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The grabeat Fish is the Oyster; the grabeat Man is the Fool.



49 King St. East, Toronto.

VOLUME XVII.]
No. 19.]

TORONTO, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1881.

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The gravest fish is the Oyler; the gravest Man is the Fool.

PARTNERSHIP NOTICES.

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.

BENGOUGH BROTHERS.

NOTICE is hereby given that the co-partnership heretofore existing between J. W. Bengough and Geo. Bengough, under the name, style, and firm of Bengough Brothers, is this day dissolved by mutual consent, Mr. George Bengough retiring.

J. W. BENGOUGH,
GEO. BENGOUGH.

Toronto, Aug. 30, 1881.

BENGOUGH, MOORE & CO.

The co-partnership heretofore existing between Thomas Bengough, Samuel J. Moore, and A. Richardson, under the name, style, and firm of Bengough, Moore & Co., is this day dissolved by mutual consent, Mr. A. Richardson retiring.

THOS. BENGOUGH,
S. J. MOORE,
A. RICHARDSON.

Toronto, Aug. 30, 1881.

Notice of Co-partnership.

We the undersigned have this day entered into co-partnership as general printers, publishers, and zincographers, under the name, style, and firm of Bengough, Moore, & Bengough, at the premises formerly occupied by Bengough Bros., adjoining the Court House, Adelaide St. East, Toronto.

J. W. BENGOUGH,
SAMUEL J. MOORE,
THOMAS BENGOUGH,

Toronto, Aug. 30, 1881.

With reference to the above notice, we may state to our friends that the consolidation thus effected places us in possession of an excellent business, which we hope, by strict attention to the orders of our customers and by the excellence of our workmanship in all departments, to rapidly increase. Of course it is our intention to continue the publication of GRIP and the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED SHORTHAND WRITER, both of which periodicals we will endeavour to steadily improve in all respects. We will devote special attention to fine book, newspaper, and job printing, and to the art of zincography, having a thoroughly equipped designing and engraving department under the supervision of thoroughly competent artists and workmen.

BENGOUGH, MOORE, & BENGOUGH.

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—The safe return of Sir John Macdonald in renewed health and "capital spirits" is an event which gives sincere pleasure not only to the Conservative party, but to the whole people of Canada. And no individual citizen rejoices more than Mr. GRIP, who is in a position to fully appreciate the saying that without John A. Canadian politics are a barren waste. The Premier has been in England for a few months in quest of much needed rest and recreation, though if we may believe the accounts of the interviewers, he transacted a prodigious lot of business as well. And what a welcome he gets from his delighted and exuberant political family circle. The matronly party falls into his arms and returns his emphatic smack on the mouth with a zest which almost astonishes him; then the dear little prattlers of the Cabinet begin to

babble in chorus of what they've done, and where they've been in his absence. Charley tells how he had a ride on the Pacific Railway away off beyond the Rocky Mountains; Tilley calls attention to the magnificent surplus pudding she has "cooked all alone by herself," especially for his benefit; Heety gabbles away about his visits to the voters all over the country; and little Caron, the youngest, tells how he went with the big men to fight Blake in the Maritime Provinces.

EIGHTH PAGE.—Some surprise has been expressed that the young men of the Club Cartier at Quebec should have undertaken to feed Sir John taffy on his arrival from a tour undertaken chiefly because his digestive organs were out of order. It is not likely they failed to learn from the *Mail* that the eminent physicians in London prescribed great care in dietary regimen for their patient, but unfortunately this item was followed by another statement to the effect that Sir John had attended dinner and supper parties almost daily during his visit without evil consequences.

FIRST PAGE.—Mr. Parnell has come to a very interesting point in his course as a "leader" of Irishmen. He is endeavoring to reconcile and control two distinct and contrary elements, namely, the American Fenian element, who will be content with nothing but dynamite and hedge-shooting, and the more rational tenantry, who are in favor of giving the Land Law a fair trial. GRIP would recommend Mr. P. to let the foremost grunter go, and follow the other in the path of common sense and peace.

The *Baptist Weekly*, a specimen number of which appeared last week, is a new publication which we should say is destined to take a prominent place amongst the Denominational papers of America. It is published by the promoters of the Baptist Publication Society, and will be issued in connection with that Society's contemplated work. The *Weekly* is under the joint editorship of Prof. Wells and Rev. J. D. King, and displays the literary ability which the names of these gentlemen imply. Should sufficient encouragement be held out, the publication will be regularly commenced in a few weeks, and the Baptists of the Dominion will no doubt heartily assist this effort to establish a thoroughly good organ.

Mr. C. P. Mulvany has gone to the Upper Ottawa to write the descriptive letter press for the sketches made in that region for *Pictureque Canada*. The work could not have been placed in abler hands, and Mr. M.'s poetic powers will find plenty of scope although his pen will be chained to prose. We have seen proofs of the sketches made, and if the descriptive portion is abreast of them the work will certainly be a credit to art and literature.

The *Evening News* comes frankly forth, confesses that it has heretofore published puffs instead of theatrical criticisms, and promises for the future to deal with stage performances

strictly on their merits. This is good, but it would have been better if a full-fledged puff had not been given in another column of the same issue. The example proposed is worthy of being followed by all the papers of the city.

The death of President Garfield on Monday night produced a universal shock, although faith in his ultimate recovery had been greatly weakened after his removal from Washington. He died as he lived, a grand, heroic, peaceful man. No more touching episode has ever occurred in the history of nations than this tragic case furnishes. As has been well said, the world sat by the bedside of the President and watched the fluctuations of his pulse with a tenderness and solicitude rivaled only by that of his loving wife. The heart of humanity was touched by every phase of the event, from the moment in which he fell like a lamb before the murderer's stroke, to that in which, after a hero's struggle with death, his great spirit passed away. Garfield's death has not only calmed the troubled sea of the Republic, but has hushed for a moment the discord of the whole world.

Dr. Strathy announces that his Pianoforte Players Club will resume its practice on Wednesday next the 21st inst. We understand that the Club is in a flourishing condition, having had an accession of several new members, and we hope during the coming season to hear them frequently in the symphonies and overtures of the great masters. We recommend all pianists who are able to do so to join, as being the best means of becoming acquainted with the classical compositions of the great masters.

The *Mail* does not do a kind thing for Sir John Macdonald when it publishes, under displayed headlines, a quotation from an English newspaper correspondent in which the writer expresses his belief that the Grand Cross of the Most Distinguished order of St. Michael and St. George was not bestowed upon Sir John because his abilities had impressed Mr. Gladstone, but that it was gained by "a word from the Marquis of Lorne to an exalted personage." This materially detracts from the value of the decoration and should not be insinuated if it is not actually true.

The Montreal correspondent of the *Globe* writes indignantly of the scandalous escape from justice of the "four lawyers" implicated in the outrage on the young Englishwoman. Strong language is very well in its way, but it falls short of the requirements of this case. If the scoundrels are not to be punished by the law, let us have their names at least for publication. Justice to the respectable members of the profession in Montreal demands this.

One of the English correspondents accompanying the Marquis of Lorne's party tells his paper of an interesting incident which took place at Garden River, where the principal chief of the Indians presented the Governor General with a small basket work mat, to be worn depending from the neck. This article has "two figures, brandishing tomahawks on one side of it, and shaking hands on the other" and is, as the chief said, typical of the reconciliation of two foes. When his Lordship returns to Ottawa wearing the ornament it will be interesting to examine these figures closely and see if they have any resemblance to the Premier and Hon. Wilkie Macdougall.

GARFIELD.

At last!
The night hath passed;
The long, dark dream of suffering hath with-
drawn,
And o'er the everlasting hills the dawn
Of day that hath no night hath sudden
flashed
On his glad vision. Lo, he rests—at last!

Oh, strong and tender soul!
Patent beyond belief, nor once complained,
That thus thy sun must needs go down at noon,
Leaving a nation reft of that rare boon,
A ruler, noted for a life unstained,
An honest record and unchallenged worth,
Of dauntless courage, daring to unearth
The hidden evil and to set wrong right,
With steadfast purpose and with faith un-
feigned,
That failed not when with black and baleful
blight
The shadow of the assassin dimmed the day,
That day when men o'erwhelmed with grief
gave way,
Seeing but lowering skies and gathering gloom,
When amid blood and tears and strengthening
pains
From the dread entrance of the awful tomb,
Thine own calm voice was heard, "Still the
Lord reigns."

Oh, the rare beauty of the strong, pure life!
From the log cabin in primeval grove,
Clearing a path to wealth, and name and
fame,
Resting awhile with quiet and reverent love,
To woo the muse, conserving through the
strife
The fervent poet soul; and yet again
Haunting the halls of learning, so to frame
From all stout stepping stones, whereby to
climb
To that high place his nation chose for him.

Yes! it was well he should be crowned so,
The people's chosen servant tried and true;
But yet another crown must press his brow,
With suffering's thorns, e'er we could fully
see.

How truly grand and great the man could be.
Oh! yet the world is wholesome at the core!
A car is killed, and there's but little rue;
But touch the good, and how its great heart
bleeds.

Mourning the loss of one of its great needs;
How every pulse doth quicken into pain,
While o'er the Atlantic comes the muffled
train.

Of British horror, and a sad low strain,
With love and blessing all the lines between
The voice of England's and the world's one
Queen.

And we, by virtue of our near neighbourhood,
Of common brotherhood alike with all;
But chiefly, by the tender ties of blood,
A triple claim advance to bear the pall,
To share the sorrow, shedding tear for tear,
With his great nation, and his near and dear.

HAMILTON.

J. K. L.

The Great Unwashed.

The great unwashed. Numerous as the sands of Yonge Street, as the grass in Queen's Park; as the freckles on a newsboy's nose; or the groans of a North Waterloo Tory or a Colchester Grit; as the promises of a John A. or the dollars of a Cartwright; or any other equally numerous person or thing. Queer, but John A. is a numerous person; too numerous, too soon, and beforehand and utterly previous, as it were, for most people to comprehend. He went to England very sick, but prior to his departure for that haven of Canadian Finance Ministers, he made everybody in Canada, or at least the Tories thereof, believe that the North-West lands were pretty much a brawling wilderness. Now he has come back, has been feted and honored, and above all interviewed, and according to his own story has made the poor benighted English believe that that same land is a country flowing with milk and honey, and grain and beef ready dressed, to say nothing of mud-turtles and rattle-snakes, and blizzards and sieb. We wonder if this is another I—ah, Tupperism. If he has been making things howl on the other side of the big pond.

But to return to the great unwashed. They



IT WON'T FIT.

JOHN BULL (lcq).—Blowed if I 'aven't houtgrown this 'ere garment! It's no use; I couldn't stand the pressure!

are ragged, that is they do not wear out-away coats and white kids, and — By the way, speaking of kids brings to mind the case which is now occupying the attention of police and other circles; principally other circles:—The "baby farming" case.

"When I was young and charming,
I practised baby farming."

It is bad enough to have to listen to this in Pinafore, but when a case comes up in court that proves beyond the shadow of a doubt that baby farming, in its most horrible form, is carried on with impunity right in the centre of the city of Toronto, the city of churches, the centre of the purifying influences of this Christian land; it is enough to make us blush, and we blush accordingly. That baby farm is a stain on the fair name of this city that no amount of Industrial Exhibitions, and Mayor's photographs, and orators like Ald. Baxter, men of genius like R. W. Phipps, or disinterested temperance men like Ald. Walker, could have wiped out. Speaking of the Industrial Exhibition recalls to mind the factitious countryman who tried to get a square meal on the grounds. He entered a booth, was lost to sight and memory dear for fifteen minutes, and emerged with a vacant far-away look in his eyes, and an expression of intense longing about the corners of his mouth.

"How did yer find the grub?" inquired his chum.

"Did'ent find it," was the sententious reply.

"Wall, what kind of a meal was it anyway."

"Oh, good enuff, good cruff, only, dang it, it was mostly made up of plates, and did'ent seem as filling and satisfying as it might."

He could not have described the average restaurant dinner better. But then to return to the great unwashed, they are here, and—well they are the great unwashed, and there is nothing more to be said about them.

A Social Fraud.

Peck's Sun.

A subscriber at Racine writes to know if it would be proper for him to speak to a lady that he has never been introduced to. He says he has met her on the street, in places of business,

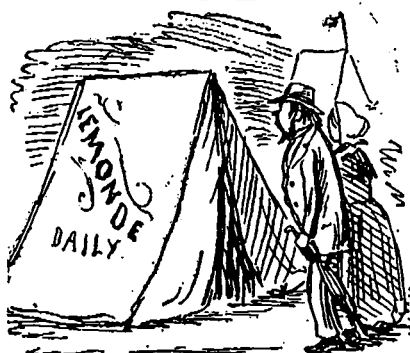
and at parties for two years, that he knows all her family, and she knows his, and that she looks almost as though she wished he would speak, but he has never been introduced to her, and dassent speak. No, you must not speak to her. You may go along meeting her every day till Gabriel blows his trump, and she may look as familiar to you as your sister, and yet till some mutual acquaintance says; "Mr. So-and-so, this is Miss So-and-so," you cannot speak to her without society will say you are an impudent thing. She may wish she knew you, and yet if you should speak to her she would feel it her duty to society to say, "Sir!" and look greatly offended and then you would be all broke up. If she should drop her pocket-book and you should pick it up and hand it to her, she would say thank you, with a sweet smile, but you would have no right to speak to her next time you met. If she should meet you some day and say, "How do you do, Mr. So-and-so? I have known you ever since you have lived in this town, though we were never introduced formerly, and it has got so embarrassing to pass you half-a-dozen times a day without speaking, while I speak to those that may be with you that I have concluded not to wait for an introduction," some nine spot with a number six hat on would say, "Oh, my, what a flirt that lady is. She actually spoke to a man without being introduced." If you should frankly offer her your hand and say, "Thank you, madam, for suspending the rule of etiquette, and speaking. I have seen you so many times that your pleasant face is as welcome a sight as that of my sister, and I have wanted to know you, but had given up all idea that I ever would," some simpering female idiot would say, "Only to think, that bold, awful man has actually flirted with Miss So-and-so until he has got acquainted without a formal introduction." No, young man, go right along about your business, and don't try to hurry the cattle. Society must be consulted, though in some respects society may be a confounded fool.

Who was the first bridge builder raised to the pier-age?—N. Y. News.



A PICTURE OF CONTENTMENT.

Mr. Goldwin Smith's (alleged) personal organ announces that there is no truth in the report that the learned professor is likely to remain in England. On the contrary, nothing could tempt him to quit Canada, where he has quite made up his mind to spend the rest of his days. The organ further adds that Mr. Smith has all he wants of this world's goods and is content to pass his remaining years in "watching with interest the fortunes of his friends." It was hardly necessary for the editor to add—"a very pleasant position for anyone to be in." It is indeed; but what will the Phrenologist and the Physiognomist say when the gifted *Bystander* is held up to them as a picture of human contentment? They will have to admit that for once their theories are out of joint, for if Mr. Smith is a really contented man, it is one more warning against the danger of judging by appearances. We have always imagined that there was a peculiar expression of discontent about his face—a look such as a man might have if he hankered chronically after something he could never get—such as annexation, the abolition of party, impersonality of the press, etc. However, we are sincerely gratified to find that we have been mistaken in this matter, and are doubly pleased to know that Canada is to have the benefit for (we trust) many years not only of Mr. Smith's fine literary style, but of his still more valuable example as the contented man.



ICI ON PARLE FRANCAIS.

SCENE.—The Grounds of the Dominion Exhibition. Rural couple stumble upon the tent of a certain French Newspaper.
He. Ah! here we are, Marthy Ann! I've been lookin' all over for a drink. Hello, there! (to gentlemen in tent) give us two glasses of Lemonade; not too sweet!

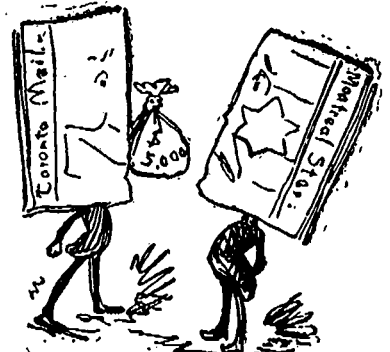


A CHARGE IN THE COUNTY COURT.

CHENTLEMEN OF TA CHURY:

This is an action you see, brought by ta plaintiff against ta County Council of York, to recofer damages for inelury dono to him by reason of ta bad smell in ta Court House. Ta facts have, you see, chentlemen, been laid before you, and it is now for you to say whether or no a case has been made out. It is not my chuty to decide the matter for you, but simply to point out the law of ta case, and leave ta decision in your hands. Evidence has been brought to show that ta defendants own a certain court house, and it has been further proved that this court house is identical with the place in which we now find ourselves. The defendants' counsel, you see, has made no attempt to deny ownership, though, chentlemen, if he had not such a bad cold in the head—if his nose was of any use whatever, you see, he would have endeavoured to bring evidence to deny the ownership, for it is no credit to anybody to own such a court house as this. However, chentlemen, of course you must be guided only by the evidence actually given, you see. Then, again, another witness swore that the plaintiff entered the court house in question in good health, and having the full use of his senses. You may have your doubts on this point as to whether the plaintiff *did* have his full senses, or, if so, you may reasonably doubt, you see, whether his senses were worth anything. The law on this point is, chentlemen, that the fact of a man deliberately entering the court house in question of his own free will—that is, not being obliged by his duty to enter it—is *prima facie* evidence, you see, of a want of sense. Of course, chentlemen, you will give the defendants the benefit of any such doubt if you have it. Then we have it in evidence that the plaintiff remained in ta court house for half-an-hour, and it is proven that during all that time he sat with his mouth open and his nose uncovered. This is not denied, though, you see, the defendants have brought medical men to swear that the plaintiff *might* have kept his mouth shut, and was not forcibly restrained from keeping his hand over his nose. Against this we haf, you see, chentlemen, the evidence of an officer of ta court house, who swears that during this half-hour Mr. Macgregor was addressing the chury. Ta law holds that it is not possible for a man to keep his mouth shut under such circumstances. Ta remainder of ta witnesses were brought up on ta question whether ta atmosphere of ta court house actually had anything to do with ta subsequent sickness of ta plaintiff. I must leaf you to draw your own conclusions, you see, but if you think from ta evidence produced that a combined smell of boiled cabbage, filthy rags, bad whiskey, unwashed human beings, vile tobacco smoke, and seventeen different kinds of dirt, would be likely to make a bad atmosphere in ta court house, you will bring a verdict for ta plaintiff; but if, on ta contrary, chentlemen, if you think, as ta County Council of York thinks, that these combined abominations are a credit to ta court house, and have ta effect of im-

proving the people's health, you will find for ta defendants. (If I was on ta chury I know what I would do.)



THE LARGEST CIRCULATION.

Of all the funny things in life,
The funniest is the din and strife
That sometimes shakes the nation
(With laughter) when two editors
Begin their furious windy wars
About "big circulation."

It must the reader much amuse
When 'stead of articles and news,
He gets a dissertation
Which goes to show—or, vainly tries—
That this particular paper has
The "largest circulation."

The twinkling *Star* and tall-tower *Mail*
Just now our senses do assail
With angry exclamation,
"Five thousand dollars," bunting cries
"If you can prove my claims are lies
'Bout largest circulation!"

Now, *Grip*'s no fly "I'll bet you-Cook,"
But if the judge will take a look,
Throughout this entire nation,
He'll find *Grip* bound and kept intact,
And so it has in point of fact
The largest circulation!

Facile Princeps.

Lord Clandeboye, eldest son of the Earl of Dufferin, has beaten Leander's and Hyron's historic swims across the Hellispoint. He did it easily, too, and only wished that the distance had been greater.—*Daily Paper*.

Well done, Lord Clandy, you're a clever boy!
And well sustain your family tradition,
The name of Temple ever great and high,
Facile princeps in whatever position!

Your noble father beats all other lords
At swimming diplomatic Hellespoints,
And with eternal fitness it accords
That you should beat the record thus at once.



YES! THAT'S THE QUESTION!

Mr. Phipps.—John A. says that he originated the Protection movement in England, but what I want to know is, who was it originated the Protection movement in John A?



HOME, SWEET HOME !

* See comments on page 2.

The Joker Club.

"The Pen is mightier than the Sword."

The following characteristic poem by Walt Whitman appears in the *New York Critic*:

Spirit that Form'd this Scene.

(Written in Platte Canon, Colorado.)

Spirit that form'd this scene,
These tumbled rock-piles grim and red,
These reckless, heaven-ambitious peaks,
These gorges, turbulent-clearstreams, this naked freshness,
These formless wild arrays, for reasons of their own!
I know thee, savage spirit—we have communed together,
Mine too such wild arrays, for reasons of their own;
Was't charged against my chants they had forgotten art?
To fuse within themselves its rules precise and delicate?
The lyric's measured beat, the wrought-out temple's
grace—column and polished arch forgot?
—But thou that revelest here—spirit that form'd this scene,
They have remembered thee.

Upon reading the foregoing our "too too" poet threw a couple of pages of an old dictionary into the hopper of his machine, inserted a wheel with a cog broken out here and there in order to secure the necessary hop-skip-and-jump measure, and ground out the annexed:

Spirit that Wrecked this Form.

(Written in front of a Glu-Mill.)

"Spirit" that wreck'd this form,
Colored this pimpled nose so red,
Caused these bulging and blood-shot eyes,
This brick in tile, and rags scarce hiding nakedness,
These maulin mutterings—all cruel work of thine!
I know thee, "cursed" "spirit"—we have hiccoughed
together—
Achieved a high old drunk, and reason didst dethrone!
Was't charged, perchance, and chalked upon the slate?
Or didst the fustil oil jerk demand more cash and less
previousness?
Thou made this "dead beat"—this played out, tempted
wreck—beery, impoverished, and forgot!
—And thou that brought him here—"spirit" that wrecked
this form,
Cost thirty cents a quart.

—*Norristown Herald.*

Mister Gipple, which has been a missionary preacher in Africa, he says, Mister Gipple does, that the ostridge is the longlegged bird in the world, but I gess he never seen Billy, that's my brother, on his stilks, high upper than the fence. Ostridges eats every thing wich they can find, and one time there was a ostridge which was a show at Wooderds Garden. One day Mister Wooderd got a carpenter for to bild a house for the ostridge, and the carpenter he set a keg of nails down, and got some boards, and then he went home for to role up his slefs and spit on his hands for to go to work, and when he come back the ostridge had et all the nails up. The carpenter he loked at the keg, and then he said: "Wotten thunder has went with all them nails?" Then the ostridge looked real sollem out of its eyes, much as to say: "I hope you don't suspeck me."

Then the carpenter he was so disgusted cos some boddy had stole his nails that he throdde his hammer down for to go way, and the ostridge it et the hammer.

Then the carpenter he see how it was, and he went to Mister Wooderd, and he sed: "I gess that rooster of yourn is a getting redly for to be a carpenter his ownself, but I can jest tell him he will starve at that business."

But Mister Wooderd sed his rooster wasent one of the starvin kind.

One day Mister Gipple was in Africa a sleep, and he was woke by a ostridge pulln off his boots which it et, and then it set down for to think. Then Mister Gipple said "Shew" but it didn't mind a bit. Then Mister Gipple he said: "I gess its got to be a regler seage."

So he wout and piled up a big pile of rocks and begun for to take off his jacket, but the ostridge it put its two facts to gether, and ven Mister Gipple he begun to let fly, the ostridge it got up and at every rock.

I never see such a fool as Mary the house maid is, she dont know a ostridge from a oys-

ter, cos one day she come in the room where me and Uncle Ned was, and she had a new hat on, and she sed: "Aint this a nice oyster fether on my new hat?"

Uncle Ned he took the hat and looked a long wile at the fether, and then he said: "Mary, the miller which sold you this hat has cheated you, cos the oyster fether is off a fried onc. You go back and tell her to change it for the fether of a stewed oyster, wich is nicer and jest the same price."

So Mary she went back to the miller shop, jest furious mad, but whon Uncle Ned ast her if they had done it, she only jest busted out a cryin, and had to be chuck under the chin, and givo a 4 bit piece, and tole she was a perfect little drommidary, wich made her mity proud. But Billy, that's my brother, he says a drommidary ain't nothing only but just a patient cammle, and one time there was a cammle wich was a show, and there was a docker which was a smarty, and the docker he went for to see the cammle. After he had loked a wile he took out his lanet and he sed to the show man: "Aint that swelling on yure horse's back about ready for to be opened?"

The show man he sed: "No, taint ripe yet, but if you wil come into the big tent Ile giv you 5 dollars for to pul a tooth."

The dokter he was delighted and went, and the show man he pinto to the eppalents tush and sed: "Now jest git a good holt with yure twister wile I let out the brass-trotd Siberian wolfs for to make remarks on behalf of the patient."

But the dokter he sed he gessed a loky motif wudo be bout the thing to make the propriate responches for sech teeths as them fellers.

My sisters young man tole her and me bout a trapper which come to a town where there was a circus, and after the circus pformence he went and hunted up the ring master and said: "Mister eude I speak to the stripy gent wich fishy ates at the little end of the wip?"

The ring master he said said wot was the nacher of his bisness, and the trapper he sed: "I got a new pair of Sandy go to meetin buckskin pants wich I thot mobby I eud swop off for a season ticket to the show."

The ring master he sed: "Are they reel buck skin, stout like solesher?"

The trapper he sed: "Yes, sir, they was made out of the skin of a saw buck."

Then the ring master he spoke up a other time and sed: "Are thay dubble riveted and copper fastened in the crotch?"

The trapper said the ring master eude bet his life.

Then the ring master he thot a wile and then he said: "The unfortunate sportsman wich you have come for to corrupt is over to the hospittle a gittin some poltices put onto his legs, but I tel you wot you do, you jest carry them pants down to the tavern and talk bisness with the yung lady wich rides 4 horses to once."—*S. F. Wasp.*

French Wit.

Nos bons domestiques:

Lady, hearing a crash in the dining-room—
Ha! John, another goblet broken?

John—Yes'm; but I was lucky—it only broke in two pieces.

Lady—That is what you call lucky?
John—Yes'm. Ah, madam, you don't know what trouble it is to pick up the pieces when a glass smashes to smithereens.

The old gentleman is snoring the snore of the virtuous in his easy-chair.

His youthful grandeeon rushes to his mother.
"Oh, ma! grandpa is in the parlour, sleep-
ing right out loud!"

At the club an acquaintance beholds the young Ralph, who buried his grandfather only three short days before, playing with his usual indifference to everything else in the world.

"Ah, Ralph," he says, reprovingly, "at it again, already?"

"No," responds the young man, "I don't play any blue chips, as you see—no big ones—out of respect for the poor old duffer's memory."

The excellent husband arrives, pale and flushed.

"Well, what is wrong?" asks his friend.
"Wrong? Everything is wrong. Here is my wife who has run away with her cousin and left the house, and the expence-book not written up. Just as likely as not I shall be cheated by the cook."

One evening after a performance a friend burst in upon the composer with the congratulation:

"That was a tremendous hit. The fellow alongside of me almost brought the house down the way he pounded with his cane on the floor, and he would have been cheering too, only—"

"Only what?"
"Only he is deaf and dumb."

An elderly gentleman has just confided his domestic difficulties to a friend of fifty odd, who says, blithely:

"Well, old fellow, it is a pretty hard case, but, you see, you are beyond the consuming agonies of doubt, and that is always so much."

A gummy goes to see his friend, who has been wounded in a duel.

"And what was it all about?"
"O, nothing so simple. In walking along the street I sent, accidentally, a whiff of tobacco smoke into the face of a man who was passing."
"Ah, my friend, I always told you you smoked too much."

Apropos of M. Littré's death.

One day the degenerate son of a distinguished sire was endeavouring to be funny at the great positivist's expence, in the presence of M. Thiers.

"To demonstrate that man descends from the monkey," he said, "Littré has only one proof—himself."

"You will admit, my young friend," said M. Thiers, mildly, "that M. Littré has the advantage of reflecting credit on his ancestry."

A gold meddle—a burglar in a miser's coffers—
—*Marathon Independent.*

A western man refers to his tall, angular girl as his "big bone-Naney."—*Springfield Sunday News.*

"A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind," unless the fellow is feeling in our pocket for our watch.—*Salem Sunbeam.*

Some persons are never buried in thought because they can not find soil enough to cover themselves with.—*Steubenville Herald.*

Brown loudly boasts that his heart is always in his hand. Fogg says Brown is so close-fisted that he is in no danger of ever losing it.—*Boston Transcript.*

Smithville would be an appropriate spot for the Smith family reunion; in the grove just back of the "Smith Manufacturing Company."—*New Haven Register.*

The season has arrived when the orator, who does not know a side-hill plow from a potato bug, will deliver beautiful discourses on agriculture on the fair grounds.—*Whitchell Times.*

When you are telling a friend a joke poke him in the ribs. He'll be more interested in the yarn, and can put a mustard plaster on the sore spot when he goes home.—*Keokuk Gate City.*

"Small bonnets are shown in felt," says a fashion exchange. Yes, and they are also shown and felt. The impression they make on the old man's pocket-book is most decidedly felt.—*Rochester Express.*

Our Telephone.

GRIP.—Hello, Blake!
 B.—Hello!
 GRIP.—
 B.—I don't care. I didn't feel like replying to any more addresses, anyhow.
 GRIP.—
 B.—Well, yes; it might have looked better, that's a fact.
 GRIP.—
 B.—O, pshaw! that doesn't mean anything. He had that all fixed up before he left England. Nothing but a piece of mere tactics, I assure you.
 GRIP.—
 B.—What's that?
 GRIP.—
 B.—Jealous of John A.? Not a bit, upon my word I ain't!
 GRIP.—
 B.—That's all. So long.

GRIP.—Hello, Mowat!
 M.—Hello!
 GRIP.—?
 M.—I can't assist you—um—um—I'm afraid. Never wrote a poem in my life.
 GRIP.—
 M.—Oh, I beg your pardon. Er—er do I understand you to say Judicature Act?
 GRIP.—
 M.—Ah, I see, well, you've got the facts correctly. Give it to the lawyers—um—um—pretty strong. Can't be too hard on 'em.
 GRIP.—
 M.—Quotation? lines to wind up with? Ah, now I think I get your idea. I'll consider it.
 GRIP.—!
 M.—What's that. Did you say you wanted it tolerably soon?
 GRIP.—
 M.—Yes, well, here it is, as nearly as I can recollect:
 "This rock shall fly
 From its firm base as soon as I!"

GRIP.—Hello, Frankland!
 F.—Hello yourself!
 GRIP.—
 F.—Yes, that's me, Manager Street Railway—correct.
 GRIP.—
 F.—Paying first rate. Best thing I've done since I got here.
 GRIP.—
 F.—Oh, I don't know, about fifty trips a day each way I should think and an average of half a dozen passengers each trip.
 GRIP.—
 F.—No, there's no particular reason why we shouldn't accommodate the public. What's the matter?
 GRIP.—
 F.—Double track on Church street? Oh, give us a respite from labour! Out of the question, my dear Sir!
 GRIP.—
 F.—Well, let them walk then. It'll give 'em a good appetite for their suppers!
 GRIP.—
 F.—Steam cabs? No, I didn't hear about it. Joke, isn't it?
 GRIP.—!
 F.—Honest Injun? Well, look here, hello!
 GRIP.—
 F.—I'll see that more accommodation is provided on the Church street line at noon and six o'clock, and I'll do my best to get rid of the switch nuisance.
 GRIP.—
 F.—Thanks, you make me blush. *Au revoir.*

GRIP.—Hello, John Bright!
 B.—Hello!
 GRIP.—
 B.—It's a humbug, sir; a palpable humbug.



POSITIVELY HIS LAST APPEARANCE.

OUR ED.—Now then, if any of you chaps would like to take the Championship, you've only got to say the word, but hurry up, 'cause you see my business demands my attention.

GRIP.—
 B.—Influence the elections? No, decidedly not.
 GRIP.—
 B.—Not the slightest objection in the world. You can say that I am as sound as ever on the free trade question, and that Protection or Fair Trade or Thimble Rigging or whatever else you like to call it has no more chance of winning here than—than—
 GRIP.—
 B.—Yes! than I have of becoming Archbishop of Canterbury.
 GRIP.—
 B.—Oh, yes, but you must bear in mind that there is a difference between the people of England and Canada.
 GRIP.—
 B.—No bears near Toronto this fall, did you say? Hav'nt you had any bush fires then? Sutherland must have been cramming me.
 GRIP.—
 B.—Yes I believe there was a gentleman of that name stopping at a London hotel lately. I saw him at several dinner parties.
 GRIP.—
 B.—Does he though, and do they take the joke seriously? Started the Fair Trade cry! Well that's the richest I've heard yet. Is that all?
 GRIP.—
 B.—Good bye.

GRIP.—Hello, Conkling!
 C.—Hello!
 GRIP.—
 C.—I havn't quite made up my mind yet, but I think I can work him if I try.
 GRIP.—
 C.—Treason to the Republic? Well, that's a matter of opinion, you know.
 GRIP.—
 C.—Compared with politics it don't pan out much. I've tried it two months, and I think now I'll drop it.
 GRIP.—

C.—Oh, come; not quite so bad as robbery; simply putting the public funds where they'll do the most good. To the victors belong, clectra, you know.

GRIP.—
 C.—That's rather strong language to an ex-Senator. Call me up again after a while. Here's Kelly and Cameron and I've an appointment with them to put up a certain little racket. Adieu.

GRIP.—Hello, Bunting!
 B.—Hello.
 GRIP.—
 B.—Gave myself away? How?
 GRIP.—
 B.—Be hanged with *Infra Dig.* I don't know the fellow; who is he?
 GRIP.—
 B.—Well, if you put it that way, perhaps it was a little too windy. I told Griffy to make it short and to the point, but he stopped over.
 GRIP.—
 B.—Pshaw, that's nothing, a mere flea-bite, my dear fellow.
 GRIP.—
 B.—Well then, all I've got to say is that editors don't know how to make money. Besides, I'm not an *Editor*.
 GRIP.—
 B.—Is there anybody there with you who might overhear?
 GRIP.—
 B.—Well, then, I don't mind telling you that the *Mail's* present *bona fide* circulation is exactly—
 GRIP.—Hang that Central Office; they've switched him off!

A meeting of representatives of the Smith family was recently held in Pittsburg to devise means to get hold of six hundred thousand dollars said to be waiting for them in England. Should they succeed in securing this sum, it is estimated that each representative would be nearly one cent richer.—*Norristown Herald.*



THE RECEPTION AT QUEBEC.

JOHN A.—Gentlemen, my physician has ordered me to be careful of my stomach!

A Moral Tale of the Nineteenth Century.

NOT BY THE AUTHOR OF THE IMMORAL "ROMANCE OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY."

It was a mistake. The Colonel did not "shoot him dead." Just like those sensational telegrams! But poor Mr. Vernon was badly wounded by the assassin's bullet. However, not being President of the Union, he received cool and prompt surgical treatment, the ball was extracted, and under Cynthia's careful nursing he began to recover. This is how it all came about, and the readers of Mr. Malloch's book will do us the justice to remember, subject to a few corrections necessary to vindicate Miss Cynthia's good name, which, in the said book, has been unjustly expressed by the author of the "New Republic."

Vernon was much better. He was allowed to leave his bed for the first time since the accident at the Duchess' ball—the other ball, that of Colonel Stapleton's pistol, had been got rid of. Through the open doors came the perfume of his garden, where, through the waving palms, are camelia trees ablaze with scarlet blossoms, he looked down on the blue waves and purple rocks of the Mediterranean coast. Beside him on a table of *lapis lazuli* that had once held a place in Nero's Golden House at Rome, stood a bottle of priceless Burgundy. Beside him knelt Cynthia, simply dressed in a loose morning robe of white muslin, with a single rosebud at her neck; her hair, as bright as the asphodel's heart of gold, was rippled over her forehead in a Saratoga wave—her eyes, dark and soft as the darkest and softest purple, were fixed on Vernon.

"You are a goose," she said at last, "all the trouble arose from your unreasonable prejudice against Jack Stapleton. I'm sure I don't know why, except that you saw him to be fat and thought him to be fast."

"I don't know about his being fast, I have no objection to profligates, but I draw a line against prigs."

"Prigs are as bad as pigs any day," and a laughing light shone into the violet eye, "con-

fess you were a prig to talk as you did in Mr. Malloch's book. Such a mixture of profaneness, poetry, paradox, religion most ingenuously spiced with the sophisms of society; and immoral platitudes in tricks of literary style put forward to catch an air of originality! But the worst of it all, was the way he misrepresents poor me!"

"Explain yourself, dear one, you know all memory of the past has left me in the fever caused by your fat friend's bullet."

"You met me in the society of your friends. Duchesses and great ladies of the elite of society, they were pleased to make much of me, my manner was as perfect as my dresses from Worth; my aunt, Lady Waters, had a villa next your own. We met, not only in society, but at all sorts of delightfully irregular times and places; we exchange confidences, we become interested in each other, you said you loved me."

"With a love that has outlived memory," he said, as he looked into the violet eyes that met his own with their look of intense unhesitating love, eyes that could caress as well nearly as the lips.

"Well! Mr. Malloch makes me tell you that I have done all sorts of bad things without being found out, that I had stolen spoons, and that my aunt was near being obliged to have me sent to the Mercer Reformatory! It is all nonsense; all a lie made out of white cloth by that hound Mrs. Crane because you would not flirt with her all she wanted."

"Yet Mr. Malloch's book makes me say, I loved you just as much in spite of all the wickedness you confessed, and in spite of you confessing that you liked the wickedness still."

"No, you could not have loved such a woman without being untrue to all that is best in yourself, your honor, your delicacy, your manliness. No good man could love such a woman without degradation. And I, had I been such as Mr. Malloch describes me, could I have kept the delicacy and pride of character, the grace and manner which he allows me? No! believe me, to be as wicked, and to retain the charm which belongs only to innocence, is impossible. My

only wickedness was when a school girl, when my appetite for mischief was as great as for forbidden candies, and when the Superintendent the day I left said there was not a rule of the school which I had not broken, poor man! he only knew the half of my misdemeanors. But I never, never stole the spoons, or was threatened by my aunt with the 'Mercer.'

"You say well, Cynthia; the white garments of honorable love cannot be dipped in a cess-pool, and be washed clean! Such books, with their misrepresentation of you and me, are as false in act as in morals. Vicious people may be attractive in their way, but they do not even counterfeit, much less feel the delicate charm of innocence. But in the world-circulated pages of Garr, this error shall be redressed, and you and I shown in our true colors, two young people very much in love with themselves, and with each other, and who only wait for the arrival of Father Stanley with the marriage license to carry out that primary equation in Love's Algebra, whereby Two become One."

She kissed him, not only with the eyes, which, etc., etc., but also with the organs more usually employed for that purpose. They were married by Vernon's friend Stanley, Colonel Stapleton acting as Vernon's best man. The Colonel narrowly escaped being fined under the Blake Act for carrying a loaded revolver.

C. P. M.

Very Like John A.

I have a little gaffer
Of a boy, scarce three years old,
Who makes some very happy hits,
Worth twice their weight in gold;
Quite lately, with an earnest air,
He came with face serene,
And, holding up two fair white palms,
Said, like a singer of sweet psalms:
"See, pa! these hands are clean!"

On which his mother (Liberal N. P.)
Said in her grandest way,
"There's Innocence personified,
How very like John A.!"

When the devil is at your elbow is a very good time to be "out at the elbow."—*Yonkers Gazette.*

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