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**"CO-EDUCATION"—PRO AND CON.**

"FAIR GIRL (wou'd be) GRADUATE"—THERE, SIR, WHY COULDN'T GROWN UP BOYS AND GIRLS STUDY TOGETHER LIKE THAT?  
THE UNIVERSITY—AH, MY DEAR, YOU FORGET THAT AT SUCH A TENDER AGE, THEY HAD SOME SENSE!

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1ST GENT—What find I here  
Fair Fortia's counterfeit? What Demi-God  
Hath come so near creation?  
2ND GENT—It must have been BRUCE, as he alone can  
so beautifully counterfeit nature.  
STUDIO—118 King Street West.

**RAIL COAL—LOWEST RATES—A. & S. NAIRN—TORONTO.**



AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL  
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J. W. BENGOUGH

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.

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mail list, must, in writing, send us his old as well as new  
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### Cartoon Comments

LEADING CARTOON.—Not to be outdone in  
enterprise by the mere dailies, GRIP has se-  
cured—at enormous cost—correct portraits of  
the noted “Sluggler” and “Bull Pup” of  
Rat Portage—characters made famous by the  
*Mail*. The sketches are entirely reliable, as  
they were secured by our special artist on the  
spot, and just after the knocking out of John  
Norquay, *alias* the “Caretaker.”

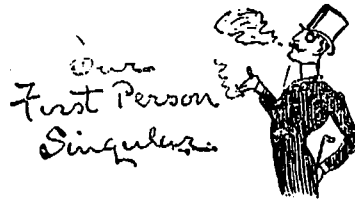
FIRST PAGE.—The question of co education  
is again to the fore. Our Provincial Univer-  
sity authorities maintain their opposition to  
the entrance of ladies, and when all the chaff  
is blown away, their argument amounts to no-  
thing more nor less than that conveyed in the  
cartoon—that whereas, girls and boys may de-  
corously study side by side, young men and  
women have so little sense that they cannot  
be safely placed in the same class room.

EIGHTH PAGE.—The coming questions for  
our political leaders are the Bible in the  
Schools, and the Preservation of the Sabbath.  
In these vital matters is bound up the charac-  
ter of our nation, and if the people are true  
to their best interests they will tolerate no  
trifling with either. Meantime there is a fine  
opportunity for statesmen who profess to be  
Christians to show their faith by their works.

#### TO WOULD BE CONTRIBUTORS, &c.

J. F. B. GANANOUE.—Your poem came to  
hand and now fills a long felt want—in the  
w. p. b. Try sleeping on the left side. Read  
what the learned Dr. Delauney says: “Sleep-  
ers frequently compose verse or rhythmical  
language while they are lying on the right  
side. This verse, though at times correct  
enough, is absolutely without sense.” We  
think you must sleep on your right side.

All too true. Photographer—Don't like  
your picture? Why, you couldn't have a  
better likeness. Brown—That's just what's  
the matter, confound it!—*Boston Transcript*.



They were “mashers” first and then  
“Dudes” we called these silly men,  
Once more fashion takes a whim  
And the dude becomes a “slim.”

Moses Oates says we will have a mild win-  
ter.—*Ec.* Thanks, Mo, but if I recollect  
rightly you also remarked that we were going  
to have a hot summer this year, therefore—

I hear that Kaiser William has been asked,  
by those high in authority in this country, to  
make Gen. Luard a colonel of an Ulhan regi-  
ment, and then compel him to ride through  
the streets of Paris in the uniform of his  
corps. This is a strategetic move, and unless  
the gallant field officer takes the precaution to  
throw a militia towel over his tunic before he  
starts out he will probably fare as roughly as  
he speaks to his brother officers. I hope the  
German Emperor will do as he is requested.

Mr. Charles E. Courtney says, “John Brister  
is ready to wager \$5000 that I can make better  
time for three miles on dead water than any  
living man.” Well then all I've got to say is  
that Mr. Brister puts the cart before the  
horse, or else Courtney has misunderstood  
what he said, which probably was that he  
(Courtney) could make better time for three  
miles on living water than a dead man, or else  
that he could beat a dead man if he could  
muster up pluck enough to row a good sound  
corpse.

A man has to be very cautious nowadays,  
when he is reading a newspaper, if he doesn't  
wish to be sold. Let him, then, if he desires  
to keep his temper, before starting to peruse  
the account of “A Marvellous Adventure,” or  
“A page from a Detective's life” or some  
such thing, cast his eye cautiously down the  
column and the instant his eye lights on the  
big B in Bright's disease, or the large R in  
Rheumatism, one of which the article will be  
pretty sure to contain, let him say “Ha, ha;  
not bitten this time,” and chuckle in glee that  
he is not the victim of a patent medicine ad.

I am glad to see that Boston is still to the  
fore in matters of culture and aristocratic be-  
havior and so forth. This will be acknowl-  
edged by all who read the following para-  
graph from the *Boston Gazette*:—“A tiny—  
very tiny—pig was served at a fashionable din-  
ner the other evening, and when he was placed  
on the table a howl went up from the as-  
sembled rank and fashion surrounding him.”  
There now: there's a picture. A tiny—very  
tiny pig standing up in a bed of Marshall Neil  
roses, surrounded by some of Boston's nobility  
and aristocracy, all except the pig—“howl-  
ing.” The “Boston howl” will be the next  
society caper, see if it won't.

After the treatment to which King Alfonso  
was subjected at the hands of rather mouths of  
a French mob, Sergeant Bates had better  
think twice before he carries the Stars and  
Stripes through that country (as he is said to  
be thinking of doing), the politeness of whose  
people (as lately evidenced) has been prover-  
bial from time immemorial, whatever that  
means. If the French kick up such a hulla-  
ballo at the sight of an Ulhan tunic (for it ap-

pears that it was that garment and not the  
king they objected to) what in the name of all  
that's wonderful would they do if they be-  
held a man in one of our own militia forage  
caps just as it is first served out and before it  
is blocked into shape? The sight would prob-  
ably throw the highly nervous messieurs into  
convulsions, and I shouldn't wonder at it.

I think that the authorities ought to pro-  
hibit boys from crossing over the new bridges  
of the O. & Q. R. R. now in course of con-  
struction in Rosedale. Last Sunday I saw  
several lads skylarking on the two narrow  
planks which serve as a walk for those who  
desire to cross, at an elevation of 100 feet,  
seemingly regardless of the fact that a false  
step meant nearly certain instantaneous death.  
They cannot have been good boys or they  
would have been killed to a certainty. None  
but bad boys should be allowed on these  
bridges; and then if they do get killed, which  
is very improbable, they won't be so badly  
missed. I was surprised to see the reckless  
way in which some citizens tripped across the  
airy two foot way, for I had seen the same  
gentlemen on the preceding Saturday, and at  
that time a twelve foot sidewalk was far too  
narrow for them.

No sooner has my system partially recovered  
from the shock sustained in learning, through  
the columns of a talented co-tem, that Shake-  
speare is a greatly over-rated man, than  
another of the idols I have worshipped from  
my youth up is shattered, and I am compelled  
to believe that Sir Walter Scott was no good.  
Mark Twain says so, and that ought to settle  
it. It might be amusing, were Scott still  
alive, to hear his opinion of the writings of  
Mr. Clemens. If Waverly, Ivanhoe, The  
Lady of the Lake and the rest were bosh,  
what is the Prince and the Pauper? If the  
author of *Marmion*, *The Antiquary*, *Monas-  
tery*, etc. etc., did, as Mark Twain says he  
did “measureless harm; more real and lasting  
harm, perhaps, than any other individual that  
ever wrote,” what good result has been effected  
by the efforts of the author of such a work as  
*Tom Sawyer*? However, I don't think many  
people will be strongly influenced in their  
opinions of Sir Walter Scott by anything that  
a man of Mark Twain's calibre can say, and  
probably the lovers of Scott will still continue  
to admire his works though the person whom  
the production of a few volumes of light and  
ephemeral literature appears to have sapped  
dry, declares he is not “what he is cracked up  
to be.” As for the “lack of humor” with  
which the Northern Wizard is charged, I hon-  
estly think there is more genuine humor, but  
of a nature too refined to be appreciated by  
the ordinary American mind, in St. Ronan's  
Well alone, than in the *Innocents Abroad* and  
all the rest of Mr. Clemens' works put to-  
gether.

#### DISTINGUISHED VISITORS.

THEY VISIT LONDON IN THE BLOOMIN' BUSH.

Well, GRIP, old feller,  
Ow are yer, my bloomer? what cheer oh?  
Me an my pal, Arry, ave jest come to this cre  
kentry, and we thought as ow you'd like to  
ear hour himpressions, though we've honly  
been hout about two weeks. Well, the fust  
thing we done was to visit London, not  
London, Hengland, yer know, the metropolis  
of the world, but London hin the bloomin  
bush. It so appened that me and Arry  
both ails from the former place and we  
thought as we couldn't do better'n go and  
see hour namesake in this bleedin kentry.  
Of course we didn't hexpect to see  
hanythink like Hold London, yer know, but  
I must say we was a bit hastonished at wot we

see. Blow me if London hin the bush hain't a bloomin villidge: wy, I eard as some feller wat described it began by sayin it was a furrishin town situated on the houtsskirts of Carling's brooery, and blow me, hif that bloke wasn't about right, for the brooery is about the biggest part of the place. "Lor, Arry," sez I, "this ere's a bloomin sell." "Right you are, my chickaleary cove," he says, "vy, look ere: dash my vig hif they don't call this ere Hoxford street: well Hi ham jiggered," and sure enuff, Hoxford Street was a little insignificant thurryfair, ardy deservink of the name, and a puffick *hinsult* to Hoxford Street in the great metroplus. "Look ere," I says to a bloke harfter we'd walked about a bit, "wot d'yer call this street, hey, my bloomer?" "Porl Morl," said the feller, "can't yer read: there's the name rote up." Vell, the hidea. Porl Morl! not Pell Mell, mind yer, the way its pronounced by rights; my heyes: about as much like the *rele* Pell Mell as H'im like a howl. Hand then, ang me, hif they don't call that river up there the Thames, and blow me tight, but they pronounces it the way its spelt ven hevry one as knows hannythink knows as Tems is the way to say it, and such a river: vy, they *ave* got some decent rivers in this kentry Hi hadmit, and vy they wornt to go and call that there bloomin little crcek the Thames licks me: Hit's a hinsult to the finest river in the world.

Now Mister GRAY, hold pal, don't you think its ridiclus to go namin little bits of villidges and thare streets harfter the great metroplus? Hi do, and so does Arry, with their Kensingtons, and Blackfriars and Cuvving Gardin hand Sydnam and Vesminister. Wy, yer know, it makes them London in the bush folers a bloomin larfin stork, blow me hif it don't, naow. But the wust of the ole thing was, with hall their hold London names, there wasn't a decent pot of bloomin af an arf to be ad in the ole villidge, though Arry and me got a kind of an *attemp* at that lieker, but it was a skandalous subitfuge and nothink else, though we ad to pay tuppence apenny a bloomin glarse for it, wareas we could a got a ole quart or a pot for another bloomjn brown in the Hold Kentry.

We, thats me and Arry, is comin down to Toronto soon and we'll look yer hup, but at present must bid yer adoo, as my hintentions was houly to let you knaow ow ridiclus we thort it was to name streets lafter those of the great metroplus.

Good-bye old pal,

Ere's our bloomin monickers,  
HENRY HAUGUSTUS IGONS,  
ARRY BELVILLE.

#### ENQUIRER'S COLUMN.

DRAUGHTS OF INFORMATION FOR THE DROUTHY.  
(Swiz, G. P. of the Oracle.)

Miss Pouter writes to say that she is being compelled this term to study Euclid, and wishes to know why girls are tormented thus.

By all means study Euclid. You can never be a surveyor, an architect, a civil engineer, or an astronomer without it. You could not articulate the skeleton of an ichthyosaurus or a mastodon without a knowledge of Euclid. The chances are that you will forget all about it six months after leaving school, but that's nothing. I myself was taught Greek at school, but now I could not tell a capital delta from the pyramid of Cheops. It does not seem to be at all necessary nowadays to remember what one learns at school, though it is a lamentable fact that any little vices contracted there are clung to with a pertinacity that would do a burr or a bulldog credit. However, to get back to Euclid: oh! yes, you must learn it. The school trustees, who are well known to be possessed of the most elarorate erudition and profoundest knowledge of all such abstruse subjects, say you must do so, and that ought to settle the question.

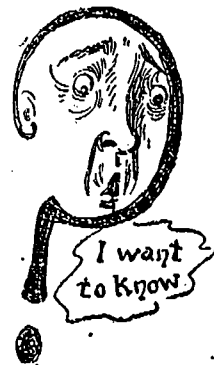
"I have heard a great deal lately about Lady Godiva and Peeping Tom of Coventry!" writes a correspondent. "Who were they?"

Here is the whole story. The Boss Alderman (Saxon *Byggjebugge*) of the ancient town of Coventry refused the petition of the people to permit the sale of striped hose and periwinkles without duty. His good wife, Godiva, sided with the people, and urged their claims so persistently that, to silence her, the

alderman promised to grant the petition provided she would attire herself in a Tam O'Shanter bonnet, high heeled slippers, a liver pad and nothing else, and ride through the town at noon mounted on his steed, Fole. The lady demurred. The boss insisted and finally the lady acquiesced, and using a bottle of "Carboline" cultivated a magnificent head of hair which completely covered her. The citizens locked their doors, closed their windows and retired to their cellars while the procession of one passed by. The miserable tailor, (Peeping Tom as he was afterwards called), however, with the impudence characteristic of his class, peeped through a lattice and a potato bug, flying into his eye, spoiled his vision for a time, and he died soon afterwards. Being "sent to Coventry" means being obliged to pay a tailor's bill, a thing that goes uncommonly hard with some people.

Who was Roscius? asked Fitzbuskin

Roscius was a renowned Roman actor who did not "mouth it" as Hamlet says. The modern stage does not require geniuses of his kind: something better is wanted. Almost every youth who can read is both tragedian and comedian in his own estimation, a very Garrick, a Macready, and a Sothern united. Actors in the olden time began at the lowest round of the ladder and devoted years to study, but our players, especially those of the amateur class, make their first dash at the highest glories of the histrionic art. A rest on the highest pinnacles of Fame is in each lad's eye, and he adopts the grand motto "Excelsior" as his own peculiar property.



There are several little things  
That I much should like to know:  
On what bones do angel's wings  
Sprout when it is time to grow?  
On a mortal's shoulder blade  
For wings there's no provision made.  
Why do women on the floor  
Sit while taking off their shoes?  
Chair or sofa they ignore,  
And the floor they always choose.  
It is really very strange;  
Beyond my comprehension's range.  
Why do men who grudge a quarter  
To their wives for things they need,  
Let their wash go free as water  
For a cocktail or a weed  
For themselves, and feel quite proud  
In standing treat for "all the crowd"?  
Why do women who are fat,  
Who upon a street car ride,  
Sit and squash all others flat  
By picking out the crowded side?  
For they do; they always do;  
Why I cannot tell; can you?  
How is this? a fish in water  
Weights five ounces; when its captured  
Fully three pounds and a quarter  
Is it's weight: for, quite enraptured,  
Such it is, the angler cries,  
And a fisher never lies.  
When the sun is shining brightly,  
And shows the time is half-past ten,  
Tell me, someone, tell me, rightly,  
The hour by a *Globe* watch then?  
Any where from twelve to six, it  
Is as near as one can fix it.  
Mr GRIP, please, if you can, sir,  
To these questions give an answer. SWIZ



#### THE NEW TIMOTHY.

Tommy.—Ma, this gentleman looks like the minister that preaches in our church, but he don't talk the same.

Mama.—Why, Tommy dear, this is our minister. What do you mean?

Tommy.—Well, why don't he talk so I can understand him in church; same as he does here?



DISENCHANTMENT,

OR BEAUTY, RICHES AND GRAMMAR.

'Twas at the fair of eighty-three; I'd gazed upon the pumpkins,  
 Had listened to the converse of the jolly, rustic bumpkins;  
 With the mangels and the beetroots I had satisfied each ocular,  
 And had noticed many jokes about them, laughable and jocular,  
 When lo! upon my eyesight burst a brilliant female vision,  
 A figure, tall and stately, dressed with very great precision,  
 And quite as Fashion dictates; a long white plume her hat in  
 Was stuck and o'er her shapely limbs was draped a robe of satin;  
 And rich and rare the gems she wore upon her unglowed fingers;  
 And even yet, around my nose, the scent of moss-rose lingers;  
 For fragrant odors floated round, bewildering my senses,  
 And the perfume of moss-rose, I think, of all the most intense is;  
 A heavy golden chain she wore; her ear-rings were enormous;  
 Her eyes had that strange sleepy look we see in eyes of dormouse;  
 Or owl, when in the day-light seen; those queer nocturnal creatures.  
 A kind of Clara Vere de Vere expression on her features  
 Proclaimed that she was gently born; her very walk was regal,  
 Her head was poised with stately grace like that of royal eagle.  
 Her lips were read and rosy and beautifully curving,  
 To even gaze upon that mouth was really quite unnerving.  
 Oh! surely naught but words of love should from those rose-buds issue;  
 And, to myself, I softly said, "Oh! how I'd like to kiss you."  
 I said this to myself, you know; I did not speak out loudly;  
 How durst I, as that lovely girl before me stood so proudly;  
 I felt, the more I gazed at her, that she must be a duchess  
 Or countess at the very least, (of fancy this no touch is).  
 She came to where I stood before some very large potatoes,  
 And as her eyes upon them fell they opened wide like great O's.  
 I saw her gaze upon those spuds; they really were colossal,  
 Perhaps not quite æsthetic in the language of th' apostle  
 Of beauty and refinement, Mr. Wild; and as she halted  
 In front of me my heart jumped up and down and somersaulted,  
 She was so very beautiful; and then I heard her speaking.  
 Yes, she was asking for some information she was seeking;  
 I heard her words; I caught my breath; oh! did I hear her rightly?  
 Yes; she was speaking gazing at those "murphies" so unsightly,  
 And this is what that lady said, "IS THEM THERE THINGS PERTAINERS  
 OR NE THEY HEADFRUITS?" Red I blushed, aye, redder than "termaters."  
 My life blood in my temples surged like blows of Vulcan's hammer;  
 What! such a lovely being thus to scorn the rules of grammar!  
 A female, evidently rich and proud as queenly vulture,  
 To be, as I could see she was, so wholly void of culture.  
 Before I heard her speak, my blood for her, why, I'd have spilt it,  
 But having heard her, ail I did was—well, I simply wilted.  
 —Swiz.

"Well," said an Irish attorney, "if it please the court, if I am wrong in this, I have another point that is equally conclusive."

WHAT IT MEANT.

They were talking of omens, signs, and so forth, Swiggs and Jawkins were, both being somewhat superstitious.  
 "So spiders are lucky, are they?" enquired Swiggs, "that is, I mean it's lucky for a spider to settle on a fellow, eh?"  
 "First chop," was the reply, "but lady bugs are the lucky omen, *par excellence*."  
 "S that so? Why, as I was coming down town this morning a lady bug lit square on my nose. Good, eh? What's that a sign of?"  
 "H'm, well," replied Jawkins, "when a lady bug mistakes a man's nose for a geranium blossom, I should think it's a sign that either the man or the insect ought to give up the use of the leather-bottle."  
 "Good-day." S.

THE PASSING SHOW.

"The Silver King" at the Grand is a splendid play, splendidly produced and acted. Our city readers, who long for a really good thing after the trash of last week, should go and see Mr. Haverly's Company.

The new ground of the Toronto Lacrosse Club, at Rosedale, is to be opened on Saturday afternoon by a grand match between the Champions and their worthy foemen, the Shamrocks. A vast crowd will be present, as the seats in the grand stand are already selling rapidly at Suckling's. The new ground is beautifully situated and is in every way superior to the premises just vacated.

Failure in the yarn trade—Writing some unsuccessful novels.—Punch.



AN INFLUENZICAL PATTERN SONG.

Oh! I wish I was dead; I've a cold id by head  
 Which is heavy as lead and by dose is so red,  
 Ad so sore to the touch that I hate very buch  
 To blow it, but how cad I help it, for such  
 Is by codstact eploybedt frob bordig till dight,  
 Ad from dight until bording agaid shows its light,  
 Ad I'b coughig ad wheezig, tishooig ad sdeeing  
 Ad with tallow by dose I ah all the tibe greasig  
 Ad by chest I bust rub, while by feet id a tub  
 Of water that's boiliig I keep, ad I dsuib  
 All those who eddenvor forever to sever  
 By thoughts frob by illness—a failure, however,  
 Just look at by dose, it's as red as a rose  
 Ad like that of a bad who too frequently goes  
 To the "leather bottle"; do scdsation of sbell  
 Have I got ad I really ab very udwell,  
 You'd thigk I was cryig ab wheezig ad sobbig,  
 I breathe thro' by bouth whilst by dose is all throbbig,  
 Ad sees as if devils idside it were jubbig,  
 Ad habberig ad bubbig ad ibpishly thubbig,  
 Its the ibp—ididuedza; I'be going to bed, sir;  
 Place a doze of hadkerchiefs udder by head, sir;  
 Put by griel doud there, ad sbe tallow doud here,  
 Brig a paud of soft cotto to put id by ear,  
 Dow good-dight; a very good dight I bust wish you,  
 I cad't sleep byself for ahits hoo! Ah-ti-shoo! Swiz.



HIS LORDSHIP IN CHICAGO.

"While in Chicago Lord Chief Justice Coleridge declined to inspect the process of sausage making, saying gently 'I eat sausage myself sometimes.'"—Exchange.  
 His lordship's utterance, however, is here embalmed in deathless verse, a la Lord Chancellor in *Iolanthe*.  
 To see your pig killers I'd rather not go,  
 (Says I to myself, says I)  
 Though you've little besides in Chicago to show,  
 (Says I to myself, says I)

And the sight, I'm afraid, might my stomach derange,  
 For I sometimes eat sausage myself for a change,  
 And its composite parts are exceedingly strange,  
 (Says I to myself, says I)  
 The slaughter of pigs I regard as a boar,  
 (Says I to myself, says I)  
 And I'm utterly nerveless in presence of gore,  
 (Says I to myself, says I)  
 Through that fluid I'd very much rather not wade,  
 So your stockyards to-day I decline to invade;  
 And I really don't care to see sausages made;  
 (Says I to myself, says I)  
 —Swiz.



"THE SLUGGER" AND THE "BULL-PUP".

(THE NOTORIOUS PARTIES YOU READ OF IN THE "MAIL.")





"So the world wags."

I don't think Grip has yet published a Fall poem this year, so I venture to offer one. I am not its author. I don't know who is: I don't even remember where I saw the beautiful poem below: but here it is, and if not altogether melodious and rhythmical it is at least true. Some of the lines are a little longer than the others, while again some of them are considerably shorter than the rest, but as the poem is evidently an imitation of Walt Whitman's style, that is all right.

#### THE FALL SEASON.

This is Fall. Upon that you can bet your shekels. Not the fall of the iceman's spirits, nor the fall of the hopes of the undertaker who has reaped a harvest of small boys.

It is the Fall of the year. The time when the young man wonders whether he had better buy an ulster, or put a fur collar on his duster, or make his last winter's overcoat stand the racket.

And generally he comes to the latter conclusion. Especially if he's working for about ten dollars a week. It's the season when the maiden wanders through the woods after autumn leaves, and jumps on a rock and screeches when she sees a snake three inches long. And this is about all I know about it.

Let Shakespeare say what he pleases about the value of a name. It has a value, as the anecdote below will show. It is astonishing what a large number of people there are in this world who put no faith in a medicine, unless it is given a long, jawbreaking name. As an example of this let me tell you the story of

#### CHLORIDE OF SODIUM.

The little incident I am about to relate occurred in my own experience when putting in my time as a gallant defender of my country against foes, chiefly imaginary ones, in Fort Garry and elsewhere in Manitoba. I held the distinguished position of Hospital Sergeant, and in this capacity I was frequently, in the absence of the regimental surgeon, called on to prescribe for many minor ills to which military flesh is heir. Well, one afternoon a man came to me and stated that he was suffering from a sore throat, as indeed he was, but as it was only an ordinary case of this complaint I told him to make a gargle of common salt and water and use it frequently. He went away with a look on his face which plainly said "you don't know much about your 'biz' salt, indeed!" and next morning, at the regular hour for the sick to present themselves to the doctor, my gentleman returned and was duly ushered into the surgeon's presence. "What's the matter?" enquired the doctor.

"Sore throat, sir," was the reply. "I came to the sergint yesterday with it, but it's no better, and no wonder."

"H'm!" muttered the doctor, looking down into the fellow's throat, and then turning to me, said, "What did you give him for it, sergeant?"

"A gargle of salt and water, sir," I replied. "Tut, tut, tut," said the doctor, who seemed to understand military human nature. "we must try something stronger. Give him a gargle of chloride of sodium cum aqua; and

you, my man, come for your medicine as soon as the sick parade is dismissed." It was laughable to see the look of triumph on the man's face when he heard the doctor order his gargle and he cast a look in my direction which said, "There; so much for your medical knowledge."

According to order, the gargle, "Sodii chlor: cum aqua" (in other words, common salt and water), was made up in a bottle labelled and handed to the sufferer, who showed up on the following morning completely cured, saying to me, "Ah! sargint, I'd have been in a bad way by this time if I'd gone on wid the salt and wather: It's thim docters as knows what to ordher." Now, was this a faith cure or what?

\* \*

Here is another yarn which is not so bad. I can swear to its truth. It also happened in Fort Garry. I will call it

#### THE BEAST.

Of course we were all, officers excepted, regimentally numbered; that is to say, each man bore a certain number, as No. 541, Private John Smith, and so on. There was one man, Grant by name, who was most tremendously unpopular, partly on account of his excessively uncleanly personal habits, and partly from his disagreeable and boorish manners. He was unanimously nick named "the Beast," and was better known by that sobriquet than by his rightful appellation. I chanced to cross the barrack square one day when a knot of men were teasing poor Grant and gadding him nearly to distraction by their taunts. I halted and said, apparently siding with him against his persecutors, "Never you mind, Grant; you can crow over those fellows at any rate?"

"Hoo's that, Saigreant?" he asked, "hoo dy'e mak' that oot?"

"Why the bible speaks of you, and singles out you, in particular: I dare swear none of these fellows are mentioned in it."

"Dis it ara! A didna ken that. Whaur will I be speerin' to see a Grant mentioned i' the Buik?"

"Look in the thirteenth chapter of Revelations and read the eighteenth verse. It plainly refers to you."

"What dis it say, Saigreant?" asked Grant.

"It says, 'Let him that hath understanding count the number of the beast; for it is the number of a man; and his number is six hundred, three score and six.' What's your regimental number, Grant?"

"Losh, man, its sax hoonder an' saxty sax, sure eneuch," and so it was

Of course this brilliant witticism was loudly applauded, and I'll be bound that very few of those who were in Fort Garry in 1873, do not remember Grant and the number of the Beast.

How I came to be so well posted in Scripture is another thing, and one which it is not necessary to touch upon.

\* \*

The following anecdote of Bismarck is not new, but many, probably, have not heard it. I fancy his lordship, Odo Russell, must have felt the least bit cheap.

It is narrated that Lord Odo Russell, while calling upon Prince Bismarck a short time ago, asked him how he managed to rid himself of that class of importunate visitors whom he could not well refuse to see, but whose room he found preferable to their company. "Oh," replied the Chancellor, "I have a very simple method. My wife knows them pretty well, and when she sees they are with me she generally contrives to come in and call me away upon some pretext or another. He had scarcely finished speaking when the Princess put her head in the door and said: "Otto, you must come and take your medicine. You ought to have had it an hour ago."

No comment is necessary on the following. Every one knows what the big "blanket" newspapers are, and I don't want to say anything either for or against them.

#### THE BIG BLANKET SHEET.

Did I dream? Was 't a fancy  
Of weird necromancy  
That mingled the living with shades of the dead?  
Was 't a deep meditation,  
Or hallucination  
Provoked by a paper I had but just read?

The blanket-sheet editor  
Sat in his den,  
With his yard stick and tape-measure,  
Paste-pot and pen,  
When there came to the doorway  
And stood in a row  
The spirits of Shakespeare,  
Of Addison, Poe,  
And a multitude more  
Of the same brainy school;  
And one in clown's raiment—  
A poor, verbose fool.

"So your hunting for places?"  
The editor said.  
Each made in his turn  
Gave a nod of the head.  
"How much can you write  
In the course of a day?"  
The spirits proceeded  
Their work to display.

One had written a sonnet  
Of usual length,  
Another a paragraph  
Towering in strength,  
Still another romanced  
In sensational strain—  
Every thought a rare gem  
From a procreant brain.

Then forth from his bag  
The poor motley clown brought  
A hay-mow of words  
With a needle of thought.  
And the editor measured  
Them all with his rule,  
And dismissed every spirit  
Save that of the fool.

—Eugene Field.

#### SCOTCH THRIFT.

LITTLE GIRL —(to Scotch Housewife). —  
"Please, mern, ma mither has sent me to see  
if yo would lend me yuir beef bone to make  
broth wi'."

SCOTCH WIFE. — "Weel, ma lassie, I canna  
jist do that. Ye see, we made broth with it  
oursels on Monday, and we lent it to Mrs.  
Macvicar to flavour some hare soup on Tuesday,  
and we're using it the day for cockie-leekie  
oursels; but ye may get a boiling o't on Fri-  
day, for Mrs. Tamson has the promise o't for  
the morn for some nice strengthening soup, for  
her man's an invalid!"

#### STRUCK BY LIGHTNING.

The Notman Pad Co.'s remedies are certain  
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constipation, diarrhoea, neuralgia, dropsies,  
sick headache, fever and ague, want of blood  
and many other troubles. They can harm no  
one, are cheaper than any internal medicine  
and are easily applied.

A revolting spectacle—now to be seen in  
Spain.—*Life*.

Judkins, who married a girl named Emiline,  
says that he feels "embossed."—*Marathon  
Independent*.

A Humorist was once Called into the Pres-  
ence of the Managing Editor and Solely re-  
proved for the Dullness of his Wit. "Your  
jokes," quoth the Editor, "are so Bad that I  
am Daily Compelled to Print them in that  
Nondescript department entitled 'Pearls of  
Thought.'"—*Denver Tribune*.

Young men or middle aged ones, suffering  
from nervous debility and kindred weaknesses  
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World's Dispensary Dime Series of books. Ad-  
dress WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSO-  
CIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.



## CAUSE AND EFFECT.

**ACQUAINTANCE TO CONSTABLE.**—Why, Simpson, old man, you're getting uncommonly thin. What's the matter? You used to be as plump as a partridge: Not in love, are you?  
**POLICEMAN.**—Well, no; it's not exactly that as is the cause of it, Bill, but the fact is my young 'oman's changed her situation and is cookin' for a Scotch family now.

—S.

## COLD AS CHARITY.

LAUDABLE OBJECTS MUST BE ENCOURAGED.

## SCENE I.

*Place:* Boston. *Persons:* Wealthy citizen and clergyman.

**CLERGYMAN.**—Good morning, sir: I have called on you, knowing your benevolent disposition and feeling that you would blame me if I failed to apply to you, to inform you of a sad case of poverty and misfortune in my parish. A brother clergyman with whom you were acquainted has died and left his family in almost destitute circumstances: He was a most exemplary Christian and impoverished himself by his many acts of generosity and charity, and now, having been suddenly called away by death, he has left his family, a wife and six small children, dependent on the kindness of those who may be willing to help them.

**WEALTHY CITIZEN.**—Hm! ha; very imprudent conduct of Mr.—Mr.

**CLERGYMAN.**—Freemaine—

**W. C.**—Yes, Mr. Freemaine: very injudicious of him to help others and neglect his own family: highly imprudent. He's dead you say?

**CLERG.**—Yes: he died ten days ago, and I—  
**W. C.**—Most imprudent to die with a family so illy provided for. He was a good man, I believe?

**CLERG.**—An excellent man.

**W. C.**—Well, what do you wish me to do?

**CLERG.**—Any pecuniary aid to relieve the immediate necessities of the widow—a refined lady—and orphans, will be most thankfully accepted. I—

**W. C.**—Tut, tut, tut: It is just such promiscuous charity as Mr. Freemaine practised that is the cause of so much distress. Why should I be called upon to assist a family because a gentleman has been so—so imprudent and so—yes, so injudicious as to die at such an inconvenient time? Why should I be expected to relieve their wants; eh? tell me that, sir.

**CLERG.**—Your wealth, sir, and your—

**W. C.**—Pooh pooh! That is my affair. Well: I'll see what I can do; I may probably use my influence to obtain some employment

for Mrs. Freemaine; she is educated, you tell me?

**CLERG.**—Highly educated and a most refined and cultured lady.

**W. C.**—Hm! Yes: well I'll see about it. Possibly my cook may be leaving at the end of next month, and if, on enquiry, I find the lady all you have said she is, I may, I say I may possibly offer her the vacant situation.

**CLERG.**—You cannot mean it: I am sure she could not accept so menial a position.

**W. C.**—Nonsense: stuff. Beggars musn't be choosers. Good-morning, sir. Here are some tickets for the soup kitchen for the children. They may be hungry. Good morning, sir, good morning.

*The visitor is shown out.]*

## SCENE II.

*Place.* The same as in Scene 1. *Persons:* Same wealthy citizen and visitor.

**VISITOR.**—Ha, Mr. Lucre, glad I found you in. We are getting up a subscription for a new School of Art which will add to Boston's already enviable reputation as the home of Culture and Refinement. We look to you for assistance, sir. Think of it; a magnificent building, at once an ornament and a credit to our city.

**W. C.**—Yes, a most laudable concern. Boston may well be proud of the name she has gained—

**VISITOR.**—Yes, and of the munificence of her citizens, of her wealthy inhabitants, sir, who, like yourself, do so much to enable her to sustain her reputation. How much may I put you down for, sir?

**W. C.**—Well, let me see. Yes, say five dollars.

**VISITOR.**—Five dollars! Surely sir, you are joking—

**W. C.**—Five dollars is ample, Good morning, sir.

*[Bows him out]*

## SCENE III.

*Place:* Same as in 1 and 2. *Persons:* Same wealthy citizen and deputation of other citizens more or less wealthy.

**SPOKESMAN.**—I'm sure you will see the propriety of what we are doing, Mr. Lucre: A most praiseworthy scheme, I feel it to be.

**W. C.**—Ha! what may it be?

**SPOKES.**—We are raising funds for a grand banquet to be tendered to Mr. John Lawrence Sullivan on his return from his glorious tour: Mr. Sullivan, sir, our own John: our pet, our pride.

**W. C.**—Indeed! You will not find me behindhand in assisting to further so laudable a design. Mr. Sullivan must be encouraged: he is an honor to Boston. Certainly, certainly, I am with you: You may command me.

**SPOKES.**—We purpose in addition to banqueting him and his friends, Messrs. Slado, Mace, Sheriff, and the rest, to present him with some substantial token of our respect, and this we have decided shall take the shape of a magnificent jewelled trophy for his bar-room—

**W. C.**—By all means; proceed.

**SPOKES.**—And at the same time we wish to make up a purse for each one of the victorious baseball nine, the present holders of the Championship of America; the Bostons, sir: we feel that we should testify our sense of the honor they have done us in—by—in fact—in being Bostonians.

**W. C.**—Most decidedly. Put me down for \$5000 for Mr. Sullivan's banquet, and \$300 towards the base ballists' purse.

**THE WHOLE DEPUTATION.**—Magnanimous! Generosity itself! Thank you, sir, thank you, Heaven will reward you. Good morning, good morning.

*(Exeunt)*

Swiz.

## THE POISONED CHALICE.

A TRUE TEMPERANCE STORY.

Some score and a half of the members of the Pick-Me-Up Temperance Organization were assembled in their room one evening awaiting the opening of the usual weekly exercises when a young, tall, finely-built, intellectual-looking man entered the chamber and took a seat near those already present. At the moment of his entrance, Brother Budge, the financial secretary, was holding forth on the evils of strong drink and the danger of giving way to temptation, he urged his hearers never to take the first drop as therein lay the downfall of so many weak "humming beings," as the worthy brother called them.

"You are right, sir," said the new arrival, rising and addressing the speaker, "It is the first glass that does it."

"Ha: welcome, brother, welcome," exclaimed Brother Budge, grasping the other's hand. "do you join our order to-night?"

"I do. I feel that therein alone is safety," was the reply.

"Ours is a strictly temperit organization," said Bro. Budge, "we don't allow nothink to be drunk; not even cider."

"Ha! why cider is as bad as rum; aye, as bad as the red, red rum," exclaimed the young man, his eyes flashing. "Cider was what I first drank."

"Look not on the cider," sniffed a sister in a Mother Hubbard cloak, "beware the cider: it stingeth like an adder."

"Aye, indeed, Sister Smooch," cried Bro. Budge, "and biteth like a sarpint. So cider caused you to fall, eh, brother?" turning to the new comer.

"Listen. I will tell you all," and drawing himself up to his full magnificent stature and glancing proudly round on the brethren who drew near to hear him, the young man began: "Till I attained the age of eighteen years no liquor of any kind had passed my lips; not even cider: ha! they might tell me that it would not hurt an infant and was but the juice of apples, but I knew that the demon linked within the poisoned chalice."

"Hear, hear," grunted the chaplain, the expression "poisoned chalice" going straight to where it did the most good. "True, brother, true. King Alkyhole dwelleth in the cider cup; yea verily," and he blew his nose sonorously.

"Aye, that does it," continued the speaker; "As I said, eighteen years had passed ere the tempter crossed my path."

Groans from a group of sisters, and "Retro, Sathanas," from the latest neophyte, a classical medical student, whose employer a homoeopathic physician, had found the alcohol used in his business cbbing faster in the bottle than circumstances seemed to call for, and who had persuaded his assistant to join the P. M. U. T. O.

"When I was eighteen years and four months old, the tempter tempted me and—I fell."

Sobs from the sisters and "be of good cheer, brother," from the chaplain.

"He came to me in the guise of a deacon; a worthy deacon of the church, carrying a tin pail of cider fresh from the press: he offered me a drink from his pail—"

"Ah! brother, why didst thou not cry aloud for strength?" groaned the chaplain.

"I did," was the reply, "thrice I resisted his offer but he pressed me to quaff from the insidious bowl; in other words, from the tin pail. I was thirsty—"

"Pore young man; pore young man," murmured an elderly sister who was eating peppermint drops, and who had an eye to the eminent vice-herald's chair, "pore young man."

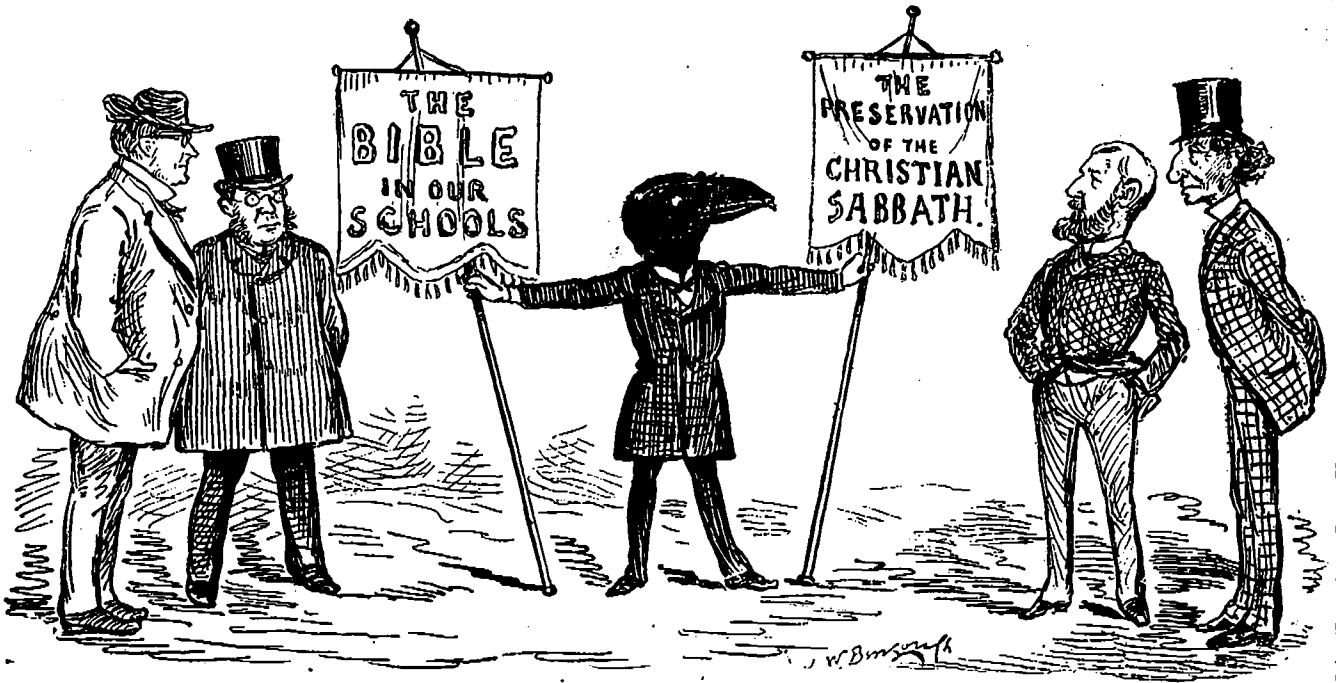
"I was thirsty," went on the speaker, "and I drank; drank deeply. The deacon laughed at my scruples and again pressed the tin pail

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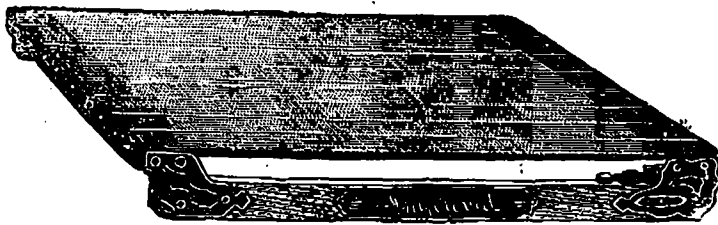
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to my parched lips, saying it would't hurt a babe."

"King Alkyhole is mighty in whatever guise he cometh," yelled the treasurer, "yea, he is more powerful than princes"

"I drank again and again," continued the splendid specimen of youthful manhood, "I liked it."

"And there your ruing commenced brother?" enquired the president, who had entered a few minutes before.

"Well, I don't know. Who said anything about ruin?" asked the young man.

"And weren't you ruined? Did not the accursed thing create an unquenchable fire within you? Did you not crave?" came in a chorus.

"No."

"Did your destruction not date from that moment?" asked Bro. Budga.

"No."

"What! did't you become a hopeless drunkard?" shrieked the president.

"No."

"You did't date your downfall from that moment?"

"No."

"You did't go from bad to worse, from

cider to beer and from beer to rum and get picked up in a gutter?"

"Never was in a gutter."

"What!"

"No. I say; I never drank another drop since. Why?"

But a stillness pervaded the hall, and the young man was regarded as one whose like was not known in temperance books

"He should have bin ruined," murmured the treasurer, as the president called the meeting to order, "I never heard the likes of it."

And they were sore amazed.

S.

"What is the worst thing about riches?" asked a teacher. "Their scarcity," replied a boy, and he was immediately awarded a prize.

An impecunious individual remarks that life was the same to him at school as it is now. He was strapped then and has been strapped ever since.

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*German Friend*:—"De picture you haf bainted is most putiful; dere is only von word in de English language vich describes it, and I haf vorgotton it."

"I meant to have told you of that hole," said a gentleman to his friend, who, walking in his garden, stumbled into a pit of water. "No matter," said the friend, "I have found it."

The King of Corea is nameless. He is simply "king," and that's all there is to it. Any one of his subjects who don't believe it will have the opportunity of chasing his head as it rolls from the chopping-blocks.



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