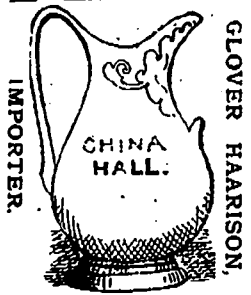


LOOK OUT FOR THE "GRIP SACK" FOR '83.



IMPORTER.

GLOVER HARRISON,

49 KING ST. E., Toronto.



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{ \$2 PER ANNUM.
5 CENTS EACH.



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PHOTO**

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FRED. SWIRE, B.A. Associate Editor.

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

Please Observe.

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

Cartoon Comments

LEADING CARTOON.—Mr. Mowat is at present in England. It has not been officially stated what the precise business is which has taken him thither, but it is safe to assume that he has gone to see John Bull, and "tell on" the naughty Ottawa boy who has been endangering this Confederation by encroaching on the rights of the Provinces.

FIRST PAGE.—The *Globe* declares that "the Senate must go." We are glad to hear it, for we regard the Senate as a monstrously costly sham, but we shall be still more joyful when the Senate has gone. We see no probability, or, indeed, possibility, of getting rid of the incumbrance for many weary years to come. It is the veritable "Old man of the mountain," and having got its scraggy old legs entwined round the neck of the body politic—especially of the Grit section thereof—it will require a prodigious effort to shake it off.

EIGHTH PAGE.—Jumbo is here—don't you notice a trembling of the ground? Jumbo, according to the voracious circus posters, can reach his trunk 26 feet into the air, Sir Leonard Tilley's patent white elephant, though a smaller beast, can go higher than that—in some instances reaching 30 *ad valorem*.

THE ONLY WAY.

When worn-out fop, replete with folly,
Discerns too soon his hair turn grey,
What charm can soothe his melancholy,
What art can chase his grief away?

The only thing his loss to cover,
His falling hide from every eye,
And aid him still to play the lover
To foolish woman, is—to die.

"Didn't I tell you that I didn't want to see you in this court-room again?" asked a police judge of an Irishman. "Yes, sor," "And didn't you promise that I would never see you again?" "I did, your honor." "Then, why do I see you?" "Because you are not blind, yer honor."—*Arkansaw Traveller*.



"Small checks are in favor with persons of taste"—*Fashion note in Exchange*. Not always. We are a person of taste, and very much prefer large to small checks, that is, when it is more blessed to receive than to give.

The affairs of Toronto, if not even of the world, are satisfactorily settled every market day morning in the grocers' parliament, which is in session on those days at the corner of Yonge-street and Davonport-road, waiting for the early honest farmer to come along, and so get the bulge on the dealers further south in the city.

The words "chic" and "pschutt" are dead, and "tehouk," imported from Moscow by visitors to the late coronation, is the new claimant for public favor, though we would modestly suggest that the word is by no means new, and has long been in vogue with women when calling their "chic" kens at feeding time. Oh! pschutt up.

The egg editor of the *Mail* heads some advice, "How to tell good eggs," but we have nothing to tell them. We eat 'em. But we give bad eggs a piece of our mind, which statement gives some funny man a chance to say that charity begins at home, and that we shouldn't give away what we can ill spare. Headed him off that time, eh?

"The Inspector of Weights and Measures might 'take stock' in some of those box measures that strawberries are sold in. It is said that many of them contain little over a pint and a half, but are sold as a quart."—*London Tiscer*. We don't believe it, and the strawberry box should rear up and proscenite the *Tiscer* for libel. When we assert, boldly and defiantly, that we don't believe it, we mean that we don't believe the boxes contain as much as a pint and a half, to say nothing of "a little over."

During the heavy thunderstorm that passed over the city one afternoon last week, some very large hailstones fell. One keeper of a liquid refreshment depot was overheard to remark, as he carried one of them into his bar and deposited it in the ice-box, "I wonder what that fellow means by delivering my ice at this time of day." He had been unable to distinguish between the hailstone and his diurnal twenty pound chunk of ice. Either the hailstones were very large, or a 20lb. block of ice is—well.

A wholesale something or other clerk up in London in the bush, made a hog of himself by eating a peck of strawberries in an hour after supper, on a wager of nearly the amount of a week's salary, namely, \$5; and the newspapers have all devoted a paragraph (just as we are doing) to that misguided youth, and he is made of more importance than great and good people like us, who go to church regularly and would also eat three pecks of strawberries if anyone would give us \$5. What with the new Munro doctrine recently started there, and her athletic strawberry vanquishers, London is becoming heard of, and may yet become a flourishing town. London, jr., on the Tems, has our best wishes.

It would appear that some of our best citizens are addicted to the vile practice of gambling, as one was heard to remark to another the day before yesterday, "Terribly hot nights just now. Can't sleep a wink, and I just pitched and tossed about all last night." "So did I," said the other, and though both had been lying, this was, we believe, the truth. Hero Mr. Fenton might have had two offenders at one fell swoop. "Pitch and toss" comes under the head of gambling, and if the worthy C. C. A. doesn't get that \$15,000 from Ballyduff, he might cast his net a little nearer home.

Why is the grocer, or any other tradesman who answers, when asked the price of any article, "So much to you," permitted to live? Does he suppose that, an article being valued at say 36 cents, we are unable to pay that amount, and so utters that horrible sentence, "It will be 35 cents to you." Does he imagine that we can't pay 36 just as easily as 35 cents? Does he know he is insulting us? Does he know that we don't like it, and that we are muscular, eh? Does he want to curry favor with us, and, as an easy way of doing so, does he throw off a miserable copper from the price of something or other? Bah! We believe he says the same thing to everybody, but he's not going to say it more than once to us—that is, the same man isn't—and the very next time those words are spoken to us—that brief sentence, "So much to you"—the utterer of it shall be felled to his shop floor, and welter in his out-pouring life stream, with a face that will be altogether fashionably "crushed strawberry" in appearance.

A poem in last Saturday's *Globe* entitled *Miracles* is very beautiful, and we wept over it; wept to think that the bright-haired, innocent boy spoken of in that poem should ever become less innocent, and should ever be convinced at his early age that eggs are chickens, a fact he failed to get through his wool (in the poem) till his mother took him out into the hen-house and fished up an egg she was saving to sell to the boarding-house keeper four blocks away, and the shell of which she broke and so convinced the boy that eggs are chickens. Such stern truths as this come home to a young man all too soon, and it was wrong of that mother to act as she did. That boy will look with suspicion on everything now. He will lose faith in his sister's hair, his aunt's teeth, and his father's herculean shoulders. We should not be surprised to hear of him cutting the cat open to investigate the mysteries of pork sausages. Mothers, take heed what ye do, and what ye show your children, and follow not in the footsteps of the woman spoken of in the *Globe's* (selected) poem.

Our soul goes out with a profound and fathomless pity for "the Scrutator." "the chiel wha's amang ye takin' notes," of the *Hamilton Spec*. Our tender heart is touched when he pathetically tells how some vandals, some goths, came and cut the branches off the trees near his house, beneath which (the trees, not the house) he has sat for years past on summer evenings and smoked his pipe. He can do so no more. Waly, waly, likewise willow. Can it be possible that those vandals, those goths of tree pruners deprived "Scrutator" of his shade, because—no, no; it cannot be; 'twere best left unsaid. But how different with us; there were no trees in front of our palace, and the citizens rose as one man and waited on us, and dragged us out of the cellar, whither we had fled under the impression that they were creditors, and took us out and made us witness them plant full-grown oaks, beeches, cauliflower, mangel-wuzel trees, atar of rose bushes, and so forth, whilst they said, "Come forth; sit beneath the shade of these trees;

for we like to see you, and we have planted these because we love to behold you. Sit." If people plant trees because they desire to see Toronto's Apollo sitting beneath their shade, do others cut off branches of other trees because they dislike—? no, no. It cannot be.

William Shakespeare, a man of more than average ability and intelligence, once asked,

"What's in a name?"

and supplemented his enquiry by the assertion that

"A rose by any other name would smell as sweet."

That may be, but we cannot agree with William that there is nothing in a name; there is a great deal in it, and still more in that hyphen, now becoming so common in certain circles. For instance, Jones Smith is vulgar, but Jones-Smith savors of the aristocracy, while Johnes-Smith lands a man fairly into the *creme de la creme* of something or other. The custom of parting the name, as well as the hair, in the middle is also a fashionable caper, and such names as J. Howard Junks, T. Pelham Buggs, W. Gueff Fuggins, and so forth, undoubtedly prove their owners to have had relatives who read novels. There must be something very fascinating about us and our class that causes the *hoi polloi* to attempt to be aristocratic, too, but, whatever it is, we can't help it. Our aristocratic name, features, habit of borrowing money, getting credit at the corner grocery, and so forth, were born with us, and are hereditary, and we are not ashamed of them, because we can't help it. All this is written to prove that Shakespeare erred sometimes, and that there is more in a name than some people think.

FUTURE SCENE IN ENGLAND.

THE CANADIAN WRITER AND THE DUKE.

THE DUKE—Welcome back to England, sir. How you remain in Canada, or how you escape, considering the sharp things you say about your fellow-colonists, is to me equally insoluble.

THE WRITER—You read, your grace, the mild caustic of my little journal; you are not aware of the hardening applications my patients have previously endured. If you observed the operation of the burning vitriol of the *Globe* and *Mail*, and the swarm of small and stinging misfires which buzz in their wake, you would not be astonished to find the Canadian, by this time, politically pachydermatous.

DUKE—And has the pachyderm an inner fold? Impervious to abuse, is his conscience similarly indurated?

WRITER—Undoubtedly the nature of the application is penetrative, and—But I must not attack the absent. Oh, they are not bad fellows—when one is—is—

DUKE—Pachyderm?

WRITER (a little aback)—Really, your grace, your powers of sarcasm, never diminutive, have not decreased when one gets socially intimate. We had a pleasant social gathering, for instance, at a certain humble Canadian domicile, a few weeks ago. The son of the premier of the Dominion was married there.

DUKE—I trust his august father attended.

WRITER—Oh, certainly—but 'august.' Not at all that sort of person. In fact, on that very occasion, he—but never mind. By the bye, when does your grace visit Canada?

DUKE—Very cleverly turned, my dear sir, but it will not do. Come, now, what happened on this interesting occasion, which is beginning to have some interest for myself?

WRITER—Really, your grace, I would rather—

DUKE—Really, now, it is a breach of all the laws of philosophy, rhetoric, good nature, and old friendship, and more, *quid nunc describere*

longum est, to excite curiosity so irritatingly, and—to use one of your now no doubt native Americanisms—dodge gratifying it.

WRITER—Well, if I must—it is nothing, after all—I would have said no word about it "hadst thou not conjured me so;" but the fact is that, during the wedding festivities in question, that august gentleman was arrested by the chief constable of Toronto on five charges of perjury.

DUKE—Good heavens! Well! The Premier of the Dominion! Five sworn charges of perjury! At his son's wedding! The bride must have felt an ominous shade thrown over the marriage vows! The august father! Ha, ha, ha! ho, ho, ho! (*sits down exhausted.*) Well, my dear friend, your lines have fallen in muddy places!

WRITER—Oh, but your imagination enlarges the evil; distance adds terrors to the view—these people are not so vile as you—

DUKE—However, of course your Premier courted investigation?

WRITER—Why no, he pleaded privilege, and stopped its being investigated at all.

DUKE—And what do your excellent people think of the matter?

WRITER—Oh, that John A., without committing anything worthy of such a terrible name as perjury, has been perhaps, as the fellow in the play says, "a little careless, and devious, and inconsistent, and many-sided, and perhaps promiscuous and mixed," in his sworn allegations. With no evil intentions, you know.

DUKE—But perhaps with very evil results. And did you not say there are many election trials to come off between your two factions, eh?

WRITER—Yes, many.

DUKE—What if your politicians copy, in their evidence, their chieftain's harmless promises?

WRITER—Well, I must admit that, concealed below the apparently harmless surface, there may lie the materials of deadly explosion indeed.

DUKE—Pray, now, are the leaders on the other side equally 'promiscuous'?

WRITER—I am happy to say that no one would doubt in any particular the exactitude of any sworn statement of Blake, Mackenzie, or Mowat.

DUKE—And are your people given to hero-worship? Do they believe in—emulate, and so on—their leaders?

WRITER—To a certain extent, yes.

DUKE—Then in your coming election trials there is one side I had rather believe than the other.

'T WAS EVER THUS.

A BLOOR STREET NOCTURNAL EPISODE.

A FACT.

A gentleman residing in the northern part of the city tarried long at the wassail bowl a few nights ago, and gazed so long on the wine when it moved itself aright that he totally incapacitated himself from doing so, and his movements, when he rose from the festal board at about 2 a.m., were devious and serpentine, and he claimed both sides of the road at once as he proceeded on what he imagined was the broad road which led to his peaceful domicile. This domicile was situated on Bloor-street west: the erratic footsteps and beclouded intellect of the reveller led him along Bloor-street east, and there he wandered till he came to a large and stately edifice, at the portals of which he thundered loud and long for admittance; but none came to let him in.

As he was performing a neat and well executed tattoo upon the door, along comes another bibulous one. "Why, Jones," (we will say Jones, though the name is fictitious) "what on earth are you doing there?" he

asked. "They won't (hic) let me in; I (hic) live here," was the reply. "The mischief you do!" exclaimed the other, "I never knew you lived in the Bloor-street East church before."



"Ch-church!" ejaculated the other, "this isn't church."

"Indeed it is," said his friend.

"Well, it hush shtepsh up it jush (hic) like my house," replied Mr. Jones.

"That may be," responded the other, "but it's a church all the same; come along, I'll take you home," and he led the bemuddled one in the way he should go.

Presently the Jones mansion was reached, and the bell vigorously pulled by the friend, whilst Mr. Jones remained at the foot of the steps. Scarcely had the last tinkle died away on the solemn stillness of the night, when the door was violently flung open, the friend was seized by his hair and whiskers, and a female voice shrieked out with extreme volubility,

"Oh! it's you is it at last you brute a pretty time of night to come home and oh! what a state to be in come inside," and the hair pulling was resumed with redoubled vigor.

"Madam, madam, I—I'm not Jones," gasped the bell-ringer.

"Not Jones!" exclaimed the lady. "Then where is Jones?"

"Here (hic) here I am, M'riar," gurgled Mr. Jones as he clambered up the steps and was lugged into the house, whilst the gentleman who had played the part of the Good Samaritan, pondering upon the base injustice of this world and the shameless ingratitude of man, was propelled with involuntary haste from the steps, and went his way.

MORAL.

When you take an inebriated friend home, prop him up against the door, pull the bell-handle and run.

Smithers says there is just "no" difference between right and wrong. See?

A beautiful young lady tripped into Dr. Hatchett's drug store a few days ago and told young Mr. Speight, who presides there, that she wished some castor oil, and asked him if he could mix it up so as to disguise the taste of it. "Oh, yes," says Speight. Presently Speight said; "Will you have a glass of soda water, Miss—?" "Oh, yes," says she. After drinking the soda water the lady waited a while, and then asked Speight if the castor oil was ready. "Oh!" says Speight, "you have already taken the castor oil in the soda water." "Great heavings!" said the young lady, "I wanted the oil for my mother."—*Fort Gaines Tribune.*

A LITTLE ASTRONOMY, FOR A CHANGE.

Be kind enough to listen to a lyric astronomical, Which, being scientific, is more serious than comical; I would like to mention, but I can't, without much prolegomena, Eclipses, occultations and celestial phenomena.

I desire to show to those who have not studied at our colleges

What treasure to the intellect this planetary knowledge is;

And I'll show you how the Zodiac, that belt of light that shines a lot,

Like Freemasons and the Foresters and Sir Knights goes in for signs a lot.

I'd expatiate on Jupiter and also on his satellites; On Pallas and on Venus who, of course, are very natty lights.

I'd describe the rings that Saturn wears, and what his situation is,

And what horizontal parallax and what "configuration" is.

I'd name each constellation, too, and what its true condition is,—

Which planet's disagreeable and now in opposition is; I'd like to write an ode on Nodes—(in science verse an aider is—),

And analyze the Zenith, and inform you what a Nadir is.

Of "Southing" and of Solstices I'd speak in manner cursory,

And touch on either Ursa in a style to suit an Ursa-ry; I'd treat of flying Pegasus, a sort of stary merry "gee,"

And elucidate the mysteries of Apogee and Perigee.

Yes, various star phenomena I willingly would mention too,

They're matters that a learned bird like GRIP should pay attention to;

But perhaps my readers may remark they cannot see the wit of it,

And that is very likely; I don't understand a bit of it.



REGINALD'S AWFUL FATE; OR, THE DUDE WHO SCORNE'D ADVICE.

Alack and well-a-day! and again I say unto you alack and well-a-day, also, miserie!

Celluloid collars and cuffs are excellent things this hot weather and double discount linen and paper in the matter of non-go-into-squashiness—but they are explosive; frightfully so, and one ounce of celluloid has been proved to be equal in dynamic force—(is that right?) to three lbs. of gunpowder or $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of gun cotton.

Reginald Gumring was a dude: Nay, start not, reader, this is not an ordinary dude story, it is something else; it is a tale of woe, and alack and well-a-day,—and also miserie. So read on.

Reginald Gumring then was a dude: An-athema maratath! A dude! and he approved of celluloid collars and cuffs and persisted in wearing them, though warned of the danger of doing so during the hot weather, by several of his friends. Reginald also wore an eyeglass.—Bread is the curse of mandragora! an eyeglass, and though he could not see through it, he wore it, for it was good form, and Reginald was happy in his innocent and lamb-like dudes-quenses.

But one very hot day as Reginald was pro-

ceeding along the street in all the glory of trowsers of immaculate tightness, coat of tremendous brevity as to its caudal appendages, shoes whose toes tapered away into nothingness, and celluloid collar and cuffs of a hue that vied with that of the snows on Monte Rosa, retribution overtook him, speedily and terribly. His eyeglass was in his eye, and the rays of the sun, pouring down upon Reginald and that glass, were concentrated into a focus on his glossy celluloid collar! Woe! woe! Poof! Bang! the explosion was terrific. In less time than it has taken to write this, the awestricken people in the street were horrified to behold a head-less and hand-less trunk standing on the sidewalk, whilst above them sailed a pair of hands and a trunkless head, the latter ejaculating as it sped through space the words, "By jawve! y'know; aw: by jawve!"



The explosion of the collar, being communicated by sympathetic accordions to the cuffs, had rent poor Reginald's head from his shoulders and his hands from the wrists.

The trunk continued on its way without noticing the loss of the head, but when it raised its arm to twist its mustache it knew its desolation and fell to the earth.

Therefore again I say unto you, Alack and well-a-day, and also miserie!

AN ANTIQUARIAN DISCOVERY.

THAT PUZZLED THE TORONTO ARCHAEOLOGISTS.

Some workmen who were digging an extremely deep drain out beyond the toll-gate on Yonge-street, recently made a discovery which has set all the savants and scientific men, not only of that neighborhood but of the whole city, by the ears. It was nothing more nor less than a small, dark bit of, heart-shaped stone, specked with red and orange spots, apparently of great age, though to what period it belonged was at first a matter that puzzled the most deeply erudite in such affairs. What made the article the more mysterious was something which appeared to be an inscription running round the stone in graven characters rendered almost imperceptible by age; and what these characters meant was a matter that raised the curiosity of all who saw them to its highest pitch. The article was handed to a gentleman connected with this paper, and whose universal knowledge is admitted by all who have had the pleasure of coming in contact with him, for a solution of the mystery, and as the stone was supposed to be of fabulous value, two detectives were employed to constantly shadow him whilst it was in his possession, but, though he pored over the stone and the almost invisible letters on it for several days, burning over two gallons

of midnight coal oil (at 20 cents) during his investigation, he was compelled to own that the thing was beyond his comprehension, and a meeting of scientists and antiquarians took place at which an eminent savant gave it as his opinion that it belonged to the pre-Adamite period, whilst others contended that the inscription on it overthrew this theory. Others again, remembering the Pickwickian stone and the legend thereon, "Bill Stumps, his mark," were inclined to think that the whole affair was a hoax.

The stone having been thoroughly pored over and having had large quantities of water poured over it, was now seen to bear these words,



in characters similar to the above.

Some gentleman ventured to suggest that it might be an amulet belonging to a certain King Casper, who visited this country about the year 1388, and who was dubbed "the great," for which affix the final "g" might be assumed to stand; but upon being asked for his authority for this statement he was unable to give it, and was forced to admit that he was not in America at the time of his majesty's visit. The sceptics flouted the idea of there ever having been a King Casper, with terrific asperity, and words were running high when the gentleman connected with this paper before alluded to and who had been intently examining the stone through a twenty horse power microscope, suddenly bounded from his seat and yelled "Hurcka." "You're another," exclaimed a scientific gentleman with blue spectacles. "No offence meant," said the g.e.w.t.p., "all I mean is that I think I have solved the mystery." "He thinks he has solved the mystery," chanted all present in a G. & S. chorus.

"In fact I am sure I have," shrieked the discoverer as he jotted down something on a piece of paper and regarded it triumphantly.

"In fact he is sure he has," intoned the chorus, ironically and sceptically.

"I have gentlemen, and here it is: look," and he held up his translation which ran as follows:

"K. Caspir.g." read backwards GRIP-SACK, and the mysterious figures do not stand for 1388, but 1883. How the stone got where it was found will ever be beyond my comprehension, but that I have hit upon the correct solution I will bet a—" "Look out; no betting; here's Fenton," said someone, and the meeting broke up; but GRIP-SACK is all but ready, and when purchased will be fully ready by all who are sensible enough to invest in it. Only 25 cents.

The clouds never indulge in anything stronger than water, and yet we frequently hear of their being dissipated.—*Boston Transcript*.

Some people are never satisfied. Show them how to live happily on a small income and they will want you to furnish the income.—*New Orleans Picayune*.



GONE TO TELL HIS DAD!



"So the world wags."

Fashion is a hard and relentless task-master—or mistress—and I do not suppose it is of much use to ask ladies to try and shake themselves free from his—or her—chains, but there is so much solid truth in the following brief paragraph, that I cannot refrain from quoting it. Here it is:

THE DEADLY CORSET.

"Aunt Jane Swishholm says:—Man, in 'Christian civilization,' sees no beauty in the female form unless there is a notch all around it, like that with which a woodman deadens a tree. The deeper the notch the better he is pleased, for it makes a convenient rest for his arm. In making this notch for his admiration and convenience a woman as surely, if not as shortly, takes her own life as the woodman takes that of the tree, and completely unfits herself for the ordinary duties of womanhood."

This is short and to the point, but I very much fear it is so much sensible talk wasted.

* *

What is more detestable than the stingy rich man? Nothing. Surely a more despicable being does not exist than the individual whose collars are overflowing with wealth, and yet to whom it is a perfect torture to part with the smallest coin from his abundant store, and whose only delight is in seeing that store increase day by day, though he knows he can never put it to the use for which wealth was intended. The anecdote below is said to be a true one, and I can easily believe that it is so, for I have met with just such men as its hero (save the mark), and I, for one, believe it.

A VERY MISERABLE MAN.

This anecdote is richly illustrative. It is told of a wealthy, but very miserable man. One day during the "heated term" last summer, while the thermometer stood 95 degrees in the shade, some visitors called at his country house. Everybody appeared melting, and in the case of several guests apoplexy seemed imminent. The host felt that he could not in decency fail to offer his visitors some refreshments; but, on the other hand, the expense was a consideration. "Well," he said at length, "you will take some refreshments?" "No, thanks!" replied his visitors. "But I say yes! It's very hot—you must indeed!" And, with an air of the utmost benevolence, he rang the bell, and on the servant's appearing, said—"Mason, open all the windows!"

London Society, a magazine of light literature well adapted to the intellects of the readers amongst whom it circulates, relates the anecdote appended. Imagine the lady's feelings! Evidently she was of that class who would have fallen down and worshipped a "live dook," though probably she felt a hearty contempt for those beings whose purses were not as long as her own. The world is full of such.

AN ANGEL UNAWARES.

The Duke of Wellington, then residing at Walmer castle, had walked one Sunday evening into Deal and entered Trinity church. After wandering about some time in search of the sexton, (who, as a matter of course, was engaged elsewhere,) the duke ensconced himself in a roomy-looking pew in front of the pulpit. After a short time a lady, of portly and pompous appearance, the owner of the pew, entered. After muttering a prayer she cast a scowl at the intruder which was intended to drive him out of the place he had taken. She had not the least idea who he was, and would probably have given her eyes, had she known him, to have touched the hem of the great duke's cloth cloak, or asked for his autograph. Seeing that the stranger bore the brunt of her indignant glance without moving, the lady bluntly told the duke, as she did not know him, she must request he would immediately leave her pew. His grace obeyed and chose another seat. When he was leaving the church at the end of the service, and had at last found the sexton, who received him with many bows and salutations, he said: "Tell that lady she has turned the Duke of Wellington out of her pew this evening."

* *

Any hints on the proper way to conduct oneself at the table or in society generally, should be acceptable, and the fact that people exist who know exactly what is the right thing to do on all occasions, and who are willing to impart their knowledge to others less gifted, is a great consolation, for many a sensitive man is rendered miserable by discovering that he has unconsciously outraged the rules of good breeding by innocently doing what was not the correct caper, and I hail, with delight, the following excellent advice on everyday matters, gleaned from

"PUCK'S FAMILY SCRAP BOOK."

Don't strike matches on an oil painting. Old overalls make very nice summer scarfs. Never beat the door-mat on the piano legs. To remove mildew from bronze, use a rat-tail file. An old starch-can painted green makes a nice jardiniere. Always remember that old boot legs make good hinges. To destroy the smell of paint, pour kerosene on the floor. Never beat eggs with a currycomb—unless the horse is sorrel. It is hard on a carving-knife to sharpen it on the window-sill. Never remove a cork from a bottle with the prong of a carving-fork. It is considered exceedingly vulgar to hang your ulster on the chandelier. To remove varnish from the piano legs, let the children play in the parlor. Never clean your teeth with sandpaper, as the sand is apt to make the gums sore. Never attempt to black your boots with a scrubbing-brush; it has a tendency to ruin the leather. Don't throw away your broomsticks. A broomstick is a splendid thing to train a sunflower on. To keep the flies off a bald head during a sermon, the head should be well saturated with kerosene before going to church.

* *

The Evansville *Argus* is level-headed in its remarks, which I give below, on real and would-be humorists. All of us have met the latter class, and have laughed at and pitied them. My comments on this subject would fall flat beside those of the *Argus*, so I will not make any, but merely introduce that estimable paper's article on

HUMOR.

Just at present, while humor is having such a run in this country, every little country paper has its (alleged) humorist on its staff. The crop of humor this spring is larger than

usual, but prices remain firm for first-class brands from the fact that the market is glutted with low grades that have only a nominal value. Brick Pomeroy says, and very truly, too: It is easier for a camel to run a needle in its eye than for a man to write humorous articles for a newspaper and keep it up for any length of time. Almost any dude can re-vamp a paragraph of wit, re-write an article that has bubbled out of some man of brains and then show his weakness by running about an office or circle of acquaintances reading what he would have them to believe to be original with him, when it is only stolen and weakened by alteration. The man of humor cannot be a bad man. He may not be successful as a business man or he may be, but he works harder, thinks more, studies more, observes more and is evermore on the alert than people think for. The humorous writer who can interest people and give them something to think of and laugh over is more of a benefactor to the human race than are a thousand of these old style sermonizers who preach total depravity and at funerals console the mourners by a solemn, pulpit-projected statement that it is but a short distance to hell, and that the gates are wide open. There are but few really humorous writers, or writers of genuine humor in this country. There are many slingers of slush and boilers of black-guardism, but few who are men of real clean wit, and it is good to know that they are becoming more and more appreciated."



Fun in a Boarding-School, a musical comedy was produced for the first time in Toronto at the ever popular Zoo on Thursday last, to a large and appreciative audience, and will be performed, for a short season, every night, with Saturday matinees. Lisetta Ellani, the young prima donna, possesses a very fine and cultivated voice, and has fairly captivated her audiences wherever she has appeared. The rest of the members of the company, now performing at the Zoo, sustain their various roles in an efficient manner, and *Fun in a Boarding School* promises to be a success.

A pig would seem the best subject for medical students to experiment on, as he could be killed first and cured afterwards.—*The Judge*.

Amateur boxing—1st amateur: No slugging, now. 2d amateur: All right, no hitting hard, you know. 1st amateur: And no knocking out, either. 2d amateur: Keep your distance. 1st amateur: No running in on a fellow. 2d amateur: Look out for yourself, then.—*N. Y. Life*.

ADVICE TO CONSUMPTIVES.

On the appearance of the first symptoms—as general debility, loss of appetite, pallor, chilly sensations, followed by night-sweats and cough—prompt measures for relief should be taken. Consumption is scrofulous disease of the lungs:—therefore use the great anti-scrofula, or blood-purifier and strength-restorer,—Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." Superior to Cod liver oil as a nutritive, and unsurpassed as a pectoral. For weak lungs, spitting of blood, and kindred affections, it has no equal. Sold by druggists the world over. For Dr. Pierce's pamphlet on Consumption, send two stamps to WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.



MR. NEEBRITCHIS IS INSULTED.

HE IS TEMPORARILY OUT OF EMPLOYMENT.

Mr. GRIP,

DEAN SIR,—I once more venter to flourish my delight pen on the toppic of Canadian sassiety and the igstornary indignity to wich I have bin laity submitted. I have refraned from doing so for sum time as I here sum of my remark give grate ofense in quarters wich shall be naimless, but I am goded on to rite to you once more by the frifeful state of things ogisting at the famby ware I was engaged larst; just fancy, the missus had the ojus impidence to tell me I was hired to do as I was ordered wen I flatly and premptrilly refused to lend my seccond coat to the gardner to wate at table in on the oecashn of a party. Lawd! and sech a party. Blowd if there wasn't a young feller wich I'd seen that verry day behind a counter when I shapperonged the ladies of our famby out a shopping in the kerridge, and aparently he hadn't never seen finger glarses in his life before: I thort I should have hidde when Mister Pawky, the butler; filled his wine glarses—thair was three of em—one with sherry at the supe. another with ock and the other with musel during the course of dinner, and the young feller didn't drink any of em—but wen the finger glarses was placed round, blest if he didn't pore all three into the water in his and drunk it all off at wunst. My heyes! I bust out into a lowd guffaw; but was sudnly checked by the gashly expreshn on marsters faice; he axshilly got up, and took me by the collar and shuverd me out of the romb, and with the words, "Go and take of my livry at once, you blaggard, and come to my studdy for your waiges," meaning my sellery, the low broot. His studdy! My word! but if he could honly lern to spell it would be something, and he's a regler out and out illitteret feller and his studdy is nearly a "nom de ploom," for he hasn't the ability to studdy, much less to lern emnything, but is welthy, having spekilaited in weat. And I beleave he had the ordassity to hackshally kick me rite on the tales of his beesly livry (the crest on the buttings of wich is "too years of corn, gurdlong surmounted by a doocal cornet on a ground yaller and ashoor," waverer he got it, especially the cornet), wen he put me out of the romb. His ojus langwidge wen he pade me my sellery was sumthing puffedekly disgusting and honly fit for the lowest "canile" to use. If you know of a good famby that wishes for the suvices of a futman as knows his bizness and ware his

tallents would be appreehated, please let me know. My wiskers is modeled on the Bel-gravia patern and my carves is eighteen inches in diammitter round. I was sorry to part with Louisa, cook, but otherwise was glad to be releaved from witnessing the daly disgusting puffermances at my late plaice. Marster eat constant with his wife, and missus was always talkin about "sherry wine" wich is sure sines that thare nativity's wasn't cast under aristocratict plannets.

Yures Fathelly,

CHAWLES NEEBRITCHIS.

P. S.—I'm disgustid with Canady and Canadian aristoxery.



WHAT IS A GENTLEMAN?

The incident which suggested this query to me was as follows: I was on a journey, and at a certain place was forced to take a hack from one railway station to another, the distance between the two being under a mile; of that I was certain, and moreover I had a tariff card in my pocket, and so knew exactly what was the precise amount of fare to be paid, and that amount I handed to the driver, who was, of course, indignant, and demanded "What was that for?" stating at the same time that the sum was only half of what it should be. I replied—there being plenty of time before my train started—by entering into the supply and demand question in general, and the charge and convenience of street locomotion in particular, which I find to be a very annoying plan of dealing with obstreperous hackmen, and far better than the strongest language. When I had finished a rather elaborate treatise on this subject, I triumphantly produced my tariff card, and the man was, perforce, convinced. He climbed up slowly, like some ungainly parrot, to his perch, and grunting out "You a gentleman," drove away. There was no doubt, from his tone and manner, that the expression was elliptical and meant that I was not a gentleman. They were so intensified and pregnant with emphasis, that he seemed to say, "Well, of all the fraudulent imitations and absurd parodies upon a gentleman that ever I saw, you, my fare, are the most transparent and least life-like. You a gentleman."

This little incident furnished me with food for reflection for the rest of my journey: it set me thinking what a gentleman is supposed by different classes of people to be and not to be: how almost everybody has a particular and private account of him to give; and, finally, how we are deterred, by various shibboleths and empty phrases, from doing what is natural and right, whereof, perhaps, "not gentlemanly" is the chief.

I fear this term 'gentleman' is mostly applied by the lower classes to those of their so-called superiors who are most lavish and extravagant. When the last scions of the noble house of Fitzplantagenet, in the play, are compelled to remove from their ancestral halls into furnished apartments, and that insolent hardware man, Bodgkins, reigns in their stead,

it is customary for the villagers to deny him any title of respect, and to remain unchangeable in their devotion to the fallen race of Fitzplantagenet: but we don't find this at all true upon the stage of the real world. As long as Bodgkins scatters his coin broadcast, he need fear no rivalry; but becoming prudent, it is only natural that he should meet with unpleasant comparisons. "He a gentleman: no, no, there's nothing like blood"—except money.

When I was told by a certain old retainer, (concerning the double marriage of the two sons of one of the chief men of the neighborhood, the elder of whom had made what is called a good match, whilst the younger had married a poor but respectable girl), that Mister George was "well enough," but that Mister Harry was "twice the gentleman,"—I had an immediate suspicion that the one had only given him a dollar bill after the ceremony, and the other a bank-note of five times the value, which indeed turned out to be the case.

The middle classes—by which everybody means the class that is below himself—are very tenacious of this title. "A gentleman of my acquaintance," they say, instead of "a man I know," or "a friend of mine." Upwards in the social scale the word gets many a new meaning; but the leading idea is still that of pecuniary superiority.

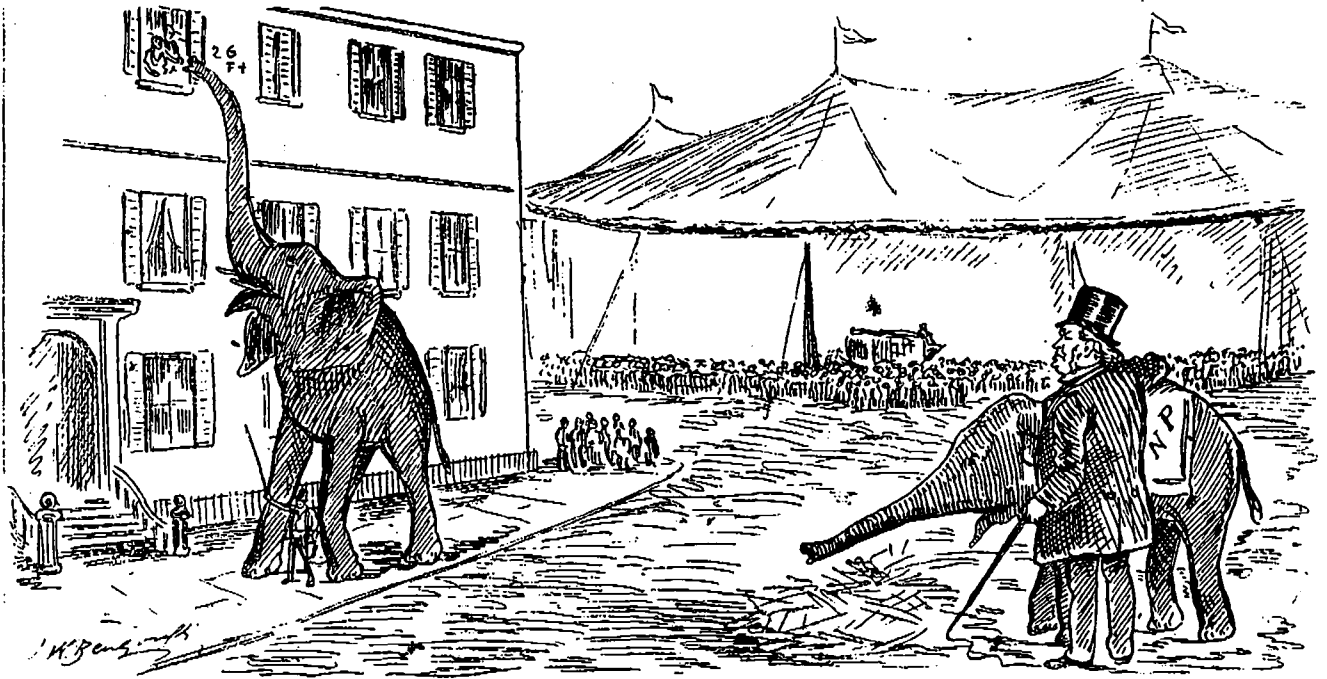
In England, at the great public schools, it is not considered quite 'gentlemanly' among the boys to be "upon the foundation," at all, although perhaps the school was intended for such and such only; and the town boys, who get their education a little cheaper are called 'cads.' The 'gentleman' commoners of the Universities are not necessarily better born than the rest of their college companions; but they are richer: the countryman, whose ancestors came over with William the Conqueror, and who owns fat heeves and whose barns are bursting with flency, is still denied this title in full, unless he has property independent of his farm. His gentlemanliness is mitigated; he is a 'gentleman-farmer.'

In cities this term is considered somewhat fanciful, and is certainly less cared for; the 'gent' is not indignant at being so called; he thinks it short—he doesn't know how short—for 'gentleman.' In society, a man who was otherwise unexceptionable and possessed of all the virtues, would be deprived of that honorable title, 'gentleman,' if he were seen eating fish by help of a knife, and not at the hazard of choking himself with an unpleasant piece of bread that he does not know whether to eat or drop after each mouthful. A man of high title may do, however, pretty much as he likes. He certainly may commit an incredible amount of vicious actions without losing this designation. One of the coldest-hearted and most profligate of British princes was denominated by 'society' for years 'the first gentleman' in Europe. When, therefore, we hear ourselves or others proclaimed to be 'gentlemen' or 'no gentlemen,' we should consider, before being flattered or annoyed, who says it, and what is likely to be meant by it.

"He is not a gentleman, you know," says young Chifney, who can't spell, and whose father is that wealthy "dry goods merchant," who was bankrupt twice in the last ten years, "Why, bless you, he gives drawing lessons!" and in England, a rector's wife will probably remark,

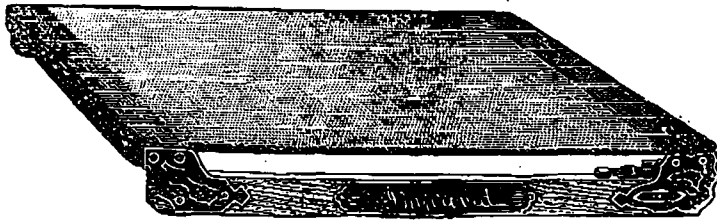
"A gentleman? Oh dear, no! the man is a dissenter!"

"What is a gentleman?" still stands unresolved. Like genius, it is, in truth, to be well discerned by sympathizing souls, but not to be defined. Johnson, with his dictionary definition of it, "a man of birth," satisfies nobody, and least of all, perhaps, the men of birth: and it would seem that this question, unanswered satisfactorily for so long a period, will remain unanswered for ever.



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As little Johnny was coming into the rear side door of his house, it being muddy outside his mother asked: "Did you wipe off your feet?" "No, ma'am," responded Johnny. "Why not?" asked the mother. "'Caus if I did, I wouldn't have any feet, that's the reason."—*Ex.*

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