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EDITED BY J. W. BENGOUGH

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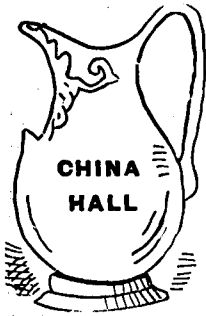
The gravest beast is the Ass.
 The gravest bird is the Owl.
 The gravest fish is the Oyster.
 The gravest man is the fool.
— Joe Miller



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★ GRIP ★



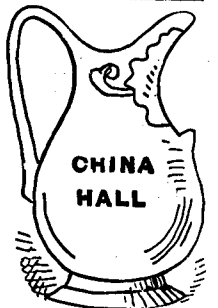
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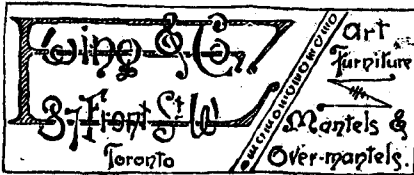
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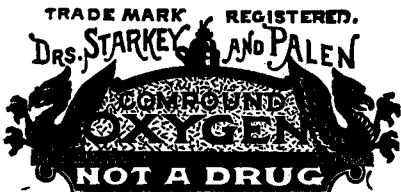
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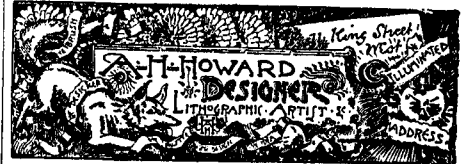
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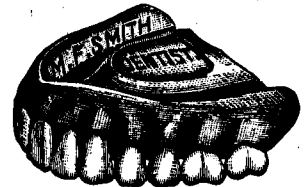
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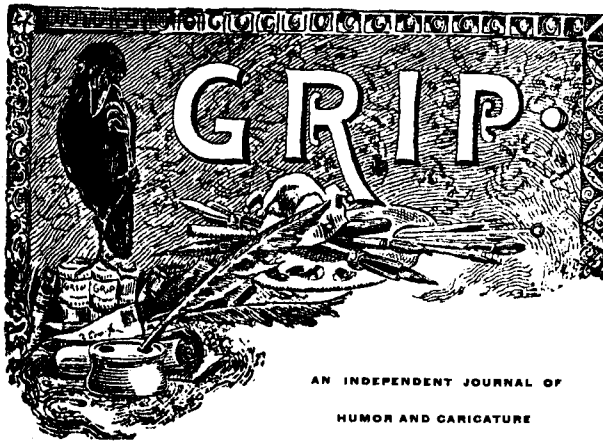
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AN INDEPENDENT JOURNAL OF
HUMOR AND CARICATURE

Published every Saturday. \$2 per year in advance, postage free. Single copies, 5 cents. All business correspondence to be addressed to J. V. WRIGHT, General Manager; literary matter, sketches, etc., to the EDITOR.

J. W. BENGOUGH EDITOR.

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

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

OUR friends are reminded that the magnificent lithographed plate, "Prominent Conservatives," issued as a supplement to Midsummer GRIP, will be sent to every subscriber applying for same and enclosing five cents for postage.

Comments on the Cartoons.



STOP THE DEATH FACTORIES.—We join in the appeal to Archbishop Lynch to take a stand upon the Liquor Question worthy of himself and the great Church he represents. His present attitude is creditable to neither, and it is entirely at variance with that of Cardinal Manning and many other distinguished Catholic prelates. The day is past for Christianity to be content with the reclamation of the individual victim of this inhuman traffic in drink, and the Church which claims to be Christian *par excellence* should be above all others determined upon legal Prohibition. The whiskey traffic received an emphatic condemnation from the great Catholic Council which lately sat at Baltimore, and there are thousands of the best members of that communion amongst the earnest Prohibitionists of the day. The fact that a large proportion of the liquor-dealers are professed Catholics is a scandal which would cease were the Church everywhere to declare against the business. The Baltimore Council advised Catholics to get into a more respectable line of life, and Archbishop Lynch should repeat that advice here. At present the lowest groggery in Canada is at liberty to decorate its walls with his portrait. He has spoken no word of condemnation of this infernal institution which has done more to impoverish Ireland, and to ruin and debase the warm-hearted people of that land, than all other agencies combined. And in this great matter, silence gives consent. The Archbishop is no doubt anxious to rescue drunkards, but the world is now awake to the hopelessness of work in this line while the drunkard factories are working at high pressure to transform decent citizens into drunkards. These factories must be stopped, and it is high time the heads of the Christian churches said so with the voice of authority.

MERCIER'S TEAM.—It is doubtful whether Mr. Mercier will be able to carry on the government of Quebec without forming a combination with the Bleus. The alliance of the Castors with the Rouges enabled him to carry the country, but his majority is too small to make it safe sailing on such a troubled sea as that of the Quebec Legislature.

SAM JONES.—Rev. Sam Jones is criticised *ad lib.* in the morning papers, and generally in an adverse way because of his alleged bad taste in the matter of language. It may be true that his expressions frequently sound irreverent to our Canadian ears, but nobody believes that the irreverence is intentional. Sam Jones is unquestionably a well-meaning, earnest and consistent man, his faults to the contrary notwithstanding. And if he leaves no other lesson behind him, let our preachers mark and learn that his success with the masses arises largely from the fact that he is the same in the pulpit as out of it. The unnatural voice and manner adopted by most preachers when in their official capacity, is a tremendous drawback to their usefulness.



SAVED BY A SYLLABLE.

Blunderson.—Nipkins, you're a professed temperance man, and yet I'm told that you take a drink every night before going to bed. Is that so?

Nipkins.—Yes; I don't deny that I have a little snifter of hot gin—

Blunderson.—Hot gin! Well, upon my—

Nipkins.—Not so fast; let a fellow finish. **Ginger,** I was going to say.

Don't worry, my son, don't worry. Don't worry about something that you think may happen to-morrow, because you may die to-night, and to-morrow will find you beyond the reach of worry. Don't worry over a thing that happened yesterday, because yesterday is a hundred years away. If you don't believe it, just try to reach after it and bring it back. Don't worry about anything that is happening to-day, because to-day will only last fifteen or twenty minutes. If you don't believe it, tell your creditors you'll be ready to settle in full with them at sunset. Don't worry about things you can't help, because worry only makes them worse. Don't worry about things you can help, because then there's no need to worry. Don't worry at all. If you want to be penitent now and then, it won't hurt you a bit to go into the sackcloth and ashes business a little. It will do you good. If you want to cry a little once in a long while, that isn't a bad thing. If you feel like going out and clubbing yourself occasionally, I think you need it and will lend you a helping hand at it, and put a plaster on you afterward. All these things will do you good. But worry, worry, worry, fret, fret—why, there's neither sorrow, penitence, strength, penance, reformation, hope nor resolution in it. It's just worry.—*Burdette.*

ASTRONOMY.

“WHAT are the bright stars telling,
As they sweep through the azure skies
With their soft, sweet light that is welling
Like love from a maiden's eyes?
What are those dear stars saying—
Are they whispering to us to-night
As alone through the green glades we're straying
Beneath their soft silvery light?”

“How brightly they twinkle and shimmer,
How pure is their silvery sheen,
Set in glory, they glint and they glimmer
Like gems in the crown of a queen!
How humble are earth's things—how lowly,
Compared with those beacons afar!
What of earth is so stainless and holy,
As the light of the evening star?”

“Are they whispering of sadness and sorrow,
Presaging us weakness and woe?
Or, oh, do they say our to-morrow
With joy and with gladness will glow?
What are the bright stars singing,
Sweet, Love, oh, unfold to me
As they go with their bright looks winging,
Their flight through immensity?”

“They are whispering, my own heart's darling,
To the big tom-cat on the range;
They are watching the nigger go crawling
To the melon-patch close to the grange.
They are eyeing the policeman sparking
The fat girl in the aréa,
And dear little sweetheart, I'll whisper
They are winking to you and to me.”

Carleton Place.

J. W.

THE JUNIOR PICKWICKIANS;

AND THEIR MEMORABLE TRIP TO NORTH AMERICA.

CHAPTER XX.



O say that Mr. Crinkle's countenance expressed surprise would be but to give a faint idea of the emotion visible on that gentleman's face: he seemed perfectly aghast, and his companions little less so. They all four stood as if transfixed, as the raft slowly drifted past and far down the river, till the last strains of the beautiful ditty had died away,

and then Mr. Crinkle broke the painful silence.

“Bramley, we have been deceived: Thomas, to think that we have travelled thousands of miles to have our most sacred beliefs shattered in this manner. It is too much,” and his voice broke down and he sobbed audibly.

“Yes,” said Mr. Yubbits, “I think it is too much. I don't want any more of it. My gracious! what a voice that big fellow in the red shirt had, and I could see half way down his throat when he went into the chorus, why—but what's the matter, Bramley?”

“Yubbits,” replied that gentleman, in tones rendered doubly impressive by the appearance of his nose, which had by this time assumed a most angry and inflammatory aspect, “this unseemly levity on your part is not only ill-timed but unfeeling—look at our friend Crinkle,” and he pointed towards him.

That gentleman was indeed an object for commiseration and pity. Unable to bear the blow to his feelings in a standing position, he had seated himself on the turf (having first assured himself that there was no wasp's nest to receive his person), and burying his face in his

handkerchief, wept with such force that his sobs convulsed his whole frame. Coddleby stood over him endeavoring to soothe and console him, whilst Bramley, standing close to the water's edge, folded his arms, bent forward his head, and looked very Napoleonic indeed. Mr. Yubbits appeared scarcely to know what to do with himself, and had just drawn forth a silver-mounted flask from his breast pocket with the evident intention of, in some measure, soothing his own feelings, at all events, when, just as he had unscrewed the top and was in the act of raising the vessel to his lips, he suddenly abandoned the idea, and shouted out frantically, “For heaven's sake, Bramley, look out!” But he was too



late. A billy-goat, which had approached all unobserved by our preoccupied heroes, doubtless attracted by the scarlet handkerchief which happened to be hanging from Mr. Bramley's coat-tail pocket, suddenly, and before the victim of the assault had time to pay any heed to Mr. Yubbits' warning, sprang full butt at the abnoxious signal, and both Mr. Bramley and Capricornus himself went with an immense splash into the river, Mr. Yubbits being the only one who fully realized what had happened.

In a very few seconds Mr. Bramley's head appeared above the surface, and a merely casual observer could not fail to see that he wore an astonished expression; moreover, he was indignant, and, not seeing what had been the dynamic impulse before which he had been so unceremoniously precipitated into the river, immediately came to the conclusion that Mr. Yubbits, in a spirit of levity, had shoved him in, for he had distinctly heard that gentleman call to him to look out. Even in this emer-



gency Mr. Bramley's coolness and presence of mind did not desert him—he could swim; and as the water was chilly, and he desired to get out of it without delay, but, with characteristic coolness he commenced to address Mr. Yubbits, who, with the other two, had rushed to the water's edge, in his own peculiar and measured tones:

“Yubbits; I did not think you would have done this, at such a time of all others, but—hallo! what's this?” as the goat's head and horns appeared at his side:

"That's the fellow that pushed you in ; get hold of his tail and he'll pull you out as he scrambles out himself," answered Yubbits.

"I'm astonished at you, Yubbits," replied Bramley, his teeth chattering, yet even at this moment unable to refrain from exhibiting his zoological information ; (zoology, entomology and all the 'ologies being amongst the subjects to be treated of in his projected Great Work).

"Are you not aware that goats have not sufficiently large tails for any man to catch hold of. I am surprised, but I will speak of this when I get ashore ; kindly reach your cane—so—that's it," and he scrambled up the bank, closely followed by the goat, which made off at a rapid rate, apparently as much astonished at the result of its cata-pultic performance as Mr. Bramley and the rest had been.

"Are you wet, Bramley ?" Crinkle ventured to enquire.

"Yes, Crinkle," replied Bramley sententiously, "I am wet."

"And chilly, too, I suppose," said Coddleby, as though an intensely happy thought had just struck him.

"Yes, Coddleby, I may also add, I am chilly."

"Well then, Bramley, you had better try a little of this," said Yubbits, proffering his brandy flask, "lucky, indeed, I had it with me, but I seldom venture near the water without it."

"An old sportsman like you, I see," exclaimed Coddleby, "knows what he is about,"

Yubbits smiled at the compliment, as he replied :

"I hope the day is not far distant when I shall prove that I deserve the name of sportsman ; so far, I have had no opportunity of doing so."

"We don't doubt your capabilities, Yubbits," Bramley said, after a pull from the flask. "No one doubts you, and I am exceedingly glad you are with us. I will take another, if I may."

"Oh ! certainly," responded the owner. Another modicum of the liquid disappeared down Mr. Bramley's throat.

"You are a fine fellow, Yubbits," he said, "and we are proud of you, and if I have said anything harsh to you to-day I regret it, but you are headstrong, Yubbits."

"Excuse me Bramley," said Mr. Yubbits as he saw his leader about to try another cupfull of his *Eau-de-vie*.

"You will require to be headstrong if you take much more of that brandy. It is pure."

"It is excellent," replied Mr. Bramley, "thanks," and he returned the flask ; "but the sooner we get back to our hotel the better. It is getting dark," as indeed it was.

Accordingly the four set off at a rapid pace, in order to keep Mr. Bramley's constitutionally sluggish blood in circulation. On reaching the Parliament Hotel, that gentleman, acting on the sagacious advice of Mr. Coddleby, that it would be wise for him to undress at once

and go to bed. Immediately he did so, and was soon forgetful of boat songs, wasps' nests or goats. The remaining three were somewhat at a loss as to how to dispose of the few hours which had to be passed somehow before they could think of joining their friend up-stairs in the land of dreams.



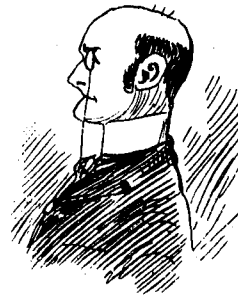
"What's to be done now?" enquired Yubbits as they sat in one of the hotel sitting-rooms ; "this is confound-

edly slow. Egad ! I hope all Canadian places are not as dull as this. I'm sick of it already ; ain't you Crinkle ?"

"More than sick of it, Yubbits, and if Bramley is only agreeable, I propose that we leave it to-morrow."

"Oh ! he'll raise no objection, you may be sure, for next to yourself, old fellow, I think he has been the principal sufferer ; what with a nose twice as big as it ought to be, and a good ducking, with probably a pretty severe bruise where that goat hit him,—ha ! ha !—Excuse me, Coddleby, don't look so grave, but you didn't see it and I did ; it really *was* ridiculous, and if it had happened to anyone else, I should have roared with laughter ; but I say, what's to be done ?"

(To be continued.)



THE COMING DUDE.

A WRITER IN THE "POPULAR SCIENCE MONTHLY" DEMONSTRATES THAT THE COMING MAN WILL BE BALD AND TOOTHLESS.

HIS FATHER'S SON.

BY MR. ELEPHANT.

This paper has noted with anguish the agonizing suspense of *Globe* readers, while waiting for the completion of a story bearing a similar heading to the above, and has decided to furnish, at great expense, those suspended minds with a short but faithful condensation of the tale. Considering that the story has only reached its fifty-third chapter, it would be inhuman to expect people to wait for its completion, which will probably be about the beginning of the next century. Here it is in a nut-shell, and "all for the small sum of five cents."

CHAPTER I.—RUMINATION.



EMERSON JARVIS sat in his office chair one evening, with a mixture of sadness and thoughtfulness in his countenance. He was thinking over his boyhood days, and of the many acts of vandalism and mischief he had committed in those bygone, golden times, and he smiled at the recollection. He couldn't help smiling, although he knew his youth had been one of long and innate cussedness ; for he also knew that if he had received his just reward and had his pilfering and other wicked propensities thrashed out of him in youth, he might not have

made quite so prosperous a business man. He recognized this fact, I say, and yet he had on the day previous severely thrashed his young scion, Edgar Abimelech Jarvis, aged 17, for purchasing a baseball combination ticket. But such are the inconsistencies of old age.

CHAPTER II.—RECRIMINATION..

Now Edgar Abimelech was a high-spirited lad, and had remonstrated with his father before the operation commenced, but without avail, and the old man laid on the horsehide until overcome with exhaustion. But Edgar shed no tear. He did not feel the strap, for his mind was wandering away to the baseball arena and the money he expected to win on his ticket. But when the strap had ceased to fall, the boy drew himself up to his full height, while he shot a glance full of scorn at his father, and spoke in withering tones these words:

"Father, I cannot love thee more! Thou hast outraged all the little self-respect I inherited from thee. The love which I once bore thee has been scattered to the four winds of heaven, and I see thee in all thy black hypocrisy; for did I not witness a scene last week, the memory of which even yet makes me shudder. Base hypocrite thou mayest well look scared! Didst thou not kiss Mrs. Lipstick behind the parlor door! Aha! thy guilty face betrays thee. Farewell, father, I leave thee to thy fate, and will never cross thy trail more."

"Come back, my son, come back and forgive your old father," called Mr. Jarvis after the retreating form of his beloved son, "and I'll chip into the combination, too—will go snooks." But the boy returned not. And dropping into a chair the old man gave himself up to grief and despair for the son which was lost to him forevermore.

CHAPTER III.—RETRIBUTION.



THUS it was that Emerson Jarvis happened to have sad thoughts while occupying his office chair. He saw all the transgressions of his own youth, and wished intensely that he had been more lenient with his boy.

And as he thought of these things darkness fell upon the land; but he was too busy with his troubles to notice this, and the gas remained unlit; the room was cast in gloom. "But I feel sure he will return to me," thought the old man; "he must come back! What if he should drop in upon me while I am sitting here and give me a surprise." The old gentleman's face glowed with a yearning, expectant gaze as he watched the door, evidently looking for the lost one to enter; and even as he gazed there came a knock. He saw a form enter, and rising he cast his arms around the neck of the stranger, murmuring, "My son, my son! you've come at last! I was—"

"Yes, I've got here," said the visitor. How much space will you take? A hundred lines, 10c. a line—\$10. I'll put it in for five dollars. What's the copy to be?"

The old man dropped heavily upon the floor, and died without a groan. The lost scion was avenged.

It was the *Globe's* advertising agent.

"PATRICK MULCAHEY, you are charged with resisting an officer of the law." "Yis, sor; faith I did, sor; but it wuz all along o' you, sor, for the last toime Oi wuz here didn't yez say: 'Patrick, phwat brought yez here?' an' I sez: 'The p'laceman, bad cess to him, an' thin sez you': 'Foive dollars an' costs; an' see that he don't do it agin; an' begorra Oi thried not to lit him, but the ould baste wud have me whither or no."

WANTS TO KNOW, YOU KNOW.

MY DEAR GRIP,—Be good enough to answer the following queries in the next issue of your valuable paper, and very much oblige one who doesn't know any other reliable source of information—except the "legal notes" department of the *Mail*, and the "family recipes" column of the *Telegram*.

P.S.—I do not care to worry Mr. Bunting, in view of his political pre-occupancy and the danger of his falling off the Protestant Horse in case I startled him suddenly with my enquiries. In the case of the *Telegram*, the gifted young editor seems to be growing less approachable, except per medium of an advertisement, day by day; notwithstanding that in attire he is positively irreproachable. I am awed away from him, though maybe some day I will get even with him.

Why do so many newspapers carefully prefix the "Mr." to the names of defendants in cases of infraction of the liquor law, while the complainant is generally spoken of as "one" so-and-so, and the witnesses for the prosecution get nothing but their surnames, and but little space for their testimony?

Why does the *Galt Reformer* begin every other local item with "We understand"?

Why did the *Globe* express such grave dread that Hal-dimand might be carried by the influence of bribery, and then, when the fight was over, proudly declare that, "the noble electorate stood manfully by Blake and Reform!" or words to that effect.

Why does a man feel morally bound when waiting over at a railway station, to walk around the premises oblivious to everything but the posters, frames, cards, and all other advertising devices that are on display?

Why do 999 women out of every 1000 fondle any six-weeks-old mongrel pup they get hold of and declare it to be the sweetest little beauty in the world?

Why does a naturally sedate individual go wild with excitement over an election or a horse race, and wonder how the Salvation Army soldiers "can be such cranks?"

Why doesn't the sick spell following one night's debauch effectually stop a chap from ever touching the stuff again?

Why, after a fellow gets married, do all the young folks of his acquaintance shoot up so quickly into men and women?

Why don't more municipal lights, who are always ready to swear they are "sick of the whole darned business," ever get out of it—of their own accord?

Why does the average woman consider her early morning ablutions sufficient when she has done up her hair?

Why does a man, when he is out of tobacco, "feel just about dead for a chew," and then keep his newly-bought plug in his pocket for hours before it occurs to him that he "might as well take a bite o' blackstrap?"

Why does the party advertising for a situation mention that he can furnish references—"if required."?

Why can't a fellow enjoy a smoke in the dark?

Why does a cat smell all around a piece you offer her, and let you drop it before she picks it up, while a dog only wants to have a dim suspicion that it is for eating before he grabs and downs it?

Why does the mother call the boy "John," and the father call him "Jack?"

President of Corporation.—Now, watchman, if you'll take the Treasurer and the books from the safe, we'll begin the day's business.



JUST TO GIVE COLOR TO IT.

Dog-fancier.—WELL, MUM, HAVE YOU COME TO BUY ANOTHER PUP?

Miss Plantagenet.—NO, SIR, NOT EXACTLY. MAMMA WISHED TO KNOW IF YOU WOULD EXCHANGE THIS DOG FOR A BLACK-AND-WHITE ONE. HE IS JUST AS GOOD AS NEW, AND WE ARE GOING INTO HALF-MOURNING NEXT WEEK.—*Rambler.*

SCOTTIE ON THE TWO SAMs.

THE WAREHOUSE,

October the 13th, 1886.

DEAR MAISTER GRIP,—Ha'en a kind o' rebulous notion that some day I might be rinnin' for Alderman (ye ken ma wife had a bit o' property when I marrit her), I thocht it wad be gude policy tae tak a kind o' a stravaig roon' a wheen acquaintances an' hae a bit crack on municipal affairs an' sic like. Sae on a bonny moonlicht e'enin' I set oot an' chappit at the door o' a freen', but gettin' nae answer, I gaed on tae the next an' he was oot, an' sae was the next, an' the next after that. "Losh bless me!" says I tae a bit lassie that cam' tae the door o' the last hoose, "a' the folk in the toon are oot the nicht, surely."

"Yes," says she, "the boss is gone to hear Sam Jones."

"Sam Jones! an' wha's Sam Jones, gin I may speir?"

"Oh, he's the man what converted Sam Small!"

"Sam wha?"

"Sam Small."

"Sam Sma'? an' wha is Sam Sma'?"

"Oh, he's the man what preaches at the rink."

"Lassie," says I, "d'ye ken whaur leears gang tae when they dee? D'ye mean tae say that a' thae langheaded, canny, worldly, cock-tail imbibers hae gané tae hear a preachin'? Hech! sirs! the millenium maun be comin'

helter-skelter, an' deil tak the hindmaist when sic money-grabbers as ma worthy freens gang tae listen tae Sam Jones an' Sam Sma!" I couldna believe sic a thing possible till I had ockler demonstration o' the fack, an' sae I set oot for the rink. Waes me! when I gat there I saw naethin' but closed doors an' twa burly policemen staunin' coolin' their heels on the sidewalk. For twa wearifu' oors I waited, an' then the doors opened an' the leevin' cataract o' human bein's cam' poorin' oot. I think "Sam" maun hae been reddin' up the morals o' everybody but his audience—for I could hear them sayin', "Didn't he pitch into old Blank though!" "Say, didn't he give that fellow Higgs a piece of his mind!" "John Thomas must have wriggled round under that sermon, I tell you, he didn't spare him." "Terrible down on Snaggs, wasn't he?" "I don't see how old Gripfast could standit." "Didn't Snooks get it hot though." No ae single word seemed tae be directit tae the hearer himsel', it was a' intended for his neebor. Thinks I—I maun hear Maister Samivel an' judge for masel', Accordin'ly, doon I gaed the next nicht, an' though I was a wee late I got in. The place was crammed; an' just when I pat ma head in at the door the hale ocean o' faces brak oot intil a unanimous giggle, an' I could see nae preacher ava, only a rather spare built Yankee chappie stannin' strakin', an' straikin' an' straikin' awa' at his moustache just for a' the world as gin it had been a pussy cat. I didna see anything particklar to lauch at in that, indeed I thocht it very ceevil in him tae stand an' wait till I got comfortably settled doon. But eh, man! wha wad think noo that the hearin' o' what ye kent perfectly weel already wad affeck ye sae! Sam Jones didna tell me a single word that I didna ken tae be the truth lang-syne, but somehoo or ither he's a trick o' shootin' it at ye like an arrow frae a bow—an' there it sticks willy-nilly, an' gin ye're in the habit o' livin' a wee aff the square—ye

leave that preachin' wi' a maist oncomfortable flea in yer lug. Its like the snaw in winter, the truth he preaches—its quite familiar tae ye—there it is, white an' beautifu'—an' ye look at it every day, an' ye tramp on it, an' drive ower't, an' think naething aboot it—till Sam Jones comes along an' taks up twa-ree handfu's o' that same snaw, an' maks a snawba' o't as hard as a brick, an' he aims it straucht at yer head, an' yer head maun be made o' hard-wud gin it disna' crack yer skull an' let day-light in on yer benighted veesion. The fack is, I've clean gein' up the notion o' bein' an Alderman noo. That's ane result o' Sam's visit, whatever.

Yours in gude faith,

HUGH AIRLIE.

"WHO," said a member of the Canadian House of Commons to the members who were trying to choke him off, "who brayed there?" "It was an echo," retorted a member.

A MAN at the telephone the other day shouted, "Hello, there; why in thunder don't you speak louder?" An angelic voice replied, "What did you say?" "O," exclaimed he, recognizing the voice of the daisy at the central office; "excuse me; I thought I was talking with my wife."

THE PIC-NIC SEASON.

Winter, cold winter, you're coming at last ;
 Summer, bright summer, you're gone to the past.
 Our pic-nics are over until the next year,
 But the coal-man's and plumber's are fearfully near.

W. H. J.

APROPOS OF QUEBEC.

What's all this rout,
 What's the trouble about !
 Why the Grits are in and the Tories are out.
 What change will it make ?
 Will the country all break ?
 Oh ! ho, but great principles now are at stake.

Great principals ! what
 Great ones have they got ?
 Whether Riel was righteously hanged or not.

Oh, I see, yes, I see,
 Grits will let him go free !
 Well, not quite—for he now is as dead as can be.



Two very different subjects have of late been agitating the public breast—revivalism and politics ; the former in the shape of "Sam" Jones, the latter in the shape of the Quebec elections. These things bring to one's mind other public nuisances. Of such the country has none too few, and we, in the fair Toronto of which we think so much, have more than our share—perhaps it is because we aspire so high that we suffer so much.

* * *

Chief among such nuisances is the theatre nuisance. The Athens of Canada is pestered and made miserable by her very devotees. Those attracted to her shrine through love of learning are themselves the culprits. Like thoughtless babes they belabour the (*alma*) mother who gives them nourishment.

* * *

At what am I driving, askest thou, reader ? Ha ! Knowest thou not the "gods" ? Hast never heard them ? I address not the deaf reader ; he probably is unaware of their existence, for, thanks to their being relegated to superior regions, they assail not our other senses. But if reader, thou art cursed with the possession of an auditory apparatus together with a taste for the play, I need not tell thee at what I am driving.

* * *

Amongst the lower animals, we are told, there is an ineradicable love of show—or rather of showing off. To this instinct, indeed, *teste* Darwin, do we ourselves owe, not only our existence, but also our superiority to the brute creation. Through long ages of "natural selection," by which the gayest and most beautiful survived and propagated by showing off his gaiety and his beauty, have we at last arrived at *homo sapiens*.

* * *

The instinct seems still to exist. Of this fact the gallery alluded to gives abundant and frequent evidence. Its inhabitants, unable to appeal to the eye, owing to their secluded position, and forced to find some vent to their simioid proclivities, are obliged to resort to the only channel left open to them—their throats ; and these they use to the very best of their ability.

It must not be supposed that they merely give utterance to sounds. No, they endeavour to enhance the effects of the atmospheric undulations caused by the vibrations of their vocal cords by what with them goes by the name of "wit." To those ignorant of the signification attached by them to this word one instance may be given : If, for example, a pathetic tragedy is brought to a close by a kiss bestowed by a dying wife or lover, a long-drawn imitation of the benediction together with the ejaculation of the word "Yum" once repeated is "wit."

* * *

In the same building, however, and exhibited by the very persons who decry loudly the misdeeds of the dwellers in the ethereal regions, is found another example of the same "showing off" instinct. (The perversity of the human heart !) It differs from the method employed by those above them (topographically speaking merely, that is) in that it appeals not to the ear but to the eye. Which is worse I know not, for both most sadly interfere with the enjoyment the common-sensible individual expects to derive from the stage. The one drowns the voice of the actor ; the other hides him from view.

* * *

This second public nuisance takes the following form :—Should the individuals referred to possess the wherewith to purchase conspicuous seats ; should their incomes enable them to clothe themselves in purple and fine linen, to bedizen themselves in costly garments and bedeck themselves with flowers, their earnest desire is to proclaim the fact. This they do, and thus : They are scrupulously careful to arrive late ; they take great precautions to make themselves ignorant of the locality of their seats, in order that they may the longer be exposed to the public gaze ; they occupy much time in divesting themselves of such wraps as custom has decreed shall only be exposed to public view during their progress down the centre aisle with the same object ; and they are careful to commence their re-investment with the wraps long ere the time for this has arrived. These and other similar devices they employ. It is the same instinct after all. Why should they complain of the modes employed by their fellow-showers-off ?

* * *

This instinct, strange to say, has been named by some "vulgarity." But surely this is far too strong a term by which to designate it. Have we not been told that it is by means of this instinct that mankind happens at present to be mankind and not brutekind ? Only by possessing something to show off,—be it a silk dress or a powerful voice—and only by showing it off, is evolution possible. Can it be that all art, all civilization, owe their existence to "vulgarity" ? Well, even if they do, it would be well now and again that the progress of both art and civilization should for a brief period be stayed in their course in order that those who have nothing to show off might once in a while enjoy the play they have paid to see.

A.S.

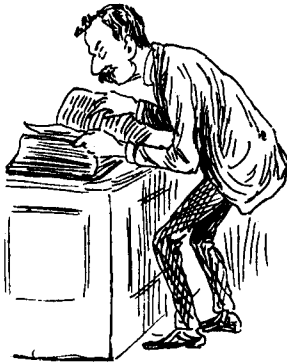
First Bank Cashier : Yes, I was getting along splendidly ; had things down to a system, you know. Nobody would ever have suspected me. *Second Ditto*—But you were caught all the same ; and now you are going away for your health, I understand. *First Ditto*—Yes, have to do it ; my system got "run down."



STOP THE DEATH FACTORIES!

IN SEARCH OF A WIFE.

I.—THE PLAN.



CHARLES CALLETT sat in his room sad and disconsolate. He had within the past six months made seven distinct attempts to gain a wife, but each time had suffered a reverse. The last refusal had made him desperate. A wife he must have, and a wife he *would* have. Gathering himself together, he breathed a terrible vow that the next time the fickle sex should not refuse him. Whilst brooding over his troubles a brilliant idea alighted upon his bewildered brain, and his spirits rose to zero during its contemplation. It was that he should open the Directory and therefrom blind-folded hunt with a pin for the name and address of a spinster, and write a declaration of love to the first he struck. With his heart throbbing wildly Charles Callett set to work, and after impaling a butcher, a minister and a couple of carpenters, he hit upon this line:—

DOBBINS SELINA. Milliner, 36 Cuniform. A nice lonely name, thought Charles, and, doubtless, a kind, loving girl that owns it. It was but the work of a moment, *a la* novelist, for him to dash off a four-paged epistle to her, explanatory of his lonely position, his lovable nature, his prospects in life and his willingness to lead her to the altar if she would but acquiesce. It was but the work of another moment to post off the important missive to 36 Cuniform street. When our hero returned to his room he swooned away. The excitement of those two moments in his life was too much for him.

II.—THE RESULT.

Charles Callett kept open the directory at the D page, and many times lovingly and tenderly glanced at the line with the pin stuck through it. Selina Dobbins did not answer the anxious Charles at once. A day passed by. No answer. Our hero began to despair. Perhaps she had left the address given. Terrible thought! Was he to lose his Selina? Visions of a nice new millinery store in a front street tantalised him. At the close of the second day, just as he was beginning to sink beneath the weight of suspense, his landlady informed him that a lady wished to speak with him. 'Selina,' flashed through his thoughts. It was but the work of a mo— to fix himself and bound into the sitting-room. As he entered he saw a tall, spare-looking lady with a very firm-set face, which had weathered forty winters at least.

"Madam—," he began.

"Excuse me, sir," interrupted the spare one, "my name is Miss Selina Dobbins." Mr. Charley Callett fell on the edge of a chair, with the cold shivers chasing down his back. "Have I the pleasure of addressing Mr. Charles Callett?"

"Yes, Miss Dobbins, you—you have," replied that individual in a voice bereft of all its former melody.

"Then I have a little account to settle with you. This letter," holding up the four paged explanatory epistle, "contains the out-pourings of your heart to me, I believe."

Mr. Charles looked at the long arm and then at the cold piercing eyes of Miss Selina, and murmured, "It did."

"It did, eh? but it does not now. Well, Mr. Callett, I wish to express to you my views upon the subject. I desire to let you feel just how much love I have for you. No letter could hold all that I think or desire to express."

Thus speaking, Miss Selina Dobbins drew from beneath her jacket—a whip, and proceeded to lay it about Mr. Charles Callett's anatomy. Then followed a lively



time. Charles found himself possessed of more activity than he had ever dreamt of, and it was but the work of a moment for him to "get" the first opportunity that presented it elf.

Mr. Charles Callett lost all his love for the fair, but not gentle, sex, and all his savings paying for the damages caused by the visit of impetuous Miss Dobbins to his boarding house. He looketh not for a wife these days.

TITUS A. DRUM.

THE "MAIL" COACH—A FARCE.

Scene—SANCTUM OF NEW PROHIBITION ORGAN.

Dramatis Personæ.—Mr. F., editor-in-chief, and elderly gent in black, seated at table strewn with "copy." F. in shirt-sleeves—newly-opened bottle of whiskey at elbow—face expressive of desperation—office water-jug beside elderly gent—E. G.'s face expressive of apprehension.

F. *loq.*—Never mind, old chap, I think I can stand it, now that I've got something sustaining—fire away—won't try this sort of grind on blue-ribbon beer again, as long as my name's Ned.

(*Enter Mr. B., the proprietor.*) B.—Well, boys, how goes the coaching? Does he catch on to the racket, Mr. Aqua Pura?

A.—Yes, brother, he has great receptivity for new ideas, and takes up the theory of prohibition—

F. (*interrupting.*)—But, d—in the practice—

A. (*soothingly, and drawing back his chair.*)—There, there—don't excite yourself, brother; Rome wasn't built in a day—

F. (rising wildly).—Come off, now. One thing at a time is all I can stand—just leave the Rome racket to the Orange coach, will you? The “Boyne’s” his business, and the “water’s” yours. Ha! ha! I can still joke! (*Sits down and samples bottle.*)

A. (tremulously).—Ha! ha! excellent joke! I meant that one can’t expect too much from a learner, you know. But please, brother, avoid such strong language. My nerves—

F. (more calmly).—Oh, stow the “brother”—my nerves have been tried lately, too. As for strong language, my head’s so full of that temperance slang you’ve been drumming into me—

A.—Slang, broth—mean, eh, Mr. F.?

F.—Well, technical phrases, if you like—“Accursed Thing”—“Hellish Traffic”—“Damnable Stuff”—all that, you know—forget myself sometimes, and come out with it before folks.

B. (musingly).—“Damnable stuff,” eh? Well, so it is—some of it. Do you remember that stuff we got for Sh—ds when he went up to Muskoka? Wasn’t a drunk in a barrel of it—froze solid in the sleigh!

A.—Oh, brother *B.*, what a cause for thankfulness! Think what harm that whiskey might have done if it had been really intoxicating!

B. (still dreamily).—H’m, yes, that’s a fact—never struck me that way before, though. (*With reviving interest*)—What’s that you’ve got, Ned?

F. (with enthusiasm).—Sure that’s something that won’t freeze on Greenland’s icy mountains, or India’s coral strand! Walker’s seven-year-old—bottled in bond—have a snifter?

B.—Gad, yes—been out with Spence all afternoon. (*They pour out sniffers. B. continues while sipping.*) Grand idea, bottling in bond—that and the bounty for extracting fusel oil. Give us something to-morrow, Ned, about the facilities the Government provides for getting pure old wholesome liquor. Eh? what are you “hemming” about? Oh—to be sure—yes—h’m. (*Blows his nose and looks somewhat foolish.*) Well, well, how long did we say the fight might last—five years, or even twenty-five—and we’re to stick right to it? We can stand it even for the twenty-five—eh?—as long as we can get *this*.

F.—Yes, if we “stick to it” in moderation.

B.—Well, I’m off—that elastic abstinence meeting to-night, you know—remember Saffron to-morrow to coach you on papal aggressiveness—ta! ta!. (*Exit.*)

F.—I wish your Saffron and his Protestant horse were in Skibbereen—heigho, “Me party, what I suffer for ye!” Come along, now, old Aquarium, where were we? Oh, yes: “The traffic is surely doomed since even *We* have turned against it. The *Globe* has been hammering away at the Accursed Thing for years, without effect. *We* will show the *Globe* how to put it down! (*Pauses and puts some of it down.*) That’s the stuff! I tell you, old Aque-duct, this article will be a daisy—there won’t be any lager or cronk in it—nothing but the pure quill! Have a snifter yourself, old boy, and sling us some more “technical phrases” Hooray for the three P.’s—Protestantism, Prohibition, and Plunder! (*Curtain.*)

Wull—Man, Geordie, I didna think it took sae muckle siller tae keep thae statues in the Square a’ richt.
Geordie—Whaur did you see what it took tae sort them.
Wull—in the Police papers, of course, there’s a 1¼d in the pound for statute labor.

A LEGEND OF ADANAC.

IN the days of good Queen Alberta the land over which she reigned owned many outlying lands, some of them thousands of miles away from the motherland. One of the largest of these possessions was called Adanac; why, nobody knew. It was an immense territory, with beautiful lakes and mountains, and fertile plains, and large rivers and great cities. All the people in this land belonged to one of two great parties—one called the Trig party, the other the Yrot party. Every man by birth belonged to one or the other of these parties without knowing or caring very much why. Each party pretended to hate the other, though it is a question whether they did hate each other, for their actions were pretty much alike. But when good Queen Alberta had been reigning for nearly fifty years, a great large animal in Adanac sprang into being, or rather became fully matured, for this strange animal (called Seepeear) had been born some ten or twelve years before my story opens, but had not attained full growth until now. The Yrots thought a great deal of this animal, and petted it continually, giving it food and cakes and dainties, prepared by the chief cook of the public treasury. Some of the Trigs even rather liked the Seepeear, which was undoubtedly a very handsome animal, well built, and strong, but unhappily with a monstrous appetite. It could travel from one end of Adanac to the other without the least fatigue, carrying many and many a passenger on its broad back (for a consideration) and its managers (for this strange animal had managers) became wealthy and corpulent.

But as years went on the Seepeear waxed cannibalistic. There were other animals in Adanac, not so strong nor large as the Seepeear that were nevertheless very useful for various purposes. But gradually the Seepeear gobbled them up, one by one, without making any bones about it. Nobody, however, thought much of it till a struggle arose between Seepeear and the only other animal in all Adanac that had the slightest claims to rivalry, an animal called Grantrunc. Grantrunc held his own very well till one sad day he fell asleep in the woods (Grantrunc was rather fond of falling asleep) and Seepeear fell upon him and demolished him bodily. But, strangely enough, all his eating did not seem to make Seepeear stronger, though it certainly did make his temper worse. The fact is he was suffering from indigestion.

At last his temper grew so bad that the people of Adanac, Trigs and Yrots, combined together, for their own safety. They were positively afraid that their once-loved Seepeear would rule Adanac. They fell upon Seepeear and cut him in three or four pieces. Astounding to relate, each of these pieces turned into a miniature Seepeear, as Seepeear had been in his youth, affectionate in manner, docile and easily fed, and so convenient and useful did these animals become that the people of Can—I mean Adanac—resolved never to allow them to grow beyond a certain size. This, of course, is only a legend. Nothing like this ever happens in Canada.

TREBELLI’S “BALLETS.”

THE *Mail* critic says that “a couple of ballets at the end of the programme completed her (Trebelli’s) selection.” We were there, greatly to our pleasure, but this dancing must have taken place after we left. It certainly wasn’t down on the bill.

WHEN is a girl like brown sugar? When she is very sweet, but unrefined.—*Ex.*



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Average Clergyman.—MR. JONES, I OBJECT TO YOUR PULPIT STYLE. IT IS EXACTLY LIKE YOUR EVERY DAY STYLE.

The Rev. Sam.—WELL, BROTHER, DO YOU FIND THAT BEING UNNATURAL IN THE PULPIT IS VERY EFFECTIVE IN GETTING THE PEOPLE TO QUIT THEIR MEANNESS?

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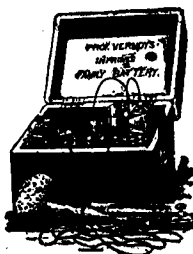
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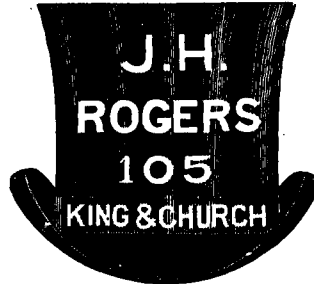
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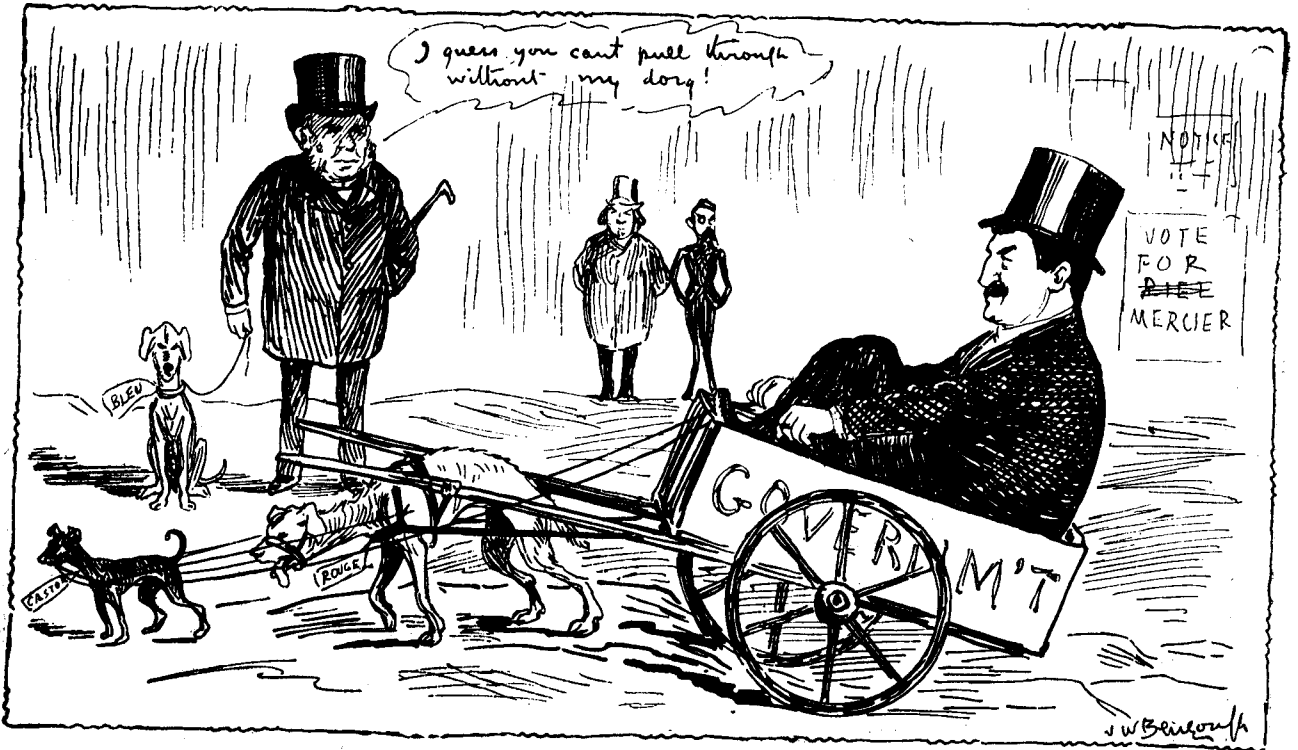
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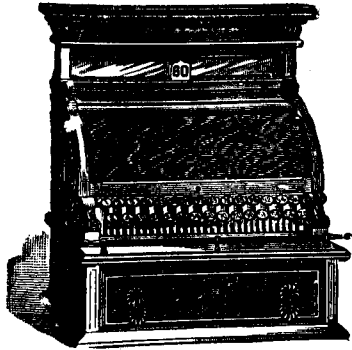
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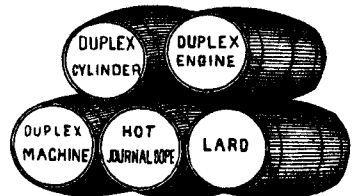
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