

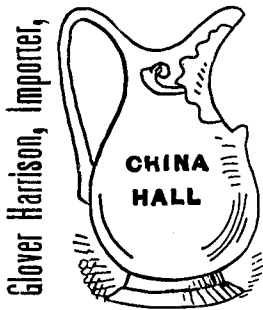
THE GRIP

EDITED BY J.W. BERGOUCH



The gravest beast is the Ass.
 The gravest bird is the Owl.
 The gravest fish is the Oyster.
 The gravest man is the fool.
 - Joe Miller

HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF;
 OR, LITTLE EDDY BLAKE SEEING A GHOST.



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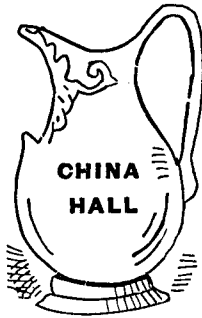
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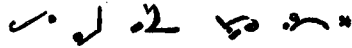


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Friday, the 2nd Day of July Next.

The Transfer Books will be closed from the 17th of June to the 1st of July, both days inclusive.

THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

of the Shareholders of the Bank will be held at the Banking House, in Toronto, on

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By order of the Board,
W. N. ANDERSON,
Toronto, May 25th, 1886. Gen'l Manager.

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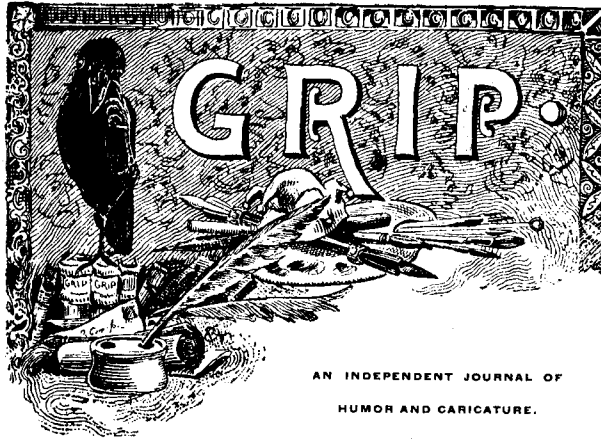
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J. W. BENGOUGH

EDITOR.

VOL. XXVI. TORONTO, JUNE 5TH, 1886. No. 22.

Remittances on account of subscriptions are acknowledged by change in the date on the printed address-label—in the issue next after our receipt of the money. The date always indicates the time up to which the subscription is paid. We cannot undertake to send receipts aside from this.

Comments on the Cartoons.



THE BULL-FIGHT.—The Parliamentary session now drawing to a close has been chiefly remarkable for its scandals. In this particular it has been more prolific than most sessions, and the scandals have been quite up to the average of flagrancy. In all cases, moreover, where investigation has been permitted, the charges brought against the Government or its supporters have been amply proved. So that these estimable gentlemen return to their houses a shade grimmer than before. The "Scandal policy" of the Opposition has been a marked success in itself—but it may be doubted whether anything will be practically gained by the opposition of burnt-corking the blackamoors. If the people of Canada were not convinced before that they are at present governed by a pack of corruptionists and political profligates, it was owing to their own moral blindness, and not to a want of proof.

TU QUOQUE.—As an offset to the terrible exposures made in the cases referred to above, the ministerialists brought a charge against Messrs. Mills and Cook, of the Opposition, alleging that the former, when Minister of the Interior, had (in 1878) remitted to Mr. Cook the sum of \$1,800, representing timber dues owing by the latter to the Department. Upon investigation, the favoritism herein alleged was substantiated, whereupon great rejoicing broke forth in the ranks of the convicted boodlers. We fail to see, however, how the wrongdoing of Messrs. Mills and Cook can palliate or excuse that of Beatty, White, Howell, Langevin, *et al.* Of course a rascal naturally feels pleasure at finding somebody else as bad as himself, but the people of this country ought not to be satisfied with the argument herein implied.

HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF.—Once more, at the risk of being denounced as a Tory hireling by the *Globe*, we take the opportunity of remarking that Mr. Blake has no policy worthy of the name. This assertion, the *Globe* says, is one that the people are sick of hearing. Perhaps so, but it is the pitiable truth of it that nauseates them. If he has a policy beyond the list of negations—that he will *not* grab timber limits, that he will *not* dicker in railway charters—that he will *not* do the thousand and one scandalous things that John A. does—what is that policy? Has Mr. Blake ever officially placed before the people of Canada, in such shape as plain men can understand, a list of positive reforms that he will inaugurate if returned to office? Has he any radical cure to offer for the demonstrated rottenness of our system of Government? Is he for or

against the saloon? Does he declare specifically and emphatically for manhood suffrage? Is he for or against the present emigration system? Now Mr. Blake *has* ideas on these and many other questions, and no doubt he admits them to be amongst the great questions of the time. Why then, does he not set forth his ideas, and enter the campaign as if he meant business. Canada needs reform more than any country we know of, and theoretically she has a *Reform* party. But practically, where is it? We can assure Mr. Blake that in the absence of a specific declaration on these and other great issues he will "get left" at the forthcoming election, and it will be his own fault.

NOT HIS SENTIMENTS.

A HIGHLY esteemed but very angry subscriber sends last week's GRIP back to us with the leading cartoon all scored over with blue-pencil, and the margin inscribed with the *terrible* legend—"Not the sentiments of the subscriber." The "sentiments" referred to are those which GRIP supposed would animate the breast of every self-respecting Canadian, in connection with the fishery troubles—a feeling of chagrin at the attitude of the mother country in proposing (*vide* the leading London papers) to sacrifice our rights to please the American grabbers. This subscriber evidently takes no stock in Tennyson's sentiment, "Britons, hold your own!" and in all likelihood he used his little blue pencil on the laureate's late poem, and sent it back to him. We are unpleasantly surprised to find that our list included so much as one man who would protest against the assertion of Canadian self-respect in this matter, and who is apparently ready to crawl in the dust through a mistaken idea of "loyalty." The truth may be unpalatable, but it is none the less the truth—If Great Britain is correctly represented by her leading newspapers, her course on the Fishery question will give rise to a demand for Canadian Independence or Annexation to the United States.

FISHERY RHYMES.

BY GASPER ROWE.

THE Yankees may bluster and blow;
An attempt at resistance may show;
But it can't be denied
We have right on our side
And that's why we cackle and crow.

A YANKEE named Kenny, from Gloster,
Had a hook-er in Digby but lost her;
He went to buy bait;
Now pity his fate;
That smack ne'er again will see Gloster.

IT really is s(h)ad to relate
How the Yankees be-wail their tough fate;
They may cavil and "carp,"
But they'll find Canucks sharp,
And we won't let them perch-ase our bait.

THERE'S a crank politician named Frye,
Who says eel have fish or know why.
But this you can't do,
The treaty fell through;
As you make your bed, so you must lie.

A MAN jumped off a railway train and sprang into a hack.

"What hotel do you wish to go to?" asked the driver.
"I am an Irishman and have just arrived in this country, and—"

"Ah, I see, you want me take you to the polls."

(All Rights Reserved.)

John Bull.

GREAT BRITAIN, first in wealth and power,
Is by a class oppressed,
And's sitting at this very hour
On a volcano's breast :
Her wealth she has piled up in heaps,
Where mirth and music flow,
And yet close by Starvation keeps
Her Carnival of woe.

That dainty lords and ladies must
Be decked in silk attire
What beating hearts are ground to dust
Or trampled in the mire ;
And that a proud patrician class
May keep its puppet show,
Must England all become a mass
Of howling want and woe ?

Earth's surely drawing nearer hell,
All virtue's surely dead !
Where honest women have to sell
Their very soul for bread.
But lo ! a Prophet in the midst
Of all this woe appears,
He comes on time, with truths sublime,
Lives tremble while he jeers :

He's wakening up the world, I ween,
E'en honest old John Bull
Suspects that hitherto he's been
Submitting like a fool ;
For he's in earnest out and out
That pride shall be brought low ;
And in his anger ne'er a doubt
He'll end the puppet show.

Says John, " My lord, how did you get
That rich and wide domain ?
I'm sure it was not by the sweat
Of either heart or brain ;
Pray why should we bow down to thee ?
What great thing hast thou done ?
That we from toil should set thee free,
And score thee Number One :

" Say not that God ordained it so,
But of the truth take heed—
The source of Britian's want and woe
Is your inhuman greed :
The heart of poor humanity
You've ever tried to break,
And in your pride and vanity
You've trampled on her neck.

" Humbug has come to such a pass
It can't be suffered longer ;
Not mere pretence, but common sense,
You'll find is now the stronger.
With shams the world has gone to war,
And it will drive you hence,
For thou'rt found guilty at the bar
Of down right common sense.

" Your dodges and obliquities
Will have to face about ;
And all your old iniquities
Have orders for the route :
Your mittimus is written out ;
Your sentence is Depart !
Thou gangrene that is eating out
Great Britian's mighty heart."

ALEXANDER McLACHLAN.

Et tu bete, as the boy said when the trout got away with two worms.

BOBBY'S LATEST.

THE ELEVATION OF THE STAGE.

A SCENE Painter's Outfit and a Carpenter's Tool Chest were hurrying down street, when they met a Toiling Dramatist. " Out of the way," they said, haughtily, as the Toiling Dramatist bared his head and Bowed Low. " We are going down to the Lumber Yard to get a New American Play." " But," pleaded the Toiling Dramatist, " here is one I have just written. The Heroine is a Pure Young Girl——" " That settles it," they said, harshly, " it's a Domestic Production. What we want is an American Play that is Purely English, and hasn't a throb of any other Sort of Purity in the whole Five Acts, and we can Make it Ourselves. Away, Slight Manager." And trampling over his Prostrate Form they got their Lumber and Canvas, in twenty-fours sawed out a play which they filled with Circus Posters and ran every night for Two Years. Moral—The Race is not Always to the Swift, but sometimes to the Fellow who Cuts across the Course and Gets There.

MY NEIGHBOR'S GUINEA HEN.

WHEN dawn in tints of rose and gold
Day's glorious promises unfold ;
I heard the first soft bird note—Then
I hear that clattering guinea hen.

And when on incense breathing morn
Thy cheery meal is borne,
I'd be at peace with gods and men
But for that cackling guinea hen.

When I would read some book most dear,
The printed thoughts I cannot hear ;
I cannot hear the dinner gong,
But I can hear that ceaseless song.

All songs of dreamy afternoon,
With girls and birds and books in tune,
Thou drown'st in notes more harsh than sin
With thine eternal, senseless din.

And then at evening's holy hour
I cannot feel the sacred power
Of better thoughts on wings divine,
For that distracting squawk of thine.

And when I fly at last to bed
To pillow-bless my throbbing head,
Ere I can thank the silent night
I hear thee clamoring with affright.

All day, all night, all other time,
With reason none, with less of rhyme,
Thy squawk-squawk wearies me—so then
Take this—" Bang! bang !"—" squawk !"—missed again!

ROBERT J. BURDETTE.

GUIBOLLARD disappeared mysteriously, and his family supposing him dead, his son went to the morgue to find his body.

" Can you give a description of your father," asked the superintendent, " by which we can identify him ?"

" I believe," replied Guibollard, Jr., " that he was a little deaf."

THREE miles from land is the league-al distance, inside of which the Yankee fisherman cannot fish. This information is of-fi-shal or fish-offal, I don't know which, and it is just as well for them to know that they are being shad-owed by cruising detectives.



“LEVELS ALL RANKS.”

(Scene—New York, of course.)

Robert (soliloquizing).—And to think that I should live to win the love of a real live member of the American nobility!

CAPTAIN NATHAN NICKERSON.

THE following extract is from *The Gazette*, Montreal, April 26, 1886 :—

(From our own Correspondent.)

HALIFAX, N.S., April 24.—While fishing on the western banks on Thursday afternoon, the schooner *Uncle Sam*, Captain d'Entremont, of Pubnico, with a crew of twenty-one men, was found to be on fire. Immediately after the discovery volumes of flames shot up from the cabin. All hands engaged in an attempt to drown out the fire, but it rapidly increased, and as there was a keg of fifteen pounds of powder in the cabin, which was likely to blow the ship to pieces at any moment, the crew took to the dories and abandoned the vessel to its fate. They had hardly got clear when the explosion occurred, blowing out the stern of the ship and scattering portions of the deck in every direction. At sundown the men rowed four miles to the American schooner *Bertha D. Nickerson*, of Boothbay, Maine, Captain Nathan Nickerson, who refused to allow the shipwrecked men to stay on that vessel, and told them they had better seek a British fisherman. It was then dark, but the American captain was inexorable, and the *Uncle Sam's* crew then started in their dories for another fisherman lying about five miles off. She was reached at midnight, and found to be the schooner *Eldorado*, of Lahave. They were taken on board, treated kindly and brought to Halifax to-day. The *Uncle Sam* was worth \$50,000, and insured for \$2,000.

OH, Captain Nathan Nickerson
Has put to sea again
In his schooner *Bertha Nickerson*
From Boothbay down in Maine,
And to fish in British waters
His well-known course has ta'en.
'Twas a tidy ship-shape vessel
That Captain Nathan trod,
As o'er the bright green sea she bowled,
Her canvas showing ne'er a fold,

His constant quid he proudly rolled
And growled with many a nod,
“If reel live Yankees only had
The walkin' o' this sea,
We'd show them Novy Scoochy coons
Ten thousand sail like *she!*”
For Captain Nathan had his views
On National Fishery rights;
And had many a time in days of yore,
With his drastic logic o'er and o'er,
Torn the Treaties to tatters and rather more
Before the stove in the grocery store
On winter Saturday nights.
The adjectives used to express his views
Are best supplied by “blanks”;
But the wind that bloweth so fair and free
No politics knoweth on land or sea,
And bowled him along right merrily
Till he reached our Western Banks.

Golden the morning sun arose,
Filling with life the air;
Turning the sea-gull's breast to pearl,
Gilding the wave-crests as they curl—
A day of God, most fair.
And Captain Nathan rubbed his hands,
And Captain Nathan swore
A cheerful oath in his manly glee,
For of other vessels he could but see
One to windward, one to lee,
That rose and fell on the golden sea,
And he did not wish for more.
Higher and higher rose the sun
Over his busy crew;
Their boats are out, their lines unwound,
And their leads go down with a gurgling sound
Into the blue of the fishing ground,
While the hastening hours flew,
And Captain Nathan Nickerson,
As he lounged on deck at noon,
Gazed with a pardonable pride
On his dories scattered far and wide,
And guessed they'd be loaded soon.
And then he naturally turned his eyes
To where the stranger lay,
Then sprang to his feet in wild surprise,
And down for his glass he quickly flies,
For he sees a cloud of smoke arise
Black in the brilliant day.
Never a voice woke in his heart
As through his glass he looked;
And when he turned from the burning speck
He grimly said, as he spat on deck,
“Well, I guess *her* goose is cooked.”
“What! call to the men? Well, I reckon not.
With the fish just pilin' in,
And to send 'em off five miles, I guess,
To a Bluenose schooner in distress,
'Twould be a mortal sin.”
And Captain Nathan Nickerson
Watched the ever-thickening smoke
That twisted and curled, like a serpent, higher
Than the graceful topmast's tapering spire,
Till the dense cloud parted, and then the fire
Into awful life awoke.
The men in the boats have seen the glow
And signal wildly for leave to go;
But Nickerson only sneered,
“Boys! things ain't healthy over there;
She ain't your boat, so you needn't care,”—
And ere he had time to utter more
Over the sea came a booming roar,
And the schooner disappeared.
A dreadful silence fell over all,
Which the lapping waves scarce broke;
The brightness had faded out of the day,
The sky had turned to a leaden grey,
And the men looked leeward in dread dismay
At a heaving bank of smoke.
“Now, don't sit there like a pack of fools!”
The Captain bravely roared,
“You didn't sink that smack, I guess;
'Tis but one Bluenose fisher the less;
Now then, tumble up on board!”

The chilling April night crept down
 Over the waters drear,
 Drawing its shroud from sea to sky
 Till its gloom on the men's heart seemed to lie,
 And whenever they caught the skipper's eye
 The dread was increased to fear.
 When suddenly from out the gloom
 That was spreading far and near,
 That shut them in as a living tomb,
 They saw a fishing dory loom,
 And heard a British cheer.
 Another and another yet
 In from the darkness run,
 And the men who rest on their oars for breath
 Are the men who faced that fiery death
 Beneath that noonday sun.
 "Ahoy! ahoy!" the first boat hails,
 "We're the *Uncle Sam's* whole crew,
 We lost her by fire this afternoon,
 And escaped in the boats not a whit too soon;
 But we're safe, thank God, with you."
 Then Captain Nathan Nickerson
 Coughed as he cleared his throat,
 "Do you think that I from Maine have run
 Down here to pick up crews for fun,
 Like a missionary boat?
 I never heard as a Bluenose eats
 Less 'cause his boat is burned,
 I didn't start out on a charity trip,
 So you'd better just pick up them oars and skip
 Until you can strike on a Canady ship,"
 And round on his heel he turned.
 Slowly, with curses low and deep,
 They faded into the night;
 They wearily pulled as they were steered
 Till their tired and drooping hearts were cheered
 By the sight of a schooner that appeared
 Grey in the morning light.
 From the *Eldorado* of Lahave,
 A shout of welcome came,
 And the wearied men, half dead with cold,
 Are lying safe in a British hold,
 And the cruel story is widely told
 Of Nathan Nickerson's shame.

MELTON MOWBRAY.

WEATHER PROGNOSTICATIONS FOR JUNE.

ENCOURAGED by the boundless success that has crowned all the progs. of our weather prophets this spring, and hoping to be equally prosperous, I send you a cheerful and promising forecast of the weather for genial June. That generally jolly month will enter the stage of time just as May has exited, on the wings of a rapid zephyr speeding along about a hundred miles per hour. This will continue a few days, more or less, when a change for the worse will take place. Our dear old friend Zero will return and bring with him from the circumpolar regions a full line of clouds stocked with a large supply of snow suddenly covering the now verdant earth to a depth of three feet, protecting vegetation from its rude visitant old Z. The joyous jingle of the sleigh bells will tintinnabulate through our streets, snowshoes, toboggans, skates, and ice-boats will be in demand. The moth eating the overcoat will be disturbed at its meal, and the garment will be used to shield its shivering owner from the biting blast. A good deal of damage will be done to fruit in general, but strawberries, potatoes, and other such low-growers will be snugly covered by the gentle snow from the rigorous frosts, and waiting their emancipation. This will last till the solstice when the Gulf stream will assert its independence, back up the cold currents coming from the pole, melt down the icebergs in the arctic regions, and regenialize our climate, so that by Dominion Day the potato bug and the buggy will be abroad; the cow will again lead her gentle calf to grass;

so also will the ewe her lamb; the baby-carriage will again decorate the sidewalk; and the trees budding again will soon get up a show of brand-new blossoms; so that it will be a jubilaceous nineteenth birthday for Miss Canada and all her friends. AG-GRIP-PA.

BRAIN TWISTERS.

How is it that a bartender on a salary of \$12 a week can save enough in eighteen months to purchase a saloon of his own?

How is it that, when you ask your dear friend, What's-his-name, for a loan of \$5, he has "just taken every cent to the bank"? If you'd *only* come an hour, ay, half an hour sooner, he'd let you have it with pleasure.

How is it that, when you enquire of a grocer or other dealer for something he hasn't got, he is always "expecting some in every day"?

How is it that the hair of females grows so rapidly that a woman who gets out of bed—pardon, "rises"—almost bald-headed, comes down to breakfast with a head of hair like Absalom's?

How is it that the Honorable Senator Frank Smith had the nerve to ask the Police Commissioners to prothem and the Company's property, and to deprive the ratepayers of the services of the police, simply because he happens to be opposed to a secret organization?

How is it that drunkenness is a crime in a poor man and only a "weakness" or a "failing" or even a "disease" in a rich one?

A COPY of GRIP will be sent weekly for one year to the sender of the first set of correct answers—and \$3.



AT THE CLUB.

Chawley.—Who's the old gentleman you nodded to, Fwed?
 Fwed.—Which? The old chap over there? Oh, that's a father of mine.



A CANADIAN SMACK.

This fishery incident in Maine should cause no surprise. It is not the first time that Uncle Sam has seized our "Sisters."

THE CHAMBER OF HORRORS.

A MÆDIEVAL STORY TRANSLATED FROM THE DUTCH BY
TITUS A. DRUM, ESQ.

WHILST upon my travels in a foreign land I chanced one evening to come across a house of strange appearance which stood by the roadside. From its windows flashed bright lights, whilst sounds of laughter and song floated on the air. Impelled by some mysterious power I halted my steed, dismounted, and raising the lion's head rapper which hung on the door, with three heavy strokes bade the master of the house appear. At the sound of the third knock the lights disappeared and the gay sounds floated away on the breeze, and everything became gloomy and silent. I would have fled, but the same mysterious power held me to the spot. Suddenly the door opened, and I was welcomed within and bade partake of the hospitalities of the house. After having been delightfully entertained by mine host, none besides ourselves sitting at table, he informed me that he possessed a collection of wonders which he was desirous of showing me, and such as I had never before looked upon. He styled the collection his Chamber of Horrors. Nothing daunted, I stated my determination of witnessing his wonderful collection, and bade him lead me to the chamber. Passing along many corridors, we at length arrived before a ponderous door through which we passed into a dimly lighted room. Unaccustomed to such gloom, I peered around with some feeling of dread. Instantly the room was filled with a bright light equal to that of the sun, and I found myself in the presence of many strange things. Much bewildered, I turned to mine host and begged him to enlighten me as to their meaning. He graciously complied. "Beneath this cloth," he said, pointing to a napkin which covered some object, "lies a Broken Resolution. Let me first show you an Unbroken Resolution, so that you can the better judge between the two," and opening a drawer he drew forth one of the prettiest objects I had ever looked upon. It was of perfect spherical form, and threw from every point the loveliest flashes of coloured light. Its composition I know not, I could only comprehend its exceeding loveliness and choice design.

"Now let us examine the Broken Resolution," said mine host, raising the cover.

What a sight met my gaze! The rich colors, the perfect shape, its exceeding loveliness, had all gone; and in their place was a crushed and unrecognizable mass of rubbish.

"This," said mine host, lifting up some form of garment, "is a Turncoat. You will notice"—turning the inside to my view—"that it is ragged, dirty, and ill-flavored on the inner side, but the outer side is of the richest silk and satin. The wearer of this coat having sullied the outside with shameful practices until past wearing, then turned the garment, thus hiding his shameful actions, and once more appearing to the world the wearer of a clean and lovely garment. Had he lived he would have made this side as ill-flavored as the inner, but he died detested by all good people."

Turning to another object mine host said, "this is a False Report."

The Report was contained in a glass bottle, and appeared to be some putrid concoction continually in a ferment. Taking out the stopper, mine host held the bottle towards my nose, but I was fain glad to withdraw from it with all convenient speed.

Pointing to an object which lay in a glass case near, mine host said, "This is a Scandalmonger's Tongue, examine it closely."

I did so. At first sight I took it to be a lump of variegated clay, but closer examination revealed it to be a human tongue, swelled and distorted almost beyond recognition. I looked to my entertainer for some explanation. "You are mystified," he said. "That is the tongue of a woman who was a confirmed scandalmonger. For every lie told and evil report circulated she was punished with one of these ulcers; and it was not until their much accumulation, and the swelling of the tongue by reason of incessant talking, that she reluctantly relinquished her scandal dealing. Death rid her of her powers."

At this point I begged mine host to excuse me seeing more of the contents of his Chamber of Horrors. He smiled meaningly and led me from the room. After a night of rest, I bade farewell to my courteous host and went on my way.

APOSTROPHE to the boarding-house chicken—"Hens, horrible shadow, hens!"—*Boston Commercial-Bulletin*.

"JEFFERSON DAVIS," says a Chicago newspaper, "speaks elegant English." Yes, but he speaks rather too much of it.

A MAN afflicted with deafness took a prescription to a druggist, who filled it with care and in the latest style. The deaf man asked the price, when the following talk occurred:

Druggist (leaning on the counter and smiling in a won't-you-pay-up sort of a manner)—"The price is seventy-five cents."

Deaf customer—"Five cents? Here it is."

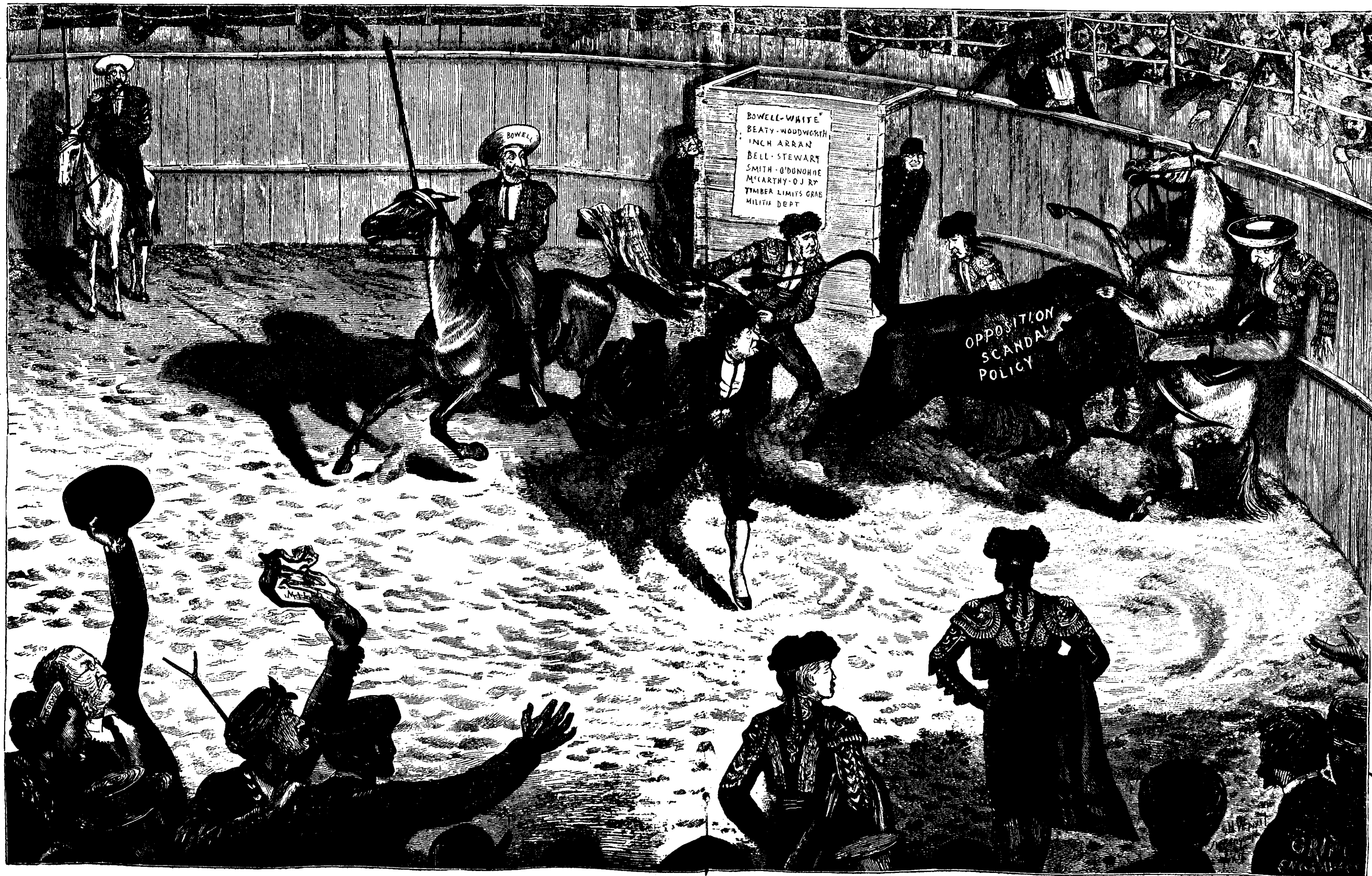
Druggist (in a louder voice)—"Seventy-five cents, please."

Deaf customer—"Well, there's your five cents."

Druggist (in a very loud voice and very firm manner)—"I said seventy-five cents."

Deaf customer (getting angry)—"Well, what more do you want? I just gave you five cents."

Druggist (sotto voice)—"Well, go to thunder with your medicine; I made three cents, anyway."



THE BULL-FIGHT AT OTTAWA.

HAVE NO TRUCK WITH SUCH.

TOM BUSBY was a wholesale clerk ;
One day a truck he wanted ;
He asked if he could borrow one
From Long & Co. ;—'twas granted,

Next day he went to Long's and said,
With face drawn with sorrow,
" When I stepped over yesterday
Your little truck to borrow,

I did not think that in a cart
On wheels the fiend was lurking ;
Your little truck's a demon imp—
The whole time we were working

It's devilish nature was evinced,
It's conduct was symbolical
Of all that's most ferocious,
Of hades quite symbolical."

Said Mr. Long, " I cannot see
At what you'd be arriving ;
Pray tell me what the deuce you mean,
And at what you would be driving.

I'd have you know our trucks are kept
In the very best repair, sir."
" I know, but yours ;" (here Thomas wept)
Was a truck you lent affair, sir."

[Mr. Long shed a tear, also, at hearing this, and two minutes afterwards Tom Busby slept the sleep that knows no waking.]

THE ESCORT AND PROTECTOR SUPPLY CO.

TO THE PUBLIC :—Another "long-felt want" has arisen. In all fashionable resorts it has become the " correct thing" for a young lady to have for escort some Eminent Person in the Highest Rank of Life. Determined that the Canadian belles shall not be behind the times, we have made arrangements by which we can supply escorts and protectors for all private or public occasions. These are a few of our leading articles. We can supply American ex-Presidents in all grades, from the young and affable to the silverhaired and paternal, at the low rate of \$10 an hour. In the aged line, if preferred, we have Senators at the same price ; when required to talk politics \$2 more an hour is charged for the extra exertion. Good looking bank-clerks, American importation, dirt cheap at \$5 per hour. SPECIAL.—We have a very choice stock of real English sons of Dukes, Lords, etc., which we offer at \$20 an hour. Our patronesses will consult their best interests by securing these desirable escorts at once, as they are numbered A 1 in the home market, and the supply is very limited and exclusive. Guaranteed to throw an endless lustre wherever they go. Retired army and sea captains in great variety from \$5 an hour, if desired in uniform, \$2 extra charged for wear and tear of same. We have a small supply of Snobs, English importation (quality somewhat superior to the dude), holding governmental positions at Ottawa, at \$6 per hour. For those desiring fatherly escorts of most benign appearance, we can supply superannuated ministers and retired judges at \$9 an hour. These are but a few of our escorts. We are in active communication with several Earls and Dukes of limited sources in the old country, and expect to have a large supply of Lords, Marquises, Viscounts, in a few days. Also a limited number of Bishops, Deans and Minor Canons.

TITUS A. DRUM, *Manager.*



A MORNING CALL.

(Scene—An humble country hotel.)

Male Guest.—I'd like to be called at four to-morrow morning ; I'm going fishing.

Female Domestic (stupidly).—Eh ?

Male Guest (deliberately).—I'm going fishing to-morrow morning and I wish to be called early—not later than four.

Female Domestic (stolidly).—Will you ring ?

" Do you believe this story told by the police that there are no gambling houses running in Chicago ?"

" Yes. Why should they run ? There's nothing for them to be afraid of."—*Chicago News.*

A METEMPSYCHOSIC PROBLEM.

To the Editor of GRIP :



IR,—The illustrated poem on the above topic in your last issue contains a profound and complicated problem—far more intricate, probably, than the muse which it "bothered" imagined. Will you allow one who has devoted his life to the elucidation of metempsychosical phenomena to throw a little light upon it ?

By the doctrine of the transmigration of souls (metempsychosis), the individual from whom the soul passes ceases to exist at the moment of transmigration. This

being hypothecated, there follow the following debateable questions :—

1. The "youth gallant" having parted with this part of his organism to the "maiden dear," does she possess two of these articles ?

2. He having ceased to exist, to whom does she belong, for, the poet says, "she says she's his ?"

3. But, *mutatis mutandis*, the same phenomena occurred in her case also; to whom then does the "youth gallant" belong?

4. It seems then that no individual existed into which the soul of the other could pass; what, therefore, became of these things?

I can only conclude that these two foolish people were beside each other, and that the poet was beside himself. Hoping my remarks are not beside the mark, I am, Sir, yours, etc.,

LUCID.

ODE TO ALICE.

OH! elephantine Alice!
 Hither thou came'st across the briny deep,
 In sorrow and a steamship, lack-a-day,
 Tearful and shackled, O thou pond'rous piece!
 Thou relict of the late lamented Jumbo—
 (Pretty massive creature, playful thing)
 Whose loss we all deplore, but none more deep
 Than Barnum's—Phineas Taxidermist Barnum, P.H.
 Thou weeping widow, dost thou come to see
 The spot where stubborn Jumbo bucked a train,
 Which did, alas! out-buck him to his death
 Until he laid himself aside the ditch,
 And murmuring "Alice" heaved a sigh and died?
 And wilt thou come and weep upon that spot
 And snort thy grief for two concessions round?
 Thou'lt do all this and muchly more I ween.
 Thou'lt see where stood the massive funeral pyre
 Whereon he was cremated, whence his bones
 Were all transhipped—not in his trunk, alas!
 To some museum, where they stand in all
 The grimness of ossiferous memorial.
 Thou'lt see the stone that tender-hearted men
 Put on the spot where playful Jumbo croaked;
 Thou'lt wind thy pert proboscis round it and

Also round those men if they be nigh.
 Ah, Alice, we have missed thee, pretty bird,
 Thou Princess Pachyderm! Mammalian Queen.
 Come then, and tramp triumphal through our land,
 Accept our buns, tobacco and esteem,
 Which we do freely offer thee, and which
 Did go to make thy husband's life as sad
 As it could be. We'll do our level best.
 Come on then, Mrs. Jumbo, hither fly,
 On elephantine wings or railway car.
 Thy Barnum pays us well for this big puff!

C. M. R.

"PA," said the infantile Bobby, "what does Mr. Barnum call his white elephant 'Sacred' for? Is it because it is a Sunday elephant?"

"No, my boy, it's because it belongs to 'the great moral show.'"



98 GAMES IN THE SERIES.

June 1, '86.

Club.	Won.	Lost.	Club.	Won.	Lost.
Syracuse.....	12	3	Hamilton.....	6	7
Toronto.....	9	6	Buffalo.....	6	9
Utica.....	8	6	Binghamton...	5	10
Rochester....	7	7	Oswego.....	5	10

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F. H. TORRINGTON, Musical Director.

The Greatest Musical Event in Canada—A Congress of Musical Notabilities—1,000

Selected Singers in one Chorus—100

Selected Musicians in one Orchestra, and a Supplementary

Chorus of 1,000 Children in

Gounod's Sacred Trilogy, "Mors et Vita."

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Mr. Albert L. King, New York.

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Mr. D. M. Babcock, Boston.

Mr. Otto Bendix (pianist), Boston.

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Frederick Archer (organist), New York.

H. Jacobsen (solo violinist), Toronto.

PRICES.—Season Tickets (4 concerts) with reserved seats on Ground Floor, \$5; in Gallery, \$6.50; Single Ticket to each Concert, with reserved seat on Ground Floor, \$1.50; in Gallery, \$2; Single Ticket, without reserved seat, \$1.

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Parties at a distance may secure reserved seats by application in writing, enclosing the necessary funds in cash, P.O. order, or bank draft to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN EARLS, 14 Adelaide Street East, Toronto, or from any of the above firms, from whom official programmes, with plan of the Hall, may also be obtained.

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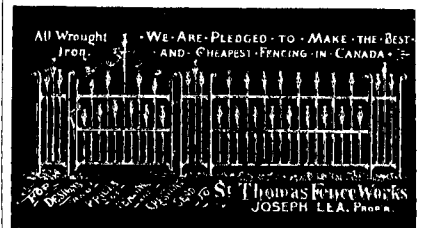
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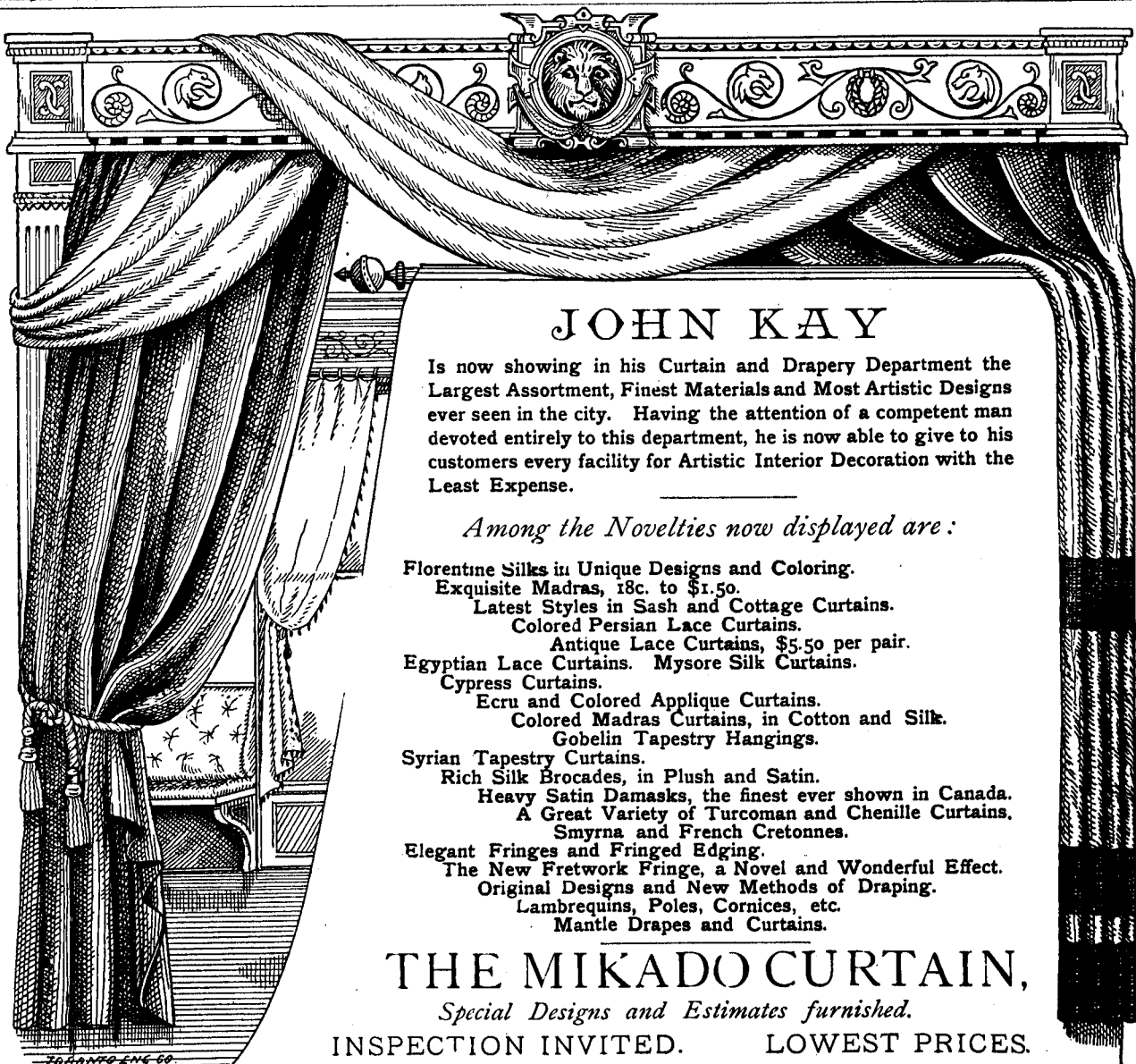
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R. W. P.—s.—WILLIAM, MY BOY, FEAR NOTHING. YOU HAVE MY APPROVAL.

(See Phipps on Irish Question, World, 27th ult.)



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LONDON, ONT.

Dominion Bank Report.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE FIFTEENTH ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

Of the Stockholders Held at the Banking House of the Institution in Toronto, Wednesday, May 26th, 1886.

The Annual General Meeting of the Dominion Bank was held at the banking house of the institution on Wednesday, May 26th, 1886.

Among those present were noticed Messrs. James Austin, G. Boyd, Walter S. Lee, James Scott, R. S. Cassels, Anson Jones, Wilmot D. Matthews, R. H. Bethune, E. Leadlay, Aaron Ross, Geo. Robinson, William Ince, E. B. Osler, J. Mason, J. K. Dingle, J. Foy, T. Walmsley, etc.

It was moved by Mr. R. S. Cassels, seconded by Mr. E. Leadlay, "That Mr. James Ince do take the chair."

Mr. Wm. Ince moved, seconded by Mr. E. B. Osler, "Resolved, That Mr. R. H. Bethune do act as secretary."

The secretary read the report of the directors to the shareholders, and submitted the annual statement of the affairs of the bank, which is as follows:

Balance of Profit and Loss account 30th April, 1885.....	\$2,129 14
Profits for the year ending April 30, 1886, after deducting charges of management, etc., and making full provisions for all bad and doubtful debts.....	201,287 14
	\$203,416 28
Dividend, five per cent., paid 1st Nov., 1885..	\$75,000 00
Dividend, five per cent., payable 1st May, 1886	75,000 00
	150,000 00
	\$53,426 28
Carried to Reserve Fund	\$40,000 00
Written off Bank Premises Account.....	10,000 00
	50,000 00
Balance of Profit and Loss carried forward.....	\$3,416 28

Owing to the extreme low rates of interest prevailing for money, not only in Canada, but also in New York and England, it is difficult to employ the funds of the bank at remunerative rates. Whilst these conditions last, it is not easy to understand why the Dominion Government continues to pay such high rates of interest for deposits. This course operates against the manufacturing and other industries of the country, as it compels the banks to charge a higher rate than it would otherwise be necessary to do.

A resolution will be proposed to the shareholders, asking them to authorize a payment of \$5,000 to a Guarantee and Pension Fund for the officers of the bank, which it is thought advisable to commence.

*JAMES AUSTIN,
President.

Messrs. Walter S. Lee and R. S. Cassels were appointed scrutineers.

The report was adopted.

Messrs. James Austin, Wm. Ince, Edward Leadlay, Wilmot D. Matthews, E. B. Osler, Jas. Scott and the Hon. Frank Smith were duly elected directors for the ensuing year.

At a subsequent meeting of the directors Mr. James Austin was elected president, and the Hon. Frank Smith vice-president, for the ensuing year.

GENERAL STATEMENT.

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid up.....	\$1,500,000 00
Reserve fund.....	\$1,020,000 00
Balance of profits carried forward.....	3,416 28
Dividends unclaimed.....	2 50
Dividend No. 30, payable 1st May.....	75,000 00
Reserved for interest and exchange.....	68,059 37
Rebate on bills discounted.....	21,276 21
	1,182,754 36
	\$2,682,754 36
Notes in circulation....	\$997,490 00
Deposits not bearing interest.....	1,023,054 61
Deposits bearing interest.....	4,862,171 72
Balance due to other banks in Great Britain.....	42,037 41
Balance due to other banks in Canada.....	150 44
	6,926,904 18
	\$9,609,658 54

	ASSETS.	
Specie.....	\$159,609 51	
Dominion Government demand notes.....	526,132 00	
Notes and cheques of other banks.....	234,765 12	
Balances due from other banks.....	603,455 28	
Government securities..	603 935 10	
Municipal and other debentures.....	669,879 80	
	\$2,796,777 11	
Bills discounted and current (including advances on call).....	\$6,613,861 31	
Overdue debts secured..	22,028 44	
Overdue debts not specially secured (estimated loss provided for)....	32,475 19	
Real estate.....	4,376 51	
Bank premises.....	136,092 49	
Other assets not included under foregoing heads	3,047 49	
	6,811,881 43	
	\$9,609,658 54	
	R. H. BETHUNE, Cashier.	

DOMINION BANK,
Toronto, April 30, 1885.

JOHNSTON'S FLUID BEEF

THE INTERNATIONAL

Throat & Lung Institute

172 Church St., TORONTO.

The above-named Institute was established in 1872 for the relief and cure of all Nasal, Throat and Lung diseases. Marvellous success has been achieved in the cure of

**Catarrh, Catarrhal Deafness,
Bronchitis, Asthma,
Consumption**

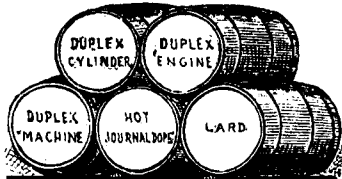
and all kindred affections.

A new remedy has been discovered for the cure of Catarrh and Catarrhal Deafness in from one to two weeks by the continuous antiseptic treatment. We do not publish the names of our patients cured or resort to bunkum cuts to induce others to take our treatment. A guarantee given in every case undertaken, and no case undertaken unless there is a moral certainty of generally benefiting or effecting a cure. Address all communications to **Dr. Kennedy, Director of Institute, 173 Church Street, Toronto.**

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Malignant

Ulcer



OF THE TONSIL CURED.

This cut represents Mrs. Geo. Hatt, of 239 Simcoe Street, Toronto.

Her case was one of a very dangerous and fatal disease, approaching upon cancer, and quite as deadly and malignant. The disease made its appearance in the right tonsil and was rapidly spreading down the throat. Her color quickly changed. She was growing weaker day by day and had the disease not been suddenly arrested would have fallen a victim to its fatal inroads. Reader, we cured this lady in less than three weeks.

We cured her after she had tried the wisdom and learning of a great man in this city, who did not consider it beneath his dignity and the code of medical ethics to interview our country patients in the Horticultural Gardens and denounce us as quacks. We spare further revelations of this medical creature, because he will die fast enough without our parting kick, but we fear his treatment has planted many a victim ere this.

The hospital imbeciles also had a hand in this case and consulted for some time as to what they should "call" the disease. One suggested diphtheria, but another standing by said, "That would not do as it had been too long standing." So they went it blind for a few days till the lady becoming convinced she would die, left and came to us. Remember we treat chronic diseases and deformities in male and female of the blood, flesh, skin and bone, and cure them also. We cure the errors of youth and the follies of maturer years.

Look out for a case of catarrh next week. It was in the hands of the Great Sun Baker for months before we took it.

Mention this paper. Address,

S. EDWARD McCULLY, M.D.,

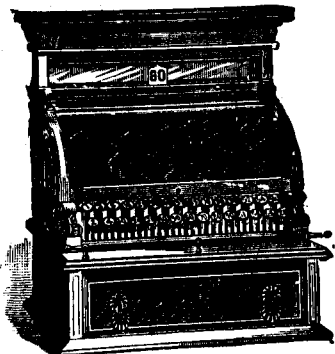
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Medical and Surgical Association,

283 Jarvis Street,

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