

GRIP

EDITED BY J. W. BENGOUGH



THE GRAVEST BEAST IS THE ASS.
 THE GRAVEST BIRD IS THE OWL.
 THE GRAVEST FISH IS THE OYSTER.
 THE GRAVEST MAN IS THE FOOL.



A GOOD EXAMPLE.

Labor.—BEGGIN' YOUR PARDON, SIR, BUT MIGHT I ENQUIRE WHY THE ONTARIO FACTORIES ACT IS NOT PUT INTO OPERATION LIKE THE ONE IN QUEBEC?

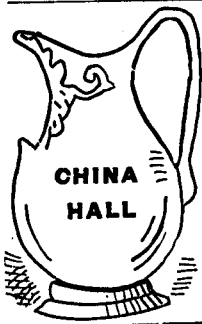
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★ GRIP ★



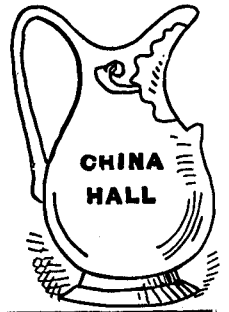
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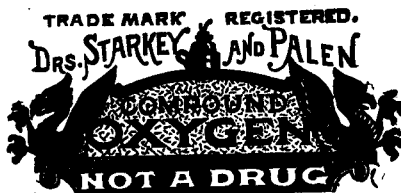
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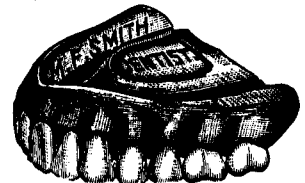
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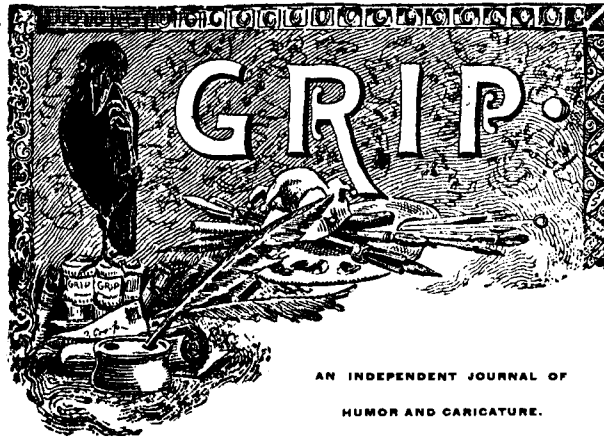


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J. W. BENGOUGH

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.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

SINCE the enlargement and typographical improvement of GRIP, this paper has taken a firm position in the front rank of comic journalism, and is regarded by Canadians generally as an honor to the Dominion. Having achieved this proud position, it is now GRIP's purpose to extend the field of his beneficent labors, and to visit weekly thousands of homes in which he has hitherto been a stranger, except by reputation. To this end it has been decided to reduce the subscription price to **\$2 PER YEAR**, and the charge for single numbers to **5 CENTS PER COPY**. The paper will remain in its present form, 16 pages, and it is now absolutely the *cheapest* humorous journal in America. Subscriptions already received at the \$3 rate will be credited in extension of their respective terms. We feel confident that this departure will give us immediately a much increased subscription list, although our list as it now stands is greater than that enjoyed by any weekly periodical in Canada.

Comments on the Cartoons.



HALDIMAND'S ANSWER.—After all, the "general public" is not so dull as some clever people imagine. This has been rather strikingly illustrated in Haldimand, where for the first time the carefully concocted Riel muddle has been submitted to the judgment of the electorate. Sir John's ingenious editors and sophistical rhetoricians having evoked a fog dense enough apparently to defy common sense, emerge from the same and say to the electors, Gentlemen, you needn't worry yourselves trying to see through this abstruse affair, let it suffice you to know that the issue is: Shall the laws of this country be vindicated regardless of race or creed? Now, if that were really the question, the Haldimand electors to a man would have voted *yea*. But that wasn't the question at all. The Haldimand electors refused to believe that there are any citizens anywhere in

Canada so idiotic as to so much as hint that a man's race or creed should give him an immunity from punishment if he violates the law. The wildest Rouge of Quebec never whispered such an idea, and the

Haldimand farmers knew it. So away went the fabric of fog, leaving the true question—Is the present Government worthy of the continued confidence of the people? This question Haldimand has answered—as it has answered before—in the negative. While no doubt it accords the Government all the praise it deserves for having hanged Riel, this good deed is not regarded as sufficient to cover the multitude of sins that yet remain to be settled for.

A GOOD EXAMPLE.—Both the Quebec and Ontario Legislatures have passed Factory Acts in the interests of the working-people employed in manufacturing concerns. The Lieut.-Governor of Quebec has just announced by proclamation that their Act is to come into operation on October 1. In Ontario our Act still lies in the Government pigeon-hole. The workingmen have a right to ask Mr. Mowat why this is thus. What was the Act passed for if it is to be a dead letter? Mr. Mowat has earned a good reputation as a sincere friend of Labor, and it is puzzling to understand why he should thus endanger it.

SIR JOHN AT THE CONFERENCE.—Sir John made a neat little speech at the Methodist conference the other evening—having dropped in there "quite in a casual way," and being spied out and escorted to the platform by that eminent non-Tory, Dr. Dewart. Sir John is not a very strict adherent to the Book of Discipline in his political method, but there is no telling what influence his timely call may have upon the next general election.

THE CANADIAN NOBILITY'S VADE MECUM.

DEDICATED (WITHOUT PERMISSION) TO THE ILLUSTRIOUS KNIGHTS WHO PUT THE REST OF CANADA IN THE SHADE.

IV. The Naming of a Knight.



If you think it rather likely that you'll soon be made a knight
There is one important matter, which by stupid oversight
Will spoil for your posterity the splendor of the fact,
So don't ruin your relations by neglecting thus to act:
It may be that your name is Jones, or Green, or Smith, or Brown,
And though among plebeians such low names may go down,
Yet, with the bloated members of the aristocracy
Such common surnames are mistakes that never ought to be.

Just fancy how the daily press would blush to thus relate
"Lord Jones did this," "Earl Smith went there," and "Baron Brown came late."

In the choice of patronymics that will boom your pedigrees
Be guided by euphonious style, and get off such as these,
Which are my own, concocted on the best patrician rules—
Sir Rupert Estmere Assheton de Winklebury Gules.
There's something quite recherché, and it looks well on a card,
It's consoling, too, that common people find it rather hard,
But better than vulgarize the peerage with a name
The upper ten cannot repeat without a blush of shame.
Now Smythe is quite distingué, and the story is a myth
That it's only manufactured from the common name of Smith;
And there's another legend which is quite a stupid hoax,
That Snooks is but another form of noble Sevenoaks;
Ah! Take no stock in idle tales that Democrats devise,
They are born of angry envy and degenerate to lies.
Do not believe Immortal Will, who sneered, "What's in a name?"
If his had not been Shakespeare he had never captured fame;
Look down each page of history, and find one noble Smith,
The very name degrades the thought and scatters it forthwith;
So, if your own should chance to be a common week-day one,
You'd better change it or your friends will have no end of fun,
And your "Sir," instead of fitting you with dignity and ease,
Will be a sore temptation for your foes to taunt and tease;
Instead of "Sir" you may depend they'll dub you plain "Siree,"
And treat the knighthood as a joke, whose point is plain to see,
Though perhaps you went to England to receive the accolade,
And now stick in your servants' hats the usual cockade,
Andeavouring to keep abreast with English life patrician
End posing here as anything—a warrior politician!
Which calls to mind a friend of mine whose name requires amend-
ment

In memory that to Batoche he many a trusty friend sent,
For which he was translated from a mortal to a baron:
Sir Adolphe Don-Quixote Duck-Lake Crapaud-Metz de Caron.

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Music.

HAIL Music! all hail!
Earth's languages fail
To tell what thou tellest to me,
O spirit divine!
That space cannot confine,
All hearts are led captive by thee.

At a mortal's command,
From the mystical land
Where the spirit of harmony dwells;
And the great river starts
That flows through all hearts,
Thou com'st with thy magical spells.

To the mystical spheres
Seen by sages and seers,
On the rush of thy magical tide
I am borne over time,
To the regions sublime,
Where the mighty immortals abide.

O the cankers of time!
In that passion sublime
Are swept with earth's grossness away,
We rise to a glory
Where hearts grow not hoary,
Nor taste not of death and decay.

Thou language of angels!
Hosannas! evangels!
The great halleluhs are thine—
The great storms of gladness,
The glorious madness
That make us poor mortals divine.

So holy and pure
I can hardly endure
The glory that circles me round;
Yet forever I'd dwell
In this heavenly spell,
This infinite ocean of sound.

No logic can grasp thee,
Love only can clasp thee,
For wholly celestial thou art;
To gage thee by reason
Seems absolute treason,
All hail to thee Queen of the Heart!

ALEXANDER McLACHLAN.

THE JUNIOR PICKWICKIANS;

AND THEIR MEMORABLE TRIP TO NORTH AMERICA.

CHAP. XIV.



SUCH was the case with Mr. Yubbits and his chest. For a full half hour he struggled with those obstinate and refractory culinary utensils. Taking them out, putting them in again, rearranging the rest of the contents of the box, and finally, just as he was congratulating himself on having achieved a glorious victory, and was locking the chest in triumph he discovered to his dismay

that the iron pot had been omitted, and was still outside.

The dinner bell ringing at the moment when Mr. Yubbits made this discovery, he resolved to leave the pot where it was for the present, and make another attempt at some other time. So placing it on the floor near his berth, he quickly made some necessary changes in his dress and so forth, and hurried away to the dinner table.

Dinner being over and no serious casualties having occurred except perhaps the reception in his white waistcoat of the contents of a mustard pot by Mr. Bramley (which accident he endured with the utmost dignity and apparent unconcern) our four friends repaired to the deck for a promenade before "turning in," each of them having stated his intention of retiring early in order to be enabled to rise betimes to obtain their first view of that great continent which was to be the scene of their adventures for several months to come.

Finding, however, upon their arrival on deck that the heavy rolling of the steamer precluded the idea of walking there with any comfort, and as it was now after eight o'clock and very dark, the quartette decided that they might just as well be in bed as anywhere else, and accordingly they again descended the companion-ladder, and each sought his own particular stateroom.



The usual group of whist players were assembled round the tables in the saloon, whilst others were stretched on the sofas and lounges, either reading or taking an after dinner nap. Miss Moffatt was seated at the piano, her affianced lover who had *not* attempted to rescue her standing over her chair and swaying backwards and forwards in a very uncertain manner and one that was cruelly suggestive of intoxication, but which was of course produced by the motion of the vessel.

This state of things in the saloon at the precise moment when one of the whist players, an elderly gentleman with a very red face, was giving his partner a piece of his mind for having neglected to observe that it had been his ace that he (the partner) had trumped, was suddenly interrupted by most unearthly and discordant sounds proceeding from the passage leading to the staterooms occupied by our four friends and others.

It would be no easy matter to find a simile for these sounds. The subdued bellow of a calf with its head wrapped in a sack, and the squeals of a pig in a similar predicament appeared to be blended in the noise that now smote upon the ears of the listeners. All eyes were turned in the direction indicated, and their owners were in a few moments astounded by the apparition of what appeared to be a human being, clad in a long white robe and on whose head was, what the spectators at first imagined to be a species of helmet, the visor of which was apparently down, for the piece of armour descended to the wearer's shoulders; from beneath this astonishing head-piece the terrible sounds were still being emitted; the arms of the white-garbed creature were flung wildly in the air, and its hands occasionally grasped the helmet and tugged vigorously at it, whilst the hideous howlings increased in power as the apparition advanced into the saloon.

"Good gracious!" ejaculated one of the gentlemen who had been reclining on a sofa, and who was a young British officer on a visit to Canada, "what the doose is that?"

Miss Moffatt's screams were now added to the uproar as the spectre-knight advanced to the corner whither she had fled, and the whole saloon was soon in confusion. But still the "thing" held on its way, wildly grasping at chairs and tables as the lurching of the vessel threw it off its perpendicular, and still emitting the horrible noise which had so startled the hearers at first. It now became evident that the apparition was a human being, and that

the helmet on its head effectually prevented it from seeing where it was going.

Miss Moffat's betrothed, who had at first appeared appalled by the sight and sounds, now, on becoming aware that it was only flesh and blood with which they had to deal, became sufficiently emboldened to approach the mystic visitor who was gradually nearing his beloved Alice, and to seize it by the arm and demand what it meant.

"Tathisthngoff," came a voice in muffled gasping tones from beneath the helmet, which on closer inspection proved to be nothing more nor less than an iron pot, "tathisoff!" and the white-clad arms tugged vigorously at the culinary head-gear.

"My gracious!" exclaimed the young officer, "it's a man; and *by Jove!* he's got his night shirt on, and *by Jove!* his head's in a pot, *by Jove!*"

The wonder of the occupants of the saloon was now changed to mirth, and peal upon peal of laughter rang through the room, the noise of which brought the captain down from the deck and several passengers from their cabins, amongst whom were Messrs. Bramley, Coddleby and Crinkle.



"What is all this about?" demanded the worthy commander. "Be kind enough to explain, gentlemen, what this means: here, you, sir," seizing the armored spectre, "what the devil are you doing here,

and *what* is this thing!" tapping the pot.

"Tathissoftwonce," came in muffled groans from under that article, "msmothing."

"Heavens!" burst in Mr. Bramley, rushing forward, "its Yubbits: look Crinkle, look Coddleby, it is our friend; see, here is his name on his night-gown," and he held up a corner of the garment on which, in truth, appeared the name "V. Yubbits, No. 9," for inspection.

"Then for goodness sake, Sir," said the captain, "take him away from here, and get that thing off his head. Why, he'll smother," and indeed Mr. Yubbits had been vainly endeavouring to impart the fact that he *was* smothering, and his extraordinary utterances had been to that effect, coupled with the request to "take this thing off" ever since he had wandered into the saloon. It was one thing to say "take it off," but it was quite another to obey the command. The pot was firmly fixed upon the unfortunate wearer's head, and his nose having caught on some projection inside served as a means to keep the utensil in its present position.

"We cannot, we *must* not allow this pot to be broken," remarked Bramley, "and again we *must* extricate our friend from his unpleasant, nay, dangerous predicament. Gentlemen, has any one of you a shoe-horn?" That article was instantly produced, and Mr. Bramley inserting it gently at the side, gradually worked it round to where Mr. Yubbits' nose might be supposed to be, his companions regarding the operation in breathless suspense, whilst the rest of the passengers awaited further developments, and nearly exploded with laughter.

(To be continued.)

CANADA AND HER BUOY.



Learn from the *Globe* that the Government of the country whose name appears at the head of this article is a perfect sink of corruption and public money.

Its wickedness is great, unabridged, and has expensive bindings.

The great marvel is that the whole country is not sunk beneath the seas which lap its shores and the only reasonable solution of the mystery is that an immense buoy holds the country up.

Yes!

We have it!

Sir John A. Macdonald is an airy old boy. Does he not ride on a cow-catcher, and is he not called "Old to-morrow?"

He it is who holds the country up in the deep water in which he and his colleagues have put it.

After him the deluge.

Yes, he it is who

Holds the country up,

For

If he is half as black as the *Globe* paints him,

He is

The old b(u)oy himself!!

And that

Explains it.

CARL SNAX.

THE SHOWMAN.

THE TORONTO.—Manager Shaw is going to use his dainty little opera house as a school of moral instruction as well as a temple of hilarity, and to prove this he follows up the laughing week of Gus Williams with the weighty melodrama, "The Wages of Sin." This piece has enjoyed great prosperity in England and the United States, and is eminently calculated to please a Fair Week audience, as well as do them good. The New Opera House is already an established success, albeit the carpenters, carpet-layers and decorators have scarcely as yet made their final exit. To this result three things have contributed—to wit, meritorious performances on the stage; neatness, cheerfulness, and comfort in the auditorium; and courtesy in the front of the house. An evening at the Toronto is one of the pleasures of modern civilization.

THE GRAND.—Mr. Sheppard knows pretty well what is wanted, and so he puts on another of Daly's comedies, this time that familiar screamer, "A Night Off."

THE GARDENS.—The Templeton Opera Company performs in the "Mikado" every evening this week for the especial benefit of our visitors. Of course it will never do to go home without having heard the Japanese opera!

SHAFTESBURY HALL.—Mr. Kennedy and his family sing their farewell on Friday evening. Last week the concerts were, as usual, an ovation to the king o' Scottish sang an' story. If you have never heard Kennedy, and you let this chance slip, you are practising a self-denial that there is no excuse for.

WHAT is said about the Burns coal business:

The Mayor.—It's a high *weigh* robbery.

Mr. Falconbridge.—It's a mare's (mayor's) nest.

THE GONG.

THE moon hath beauties that allure,
The stars, celestial fire,
At morn the earth is sweet and pure,
And feathered tribes conspire
With music of a weird, wild birth
To woo us all from care to mirth.

But of all the sounds that meet the ear
To charm it in their flight,
There's none, I wot, to man so dear,
So fraught with gay delight,
As that which comes when night is o'er,
And light has kissed the world once more.

This faithful music, falling soft
Upon the slumbrous form,
Glad reawakening kindleth oft,
But oftener kindleth none :
This music rich and sweet and strong
Men call *the early breakfast gong.*

MR. STUBBS GOES FISHING.



I MUST admit that I have so far yielded to popular sentiment and customs as to accompany my friend Jack Templeman on a fishing excursion. You may say there is nothing extraordinary about that, as everybody who is anybody considers it his duty to go fishing for a week or two during the dog days (we fishermen call it the mosquito season).

But there was some thing apparently silly in an old man like myself going on such a trip with a youngster not long out of his teens, and full of hilarity and youthful effervescence.

It was some where up in Muskoka that he led me, and we pitched our tent on the border of a small lake. He said there was good bass and muskalunge fishing in the lake, and he knew a river not far away where huge brook trout were just aching to be hooked. We would go and satisfy their longings first. And so after a night of agony and warfare with the insect world, I was awakened out of one of the armistices which I had concluded on my own account (although the war raged with unabated fury on the part of the opposing forces), by Jack yelling in my ear that it was time to get up. When I emerged from the tent my face was covered with mutilated bodies and blood. It was a more ghastly battle field than Inkermann or Marathon. The only consolation I could grant myself was the fact of having gained a little entomological knowledge. I learned that these mosquitos, and huge winged beetles never sleep. I class them as being nocturnal, diurnal and infernal. Entomologists will please note this discovery, as I believe they are not thus described in text books. This is my donation to the grand galaxy of valuable discoveries brought about by the savants of this century, and will doubtless receive the recognition it deserves.

After a hasty ablution followed by a meager breakfast, we started for the river. It was glorious fun that morning, tramping four miles through brush and underwood

—hot, lively fun. After tramping and bowling along for about an hour, over logs and under them, we approached a peculiar formation in the forest. On either side was a dense jungle of brambles and fallen trees, while before us rose a huge heap of accumulated tree tops and brush, prostrated by some tornado I presume. The only way out of the difficulty was to scale that brush heap, which I forthwith proceeded to do. I reached the apex, and shouted for Jack to come on. Alas! how fruitless are men's efforts when fate wills otherwise. A stick broke, and I was precipitated down, down, fifteen feet, through a mass of interwoven sticks and scathing brush. It is punishment to be hurled through space when there is nothing to mar your passage to *terra firma*, but how much more bitter is that punishment when you are punched and scraped by splinters and sharp sticks on the passage! I left behind me a fifteen-foot streak of gents' furnishings through the centre of that brush heap, and when I emerged from its base I mournfully exclaimed: "Behold the nucleus of the lost Biela's comet; my tail is caught in the brush; I have just descended!" Jack looked me over from head to foot, laughing the while most idiotically, and enquired if I was going in swimming. I informed him as coolly as I could that he was a confounded idiot, a howling hyena, and other things, to stand there laughing at a man who was coerced into disrobing before his critical eyes. I also asked him to right about face and conduct me back to camp. Oh, ye grim historian of Robespierre and the Inquisition! Could ye but have witnessed that journey! All the horrors and miseries of the unfortunate victims of those days could not have equalled mine. Scarcely a shred left to protect me from the onslaughts of my deadly enemies. Ugh! it makes me swoon when I think about it. I spent the remainder of that day in camp, blessing the author of my misfortune. I also blessed my stars that I had brought but one change of pantaloons with me, and they were too costly a pair to risk in the wilds of Muskoka, for should they be mutilated I would have to remain where I was until another pair could be forwarded; it was therefore imperative upon me to return to the city at once, which I did on the following day.



NOTE.—I have on hand about \$15 worth of fishing tackle, which I will dispose of for the sum of \$1; or will exchange for a second hand treatise on "Lunacy and its Symptoms." I wish to learn if fishing fever is among the symptoms.

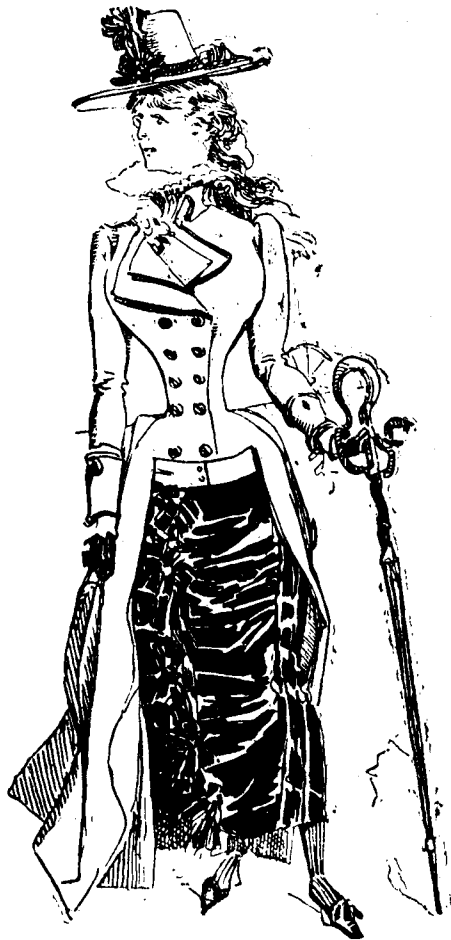
P.S.—I forgot to mention that I didn't catch any fish.
S. S.

"WELL, what were you brought up on?" asked the justice as a blear-eyed tramp stepped up to the bar.

"Judge, I was brought up on the bottle," was the quick response.

The justice eyed him sternly a moment and then ejaculated:

"Ten days for drunkenness and five dollars for contempt of court."



OUR TORONTO FAIR.

(NOT "INDUSTRIAL," HOWEVER.)

SMUDGEGRAPHS.

AN English exchange tells us that Smudgers, R.A., has invented a new way of telling character from the handwriting. It is simple and the results are sometimes marvellous. The process is this: Get the subject of the test to write his usual autograph very heavily, with a broad pen on hard paper; or if he is not at hand copy his autograph yourself as closely as possible. Then fold the paper longwise through the middle of the signature, and pat and press it till the ink spreads according to its own sweet will.

The resulting "smudgegraph" is not supposed to be an exact portrait, or even a caricature of the author, but rather a "hieroglyph," from which his character or at least some of his leading characteristics may be inferred.

We have tried this plan with the autographs, as near as we can get at them, of some Canadian notabilities, and present the results, which may prove instructive and useful to the electors in the exercise of their functions.

If any of the parties feel aggrieved, they may send us genuine autographs with which we will repeat the experiment.

To see the mental portrait turn the page to the right so as to bring the figures to a standing position.

The symbols of both great leaders are highly enigmatical.

NO. 1.—SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD.



In this hieroglyph the reader may see almost anything he pleases—from a dragon

on fly to a Hindoo idol. We incline to the latter view as indicating a character more suited to the absolute head of the Tory theocracy, and as hinting that he is the *avatar* or incarnation of some great idea, though what it may be no one can guess.

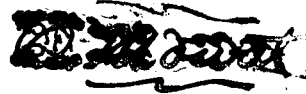
NO. 2.—EDWARD BLAKE.

This mysterious symbol is even more inscrutable than the last, since we can hardly find any similitude for it, except that the head piece affords some faint suggestion of the old felt hat.



Probably also Dr. Wild could offer some hints as to the significance of the quill pens which we seem to see on each side of the figure. At all events there are a solidity and gravity about the whole smudgegraph which are sufficiently characteristic.

NO. 3.—OLIVER MOWAT.



This hieroglyph is much more human in contour, and distinctly indicates a man very "big for his size" and extremely dignified in demeanour.

There is even something that strikes us as archiepiscopal in the upper part of the figure. Can it be that there is really any truth in Mr. Mowat's alleged leaning towards the hierarchy?

NO. 4.—LOUIS RIEL.

If the last figure seemed human, this uncanny symbol is evidently—but no! We will not rashly judge even a departed rebel. And yet, if there is any truth in smudgeography—! We hasten on and put to the test the great War Minister who overthrew him.



NO. 5.—SIR ADOLPHE P. CARON.



And here we are startled and disgusted by the evident family likeness of his hieroglyphic to that of the arch rebel, though

marked by an air of almost dudish elegance lacking in the ruder spirit from the prairies. Can it be that under favorable circumstances Sir A. P. Caron would also have developed a talent for leadership?

NO. 6.—DAVID MILLS.

We are sure we have seen a face and figure very much like this, but



with a pipe in its mouth, contributing to the amusement of boys at our autumnal saturnalia—called "fairs." We infer that Mr. Mills is more inclined to jollity and innocent pastimes than his habitual gravity would lead one to expect.

G. E. C.

JOCOSERIA.*

BY-THE-BYE, did you attend the Methodist Conference—beg pardon, the “Quadrennial Session of the General Conference of the Methodist church”? No? Then you certainly missed a very great treat. Talk of the hilarity of boys out of school, of soldiers off duty, or of judges off the bench—for true, genuine, wholesome jocularity, you must take the parson out of the pulpit. Such a jovial set of black-coated gentlemen seldom, I warrant me, discussed business and puns together so banteringly before. The reports teem with “laughter,”—“great laughter,”—“renewed laughter.”

* * *

From whence, think you, springs this high-spiritedness, this buoyancy, this bubbling over of cachinnatory tendencies? Is Toronto air its source; or Toronto hospitality; or (tell it not in Gath) does it come from the feeling of liberty created by absence from—*Class Leaders and Stewards*? Let us hope from none of these, but from good livers, sound digestions, and consciences void of offence both toward God and toward men.

* * *

AFTER all, your churchmen are your best laughers. (Query: Is it a habit contracted from their so frequently laughing in their sleeves?!) From Friar Tuck down to the genial Superintendent of the Toronto Conference, they have ever shown the world the best use to which lungs could be put. Would that Scott had described for us the guffaws of the first named jolly priest.

* * *

And yet what serious subjects these worthy brethren talked of. Listen:—

“At the Belleville General Conference, when the consummation of the Union took place, the word “obey” in the marriage service, in the sentence repeated by the bride, “love, honour and obey,” was eliminated. Several brethren at that time had misgivings on the point and strenuously objected to the change. An effort will be made to have the word re-inserted this Conference, and already notices of two or three motions to that effect have been given. After one delegate had delivered himself on this particular question, the Conference was convulsed with laughter when the President quietly asked: “Any trouble at home, brother?”

Truly this is no laughable matter, this. Up to the year 1883, all Methodist brides promised to “obey” their lords. Since then no Methodist bride has made any such promise. When this little word is re-inserted, she will have to repeat it again—over the left shoulder or not, of course, as she likes. Now all this must produce a very funny state of things. If the, to some (the wives, namely,) objectionable, to others (the husbands, namely,) desirable, little dissyllable is once again printed amongst its innocent-looking fellows in that beautiful and rythmical sentence, how will the brides of the interregnum be able

* NOTE.—If the hypercritical reader thinks apologies are necessary to Mr. Browning for purloining a title already made use of by him, he is very much mistaken. The fact is Mr. Browning is the thief, and the author he stole from is Melander, (*Nor. circ.* 1600, A.D.) Think not, hypercritical reader, that you know all about Melander. You will not find anything about him in Hallam, or Allibone, or Dibdin, or Beeton, or Haydn, or Rose, or Chalmers, or Garton, or Appleton,—not even if you know the eminent juris-consult’s *alias*—Schwartzmann. Nevertheless it is a fact: Browning is a thief. The title he stole was *Fororum atque seniorum tum novorum tum se lectorum liber unus*, and, like all retailers of second-hand goods, he tried to polish it up a bit, and called it “Jocoseria.” It is nothing to his credit that he has made the name more famous than could poor Otho Melander, *alias* Schwartzmann, its originator; for GRIP will shortly urge the same plea! (The printer has orders to insert a note of exclamation at the end of this paragraph. What a pity it is that there is no mark of punctuation to signify “What cheek!”)

to crow over their less fortunate sisters! And how will the men of the same period go about like the tail-less fox who endeavoured hard to persuade his fellows that his chief ornament was after all an uncomfortable nuisance!

* * *

Nor is this the only serious topic discussed in this august assembly. Listen again:—

“One of the rules of conduct to be followed by ministers and probationers reads: ‘Take no steps towards marriage without first consulting your brethren.’”

How perplexingly vague is this “no steps”! Is one not to throw an admiring glance at that fair form across the street without first seeking out a brother to consult? May one not “risk one eye” even? And what if the a brother so sought out and consulted were to prove an ardent admirer of the same fair form! A hated rival! No wonder “Notice for its abolition has been given.”

H.A.A.



ON TWO STOOLS.

ST. PAUL endeavoured to be “all things to all men, if by any means he might win some.” Our methodist brethren of the Queen’s Avenue church, London, are, it is to be supposed, striving to emulate this great example, though we fear they have misconstrued the Apostle’s meaning. On one evening of last week they had a fine meeting, at which Rev. Mr. McDougall and his Indian chiefs spoke eloquently of the havoc that liquor has made amongst the tribes of the North-west; and next evening the chair of another meeting in the same place was to be occupied by Hon. John Carling, the brewer! And all this while the general conference was declaring “heart and soul for Prohibition.”

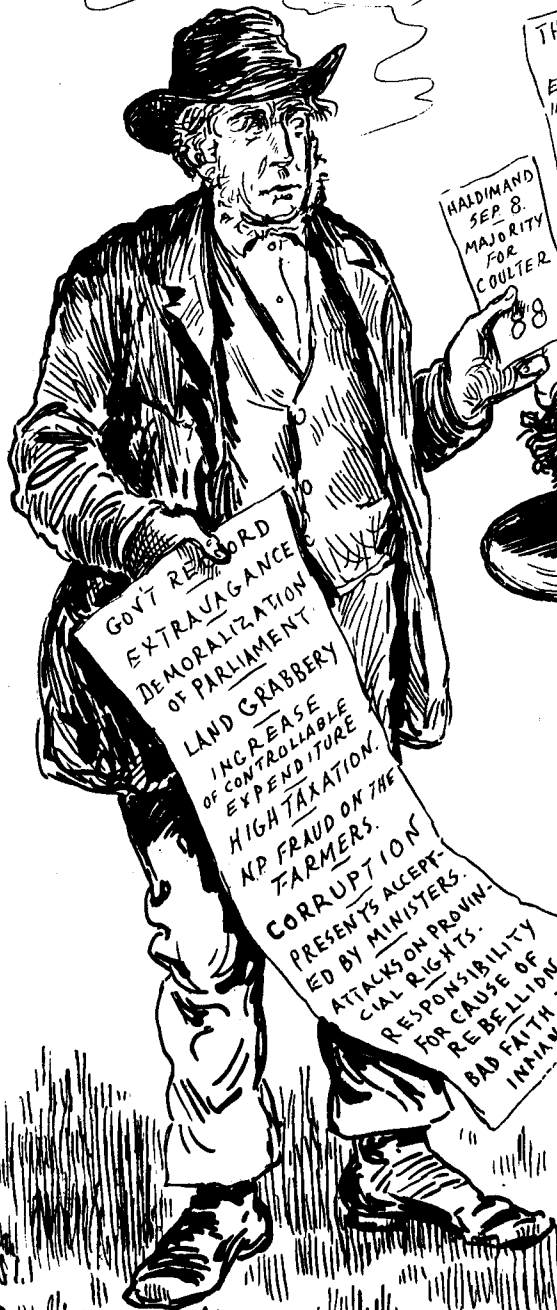
SCOTTIE AIRLIE GETS CONVERTED.

THE WAREHOUSE,
TORONTO, *September*, 1886.

MAISTER GRIP,—There’s naething but changes in this world. Noo, I ken brawly ye’ll jist be wonderin’ what’s happened tae bring forth sic a profoond an’ original remark, sae, no tae keep ye in tig tow ony langer than what’s just absolutely necessary, I’ll just tell ye at wance without a hair mair ceremony—I’ve been converted! But dinna ye be rinnin’ awa’ wi’ the idea that the Salvation lasses hae taen me in tow, an’ that frae henceforth yer humble servant ’ll be seen hawpin’ an’ jumpin’ an’ skirlin’ an’ gaun on like a third-rate circus clown for the rest o’ ma nateral life. Na, na! gin I canna be converted without the saucrifese o’ ma common sense an’ the approval o’ ma reason, I’ll e’en bide as I am. But here’s the thing I’m drivin’ at. Ye see, Mistress Airlie and masel are baith what ye wad ca’ strong Prespyterians—an’ that’s about as gude as sayin’ that ilk ane o’ us has gotten a substential back bane o’ oor ain, an’ are, of

That was one Duty bravely done — but what have you to say to this Record?

Is it possible then that this Head is not accepted in full settlement of the Account?



HALDIMAND'S ANSWER.

SEPTEMBER 8th, 1886.

coorse, great sticklers for uphauudin' the staundards o' the Kirk. It's a' very weel tae crack about religion being just lovin' yer neebor; I'll tell ye what it is, there's some neebors ye raily find very hard tae like, far less tae love. Noo, lettin' the lovin' bizness alane, there's aye the staundards: an' what's the use o' staundards unless ye're gaun tae stick tae them, an' whaur in a' the Kirk staundards d'ye find a single sentence that authoreezes playin' on an' organ, a great muckle "kist o' whistles," as it has weel been ca'd. I never was used till organs. In the Auld Kirk at hame we had a precentor they ca'd Jock Bell; he howkit drains six days o' the week an' led the singin' i' the kirk a' Sawbath. Jock on Saturday wi' his smock and overalls on, was a very different man frae Jock in his precentor's goon on Sawbath, when he stood up in the desk wi' his muckle chin clean shaven, his red whiskers weel kaimed oot, an' his tremendous head o' hair weel creeshed an' a' kaimed doon straught an' decent for the Sawbath day. Jock had a pitchfork, an' as sune as the minister gae oot the psalm he wad gar't play whack on the desk, an' ye wad hear "C nateral" ping-ng-ing through the remotest corner o' the Kirk. An' a' the folk wad begin hoastin' and hawkin' an' clearin' their throats ready tae start full belt when the minister sat doon. Then Jock rose up an' held up his hand, that lookit for a' the world like a weel-grown partan, an' at a signal he threw back his head, opened his mou, which was very capawcious, an' sang the first line clean through himself. Then the congregation a' struck in, an' considerin' that some were very auld, an' some were very young, they sang no that ill ava, only some o' them cam in a wee later than the rest, an' that a kind o' interfered like wi' the next line.

But heh! heh! what changes are aye happenin'! Here's me, after cherishin' a' thae soon' orthodox sentiments sin' ever I was a bit laddie in ma first breeks, gane clean ower tae the enemy. an' actually believin' in an organ after a'! There's a conversion for ye! Ye see it happened like this—I hadna entered the kirk door sin' ever they got the organ, but ae Sawbath mornin' I gaed oot for a daunder, an' just as I was steppin' past the kirk door (it wasna near kirk time yet), on cam a heavy shooer o' rain, an' (I sometimes think noo it was a direct interposection o' Providence) there was the twa terrible alternatives afore me, either tae get ma gude braidclait Sawbath day coat drookit tae the skin, or gang intae the kirk, whaur there was an organ! I had either tae saucrifeeze ma coat or ma principles, an' tae tell ye the truth ma principles gaed tae the wa'. There was nae time tae lose, sae I steppit in cannily an' sat doon in a back seat. It wanted half-an-oor o' kirk time yet, an' there wasna a leevin sowl in the kirk but masel' an' a man sittin' wi' his back tae me, richt ahint the poopit. D'ye ken I a kind o' rued leavin' the kirk as I sat there in the solemn silence a' ma lane. It was sic a rest after a' the toil an' turmoil o' the week, tae come up intae the hill o' God and sit doon, as it were, in the very shadow o' his wing. Somehoo my heart filled, an' just at that meenit I heard a sma' sweet soond comin' frae a far distance, like the faint lilt o' a laerock that ye hear but canna see, he's sae near heaven. Then some ither birds began tae warblè, an' a human voice sang among them, an' then I heard a burn wimplin', an' further on a linn roarin', and it thundered, peal after peal—and then it stopped a' o' a sudden, an' I could hear the patterin' o' the summer rain an' the sweet notes o' a mavis ringin' oot o' the heart o' the auld woods at hame. Ma een grew dim, a muckle lump keptit workin' in ma throat, an' afore I could help it ma

head had drappit doon on the bookboard an' I grat sair! Eh, man, but this is a mislaird world! The lees I've been telled about organs! Me! I aye thoct it was a kist o' tin whistles, ilka ane playin' a different Pagan tune on't, an' here it was nae instrument ava', but Nature hersel' singin' glory and praise. I needna tell ye hoo I sat still till the kirk filled, and I heard the grand thing swell oot again, leadin' the congregation wi' sic pooer an' dignity through the glorious strain o' the immortal Auld Hundreè. Losh man! when I compare the singin' o' Jock Bell wi' the graund anthems an' stately music that fills oor aisles, I canna understand hoo ever I voted against the organ. Yours in rapture,

HUGH AIRLIE.

At a singing lesson.—“Young adies, remember this: Those whose voices are broken should attempt only small pieces.”—*French Ex.*



NOT A JEW FOR NOTHING!

Boatman.—Have a boat, sir? Fine breeze on now, sir!
Isaacson.—Vot? Yust after I hav got a dinner vich costs me hellaf-a-dollar.

HOW TO BUILD A COURT HOUSE.

FOR the benefit of those towns and cities where court houses have not yet been erected, we append a few rules as regards their structure. These rules are all warranted strictly sound. In the first place get a vote of the people allowing a sum that will cover about half the expense. You do this because the vote is only a matter of form. The people will have to pay any how. Then advertise for plans, and carefully select from the plans sent in, the most expensive and extravagant. Now when the work is fairly under way, some people will kick. There always are imbeciles in this world who will kick about anything, it don't matter what, but never mind as long as they don't kick *you*. Some people will find out that the work could have been done for half what is being spent on it.

Your course under those circumstances is clear. Get a meeting called to discuss the question. After adjourning twenty-seven times (for drinks) they will come to no conclusion and adjourn *sine die*, (never say die). This is a very important step. Now when the building is nearly finished and contractors and workmen are beginning to talk about pay, it will be about time to consider how much the new fangled Court House is really going to cost. But don't be in a hurry about it. Don't get flurried. Be quite calm. It will probably be discovered that it is going to cost three times as much as was voted for. But that's nothing. Look at the States. Every public building in the States costs four or five times as much as they intend when it is started. But they have the good sense to like it there. It inflates their natural pride. They once tarred and feathered an architect there, because he carried through a building for the estimated price. They never did that to an architect in Toronto. They never had the chance.

Then when every thing is over and you find the Court House is going to cost three times as much as necessary, why talk indignantly about jobbery, resign your position on the Committee and retire into private life and be happy.

MAN'S WORLD.

(From the Globe.)

It shows doubtless great presumption in the feminine mind to aspire to the suggestion of matters upon which man might deign to concentrate the mighty engine of his intelligence; but if I might be permitted—why don't you try baseball—or pocket mirrors—or the cultivation of the moustache—or the circumvention of the landlady—or the decay of the dude—or the best way to acquire the correct complexion without leaving town—or the new automatic sock-darner and button adjuster—or the proper use of spoons—why, it seems to me that matters of supreme masculine interest are positively besieging you to be discussed. Of course, coming from a column that frequently descends to the level of cockroaches and pudding recipes, this suggestion may be beneath your notice. In the meantime, it is very humbly left there.

GARTH GRAFTON.



WHEW! now I caught it! 'Aint she mad though! I can't she sting! I tell you! She hasn't left a solitary allegorical hair in my diminished head, this "Woman's World" editorial daisy hasn't. Why, I admired her so much that I got up a "Man's World" column in humble imitation of her, with the sole intention of firing a complimentary shot occasionally, and here

at the first smell of powder she catches fire, cries "Havoc!" and lets slip the dogs of war on a fellow—"suggestions" she calls them. Hut-tut, my dear, don't be a manophobe—we don't mind the clack of a manophobe any more than the evensong of a mosquito, it's just a little sing, then a little sting, and then down comes a big human paw—tut! don't run away, I'm not coming down on you, my dear. No, siree! I'm no murderer, and it would simply mean murder to the *Globe* to extinguish the only brilliant thing in it. Whisper! "Woman's World" is the only thing in it that we fellows care to read, and your interview with Pooh Bah came near extinguishing myself 'tother day. Pooh-Bah is my father-in-law.

* * *

WHAT'S the use of getting into a fuff and stamping your foot and screaming "Why don't you try baseball?"

when the palms of a fellow's hands are as hard as the hide of a rhinoceros with "ketchin'" all summer? I call that a *base* suggestion of yours. As for the pocket mirror, well, I do feel riled about that, and I take this opportunity to inform you, madam, that I am one of those fellows who always call a spade a spade; and if I *do* occasionally stow away a pocket flask (containing a horn) in my pistol pocket—why, I call it a flask, not a mirror. I hold the flask, not the mirror, up to nature. The moustache suggestion I repudiate; a too great spontaneity of growth is all that troubles me this weather. My landlady being my wife, circumvention is out of the question, *there* it is beyond the range of the possibilities—she's one too many for me every time, Yes, sir! every time.

* * *

THEN by alliteration's artful aid you wheedle in your next suggestion, the "decay of the dude," when you know very well there's no decay to him—he flourishes perennially as the wicked whom a certain Scripture *litterateur* compared to a green bay tree. The complexion business suggestion is a mean give away; however, so long as the hot weather lasts I can always explain my nasal illumination by some fishing story—out all day, fine sport, and so forth. As I said before, I am a benedict, so my sock darter and button adjuster is all O.K. But I ask you, madam, as a wife and a mother (?), what is a fellow to do when his wife leaves him at home with a teething baby, what, I say, but flee to the "proper use of spoons," which is to thrust a tea-spoon into each sprawling fist, and let it hammer for all it is worth on the table. That I have discovered to be the proper use of spoons, and alas! to such base uses do we spoons come at last.

* * *

If you saw our cellar floor all strewn with cucumber skins you would be sorry you hurt my feelings about Mrs. Cleveland—the cockroaches I mean to say, but somehow the two get always associated with your articles in my mind. And, anyhow, I do back you up against insurance agents. Think now, if I was to lose my sock darter and button adjuster—what a comfort it would be to reflect that I had a trifle of five thousand or so coming to me to console me in the—the—the—well, interregnum, as it were! So we *are* at one after all, you see. Shake!

And there's a hand, my Graphic Garth,
And gies a *Grip* o' thine,
An' we'll tak' a richt guid willie lauch
At this rare joke o' mine.

Ed. *Man's World*.



Sept. 13, '86.

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COMBINATION

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- Linings, Canton Flannels,
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The shareholders of the above company are hereby notified that the

NINTH ANNUAL MEETING,

for the presentation of the report and financial statements, and for the election of directors and other purposes, will be held at the Company's Offices, No. 84 King Street East, Toronto, on Thursday, the 16th day of September, 1886, at the hour of 12 o'clock noon.

A By-law to reduce the number of Directors from eleven to nine will be submitted at this meeting.

By order,

A. M. COSBY, Manager.

Toronto, Sept. 2nd, 1886.

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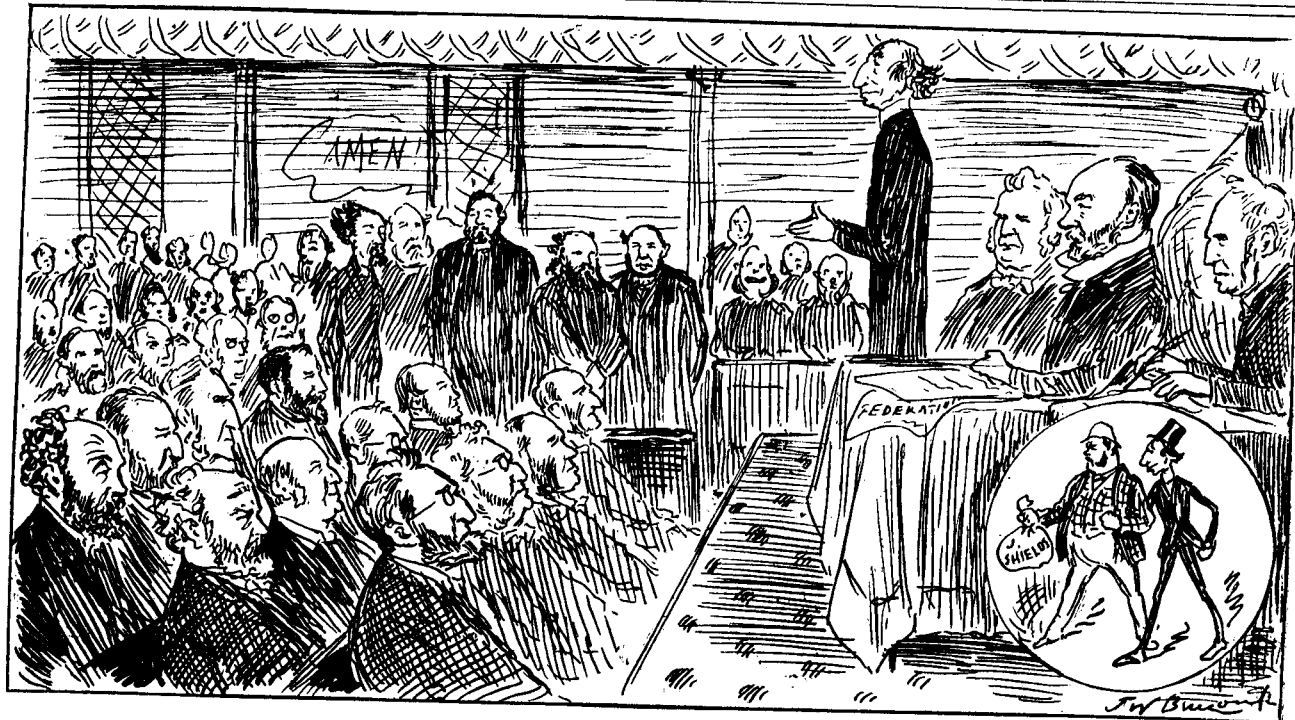
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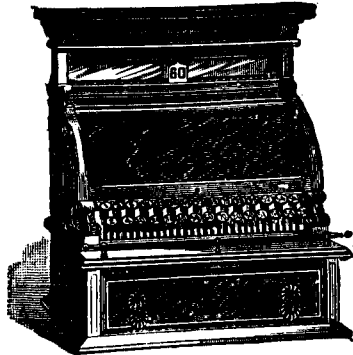
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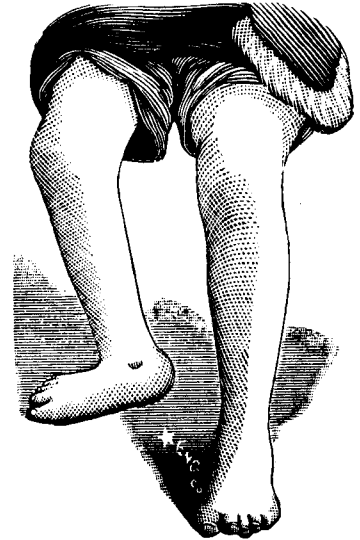
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- A -
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OPERATION.**



This cut represents the deformed leg of the daughter of John H. Shales, No. 3 Dermott Place. This little girl, now 9 years old, was born with a deformed foot—club foot—and a leg with contracted cords—and at nearly right angles at the knee joint. She was at the hospital, she was then taken to the Dean of the Faculty of the Toronto School of Medicine, where no satisfaction or cure was obtained. In despair her parents put her in Dr. McCully's hands, and we now leave the editor of "Grip" to tell the results of Dr. McCully's skill:

At the request of Dr. S. Edward McCully, I called at the residence of Mr. Shales, No. 2 Dermott Place, whose little daughter had been treated by the Doctor for malformation of the right leg and foot. I found the child in excellent health and spirits. A photograph of her taken prior to the operation was shown me, and represented the right leg drawn up at the knee, so that the foot was many inches clear of the ground, and so distorted that, had it been possible for the patient to rest upon it, the instep would have been used in place of the sole. The mother stated that the child had been born thus deformed. The little patient presented a striking contrast to the formerly correct photograph. Her leg and foot, still encased in the splint, were in the natural position, and she was rejoicing in the prospect of being able to walk about for the first time in her life in the course of the next week. The operation by which this remarkable transformation had been wrought, had, Mrs. Shales informed me, been performed in a very brief time by Dr. McCully, after many other medical men of high reputation having pronounced the case one in which surgical skill would be of no avail.

J. W. BENGOUGH.

N.B.—Dr. McCully wishes here to publicly acknowledge the mechanical skill of F. H. Swinbourn, of 251 King St. East, in the construction of implements for all deformities in such operations, and for artificial limbs and such appliances.

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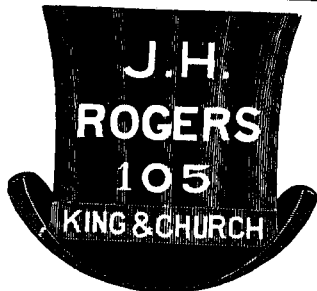
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