

GRIP

EDITED BY J. W. BENGOUGH

GRIP ENG

LITERATURE

MUSIC

DRAMA

ARTS

TABLET

ADVANCE

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

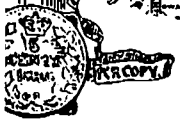


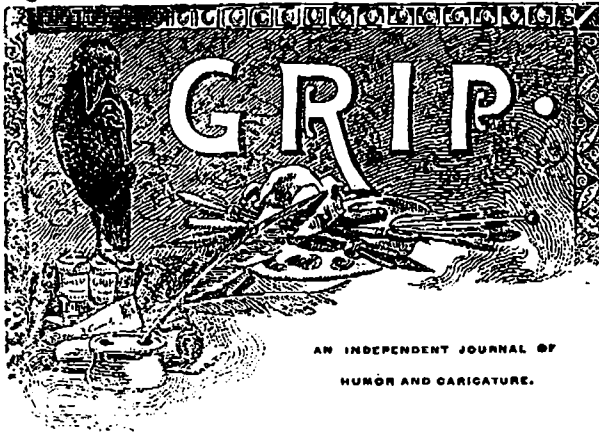
THE RECEPTION OF EDWARD.
 (AS EVERYBODY HOPES HE MAY LOOK.)

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BY THE

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President JAMES L. MORRISON.
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Comments on the Customs.



AND WHY NOT, MR. BOWELL?—If in 1878 the N.P. orators rang the changes on jug-handled Free Trade, and from the impassioned manner in which they denounced the lop-sided tariff arrangement at that time existing between Canada and the United States one would have supposed that Protection meant at least equal justice to all, whatever else it might involve. No doubt the least candid of these orators would have agreed that jug-handled Protection was just as bad as jug-handled Free Trade, but he would also have asserted that, in the nature of things, Protection could not possibly be jug-handled. N.P., in his roscate vision, stood for "Natural Perfection." Now, we have had some years of experience, and no argument is required to demonstrate that the "Protective" handle is all on the manufacturers' side of the jug, and our contention is this: if even-handed justice as between the various members of the community is desirable, the masses of the

people must be protected as well as the manufacturing minority. Under absolute Free Trade all are on an equality, which is at least just, and fairness requires that we must be all free or all protected. Where is the protection for labor in Canada at present? Our ports are open to the free entry of men, women and children from abroad and it is even alleged that our Government continues to "assist" emigrants to come. This is absolute Free Trade; whereas certain of our manufacturing citizens are protected by high tariff duties on goods similar to those they produce. What we suggest is that, in

the name of Fair Play, our Minister of Customs should impose a duty on emigrants for the protection of the working classes. This will no doubt be considered very absurd in high fiscal circles at Ottawa, but we would like to hear Mr. Bowell's reasons against it. From the Protectionist standpoint it is entirely logical and reasonable, and if our labor organizations were as practical as they ought to be they would demand and secure direct protection, or know the reason why.

HON. EDWARD BLAKE is expected home from his European travels in the course of a few days. His health has been greatly improved by his long outing, as a glance at the faithful portrait on our first page will satisfy any reasonable reader. It is just possible, of course, that our artist has overdone it a little, but as "the wish was father to the" drawing, Mr. Blake's admirers will no doubt be ready to forgive him. There is talk of a welcome-home banquet being extended to the distinguished gentleman by the local Home Rulers as a mark of their appreciation of his efforts in the cause of his and their native land.

MR. MERCIER is on the eve of another visit to Rome. We don't precisely know what his business is this time, but he will doubtless report progress on the Jesuit business to the Holy See, and enquire if there is anything else he can run for to fetch for to come for to go for to carry for to bring for to take for to oblige the supreme Pontiff.

* * *

UNDER the pretence of writing up the "fraudulent fortune-telling business" a reporter of the *Mail* went the other day and consulted a local soothsayer. This disguise is very gauzy. Why can't the "Junior Grit" and "Senior Tory" organ be frank about it, and confess that a feeling of uncertainty as to its future drove it to this desperate pass?

* * *

WE have more fault to find with our generally excellent contemporary, however, for printing that three-column-and-a-half article describing a certain notorious lottery in the States. The result will certainly be good for the managers of the scheme, but how about our law against advertising such things? There is good reason to believe that, before this booming was done, hundreds of dollars went from Toronto every week for tickets in this game of chance; and if the *Mail* is as valuable a medium as it claims to be, these hundreds will now be thousands.

* * *

THE new Chicago journal, *America*, promises to be the best-abused paper in the country. Already it seems to have secured for itself the hearty hatred of all the practical politicians, with all the German-Americans, French-Americans, Irish Americans, etc., etc. And no wonder! *America* has the brazen effrontery to declare against the everlasting hyphen; that is, to assert that the stars and stripes is the only flag the Republic needs to know anything about. But we think *America's* head is entirely level on this point.

NO DOUBT ABOUT IT.

June Examinations—Ottawa Model School.

TEACHER—"Who was Lord Stanley's immediate predecessor?"

PUPIL—"The Marquis of Lansdowne."

TEACHER—"Was His Lordship's administration a successful one?"

PUPIL—"Oh! wasn't it? Didn't he often visit this school!!"

FOR AN AUTOGRAPH ALBUM.

ALL unthinking, I agreed to
 Fill a page,
 And although I do not need to,
 I'll engage,
 Still I fain would please your fancy,
 If I could,
 How I wish some necromancy
 Only would.

For your poet can indite -
 Scarce a word.
 Blame him not if what he write
 Seems absurd ;
 With brain empty, as his purse is,
 Though you know it,
 If you do not love your verses,
 Love your poet.

SMIFF.

MR. JIGGERSNOOT OF HOGG'S HOLLOW.

(NOT BY THE AUTHOR OF "MR. BARNES OF NEW YORK.")

CHAPTER I.



AY, fellows, what's going on here, any way?"

The speaker was a tall, athletic young man, who approached a group who were conversing in low tones of suppressed earnestness, outside the popular gin-mill, kept by the Corsican patriot, Michelano Molloni.

"I don't see as how it's any of your darned business, anyhow," was the somewhat discourteous rejoinder of a member of the party.

"But it is—I make everything my business. You see, I have no particular business of my own to attend to, so I take a hand in everybody else's—I am Jiggersnoot, of Hogg's Hollow."

They started as if a bombshell had fallen in their midst. "What? No! You don't say! *Not* Jiggersnoot of Hogg's Hollow? the man who can drink more whiskey, eat more liver at a free lunch, chaw more plug tobacco, and stand on his head longer than any other fellow in two counties? Proud to know you. Shake!"

It was indeed Jiggersnoot of Hogg's Hollow, whose proficiency in these manly attainments never failed to awaken the respect of those who made his acquaintance. Left a comparative orphan at an early age, he had inherited the vast wealth of his only father, acquired by strict attention to the plumbing business. Hitherto he had only sought to amuse himself. He didn't care a cent for lawn tennis, five o'clock teas, progressive euchre, or the milder forms of excitement. While other youths of his age were enjoying themselves at church socials he would in his languid *blaise* way ascend the spire of the edifice by the lightning-rod, and hang by his toes from the vane at the top. It was no wonder that Jiggersnoot, of Hogg's Hollow, had acquired a continental reputation.

"You didn't tell me what you were up to," said Jiggersnoot, when the *furor* of his reception had subsided.

"Nothin' much. Feller called me a liar and I'm going to slug him," said a stalwart and bronzed cavalier, producing a sand bag from under his coat.

"That's no good," said Jiggersnoot—"Better try a brick. I've had experience in this kind of business."

Presently the form of a man was seen approaching. There was a rush, a confused struggle, terminating with a

dull, sickening thud, and then a scream rent the atmosphere, mingled with language of an illegal character.

Bidelina Ghallageri, the beautiful Corsican maiden, had taken the Oath of undying Vengeance over the prostrate form of her brother!

CHAPTER II.

ONE of the most remarkable characteristics of Jiggersnoot was his previousness. He was one of the soonest men ever seen. Shortly after the events narrated in the last chapter he was walking alongside the C.P.R. track, when an express train whizzed by. A girlish face of dazzling beauty appeared at a car window. For the tenth part of a second their eyes met, and Jiggersnoot felt a new sensation penetrate his entire fabric. He loved ardently, and with the force of his whole nature, and at once his decision to pursue her if need be to the ends of the earth was taken. Like a flash he drew a red handkerchief from his pocket and flagged the train. The conductor who fortunately happened to be standing on the rear platform observed the signal and stopped the train.

"Where is this train going?" asked Jiggersnoot.

"To Toronto," replied the conductor.

"Here is \$1,000," said Jiggersnoot, as he climbed on board, handing a roll of bills to the official, "and I want you to go right back to Montreal."

"Can't be done, sir,"

"But it must. I'm Jiggersnoot, of Hogg's Hollow. Money is no object. Take another thousand."

"But the company would fire me."

"Never mind. If they do I'll give you a pension amounting to three times your present pay."

"But we shall run into other trains."

"That's no consequence, I'll pay all damages."

The conductor thereupon started the train backwards towards Montreal, while Jiggersnoot entered the car and was soon seated beside the object of his sudden attachment, Miss Anne Struther.

Presently the train boy entered with an armful of books and papers. Jiggersnoot quietly handed him a few loose gold pieces and motioned him to lay his entire stock in trade on the seat.

"Take a few novels, Miss," he said.

"Thank you," she replied, "I don't care about reading."

Jiggersnoot opened the car window and slung them out.

"Ill try her on another tack," he said to himself.

"Perhaps you are right," he observed aloud. "It fosters a habit of mental vacuity and tends to obscure the instinctive perceptions which are co-relative with the highest natures."

"Oh, cheese your guff, and git us some candy," said Aspasia De Courcy, Miss Struther's travelling companion. She was a big girl of fifteen belonging to an exceedingly high-toned and aristocratic family, and had the extensive acquaintance with slang and freedom of manner characteristic of the higher classes.

Jiggersnoot called the candy butcher and purchased fifty dollars worth of caramels for Aspasia.

"You're the stuff!" she cried enthusiastically. "Say Anne, you've made the right kind of a mash this time. I'd work him for all he's worth if I was you."

"Go off somewhere and play," said Miss Struther, as a vermeil blush which greatly enhanced her charms, mounted to her temples.

(To be concluded next week.)



PUNISHMENT.

EVA (the landlady's little daughter).—"Mr. Shortcash, ma sends you this handkerchief for a birthday present. It is a cotton one, but Ma says she couldn't afford silk 'cause you didn't pay up."

GRETCHEN.

I HAD seen nineteen years then, and she was some two years younger—a tall, graceful slip of a girl, with beautiful silky, golden hair and the bluest of blue eyes, deep, dreamy, always half-startled looking. She lived in the village, and I loved her with all the passion I could sign my cheque for. Did she love me in return? She said she did, and with that I was content. Sad is fate. At last I learned I had a rival. His name was Stubbs, by occupation butcher. I vowed r-r-revenge. I would have basted him in gore, only he did it himself every day and saved me the trouble. I redoubled my attentions to the girl. I swore to kill myself if she would not be mine. She would. She fired the other fellow and kept her kisses for my lips alone. Then my parents left the village and took me with them. We plighted our troth anew beneath the throbbing stars, while we inwardly anathematized the soulful sobs of an adjacent Tom cat. We parted with tears.

Heigho!

It is thirty years since I saw Gretchen last. I walked through the village yesterday and knew her again by the strawberry mark below her left ear. How she had changed. Gigantic gun-boats, how she had changed! Her golden hair was dark with grease, and her eyes and face were puffed with two much lager beer. She was no longer graceful. She was fat. The perfect curves of her chin and neck had been shattered by time's destroying hand. Her chin seemed to run into her ample bust. A dirty print dress clothed her capacious form. Two unwashed children tugged at her apron strings. When I discovered myself she smiled.

"You lofe me vonce," she said, simply, sententiously.

"Yes," I replied quietly.

"You vos marry now?"

"Yes. Six children. And you?"

"Me? Ach, mein Gott! I vas marry too."

"Stubbs?"

"Yaw."

"It's the way of the world," said I, sadly.

"Yaw, mein frient," she answered. "Das vas so, aind id?"

W. C. NICHOL.

"AS LIKE AS TWO PEAS."

TALK about the superfluity of newspapers, but we need 'em all—every blessed one! We really want more, if we are to get all sides of a story. No two newspapers, although trying to, tell a thing in the same way; and if a reader couldn't trade with his neighbors and go the rounds of the whole lot, he would grow up in dense ignorance and painful bias.

Look at that Bucket-shop row. Here we have the *Globe* positively assuring us:—

"In the cell the scene was comical. The brokers paced the floor, wildly gesticulating and avowing vengeance upon the perpetrators of the outrage which deprived them of their liberty. Until bondsmen appeared and deposited the amount set forth, and the men were one by one liberated, the scene in the cell was one more easily imagined than described."

Turning to the *Empire* for confirmation of the way the prisoners took the situation we find:—

"When they had been locked up in the cage the reporter was allowed in and he had a look at them before the slide was down on them. They were all well dressed, and did not appear very much cast down; in fact, they joked like men who relied on their backing to see them safely out of

their trouble."

If it were not for having these two papers describe it, not to mention the descriptions of the other papers, people must be at a loss to know for a fact, how the captives acted in the cooler.

We, in this land, ought to be grateful for a free, truthful and exact press, and we ought not to spare effort to get more of it.

SUGGESTIVE TITLES.

DEAR GRIP,—Commend me to the "local" young man of the *Empire* for designating his news in live and appropriate fashion!

What a happy thought, for example, it was to caption the recent meeting of the Superintendents of the Asylums for Imbeciles, "Idiot Doctors."

How charming it sounds to speak of probate proceedings as, "Dead men's money!"

In case the young man should run out of lucid headlines, let me hint at a few:—

For the Masonic Grand Lodge—"Murther in Masonry—what's that in plastering?"

For the Oddfellows—"The three-link lunatics."

For the Methodist conference—"Old John's Jami-saries."

For the Dental association—"The jaw-smith's junketing."

For the Baptist convention—"Water-on-the-brain."

For the Ontario Veterinary association—"The hoss-docs' hooray."

For the York Pioneers—"Old Daddies' doings."

For the various excursion parties—"Hark, hark! The dogs do bark!"

For the Press Association trips—"We, from 'way-back!"

For the city council—"The municipal muddle-makers."

For the Temperance gatherings—"Anti-budge agitationists."

For the trade unions—"Lunk-headed laborskites."

I offer these as modifications of titles which the young man may in his budding zeal for notoriety be tempted to use.

SUGGESTO VERI.

THE KHAN, THE COON, AND THE DOG.



GREAT fight took place between Mr. A. Kernighan's dog and one of the largest coons ever seen on the Kushedale farm. They fought for a long time, but the coon proved too much for the dog. He got hold of the dog by the throat and held on for keeps, pulling him into the water to drown him. The Khan, hearing the fight, entered on the scene just in time to save the dog. He jumped into the water and grabbed the coon and pulled him off, but when he let loose of the dog he snapped at R. K. and bit his hand.—

Dundas Banner's Beverley Correspondent.

OF all the tales I've ever heard, or read, or knowed, or larned, The roughest, toughest, all-firedst one is this—or I'll be darned. Along about the twelf it was, 'way out on old Kernig's farm. The day was not jest simply hot—it was most onfernal warm. All hands was idle that afternoon—they'd gone off to do the day : But the Khan, he'd bin thar once afore, and thought he'd stay away. Wall, 'long about a quarter past the mystic hour of two, The old dog, Jim—he'd stopped to hum, like a decent dog should do ; Jim riz right up from the orchard grass—where the Khan had gone to sleep— And thought that he'd take a turn around and here and there a peep. He headed first for the cedar swamp that lies over south that way. With the muck pond in the centre, that's got no bottom they say. No mor'n a minnit he nosed around when—'sh !—he spied out a coon, A great big critter with ugly eyes, and a paw like a butter spoon. Phit! Swish!! Gubboon!!! Burroo!!!! in a jiffy Jim was thar, And the atmosphere at once grew dark with mud, and grass, and hair. The racket they raised was awful—the Khan he made for the swamp ; He thought for sure it was an Injin fight, or a nestful of catawamp. He didn't even reach for his hat, or grab for a club or stone— He simply remarked : "I tuk it up, and I guess I'll play alone !" For sixteen minutes the fight went on 'twixt Jim, the coon, and the Khan, And blame my shirt if any one knowed which of 'em was best man. The coon he clawed, and bit, and tore, and Jim he growled and chawed, The Khan he pranced like a jumpin'-jack, and jabbed, and kicked, and jawed. At last kerchunk went the whole darn three, right into the inky pond ! If they didn't get more than a meal of mud, consider me right dog-goned. But all fights come to an end some time, and this one had to stop— The coon was under, the dog came next, (the Khan he was up on top. But of all the sights you ever see, these fighters they beat 'em holler— The Khan was slimy from head to toe—so was Jim, and he'd lost his collar. For the coon, you see, was fightin' game, and draggin' Jim under the water, But the Khan jest held and choked him dead with a fatal kind of slaughter. That was two weeks ago to-day—ch, Khan?—since this tough experience thrilled him, And I'll go you that coon ain't found out whether it was Jim or the Khan that killed him.

A GREAT QUESTION AT OTTAWA.

HOPKINS (*of the Red Tape Bureau*)—"Talk of Romish ascendancy.—Well, what I say is, give us more of it, provided that with it Parliament increases the number of statutory holidays ; but what I regard as a beastly imposition is, that St. Peter and St. Paul should have but one day between them ! There is room for improvement here, decidedly."

"UNIVERSITY EXTENSION."

A movement distinguished by this title has been started by the Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, and is gradually spreading to the other Educational centres of the United States. The idea is to carry the blessings of University culture to the common people, and this is to be done by lectures delivered by the Professors to audiences of working people gathered in the poorer quarters of the towns. The experiment is meeting with the most gratifying success. It is found that there are thousands of the horny-handed sons of toil who are hungering and thirsting for knowledge in the departments of science and art, and who hang upon the lips of the learned lecturers with an eagerness never rivalled by ordinary students. Why shouldn't this admirable work be inaugurated in Canada? Our University Professors are no doubt inspired by the lofty enthusiasm which animates their American confreres, and Canadian workingmen would prove as appreciative as those of any other country. It would be a work of real benevolence, for instance, if the new Professor of Political Science would give our wage-earners a course of lectures on the Tariff, as a Machine for Keeping up Wages. Dr. Daniel Wilson might delight and instruct a class of tax-payers also, by a series of discourses on the Canadian Senate, under the head of "Fossil Remains of Prehistoric Man." But, aside from all levity—for some of our more severe readers may consider these suggestions as flippant—GRIP would like to see the happy thought of "University Extension" acted upon in our own Dominion.



THE INTERPRETATION THEREOF.

THE CURATE (*to Mr. Grumbleby*)—"And now, my good man, what induced you to send for me?"
 MRS. G.—"He's deaf as a stone, sir." (*To Mr. G., shouting*)
 "Parson wants to know what the deuce you sent for him for?"

UNCLE IKE AT CHAUTAUQUA.

TO MR. GRIP.



SIR:—I'd hern tell a good deal bout Chautauqua for a good sight of years back, and I jest thought I'd take the famerly over thar for a little bit of a visit, seein as I wan't very busy and bein as my folks riginally belonged to York State, whar Chautauqua is. So bout a week ago I got everythin ready and off we shied, me and my wife and our darter Polly Euphemia and our son George. We took the boat right at Toronto here, and I tell you it didn't take us long to kite across the lake. That's a slick boat, blamed ef it ain't. The wimmin folks was awful sick though, but George and me could stand it, cause we have ben to the Island several times and got used to sea-farin life. Well, we arrove in Niagara, whar I see a lot of Toronto swells on the dock awaitin for to be inspected by the passengers, so as folks could see for theirselves that they was actually astayin at the Queen's, or some-whars round this summer resort. In dew time we got to Lewiston and thar we took a train and scooted right along to Buffalo. As we shied by we had a good squint at the Falls and Polly Euphemia she rit some poetry onto them which I will copy down right here. It runs as follows :

Ob, Falls, Niagara Falls,
How you do make the people stare
Rushing along like that,
Where are you going, O where?
You are a wonder I do declare,
In fact, one of the wonders of the world.

Thar, I think thats putty slick for a young gal of nineteen, which has only been to Normal school two sessions.

We arrove in Buffalo in the evenin, and jinger blue, but isnt that a big place ! Its growed like a weed sense I was thar thirty-six years ago next fall, but after all bigness aint everything. I'd ruther live here in Toronto, whar I kin understand what folks say. In Buffalo you can't tell what the American citizen is a drivin at cause he speaks Dutch, and ef you ask him a question he jest looks at you and shakes his head. Blame my cats ! ef I was President of the States, I'd *make* em learn English and I wouldn't put up with no sich tomfoolery. I never did spose that my native country would turn into a furrin land. We had to loaf round the Buffalo deepo for a couple of hours, but we managed to while away the time a feedin on bananars and doughnuts. We was out for a hollerday and I told my wife she could have the best the market could afford and not to be bashful, ef she didn't see what she wanted to ask for it, cause I was flush of money owin to the high price of grane skewered by the grate N. P. This here was sarkastick, but Marthy she didn't ketch on, and the consequents was I was let in for bout sixty-five cents of extry expense fur luxuries.

Wall, bout half pas 8 long comes the cars, and youd ought to a seen them American citizens which speaks Dutch a hustlin for em. Thar was a hull heap of em,

some sort of a society I guess they was, as they all had broad brim white hats on and each feller wore a badge. I couldn't get nigh enough to read what was on the badges very clear, but I made it out to be Sourcroutercranz Liberlagerbieritsche, or something like that. When we got into the cars they was mighty crowded, but I got Marthy a seat and I found one for myself. Polly Euphemia and George, they was all right cause they are hustlers and it wan't long before they squeezed theirselves into a place. So away we started agin, and nothin happened worth tellin till we got to Mayville, whar we changed cars agin, and got onto the Chautauqua railroad, and in bout ten minutes we was into the deepo at the grounds. This deepo is a long slim affair and it stretches quite a ways up the track, seemed to me as though it started off to go to Mayville and kind of changed its mind when it got half way. We got out on the platform and grasping our carpet bags and things started for to strike out for the tavern whar we meant to put up. But afore we could get out of the deepo we had to buy a ticket for admission to the grounds, and when we got it we had to go through a narrer passage, and thar stood a feller with a punchin machine, and he bored a hole into every ticket, and then give em back to us. "Now look here," sez he to me, "them tickets that you've got is fur one day only, and you've got to come and deliver em up to-night and git a new one ef you want to stay. Ef you don't you can't get out without payin a quarter for every day sence this show opened, namely the 25th of June. And what is more," sez he, "dont you lose your ticket, or you will have to pay the same for that." "All right, mister," sez I, "that's a fair start anyhow. I guess we'll be startin for hum agin to-night so these tickets will do." Then we passed along and wended our way up a lot of stairs, and then up a slope follerin the path, and thar we stopped to look around, and I yum, ef it wa'n't bout as pretty a picter as I ever see in my life. I don't believe Melissa Snodgrass, our neighbor's darter, which has been to paintin school could paint anything half so good. Thar was the beautiful lake below us stretchin up and down fur miles and only bout two miles accrost, with steamboats and all sorts of things kitin round on to it.

The scenery accrost the lake was grand, and round whar we stood it was a beautiful grove with roads runnin everywhere, and severil nice snug cottages with vines climbin over em. But there wan't no hotel as we could see so we passed on and, great-grand-mother's cat ! what a sight did break onto our astonished eyes. Cottages ! why, we had'n't begun to see em. They was everywhere. I saw a feller comin along, and I stopped him, and sez I, "Look here, mister, how many houses in thunderation is there in this assembly grounds?" "Well," sez he, "thar's bout 500 at present, but thar's lots more going up." And so I see thar was, any mount of em. "Whar's the tavern?" sez I to him. "I guess you mean the Athenium, don't you?" sez he. "Well if that's what you call em over here its all the same, I spose, but," sez I, "we call em taverns over in Canady." "Are you from Canady?" sez he, with an air



of surprize an astonishment. I saw what his trouble was as I ansered, "Yes, Sir, but you need'nt be afraid, I'm tame. Fact is I was born in York state, tho' I been livin in Canady all my life." He looked releevd and I found out arterwards he had a idea that I might be a Canadian banker which had left sudden on count of the stuffed-out look my carpet bag had. Well, he showed us the road to the Athenium, and I jest tell you it was a dandy of a lookin place, biggern the Rossin House, and with a great big flower garden all round it. But before we could get thar we see signs up at nearly every cottage passed "Bord an Rooms," and Marthy she thought she would just as leave live private as in the big hotel. So we went into a cottage near by, they called it the Glenn



Cottage, and thar we was received kindly by a mighty nice sort of a lady and showed to slick little rooms that jest suited us. I aint et better meals in my life than we got thar three times a day, and Marthy sez she never knew cookin could be done like that on a stove. We made acquainted with our feller boarders, and they was as fine a lot of ladies and gents as you want to know, some from the south and others from the north, but I did'nt see nothin of

no bluddy casum that John Sherman talks so much about. So fur as I could see the folks from the South was jest as good and loyle as any of em. Well, I can't stretch this letter out so as to do the least bit of justiss to Chautauqua. I'd like you to give me your hull paper jest once, and maybee I could do the job. Thar's everything your heart could wish, and it is warrentid to sute every kind and sort of taste. Ef you jest want rest and pleasant nabers, thar's whar you get em. Ef you want to develope your brane thar's all sorts of teachin goin on in the Hall of Filosofy, Normal Schools, Elocushin rooms, museum, Paintin stoodio's, etc., etc., till you can't count em. Ef you want fun, thar's boats and fish and base ball and everything your a mind to ask fer. Ef you hanker after entertainments, thar's one every mornin, artemnoon and evenin—and generally of a fust-rate kind. You can hear all the big spuntin and singin and lecturin—and music, goodness alive, thar's no end of music. All I got to say, is, Chautauqua is immense threwhout, and long may she wave. I'm a goin back there every year, and I'm a goin to do all I kin to help along the one they've started here on the Canady side, for I jest tell you, Mister Editer, thar ain't nothin like it for developin the best parts of human natur, and builden up our Country.

Yours truly,

IKE WHEATFIELD.

TROUBLESOME TRADE MARKS.

SIR JOHN has taken the law on a tobacconist for displaying a brazen image of him with a cigar in his mouth and an angelic smile on his face.

This is as it should be.

No public man with a shadow of ancestral pride, not to say official dignity, would quietly submit to being made a shop keeper's sign.

Where would the thing stop, if we went on in this mad course?

Soon some enterprising brewer would have his ale bottles ornamented with a chaste and subdued photo-lithograph of Sir Leonard Tilley. Fancy the sensation which the Tilley Triple X would create in prohibition circles!

Then along would come a new patent medicine, "The Montague Indian Mixture," bearing the likeness of Haldimand's gifted son "before and after taking!" Lave in it, drink of it, then—if you can.

Later there would follow:—

"Archer's Move-on Pills."

"Howland's High Church Hand-book."

"Ross Robertson's Rough on Rats."

"Piper's Perpetual Patent Hose."

"Billy's Boss Butterine."

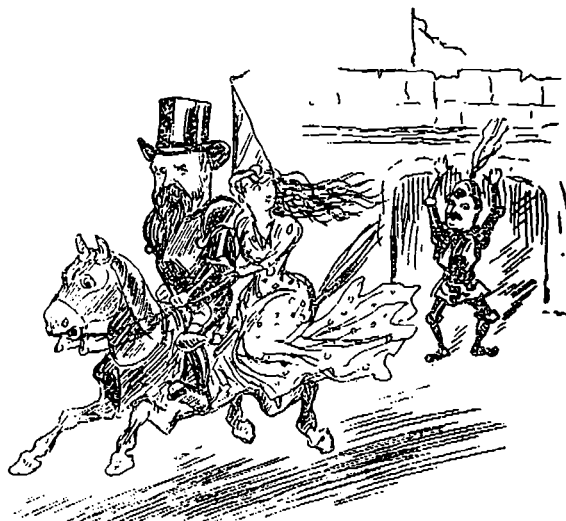
"Goldwin's Glue."

"Farrar's Anti-Fat."

"Stark's Burglar-proof Safe."

All would be elegantly and appropriately marked: "None genuine without the name and face on the label."

Where would the line be drawn? How would it all end? If this impudent innovation were given full swing distinguished Canadians would be found banded together each with a month's provisions in a bag and all with the nearest swamp their positive destination.



THE NEW LOCHINVAR.

OH! Jimmy McShane is come out of the West,
Of all the proud members this name's loved the best;
And as sure as he ruus, of opponents ther're none
Who come within hundreds; he rides in alone!
So true to his friends, they as faithful remain,
And crowd in their ballots for Jimmy McShane!

Now Mercier may think he the Irish can hold,
Through some other channel, at least so I'm told;
But he'll find he's mistaken, and if not insane,
He'll coax back once more the bold Jimmy McShane;
For *Nation* and *Language* he's going too far,
He may yet lose his mistress to young Lochinvar!

For like that bold gallant, I see Jimmy stand,
He's tenderly pressing Miss *Liberal's* hand,
And Castors may fret and *Nation's* lists fume,
While the bridegroom elect dangles bonnet and plume;
A turning is sure in the longest long lane,
And none know it better than Jimmy McShane!

And when the time's come just a word in her ear,
And Irish and British join him in a cheer,
And light to their saddles the Liberals have sprung,
And "Down with the Castors" the war cry is rung;
Then where is your party? and what will remain
From the shock of the charge led by Jimmy McShane?

FELIX O'HARA.



THE STAGE OF TO-DAY.

THEATRICAL MANAGER—"What's that you say—only been divorced once? Miss de Ballé, your rendition is excellent, but I could never think of engaging you unless you had a presentable list of divorces."

HE GOT A MOVE ON HIM.

LOOKING at the colloquial style of much of the local news in the Toronto papers of these days, recalls to me a little incident of by-gone times, when a well known reporter, whom I shall term Eph., because Eph. used to be his name, helped to fill page eight of the *Mail*.

Eph. had the *sine qua non* of the good reporter, a nose for news. But he lacked in style—that is to say, he hadn't modern enough "form" to suit the aspirations of the city *chef*, who wanted to have his items dressed in more breezy attire than his sober-going *aide* was in the habit of clothing them.

One day he called in Eph. and laid before him the plan of campaign that was to guide him in the future discharge of his assignments.

"You see, old man," the *chef* went on to explain, "half the interest in an item lies in the way you write it up. Kill that cross-roads-weekly style of yours, for Heaven's sake, and get a modern move on you. For instance, you can't tackle a simple runaway without starting off:—

"**RUNAWAY.**—'Yesterday morning a serious, but providentially not fatal accident happened in this city, the particulars of which are as follows:—It appears—'

"And so forth, and so on, just as if you had copied it out of the old *Leader* twenty-five years ago. You could just as well give it to us in this strain:—

'FROLICKSOME HORSEMANSHIP.

Lickitty-switch! went John Smith's milk-wagon down Yonge Street, yesterday morn, scattering everything before it in its festive way. No one held the ribbons, and the prancing steed tore like a streak of greased-lightning—!'

"Keep her going that fashion, sandwiching in the casualties here and there in unstudied shape, and wind up

with a joke or in some abrupt manner. See?"

Eph. nodded in a blank sort of way.

"Then, again, when you do a fire or an inquest, don't jam in a couple dozen "we's," as if you were writing a political leader, or owned the whole paper. Make your stuff colloquial and racy and rollicking and readable. D' you tumble, Eph.?"

Eph. expressed a vague apprehension of what was needed, and promised to begin that very day to reform. Whereat the *chef* smiled benignly and congratulated himself on his bloodless victory.

That day it was Eph.'s trip to Toronto General Hospital. He watched his chance while the city editor was busy with a theatre man wanting a good notice, handed in his "copy," and fled.

Eph. had practised the new style on his hospital item; and when the *chef* persued it this (about as near as I can

remember it) is what met his anxious eye:—

THINGS AT THE HOSPITAL!

A Mail Man's Jaunt to Toronto's Celebrated Public Infirmary.

Interesting chat with the affable superintendent—Everything quiet along the Physicianary Potomac.—Fruitless quest after powerful items of news.

"What, ho!" exclaimed our reporter, as he gaily sauntered into the General Hospital last eve. "What cheer, my merry men? Give me news or give me death!"

A cordial grasp of the hand by the worthy superintendent satisfied the reporter that his presence was not unwelcome. But that was all!

"Not a solitary item for you, my good friend, to-day," sadly said the superintendent, as he motioned his guest to an inviting chair.

From this the conversation gradually drifted to the crops, the political outlook, and every other interesting and enlivening subject.

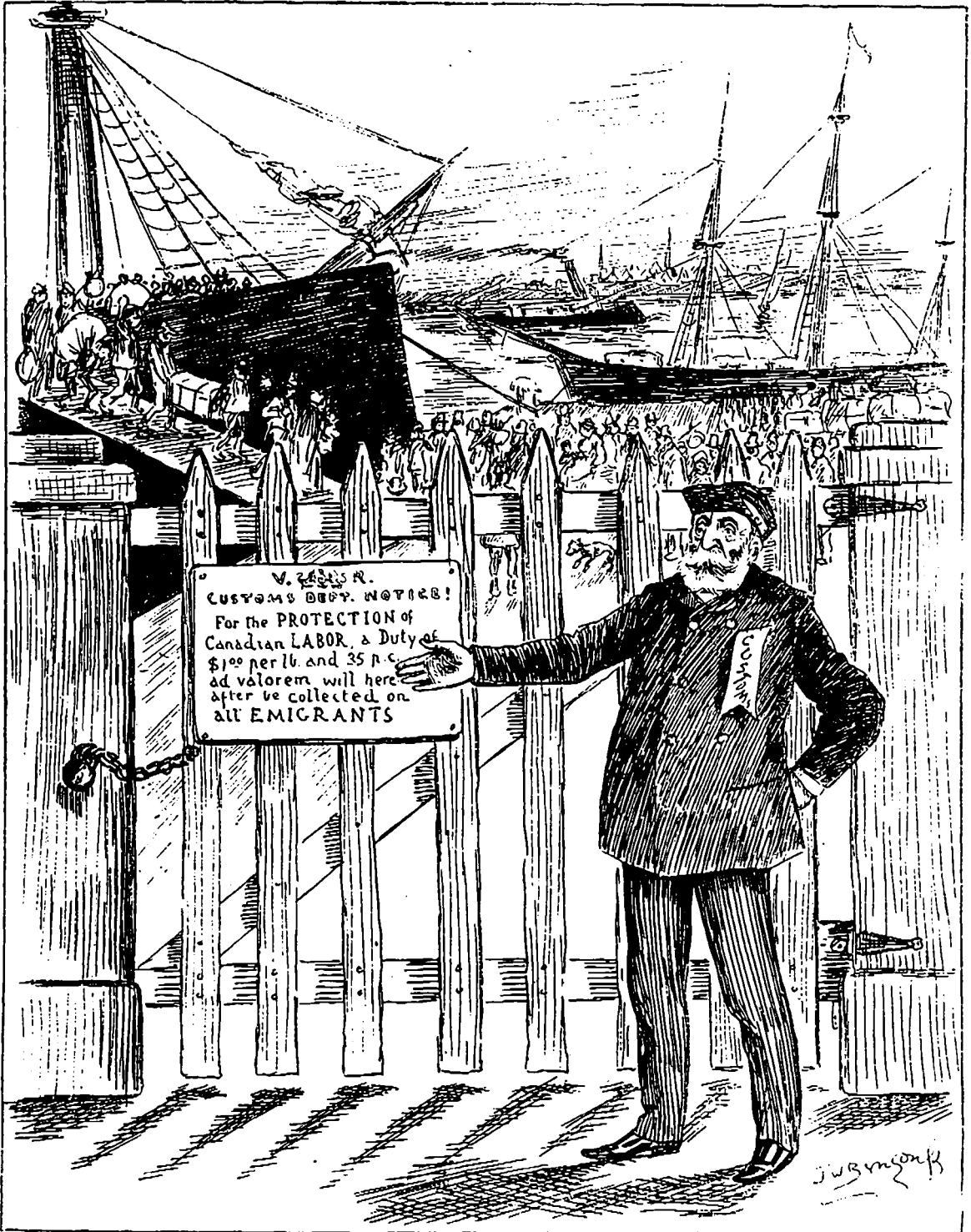
At the close of our interesting interview we cavorted outside, hailed a passing car, and were soon home again. We can stand the absence of hospital news if the public can. If the doctors can't have patients, we can have patience.

Eph's beautiful paragraph was reduced to a line stating that there was nothing new at the Hospital.

He never ventured to ask the *chef* what killed his item; but one of the other fellows casually informed him that he had heard it rumored that the city editor had finally concluded that Eph's native style was good enough, and that a move on him would be superfluous.

Thenceforth the old man never tried another move on himself until he got a chance in a certain direction offering easier work and better pay than reporting on the *Mail*.

T.T.



AND WHY NOT, MR. BOWELL?

FRIEND—"Your office closes at two o'clock on Saturdays, Brown. How do you spend the rest of the afternoon?"

BROWN (a man of family)—"Buying shoes,"—*Epoch*.

"I TELL you, Brown," moralized Dumley, "life ain't what it is cracked up to be. You get up in the morning, go through the usual daily routine, and then to bed at night. Same thing day in and day out. There is a good deal in the old question, 'Is life worth living?'" concluded Dumley with a sigh, "and I realize it more and more!"

"I don't know but what you're right, Dumley," responded Brown, somewhat depressed. "Wont you go around the corner and have a drink?"

"No, I haven't time; I'm on my way to the doctor's. I caught a little cold this morning and I feel kind of nervous about it."—*Epoch*.

CATARRH.

CATARRHAL DEAFNESS AND HAY FEVER—A NEW TREATMENT.

SUFFERERS are not generally aware that these diseases are contagious, or that they are due to living parasites in the lining membrane of the nose and eustachian tubes. Microscopic research has proved this fact, and it is now made easy to cure this curse of our country in one or two simple applications made once in two weeks by the patient at home. Send stamp for circulars describing this new treatment to A. H. Dixon & Son, 303 King Street West, Toronto, Canada.

A MODERN MACCHIAVELLI.

HOULIHAN—"Faix, Oido beafter think-in', Teddy, that this Home Rule scheme av Gladstone's is, after all, only a secret shtab at Amerkin liberties."

ROUKE—"How could that be—it is crazy yez are?"

HOULIHAN—"Sure, whin Oirland's fit to live in, and the emigratin' shtops, how the divil are we goin' to kape up our majorities on this soide."—*Puck*.

ADVERTISEMENT.

TO THE DEAF.—A Person cured of Deafness and noises in the head of 23 years' standing, by a simple remedy, will send a description of it FREE to any Person who applies to NICHOLSON, 30 St. John Street, Montreal.

POOR MAN!

MR. HANOVER SQUEER—"I see our friend Morris Parke, poor fellow, is obliged to get along with a second-hand typewriter."

MR. BLEECKER STREET—"Indeed?—what kind?"

MR. HANOVER SQUEER—"Widow."—*Puck*.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. 25c. a bottle.

EVERY one who would like to know something about *Montreal*, should secure a copy of *Murray's New Guide*. Price, 15 cents. For sale by the booksellers, also by the author, N. Murray, 498 St. James Street, *Montreal*, agent for Grip Printing and Publishing Co.

"HELLO Pennibs, are you still writing posthumous stories by Hugh Conway?" "No, I have worked that vein out; but I've got on to something just as good." "What is that?" "Writing war correspondence now published for the first time."

MISS ETHEL—"Oh, Clara, I had such an experience to-day. I fell into the lake at Central Park, and but for a brave rescuer I would have been drowned."

MISS CLARA—"How romantic! Who was your brave rescuer, Ethel?"

MISS ETHEL—"A park policeman, Clara; I was too disappointed for anything!"—*New York Sun*.

THEY were riding together in the moonlight, and he was trying hard to think of something pleasant to say. All of a sudden she gave a slight shiver.

"Are you cold, Miss Hattie," he asked, anxiously. "I will put my coat around you, if you like."

"Well, yes," said she, shyly, with another little shiver. "I am a little cold, I confess, but you needn't put your coat around me; one of the sleeves will do."—*Somerville Journal*.

LADY (to floor walker)—"I want to look at something very handsome in the way of striped silk stockings."

FLOOR WALKER—"Yes, madam." (To saleswoman)—"Miss Parker, will you show this lady that new line of windy weather goods?"

LITTLE ELSIE—"Oh, Mr. Bull! When did you get well?"

MR. BULL, of Wall street, (who comes out often to see *Elsie's big sister*)—"Get well, little girl? Why do you ask that question?"

LITTLE ELSIE—"Because I heard my papa say this morning that you weren't able to take up your paper!"

AMONGST the most useful inventions that have been brought under the notice of the merchants of the present time is the Mechanical Accountant, or National Cash Register, of which James Banfield & Co., Toronto, are the agents. This useful invention is being speedily adopted by all the leading merchants of both continents, and is bound in a short time to become as universal as any fixture. The agents inform us that they have over 7,000 machines in use in all classes of businesses, and their sales are more than doubling every year, and although they have three times within the past two years enlarged their factory they are still nearly 500 orders behind, and probable purchasers would do well to get in their orders, as they cannot promise delivery inside a month. We certainly would ask our many patrons to look at the ad. on the back page, as it may be the means of saving many a dollar and anxious mind.

CARLTON PHARMACY,

Successor to J. M. PHARREN,

Corner Carlton and Bleeker Sts.

DISPENSING A SPECIALTY.

Complete in every department.
PROMPT AND COURTEOUS ATTENTION
Night Bell. Telephone 3118.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor:—

Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption, if they will send me their Express and P.O. address.

Respectfully,

DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 37 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

\$85 SOLID GOLD WATCH FREE!

This splendid, solid gold, hunting-case watch, is now sold for \$85; at that price it is the best bargain in America; until lately it could not be purchased for less than \$100. We have both ladies' and gents' sizes with works and cases of equal value. ONE PEEBSON in each locality can secure one of these elegant watches absolutely FREE. These watches may be depended on, not only as solid gold, but as standing among the most perfect, correct and reliable timekeepers in the world. You ask how is this wonderful offer possible? We answer—we want the person in each locality to keep in their homes, and show to those who call, a complete line of our valuable and very useful HOUSEHOLD SAMPLES; these samples, as well as the watch, we send ABSOLUTELY FREE, and after you have kept them in your home for 2 months, and shown them to those who may have called, they become entirely your own property; it is possible to make this great offer, sending the Solid Gold Watch and large line of valuable samples FREE, for the reason that the showing of the samples in any locality, always results in a large trade for us; after our samples have been in a locality for a month or two, we usually get from \$1,000 to \$5,000 in trade from the surrounding country. Those who write to us at once will receive a great benefit for scarcely any work and trouble. This, the most remarkable and liberal offer ever known, is made in order that our valuable Household Samples may be placed at once where they can be seen, all over America; reader, it will be hardly any trouble for you to show them to those who may call at your home, and your reward will be most satisfactory. A postal card, on which to write us, costs but 1 cent, and if, after you know all, you do not care to go further, who has no harm is done. But if you do send your address at once, you can secure FREE AN ELEGANT \$85 SOLID GOLD HUNTING-CASE WATCH and a complete line of valuable HOUSEHOLD SAMPLES. We pay all express freight, etc. Address, STANSON & CO., Box 457 Portland, Maine.

Manufacturers' Life Insurance Co'y.

AND THE
MANUFACTURERS' ACCIDENT INSURANCE CO.

are two separate and distinct companies with full Government deposits. The authorized capital and other assets are respectively \$5,000,000 and \$1,000,000

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J. B. CARLILE, Managing Director.

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Agents wanted in Unrepresented Districts

Grand Trunk Railway.

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SUMMER EXCURSIONS.

SEASON 1888.

Boating, Camping, Fishing

MUSKOKA LAKES. GEORGIAN BAY.
MIDLAND LAKES.

Commencing Saturday, June 2nd, Saturday to Monday Excursion Tickets will be on sale from Toronto, North and South Parkdale, Carlton, Davenport and Don Stations to Cobourg, Peterboro', Orillia, Bracebridge, North Bay, Meaford, Collingwood, Niagara Falls, Ingersoll, Brampton, Guelph, Berlin and intermediate stations and all points on Muskoka Lakes, at ten cents more than SINGLE FIRST-CLASS FARE. Tickets to Muskoka Lakes are good on train leaving Toronto 11.00 p.m. Friday.

For tickets and all information apply at Company's Ticket Offices.

JOSEPH HICKSON,
General Manager.

MONTREAL, 31st May, 1888.

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LIFE ASSURANCE CO.**

22 to 28 King Street West, Toronto.
(Incorporated by Special Act of Dominion
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FULL GOVERNMENT DEPOSIT.

President, HON. A. MACKENZIE, M.P.
Ex. Prime Minister of Canada.
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Apply with references to

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CITY - OF - KINGSTON.

For Prize List and Posters address,

HENRY WADE,
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IRA MORGAN, ESQ.,
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Incorporated 1886. Capital, \$50,000.00.

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OVER 600 PUPILS FIRST SEASON

50 TEACHERS: Virtually all departments of Music, including piano, vocal art, organ, violin, sight-singing, harmony, etc.; also elocution. **Certificates and Diplomas.**

Tuition, \$5 and upwards per term. Both class and private instruction. Pupils are charged only from date of entrance. Board and room provided. **FREE ADVANTAGE:** Elementary harmony and violin instruction, lectures, concerts, etc. Calendar mailed on application.

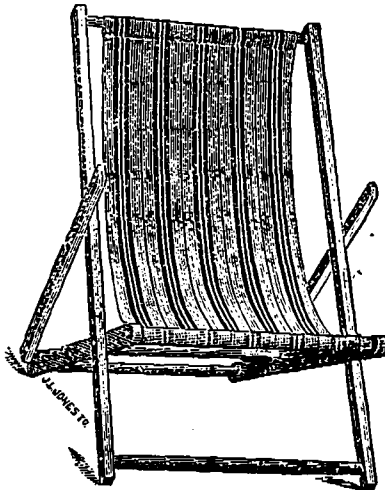
FALL TERM BEGINS WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 3d. There being private schools bearing names somewhat similar, it is particularly requested that letters for the Conservatory be addressed

EDWARD FISHER, Director.
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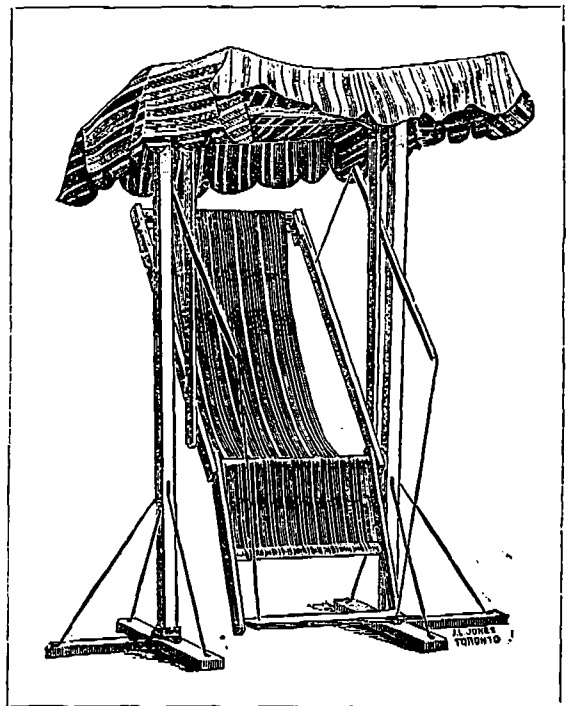
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WHICH has had a very large sale for three years past, is the same Chair we use in our Lawn Outfit. This cut shows Chair as used when suspended from limb of tree. Can also be suspended on verandah or ceiling by using two hooks. Price each, \$3.00.



Reclining Camp Chair.

IN the above cut is shown our new Reclining Camp Chair, being different in construction and design from anything yet made. It can be adjusted to as comfortable a position as any reclining chair made. No camp or lawn is complete without one or more of these Chairs. Folds very compactly. Weight, 12 pounds. Price each, \$2.00.



Lawn Outfit.

THE above cut is a correct representation of our new Lawn Outfit with stand, and canopy six feet long, with stripe awning duck, being large enough to afford sufficient shade without trees. When set up can be easily moved about the lawn by one person. This outfit is very neat and attractive, and is a great improvement to the appearance of any lawn. Price complete, \$8.00.

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BUTCHER (To Professional Poet)—"I want to git a poem for my darter's weddin'. Her name's Huldy, and his name is Ephriam, an' I want you to make 'em rhyme somehow."

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FLAVORING EXTRACTS

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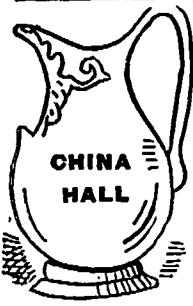
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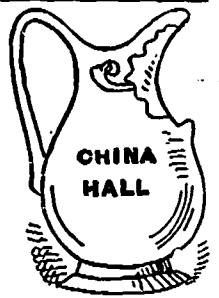
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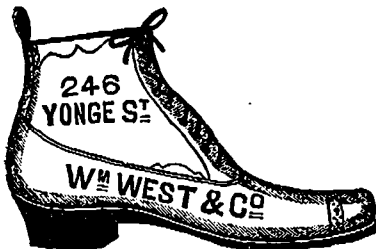
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LADIES AND GENTS' FINE **SHOES** Our Own make. Boys' Footwear. Can't be beat.

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DR. SAGE'S CATARRH REMEDY.

Symptoms of Catarrh.—Headache, obstruction of nose, discharges falling into throat, sometimes profuse, watery, and acrid, at others, thick, tenacious, mucous, purulent, bloody and putrid; eyes weak, ringing in ears, deafness, difficulty of clearing throat, expectoration of offensive matter; breath offensive; smell and taste impaired, and general debility. Only a few of these symptoms likely to be present at once. Thousands of cases result in consumption, and end in the grave.

By its mild, soothing, and healing properties, Dr. Sage's Remedy cures the worst cases. 50c.



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Pleasant
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LITTLE
LIVER PILLS.
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Unequaled as a Liver Pill. Smallest, cheapest, easiest to take. One Pellet a Dose. Cure Sick Headache, Bilious Headache, Dizziness, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the stomach and bowels. 25 cts. by druggists.



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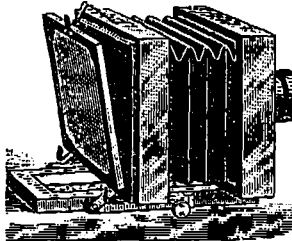


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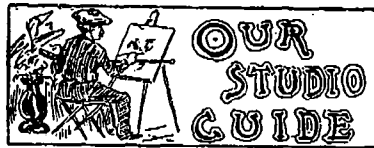
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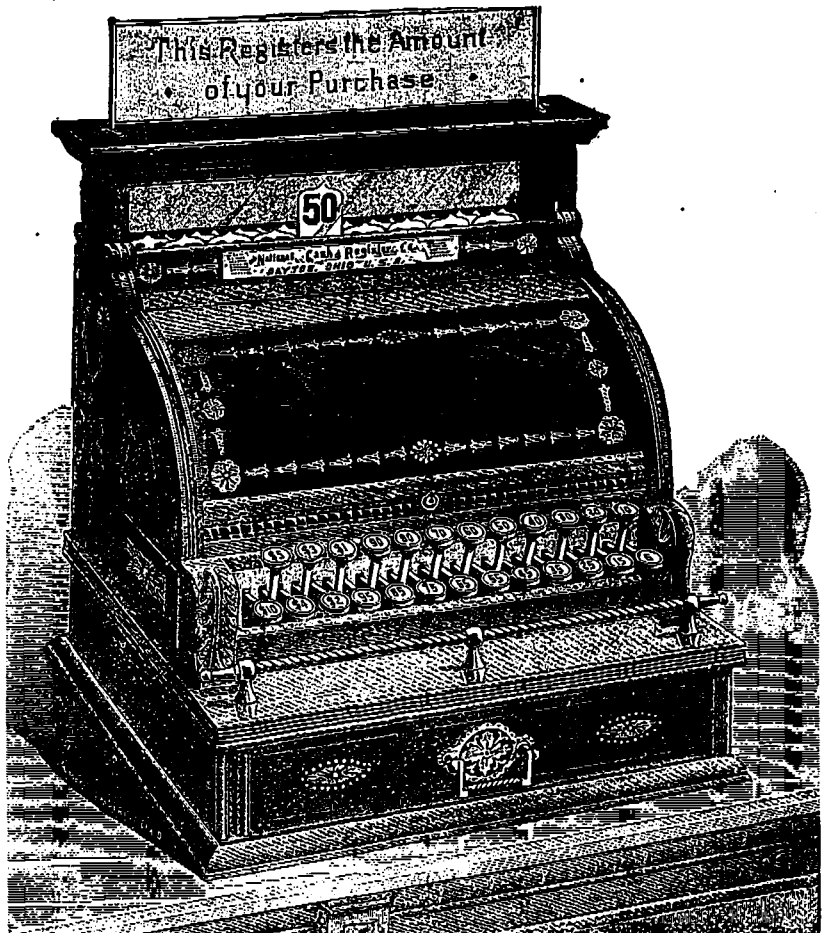
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