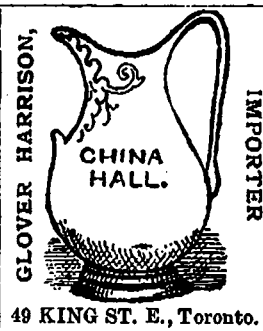
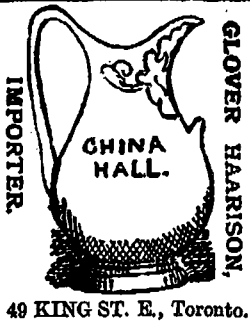


# THE MONSTER WHALE AT THE ZOO

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VOLUME XXI.  
No. 11.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, AUG. 25, 1883.

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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.

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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.**—Sir Francis Hincks, as  
the sole surviving arbitrator on the Boundary  
question, is, of course, a valuable witness.  
His evidence supports the contention of Mr.  
Mowat, and consequently, is far from being  
satisfactory to the advocates of Manitoba's al-  
leged claim. It follows, as a natural sequence,  
that Sir Francis is now getting his share of  
complimentary attention from the *Mail* and  
other newspapers that take the Manitoba side  
of this much vexed question.

**FIRST PAGE.**—Sir John Macdonald's clever-  
ness and ingenuity in dealing with the O'Dono-  
hue and Orange factions calls to mind the story  
once illustrated by Cruickshank's pencil of the  
equally clever lawyer who settled the oyster  
dispute by eating the oyster and handing the  
shells to the disputants. Sir John has swal-  
lowed the vote of the Orange and Catholic  
parties, and presumably his appetite is ap-  
peased.

**EIGHTH PAGE.**—M. Mousseau seems to be  
rather slow in getting to the polls. The people  
of Quebec are anxiously awaiting the announce-  
ment of the elections, deeming it anomalous  
that the Premier of the Province should be  
without a seat in the House. The writs were  
issued several weeks ago, but as yet the date  
of the contest has not been fixed.

Pantaloon will be worn longer in this  
month than in June—one day longer.

The New Jersey law prohibiting the sale of  
tobacco to boys under sixteen years of age is  
not a grand success. The small boy hires his  
big brother to buy the tobacco, and then goes  
halves with him on the tobacco.

The women's club of Pittsburgh listened to  
an "exhaustive paper on coal," read by one of  
its members. Reporters were not admitted, so  
that it cannot be stated whether in the opinion  
of the club, coal should be brought up by the  
husband with the kindling or separately.



The only thing that will successfully check  
a garrulous, scolding woman—not a *rara avis*  
by any means—is a toothache that compels  
her to hold her jaw.

Exchanges from Montreal report several  
"faith cures" amongst pilgrims returning  
from St. Anno de Beaupre, but I have not seen  
it stated what the patients were cured of: I  
should imagine that it would most probably be  
their faith.

The *Hamilton Times* says that Burlington  
Beach, illuminated by electric light, looks  
like a poet's dream. I am a poet myself, and  
very fond of cucumbers, which are just now  
very plentiful, and last night I indulged  
heartily in them at supper, and the dream I  
afterwards invested in was something so  
weirdly phantasmagorical, that I sincerely  
hope the Beach never looks like it.

How names do get twisted about in the  
course of time, to be sure: Sevenoaks becomes  
Snooks; De Moulin, Mullin; Bugg, Norfolk  
Howard, and so forth; and even in Toronto  
there are some that have altered during the  
past few years: for one family whose patron-  
ymic has been slightly altered, I think I could  
suggest a suitable and classical motto, viz.:  
pollon onomatopoeia morphe mia; for there are  
other changes rung on the good old name of  
Murphy, besides "spud," "praty," and  
"potato."

I observe that Courtney asserts that he was  
struck by some miscreant with a sand club,  
and that he has suffered very severely from  
the effects. This is an outrage that should  
not be allowed to pass by without some en-  
deavor: being made to discover the miscreant  
who would strike the great blower and not  
kill him. The mere fact that the villain  
belted this eccentric oarsman is a matter of no  
moment, but society should rear up and insist  
on having the perpetrator of the assault  
lynched for not completing his work.

It is with far more of sorrow than anger  
that I have to announce that the first thing  
the editor of this paper did, on entering his  
sanctum on his return from the Press Excur-  
sion, was to commence a detailed description  
of a gigantic perch, several miles in length,  
according to his story, which he had caught  
while away. It does not seem to make any  
difference how truthful a young man may be  
as a general thing; once let him land a two  
penny-weight minnow and his veracity be-  
comes one of the things that used to be.

There is some chance that the sea near  
Deios will yield up a colossal bronze horse.  
Some fishermen from Egina were diving for  
sponges near the former island when they  
found an ancient bronze horse from which they  
wrenched off a foot, and archaeologists hope to  
recover the entire statue.—*Etc.* It would be  
far more in accordance with the "eternal  
fitness of things" if a wooden horse had been  
found near this Island, I think. Say a Deal  
'oss for example. If such were found it might  
be the Same 'oss that was used at the siege of  
Troy, though 'tis doubtful.

My breath was nearly taken away a few  
days ago by the apparition, on one of the pub-  
lic streets, of one of those animals which I was  
under the impression had gone to join the

Dodo, and become extinct, namely, a Page.  
Yea, a veritable foot page, buttons and all.  
In my earlier days my eyes have often been  
regaled by seeing these animals; they were  
common some twenty or thirty years ago,—  
and may be so still in England—but I have  
only seen one in Canada, and him I beheld in  
Toronto. I was so struck by his absurd ap-  
pearance that I penned some beautiful poetry  
about him, which will be found in another  
column of this issue.

"Ugh!" grunted Biggster at the dinner  
table, "this pudding isn't fit for a hog to eat."  
The boarding mistress, who overheard the re-  
mark, smiled sweetly as she said, "Then I  
wouldn't eat it, Mr. Biggster."—*Boston Trans-*  
*cript.*

This extremely facetious paragraph has been  
copied into about a million papers: the idea,  
evidently, is that Biggster gets a smart slap  
from the hash-house deity, but one moment's  
examination of the *moreau* will show that  
such is not the case: the lady, certainly, puts  
herself down as a hog, and only comes off sec-  
ond best. There, I've wasted too much time,  
already, on this matter, but just see if I'm  
not right.

The London, Ont., journals last week fairly  
revelled in detailed descriptions of all manner  
of diseases, as described by grateful patrons of  
two physicians with alliterative initials, whom  
it is the proper caper amongst our Canadian  
medicos to ignore. It is of the utmost im-  
portance that the public should know that  
Linda G., as related in the literature referred  
to, feels better, and that Mr. G. A., aged 33,  
of Port Hope, got rid of a tape worm in three  
hours, and it is a relief for a reader of these  
able publications to turn from a rampant edi-  
torial upon Copperhead organs and Hardys  
and Pardees and Lardees and Dardies, and  
Frazers and Blazers, to the grateful expres-  
sions of K. G. of Belleville, who returns  
thanks for her recovery from a pain in her  
little toe. It is indeed.

The Ontario and Quebec railway has proved  
a perfect godsend to some of the residents of  
Yorkville North, who found time hanging very  
heavily on their hands before the road passed  
through that neighborhood. Those gentlemen  
can now spend the whole day watching the  
men at work on the track and giving advice  
to the foremen about matters they don't know  
the first thing about themselves. Yes, the  
idle gentlemen, retired hod-carriers and so  
forth, of the extreme north of Toronto are  
now happy, thanks to the O. & Q. R.R., for  
what is pleasanter to a retired laborer than to  
see others sweating away in the sun and know  
that he isn't obliged to work himself, as long  
as the neighbors will pay him a good price for  
the product of his vegetable garden.

Montreal policemen,—wonderful phenom-  
en—go to sleep on their beats, and one was  
discovered a few nights ago on a citizen's door-  
step, fast "in the arms o' Porpus," as Mr.  
Winkle's sedan chair-bearer says. The citizen  
referred to writes to say that he was aroused  
from his own slumbers on the night in ques-  
tion, by a manly voice carolling with exquisite  
taste and feeling the words

"Oh! Paradis, oh! Paradis,  
It's weary waiting here,"

and, shortly afterwards, resonant snores broke  
on the atmosphere of the stilly night, and,  
upon descending and opening his front door,  
he beheld the guardian of the night fast  
bound in slumber's chains. A motion passed  
at the Chief Constables' Convention, which  
took place this week in this city, and which I  
have reported in another column of this paper,  
has reference to this practice of open air som-  
nolency.

It was told me, on excellent authority, a few days ago, that a certain young man, whose name figured in that receptacle for some of the most nauseating trash ever penned, viz: the "Our Bachelor's" department of a local paper, was rampaging round breathing out threatenings and slaughter against the writer of the alleged sketch of himself. The strangest part of the affair is, however, that he, the bachelor, was overheard, a few days previously, beseeching a reporter of the paper alluded to, almost with tears in his eyes, to mention him as one of "Our Bachelors." If these bachelors had any respect for themselves they would very soon put a stop to this practice of holding them up as laughing-stocks for the few sensible people who occasionally peruse the dismal rot contained in the paper previously referred to.

"I hear that the Queen intends to alter the plan of letting her younger sons live at the palace when they are in town, as it leads to confusion and expense. As a preliminary her majesty has issued an order that any royalties residing there for more than three days must bring their own servants and provide for themselves." So says *London Truth*, but does not add, what I have been privately informed is the fact, that Her Majesty has no objection to these young royalties using her frying-pan or gridiron provided she is not cooking her own imperial rasher or bloater on those utensils at the time. Every young prince, I hear, who borrows the Royal culinary furniture is expected to 'divvy' with Her Majesty, and give her at least a snack of the tripe and onions, liver and bacon, or whatever the young fellows have been cooking. The Queen, however, invariably provides her own salt and pepper, which are charged to the Government. Her Majesty is reported, though I really can't vouch for the truth of the statement, to make out the bills herself for 'hash' for any prince or princess who fails to tote his own prog along into the palace, for a stay of more than three days, and waylays these young sprigs with the documents as they try to sneak out of the back door or coal hole with the intention of beating their board bills. The Duke of Edinburgh never stays at the palace more than seventy-two hours, and gets on board his ship where his government rations are free, just as soon as his three days of gratis grub ashore are up.

The patent inside of a rural exchange gives some elaborate instructions to bathers, and winds up with the following remark: "One bath in winter, and two in the heat of summer, I would not call overdoing the thing." Now, this all depends upon what is meant; three baths a year do not seem to be excessive, though I am acquainted with individuals who would be horrified at the idea of such frequent ablutions. Possibly the writer of the article may mean the sentence quoted to apply to daily or even weekly baths, but he should be more explicit. I was strongly reminded, when I read the paragraph in question, of the two Durham pitmen who met whilst bathing in the sea at Scarborough, whether they had excursed with the annual "cheap trip" to that watering-place. "My word, Geordie," said one, regarding the grimy limbs of the other, "thou's main mucky" (Anglice: very dirty). "Ay, mon," returned the other, "A missed t'trip last year." This gentleman had consequently only indulged in one bath in two years, which was none too often.

So Courtney has once more managed to lose a race by an "unforeseen accident." Really, the Union Springs man is remarkably unfortunate, and it would seem that so unlucky a fellow ought to stay at home. Feeling in a poetical humor the other day, I pulled out the pianissimo stop of my rhyming organ, and that

remarkable machine ground out the following plaintive little ode.

## TO C. E. C.

Get thee gone, thou coward Courtney; we enough of thee have seen;  
If racus all were rowed on paper, then a champion thou hadst been.  
Thou art but a prating braggart, and for thee we have no use;  
Thou art ever to the fore with explanation and excuse.  
Back unto thy bench then, hee thee, let us hear of thee no more,  
Never talk again of scuffling, say goodbye to shell and oar;  
For our hearts are very weary of thy ceaseless blatant blow.  
E'en little blue-eyed kids are now aware thou canst not row.  
Save on paper; *there* your time is really wonderful, no doubt.  
When it comes to rowing really then thou *not* ing dost but spout.  
Braggart Charley, spouty Courtney, from our hearing get thee gone!  
For we cannot bear to hear thee challenge, funk, back out, and blow.  
Cease, ruddy Courtney, blustering railer, put thy carcass on the shelf;  
Or I'm hanged if I don't come and show you how to row myself!

There, I think that is a very able effort; I don't often drop into poetry, but when I do, furries, let me tell you. FREDIE.

## OUR BACHELORS.

TORONTO'S GAY AND ELIGIBLE YOUNG MEN.

A list of single men who don't know enough to see that every one is laughing at them.

By OUR SWIFTEY EDITOR.

MR. ROBERT PUMPKINCHUMP.

This gentleman is undoubtedly one of Toronto's most eligible bachelors and will be a great catch to the female donkey of a girl who gets him. His geniality and debonnaire manner, as displayed in the exercise of his profession, have often been the subjects of admiration, and his manner of cutting off a couple of yards of ribbon, and the choice language employed by him when recommending "our towings, sheetings, hose," and so forth, have brought many a fair one to his feet. His success among the gentle sex is well known, and he is said to be worshipped by no less than three sewing girls, five tailoresses, two dining room waitresses and a nurse maid in a highly respectable saloon keeper's family. On the whole, Mr. Pumpkinchump is quite a big enough fool to let us parade him in our Bachelor's Column.

## MR. FITZMUFF SNOOP.

This very dazzling young bachelor is employed as bar tender at Blue Devils Saloon. He is by no means an intentional lady killer though his unsought conquests have been many. He will, no doubt, prove a very desirable prize, as his wealth, as evidenced by his thirty-seven cent diamond breast pin and other massive jewellery, must be enormous. He is reported to be saving fifteen dollars a week out of a salary of seven, and it is anticipated that he will soon buy out his present employer. He is a very genial, pleasant fellow, and hails his customers with a bland smile of greeting which trespasses on the parting of his back hair. He is a most consummate ass in some things, however, or he would never permit his name to appear amongst Our Bachelors.

## CAPT. J. BOOBY.

This gallant officer who is, by profession, assistant deputy clerk to a tonsorial artist, is deservedly popular amongst the fairer portion of his acquaintances, and though not particularly brilliant, intellectually, as may be imagined when it is stated that it took him nine months to learn his left foot from his right, the desired end being obtained by forcing him to wear a boot on one foot and an overshoe on the other during the hours of drill, he is con-

sidered a very fascinating single man. He is accredited with having made the fastest time out of the battle field of Ridgeway, of anyone who took part in the remarkable feats of agility there displayed, distancing his competitors in the race by fully three times the length of his ears: in other words by about four and a half feet. His personal appearance when in full uniform, is very imposing, though not so much so as it used to be before his landlady shut down on his taking the towels and pillow cases out of his bedroom to fill out the breast of his tunic with. He is a member of the Toronto Hunt Club and occasionally manages to remain firm in the pigskin when clearing a nine inch jump. It is anticipated that, ere long, Venus will lead Mars captive in her silken chains, and if the gallant captain does not turn out to be a poor, henpecked husband, he is not the idiot we take him to be when he allows us to give a sketch of him in our Bachelor's literature.

We would continue this interesting reading matter, were it not that a deadly sensation of nausea is creeping over us. Many aspirants for fame have sent in their names accompanied by short descriptive sketches of themselves, for publication. These we shall hand to the Chief of Police with a request to him to keep his eye on the writers, as we feel that the safety of the community calls for the suppression of imbeciles who may prove dangerous and refractory.

## THE LITTLE FOOT PAGE.

Referred to in Our First Person Singular



No jewel in his cap he wore.  
No plume in page-like pride;  
No lace upon his back he bore,  
No dagger by his side.  
He never had long silken hose.  
Or wore a satin blouse,  
Nor did he ever bear a rose,  
On either of his shoes.  
In ladies' bowers he never was seen;  
He ne'er sang ballads any-how;  
His name was not Apollo, Eugene,  
Lucentio or Ascanio.

But the names which were given to pages of yore,  
And the name of the page I am speaking of here,  
As much likeness as Sukeey to Eleonore,  
Or Betty to Phyllis and Lalage;  
From such pages he was just as different as  
A page out of Butler, his *Audibros*,  
From a page out of Butler's *Analogy*.  
He was clad in a totally different way,  
In the exquisite taste of a by-gone day,  
In a tight little jacket of indigo blue,  
Whereon were three rows of bright buttons on view.  
Every button was sadly suggestive to me  
Of amphibious fashion and tenuity.  
And to make the difference greater still,  
The name of the little foot-page was—Bill!  
His duties, so far as I'm able to tell,  
Were to open the door in response to the bell;  
To fetch the books from the library; to look  
At his master's letters, and tense the cock;  
To walk near his mistress to church, and wait  
At table, and meet, I may likewise state,  
The collateral claims of the knives and plate;  
And to fill, to the family's pride and joy,  
The place of a man at the price of a boy.

I know that I longed to see his mistress to say,  
"Pitch the page to Old Harry, dear madam, I pray,  
He's a snail and pretence; if you can't keep a man,  
Get some 'near-handed Phyllis' instead, till you can.  
And boldly abandoning 'Eutows,' employ  
An 'Aunt Page instead of a 'lubberly boy'!"

Switz.

### THE CHIEF CONSTABLES' CONVENTION A PRIVATE MEETING NOT HITHERTO REPORTED.



It is not generally known that the Chief Constables, who were in the city during the earlier portion of this week attending the C. C. Convention, held a strictly private meeting to which no outsiders were admitted except a representative of GRIP, who was told that he might publish in

his paper an account of such of the proceedings as he might judge would prove interesting. He was accorded this permission because the Effendis present knew he would print whatever he chose, anyhow.

After various preliminaries and ceremonies, London's head cop stated that he would give a practical illustration of the proper method of clubbing a man. A sack of sawdust was introduced, and the gallant officer proceeded to knock it out with an immense baton. It was most exhilarating to observe the deftness and dexterity with which the blows were showered upon the unresisting bag which was yanked about with surprising ease and celerity, and the chief was finally declared the victor amidst a deafening round of applause. The bag of sawdust was ordered to be sold to the highest bidder amongst the dealers in oatmeal, bran and feed generally.

The Bashaw with Two Tails from Hamilton next produced a roll of manuscript—weight 14 lbs.—which he said he proposed to read, but being menaced with a formidable array of naked batons, his innate modesty came to the front, and he stated that he would forego his intention if the weapons were returned to their scabbards. With a dull, sickening thud every stick was driven into its leather receptacle, and the Bashaw begged to propose the following motion:

"That iron bedsteads with comfortable mattresses thereon be provided by the ratepayers of every city, and placed at intervals, each night, along the street. He was of opinion that the corporation trowsers of the men would not suffer so much if these beds were adopted, as his experience had been that sidewalks, used as couches, were very wearing upon a policeman's clothing. He thought that the ratepayers would be gainers in the end, as a suit of clothes would last twice as long if a constable had a soft place to sleep upon when on his beat."

The Commander-in-chief of the Toronto force agreed with the last speaker, but begged to make the following addition to his motion, viz:

"That each man, when about to proceed on duty be furnished with a clothes-pin to be used as an anti-snoetic, by being placed on the nose of the constables before he lay down on the bed-cots suggested by the B. w. t. from Hamilton." Citizens complained grievously of the terrible sounds emitted from the proboscis of the slumbering peelers, and the speaker was of opinion that they, the Chief Cops, should pay some little attention, at least, to the wishes of the ratepayers. He would second the original motion, together with his own amendment. Carried.

Le Capitaine des gens d'armes de Montreal next addressed the meeting. "Gentilhommes," he said, "Je ne suis pas much of a speakaire de la langue Anglaise, mais je crois zat zis arrangement ees, une chose excellente. Les

hommes, les gens d'armes de Montreal sont enfants terribles, et ils snoient en diable. J'approuve tres bien des clothes-pins et je remercie le cop chef d'Ameelton pour son suggestion. (Cheers.) J'ai besoin de savoir vat he vas doing een ze laedes swimmeeng bain a few jours ago dans la ville d'Ameelton, as reported dans les papiers de nouvelles. (Sensation.)

The gentleman from the city on Burlington Bay rose excitedly and answered his *confreere* from Montreal by saying,

"Monsieur, c'etait oon grande mistake. Je did non savvy que jettay dong le bang pour lay femmes until oon de say femmes s'e'reeca, 'Oh! it is a man.' Dong je dressay and je cooroo en blazes."

This explanation was deemed satisfactory, and the gallant officer was loudly cheered, all present joining in the chorus, "He's a jolly good fellow."

A few more unimportant motions were made and duly carried, and the Dundas chief read a paper on the police government of our larger cities. Dundas, he said, was a model of perfection in this respect. He had stood for hours during the busiest part of the day in the city over which he presided, and he was happy to state that he was seldom if ever compelled to arrest a man for disorderly conduct. He had counted in one afternoon, no less than seventeen people pass to and fro in the Main Street of the Valley city, and he was happy to say that there was no sign of riot or disturbance. "Politeia Dundaskou esti agatha," he said in conclusion, "There is but one peeler there and Fitz is his prophet." He would like to hear from the general of the forces of Bullock's Corners, who he saw, was present."

That gentleman had nothing to say, and having said it, he relapsed into silence.

The Commander-in-Chief of the Toronto bobbies then desired to know whether it was not the opinion of those present that it would be advisable to hire small boys to find clues for the detectives when engaged in "working up a case." No detective could expect to succeed in ferreting out crime unless he had a clue, and as most clues seemed to lead to nowhere he thought something should be done towards supplying those officers with good reliable articles in the shape of clues.

The Bashaw from Hamilton rose to his feet and once more drawing forth his roll of manuscript stated that he had devoted a few dozen pages to this very subject: with the permission of his brethren in arms he would read a pound or two for their enlightenment and instruction.

He was accordingly told to fire away, and GRIP's representative, seeing that he was about to avail himself of this permission, slid out of the room, just as the gallant chieftain uttered the words:

"Chapter III. Section A. Subdivision 94. Paragraph 481. Page 13,336. On Detective Work and Clues."

S.

### 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 as so great that they only could be compared to the comfort a bilious person feels while wearing a Notman Liver Pad.

Summer Primer—Why do these men Run so fast this hot weather? Is anybody Dying? No. How Red their faces are. They will Burn a blood-vessel. See, they are almost Fainting, but they will try to run. Poor fellows! Have they Escaped from Prison! No, my child. They have summer cottages out of town, and are Merely trying to catch a train.

### THE DOLEFUL DITTY

OF THE LETTER-CARRIER AND THE HELMET HAT.

A little letter-carrier wore a great big helmet hat,  
And as he went upon his route looked very much like



THAT.

The summer sun was bright and hot; his rays down fiercely pelted,  
And this energetic carrier was gradually melted.  
Each day he small and smaller grew: 'twas very sad, I wis,  
For in a few short weeks, behold! the carrier looked like



THIS.

And still he went upon his rounds, his duty bound to do,  
Though it was very evident he'd soon be out of view.  
For, small at first, each summer day appeared to make him smaller,  
And being far from tall at first, the heat made him no taller.  
And so he melted, bit by bit, the hat remained the same,  
Till on a frizzling August day his dissolution came.  
And naught was seen of this poor man upon the broiling street  
Except a great big helmet hat surmounting two large feet.



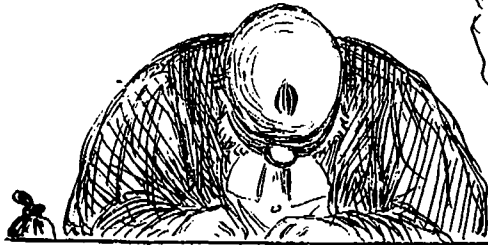
The Latin word for foot is *pes*, and here we have, eood! With P.O.D. upon the hat, two *pes* within a p.o.d. —Swiz.

One of the best stops for a hand-organ is a pewter dime.

A well-known novelist was recently asked what he did to always keep the attention of his readers. "I have read a good deal," he replied, "and I always try to avoid what annoys me in other writers."

### GET THE ORIGINAL.

Dr. Pierce's "Pellets"—the original "Little Liver Pills" (sugar-coated)—cure sick and bilious headache, sour stomach, and bilious attacks. By druggists.



PUBLIC OPINION.

You say the Western Boundary was settled. Now, sir, answer me! Are you or are you not a precious Copperhead Humbug?



J.W. Gump

THE LEARNED COUNSEL FOR NORQUAY.



Press Excursion Pencilings

By our own Excursioner.



AUGUST 6th Jolly crowd at Union Station, waiting for Press train. Editors, Proprietors and Reporters, with their wives and sisters, and other fellows' sisters. 7.17. Train arrives. All aboard. Toot! Toot! We're off. Four Pullmans filled with happiness. General editorial chat. Red Time. Insomnia. Porter makes up bundles. Everybody turns in. Somebody enough to stop the train. Who is it?

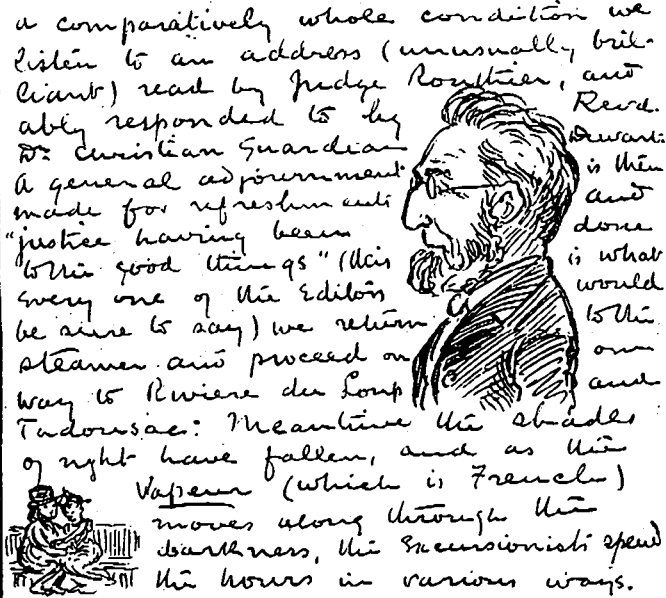
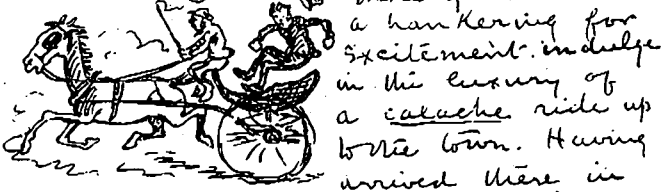
TUESDAY 7th Arrive at Montreal and remain to the Windsor. Interview the Clerk and pass in to lunch. Meeting called Ladies parlor. Typ in the address taken. Officers for Mr Farmer's Annual to order in President Chic. The evening year elected. Advocate Widd, wishes to 'make a few remarks' Meeting subsequently adjourns to Cabs, in waiting at Ladies' entrance, and in company with Montreal Press men proceed for drive around the city and up the mountain.

On the summit thereof, we are entertained at lunch when Mr. White makes a little speech of welcome. Mountain again, and good steamer "Montreal" for the ancient city. An revoir wharf. We are away - parried by many good Johnny Herald. Down the magnificent St. Lawrence, as the sun sinks in the west. Concert organized and carried out by Johnny Norris and other amateurs. Some operation of on freight in how the do it. Afloat again. Three Rivers. View of that city by night.



WEDNESDAY, 8th Up in time for breakfast, and find ourselves just entering Quebec harbor to Captain Roi, the jolly skipper of the "Montreal". Grand An revoir entree Association. La Vasseur Diorme, President- first Ad- dress, and re- sponds to the same in fitting terms. Trans-shipment of Passengers and baggage to the steamer "Union", and off to the Sagamoy, ac- Companied by the Quebec journalists and their ladies. The scenery along the shore is universally admitted to be a complete success, and a better investment for the pleasure is afforded by any in America. After Bay St Paul etc., we arrive at Malbaie, otherwise known as Murray Bay where those of us who have a hankering for excitement, indulge in the luxury of a calasche ride up to the town. Having arrived there in a comparatively whole condition we listen to an address (unusually brilliant) read by Judge Roussier, and ably responded to by Revd. Dewart. A general adjournment made for refreshments "justice having been done" (His every one of the Editors be sure to say) we return steamer and proceed on way to Riviere du Loup and Tadoussac. Meantime the shades of night have fallen, and as the Vapeur (which is French) moves along through the darkness, the excursionists spend the hours in various ways.

View of Presentation of Bienvenue at Quebec. Taken on the spot.



In the drawing room an important trial is going on - the scene presented being something like this:



Into the merits of the case we will not enter. In due time the Court adjourns, and a general movement is made in the direction of the state rooms. The President whispers to himself, "Thank Fortune, no more addresses tonight," and soon the Company is wrapped in slumber.



THURSDAY 9<sup>th</sup>. Up at break of day to find ourselves in the harbor of Chicoutimi, at the head of navigation on the Saguenay. We have done the famous river while we slept. Breakfast being over, we proceed to the town in a body where we are royally received, and Clergy, and Parish. An address is presented to our President and lunch is provided by the Maire. This being disposed of we embark on buck-boards for a drive to Grand Brule (15 miles) and off we go in this fashion:



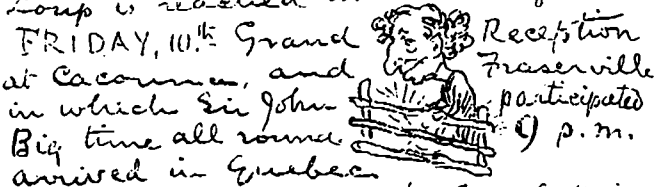
Grand Brule is reached in due time and here we are invited to partake of a dinner in the open air - which invitation we accept most cheerfully. Having spent

a pleasant hour, we lie us to our buck-boards again and start for Ha Ha Bay, where we are to rejoin our steamer.

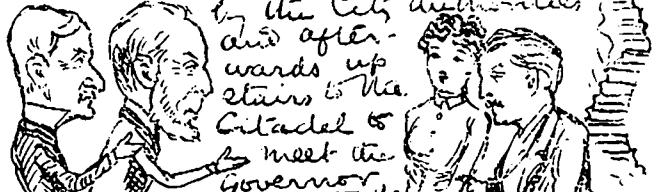
Our drive proves a triumphal progress, the habitants along the way viewing with each other in the exhibition of genuine French politeness and hospitality. On board the "Union" again at 4 o'clock, we are soon steaming down the River, and marvelling at the scenery. Reader, go and see it for yourself - it cannot be put into words or pictures. Riviere des Loups is reached at midnight.



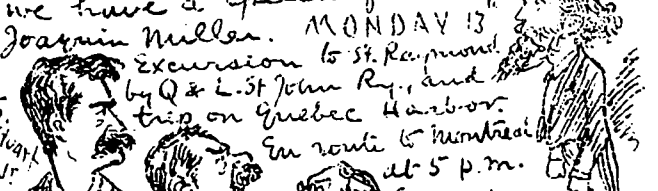
FRIDAY, 10<sup>th</sup>. Grand Reception at Cacomen, and Fraserville in which Sir John Big time all round arrived in Quebec. SATURDAY 11<sup>th</sup>. Visit to Naval University - to wonder at its great gallery of paintings, and Museum. Thence to the Terrace, to be welcomed by the City authorities and afterwards up stairs to the Citadel to meet the Governor General and his Principals - who was a good deal prettier than the above picture from the Citadel to Montmorency Falls in carriages - thence to the Albion hotel, where the day is closed with a grand banquet at which we have a speech from Joaquin Miller. MONDAY 13<sup>th</sup>. Excursion to St. Raymond by Q & L. St John Ry., and trip on Quebec Harbor. En route to Montreal at 5 p.m. Space prevents an account of the grand welcome in the Commercial Capital. For particulars see daily papers. D.V.S.



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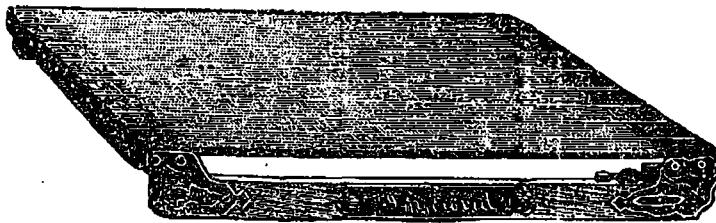
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**GRIP'S CLIPS.**

All paragraphs under this head are clipped from our exchanges; and where credit is not given, it is omitted because the parentage of the item is not known.

No matter how bad a temper one may have he should never lose it.

Lightning bugs would be a lively and suggestive name for telegraph operators.

There will be less loud dressing of the hair hereafter. Bangs are going out of fashion.

An unhappy marriage is like an electric machine—it makes one dance, but you can't let go.

"Died for want of one foot of rope," is the suggestive verdict of a lynching party out west.

They thought they heard burglars in the house last week, and in going down stairs to investigate Bibbs said to his wife:—"You go first; it's a mean man that would shoot a woman."

Young men or middle aged ones, suffering from nervous debility and kindred weaknesses should send three stamps for Part VII of World's Dispensary Dime Series of books. Address **WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.**

If the wages of sin is death, some old sinners we know of are a long time drawing their salary.

The average girl with a big hat loaded with flowers and feathers seems all head till you talk to her.

The reason that a woman never puts on the gloves in the ring is probably that it would take her too long. She would always demand a size smaller than she could wear.

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There are two sides of the liquor-drinking question, and it is best to keep the liquor on the outside.

Accomplishments are on the increase. Now-a-days children write, all men play, and most women paint.

**The GRIP-SACK.**

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"P. T. BARNUM."

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"LORD CHIEF JUSTICE COLERIDGE."

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