his paper must only be looked upon as a gentleman who is anxious to let the world know that a man may be "honorable" and yet be an editor-in-chief.

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