

GRIP

EDITED BY J. W. BERGOUGH

GRIP CO. ENG.



“NOAH CLAYPOLE” TUPPER ON THE KINCHIN LAY.

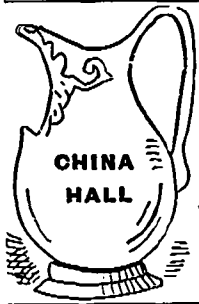
“The kinchins, my dear,” said Fagin, “is the young children that’s sent on errands by their mothers with sixpences and shillings; and the lay is just to take their money away—they’ve always got it ready in their hands—then knock ’em into the kennel and walk off very slow, as if there were nothing else the matter but a child fallen down and hurt itself. Ha! ha! ha!”—*Oliver Twist.*]

The gravest beast is the Ass.
 The gravest bird is the Owl.
 The gravest fish is the Gutter.
 The gravest man is the fool.

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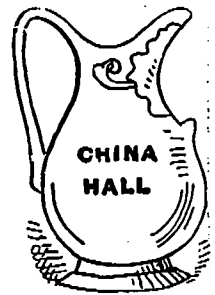
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C. E. A. LANGLOIS, *Manager of the St. Leon Water Co.*

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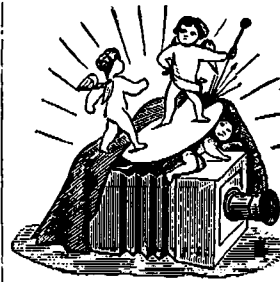
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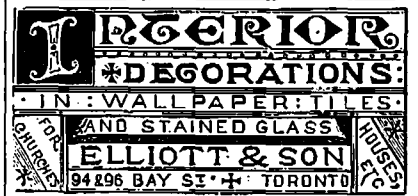
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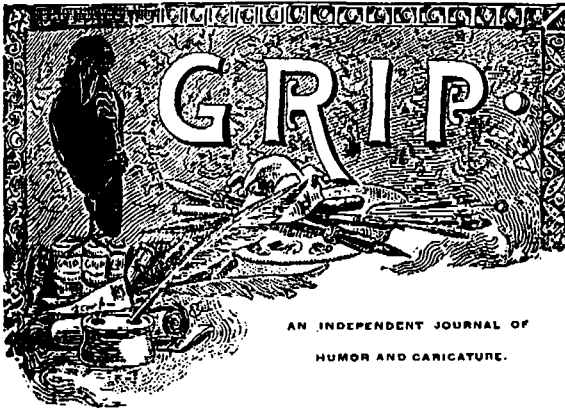
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Comments on the Cartoons.



THE FIRST SOD TURNED.—On Saturday, July 2nd, the first sod of the Red River Valley Railway was formally turned by Hon. John Norquay, Premier of Manitoba, in the presence of a large multitude and amid great enthusiasm. Speeches were made upon the occasion by several prominent Conservatives, all expressive of the determination of the people of Manitoba to free themselves at whatever cost from the railway monopoly under which they have so long suffered. Perhaps the *Montreal Gazette* is not aware of the political complexion of Mr Norquay and his friends, as we observe it continues to assert that the whole trouble in the North-west is the malicious work of Grits, the sole purpose in view being the embarrassment of the Dominion Government. If the Cabinet shares this comforting delusion, it can easily convince itself of its mistake by forcibly interfering with the

work on the new railway.

THE KINCHIN LAY.—A correspondent of the *Globe* aptly quotes the passage from *Oliver Twist* describing the "kinchin lay"—the highway robbery of little children as designed by the notorious Fagin—and applies it in connection with the duties on school books which Sir Charles Tupper has increased. Taxes upon knowledge are always evil, and should not be imposed except as a matter of absolute necessity. For this reason we earnestly deprecate, also, the increase of duties upon second-hand books, which is a feature of the revised tariff.

LEADING THE LEADERS.—The recognized heads of the political parties have as yet said nothing on the subject of Commercial Union (unless Sir John Macdonald's not very forcible expression against it in an interview may be regarded as official). This is, no doubt, fortunate for the cause, as it is extremely important that it should be kept free from "politics" until a chance has been given

for a full and fair discussion. It has, at all events, taken front rank as an issue amongst the people, and it may be laid down as certain that the direction taken by the farmers, lumbermen and fishermen of the country will be the one which the party leaders will find it most convenient to take when the time comes. Political leaders as a rule do everything but lead.

Ye Men of Manitoba.

O! LIBERTY's a glorious thing;
 Were ye beneath her sheltering wing,
 How gladly would we shout and sing
 All hail to Manitoba!

Round freedom hangs a sacred spell,
 And with her joy can only dwell,
 Then rally round and guard her well,
 Ye men of Manitoba!

Let not the babe that's yet unborn,
 Be of its dearest birthright shorn,
 Or it may live to hold in scorn
 The men of Manitoba.

For freedom ne'er by God is given
 To any people under heaven,
 Till from the tyrant's grasp 'tis riven,
 Bear witness Manitoba!

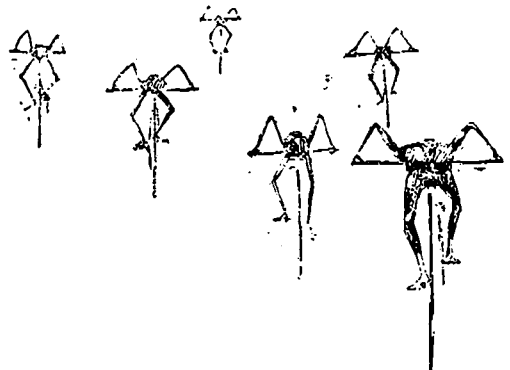
But tho' Monopoly still reigns,
 Your manhood's roused to break her chains;
 But not through blood ensanguined plains,
 Of your dear Manitoba.

Earth's tyrannies begin to cover
 Before man's spiritual power,—
 Then prize it as your sacred dower,
 Ye men of Manitoba.

And never, never, rest till ye,
 Erect in moral manhood free,
 Stand forth as God meant you to be,
 Heroes of Manitoba!

Right over Wrong shall sure prevail,
 Justice eternal, cannot fail,
 Nor Freedom from her throne to hail
 Thy heroes, Manitoba!

ALEXANDER McLACHLAN.



THE WANDERERS' CLUB.

(SKETCHED ON THE FLY BY OUR OWN IMPRESSIONIST.)

PROFESSOR (to promising pupil)—What is bigamy?
 Promising Pupil—Having two wives at the same time.
 Professor—Correct; now what is the name of the crime
 when a man has three wives? Promising Pupil—Trigo-
 nometry.—*Minneapolis Tribune.*

THE ROMAUNT OF GRISELDA.

LIST to my ballad, for 'twas made expresse,
Damsels, for you ;
Better to be (beyond all loveliness)
Loyall and true !

There lived a maiden, beautifull but poor,
Whose gentle wyles
And goodnesse lit her father's hut on ye moor,
Like sunlichte's smyles.

No moated castel hers hadde ever been,
Jewells nor golde ;
Yet cheerful she was, and busie,—thyngs, I ween,
Better four fold.

No bustel huge was it her wont to wear,
Nor Langtrie bang,
Nor hatte as tall as ye village steeple, where
Ye church bells rang.

One day a cavalier, Sir Walter Hight,
Travelled that way ;
Sith in disguise he was, no page ye knight
Hadde on that day.

Sir Walter paused before ye cottage door,
And on ye mayde did looke.
" Lady, art versed in all romantic lore ?"
" Sir, I can cooke."

The knight, in rapture and in fond surprise,
Gazed more and more.
" Fair one, a knight's true love can'st thou despise,
With golden store ?"

" I am a lord of wealth and high descente,
And much beside ;
Maiden, be mine ! yea, love, do thou consente,
And be my bride !"

Not for his castel and his broad domain,
Yielded ye maid,
But that she loved ye handsome knight—Love faine
Would be obeyed.

On ye same charger with ye knight she rode,
So passed along ;
And eke ye little birdes, as on they rode,
Burst out in songe.

And they rode on untill yrose in syghte
His castel towers ;
And ye Bishoppe wedded Griselda and ye knighte,
In happy bowers.

TRISTRAM S.

THE STRAW HAT.

NOTHING affords a better example of the innate perversity of inanimate things than a straw hat. A travelling man has been known to carry an accident policy for fifteen years, and to have then grown so disgusted at not having met with any accidents, that he threw it up, and the week after he fell over a wheelbarrow and broke his leg. The perversity of furniture in the night-time, of banana peels, and of countless other things, is too well known to require comment. But for pure, original cussedness, the straw hat beats them all.

About this time of the year the nice young man attires himself tastefully, and wearing a new and stylish straw hat with a band of blue and old gold, goes on an excursion to Hamilton with his best girl. When the boat is about a hundred yards from the dock, his straw hat, which he has neglected to fasten to his button-hole by the elastic string, blows off and floats down the bay. This causes a great deal of attention to be attracted to him, under which he blushes and feels uncomfortable. During the rest of the trip he is in a very unhappy state of mind.

When the boat at last reaches Hamilton he starts out to get a hat ; but owing to its being a holiday, he finds all the shops closed. After tramping the streets for four hours, he has to content himself with a battered christy for which he pays a Jew pawnbroker two dollars and a quarter. It is of the issue of 1881, damaged some, and faded from exposure in the Jew's shop-window. But the young man takes it and jabs it on his head savagely. It is two sizes too small for him ; but in the bitterness of his heart he doesn't mind that. He goes down to the boat, gets a two-inch rope from one of the deck hands, and lashes himself to that hat. Then he smiles grimly.

But that disreputable old hat, which he will throw in the ash-barrel when he gets home, wouldn't blow off if he stood in a cyclone.

THE Presbyterian *Review* has become so prosperous that the enlargement of its already broad pages has become a necessity. This has been effected, greatly to the delight of its friends, and now the paper is one of the very best of denominational organs. The success of the *Review* is due to careful and wide awake editorship, and a manly independence of all political parties.



INJUSTICE.

Father—Tommy, you should try and be a better Loy. You are our only child, and we expect you to be good.

Tommy—It ain't my fault that I'm your only child. It's tough on me to be good for a lot of brothers and sisters I haven't got.

SCOTTIE ON CATS.

THE WAREHOUSE,

July 2nd, 1887.

DEAR MAISTER "GRIP,"—"Man is the creature o' circumstances," but ilka circumstance has its ain creator. an' its raily humblin' ta'd a superior intelligence tae think hoo completely miscomfished he can be by circumstances ca'ed intae existance by bein's sae muckle inferior tae himsel'. . . What for instance noo is mair insignificant than a cat? an' yet, given a mune-licht nicht—the roof o' a woodshed, an' a forgatherin' o' twa-ree choice feline spearits, an' that same animal will yowl intae existance a

con-cateration o' circumstances as disastrous tae the mortals in that viceenity as want o' sleep an' onleemited profanity can weel mak it. Noo—for me to confess tae profanity wad only be tae gae masel' awa' for nae end whatever, but I winna deny that I did furnish a practical illustration o' hoo circumstances can demoraleeze even a man like me. An' nae wonder! it was a sicht tae demoraleeze ony man. Tae see ma wife when I got hame frae ma wark in a state o' temporary insanity, fleein' an'



FRESH FROM COLLEGE.

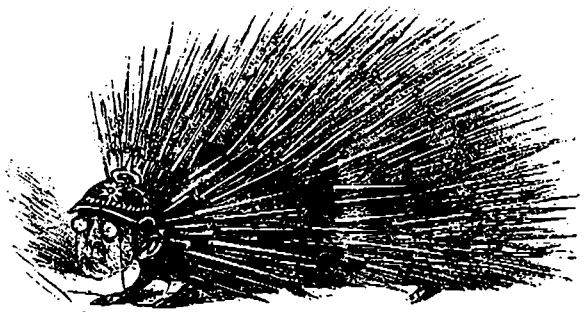
Ethel—I think Henry George is just a dear, good man.

Maud—Why, Ethel, for shame! He's a horrid Nihilist, isn't he?

Ethel—I don't care what he is. He is in favor of the "Single Tax," and I believe that is the only thing that will bring bachelors to their senses!

whurlin' roon an' roon the house like some dancin' der-
vish, flaffin' an' flappin' a bath towel at airms length
abune her head, an' only bringin' up oot o' breath at the
end o' the sixth round, by landin' me a whussle i' the e'e
wi' the corner o' the towel, an' turnin' ma een like Jere-
miah's, intill rivers o' water, an' ma head intill a fountain
o' tears. Stang wi' the pain ma first impulse was flee
an' throttle her for daurin' tae tak sic a leeberty as tae
flap a clot in ma face like that, but the look o' horror
an' astonishment depicted on her coontenance when she
saw me staurin' on the door-step haudin' a'e ee, an'
glowrin' at her oot o' the ither, convinced me that the
assault was perfectly onintentional as regarded me, at
ony rate. An' then when she caumed doon a wee, an'
dichted aff the great blobs o' sweat aff her broo, she cam
tae a bit, an' the hale thing cam oot. It was the flees.
"I'm just driven clean crazy wi' the brutes," she said,
"they're in the butter, an' the sugar, an' the milk, they
just scunner me, an' I'm sure they'll be the death o' me
yet." At that vera meenit, a man in a white linen duster
cam by, an' seein the open door he set up the most
onearthly yell ever heard outside Bedlam. "Gudesake!"
says I, "Anither loonatick?" but I fand that he was
like the bagpipes, he soounded better a wee bittie aff.
Sae when he got doon the street a bit, I could hear what
he was sayin'. He was sellin' "Floie paper—two for
five! catch 'em all alive. Floie paper! foine floie paper!"
"Its flee paper he means," said Mistress Airlie, wi' a look
there was nae mistakin'—an' takin' the hint, I set oot after
the man an' strak a bargain wi' him, gettin' sax sheets o'
flee paper for ma quarter. Hame I cam, on murderous
thochts intent; an' after gettin' ma supper that nicht, we
gaed through the solemn ceremony o' spreadin' oot the flee

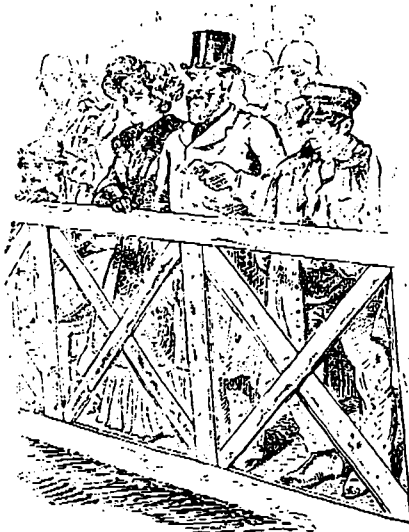
paper in sheets through the hoose, an' watchin' wi' great
delight, an' sometimes a wee thoct o' pity, the way the
wee black fiends were trappit. Sae, anticepatin' great
comfort frae the flee-paper, we retired tae oor chaumers,
remarkin' that gin Pharaoh had only haen the gumption
tae hae invested in a dollar's worth o' flee paper, the
Israelites nichtna hae gotten aff at the time they did.
But waes me! "The best laid schemes o' mice an' men
gang aft a-gee!" At the solemn oor o' midnicht—
"that oor o' nicht's black arch the key-stane"—I was
waukened oot o' ma comfortable sleep wi' the awfuest
scuffin' an' tearin' an' thuddin' noise, an' the soond
seemed tae come up frae the parlor. In an instant I was
bolt upright in ma bed—an' shakin' up ma wife, wha I
think maun be ane o' the seven sleepers. "D'ye no
hear thae burglars doon the stair there, woman? Get up
this meenit an' see what a' the steers about. Wha's that
makin' that noise doon there?" I roared doon the stove-
pipe hole. "I just gie ye fair warnin', that gin ye dinna
get oot o' there ye thievin' vagabones, I'll fire richt doon
this stovepipe hole." "What is't, Uugh?" said Mistress
Airlie, waukenin' up at last. "What is't," I yelled in a
fury, "a fine time o' day this tae be speerin' what is't
after leavin' me tae the mercy o' a parcel o' murderin'
vagabones in league nae doot wi' the police, for the
extermination o' a' decent folk frae aff the face o' the
earth. Don't stand there glowrin' in the munelicht, but
rin doon an' see what it is they want." At that meenit
there was a fearfu' crashin' o' glass, that made ma wife
jump till her feet an' grab the first steek o' claes she cud
lay hands on. "There noo!" says I. "What d'ye ca'
that? That's a bonnie like ruction tae be haudin' in a
decent man's hoose at this oor o' the nicht, canna ye
luck sharp an' see what—" but the word was taen oot
ma mou. At that meenit we heard a scuffin' soond on
the stairs an' a something that was neither beast nor
body cam dashin' an' tearin' intae the room wowin' an'
wurrin' like a' possessed. It ran in under the bed an'
wurred there a while, an' then it rowed oot an' lap up on
tap o' the bed, ma wife an' me by this time, viewin' the



FANCY PORTRAIT OF VON MOLTKE.

performance frae the tap o' the bureau, whaur we had
taen refuge frae the on-oonderstandable horror, that was
tearin' like a cyclone across the carpet. Ower and ower
it rowed an' tore an' wurr'd, raising the hair o' my head
fairly tae a stiff perpendickler; till, after raxin oot
her neck a wee, an' takin' a lang glower o' the objeck,
ma wife burstit oot intill what I considered at the time,
an' sitll consider, a most onbecomin' fit o' laughin'.
Laugh! she laughed till she laughed hersel' doon aff the
bureau, an' grabbin' the onearthly objeck, she said, "Its

the cat! the pair cat! he's been dauderin' roon on the flee paper an' his feet have stuck till't, an' he's rowed ower an' ower on a' the papers, till his fur is glued tae them—scat! ye deevil!" Ma wife disna' use language like that for ordinar', but she was tae be excused, for the exasperated animal at the meenit planted his teeth in her arm. Gettin' doon aff the bureau wi' as muckle dignity as I could muster, I lichted the gas, an' catchin' the animal, I proceeded tae peel aff the flee-paper—the ongratefu' beast kickin' an' scartin' like a fury, because I hauled oot the fur in patches along wi't. At last the circus was ower, an' thankfu' that we hadna' waukened up dead wi' oor throats cut, we got tae sleep again. At seven o'clock in the mornin' I waukened up wi' a stifed sort o' a feelin', an' clappin' ma hand tae ma moo, here was a screed o' the flee-paper as big as ma hand stickin' fast tae ma whuskers an' half-way ower ma mustache! As mad as a hatter noo, I tried tae tear aff the abomination, but the mair I tore the mair it stuck; the confoondit thing hauled oot the hair by the roots, till they bled. I was late for the warehooose, an' for a stricken oor I swore an' grat alternately. But I tuk a grim resolve in that same oor, an' after I had ma breakfast I gathered up every morsel o' flee-paper tae be seen an' burnt them, an' after a', the first salutation I got in the warehooose was, "Hello, Airlie, what have ye been sittin' on?" an' there sure enough was a hale patch o' flee-paper glued hard an' fast tae ma breeks! There's murder in ma heart when I think o't. Yours,
HUGH AIRLIE.



AT THE BASE BALL MATCH.

¶ Mrs. Jobbleson (her first visit)—Why, have they sent a new man to pitch.

Mr. Jobbleson—O, I suppose they didn't consider the other quite competent.

Mr. Scraggins (their obliging neighbor)—No, boss; dey cleared de box 'cause de Tronts has got on to Horner's drops, and is poundin' him all over de lot!

(The Jobblesons understand it now.)

A CORONER'S jury at the inquest of a man killed while walking on a double-track railroad, brought in a verdict of "accidental death; deceased being cross-eyed, was unable to tell on which track the train was coming—*The Epoch*.

"ME MISERUM."

THE Pope he sat in the Vatican,
In St. Peter's chair sat he;
And he said, "Such a fix as I've got into,
I ne'er in my life did see."
An' aye as he swiftly twirled each thumb,
He sighed to himself, "*Me miserum!*"

"Here's the Irish priests all a-crying 'Woe!
For the land is desolate;'
But the English bishops they say 'Not so,
Pay no heed to their lying prate.'
Ehew! I can but twirl each thumb,
And helplessly sigh, *Me miserum!*"

"I'll send two prelates over the sea,
And try what Italian *finesse*
Will do, to make matters more smooth for me,
And help me out of this mess.
At present I can but twirl each thumb,
And sigh to myself, *Me miserum!*"

"The Nuncio, with Norfolk's duke hobnobs
In honor of jubilee;
But, then, there's these Irish eviction jobs,
Demanding my sympathy—
How to keep both parties under my thumb
Is the bothering problem—*Me miserum!*"

"So unfortunate! just when the swerving mind
Of English society
Is turning to Rome, in fact, going it blind
With fashionable piety—
Cries Ireland, 'Oh Father, why are you dumb
Over these our wrongs?'—*Me miserum!*"

"If I say to Ireland, 'Submit to wrong,'
Parnell will the Moses be,
Who from bondage will lead them forth e'er long,
But in that case—good-bye to me,
They will say I just sat and twirled my thumb,
While poor Ireland wailed, '*Me miserum!*'"

"If I say to those who believe in me,
Who to faith and to Church are true,
'*Bon courage, ma Belle Erin!* I bless you, be free!'
Then, England, good-bye to you,
To the gold, to the lands, we had planned would come
Into Mother Church, ah! *Me miserum!*"

"*Ehew!* I have fallen on an evil day,
For the schoolmaster is abroad,
And the demon of Thought we no more can lay
In the name of the Church, or of God.
McGlynn I have bounced—but he'll make things hum
In the States, I suppose—*Me miserum!*"

"Now, which shall I keep, and which let go?
Poor Erin, or Albion rich?
Could I soft sawder both, how blest! but, no—
There remains but the question—*which?*
I dare not think. Go, bid Gounod come,
Be music my solace—*Me miserum!*"

JAY KAYELLE.

IT DID STARTLE HER.

MRS. YOUNG WIDOW—What! only three dollars for this dress suit? My poor husband once gave sixty dollars for it, and only wore it once. I thought you advertised that you would offer prices that would startle the public?

Old Clothes Dealer—Well, don't three dollars startle you?

Mrs. Y. W. (overcome by the argument)—It does indeed. Take it.

MY SWEET NANCY.

NEVER painter's fairest fancy
 Can compare with my sweet Nancy,
 For she is a perfect picture
 Of a perfect womanhood ;
 Though she is not blessed with riches,
 And must earn her bread by stitches,
 She is better than her betters,
 For her heart is pure and good.

When I sometimes watch her stitching,
 Every stitch my heart bewitching,
 I exclaim in hasty language
 At the sad mistakes of life ;
 But she laughs so quick and jolly,
 As she puts to flight my folly
 By asking if I wish to have
 A duchess for a wife.

Then I say with love that lingers
 Near the stitches by her fingers,
 That if I had Aladdin's lamp
 A duchess she should be.
 And she answers, archly smiling,
 In a manner most beguiling,
 That if she were a duchess
 She would never marry me.

So, perhaps, it may be better
 After all to wear the fetter
 Of a poverty that's honest
 Than be titled, proud, and rich ;
 For before the moon is changing
 By a mutual arranging,
 King Cupid will our threads of life
 Unite in one strong stitch.

PETER QUILL.

THE SESSION.

THE session of the House of Commons is over, and it is now the duty of the public journalist to gather up the fruits of the Parliamentary labors and present them to the people.

We observe that in some quarters the session is styled "barren." This is very unjust to the hard working members, and is particularly unkind in view of their display of generosity in refraining from their contemplated plunder of the public treasury under the form of additional indemnity.

It is perhaps true that very few new laws have been placed upon the statute books, but when we consider what might have been done in this line, we cannot feel too thankful for the dearth. Nothing but consideration for the public welfare, we are sure, prevented the Government from introducing a Bill to prohibit the reading of second-hand books. Had they introduced such a measure they could no doubt have carried it as easily as they did the almost equally hurtful item in the tariff changes imposing a high duty on the importation of such evil things. The Government might also have carried a slight amendment to the Franchise Act, making it impossible for anybody to vote against the Conservative party, but they generously refrained. These are some of the negative good things the session gave us. And now as to the positive. Look at the Iron duties—that masterly stroke of statesmanship which has done so much to assist the cause of Commercial Union, and cast an eye on the Prohibition vote, which gives promise of the early enactment of a law to abolish the traffic. Again, it will not be denied that air is a good thing—a prime necessity as well as a prime luxury of life—and didn't the session give us abundance of air, in the form of wind? It should not be forgotten, either, that the presence of the mem-

bers at Ottawa for so many weeks provided employment for a large gang of sessional clerks, who might otherwise have been forced to do nothing at their own expense. In short, when you come to look at it, the session has been far from barren, even admitting, for the sake of argument, that all the work of any value to the country could have been as well performed in half the time, and at one-twentieth of the expense, by a couple of able-bodied hired men.

THE first grand moonlight excursion to be held under the auspices of the employees of the Toronto Opera House, on Friday evening, July 15th, per palace steamer Chicora, should not be overlooked by their numerous friends. Music will be provided, and the trip will prove in every way an enjoyable one.



SWEET DUBLIN BAY.

THIS elegant, costly bouquet,
 Was thrown to Miss Flora O'Duct
 As a tribute of praise
 For the sweetness and aisle
 With which she sang "Dublin Bault."

RANDOM REMARKS.

A NEW YORK house advertises shirts made to order, and sent by mail. No doubt we will next hear of ball dresses being sent by postcard.

Counter-balanced—The dry-goods clerks leaning over to serve a customer.

We don't know whether dumb-bells are counted among burglars' tools or not, but they ought to be. They are excellent for opening the chest.

What with the never ending Water Works Investigation, the *Globe* young man's expedition up the Don, it would seem that there are strained relations between the city and the water supply,—strained relations, you see. (When we are feeling pretty well, thank you, we can turn off paragraphs like this with one hand tied behind our back.)

Leaflets green and blossoms white
 All the branches veil,
 Sprays of pink arbutus
 O'er the mosses trail ;
 Butterflies and bumble-bees
 O'er the clover sail ;

and the milkman rises at dawn, and before doing his morning milking, goes to the pump and works the handle until the water

Fills up half the pail.

* * *

The bookkeeper draws the line at the bottom of the column, and the washer-woman across the yard.

* * *

There was once a bad boy named Jas.
Who called a companion bad nas.
His playmate replied
With a kick in the sied,
And this put an end to their gas.

* * *

This is the time of year when the moths eat fur. But when you come to think of it, the moth eating fur when the thermometer is at 98, is not a bit more inconsistent than the young lady who eats ice-cream in February.

* * *

It is said that a mule can not bray if you tie a weight to his tail and hold it down. But we would sooner listen to his braying than try to prevent it that way.

* * *

On Sunday now the thirsty sinner seeks
The drug-store, and a facile smile doth play
Athwart his countenance, while thus he speaks:
"Give me, I prithee, a pineapple soda-a."

* * *

It is claimed that many people in Hamilton now omit the "h" when spelling sugar.

* * *

The only safe game of cards to bet on is solitaire. This is official.

TRISTRAM S.

TOMBSTONE TRUTHS.*

Oh, stranger, pause beside this mound of grass,
Where lies a young wife's heart forever stilled;
And read this sad inscription ere you pass,—
"She left a void that never can be filled."

A few short years she cheered her husband on,
Upon the path of fortune and renown;
And when the laurel wreath was almost won,
Relentless death came in and struck her down.

How deeply every word on that cold stone
Reveals the anguish that his heart has chilled;
The bitterness of death is in their tone,—
"She left a void that never can be filled."

Transient, indeed, is all our earthly joy,
One moment pleasures us, then flees away;
Even our happiness has some alloy,
Our gold is ever mixed with baser clay.

Philosophers are we, both small and great,
But all our sweet philosophy is vain
To stem the many ills that on us wait,
And fill our lives with bitterness and pain.

How then is life with *him*, when even we
Have woes, whom Death hath never chilled?—
Ask that cold stone, my friend, and thou shalt see—
"She left a void that never can be filled."

Alone he now must tread life's devious way,
Alone must face its miseries and pain,
Alone must bear his burden, day by day,—
For that loved form shall ne'er return again.

Why do I weep not, you would like to know,
At the sad picture I have conjured here?
Ah, stranger, let me whisper sad and low,—
"The void was filled in less than one short year!"

PERKINS MIDDLEWICK.

HAMILTON NOTES.

(Prepared by a native of that place.)

FOSDICK.—Our esteemed fellow-citizen, Bolingbroke Fosdick, Esq., is having his front fence painted.

ISAACSTEIN.—Miss Rachel Isaacstein, of York Street, Toronto, is a guest this week of Miss Rebecca Abrahams, on King Street. The two ladies are great friends, and rumour whispers that Miss Abrahams' brother Israel will shortly lead Miss Isaacstein to the altar.

JUGGS.—A hen belonging to Mrs. J. Hawthorne Juggs recently laid an egg containing two yolks. So much for Hamilton enterprise.

MUSICAL.—The Lohengrin Club have begun rehearsals on the new opera, "*Pinafore*." It is said by *connoisseurs* that in this opera Wagner has surpassed himself.

SOCKS.—Buckingham Socks, Esq., of Socks, Thunderby & Hustler, James Street, has recently had his magnificent residence connected with the store by telephone. Many of the *élite* of Hamilton were invited on Tuesday by Mr. Socks, to witness the workings of this marvellous instrument, which has been but lately invented, and is enough to convince one that we live in a wonderful age. Hamilton has reason to be proud of the wealth and enterprise of her merchant princes.

LITERARY.—The new novel, "Oliver Twist," which is creating such a *furor* in Hamilton literary circles is said to be by a Mr. Thackeray, a writer who has already gained some reputation in the United States.

HOOLIGAN.—Miss Mamie Hooligan and her talented and beautiful sister, Miss Birdie, sang a duet at the sociable at Rev. Muldoon Whittaker's church, Wednesday evening. Their singing was much admired, and but for the fact that the gathering broke up upon the completion of their duet, they would doubtless have received an *encore*.

DOKE.—At Mrs. Fitzmaurice Osborne's reception Monday evening, where all who have the *entree* into the most cultured circles of Hamilton were to be seen, Miss Rosie Doke, of Lorne Avenue, recited Tennyson's Jubilee Ode from memory. She afterwards rendered "Curfew Shall Not Ring To-night."

BARNETT.—Mr. Barnett, our gentlemanly and efficient Public Officer, met with a serious accident while in Toronto lately. Upon his arrival in that city he was accosted by a stranger who in some occult manner had learned his name and address. This person invited him to an office near by. Mr. Barnett, whose geniality is only equalled by his shrewdness, went; and before half an hour he had lost all the money he had with him in a game of cards, the true inwardness of which still remains a mystery to him. He was obliged to walk home.

LITERARY.—The recent literary movement in this city has given the book trade a wonderful impetus. The volume most frequently called for is "The New Rules of Baseball," while "Sharper's Safe Cure Almanac for 1884" is proving an immense success.

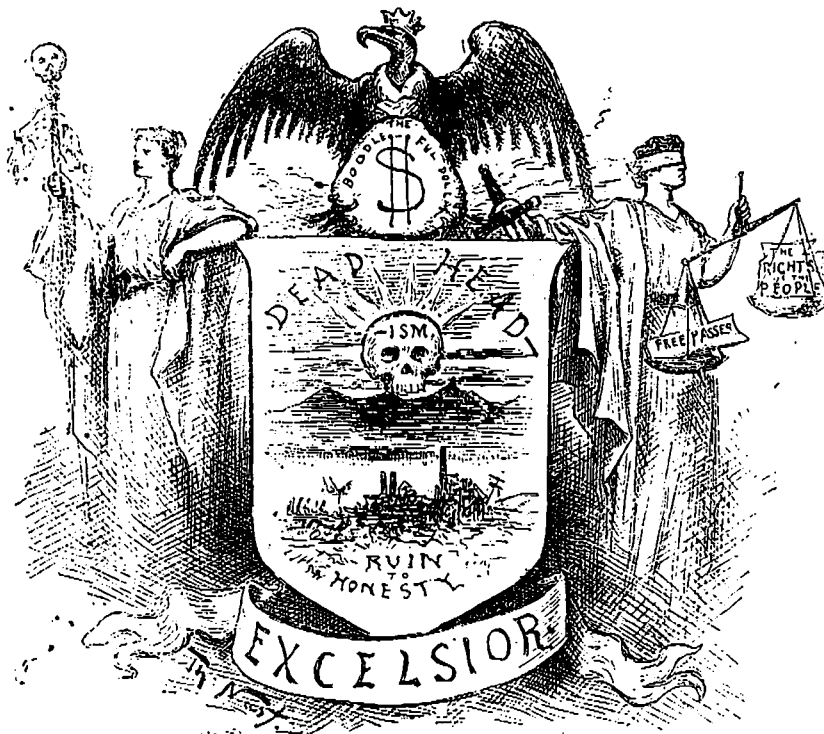
DUSENBURY.—It will be remembered that Alderman Dusenbury, while on a recent visit to Toronto, thoughtlessly blew out the gas in one of the hotels, before retiring. His countless friends will rejoice to hear that he is now out of danger.

HON. GEO. BROWN.—It was reported in the city yesterday that the Hon. George Brown, of the Toronto *Globe*, is dead. Up to the hour of our going to press the rumor was believed to be without foundation.



THE FIRST SOD TURNED.

(MANITOBA, SATURDAY, JULY 2.)



(Harper's Weekly.)

IT APPLIES IN CANADA TOO, BROTHER NAST.

NOT QUITE THE SAME.

I.

ON hunting woodcock he was bent,
And though that doesn't need much grit,
He took "two fingers" before he went,
To brace his nerves a bit.

II.

The liquor soon muddled his whirling brain,
As liquor will often do;
And the gun went off in a moment vain,
And it took two fingers, too!

A CHAPTER ON FARMING.

If I were requested to recommend a calling in life to some young man who longed for an exciting career, I would say, learn farming. Several farmers on this continent have made a very fair living at it; two or three have even become wealthy, but this was mainly accomplished by renting their farms and speculating in stocks. Others who speculated have been obliged to dispense with their farms and labor in other people's vineyards. My large experience leads me to assert that the most profitable varieties of stocks for a farmer to monkey with are corn and wheat stalks. Bulls and bears (especially bears) seldom cause these to fluctuate—if the fence is high enough. Then farming is a very exciting calling. You can get more genuine excitement out of a span of fiery steeds fastened to a plow, in stoney ground, than in any other way I know of.

My first attempt at plowing was made in a field containing stones, roots, and other native peculiarities. At first I walked confidently between the plow-handles,

until one of them struck me amidstships and stove in a rib; then the other one immediately struck back and smashed in the bulwarks on my other side. About this time I began to realize that the situation was not a safe one. I was deliberating how to escape utter annihilation when the plow struck a large stone, reared up on its front foot, one of the handles gave me a trip-hammer blow under the chin, and I sailed into the air like a balloon. It was a bad day for observations, but I went so near the stars that they appeared about a thousand times larger than they do to an ordinary observer. When I came down, in the course of time, I went right on with my plowing, heriocrally deciding to die on the battlefield rather than capitulate, but I hadn't travelled five rods until one of those fiendish handles renewed the attack by getting in a broadsider that stove in three more ribs and sent me flying north by northeast into a fence corner. The war ended right there, and when I recovered I had become an old man and presented a lopsided appearance when I walked.

By all means, young men, if it is excitement you are hankering after, hire out on a farm for one season.

If at the present moment you are the proud possessor of a farm, or have rashly decided to purchase one, I can only submit a few rules for your guidance, hoping they may be the means of preserving you from a sudden death:

1. If your horse should balk, don't put sand in his ears; tickle his nose, or sing "Rule, Britannia." Sell him to a book agent at any figure you can get. That will be doing your country a service at least.
2. Don't place too implicit confidence in any horse's hind feet.
3. In case of a runaway, sit down on the nearest stone and watch proceedings. Don't get excited.
4. Should a cow give you much trouble when milking her, procure four logging chains, hook one to each leg and fasten them separately to four posts. Then procure a milking machine, wind it up and attach it. When you have done this climb into the hayloft, so that there will be no danger from flying links. A week's treatment of this kind will suffice to tame any cow.
5. If you can't give up the idea of farming, hire a man to run it for you; remove to the city and keep boarders. Nature will then gradually drift you towards a competency—in the poorhouse.

SAM STUBBS.

IDYLL OF THE SEASON.

A SWELL from the town of Anrora
Met his girl from away up at Elora
Says she, "Ain't it warm?"
Says he, "Take my arm";
So they went to cool off per "Chicora."

WHITE in the service—The postmen's hats

WILL SURELY BE MAILED.

WIFE (to husband).—Mother wants to come and make us a visit, John; but I have written her that just at present, while baby is teething, it wouldn't be convenient. If I give you the letter will you think to mail it?
 Husband (with an air of perfect confidence).—Well, I should say I would!

A REALIZING SENSE.

"YOUNG MAN," said an apostle, solemnly, "do you realize, when you retire at night, that you may be called before the morning dawns?" "Yes, sir," responded the young man: "I realize it fully. I'm the father of a three weeks' old baby."

MOVING IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION.

EASTERN YOUNG MAN (to Chicago young woman).—Chicago, Miss Breezy, seems to be making rapid strides in the direction of culture and refinement, Miss Breezy.—Yes, sir; there has been a noticeable advance in that respect, although we are yet far from where we ought to be. But like the wingless little animal the poet speaks of, Mr. Waldo, we expect to get there just the same.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

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- 2 Ella Rice
- 3 The Old Log Cabin Home
- 4 The Little Ones at Home
- 5 Old Black Joe
- 6 Home, Sweet Home
- 7 See How My Grave's Kept Green
- 8 Grandfather's Clock
- 9 Where was Moses when the Light went out
- 10 Old Folks at Home—Swanee Ribber
- 11 Sweet Bye-and-Bye
- 12 Sweet Emma
- 13 You'll Remember Me
- 14 Locked in the Cradle of the Deep
- 15 Kathleen Mavourneen
- 16 I Dream I Dwell in Marble Halls
- 17 When You and I were Young, Maggie
- 18 Cottage by the Sea
- 19 We parted by the River Side
- 20 When I Saw Sweet Nellie Home
- 21 Maggie's Secret
- 22 I Cannot Call Her Mother
- 23 Take this Letter to My Mother
- 24 A Model Love-Letter—Comic
- 25 Female Stratagem—Comic
- 26 How to Kiss a Lady
- 27 Wife's Commandments—Comic
- 28 Husband's Commandments—Comic
- 29 Rules for Bunnymen
- 30 Little Old Log Cabin in the Lane
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- 34 The Minstrel Boy
- 35 The Heart Bowed Down
- 36 Take Back the Heart
- 37 The Faded Coat of Blue
- 38 Slavery Days
- 39 Der Mue Schoon on the Shteamboot Deck
- 40 Recitation
- 41 My Old Kentucky Home, Good Night!
- 42 Thou Art so Near and Yet so Far
- 43 The Sword of Bunker Hill
- 44 I'll be All Smiles To-night, Love
- 45 Listen to the Mocking Bird
- 46 Silver Threads Among the Gold
- 47 Her Bright Smile Haunts Me Still
- 48 Sunday Night, when the Parlor's Full
- 49 The Gypsy's Warning
- 50 Swimming in the Lane
- 51 'Tis But a Little Faded Flower
- 52 Touch the Harp Gently, My Pretty Louise
- 53 The Girl I Left Behind Me
- 54 Little Buttercup
- 55 His Sisters and his Cousins and his Aunts
- 56 Carry me Back to Old Virginia
- 57 Kitty Wells
- 58 Billy's Appeal to His Ma
- 59 When the Swallows Homeward Fly
- 60 The Old Man's Drunk Again
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- 62 Three Perished in the Snow
- 63 Slight Hints—Comic
- 64 Take Me Back to Home and Mother
- 65 Come Sit by My Side, Little Darling

- 66 Kiss Me, Mother, Kiss Your Darling
- 67 A Flower from Mother's Grave
- 68 The Old Log Cabin on the Hill
- 69 The Skis are Out To-day
- 70 The Babies on Our Block
- 71 The Skidmore Fancy Ball
- 72 The Halfway Door
- 73 Darling Bessie of the Lea
- 74 Old Wooden Rocker
- 75 Speak, Only Speak
- 76 Dimeing Around with Charlie
- 77 Where Art Thou Now, My Beloved?
- 78 You May Look, but You Musn't Touch
- 79 Balm of Gilead
- 80 There's Always a Seat in the Parlor for You
- 81 I've no Mother Now, I'm Weeping
- 82 Pull for the Shore
- 83 Neerer, My God, to Thee
- 84 Massa's in de Cold, Cold Ground
- 85 Say a Kind Word when You Can
- 86 Cure for Scandal—Comic
- 87 I Cannot Sing the Old Songs
- 88 I'm Lonely Since My Mother Died
- 89 Tenting on the Old Camp Ground
- 90 Glove Filtration—Comic
- 91 Filtration of the Whip—Comic
- 92 Don't You Go, Tommy, Don't Go
- 93 Willie, We Have Missed You
- 94 Over the Hills to the Poor House
- 95 Don't be Angry with Me, Mother
- 96 The Old Village School on the Green
- 97 Darling Mable Lee
- 98 Hat Filtration—Comic
- 99 Filtration of the Fan—Comic
- 100 Why Did She Leave Him
- 101 Thou Hast Learned to Love Another
- 102 You Were False, but I'll Forgive You
- 103 Old Log Cabin in the Dell
- 104 Whisper Softly, Mother's Dying
- 105 Will You Love Me When I'm Old?
- 106 Gathering Shells by the Sea Shore
- 107 By the Sad Sea Waves
- 108 Come Into the Garden, Maud
- 109 Where there's a Will there's a Way
- 110 God Bless My Boy at Sea
- 111 Annie Laurie
- 112 Sherman's March to the Sea
- 113 Come, Birdie, Come
- 114 Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep
- 115 Ever of Thee
- 116 Love Among the Roses
- 117 Der Deitcheer Gal
- 118 Old Arm Chair (as sung by Ned Barry)
- 119 The Sailor's Grave
- 120 Oh! Dem Golden Slippers
- 121 Morning by the Bright Light
- 122 Poor, but a Gentleman Still
- 123 Nobody's Darling but Mine
- 124 Put My Little Shoes Away
- 125 Darling Nellie Gray
- 126 Little Brown Jug
- 127 Ben Bolt
- 128 Good-bye Sweetheart
- 129 Sadie Ray

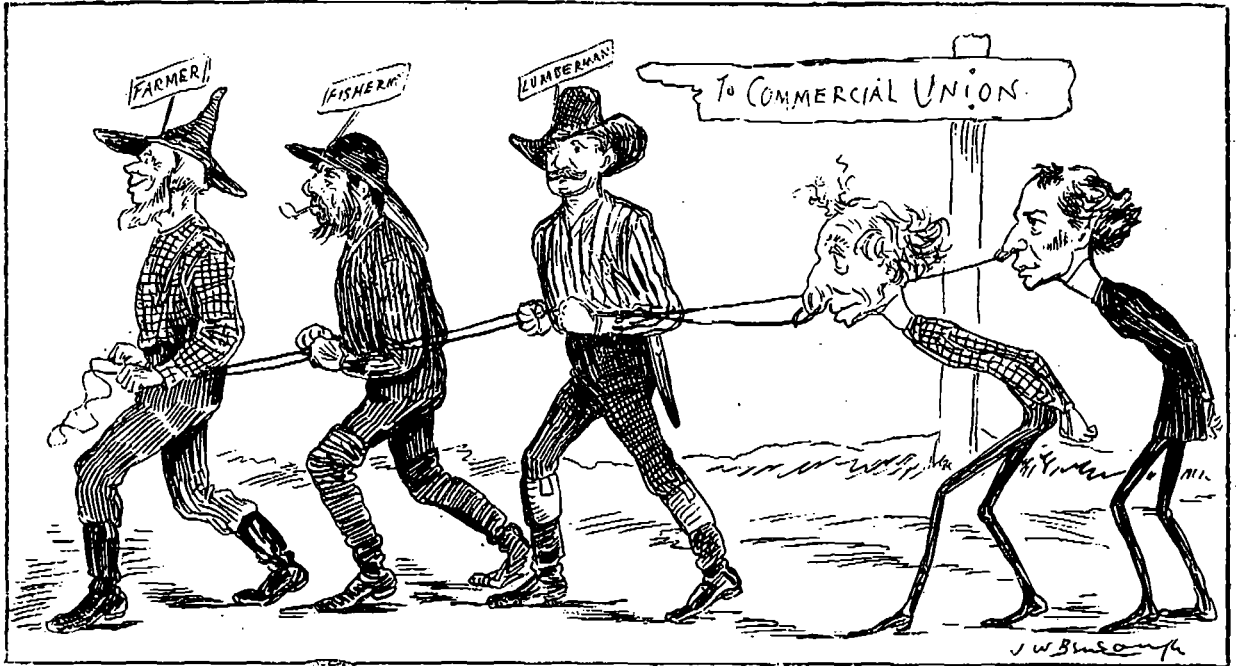
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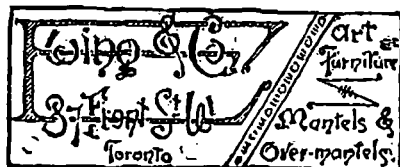
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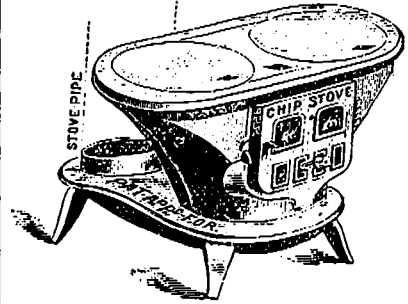
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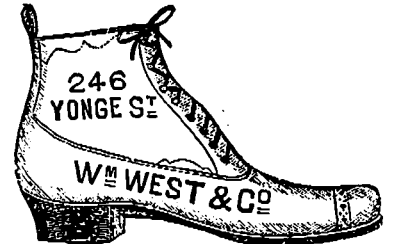
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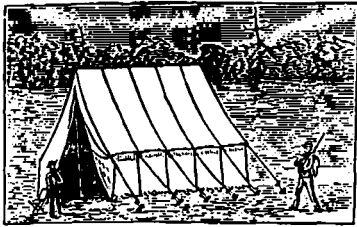
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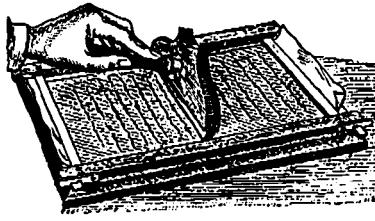
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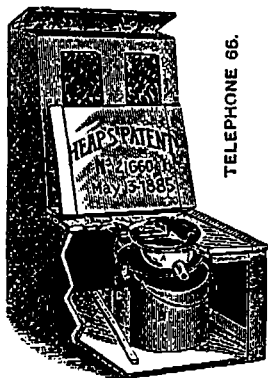
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