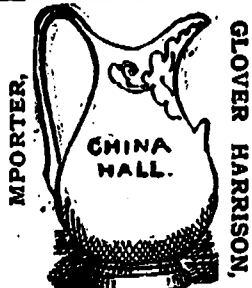


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VOLUME XXIII. No. 1.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JULY 5, 1884.

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• GRIP •

AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL.

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J. W. BRNGOUGH Editor.

The gravest Boast is the Ass; the gravest Bird is the Owl; The gravest Fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.

VOLUME XXIII.

MR. GRIP feels flattered. He bows his thanks and acknowledgments from his fifth story window. The ovation is magnificent—grand even beyond Mr. GRIP's deserving. The triumphal arch, the brilliant processions, the mellifluous music, the martial parade, the enthusiastic multitude, the classical tableaux—all are splendid, and Mr. GRIP is fairly overwhelmed by the magnitude of the compliment paid him by his fellow citizens. His immense gratification is in no way lessened by the fact that there is an impression abroad that all this fuss and furor is in honor of the fiftieth anniversary of Toronto, and not in celebration of the Twenty-third volume of GRIP. People will get great events mixed up, and in this case MR. GRIP is too modest to take much trouble to rectify the misunderstanding. But nobody could hesitate to say that MR. GRIP's Twenty-third Volume is the greater historical event of the two, because it is unprecedented. Other Canadian cities have existed fifty years, but no other Canadian comic paper has ever lived to see its eleventh birthday. It is clear now that this whole celebration is a surprise party in compliment to MR. GRIP—skillfully arranged by the Managing Committee. Otherwise, why should it have been postponed from March to June if not to hit the month sacred to Mr. GRIP? And why should it have been again postponed from the early part of June to the latter part if not to be coincident with the very week in which the First number of Volume Twenty-three should appear? It was perfectly plain to any one of unusual intelligence that this was the true inwardness of these mysterious changes, and GRIP accordingly tenders his special thanks to the gentlemen of the Committee.

Yes! GRIP is one volume older, and is glad to report increased vigor and brighter prospects than ever before. In the current volume it is intended to introduce some new features, amongst which may be mentioned a series of Caricature Portraits of leading Canadians printed in colors, a la Vanity-Fair. The first of these (Sir John A. Macdonald) will appear in the course of a few weeks. The series will embrace representative men of all the Provinces, and each picture will be accompanied by an appropriate biographical sketch. It is also the intention of the publishers to introduce typographical and artistic improvements into GRIP, and so make it more than ever worthy of the generous support of the best class of the Canadian public, regardless of polit-

ical leaning—a support which GRIP has heretofore enjoyed, and takes this opportunity of thankfully acknowledging.

Cartoon Comments

LEADING CARTOON.—The celebration of Toronto's fiftieth anniversary partakes of a Provincial if not a Dominion character, as amongst the thousands of our guests there are representatives of all the sister cities. It is safe to say that they are all friendly and sympathetic visitors, for the growth of the Queen City is a matter of pride to all Canadians. May all our friends have a jolly good time, and call again as often as possible!

FIRST PAGE.—On several notable occasions of late the Mail and Globe have excited the contempt of the public by showing that political exigencies govern them entirely. No question is at all likely to be discussed with anything approaching honesty and common sense, if by any possibility it has a political complexion. The people of Toronto have long since ceased to put any confidence in the utterances of the "leading organs," and have got into the habit of looking to the World and the News for reliable expressions of opinion. It is notorious that the Mail will deliberately deceive in order to make a point, while the Globe, if a trifle more decent in that respect, is not one whit more serviceable to the public looking for guidance, for on many grave questions it either speaks timorously or sings mum altogether. Meantime the snarling and quarrelling of the "leaders" go on unceasingly.

EIGHTH PAGE.—The Globe has declared that so far as it is concerned Sir Charles Tupper shall not be left in quiet enjoyment of his sinecure. He was a bad man when in public life, and his numberless misdeeds have never been avenged. So long as there is any chance of his return to public life here, these odorous matters are not to be forgotten or glossed over. Good logic—quite right—but what can the Globe possibly do to bring about the fitting punishment?

TORONTO.

1834—SEMI-CENTENNIAL—1884.

No hear antiquity is ours to boast, No grey towers looming down from days of old; No castle gaunt, with drawbridge on the moat, No warriors mailed. Amid primeval woods, Glimpses of wigwags quaint, of Indians swart, Shooting in swift canoes along the bay, Glint through the dreamy dimness of our past That else slept silently. Till one bright day, A boat with loyal Britons strongly manned, Awoke whispering echoes with their dipping oars: O'er blue Ontario's wide expanse they came, Nor rested till they reached our sunny bay, And moored their boats on York's yet nameless strand. The noble waterway, the haven sure, The central sito far-seeing Stuxco saw, And knew 't was what he sought,—and tarried here, And founded this great city of to-day. The sturdy pioneers bent to their task, And forests fell, and smiling fields grew green; Corn waved, and homesteads rose, a pleasant scene; While in the wonted haunts of wolf and bear, Sweet sounds of human laughter rose and fell, Long lines of streets from every point ran clear, Churches and schools arose—the populace Doubled and trebled as day followed day; Wealth yoked the car of progress; and the bounds Receded still as still the city grew; 'Till, from the sea of years, whose lapping waves Low whispering die upon these shores of time, Like Aphrodite—beautiful and young, Rose fair Toronto by her lake of pearl.

And as one who, but scantily endowed With beauty's magic spell—yet rivets fast Love's pleasant chains with more enduring charm Of mind and heart—even so she, owing naught To nature save her safe and happy site, Doth yet excel in beauty, wealth, and strength; Learning, refinement, culture of the arts, Fair landscaped cities—dowered with hill and vale.

Nor is all work within her prosperous gates. Upon her isle, Ontario's breezes fan Her children's heated brows. A countless fleet Of fairy skiffs skim merrily o'er the bay; Where love the young to speed the glancing oar With mirth and laughter. Others seek the shade Of her wide parks; umbrageous cool retreats, Where weary toilers may retire at eve To rest awhile in nature's quiet aims, As rests a child upon the mother-breast. Or where, girt for the game, her sturdy youths Adroitly pitch the curve, or catch the ball; Bounding across the green sward to the goal, With such keen zest—that gazing on the sport The old grow young; while in neglected haunts Dull vice pines moodily. Some seek the glow Of temples dedicated to the muse; Where called up from the past by genius' voice, Shakespeare's creation rise and live again; Enkindle greatness with their noble fire, Charm, melt and strengthen.

But her tender heart, Her sympathy for human suffering, She hath expressed in yonder ample "Homes," Where comfort reigns, and rest for weary feet. Havens of refuge for the sick, the poor, The infant waifs found floating on life's tide, The wrecks life's storms cast up on her kind shore, To these she offers shelter, life and hope. Nor hath her care forgot whom death hath claimed, Whose forms familiar tread her streets no more; Beyond the noisy whirl, the ceaseless din, Where unforgetting love plants many a flower, And sad regrets bedews them with her tears; In the still suburbs, where the hum of life Muffled by distance, like a dreamy voice floats Across the flowery silence,—silent grow The lonely, lovely cities of her dead.

The clear blue of her sky is pierced with spires Of every creed, of every name, but all, All pointing upward; while through every street, By-way and lane, o'erflowing frequent schools, The stream of children comes. Here year by year, From neighboring towns and rural villages; From smiling farms that bask on sunny slopes; From lonely homesteads in the half cleared bush; Unto her halls of learning flock the youths, Eager to quaff the enchanted stream, The true elixir of eternal youth. Here also doth she train in time of peace Her sons for war, to strongly hold their own, And fend her hearths from swords of alien foes. Hark to the drum! lo! yonder waves the flag, And now 'tis martial music drawing near, And with a pulse-like beat, the tramp of feet. Hither they come—a moving, glancing line, Between the rows of maples gliding fast Nearer and nearer; brothers, friends,—hurrah!

It is "the boys," the gallant volunteers! Oh! brave defenders, once with blood baptized On Ridgeway's plain,—your manly hearts beat high On this fair morn. But fairer, brighter far, To patriot souls shall break that morrow's dawn, When this dear land shall be our own indeed. Friend not dependant of a mightier power, A glorious nation, young, united, strong, Queen of the North, ruled by true Saxon hand, But our great heritage for evermore.

JAY KAYELLE.

An advertisement in an exchange reads: "Wanted—A girl to cook." Verily, some people, even in this country, seem to be cannibals.—Boston Post.

"But do you know, pa?" said the farmer's daughter, when he spoke to her about the addresses of his neighbor's son, "ma wants me to marry a man of culture." "So do I, my dear, so do I; and there is no better culture in the world than agriculture."

"How sweet is a brother's love!" murmured the spinsterian Miss Diamigh, as she gazed into the depths of the Public Garden pond. "Yes," conceded her equally eligible and unmarried friend, "especially when it is the love of somebody else's brother."

A newly married man on being presented with a brass kettle by a few of his bachelor friends, said: "Gentlemen, I thank you for this kind token of your esteem; but this present has one significance which you may not have considered—it will keep my family in hot water as long as it lasts."—Pretzel's Weekly.



IN SEARCH OF AN IDEA.

I am a journalist struggling against fate. I have received special orders from GRIP to contribute something brilliant, nay electric, but as I seat myself the electric portion of my intellect begins to flicker, and as I take up my pen, flops out completely, leaving me a helpless literary wreck, without thought or idea. An electric something must be evolved from my chaotic brain, at all hazards. I close my eyes and try to conjure up old friends who may assist me, but all is blank. I wander around my study. I shoot off guns in my back lot. I fall down the cellar steps, thinking thereby to wake up a current of ideas; but evidently such a proceeding is not concurrent with the electrical portion of the work. The idea will not come. A thought strikes me—I will look through my library, I will plagiarize. I look through, carefully, and find nothing but—well, I may as well own the truth—what I have used before. I give that up. Again a thought haunts my mind. I will seek the presence of my mother-in-law—previously an eyesore to me, but now, with the prospect of an idea from her, a dear delightful old lady, and coax her to unfold something original. After a long hunt, I find her in the pantry tasting the pickles. I drag her into a secluded corner, and beseech her to relate a story, something original," I impress upon her. She scratches her head with one of her knitting needles, assumes a look of terrible importance, and proceeds to tell of the time when their old horse Jack fell into the duck pond, and how it took the united efforts of herself, my respected father-in-law, and several neighbors, to drag him forth and set him on his legs. Profusely thanking her, I quit her presence to muse over that story, but the more I muse the less I see of the electrical brilliancy to be obtained from it. I am now becoming desperate, maddened. If some idea does not loom forth from my befogged brain, it will be necessary for the printer's devil to convey me to an asylum instead of my copy to the office. I review the events of the day, will not they give me an idea! I pause. A weary head and wandering brain give me back no answer. I see a spider crawling up the wall—I see him fall—he crawls up again—perseverance conquers—I take up my pen to write—why confound it! This idea has been used up ages ago. Dashing my quill at a bust of Shakespeare which stands grinning before me, I dash into the street. Another thought presses itself upon me. I will sally down the side streets and seek the idea there. I do so and get it. As I turn a corner, three men attack me, bring back the electric light to my eyes, and ease me of my watch and jewelry, besides a purseful of dollars received this morning from GRIP; my salary in fact. What care I for these? I have got my idea. I drag myself home to write it up. I fortify myself with a dash of

blood-bitters, and proceed. I have scarcely written two pages when I hear a bang-bang at the street door, and almost immediately the red head of the P.D. is thrust within my sanctum, with the intimation that I have to hurry up with my copy. With my brain almost at fever heat I have thoughts of annihilating that P.D., but wiser thoughts prevail and I treat him with candies to suck, whilst I pen a note, sweeter than the candies, to the editor, asking for grace to complete my electric composition. The P.D. hurries off. I plod my weary way. Half an hour elapses. I receive a reply. It gives me, in sweeter terms that I can command, every opportunity to present to my sketch that literary polish which the readers of GRIP usually associate with my compositions:

NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—The contents of the note referred to read as follows: "You literary imbecile, had you written the truth, you would have told us you had been imbibing ideas, strong ones too, in some low saloon. As for the robbery story, we don't believe a word of it. This is the first intimation we ever had of you possessing any jewelry at all. The salary you received from us would barely buy salt. Send the copy, but it is the last we receive from your pen. The man who searches for ideas in back alleyways cannot be retained upon the staff of GRIP."

THE BARON BOLD AND THE BEAUTEOUS MAID.

An Old Time Melodrama (Adapted.)

Characters: BARON BERASCO; FATHER TWOOTS; MAURICO, THE LOVER; BLANCHE, THE MAID.

ACT I.

SCENE. A woodland dell. Cottage left. (Enter Baron, enveloped in black mantle.)

BARON.—I lee-ove her. She shee-all be mee-ine Bee-utiful Bel-anche, poor but per-oud. Why does she secc-or-mo? 'Tis the varlet Maurice that lies in my pee-ath. Cur-r-rse him! He shall be despatched. (Draws a tremendous horse-pistol.) No, I will not soil my hands in his gee-ore. My ter-usty retainers shall end his life this day. (Enter Father Twoots.)

TWOOTS.—Good morrow, Baron, how goes it with you?

BARON.—But ill, Father Twoots. Thou know'st I lee-ove thy daughter, but she secc-or-mo my simple love.

TWOOTS.—Has she dared to do that, Baron? May the curses of an only father—

BARON.—Nay, Twoots, no sentiment. If she be not mine ere another day, thou shalt pay the forfeit. Do'st understand?

TWOOTS.—I doth. I will call her. (Goes to cottage and calls. Enter Alice.) What is this I hear of thee? Thou scornest the Baron's suit.

BLANCHE.—Father, I love him not! my heart pants for another.

BARON (aside).—She shee-al be mee-ine.

BLANCHE.—Would'st thou have me enter a madhouse; for there I shall go if thou press the suit.

BARON.—Beauteous Blanche, I will not press the suit if it fits thee not. Another day I'll woo. Adios. (Exit Baron, with curses on his lips.)

ACT II.

SCENE.—A lane leading to the castle. (Enter Baron.)

BARON.—This night shee-al Maurice be swept from my path. (Calls) Tipcat and Slugger! (Enter Tipcat and Slugger.) Are your weapons ready and your nerves steady?

T. AND S.—They are, me lud!

BARON.—Good! You know your mee-an? T. AND S.—We doth.

BARON.—Then get you to your hiding per-lace, and await the signal. (Exit T. and S.) (Exit Baron, right. Enter Blanche, left.)

BLANCHE.—My lovely Maurice, why comes he not? 'Twas here he promised to meet me. (Enter Baron.)

BARON.—Thy loe-oved one is here. Why elevate thy sweet pug nose at me thusly! I'll give thee castles and gee-old galore, if thou wilt be mine.

BLANCHE.—Never!

BARON.—Then by St. Christopher thou shalt! (Seizes her, they struggle. Enter Maurice.)

MAURICE.—Hold! rash man! (Baron calls for Tipcat and Slugger.) Aha! thou call'st in vain! They are no more. Finding them hiding amidst the trees, I administered them a dynamite pill and scattered them at my feet. (They struggle. Maurice throws the Baron to the ground, and places his knee upon the Baron's third button.) Now, wretch, I have thee! Thy life shall be spared on one condition, that thou ne'er more accost the gentle Blanche. Do'st promise?

BARON.—I do. I do.

MAURICE.—Then got you gone. (Flings Baron to wings, then exits with Blanche.)

ACT III.

SCENE. The same as Act I. Enter Twoots.

TWOOTS.—My daughter shall be Baroness Berasco. Let that rascal Maurice approach my humble dwelling, and by my big boots he shall suffer. (Enter Baron.)

BARON.—Thy daughter has again repulsed me. And more, my honor has been brought to the ground by the varlet Maurice. Cur-r-rse him. Where is Blanche? (Twoots calls. Enter Blanche.)

BLANCHE.—Spare me, father.

TWOOTS.—Thou shalt be the Baron's bride. Take her, Baron. (Baron advances to take her, when Maurice enters and pushes him away.)

MAURICE.—Father Twoots hear me. I can a tale unfold. I have powerful and convincing proofs that that man (points to Baron) is a traitor to his country. I can prove he is an accomplice of the "brawling brood," that he writes editorials for the Globe, and that he furnished sketches to the New York Police News.

TWOOTS.—Can this be true? (Wrings his hands.) (Baron during this denunciation hangs his head. He makes a sudden movement, then falls. They rush to him.)

MAURICE.—Heavens! He has stabbed himself, and his life is fast obbing away.

BARON.—Gather round me friends, I am dying. How sweetly the birds sing, and how lovely looks the forest. Ah me! I admit all that Maurice has said, and more; I poisoned my dear kind grand-mother and one maiden aunt, I cremated my two wives and—and—I—(Baron dies, and Blanche, Maurice and Twoots form a mournful tableau around the body.)

CURTAIN.

TITUS A. DRUM.

Although Grant was the most gifted president the country ever had he is now penniless, excepting a half-million dollars he doesn't count.—The Eye.

"Herr Meyer, I suppose you understood that every one was to bring along something to the picnic. What have you brought?" Herr Meyer—"My two boys, as you see."—German Joke.

A tailor of melancholy temperament was observed recently sitting cross-legged on the Canada shore, gazing intently at the Horse-shoe Fall, with its thick cloud of spray. A reporter stole up unobserved and heard him mutter, "What a place to sponge a coat!"

LOST.

Hear the squeaking of the cork
As it's drawn,
By the aid of three pronged fork,
From its throne;
From its throne within the throttle of the horrid whiskey
bottle,
From the flagon of Nepenthe, from the awful whiskey
bottle,
As the toper drinks his draught,
All alone
In the stilly hours of night,
As he wakes up in affright
From a dream, a dream whose horrors to all others are
unknown.
And he drinks, drinks, drinks,
And the liquid quickly sinks
In a manner that is its and its alone,
In a way that's most entirely its own,
And the fiends within the bottle
Shriek in glee,
As the "lush" goes down his throttle,
For they see
That the ruin they are bent on,
For which errand they are sent on,
Will soon be consummated by D.F.
From that awful and terrific thing D.T.
And they laugh, laugh, laugh,
As they see the tippler quaff,
And they shriek and howl and yell in fiendish glee,
And they crack their heels together in fiendish glee.
They are neither man nor woman,
They are minions,
Whose work makes breath of human
Worse than "inyous."
But their duty they don't shirk;
They get in their dirty work,
For they're the awful demons who in the bottle lurk,
They belong to certain parties who are seldom seen at
Kirk,
And they fly on dark Plutonian, dismal pinions;
And they fly from realms of Pluto on their pinions.
But the tippler tipsles on
Like an ass;
Till his liquor all is gone,
Not a glass
In his bottle now is left,
Of his soul by haps bereft,
He is borne away to Tophet light as air whate'er his
"hoft."
And he's lost,
As is crossed
The dark and dismal Styx; when by Satan he's accost,
And he feels that now in very truth he's lost.
Yes, he's lost, lost, lost,
And the whole Satanic host
Sit on their fiendish haunches,
And laugh and yell "He's lost!"
Yes, he's lost, lost, lost,
Ah! he's lost, lost, lost,
He belongs to us, to mortals he is lost Swiz.



AN ISLAND HORROR.

It was Saturday afternoon, and J. Silkingbang Smythkins had a half holiday. To use a vulgar expression, he was "crushed" on Miss Grededina Gamper, and to use a vulgar expression the second time, Miss Grededina Gamper was "crushed" on J. Silkingbang Smythkins. In fact it was a mutual "crush." Both were attired faultlessly and both wore bangs. They hurried down to the bay through the crowd of pleasure seekers; no thought had they for the giddy throng, for each was absorbed in the other. They reached the wharf, scrambled aboard one of the no-flies-on-em floating palaces that abound thereabouts and around, and sailed out upon the vasty, heaving, swelling, surging, rippling, limitless,

dirty and miasmatic, sewage-mixed-up-with-it expanse of water known to all civilized nations, and the Harbor Commissioners, as Toronto Bay. Ah, here was pleasure! gallons of it! None greater to J. Silkingbang Smythkins than to be seated by the one object of his affections and the solitary subject of his thoughts; none more heavenly than to be bounding over the pellucid and sparkling waters of the bay, within whose crystal depths, clearer than the diamond tear that fills the violet's eye at dawn, he could easily discern the coral caves, the haunts of bright-eyed mermaids, slippery eels, cat-fish, and superannuated oyster cans. He gazed at the sky over which a single small cloud was drifting, and wondered if any cloud would roll across his happy life; he gazed at the restless waters whose waves, tipped with foamy crests, looked like a blue muslin dress trimmed with frothy white lace, and wondered if his love for Grededina would ever cease to be as deep and as limitless; he looked afar off at the heavy masses of smoke that hung over the distant busy city, shrouding it in sombre gloom, and wondered if the malicious tongue of an envious enemy would ever cause a black mass of calumny begotten sorrow to hang over their united heads; and he gazed into the cerulean depths of Grededina's eyes where he saw reflected the all-consuming love of his own grey eyes, and he wondered how long it would be ere he would hold forever her heart, hand and pocket-book—for Grededina Gamper was wealthy. Ah, it was a lovely sight to see those true young souls who lived to love and loved to live, wrapped up in each other figuratively speaking—and dead to the envious looks of other young men and the giggling gibberish of gay, giddy, gushing, gawky, girly girls!

They reached the crowded wharf, and, mingling in the thronging thousands that paced the promenading planks, passed the Hotel de Hanlan and sauntered lakewards. They reached the end of the sidewalk and proceeded along the beach, a few grains of sand now and then slipping cooly into Grededina's *petite* shoe—she wasn't a Hamilton girl or the city would sue her for stealing real estate from the Island. They found a seat on the lake shore and were watching the gulls that flew across the water and the white sails of the fairy-like crafts that skipped athwart the same. They heard the rippling sound of the waves breaking with muchly musical cadence on the pebble-paved beach—but ah, sorrow deep and dreadful was soon to check their short-lived happiness. As suddenly as falls



the avalanche upon the sleeping Swiss village from the overhanging cliffs; with all the appalling horror that accompanies the devastating tornado as it sweeps over the western plains, came their doom. With a heart-shattering cry poor J. Silkingbang Smythkins threw himself upon the sand, rolling in frenzied agony and tearing out his hair by the handful. Grededina Gamper rushed to his assistance, but was powerless. Their frantic

screams for help pierced the air for miles around, and summoned a crowd of terrified people who were certain of beholding a terrible tragedy. The young man, unable to endure the torturing that he felt, had fainted. He was restored to consciousness, his coat, vest, shirt and guernsey cut open, and it was found—that a spider had crawled down the back of his neck and had started an exploring expedition down his spinal column.

C. M. R.



Grau's Opera Comique Co., will remain during the present week, appearing nightly at the Zoo Theatre, the stage of which has been enlarged for the occasion.

The Grand presents a good attraction for holiday week in the melodrama of "The World." This fine piece will be presented by Lytell's Dramatic Company with all the original scenery.

The Holmans, at the Theatre Royal are presenting Joe H. Bank's sparkling little piece "Bubbles" in good style. Miss Sallie has lost none of her old time charms, and her voice is decidedly better than ever.

Make a memo of it—Promenade concerts with Liberati the cornet virtuoso, at Granite rink Monday and Tuesday evenings, Mendelssohn Quintette Club, with Miss Kellogg and other vocalists, Friday evening at the Gardens.

Pride & Sackett's Pavilion presents a new bill of novelties this week, including Barnum's Zulus and other wonders in Curiosity Hall, and a new company of variety artists on theatorium stage. The audiences at this entertainment are made up of the best class of our people. Mr. Sackett is right in his theory that it pays best to cater for the respectable class only.

It makes a milkman's wife blush to ask her if her silk dress is watered.

Mark Twain is learning to ride the bicycle. He will soon give an exhibition of innocence abroad.—Lowell Citizen.



SUMMER EMPLOYMENT.



1834—THE QUEEN CITY—1884.

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 tem is not known.

ANOTHER KITE STORY.

Small boy,
Flying kite,
Sailing high,
Pretty sight.

Big kite,
Long string,
Flies nice,
Pretty thing.

Boy wild,
With delight,
Flying high,
Pretty kite.

Looking up,
Runs right,
Then back,
Sailing kite.

Sees not,
Old well,
Down which,
Boy fell.

Story ends,
Right here,
Boy dead,
Shed tear.

A KISS ON TOAST.

Young Topnoodle came to grief recently in a dining saloon on Nassau street in a way that he cannot contemplate even now without a shudder.

He is a cross between a dude and a masher, according to the significant terms of the day, and in taking his dinner down town he usually seeks a saloon attended by waiters of the dear, sweet, fair sex, to whom he can say all sorts of silly nothings, and make himself exceedingly sweet on them. So last week, for the first time, he sat down at the table of the above-mentioned saloon, after having first observed at which table the prettiest girl presided, and looking at her with his most captivating smile, he said:

"Aw, me dear miss, what shall I order for me lunch?"

"Why, you can order anything you can pay for," she replied, with a saucy little shake of her head.

"Aw. Can I have anything I can pay for?"

"Certainly, sir."

"Well, then, my pretty miss, I think I shall order a kiss."

"What?"

"A kiss on toast."

"You want a kiss, do you?"

"Aw, yes, you divine little beauty. I am nearly dying for one."

"Oh, dear me!" exclaimed the pretty waiter with an arch smile and a roguish look in her eyes, "and you really want a kiss?"

"Why, bless your little heart, yes."

"Well, you shall have one, if I have a chance to supply your order," and spryly tripping back to the kitchen she had a little whispered conversation with the cook, a colored female weighing nearly three hundred pounds, and black as the ace of spades.

"Here's your kiss, sir," said the little waiter to Topnoodle; and before he had time to realize the situation, the fat, greasy, black cook held him in her voluptuous embrace and planted a rousing smack on his aesthetic lips; and as he flopped out of the saloon amid the roars of laughter, the explanation of the huge African kiss was given.—*New York Mercury.*

An Irishman one day bragged to his friends that the King had spoken to him. On being asked what His Majesty said to him, he replied, "Arrah, my dear honey, he only axed me to get out of the way."

A TELEPHONE INCIDENT.

Some funny things happen on the telephone lines occasionally. Several evenings ago, a young fellow repaired to the store where he is employed, after working hours, and rang up the residence of his best girl. The connection was made, and the young blood inquired:

"Is that you, Miranda?"

"Yes, George dear," came the reply.

"Are you alone?"

"Yes, darling."

"I wish I was down there."

"I wish so too."

"If I were there, do you know what I would do with my darling?"

"No, Georgie."

"Well, I'd unbuckle the crupper and put some dirt in her mouth."

"Oh! you brute!" cried Miranda, and they never speak as they pass by, and the man who was talking to a farrier about the best plan for starting a balky mare, says he thinks that anybody that will advise a man to put his arms around the neck of an obstreperous horse and hug and kiss it, and hold it on his lap and whisper words of love in its ear, ought to be hung to the nearest lamp-post, while the telephone girl who mixed the conversation, on purpose, smiles blandly on all the parties concerned.—*Through Mail.*

MARY'S LAMB IN A NEW LIGHT.

"Darling," said he, tenderly encircling her slender waist with his larboard arm, "can you tell me in what respect you resemble Mary, of the little lamb fame?" "No, I cannot, dear Henry," she answered, blushing one of those western sunset blushes that betoken cold weather. "Because," said he, as he tenderly stroked her golden hair, "because you have a pet that loves you so." "And now, dear Henry, can you tell me why you are like Mary's lamb?" "No dear, why am I?" "Because," said she, glancing nervously at the door, "because you are sure to go. I heard papa coming down the stairs and you know." "Why am I like Mary's teacher?" thundered the old man poking his head in the door, and fondling a seven pound Indian club. "Because," answering himself, "after 11 o'clock is against the rule, and I am going to turn you out. As the young man limped painfully away he was heard to mutter to himself, well, I differ from the lamb in one respect, for I never follow Mary any more."—*Peck's Sun.*

HE REBELLED.

Some years ago a detachment of United States artillery was stationed at Hot Springs, Ark., to protect the public property, the Supreme Court having decided that the Springs belonged to the United States. One day one of the detachment fell ill and was ordered by the surgeon to "take a hot bath and drink the water." He went to one of the bath houses where a bath was prepared for him, and he was left to enjoy the luxury. After the usual time had elapsed the attendant went in to see how he was getting along. He found the soldier sitting on the edge of the tub, much swollen about the waist and the water in the tub reduced about one-half. The attendant asked him how he was getting along. The soldier replied:

"Pretty well. I enjoyed the bath. But," he added as a look of despondent determination settled upon his countenance, "I'll be blessed if I drink all that water, even if they put me in the guard house for it!"—*Washington Hatchet.*

"You just take a bottle of my medicine," said a quack doctor to a consumptive, "and you'll never cough again." "Is it as fatal as that?" gasped the consumptive.

A PARADOX.

"What will be the prevailing style in dresses?" asked a family man of a fashionable milliner.

"Well, dresses will be worn much shorter this year."

"I am glad to hear it," said the man of family, breathing a sigh of relief. "I suppose they will be much cheaper?"

"By no means. They will cost more," said the milliner.

"I don't understand how that can be. Shorter dresses take less goods and should therefore cost less."

"No, you are wrong. Shorter dresses cost more because they come higher."

But the obdurate family man would not be convinced.

They tell of a very cultured divine in Belgravia who, instead of saying, "The collection will now be taken up," impressively remarks, "The accumulation of money will now ensue."

A young theological student, not far from Boston, recently invited a young lady to attend a concert. The damsel's answer to the invitation was in this wise: "If you come as a 'temporary supply,' I must decline your invitation. I am only hearing 'regular candidates.'" He didn't supply.

"Mamma, is papa a bull or a bear?" "He's a f— O dear, Willie, don't ask so many questions! Go and ride your velocipede!" "Well, I just wanted to know whether I was a cub or a calf, because"—The sentence is finished the other side of the door, and Mrs. Bion Margin returns to "Henry Irving's Impressions."

An old woman, on being examined before a magistrate as to her place of legal settlement, was asked what reason she had for supposing her husband had a legal settlement in that town. The old woman said, "He was born and married there, and they buried him there, and if that isn't settled there, what is it?"

"He is a man who has made his mark," exclaimed an enthusiastic admirer of John Bright. "Made his mark, 'ave 'e," exclaimed Widow Tompkins; "well, there ain't much in that; my poor husband did the same, but there, dear soul, he weren't satisfied, he always said he wished he had learned to write."

A lady teacher in a Sunday school had to illustrate a lesson on faith by the story of a child who was told by his father to drop from an elevated place into his arms. The father could not be seen by the child, yet, when commanded, it dropped. Upon the teacher asking her class what was shown by this story, a bright little fellow immediately replied—"It showed he had a lot o' pluck."

Rev. J. G. Calder, Baptist minister, Petrolia, says:—"I know many persons who have worn Notman's Pads with the most gratifying results. I would say to all suffering from bilious complaints or dyspepsia: Buy a pad, put it on and wear it, and you will enjoy great benefits." Hundreds of others bear similar testimony. Send to 120 King St. East for a pad or treatise.

A negro was recently seated on a rail fence in Arkansas, intently looking at the telegraph wire. A gentleman passing said, "Watching the wire?" "Yes, sah." "Waiting to see a message go by, hey?" "The negro smiled, and said, "Yes, sah." "The gentleman kindly told him that messages were invisible, and explained the working of the electric current to him at length. Concluding, he said, "Now you know something about it." "Yes, sah." "What do you work at?" "I'm a telegraph operator at de Hazel Switch Station, sah."



THE FALSE ONES.

Mr. Felindus Spindle, and Miss Aurora Giles,
Bestowed upon each other their very sunniest smiles;
Miss Aurora vowed she loved her dearest Mr. Spindle.
Felindus swore Aurora's charm his heart began to
kindle.

Aurora was but forty, (she owned to thirty-four),
Spindle a youth of fifty, or maybe a year more;
Aurora wore a flaxen wig, her baldness for to cover,
She could not show her poor bare pate, unto her faith-
ful lover.

Felindus wore a false moustache, a set of ivory teeth,
His graceful figure was made up of padding underneath;
He looked a very handsome man—of that I dare be
sworn,
When arrayed in all his glory,—but not when he was
shorn.

Felindus on a summer's day, determined out to drive,
And with him take Aurora, "The dearest girl alive;"
So out into the country right merrily they went,
Alas! for what did happen, before the day was spent.

Down by a stream they sauntered, sweet promises
exchanged,
As up and down its grassy banks in happiness they
ranged;
At last, becoming wearied they sat upon a stump—
Which overhung the river,—and in they went ker'
stump!

Aurora's wig went floating off, Felindus' teeth went
down,
But what were paltry teeth to him who was about to
drown?
He heeded not Aurora's screams, but struggled to the
bank,
And—on a bed of nettles he down exhausted sank.

Aurora reached the other shore, an awful sight was she,
I hardly know which looked the worst—although I
think 'twas he;
His padding all subsided, his dear moustache, too,
gone,
Felindus certainly was what, is often termed "forlorn."



Then from each bank they thus began:—
A.—"You odious! horrid! treacherous man!"
F.—"You awful, hairless harvidan!"
A.—"From out my sight oh! quickly fly."
F.—"Aurora, but you are a guy!"
A.—"A guy, sir! what are you? a fright."
F.—"If you'll apply at home you're right."
A.—"Try, sir! just show moustache and tooth."
F.—"A wig, and bald head underneath!"
A.—"Oh mercy! that you'd me deceive!"
F.—"A parting will not me agrieve!"
A.—"Then sir! I have no more to say."
F.—"Then thrice adieu Miss, and—good day."

Each went their way; she without wig,
And he not nearly half as big
As when he started.
The moral's this: Try not to put on youthful airs,
Or else be sure t'will bring you cares.

PEPPER-TON'S POLITICAL PARROT.

Penultimate Pepperton was a thorough Grit. His support of Mowat was unceasing, his detestation of Sir John direfully deep. Blake was his bully boy. P. P.'s enemies said he was a political partizan, and though he and his always began with peace, yet they generally ended with war. Penultimate lived in a villa which he had designated Mowat Mansion, out of compliment to the Ontario chief. His enemies, however, would persist in dubbing it the Pepperbox, because of the hot nature of its contents. It is not with the Pepperbox we have to deal, but a particular dweller therein. That P. D. is a parrot. Penultimate had received it when a young bird, and had taken the greatest interest in teaching its young ideas how to shoot, or shout, if it please you. Amongst the many sayings he taught it, none gave him greater pleasure than two political allusions. One was "Three cheers for Blake and Mowat," the other, which Penultimate considered his greatest effort, "D—n Sir John." He chuckled at the thought of the fun which the latter expletive must provoke. The first occasion for the display of the parrot's accomplishments proved a genuine success, and threw Penultimate into ecstasies, from which he was rescued with the greatest trouble by his friends. In course of time Penultimate died and was gathered to his fathers. We regret having to dispose of the respected gentleman so hastily, but as this is not a three-volume novel, he cannot be retained upon the scene one minute longer. Suffice it that the parrot lived. The reading of the will passed the parrot to a distant nephew, by name Tobias Limberlip, who was as decided a Tory as Uncle Penultimate had been a Reformer.

Shortly after the installation of the parrot into his new home, Tobias Limberlip determined to give a supper to his particular-politico friends, in honor of the C.P.R. resolution, which had just passed. It happened that the Grit parrot had his abiding place amidst the window curtains of the room in which the supper was laid. The night arrived, and as surely did the guests. Tobias had gathered around him the choicest Tory spirits of his immediate neighborhood. There sat Blodger, who once had the pleasure of speaking to Meredith; Devoncot, who reported the political storms in the teacup for the *Mail*; Sniper, who revelled in the distinguished honor of having on a certain occasion picked up a toothpick which Sir John had dropped; Timkins, whose mother once attended to Sir Charles Tupper's boiled shirts, and several other distinguished political lights. The supper was demolished with that gusto which is associated only with political carousers, who, for the nonce, assumed the viands to be their direst enemies, and dealt destruction right and left. After supper came the speech making. Poll previously had taken no heed to what was passing around, but when she heard the studied and stilled tones of the amateur politicians who usually made such occasions fields for practice, she became all attention. After the loyal toasts came "The Dominion Government," offered by Mr. Tobias. In the course of his oration he said, "What can we say for Blake or his ally Mowat?" Before anyone had time to wink, a stentorian voice pealed forth, "Three cheers for Blake and Mowat." Horror and amazement was on every feature, *vide* novelists.

Devoncot turned white, Blodger red, and the host spilled his wine, and swallowed his toothpick, whilst everybody glared savagely

around the room. No one being prepared to name the offender, the incident was passed over. After a drink round to pull up their shattered nerves, the toast list was proceeded with. The toast of the evening, "Sir John Macdonald," was given by the host with so many turns and twists of "Sir John," occasionally varied with "Sir John," that Poll, remembering her lesson, alas too well, shrieked out, "D—n Sir John." Then ensued a confused scene of tumbler-smashing, chair upsetting and table-turning, as each guest dashed in the direction of the sound. A dozen hands tore down the curtains, bringing to the floor parrot, cage and cornice pole, breaking two valuable vases and several panes of glass in their descent. Poll shrieked, the host and his guests—well the reader may guess what they did—the Limberlip family and servants, in a state of horror, dashed into the room and added their voices to the others as a kind of chorus, making the whole as charming a piece of realism as could be met with in life's march. * * * As stage manager we ring down the curtain at this interesting point, the orchestra playing "Love at Home," with appropriate drum accompaniment. A few days later the following appeared in the FOR SALE column of the *Globe*:

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A RIVER-SIDE RHAPSODY.

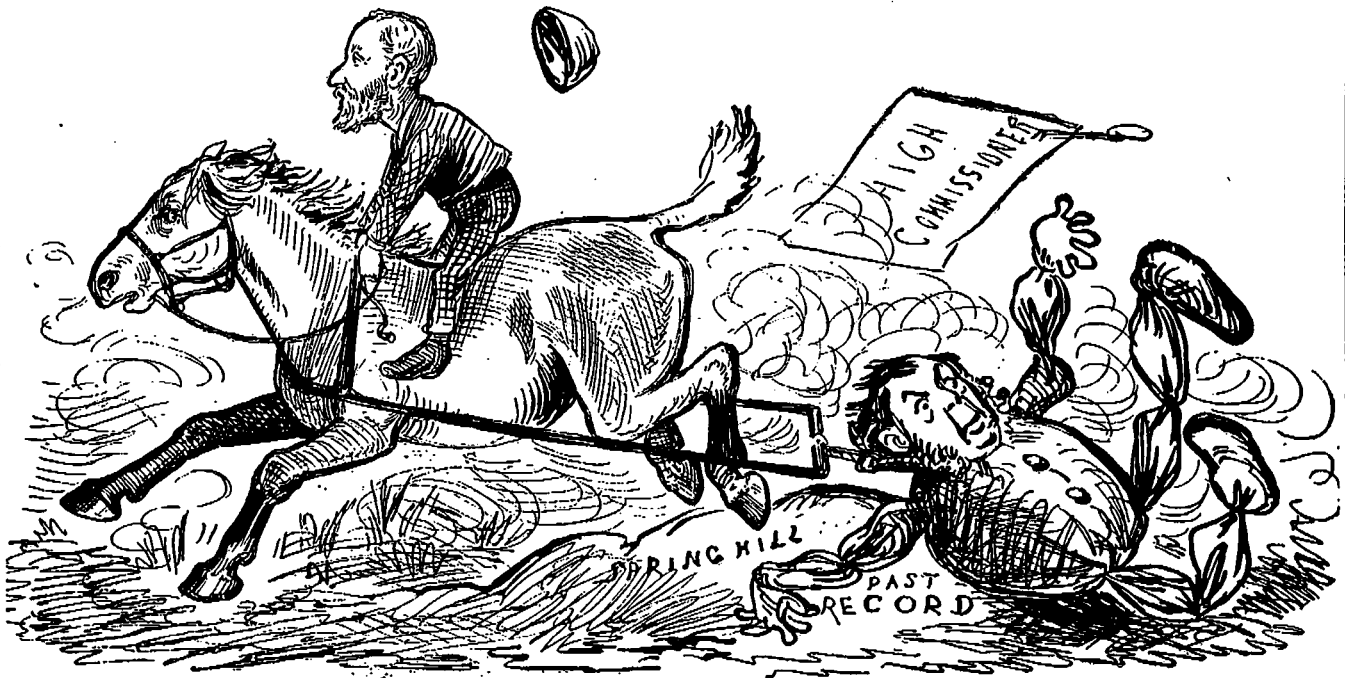
Night.
Right you are.
Night by a large majority. Far away in the distant west, rested against a star-illuminated ground of the darkest azure, the silver streak of the new-born April moon.
Higher up, and a little to the north, burned with a radiant burn, queenly Venus, goddess of love, ice-cream and caramels—not to mention oyster stews in season—the most brilliant object in the evening heavens.
Towards the south old Orion, tired after his long and wearying winter's vigil, sought thus early rest below the horizon.
On a rude and rickety bridge, overhanging a purling stream, which, not yet fully recovered from its spring freshet, made more noise than was its wont, stood a man of thirty summers and thirty-one winters—other seasons to match—tall and slender.
Pensively he gazed upon the starry host and the young empress of night revelling in their majestic beauty, all serene.
A light foot-fall fell upon his ear—figuratively, or dire would have been the consequences—and in another moment Imogene McQuakenboss was clasped in his thin but affectionate arms.
As passes the breath of the June zephyrs over the growing wheat, causing it to sway gently and bow its peaceful head, so passed over her fragile frame (220 avordupois), a sudden tremor.
"What ails my Imogene?" in tender tones asked John X. de Cashe, for he it was.

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HE WON'T LET HIM REST!

"I cannot tell thee," quoth the maiden, and like as the speckled trout, swift as a flash of light, lunges at the treacherously baited hook, so instantaneously upward surged the crimson blush suffusing her fair face and neck, and mantling up to the rootlets of her hair as if it had come, like country cousins, to the Industrial Exhibition, to stay; for she felt that she was taking cold through the undarned hole in the stocking heel of her off foot.

"But why is my Xerxes musing on this antiquated bridge to night?"

"He ain't."

"What then, oh my Xerxes?"
 "He's musing on how to show that Chicago chap that Ontario can do the poetic as well as Illinois, and he'll do it through Toronto's sought-for GRIP. Then Imogene, my treasure, my little joker, then will fickle fortune smile upon us, and the Cornucopia we long for pour its golden store upon us. Then will we taste, as becomes the ancient families from which we sprung, the delights of affluence, and of the sights of the Toronto Semi-Centennial, but unlike our noble predecessors we will adopt a prudent course, and to guard against the possible mishaps of the future, reserve a fair percentage of our princely income and place it in the—"

There was a sudden crash!
 The bridge, unable to bear up under the combined weight of Imogene's solidity and her lover's intellect, had given way. And as Imogene grasped her hero with a loving and muscular grab, and, having waded ashore with him, plumped him on the tender grass just freshly growing up, she closed his rudely interrupted sentence in the fitting words:—

"Federal bank, and you are the first de Cashe deposit!"

Professor—My head is tired, doctor, and I wish you would prescribe for me. Doctor—Give up brain-work. Professor—What shall I do instead? Doctor—Buy a pair of shears, a barrel of paste, and start a country paper.—*N. Y. Journal.*

A half-starved cat climbed the other day to the top of the Washington monument, 434 feet high, leaped into space, and landed on the ground alive. It is not known whether the cat or the reporter is responsible for this lie.—*Denver Inter-Ocean.*

He—"In what respect does billiards change my usual disposition?" She (naively)—"Does it change disposition?" He—"Yes; in billiards I never 'kiss' when I can help it, whereas ordinarily—" She—"You never kiss if anybody else can help it!"—*Harvard Lampoon.*

A SPLENDID SOUVENIR.

A beautiful souvenir of the Semi-Centennial, one which is peculiarly suitable for sending to friends at a distance, is the panoramic views of the Historical Tableaux, issued by the GRIP Printing and Publishing Company. The pictures, which are authentic representations of the Tableaux displayed on Monday, are printed in tints on beautiful strong paper and bound in an elegantly designed cover. The price is only 15 cents per copy, and nothing in connection with the celebration is more elegant. To be had at the book stores, and at GRIP office, or sent, post free, on receipt of price.

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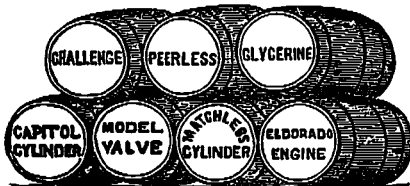


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