


IMPORTER.




CHINA HALL.

GLOVER HARRISON,

49 KING ST. E., Toronto.



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VOLUME XXI. }
No 8.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JUNE 30, 1883.

{ \$2 PER ANNUM.
5 CENTS EACH.




MISS CANADA'S DANGEROUS PLAYTHING.

MISS CANADA TO MR. BULL.—WHY, YOU DEAR OLD FRIGHTENED THING! I'M ONLY PLAYING WITH IT! I WON'T LET IT BITE ME VERY MUCH!

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AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL

Published by the Grip Printing and Publishing Company of Toronto. Subscription, \$2.00 per ann. in advance. All business communications to be addressed to

S. J. MOORE, Manager.

J. W. BLINGJUGH
FRED. SWIRE, B.A.

Editor.
Associate Editor.

The gravest Beast is the Ass; the gravest Bird is the Owl;
The gravest Fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the fool.

Please Observe.

Any subscriber wishing his address changed on our mail list, must, in writing, send us his old as well as new address. Subscribers wishing to discontinue must also be particular to send a memo. of present address.

NOTICE.

Our attention is called to the figures given in Rowell's Newspaper Directory representing the circulation of GRIP as 2,000 weekly. We beg to state that this estimate was furnished to Rowell two years ago, since which time our weekly circulation has increased to between 7,000 and 10,000, with an average weekly increase of about 100, and the paper is perused by fully 50,000 readers every week. Intending advertisers will do well to take notice of these facts.

Cartoon Comments

LEADING CARTOON.—If Mr. John Shields and his fellow contractors of Section B. really mean business in the matter of the libel suit they have threatened against the *Globe*, et al., now is a very good time to show it. The un-abashed defendants stand at the bar, having joined issue in regular legal form, and are only awaiting the arrival of the accusers with the judge, jury and crier of the court to have it decided once for all whether we are to call it the Section B "Slander" or "Scandal." Let Mr. Shields hustle himself if he wants the public to believe him in earnest.

FIRST PAGE.—The independent journals of this Dominion—which, by the way, are happily growing both in numbers and importance—are beginning to point out with something like befitting earnestness the positive danger which threatens our country from the growing callousness of the people toward corruption in politics. That many of our national departments and institutions are hotbeds of intrigue and dishonesty—that the Senate is a sickening sham, whose only effectual function is to enforce the truth that age is not necessarily honorable—that political life generally is actuated by the spirit of brigandage rather than patriotism—and, worst of all—that the Canadian people as a whole are content to know all this and accept it as inevitable—these are considerations well fitted to alarm the hearts of true Canadians. The party papers cannot be expected to cry out against

it,—even if they did their warnings would carry no weight with the public. The political partisans in Parliament and the country are in the same position. It therefore becomes the one present duty of the independent press to raise a warning cry, and to persist in it. If Canada means to be anything but a by-word and reproach amongst the nations, let her lose no time in clearing her skirts of the corruption which at present she apparently enjoys.

EIGHTH PAGE.—It appears that Sir Chas. Tupper's acceptance of the High Commissionership has the effect of voiding his seat in the House, under the provisions of one of our statute laws. The statute referred to prohibits any member from accepting a Government position to which a salary is attached, and this is certainly the sort of post Sir Charles has accepted. The only point to be decided is whether his declining to actually take the salary which is attached makes any difference. The Conservative party ought to be anxious to have this point decided. Is it possible that Sir C. has been cutely cut adrift by his colleagues?



In stentorian tones the question is asked why will young women going to their work in the morning wear red stockings when their boots are in holes. No one can possibly object to the boots having holes in them, but why do not the wearers black their stockings? Ink will do it, and that's what we use for ours.

We pride ourselves on the immaculate glossiness of our patent leather boots, and something has got to be done with those fiends of storekeepers who disport themselves with a sprinkling can just as soon as they see our form looming up in the horizon. Why should we be subjected to the infernal machinations of these demons, merely because we are proud of our own natty little boots, whilst the storekeepers referred to only black their great 15's once a year? We won't. Police!

In another column will be found a poem by one of our best and most esteemed correspondents. All lovers of genuine poetry will appreciate "McTuff's" effort, the beauty of which will be seen as soon as read. We wish there were more McTuff's. Of course when our poetry machine is in full running order we can turn out the best versification in the world (W. S. Gilbert not excepted), but sometimes it gets out of gear, and at such times something that so nearly approaches our own bits of perfection is invariably welcome,—and "McTuff's" always are.

Who will say now that the Cologners are not a go-ahead lot. They commenced to build a church about 640 years ago and rushed the thing through with such haste that they finished it the other day. Too much hurry is to be condemned, however, and it seems to us that a building run up in that style cannot

but be a shell, and must be scarcely safe in a high wind. It is understood that the church members there are advertising for \$150,000 to pay a Brooklyn preacher to go over for a few months, and expound: anyhow, whatever the amount is wanted for, it is required for something, but we won't give a scent to a place like Cologne.

GRIP has made a new departure, and the editorial rooms are now downstairs. We are glad of this, as the wholesale slaughter occasioned by throwing poets etc., out of a three storey window was something very terrible. The exertion to ourselves, moreover, this hot weather, was more than we could bear at times, and the accumulation of debris in front of the office, mangled out of all semblance to the human form divine, was objectionable to the police, and they have remonstrated with us. In our new room we have devised a patent trap door, and the first man who enters our chamber of horrors who looks like the poets we all so often read about, or any individual who appears as if he were about to enquire concerning Bengough's Shorthand Bureau, (with which, for the last time, we state we have nothing whatever to do) will be inveigled on to that trap door, and before he can say, "I just called to enquire—" he will never forget the "sharp swish" with which he will drop down "GRIP's Patent Hatchway." It is unpleasant to do these things, but time has inured us to imbruing our hands in gore, and the feeling of horror does not last long. It will hereafter be mere child's play to touch the spring which will let the trap door go, and then—look out.

TO WOULD BE CONTRIBUTORS, &c.

R. C. P., Highgate.—Your communication duly received. You certainly make use of some very choice expressions for one who would set himself up as an instructor of polite literature. Were not your letter so utterly low and vulgar it should be published in our columns. We may, however, yet consider our determination and let the world see how prettily you can write when in a had temper.

"NORMALITE," Toronto.—Your poemlet appears this week, though we broke through a rule in publishing it. Next time you send us anything, please send your real name (not for publication). We are always pleased to aid the weak against the oppressed. We have a suspicion who you are, or we would scarcely have ventured to fracture a well-known newspaper rule.

DR. BLAZES.

O how shall I, unskilful, try
The poet's occupation,
The tuneful powers in happy hours
That whisper inspiration?
For they must soar with effort more
Than aught that most amazes,
If they rehearse in equal verse
The charms of Dr. Blazes.

For when he speaks, his voice it squeaks,
His feeble powers surrender,
And O, his ire! with eyes of fire
His face gleams livid splendor.
Each eye it cheers when he appears
Like Sol in morning's hazes,
How sad each heart! How loth'to part
From charming Doctor Blazes!

His musty notes he gently quotes,
His talk is nought but grammar,
His lectures all, both great and small,
Are so much scolding stammer.
But I in vain essay the strain—
The deed my conscience dazes,
I'll drop the lyre, and mute admire
The Reverend Doctor Blazes!

—NORMALITE.

The first sign of spring is the feeling that your hat is shabby.—Ez.



ANOTHER TOWN.

FROM THE NOTE BOOK OF A SAUNTERER IN CANADA.

Have at ye now, ye of Nodville, for since I wrote of ye, I have seen other places.

My erratic footsteps led me to a village of high degree. It was almost as high as its hotel prices: yet, paradoxically, its site was low. It looked well,—as you went away from it, and looked much better when you were out of sight, and yet I had quite an enjoyable time in the place, all things considered.

I find a man can never be too careful as to what he says about places in Canada. That is my experience since I wrote about Cay—no, Nodville; however, as a truthful correspondent I must say something about this village by the lake.

It boasts of several inhabitants: what I mean is that it does not really boast because of the character of several of its inhabitants, but because it has quite a number of residents within its gates, and on the first day of my sojourn in the spot, I met one of them. He was a wild, careworn-looking individual, and I felt somewhat alarmed on account of the weird expression of his eyes: he glared at me as I alighted from the train, and apparently detecting something in the expression of my eyes that encouraged him, became emboldened to address me. "Anything fresh?" he enquired after saluting me, "Anything fresh up your way?"

"Nothing," I responded, "and if there were anything this would be the last place I would bring it to? Phew! but it's warm."

By this time the individual of whom I have been speaking had produced several sheets of

say nothing of the one we both ignore: did you see no early wheat 'nipped in the bud?" "No sir," I responded, "and I should think that ought to be the last question you should ask in this weather. Is this hot enough for you?"

It seemed that these words exerted some powerful influence on the gentleman, for, with a despairing glance he fled.

I then strolled away "up town," and was delightfully impressed with the magnificent system of sidewalks. I only fell five times, but as I invariably fell clear of the 'pave' and tumbled into the gutter in which was contained all the mud scraped up the day before, I did not hurt myself much.

At my last fall, however, I sprained my kneecap, and had to be assisted into a drug store for temporary rest: recovering after a short stay, I enquired the name of the proprietor, saying that I was obliged to him for the attention he had bestowed upon me and felt grateful.

"My name, sir" he responded, is Cameron, o' Lochiel, an' I'm prood that it is sac, an' ony sma' effort o' mine is naething, an' ye're welcome."

"Bide a wee," said I, dropping unconsciously into the language spoken ayont the Tweed, "bide a wee an' diuna fash, but wad you mention the names o' a few o' yer prencipal ceetizens, as I hae beeziuess o' impotence to transact?"

"Aye," replied Cameron o' Lochiel, "wi' pleasure. There's Broom, an' there's Hope o' Hopetoon, an' McGillienddy o' the Reeks, an' there's Poorie o' Raiswallie, an' Macphairson frae the far north, an' Hamilton o' that ilk, an' the MacTavishes frae the Mull o' Kintyre, — Hold on sir," I said, "Why these are all Scotch names." (It will be perceived that I had dropped the accent of the lingo of the Land o' Cakes).

"And what for no?" queried the Cameron o' Lochiel, "Whaur wad ye fin' better?"

"No where," I replied, anxious to mollify the chemist, "but being an Englishman myself I could have wished to interview a few members of that nationality. Have you no English in this village?"

"Well, we hae, answered the gallant Cameron, "but they're baith oot o' toon."

I shook the dust of my feet from off me and left, but not before I had visited the spots selected for public swimming baths (not to be used, gentle reader, after seven in the morning), and which were about as black, grimy and gritty as if all the Macs in the village had taken their annual bath there immediately before I beheld it.

Reader, I was glad to leave the place; and unless you are vera Scotch, so would you be, but I really dare not mention its name.

HUMORISTS.

NOT A FANCY SKETCH.

A newspaper humorist is the happiest, jolliest fellow in existence; I refer to those funny fellows who must have so much humorous, side-splitting matter handed in every day or week as the case may be on pain of being cast on the mercies of this cold, harsh world. Of course they never know trouble; not they; all is bright and rosiely golden with them. When So-and-so's (that quaint genius) sister had just died, (a favorite sister who was all in all to her brother, and was not yet buried) didn't the office boy come rushing round to So-and-so's house and told him that some funny copy must be sent in at once, or that his connection with the Joe Miller must cease at once, as that was the boss' message? And what did So-and-So do? Why, knowing that his bread depended on that 'copy,' he sat down with tears in his eyes and wrote some, and that

paper was very wet some how before it was handed to the boy.

Then there was Whatdy'ecallhim, another excruciatingly funny writer. Everybody used to read his productions and laugh and roar and wonder who the writer was and wish they knew him, as he must be such a jovial companion, and the very man to drive away the 'blues.' And so he was to the outside world, just as the clown in the pantomime must jost, though his heart be breaking. But Whatdy'ecallhim had a sick mother and a lame child, whose only support he was, but of course, he never thought of them except as provocatives of mirth, did he? Of course as he saw his dear mother gradually fading away, it made him feel awfully good, and just in the humor for being funny. And of course, as his lame little boy, whom he has to carry about, grew perceptibly lighter and lighter in his arms every day, it made him feel as if he would burst with laughter, and like to convulse the reading public with jokes. But this is no imaginary picture, and there are many So-and-so's and Whatdy'ecallhim's.

The reader will ask why these men did not do something else other than write funny paragraphs and so forth. The answer is very simple. They were naturally humorous men, and humorous writing was what Nature made them for, and if they had tried to turn their hands to anything else, they would have starved.

Readers of humorous papers, then, be lenient when you sometimes take up your sheet and throw it aside with a scornful "Pshaw! this fellow's no good, and ought to be a gravedigger," just because you happen to see that the fun is not so racy as usual.

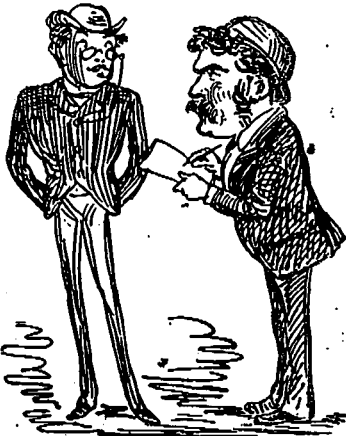
Think that, sometimes, behind the laughing mask of Momus, there may be a very, very gloomy face, and that a heart that seems, to the world, to be light as a feather, may be, to its owner, as heavy as the nethermost millstone.



THE ZOO.

A popular impression had got abroad that Old Uncle Tom was dead, but it would appear that such was an erroneous one, as the old gentleman has turned up at the ever-popular Zoo, this time in an opera by Harrison Millard. Performances have taken place every night this week, so far, and there will be special matinees on Friday and Saturday for children in addition to the usual evening entertainment. As has been the case since the advent of the Holmans to the Zoo this summer, the houses have been nightly packed with highly respectable audiences, and this is due as much to the enterprise and courtesy of Messrs. W. G. Davis, Manager, and E. Blanchard, Treasurer, as to the excellence of the well-known Holman troupe. Uncle Tom deserves to be liberally patronized in his new role. The Holmans are too well-known to need further recommendation.

If your lungs are almost wasted by consumption, Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" will not cure you, yet, as a remedy for severe coughs, and all curable bronchial, throat, and lung affections, it is unsurpassed. Send two stamps for Dr. Pierce's large pamphlet treatise on Consumption and Kindred Affections. Address WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.



inferior-looking paper, together with a pencil, and by these tokens I knew he must be a "journalist." "Surely sir," he continued, "you must have seen something that would give my paper the bulge on the other one, to

DOMINION DAY.

BY T. McTUFF.

Ring the bells, merry bells,
At the break of day!
Their clangor tells, as it swells,
'Tis Dominion Day.
Fire the guns, beat the drums,
And glad and joyful sing!
Your songs of peace—let mirth increase,
And let dull care take wing.

Do not lag, hoist the flag
Upon the highest pole;
Loyally and joyfully,
Engage with heart and soul,
To celebrate, with minds elate,
This happy holiday
Which saw a nation born in peace
Beneath Victoria's sway.

From Nova Scotia's rugged coast,
From far Vancouver's Isle,
From Manitoba's prairies green—
Ontario's fruitful soil,
A loyal people, happy, free,
Contented with their lot,
Vic with each other thus to show
The day is unforget
That bound them in the holy ties
Of amity and peace—
And hand in hand
United stand,
Their power and wealth increase!

New Brunswick's mountains echo back
The thunders of Quebec;
Cape Breton's sons
Stand by their guns
Prince Edward's to awake—
Whose sturdy fishermen are eye
The foremost in the van
In all those noble qualities
Which constitute the man.

Long may Confederation be
Our country's guiding star!
Nor overt act of rulers e'er
It's constitution mar;
And may foresight and wisdom
Their every action guide—
The strengthening of the bond still be
Their glory and their pride.
That in the march of progress each
May with its neighbor vie:
Each stone well tested, that it may
Time's ravages defy;
A noble structure thus we'll raise
In this free Northern land:
Symmetrically, solidly,
And admirably planned,
In which our rights we will defend
With true consistency:
Still loving well that dear Old Land,
That land across the sea,
Which all true Britons still regard
With love and pride sincere;
Our parent whom we all respect,
And honor and revere.

What enemies but well might fear
Our borders to attack,
Did they but know the souls which glow
Beneath the Union Jack!
United all,
We stand or fall
By Grand Old Mother Isle;
To crush the foe who'd dare to land
Upon her sacred soil!

Ours not the mercenary aid
That pampered hirelings give;
The ties which bind our loyalty
Are silken bonds of love,
Cemented by the purity
And justice of her reign,
On whose domain the sun ne'er sets—
Proud Empress of the main.

Then let us all right loyally
Engage, whilst yet we may,
To celebrate,
With minds elate,
This happy holiday,
Which saw a nation
Born in peace
Beneath Victoria's sway.

Campbellford, June 18th, 1883.

A young man dressed in the highest of fashion and with a poetic turn of mind, was driving along a country road and upon gazing at the pond which skirted the highway, said: "Oh, how I would like to lave my head in those cooling waters!" An Irishman, overhearing the exclamation, immediately replied: "Bedad, you might lave it there and it wouldn't sink."—*Ex.*



BRIDGET'S SUCCESS IN COOKERY.

"Do you think, Bridget, you could get dinner ready yourself to-day?"

Bridget was just over from the 'ould country,' and though most willing to help with the work, was not capable of much culinary skill.

"Sure, yis, mem," said she, curtesying and smiling good-humoredly.

"Very well, listen to my directions, and you may try. The first thing you will do is to watch the sponge cake in the oven and turn it, so that it may not burn. Then the goose I have left dressed, you will put in the oven about ten o'clock and baste occasionally. Do you think you can do this?" I asked, remembering with sorrow Bridget's previous efforts, when the potatoes had been placed on the table almost raw, and certain mutton chops had made their appearance in the unrecognizable form of bits of charcoal.

"Yis, mem, yis, mem, you need have no fear. You'll find everything done whin you come back."

My last injunctions before leaving the house were, "Don't let the cake burn—recollect to turn it—and be sure and baste the goose."

I was detained in the city some time, and about noon my husband and I journeyed homeward together.

"I really believe Bridget is improving, and will make a good servant by-and-by," I remarked.

"I have no doubt she will, and, furthermore, when she reaches the acme of fulfilling your instructions, she will demand an audacious increase of wages, or else decamp with an irreproachable 'karracter.'"

"Oh, no, Fred, she could not be so ungrateful after the pains I have taken with her. However, I think all will be well to-day."

When I entered the dining room, a nasty, mutilated mass of half-cooked goose reposed on a platter on the table, while Fred, in convulsions of laughter, was rolling on the floor.

"Why, what has happened to the goose?" I exclaimed.

"She says you told her to baste it—ha, ha, ha!"

"Baste it? Certainly I told her to do so. Do sit on a chair, Fred, and don't be ridiculous." I rang the bell. Bridget came. "What did you mash the goose like this for?" I sternly inquired.

"Sure, mem, you told me to baste it, an' didn't I? Inclade I jist tuk hold of the pounder and gave him a raal good bastin' now and agin'."

"Oh, Bridget," I groaned, "I did not mean you to beat it. Baste it with gravy," I explained.

"How did the cake do?" I faltered.

"Nicely, mem, though it don't look so well as some others, but—"

"Let me see it. Bring it here," I added, as a sign from Fred indicated he wanted to know the result.

The cake was brought. At the sight of it, with something between a shriek and a howl, Fred rushed from the room.

"Was this basted too?" I asked, controlling my anger.

"Sure I turned this as you bade me."

"Turned?"

"Yis. When the top came on a little hard and brown, I tuk the cake out of the oven, and wid a spoon I broke it in and turned it around. Then I put it in the oven agin' an' let it cook till it became nice and solid."

"Take it away. If your comprehension were equal to your willingness and good nature, what a treasure you would be, Bridget."

STRIKING A HATTERTUDE.

"You observe this hat?" asked a young blood of highly respectable parentage and of a very ancient family, but who really knows better than to be so positively ghastly in his remarks as he was some days ago, when he got the following off to a friend he met on the street. The article in question was nearly new, a plug, but bore a terribly battered appearance.

"You observe this hat? It has thrice been metamorphosed."

"Expound," said the other.

"Well, you see, in the first place, that it is a silk hat."

"Exactly."

"It dropped off my head the other night—late—and I groped round for it, and at length touched it. It was then felt."

"Just so."

"Just as I touched it, I fell down myself and sat in it. It was then satin. Dy'e see? Silk, felt, satin."

"Ha, ha."

"So long."

"Charge, Chester!" shouted the druggist, as he sold a lung pad on credit.—*Ex.*

The Irishman's motto: If you have a duty to perform, do it with all your dynamite.—*Ex.*

A young lover in Iowa paid \$40 for a locomotive to run him thirty-five miles to see his girl, and when there the family bull-dog ran him two miles and didn't charge him a cent.

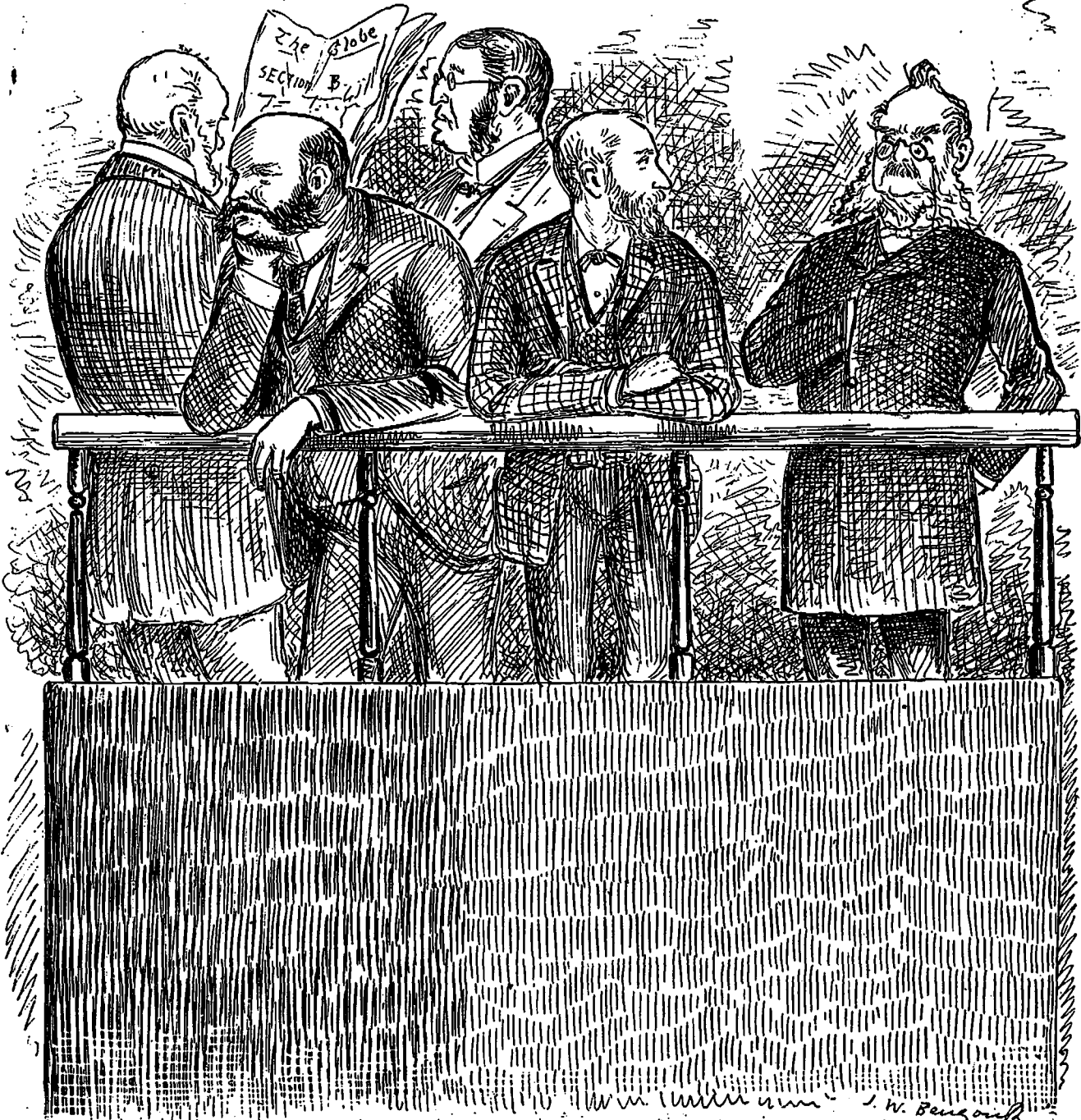


THE RETORT DISCOURTEOUS.

MISS GUSHY (petting her pug).—I do love dogs!

MR. DUDEY.—Then I wish I was a dawg.
MISS GUSHY (consolingly).—Never mind—you'll grow!

LIBEL.
SECTION
B
vs.
CAMERON, EDGAR,
ANGLIN, HEWSON,
AND COTTON.



J. W. Benson

WAITING FOR THE JUDGE AND JURY.



"So the world wags,"

I came across the skit below in a paper that is now defunct, but it seems to me that there is a great deal of the "Special Correspondence" business done nowadays that is equally as ridiculous as that spoken of in this paragraph. I notice instances of it frequently in the Hamilton correspondence of the *Globe*, and in many other papers, and I do think it is rather absurd. Read this:

NONSENSICAL DESPATCHES.

There is a certain Scotch newspaper which gives its correspondents permission to telegraph any important news they can get hold of for their evening edition. We lately noticed two paragraphs in the said paper, the first of which was to the following effect:—"Insulting a Musselburgh Town Councillor. (Special Telegram from Our Own Correspondent.) Musselburgh, Friday, 1 p.m.—At a court held this morning, a young gentleman named Scott was convicted of insulting Councillor Meikle by inquiring 'who the deuce made him a town councillor?' The magistrate imposed a fine of 7s. 6d. or four days' imprisonment." The other important telegram from 'Our Own' intimated that the barbers of the town of Leith had raised their prices! Of doubtful interest, we fancy, to the inhabitants of a city fifty miles away.

* *

Parents will doubtless be duly and deeply struck with the force and depth of the following few remarks. Any one who is blessed with the possession of any of those little darlings that are a nuisance at the same time that they are blessings will agree with me in the above statement.

BABIES FROM A GRAMMATICAL POINT OF VIEW.

Sottherly has been considering babies from a grammatical standpoint, and thinks he has discovered how they should be parsed, declined and conjugated. Although in the first person, singular number, the babe is equal to any number of persons plural. He is in the nominative case until you can find a place for him; he is in a possessive case when he gets hold of the sugar-bowl; he is in the objective case when you want to give him a bath or put him to bed. His tenses vary, but the imperfect predominates. He is in the active voice at all times of the day and night, the indicative mood when he wants anything, in the potential when he gets it, in the imperative always, and in the subjunctive never. He is a common noun, but a highly irregular verb. He is subject of the sentence invariably, and governs absolutely without being limited by anybody or anything. He doesn't confine himself to nine parts of speech, but has a fragmentary discourse of his own, impossible to number or catalogue. He follows implicitly only one rule, which is to be an exception whenever he chooses, and that is pretty often. If you want to know how often, stay at home and try and study his requirements some day while his mother is out shopping.

Perhaps Mr. Geo. Peck, of the *Milwaukee Sun* gets off some of the most original things in the humoristic line of any other in the 'biz.' The present popularity of "the noble art of self-defence" will cause the following to be appreciated.

THE POPULARITY OF BOXING.

We do not expect to live to see boxing popular with the better classes, but the time is coming when every play that is given on the stage will have the plot centre on a boxing match. If some latter-day Shakespeare should re-write 'Hamlet' so that swords would be done away with, and the fighting be done with boxing gloves, the interest in that play, which is gradually wearing off, would be intensified. The spectacle of Mr. Booth coming on the stage with a pair of boxing gloves, and having a set-to with his step-father, while the ghost acted as referee, would be well worth the price of admission, and if he should have a quarrel with the grave-digger, and put on the gloves with him and knock him into the grave, and 'Laertes' should throw up the sponge, it would bring the house down. The lines could be changed so Hamlet would pick up the skull of 'Yorick' and say: "Alas, poor 'Yorick'! I knocked him out in three rounds. There is where I fractured his skull and knocked him silly." In the play of 'Richard the Third' a few sets of boxing gloves would brighten up the gloom. 'Richard' could pretend not to know anything about boxing, and put on the gloves reluctantly, and go out on Bosworth field apparently expecting to be knocked out, and the audience would express pity for the poor cripple, and then 'Richard' would turn in and clean out the whole army, one at a time, and come upon the stage as a conquering hero, out of breath, and he covered with bouquets. Even the society plays will be enlivened by set-tos between the dudes and the girls of the play. Nothing would bring an audience to its feet and cause it to cheer itself hoarse so well as to see the girl, whom the villain is pursuing, and who seems to be dying of blood poisoning from the paint on her face, put on a pair of six button boxing gloves, and knock the dude villain through a window where he will fall through a skylight down four storeys, and come back with his clothes torn and his eye blacked after his eye glass. The heroes and heroines of the future are going to be those who can strike out from the shoulder and land a mauler on the opponent's nose.—*Peck's Sun*.

* *

That most promising bantling, *The City*, of Winnipeg, is in no respect behind its co-tems. In its own peculiar field. Beneath these words of wisdom will be found a clipping from its much-appreciated columns.

A GLASS OF LEMONADE—MERELY.

When he—a young man in one of the city banks—escorted her—a Ross street belle—from church last Sunday evening, they both arrived at her father's two-storey unmortgaged mansion with parched lips and dry throats. Consequently he—we'll call him Jack—readily accepted the invitation to step into the house and refresh himself with a glass of cold lemonade. She led him straight to the dining room, and there, to her great disgust, found her precious brother Jim about to squeeze the very last lemon in the house for his own particular use and benefit. Calling him aside, she induced Jimmy, by giving him a dime, to dissect the lemon, and make Jack and herself each a glass. Jimmy was self-sacrificing when well paid for being so, and his sister became possessed of a self-sacrificing thought, so she whispered: "No, Jim, put the whole juice of the lemon in Jack's glass, and bring me a glass of water. There is no light in the sitting-room, and he won't notice it."

The obedient brother was making one good strong no-circus-kind of lemonade, as directed, when Jack quietly slipped out, and instructed him, unknown of course to his sister, to "put the juice of the whole lemon into dear Katie's glass, and bring me a glass of water," adding, "Don't bring in a light and she won't notice it at all."

Jim is a giant in carrying out instructions—especially as he pocketed another dime from Jack for doing so. With a merry twinkle in his eye, and a Sol Smith Russell smile all over his countenance, he poured the lemonade down his own throat, then carried them each a glass of Red River water, which they sipped with apparently much relish—at any rate, they asked between sips, "if it was sweet enough," or "is there enough lemon in it?" And poor little obedient Jimmy stood out in the hall, with the taste of that lemonade in his mouth, and he laughed and laughed and laughed till he ached all over, to hear the loving and self-sacrificing couple assure each other, as they sipped the muddy water, that "it was just the thing. So nice, and so refreshing!"

That's all of the story.—*The City*.

* *

GLASS SHINGLES FOR DOMESTIC MEDICINE.

Referring to the glass shingle as an implement of family discipline, we are reminded of what the inquisitive little boy said to his mother: "Mother, what does trans-atlantic mean?" "It means across the Atlantic." "Yes, I thought that was what it meant. Now, ma, if trans-atlantic means across the Atlantic, I suppose that transparent means across the parent's knee, in which case I suppose that I might call myself a transparent boy." The mother heaved a sigh. She saw through the transparent joke. Now when the glass shingle comes into family use, the unities will be admirably preserved by the application of the transparent shingle to the transparent boy. The opaque shingle is a thing of the past.

HE WANTED GRIP.

A gentleman walked into a small stationery store on Yonge street north a few days ago and stating that he wanted that week's GRIP, added that he had called at every place in the city where that paper is sold, but had been told in every store that the stock of GRIPS was invariably sold out a few minutes after being received. The proprietor of the place was a German and his stock of the English language was as limited as that of the other one, who chanced to be a lawyer, was profuse. He stared stolidly at his would-be customer for several minutes and appeared to be wondering what the latter was asking for. "Vot vosh it dot you vos vont?" he at length said, after the legal limb had repeated the magic word GRIP over and over again. "GRIP, GRIP, you understand, GRIP the paper." "Ach! ach! dot vosh raicht: yah, yah," and he toddled away as swiftly as his corpulence would permit to a far corner of his emporium and returned with—a paper fastener. This was his idea of "Grip the paper," and he was right in one sense, but not as the gentleman of the long robo would have had it.

A joke might be worked in here about "GRIP's clips," or something of that kind, but the weather is warm and some of the readers of this paper might be sad. Better refrain.

WOMAN AND HER DISEASES

is the title of a large illustrated treatise, by Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N.Y., sent to any address for three stamps. It teaches successful self-treatment.

The time it takes to climb a fence depends upon the size of the dog.—*Ec.*

SONGS OF THE WHEEL.

No. I.—MY BICYCLING FRIEND.

A SKETCH.

He's tall, well built, has golden hair,
You'd surely call him 'light complected';
Upon his lip—waxed with care—
A faint moustache can be detected.
His eyes are blue, his mouth a bow—
A coral-tinted arc of Cupid:
Outside of 'cycling things he's slow,
In fact I've heard some call him stupid.

He's versed in wire and nickel plate,
In rubber tires and hubs and handles,
In pigskin seats, in tolling rate,
In lamps, and patent sperm oil candles.
He knows what roads are in good shape—
'The best hotels in country places';
He ne'er gets mad when called an ape
By youthful 'vags,' with rare grimaces.

When'er he rides he makes a 'mash,'
The girls all say he's quite a dandy;
They wonder if he's lots of cash,
And whether he'll 'put up' much candy.
He's been engaged six times or more,
'To girls he's ne'er been introduced to,
But as he's only aged a score,
Why! marry he can't be induced to.

His talk is all of 'cycling things,
Of trikes and bikes and paths of cinder,
He calls his wheel a brace of rings,
And says he can see naught to hinder
An age when all on earth will go
On wire spoked wheels of some description;
He's up to every wheeling show,
And knows for hurts the best prescription.

He wears eye-glasses on his nose;
His tone of voice: soft, low and lazy;
His boots have very pointed toes—
I know he thinks himself a daisy.
He's full of cycling yarns and songs,
And brings them out without much coaxing;
To air his knowledge much he longs,
And often tries his hand at hoaxing.

My 'cycling friend may not be smart,
But still I like his cheery manner,
And love him for his kind, warm heart—
'They give to him a "Welcome" banner.
He is a flirt, I grant you that,
But I've seen many a worse than he is,
And though not sharp, he's not the 'flat'
That people say full nany a she is.

W. C. NICHOL.

THAT LONG-HAND CLOCK.

AN HOUR THAT WAS LONGER THAN THE HAND.

When I returned home from sea in the month of February, the precise date I do not exactly remember, but it was several years ago, I found that my father had invested in a, to me, rather novel kind of clock, and had placed it on a bracket for some reason, in a large upstairs spare bed room. It was one of that species, if that term may be applied to clocks, where a very large hand marks off each day as every twenty-four hours elapses. There was nothing extraordinary in that fact, but what puzzled me was how that long-hand knew enough to jump from the 28th of February to the 1st of March. I was, however, assured that it did so, but felt somewhat incredulous on the subject, and resolved to sit up on the night of the 28th and see for myself if the long-hand was gifted with the, to me, superhuman intelligence with which it was credited.

Accordingly I made all preparations for observing the miracle which I was assured would take place, and with a jorum of punch and a supply of tobacco on the table before me, took up my position at about 11 p.m. (I say *about*, for I am not precisely certain as to the exact minute, for I did not place the utmost confidence in the clock and regarded it as altogether an object of suspicion, and was determined to be on hand when "grave yards yawn and Josts troop 4th," (as A. Ward has remarked in later days.) I kept my eye steadily on the clock as the medium sized hand crept very slowly round the dial, and eight bells drew gradually nearer and nearer, whiling away the monotony of myself-imposed watch with an occasional sip from my glass of punch, which was becoming very cold.

By degrees I gradually fell a-thinking of one thing and another, amongst other matters the affinity between my nocturnal watch and the infernal (as I regarded it) clock. My retrospective eye was cast back to scenes I had witnessed on the wide and restless ocean; I again saw myself pacing the deck of some gallant vessel and looking up at the snowy albatrosses soaring above, so near and yet so far, for though I had repeatedly endeavored to slay those birds, (not having the terrible example of the Ancient Mariner before my eyes) I could never hit them, or rather I'm sure I did occasionally give them a mild reminder that I was blazing away at them, for they would only glance down at me, wink one of their cunning-looking eyes and soar on, scarcely seeming to move a wing as they made head-way almost in the wind's eye. But I am digressing from the subject of that clock. To keep myself awake I did, as I had often done at sea, and rose from my chair and paced backward and forward, never forgetting to take an occasional glance at the object of my vigilance.

Be it borne in mind that it was that long 24 hour hand that I paid most particular attention to, for I was anxious to see it jump those three days, and of course its motion at present was imperceptible to me.

A tap at the door roused me from a sort of reverie into which I had fallen, and in response to my "Come in," my brother William entered, attired in all the paraphernalia of slumber.

"What's the matter old fellow?" I enquired.
"Why," he answered, "I was wondering how long you were going to keep up that monotonous tramp, tramp, right over my head. Why don't you come to bed?"

"I will," I replied, "as soon as I see that long-hand over there" pointing to the clock, "make its three day skip."

"Oh! you're somewhat skeptical about it, are you?" he answered, "but I'm afraid, now I come to think of it, that you won't witness that salutary performance."

"Oh! none of you're horrible puns about me being a conservative salt,"—for I belonged to those two persuasions, "but why won't it skip?"

"Well," was his reply, "we wind it up every seven days, or it stops, and that's what it must have done to-day."

"Gracious!" I exclaimed "that can't be. It's going now. Why it's just at the right time," and certainly the hands stood at—well, well; I had in my anxiety in looking after the very long-hand failed to observe that they had not budged at all since I first took up my post, though I could have sworn they seemed to move. "What time is it, anyhow, Bill?" I asked.

"I looked at my watch just before I came upstairs and made it half-past two: but I suppose you never noticed the lapse of time with those two friends to keep you company"—pointing to the nearly exhausted punch bowl, and the pipe in my hand.

"Well, it did appear rather a long hour," I confessed, "I must say, but what annoys me most is that the mystery of that skip—"

"Ain't you a skipper yourself?" broke in that incorrigible punster William. "and as such—"

"Oh!" I interrupted impatiently, "please don't aggravate my case by your villainous attempts at wit. And now I suppose I shall have to wait another year before I can see that hand jump. Well, I'm more than ever convinced that it does not jump at all, but you just shove it along with your finger. But don't say anything about this business of my nightwatch or I shall never hear the last of it."

To Bill's honor be it said, he told every member of the household and every acquaintance or relation for miles round; but the worst of it was that I never saw the hand jump after all.

BURGLARIOUS INTRUSION.

SHAMEFUL TREATMENT OF LITTLE CROOKSEY AND HER MOTHER.

"But, marm," says I, "will you please as to be so kind as to git hout o' this? You 'ave no business 'ere."

And it's 'ard to ax you to believe it, M.r. Grip, but she puts 'er 'and on my shoulder and fetches me such a puffect 'buster' agenst the wall, as deranged my total 'inards,' besides crushing into fifty pieces my only 'tortershell' crespinette as tied my 'air up; and shoves me into a chair in the corner as destit'ot o'breath as a split bladder.

"There," says she, "no hinterference, if you please."

Which it was my own 'ouse, Mr Grip, and this atrocious interlood 'appens in this way. My daughter, little Crooksey, which though she 'ave since been taken ill all along of it, she was then as sprightly a creature for 'er age as you would see; she used to pour out the beer and perhaps a drop o' punch now and then for the family, keepin' a tight watch as none of 'em got more than was good for 'em, and 'ave got all their cups and glasses picked out and marked to each, as was wonderful clever for the poor little thing. But this great hinterferin' creature next door, which 'er name is Mrs. Ottawa, knowin' 'ow cleverly my little Crooksey was managin' the liquors, takes it into 'er 'ead as 'ow she would himprove on it, as if hany one couldnt himprove on it once they saw 'ow we l the plan was workin'. Crooksey was a goin' to improve on it herself the fust thing, soon as she saw 'ow it was a doin'.

But this big fat thing, M.r. Grip, which she is 'alf English an' 'alf French and a good deal of Irish, she must perambulate in without wither 'leave' or by yer 'leave,' and takes 'er place at the 'ead o' my table, and pours out and portionizes quite superior to little Crooksey, she thinks, and when I mildly tells 'er to go into 'er own 'ouse, M.r. Grip, you have 'eard my relation of the manner in which she treated me.

And I runs out and hasks the policeman, M.r. Grip, and he petrifies me by sayin' as 'ow the law of forcible hentry is above 'is jerrydiction, and I must appeal to the 'igher courts.

And my family was dumfounded at first, but now they sets in corners a-guyin' of me. And she says, M.r. Grip, she do, the big brazen thing, seein' as 'ow there's no law in the country to protect a quiet woman with 'er family, and the constable wouldnt 'elp me, as 'ow she shall go into all the neighbors' 'ouses and do as she please whether they likes or whether they don't.

And I feels quite desperate, and can't enjoy no vittels, nor sleep a wink o' nights without wakin' up and thinkin' she is a bustin' in somewheres; and I writes to you and all my 'opes is in you, for I could 'ave made all improvements myself and don't like to be made a laughing stock on, and if I wasnt fit to manage my own 'ouse, and if I'm not fit to mind what my children eats and drinks, what am I fit for?

Which my name is Mrs. Ontario, as am an honest woman, though I says it.

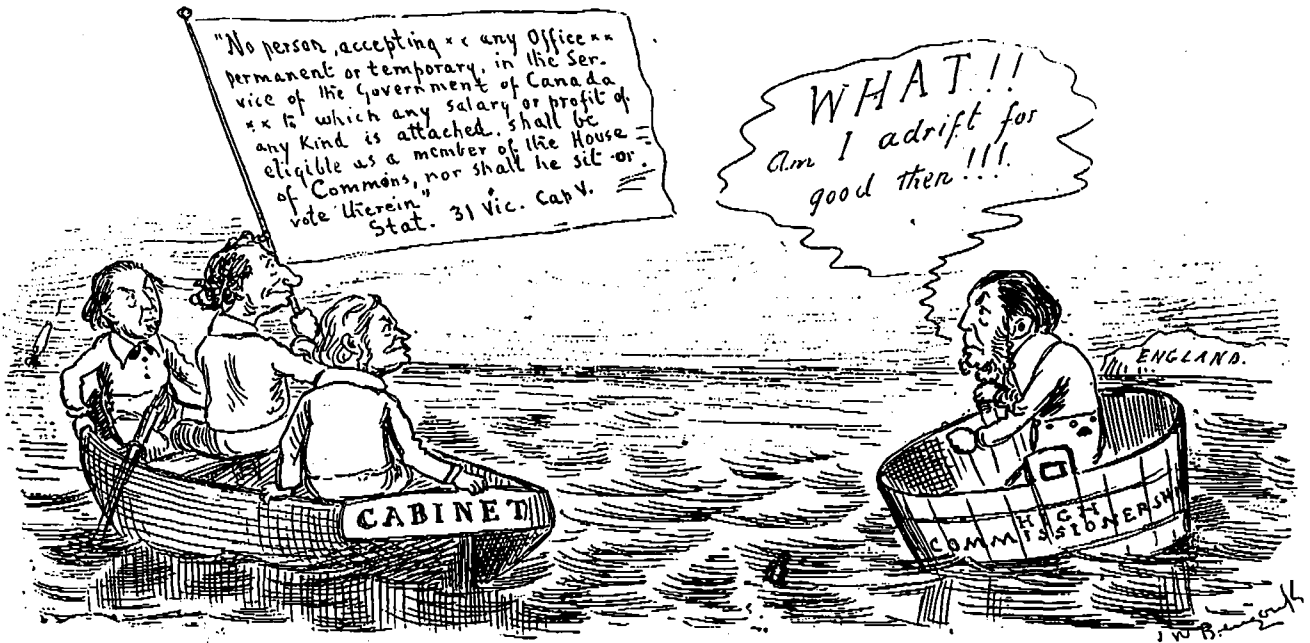
GRIP'S CLIPS.

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

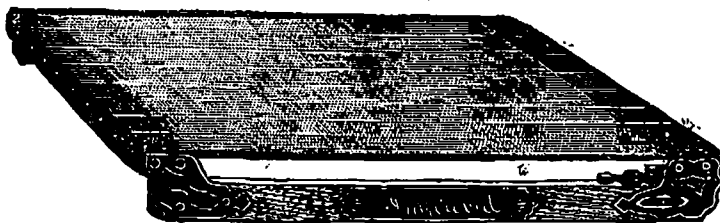
A splendid four in hand—four aces.—*Omnibus in N. Y. Mercury.*

"Women are charming creatures." So are some snakes.—*Ibid.*

The child who is honest may get to heaven, but on earth it is the little boy who goes into the pantry that takes the cake.—*Ibid.*



IS HE ADRIFT?—A QUESTION FOR THE LAWYERS.



SPRING MATTRESSES.

We are now manufacturing the largest assortment of **Spring Mattresses** in this market, comprising **The Woven Wire (four grades), Button Tie, Triple Coil, Improved and Plain All Wire, Common Sense and U. S. Slats.** Parties in need of **Spring Mattresses** will find it to their advantage to inspect our stock before placing their order.

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R. THORNE & CO., 11 & 13 Queen St. E., Toronto.

"God vas gif a mans a goubles eyes," says Carl Pretzel, "and one tongue, on aegound He wants you to look a gouble times out before you shpeak once."—*Ibid.*

A little boy went to his first tea-party when four years and three months old. Upon his hostess asking him how he liked his tea, he replied: "It is very nice, but it tastes very much of the water."—*Ibid.*

Professor to a young lady student: "Your mark is very low, and you have only just passed." Young lady: "Oh, I am so glad." Professor, surprised: "Why?" Young lady: "I do so love a tight squeeze."—*Ibid.*

'THREW AWAY HER SUPPORTER.'

DR. PIERCE:—A neighbor of ours was suffering from "female weakness," which the doctors told her could never be cured without a supporter. After considerable persuasion my wife induced her to try your "Favorite prescription." After using one bottle she threw away the supporter, and did a large washing, which she had not done in two years before.

JAMES MILNER.

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IT STANDS AT THE HEAD.

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Misery may love company, but the small boy doesn't when there's a limited supply of fruit cake on the tea-table.—*New York News.*



GENTLEMEN,

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