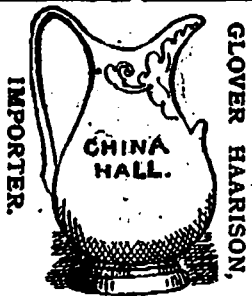
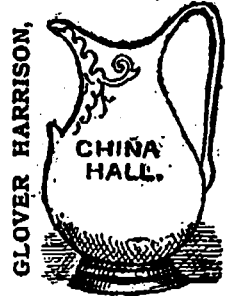


THE MONSTER WHALE AT THE ZOO.



49 KING ST. E., Toronto.



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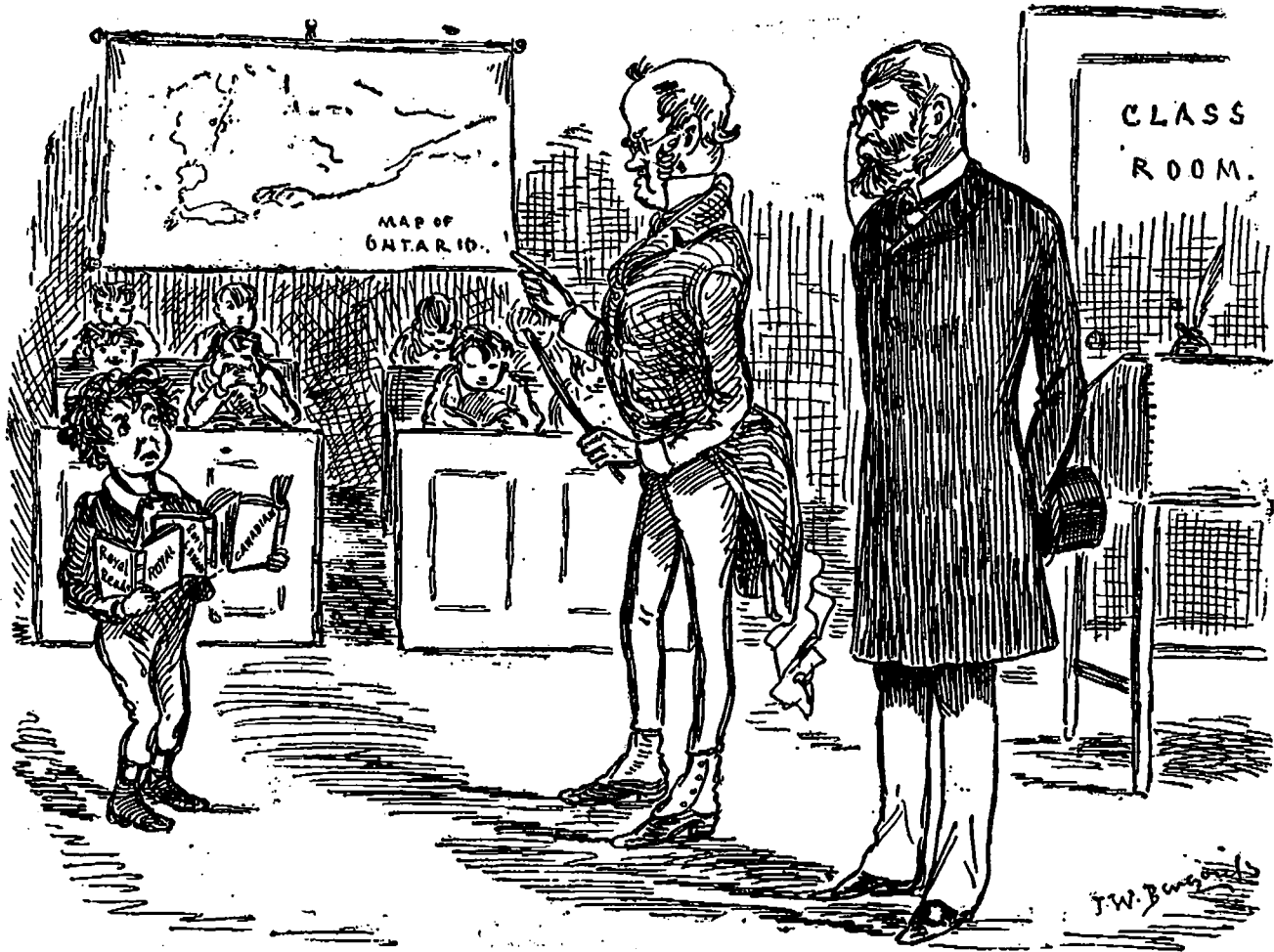
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VOLUME XXI.
No. 12.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, SEPT. 1, 1883.

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5 CENTS EACH.



THE "READER" QUESTION.

PEDAGOGUE.—NOW, JOHNNY, I WANT YOU TO READ FOR THIS GENTLEMAN—THE MINISTER OF EDUCATION.
JOHNNY.—YESSIR, BUT WOT READER WILL I READ OUT OF?

A GREAT COMFORT.

Mr. E. G. Ponton, Barrister, Belleville, Ont., who has just purchased a No. 2 Type-Writer, says:—
"I am getting on nicely with the machine and find it a great comfort in my business in cases where I have conveyances, agreements, etc., to prepare, the documents being so very legible. In corresponding with the "Farmers" who invariably growl about lawyers "writing," they have no grievance now, so far as I am concerned."

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Fair Portia's counterfeit? What Demi-God
Hath come so near creation!
2ND GENT—It must have been BRUCE, as he alone can
so beautifully counterfeit nature.
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AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL
Published by the Grip Printing and Publishing Company
of Toronto. Subscription, \$2.00 per ann. in advance.
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S. J. MOORE, Manager.

J. W. BENGOUGH Editor.

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

Please Observe.

Any subscriber wishing his address changed on our
mail list, must, in writing, send us his old as well as new
address. Subscribers wishing to discontinue must also be
particular to send a memo. of present address.

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—The Reform Party—*via* the *Globe*—is engaged in an effort to capture the Orange Order, by showing that sapient critter that it will never really flourish and be happy so long as it continues to be the property of the Tory politician. There is no question that a great deal of what the *Globe* says to the Orangemen is good common sense; everybody knows that the Order is and has long been a mere catspaw in the hands of designing brethren who have used it to secure official chestnuts for themselves. But neither does anybody doubt that if the shoe had been on the other foot—if the Orange flag floated beneath the Grit colors instead of on John A's castle—the *Globe* would have been profoundly silent as to the blighting effects of a political connection. Let the Orangemen take the *Globe's* advice and cut free from the Tory party—and in the meantime let it keep a sharp eye on the Grit brethren who will be on hand to show it a "nobler way."

FIRST PAGE.—The department of Education have authorized two rival "Readers" for use in the Public Schools, and have now a third under consideration, which of course will also be authorized. This sort of nonsense is indulged in at regular intervals by the educational authorities of the Province—and those who look upon it as indicating a good deal of wire-pulling in the Department are probably not far wrong. At all events it certainly displays a want of decision. If the books are equally good why not pick upon one by lot, or in some other perfectly fair manner; if they are unequal in merit then why not at once select the best. This humbugging method of authorizing several books on the same subject is a source of annoyance and expense, and ought to be stopped. [Our cartoon suggests what such a system may come to.

EIGHTH PAGE.—The Mowat-Meredith mill is still going on. Both have received some punishment, but as yet neither gives signs of being knocked out. The Tories have lost Algoma and the Grits have been called upon to mourn for West Simcoe.

Our Leading Article.

Supplied each week to GRIP, gratis, by a Syndicate of Grit and Tory editors.

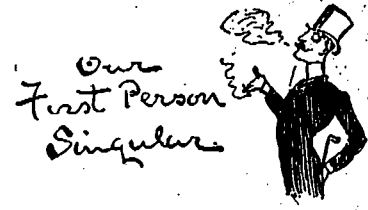
SIR CHARLES TUPPER.

The stink-pots of the moon-eyed Grit editors are again being flung at the head of this distinguished and patriotic Canadian Statesman. Now that he is absent from the country (a circumstance upon which the country ought to be felicitated) and no longer able to defend himself (as he would do, if present, in a torrent of verbiage containing more falsehood to the square inch than could be estimated), the time is considered opportune for this mean and cowardly assault. Sir Charles Tupper's character needs no defence at our hands. To defend it would be a work of supererogation, as well as a hopeless labor, unless we were prepared to cast aside all sanctions of truth, and plunge as unreservedly into the pit of mendacity as the Spring Hill hero himself. The present attack on this able minister is of course inspired, as all past attacks have been by jealousy of his richly earned advancement, and fear of his ever-ripening powers as a statesman and a debater. It originates, however, in a new quarter this time, the text being furnished in a villainously lying but all too truthful article in a New York journal dealing with certain discreditable passages in the subject's past career. This article was inspired if not written by the Grit party here, though it is by no means certain that the writer, if discovered, would be looked upon with any feeling of displeasure by well-informed Canadians. It is not likely he would be sunk many fathoms deep in public contempt for letting the world know a few more disgraceful truths about this unspeakable corruptionist, Tupper. We all know that abuse is not argument, though it would seem to be necessary to remind the leprous Grit dirt-throwers that they are making themselves contemptible, as well as injuring their cause, if such a cause as *they* represent can be made more contemptible. Sir Charles Tupper's nearest friends do not dare to screen him from the charges brought against him, knowing, as well they know, that those charges are only too mild. If any answer can be made, pray why is it not forthcoming? The grave allegations made by the *Montreal Gazette*, a Conservative paper, still stand unchallenged, and nothing further is needed to prove that miserable Grit jealousy is at the bottom of the whole nasty business. Sir Charles Tupper's fame has been well earned, and it ill becomes his own countrymen to aid and abet foreign slanderers in seeking to diminish his glory—as the boldest corruptionist of modern times.

The Syndicate

[No article genuine without this Signature.]

The greatest hunter of relics is the woman who would capture that rare and quaint old bit of bric-a-brac known as Samuel J. Tilden.
—Puck.



I would humbly beg to suggest that the County Detectives change the letter 't' to 'f' in the latter word.

Of course every one has a right to give his or her place of business any name he or she wishes, but when a person goes and prints up over his or her door the words, "*La bon marche*," as some one has done, on one of our principal streets, he or she seems to give himself or herself away, doesn't he or she?

Lumber dealers, generous fellows, pretty nearly always, advertise that they "cut bills to order," though whether they do so or not, I can't say. Certainly plumbers do not, and one and a half per cent off for cash when the bill is presented the first time, is about all the cutting they'll do, and you may think yourself uncommonly lucky if you can get them to do even that.

"Barefooted and with his father's boots on," is the way the Boyle Roche of the *Hamilton Tribune* describes a little boy who did something (*what it is hard to tell from the paragraph describing the incident*) with a street car that knocked him silly. Apparently, when he finally recovered consciousness, his brains were still much muddled, or he wouldn't have made the absurd remark with which he is credited by the *T's* reporter, viz: "*Evening Tribune* only one cent." Free 'ad' gentlemen; whack up.

I observe that the *Evening Canadian* has recently appeared in an enlarged form, and I beg to congratulate that excellent paper on this evidence of a well merited prosperity. The *Canadian* is just what a cheap evening journal should be, its able editorials and spicy local news forming a most attractive combination, whilst its sprightly little "poemlets," in the architecture of which I detect the handiwork of a quondam contributor to this paper, are a pleasant feature in our co-tem's *tout ensemble*. *Erin go brag!*

I am thinking seriously of inspecting the Niagara rapids with a view to swimming them. I shall not perform this feat to gain notoriety, as Fame, in some contemporary columns, has already tooted her trombone over me as much as I care about; but I shall go to this swim as a martyr, for I know that what one distinguished crank does, hundreds of others, though possibly not so distinguished, will imitate, and thus I shall lead a long string of lunatics who are better out of this world, up the golden stairs.

The *Telegram* remarks: "It appears that some mere 'persons,' whose fathers were green-grocers, or tailors, or kept taverns, or were 'in trade' succeeded in obtaining admission to Rideau Hall during the Marquis of Lorne's term of office, and it is determined that in futuro all such mere persons shall be rigidly excluded."—It strikes me that, if such "persons" are not to be permitted to visit at Rideau Hall hereafter, His High and Mightiness, The Marquis of Landsowne, will find himself most uncommonly lonesome, and he will be compelled to play "puss in the corner" or "blind man's buff" with Her High and Mightiness the Marchioness and such of his select aides-de-camp, and other persons as are not persons.

If certain hobbadochys respectably dressed, corner loafers, floor-walkers, etc., would only take pattern from the telegraph operators who recently struck, in their chivalrous treatment of the ladies in their profession, I should be able to say that the strike has not been without its good results after all. I must apologize to the gentlemen of the key for being moved in spirit to set my poetry machine grinding in their honor, but I have done so, and trust the production, as set forth in another column, will have no fatal effects. If, again, my effort succeeds in paralyzing, or even killing a few of the gentry referred to in the first sentence of this paragraph, I shall feel that I have not warbled in vain, for the world can well spare the class referred to in that sentence.

Hurrah! for the old *Globe*, there is hope for it yet. I was surprised to see amongst the extracts from humorous exchanges and other funny papers, in *Peck's Sun* last week, a piece credited to the *Toronto Globe*. The subject of that paper's bit of facetiousness has been treated of once or twice before, but it is a very good one for a beginner to start off with, viz: the plumber. When the *Globe* comes to be fully recognized as a humorous publication, however, it will have to attempt higher and more novel flights, and deal with mothers-in-law, mules, big feet, goats, coal-dealers, spring poetry, dudes, brides' first attempt at baking, strawberry boxes, and other matters connected with the realms of facetious fancy where the present funny papers fear to tread, but where the *Globe* may valiantly rush in.

The *Merchant-Traveler* has a paragraph to the effect that a Pennsylvanian woman eloped with and married her husband's father. What relation is she, then, to herself? She cannot be her own mother-in-law, can she? for having already a living husband when she bolted with the old man, her second marriage don't count; but if the only original hubby applies for and gets a divorce, she will be all solid with the father, and then she will be her first husband's step-mother, the present husband's wife and daughter-in-law and her own mother-in-law to all intents, and purposes. That new humorous daily, the *Globe*, should take this thing up, and possibly it might get off a sidesplitter on an entirely new subject, the mother-in-law. Just fancy a man with a wife who doesn't like him and a mother-in-law, both rolled up in the same parcel. Whew!

"Cetwayo has recovered from his wounds and has requested that Queen Victoria will have an enquiry made into his treatment."—*Telegraphic despatch in numerous exchanges.*—This is right, for of course it is the African King's medical treatment that he alludes to. He is reported to have been attended by three physicians and he is perfectly justified in trying to find out how, in the mischief, he ever came to recover. I'll bet any money he wouldn't have got off so easily, if Bliss, Woodward, Hamilton & Co. had had the handling of him. Queen Victoria ought to sift the matter to the bottom, and if she takes my advice, as it is only fair to her to say that she usually does, she will have an investigation at once. Cetwayo may thank his stars that his medical men did not discover any pus cavity before he got well, or he'd have been a gonor to a dead certainty.

"English vegetarians now style themselves 'Vemists.' The word is derived from 'Ven'—a combination of the initial letters of vegetables, eggs and milk. Some substitute for 'vegetarian' was necessary as that word was inaccurate and misleading."—*Exchange.* 'Demphools' would be a much better word. 'Vemist' looks as if it had something to do with worms, somehow, though it may be all right

and accurate enough as a good many 'vemists' I know look as if they were afflicted that way; probably 'vernifuge' put this notion into my head. 'Demphools' is derived from the initial letters of diarrhoea, eggs, milk, potatoes, horse-radish, onions, omelettes, leeks, and sparrer-grars, or spinach, and the word is singularly accurate and expressive. 'Cranks' is good, being compounded of the first letters of cholera, radishes, ague, nuts, kail and sprouts; but 'demphools' is more classic and high-toned.

The London *Free Press* having dunned a new suit, my eye gives a frenzied lurch to starboard, and I pull out the vox screechowlica stop of my poetry machine and lo! out flows the following stream of melody:

My dear *Free Press*
I must confess
You look A. I. in your brand new dress:
And, as you may guess,
"The poet S."
Sends his very best wishes for your success.
For he feels that he really could not do less:
And so with a g.
"Two o's and a d.
He wishes you now good b. y. e.

I observe that the township councils throughout the County of Simcoe are going the right way to work in presenting petitions to the Council of that County, praying for a better system of weighing country produce, and for reforms in many matters affecting the interests of the farmers and ratepayers generally. One of the petitions may be seen in full in nearly all of the city papers of the 29th ult. There is no doubt that a reform in the matters mentioned is much needed, and the appointment of competent persons as weigh masters would, undoubtedly, be a step in the right direction. Several speakers at the council meeting of the township of Mulmur, held on the 21st of August, united in contending that through farmer's councils, with the introduction of the Old Country system of weighing markets, Canada would reap great benefit, and it would seem to be the duty of farmers to make markets for themselves where justice will be met with by all concerned. As the petitions have been largely signed, it is to be hoped that the County Council will give them the consideration they deserve.

FREDDIE.

EDITORIAL NOTE.

Our readers would do well to turn to the advertisement, on another page, of the Dominion Paper Making and Staining Company, of this city. The advertisement referred to gives all information concerning the proposed company, which we trust will be as successful as it deserves to be. GRIP will ever be found on the side of native industries, under which head this new business must undoubtedly be classed.

As we are, in a manner, paper stainers ourselves, we welcome the new company with every feeling of good-will, and without the slightest fear that we shall suffer by competition.

The Company will acquire the premises, stock in trade, etc., of Messrs. Staunton & Co., who have been well and favorably known in this city since 1855, and who will still retain a large interest in the concern.

From the *Mail*, 29th Aug.

"CHANGE OF BUSINESS.—The business of M. Staunton & Co., which has been carried on under that name for over 27 years, is now to be formed into a joint stock company, with a capital of \$300,000 for the staining, purchase, and sale of wall-paper, and ultimately for the manufacture of the paper. The Messrs. Staunton will still retain a large interest in the concern. The large increase of capital will enable the company to still more successfully take the trade of the Dominion and possibly export."



Mr. Sheppard has opened his season at the Grand with a fine company in a first-rate play—Bartley Campbell's "White Slave." The consequence is good audiences. The house has undergone some repairs since it closed, and is now very attractive and comfortable. The next piece to be put on is "Enchantment," a Spectacular Play, by the Kiralfey Bros., which will be followed by the popular favorites, Baker and Farron.

The Holman Opera Company are rehearsing *Iolanthe*, which will be given at the Zoo next week. During the Exhibition, this Company will occupy the Adelaide street Rink, where they will appear in many of the best pieces in their repertoire. Mr. J. C. Conner is to be congratulated on the success he has achieved, since assuming the duties of manager of this popular organization.



CONVERSATION OVERHEARD.

PRETTY GIRL.—Oh! yes, I'm a first-rate driver. A horse never runs away with me.

DUDE.—Aw—b'Jove, I couldn't blame him if he did.

P. G.—Why? What do you mean.

DUDE.—Oh! b'Jove y'know, I couldn't blame him, y'know for doing what I'd like to do myself, y'know, b'Jove. S.

The steamer *Rupert* will take an excursion party to the Thousand Islands on the 7th of September. This will afford pleasure-seekers a delightful outing at a very cheap rate. Musical entertainment will be provided for the excursionists on the boat, and a jolly time will be spent at the Islands.

Safe blowing—The challenges of American duellists.—*Norristown Herald.*

The card the operators have been playing so far is the deuce.—*Chicago News.*

If the style in bathing costumes continues to progress as it now is doing, it will be but a few seasons until the equatorial bathing suits will be all the rage. The equatorial consists of an imaginary line drawn around the middle.—*Merchant Traveler.*



MONS. L. A. SENECHAL.
SOLE PROPRIETOR AND MANAGER OF THE
PROVINCE OF QUEBEC.

BUT WHERE IS THE MORAL.

"You all remember Jim Dulmage, I suppose," said the stout, red-faced man, as some of the members of the Down-on-the-Demon Temperance Club met in their hall, prior to the evening's business.

"Aye, aye; poor fellow!" ejaculated several; "used to belong to us; couldn't do anything with him."

"Yes," continued the first speaker, "he used to say there was no harm in moderate drinking, though I did my level best to point out the danger and evil of the practice."

"You did, brother, you did," sorrowfully said the sad-eyed member with the bald head and red nose, "and he wouldn't be advised."

"If ever I wrestled with a man, I strove with Jim," went on the stout man, "but he only said he would have his lager—there was no harm in lager, he said."

"Ah! poor fellow, poor fellow; but where is he?" asked one or two of the snatched brands.

"Wait till I trace his downward course for you," replied the red-faced man. "Time and again I warned him to leave the hideous lager alone; pointed out to him that it was made from decayed grain, and was nothing more nor less than the outcome of putrescence; but no; he said that he would have it or bust; and so he went on, and from lager he stepped, naturally enough, to ale, and from ale to lemonade and soda with a stick in it."

"Ah! that accursed stick!" sighed several, whilst a female member blew her nose, and sobbed audibly.

"Accursed, indeed," assented the narrator of poor Jim's misdeeds. "Well, soda, even with a stick in it, soon ceased to satisfy the cravings inside o' Jim, which grew stronger and more—more—more craving" (rather at a loss for another adjective) "every day, and finally he took to rum."

A perfect tornado of sighs swept through the hall as this evidence of Jim's proximity to ruin and destruction was given.

"And then, brethering, you remember, I persuaded him to become one of us."

"You did, brother, you did. No one can blame you: you done all as man could do," said the ungrammatical secretary, approvingly.

"But he bust out and I reloom him once more," went on the red-faced man.

"Ah! the brother wrestled mightily with Jim Dulmage," remarked the chaplain, who had entered a few minutes before, and had been swilling water at the refrigerator ever since.

"Well, once more Jim broke out, and there was no getting hold of him again, and he drank whiskey, and he drank rum, and he drank gin, and he drank alkyhole in every shape and form, and finally he upped and went west, and now, oh! hevings!" he exclaimed, quite carried away by his feelings, "I got the news last night. Oh! Jim, to think that after all I done for you—"

"Why, wh-what's he done?" "Is he dead?" "Was it the trimmings as carried him off?" "Has he killed himself and then murdered someone?" came from several brethren simultaneously, the last query being from the weeping female.

"No, he's gone into business in Californy, and is wuth anywheres from fifty to a hundred thousand dollars."

And the silence that fell upon those members was a silence that might be felt.—Swiz.

ADVICE TO YOUNG PEOPLE ABOUT TO MARRY.

No. II.

MR. GRIP.—As I promised a few weeks ago to give the "head of the household" a little advice as to how he should comport himself, I now redeem my promise and offer the following

TO THE STRONGER VESSEL.

1. If your wife insists upon sitting on the floor to take off her boots, let her. The woman who divests herself of her foot-gear in a christian and decent manner has not yet been found. Unless you would learn to hate the female you have sworn to love and cherish, however, do not look at her when engaged in the process mentioned, for though she may be a model of grace and symmetry in any other position, she becomes, when sprawling about on the carpet in the agonies of wrestling with a tight sidespring gaiter, a thing at once ungainly and repulsive. When, then, you observe her about to flop down on the floor, fold your ears like a jassack, and silently steal away. 'Twere better thus.

2. When you come home from Lodge at 2.30 a.m., you will find it a good plan to place some bogus bank bills in your pockets, your good money, if you have any—you had better secrete under the doorstep, before you enter the house, in some place where you can lay hands on it in the morning when you sally forth for your matutinal optic opener. The chances are that your better half will "go through" your pockets as soon as you begin to snore, and finding the bogus bills and not knowing them to be worthless, she will be less harsh and severe on you than would be the case were your pockets found, by her, in a state of emptiness and void, and she may even affect to take an interest in your recital during breakfast, of how you were last night raised to the ninety-third degree and are now entitled to be addressed as Pretty Nearly Worshipful and Thrice Blasphemous Hyena, or some such thing: but woe be unto you when she discovers those bills to be bogus: it were better for you that a batch of bread baked by a sweet girl graduate were hanged about your neck and that you were cast into the Niagara rapids; yea, verily.

3. Never, if you would avoid weeping and wailing and gnashing of broom-sticks on your head, look askance at the pretty hired girl in your wife's presence. Wait till the latter has gone out to tell a neighbor about the short comings of another neighbor, when you will be safe for a few hours, then go into the kitchen—then or never.

4. Unless you want to rid yourself of the partner of your joys and sorrows, don't clap

her suddenly on the back when she is "doing" her hair, for the chances are that her mouth will be full of pins of every description, and they are very indigestible; and if they do not kill her, they will probably crop out of her person in all manner of places like quills upon the fretful, etc., or spikes upon the globular sea-urchins. This is a solemn thought and you will do well to ponder it.

5. A few words respecting cold feet: If, before you are married, you suspect that the object of your choice suffers from these articles, and you mistrust your ability to convince her that by abolishing tightly laced corsets, she will also do away with cold feet, your best plan will be to practice nightly with a couple of cucumbers, the seeds of which you have scooped out, and the cavity thus made you have filled with pounded ice and salt. Place these against the small of your back when you retire, and you will be able to form some idea of what is in store for you when you become a Benedict. Cold feet have broken up the harmony of a household which would otherwise have been perfect.

6. Finally put your wife to the best use you possibly can, and if you are a merchant and feel that you are about to become a bankrupt, make over all your property to her, and, after the smash, buy her a carriage and pair, and rig her out in the height of fashion.

By following these few brief rules, you will avoid much of the annoyance and worry to which so many Benedicts are subjected. S.

RURAL BLISS.

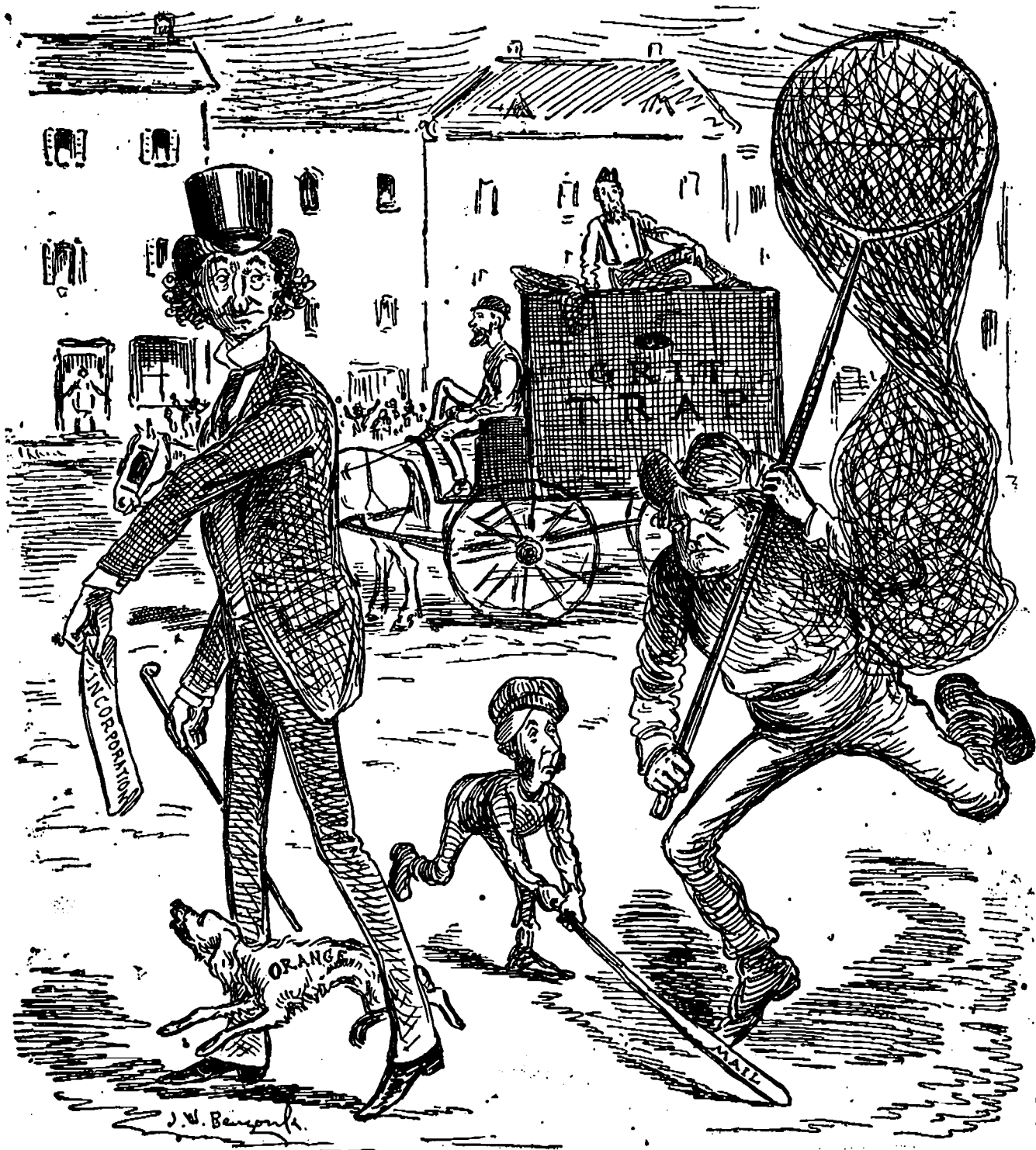
While spending summer out of town,
In a farmer's house I laid me down;
It was a still secluded spot,—
This at least was what I thought.
At morning dawn I dreaming lay,
Methought it was a siege afray,
And I could hear the foemen shout;
Alas! 'twas but the calves without.
I rolled, and tried to sleep again,
But trying, tried as oft in vain,
Their "bah's" do loud and louder swell.
Below, I hear a female yell!
I jump: as down the stairs I ran
I heard her cry, "I've spilled a can."
I slower to the cellar bound,
She lay, a milky sea around.
I stoop me down, and raise her up,
I lift the pail, kick back the pup.
I feared that some one had been killed,
But just a little milk was spilled.
She asked me then the calves to feed,
I take two pails and straight proceed.
(T'was after putting on my clothes
Because I rather sudden rose)
I placed the pails; there were but three,—
Of calves I mean; this cheated me,
I thought there must have been a score
But I was judging by their roar.
They stuck their heads up to the eyes,
Their breathing made the bubbles rise,
Their tails with satisfaction twitched,
Until right o'er a pail is pitched.
And now the fun for me begins,
I'll tell you all except my sins.
They found 'twas practically so
That "three in one will never go."
It was the weakest of the three
That stuck his nose against my knee,
'Twas wet: I felt my dander rise,
And struck him square between the eyes.
He made a rush at t'other two
And spilled their pail across my shoe;
As milk went in, my bite got out,
I whacked them over head and snout,
But thumping was in vain I found—
I grabbed the pails and wheeled around,
And as the gate I passed me through,
I still could hear their plaintive "boo."

Helen of Troy was the first woman who wanted to go to Paris and leave her husband at home.

If the Mormon women would take to Spring bonnets and scalcin saques it would soon break up polygamy.

Ah You, the prettiest Chinese girl ever brought to America, has married an Englishman in San Francisco. Ah, you rascal!

"Emile," asks the teacher, "which animal attaches himself the most to man?" Emile, after some reflection—"The leech, sir!"



NOT TO BE CAUGHT!



"So the world wags."

I should fancy that the picture as portrayed in the clipping which I append of a number of English bishops, is somewhat overdrawn, though there is a good deal of truth in it; but why the fact of a man becoming a bishop should place his eyes too close together, I fail to see. People, nowadays, do not imagine that the clergy are all saints, and it is just as well they do not, for a rude awakening from a blissful dream is always unpleasant. It may be interesting to some of my readers to know

HOW ENGLISH BISHOPS LOOK.

An irreverent correspondent, says an exchange, describes the English bishops as they recently appeared in the House of Lords: "There sat some seventeen elderly persons in episcopal robes, their puffed lawn sleeves suggesting in a rather curious way that a feminine element, not youthful either, had somehow found its way into the House. Look at their faces. The stamp of their profession is on them. Nobody would say that these are men of the world, or men of business or men of affairs. The pinched lips, the eyes mostly too near together, the skin drawn firmly over cheek and chin, the sloping corners of bitter mouths, the air of sanctimony, of always posing before the world—all this and much more the most casual observer may see as he glances at this phalanx of spiritual legislators.

I have, myself, seen answers which had been given to questions in an educational examination, almost, if not quite, as absurd as those mentioned below. No one can doubt that the cramming system is attended by lamentable results, but nothing better must be expected. Children, nowadays, are supposed to master subjects in a few months that it would take years to become thoroughly conversant with, and yet folks are surprised when a child gives such answers as the following: It is no wonder that the young brain muddles and mixes things up when the ridiculous system of 'cramming' is taken into consideration. Here are two of

THE RESULTS OF CRAMMING.

If the evidence did not exist in black and white, very few persons would credit the amount of ignorance displayed by many of the candidates in the competitive examinations for Government offices, board schools, &c. In answer to the question, "Who was Esau?" the reply was highly characteristic. "Esau was a man who wrote fables, and who sold the copyright to a publisher for a bottle of potash." The confusion of "Esau" and "Asop," of "copyright" and "birthright," of "pottage" and "potash," is an example of ignorance by no means of an unusual class. Another student was asked to give some account of Wolsey. His reply was unique. "Wolsey was a famous general who fought in the Crimean war, and who, after being decapitated several times, said to Cromwell, 'Ah, if I had only served you as you have served me, I would not have been deserted in my old age!'"—*Ex.*

Oh! my unhappy country, verily the Yankees are hard upon thee, though they often display a woful amount of ignorance when attempting to portray an English nobleman and his manner of speaking. As to the truth of the following, I am unable to speak, but I can say that the incident is possible and that's about all.

THE "HINGLISH" OF IT.

The following from *Harper's Magazine* may be of interest in view of the coming tour in this country of Henry Irving, whose pronunciation, if certain not over-reliable correspondents can be trusted, is not dissimilar to that of the tragedians mentioned:

One morning not long since a gentleman in Wales walked down to the boundary of his park, and found some strolling players acting a blood-curdling tragedy in vans, with a most lavish display of pasteboard coronets, tinsel, cotton velvet, and imitation ermine. He was just in time to catch the following, which will be recognized at once by any one who has ever been in England as the natural expression of the higher classes:

First Lord (loquiter). Me Lord Marmadock is wounded.

Second Lord. Not mortually so, I'ope?

First Lord. Apparently not.

Second Lord. Then leave me for an hour. [H well aspirated.]

SCENE II.

"Dost seek a laudience with the dook?"

"Hi do."

"Then further subtifuge is useless, for hi am the dook"—assuming an imposing attitude and striking his breast. Then, *sotto voce* "Pass on to the next caravan."

ANSWERS TO ENQUIRERS;

OR,

DRAUGHTS OF INFORMATION FOR THE DROUGHTY.

Answered by Switz.

"I read an allusion to the winning of an empire by an adverse neigh," writes a correspondent, "Can you tell me what historical event is referred to?"—Certainly. Darius Hystaspes and his brother militiamen, on the death of their king, instead of securing the succession by cutting throats, playing euchre, tossing coppers, pulling straws, organizing a grand Masonic Gift Enterprise, the winner to be proclaimed king—or any such things, agreed that he whose horse should first neigh at sunrise on the following Friday should be declared sovereign. Now Darius had a Cyrophenecian from Galway in his service as groom, named Mikke Murphides, who had been for some time chief-jockey at the Curragh of Kildare.

Mikke quietly gave his master's horse the following preparation:

Capsici pulv.	iii grs.
Cantharides "	½ lb.
Lingib. ext.	iii oz.
Aqua fortissima potcenia	1 gal.
Epsomi sal.	½ peck

This mixture had the desired effect: the horse did not hesitate to neigh. The master won the crown and Mikke secured for himself and heirs the perpetual right to sell liquor without a license, and it is a matter of surprise to behold what an immense number of descendants Mr. Murphides has, for of course none but members of his family ever attempt to dispose of spirits, &c., without being provided with the necessary legal permission to make drunkards.

The above valued recipe, which is not patented, is copied from a monolith lately disinterred at Baalbec.

MR. GRIP, in the plenitude of your wisdom, please tell me how long sidewalks are supposed to last, and oblige yours, etc., TAXPAYER.—Some for an indefinite period. The sidewalks of Herculaneum and Pompeii and the tessellated pavement brought to light, not long ago, in the Isle of Wight, have stood the time scourging of more than eighteen centuries. The artists who promoted the laying of some of the sidewalks in this city evidently considered them everlasting. Our boardwalks are known as the 'Shincracker' pattern, and are great promoters of indiscriminate profanity. The corporation style of Mosaic is sometimes sneeringly alluded to as patchwork. They do not last forever, and if the Board of Works would give some attention to board walks, pedestrians would not refer to block heads in power, slabs in office, etc.

YAHOO wishes to know of whom it was said that he was *sans peur et sans reproche*.—The Chevalier Bayard bore this grand distinction. It was an age when extraordinary virtue was a thing to be noticed. How different, nowadays, when every man is a gentleman! Every hotel clerk and compounder of liquid refreshments is "urbane and affable;" every elderman is "worthy;" every citizen is "prominent;" every old skinflint's death is "our loss but his eternal gain;" every shop-keeper owns "an emporium;" every tradesman is a "merchant;" every bridegroom is "gallant," and every bride "blushing and charming," and the "accomplished daughter of our respected fellow citizen, Fitz-Snobby," and the keeper of a saloon is, under all circumstances, "large-hearted and genial." The list might be drawn out indefinitely, but it has not much to do with *le preux chevalier*, Bayard.

THE CHIVALROUS KEY AGITATORS.

"The striking telegraph operators behaved like bricks and made no applications for re-instatement till all the lady operators had secured their positions."—*Exchange*.

Oh! wielders of th' electric key, of gender known as masculine,
The praise of your behaviour in this paper seems to ask a line:
Old fogies say that chivalry belongs to bygone centuries—(I'm sorry that uncrowned with victory your striking virtue is)—
And I regret to see that these old humbugs keep their cant on yet,
E'en Burke alluded to it in his speech on Marie Antoinette; But with those fogies, I assert, I really can't agree at all, And that chivalric deeds are now unknown I cannot see at all,
For when your strike was shown to be a failure, every man of you Behaved in such a manner that speak naught but praise I can of you.
You acted as did Knights of old who roamed about the countryside To rescue hapless maidens with much valor and effrontery You stood aside, as good men should, with gallantry and deference,
And gave the lady strikers, like gentlemen, the preference; You did not ask for 'sits' till they, weak, struggling femininity Secured their own—but waited with much patience and serenity;
And then, and not till then, you asked for process-re-instatement;
And if each one don't get his post, he should, at any rate, or he
Is much ill used. That act alone should rank you with the Knights of old,
And you should certainly obtain, as those men did, their rights of old:
If you have failed, why try again; you may come out victorious;
And the way you've acted recently is highly meritorious.
SWIZ.

A FORTUNE.

may be made by hard work, but can neither be made nor enjoyed without health. To those leading sedentary lives Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" is a real friend. It stimulates the liver, purifies the blood, and is the best remedy for consumption, which is scrofulous disease of the lungs. By all druggists.



L'ARGENT ET L'AMOUR.

A NINETEENTH-CENTURY-MEDIEVAL TALE.

BY G. P. R. SWIZ-JAMES.

"Nay, girl; it must not be, in aught but this will I humor thee, but, by the spotless escutcheon of the De Bungstartyrs! thou shalt not wed this penniless varlet," and the doughty old baron, the puissant Lord Ludovic Hamfatte De Bungstartyr, girding on his trenchant sword, prepared to sally forth to his counting house at the soap factory. "I tell thee, child, he is beneath thee both in rank and wealth and I will none of it," and lifting a pail of lager to his lips, he tilted up the visor of his helmet and quaffed a gallon or so.

For some moments naught was heard in the spacious apartment of the old feudal castle on Sherbourne street save the gurgling and the fizzing of the cool malt liquor as it ran into the imbiber's parched and over-heated inward arrangements, and the low sobbing of the beautiful girl to whom the preceding harsh words had been addressed.

"Young O'Doherty is but a knave of low degree," continued the earl, setting down the empty bucket, and drawing the back of his gauntleted hand across his bearded mouth, "and is no fitting mate for thee,—a De Bungstartyr: Nay, Godiva, it must not be; by my halidome! it shall not be, grammercy! so think no more of him; Odsboddikins! things were come to a pretty pass, methinks, when thou would'st give thy hand to a penniless reporter—I trow—"

"The street car waits, m'lud," interrupted a liveried menial, as the jingling of the bells of the fiery steeds was heard without, and the low muttered oaths of the driver of car 29 stole in through the open door, as he fretted and foamed at the delay.

"What ho! there, warder" roared the doughty nobleman, passing his sword through the abdomen of the lackey who stood in his way, and decapitating his chief henchman who ran against him. "What ho, raise the port cullis and lower the draw bridge, and see ye tarry not, or, gadsooks! thy carcass shall swing from yonder ramparts ere sundown," and amidst the clangor of the falling draw bridge and the clash of his steel scabbard and wrought iron duds, Lord Ludovic strode forth and boarded the street car, and was rapidly whirled away down Sherbourne street.

CHAP. II.

Noon. A solitary horseman might have been seen wending his way along the classic street of Sherbourne. He is a member of the

Toronto Hunt Club and is in no way connected with this romance, but is introduced to give a picturesque effect to its *toute ensemble*. Moreover he is only a wholesale grocery clerk—so let him wend. Our tale deals with personages of the Lady Clara-Vere-de-Vere-Idonotwisitowinrenown stamp. *Allons!*

The pitiless August sun is pouring down upon the battlements and turrets of Barsope Castle. The Lady Godiva has sobbed herself to sleep in her dainty boudoir: All voiceless hangs her tuneless lute upon the wall where she had hung it after warbling, in a voice husky with emotion, the beautiful troubadour ballad, "My grandfather's Clock," the effort having caused the instant resignation of her maid and little foot page.

Suddenly she starts. A tap at her latticed casement has aroused her. With a glad note of surprise she throws open her window, and there, clinging to the wires up which are trained a myriad morning glories, and hanging suspended some three hundred feet above the paved courtyard below, she beholds the man she loves above all others—Richard O'Doherty, police court reporter for the *Midday Gallowstree*, an independent local journal, subsidized by the Licensed Victuallers, and advocating their interests and the passage of the Scott Act, alternately.

"Anything fresh, darling?" enquired the reporter, hanging to a convolvulus stem by his teeth whilst he draws forth pencil and notebook with his hands, "the old fellow has'n't bust a blood vessel or done anything that will give me an item, eh?"

"Nothing, dearest Richard" replied Godiva, "but he, this very day, alluded to our proposed union and vowed it should never be; and he went forth swearing like a trooper."

"The old rip," muttered Richard, "but, Godiva, I have a scheme—"

"Will it bring wealth to thee, darling? for if not, our chances of getting spliced are hopeless: What—oh! Dick what're you doing?" (Splutter, splutter, splutter—for Richard had inadvertently slipped a piece of plug tobacco between her rosy lips in mistake for a chocolate cream, several of which he had been presented with by a confectioner in return for a promise of a 'puff' worked into the reading matter of the *Gallowstree*, and which he carried loose in his trowsers pocket.)

"Excuse, me sweet," he cried, "T was a mistake. But now, listen," and drawing down her shapely, glowing, sunset head to his lips he whispered long in her ample, sea-urchin-shell-like ear, while she held him safe from falling by encircling his neck with her John L. Sullivan arms.

"Ha! tis well," she said when he had finished speaking, "I'll spring it upon the governor this evening when he broaches his fifth flask of Malvoisie. Good for you, Dick; there, take that," and she imprinted a kiss on the brim of his hat—bad shot—, "and now fly, yonder archer on the ramparts has spotted thee, and there—be gone—so long"—as whizz! ping! and a bolt from the sentinel's crossbow passed through the seat of the journalist's inexpressibles and remained quivering in the wall of the tower.

Richard loosed his hold and falling dexterously turned over in the air in his descent, and struck head first on the stone pavement three hundred feet below, and bounding up several yards into the air, disappeared across the moat. "T was well done," muttered Godiva, "t was a knightly feat," and she half closed her casement and twanged a merry canonet upon her lute, at the same time singing a wild rhapsodical air, which, reaching the ear of the archer on the castellated wall, knocked him silly and he fell as one paralyzeed.

CHAP. III.

"Pa," yelled Godiva, as the portly earl strode across the oaken floor of the castle hall

on the evening of the same day as that on which all the foregoing took place. "Richard O'Doherty, a descendant of an Irish king—for he has told me so,—and no varlet of low degree as thou thoughtest, will 'ere long have coifers of red, red gold. The O'Doherty will soon be rich ha, ha, ha!"

"Ay, ay," said Lord Ludovic, raising his eyebrows, "and how, hussy, will he raise the wind? Has he obtained a 'sit' as conductor on some railroad line where 'spotters' are unknown, or does he contemplate going into the ice or coal business. Expound, girl."

"None of these, dear father," cried the lovely maiden, springing into the air, and clapping her heels together thrice ere she descended. "None of these, he has been appointed an agent to make collections for the purpose of relieving his unhappy country, poor down-trodden, England-mis-ruled Ireland, and he starts at once."

"Then I revoke my former refusal, Godiva, thou marriest him on his return. Thank Heving! I shall have a son in law who will never need to stick me for a loan," and the lordly soap-boiler embraced his daughter and reared for a patent pail of beer.

TO WOULD-BE CONTRIBUTORS.

THE KILLER, Church st.—The title of your sketch is most appropriate, but, thanks to a naturally strong constitution, we shall pull through this time, though we are still in a very low condition, in which state we have been ever since perusing your manuscript. If you send another like it, we shall be compelled to publish it, with your name and address; the reading public of Canada is a patient and long-suffering one, but there is a limit to all things; so beware.

TO THIRSTERS AFTER KNOWLEDGE.

JIMMY, London.—No, you're wrong, 'Bobbies' and 'Peelers' are so called after Sir Robert Peel, who first introduced the real policeman, and the nickname, 'cop,' is derived from the initials of the title of any Chief of Police: viz., C.O.P.



EDWARD'S HIMSELF AGAIN.

Come all ye readers of our sheet,
Come, jubilate with Grip,
For Blake now bows along the street
With shaven chin and lip!
He saw that whiskers and moustache
Gave Grip's back fyle the lie,
Reported of their growth so rash
And shaved em—Blake's the Bie!

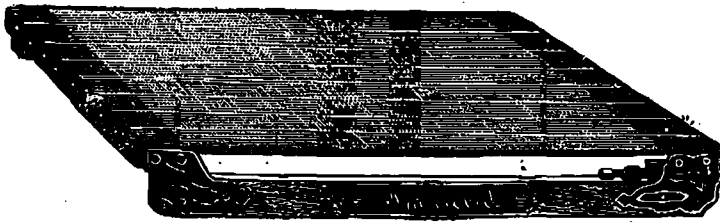
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We are now manufacturing the largest assortment of Spring Mattresses in this market, comprising The Woven Wire (four grades), Button Tie, Triple Coil, Improved and Plain All Wire, Common Sense and U. S. Slats. Parties in need of Spring Mattresses will find it to their advantage to inspect our stock before placing their orders.
For Sale by all Furniture Dealers.

R. THORNE & CO., 11 & 13 Queen St. E., Toronto.

CHOKED TO DEATH.

Mr. Smith was choked with a piece of cartilage, and escaped instant death by a friend striking him a terrible blow between the shoulders while his chest rested on the table. After the gristle was removed he described his sensations of relief so great that they only could be compared to the comfort a bilious person feels while wearing a Notman Liver Pad.

"Shakey," said a Canal street clothier to his son Friday morning, "mark up eberydings a ca-worter of a tollar, und I put out a sign 'Trade tollars taken here vor a hundret cents.'"—*Newark Call.*

The idle scribbling of names on the Brooklyn bridge is not without a precedent. Upon the worm-eaten bulwarks of Noah's newly discovered Ark have been traced the initials S. B. A. and S. J. T.—*Life.*

Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" always becomes the favorite remedy of those who try it. It is a specific for all female "weaknesses" and derangements, bringing strength to the limbs and back, and color to the face. Of all druggists.

"How much are these goods a yard?" said a gentleman in a dry goods store the other day, as he picked up and examined a piece of ruffled silk. "Dear me," cried the horrified clerk, "that isn't for sale. That's the end of a lady's train. She's just gone up to the third storey."—*Ec.*

Being entirely vegetable, no particular care is required while using Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets." They operate without disturbance to the constitution, diet, or occupation. For sick headache, constipation, impure blood, dizziness, sour eructations from the stomach, bad taste in mouth, bilious attacks, pain in region of kidney, internal fever, bloated feeling about stomach, rush of blood to head, take Dr. Pierce's "pellets." By druggists.

IT STANDS AT THE HEAD.

THE Domestic Sewing Machine
A. W. BRAIN,

SOLE AGENT
Also Repairer of all kinds of Sewing Machines. Needles, Parts and Attachments for Sale.
88 Yonge Street, TORONTO.

A Los Angeles rancher has raised a pumpkin so large that his two children use a half each for a cradle. This may seem very wonderful in the rural districts, but in this city three or four full-grown policemen have been found asleep on a single beat.—*San Francisco Post.*

The GRIP-SACK.

We have pleasure in submitting the following unsolicited opinions:

"As a specimen of humorous literature it is immense—it out—Jumbos Jumbo."
"P. T. BARNUM."

"I expect to be in Canada shortly, and the greatest pleasure I anticipate is being able to secure a copy of the GRIP SACK."
"LORD CHIEF JUSTICE COLERIDGE."

"I never enjoyed complete bliss till I received the copy of GRIP SACK you sent. It is a complete antidote against beetles, mosquitoes, and Lord Randolph Churchill."
"W. E. GLADSTONE."



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