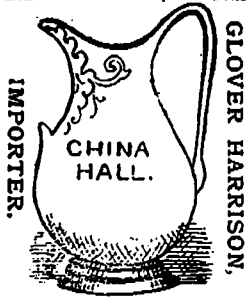


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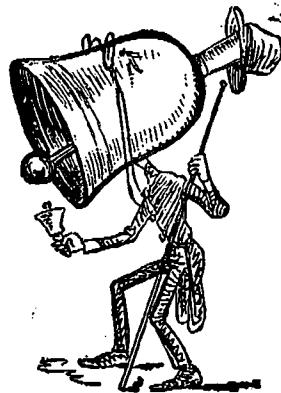
Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—Mr. Chapleau has resigned the Premiership of Quebec to take a portfolio in the Dominion Cabinet, having made another historical "swap," this time with Mr. Mousseau. The Province of Quebec feels herself jolly well rid of the brilliant little man, for with all his talents he certainly lacks the ability to govern prudently or economically. It is to be hoped that a term under the tutelage of Sir John and his colleagues may give Mr. Chapleau a deeper insight into the mysteries of state-craft, and it can hardly fail at the same time to inspire him with a sense of the beauty and value of economy and retrenchment in public affairs.

FIRST PAGE.—Master Willie McDougall has left the Tory Lacrosse Club and finds himself on the field of the Grit organization. But his presence appears to give trouble. Master Blake, the ostensible Captain of the Club, is quite willing to let Willie join the sport, in fact he is rather glad to have him as the club is at present short-handed, and

Willie is a good player. But alas, the Club has a deputy Captain in the person of Master Gordy Brown, and Gordy says if Billy McDougall is allowed to play he will go right straight home, now! The moral is that there should only be one Captain in the Club, and any member who gets ugly ought to be thrown over the fence.

EIGHTH PAGE.—It is officially announced that Mr. Hawkins is the member elect for Bothwell, though, so far as we are aware, nobody denies that the majority of ballots were cast for his opponent, Mr. Mills. It is the intention of the election law that the candidate who receives most ballots should have the seat, but in this case confessedly the opposite course has been taken. The returning officer used his prerogative to reject enough of the Mills ballots to secure the election of Hawkins, on the ground of certain irregularities, committed not by the candidate but by the deputy returning officers of certain divisions. The matter is to be brought before the court, and we feel confident justice will be done in the premises.



THE
CITY
BELL-
MAN.

In my official capacity of City Bell-man, it is very seldom indeed that I can seek the unbragous shades of even the local parks, yet occasionally I am, so to speak, let out to play. How I envy those happy people who apparently free from care, day after day keep trooping to the water side to embark for all manner of nice and cool suburban spots—some for Niagara, some for "The Beach," Oakville or the adjacent parks.

Speaking of Oakville, on a certain Saturday I obtained leave of my cruel and hard-hearted boss, who for once removed his tyrannical iron hoof from my neck and gave his gracious permission that I might go where I listed for the day. I took his permission and my leave, and chose Oakville as the place that I would honor with my distinguished presence. What strikes the observant beholder in visiting this interesting hamlet is the excessive love of verdure manifested by its residents. There is foliage every where, even the streets seem to partake of the characteristics of "meadow land," inasmuch as most of them display a luxuriant crop of grass.

While in Oakville I visited "The Park." The park consists of a number of pine trees, an orchestra forum, and a dancing platform. The park on the occasion of my visit was occu-

ped by several distinct and separate corps of pick-nickers, among whom were Brakemen, sturdy fellows all, and a Caledonian, otherwise Scotch party. From reasons that I do not here feel at liberty to explain, I cast my lot with the Caledonians, and by're Ladic, I did not regret it, for they proved i' faith a merry lot. A piper, a goodly lad, blew his national instrument to his heart's content. An *alfresco* and excellent lunch was spread on the sward, and

"As long as memory holds its seat
In this distracted globe,"

will I remember Flora Macdonald, Helen McGregor, Lady Macbeth, and the Fair Maid of Perth, who, strange to say, were "all present" at the picnic.

I have been thinking of writing an obituary to hold in readiness for each and several of the city officials who in all likelihood are doomed to an early shuffling off of this mortal coil in consequence of their compulsory occupation of that pestilential mansion known as the City Hall. Can nothing be done to avert the fate of the few remaining survivors of the old staff? Let us, my friends, in a spirit of love inquire.



The Haverly Opera Co. have given *Patience* at the Pavilion this week, and a rare evening's amusement the play affords. All the leading roles were excellently performed, but the *Bunthorne* of Mr. Dixie is simply perfect. Oscar Wilde himself couldn't "utter his platitudes in stained glass attitudes" with more utter tooness than this clever comedian does. After the performances of *Pinafore* we are to have *The Pirates of Penzance*, in which Mr. Florentine will sing the part of the Pirate King.

ESSAYS ON DOMESTIC ANIMALS.

No. IV.—THE FLY.

BY DICK DUMPLING.

Some may say that the fly is not a domestic animal. Perhaps it is not. I hardly think that it is, but it can cause just as much trouble and swearing in the house as any other domestic nuisance. Therefore, it has an undeniable right to be immortalized. It may not be an animal, but is there anyone who has the sublime cheek, the superlative amount of impudence to say that it is not domestic? If there is, let him keep away from wise men. The man who says that the fly is not a domestic animal would swear by the hatchet of George Washington that pumpkin pies are made of radishes.

The fly is built of about ten per cent. of genuine flesh, blood and bones, fifteen per cent. of buzz, and seventy-five per cent. of skittishness. This latter is only the summer proportion. The heat is not interesting enough in winter to warrant researches as to what he is like at that season of the year. There is no "go" about the fly in the winter. It is laid away done up in starch for the summer season. When the heated term arrives, it gets away with the starch just as a man who is endeavoring to catch a fly gets away with the starch in his inner apparel, viz., by fuming and shooting about as if it were treason to the British Crown and the King of Flydom to keep cool.

There is but one particular breed of flies that I know of. That is "Shoo Fly." No one knows what it is like because they cannot distinguish between it and any other fly. We read about it, and that is enough. We do not need to see it in order to be convinced. The great majority of the people believe there is a person called Satan. They never saw him, but they believe that he exists, and they do not want to be brought face to face with him—prematurely—for the sake of being convinced. They take the same ground for believing that there is such a fly as "Shoo Fly."

Without exaggeration, without the least desire of being renowned as the ablest and most fearless exponent of the fundamental principles of prevarication, and without any diminishing of my respect for the popular weather prophet whose laurels I do not wish to take from him by making an untruthful assertion of tremendous proportion, I wish to say that the fly is the most aggravating animal that has ever trod the mundane sphere. If one is annoyed by an ordinary animal, one can catch it and wreak revenge. But the fly is extraordinary. One is not able to catch a fly without superhuman endeavors. Suppose that a fly—ordinary when compared with other flies, but extraordinary when compared with other domestic animals—persists in promenading over the face of a man who is dozing. That man will naturally make a grab at that fly—to develop a more intimate acquaintance. But is that fly grabbed? Not at all. It simply moves two inches out of the way, and that man's hand comes down on the side of his face with a noise like that made by a barn door when slapped shut by a hurricane. Again and again, he seeks rather forcibly to develop the acquaintance, but he is as often foiled—the fly won't develop worth a cent. Even if that man does catch it, he is in a quandary. He cannot swear that the fly he holds is the one which tickled his proboscis. If he is a truly Christian man, he will hesitate before he dooms that fly to death. He is not sure that it is the criminal, and how can he kill the poor brute? Rather let the fly go for once, and in future mark the fly that troubles him, or sleep in a refrigerator.

Unfortunately for the peace of many a household, the fly is partial to butter—or rather butter is partial to flies. How many boarding-house keepers owe their present large fortunes to the assiduous care that they have taken in seeing that there was always a fly in the butter! Well did they know that no boarder with a moderate appetite would cover his staff of life with the stuff in which a fly took an oleomargarine bath.

The shining surface of a bald man's head offers great inducements to a fly that is looking for a place to make a settlement. In fact a bald head is one of the chief roosting places of a fly. If baldheaded people would be charitable, they could make their craniums quite comfortable for flies by covering them with something sweet and sticky. But they are not charitable. It is shameful to see the small amount of stock that people take in charity nowadays. The average man—be he baldheaded or provided with an ample share of hirsute scalp—would as soon think of paying his subscription to a newspaper as of putting any stuff on his head to accommodate a fly. Alas! for the degeneracy of mankind!

After all, the fly is not by any means a valuable animal. Some animals are useful even after death. Their carcasses may be used for fertilizing purposes. But you can't fertilize to any extent with dead flies. You can even do something with the remains of a man. They may be fruitful of great good to science by being donated to a medical college—but a fly—bah! So useless. So unimportant. The fly is infinitesimally insignificant.

A MEMORIAL OF "PHIZ."

DEAR MR. GRIP,—Did you know that there exists in Toronto indubitable circumstantial evidence that the late Mr. Hablot K. Browne had sometime or other been in the city and had left "Phiz" memorials on the glass of certain windows in a favourite restaurant? Fact, I assure you, as you will see for yourself when you have discovered the restaurant I mean. There on the windows is displayed an illustrated shirt, covering, one must suppose, the artist's model of Mr. Pecksniff, as his head surmounts the aforesaid shirt with an effect of pomposity belonging only to that classical and architectural individual himself. There is no mistaking the "phiz"-ical personality as the well brushed spiky whiskers, the puff adder cheeks, the pumpkin head surmounted by the Pecksniff lock, are all there, and challenge the admiration due to the immortality of the conception. It is a pity Mr. Oscar Wilde did not see these charming productions, as he would certainly have been able to illustrate thereupon some valuable lessons on propriety in decorative art.

Yours quizzically,
A LUNCHER-OUT.

AT ALEXANDRIA.

The work seemed done when every gun
Had ceased its awful booming;
And through the thinning banks of smoke
Old Egypt's forts were looming.
All shattered they—their stone and clay
With Arab blood were dripping;
O Ptolemy! look down and say
Which side has got the whipping.

The foe has fled and left his dead
In sunshine there to fester;
But that fair city—did his hordes
Ere they went off, molest her?
An answer came—a smouldering flame
Was here and there appearing,
See, growing fast, its brightening crest
O'er roof and dome careering.

A blood-stained hand now rules the land,
And arms around are flashing;
With blade and brand a murderous band
Through street and square are dashing.
A signal sweet to all the fleet
With gladness they're replying,—
"Oh yes, we'll go ashore to meet
And send the rascals flying!"

No time to waste, in eager haste
The jacks and jollys muster;
And on each vessel's towering side
Behold, they crowd and cluster.
Well-filled each boat—they're now afloat,
And thirsting all for glory;
Full soon they reach that sultry beach
Renowned in ancient story.

What meets their view? more boys in blue—
Oh say whence come these others;
Out rings a cheer, and shouts they hear—
"We'll help our English brothers."
That is the plan, O Jonathan!
To stop such fires and slaughters;
And you may bet we don't forget
Your aid in Chinese waters.

Your wide domain doth not in vain
Invite all men in trouble;
Already strong, you may ere long
Your fifty millions double.
Where British bands in many lands
The old red-cross has planted,
There Britain's sons and Britain's gun
Are ready when they're wanted.

What do we seek? to aid the weak
'Gainst murder, greed and rapine;
You're just the man, O Jonathan,
To help,—what'er may happen.
With two such powers as yours and ours
For peace and right uniting;
The world, no doubt, will soon find out
The foolishness of fighting.

—T.

"Birds in their little nests agree." Yes, but this is probably owing to the fact that their little nests are too small for them to fight in conveniently.

When the *Globe* accuses the *Mail* of misrepresenting its views from old copies, it might be called garbling from *old issues*.



THE WITTY GARDENER.

MAUD.—Please, Perkins, which are the best flowers to make a nose-gay?
PERKINS.—Well, Miss, I finds barleycorn does for me furs' rate!

THE POOR MAN'S BEER.

(To the Editor of Grip.)

SIR,—A great deal has been said and insinuated in your valuable paper, about the evil properties of intoxicants. Even the comparatively innocuous ale and beer have been pitched into even as the soul-corroding "hodge," has been treated. This, in my opinion, Mr. GRIP, should not be. Did you ever, or did any of your numerous staff of reporters, ever hear any of the "Gentlemen of England" who honor this country with their distinguished presence albeit they no doubt with justice object to the beer of this country—did you ever hear them say one word derogatory to the ale of old England? They say that in the first place we "ave not the 'ops," and moreover if we had we "ave not the hoppertunity." The "hoppertunity," I take it, is the absence of "Tems" water. Now, Mr. GRIP, water from the amber-scented Thames is, of course, unattainable here, except at vast expense, which would inevitably bring up the price of a "schooner" of ale to the enormous expense of ten cents, and would place the same out of the reach of the poor, and consequently the rights of the already "down-trodden workman" would suffer. But, one of our leading brewers, actuated by a spirit of philanthropy and a knowledge that our city water has noxious properties, whence no doubt all the evils arising from the consumption of home-made malt liquors come, has actually, brought out a force of men, and, with a laudable desire to obviate the evil, brought a cargo of water from the Muskoka lakes. Now, Mr. GRIP, kindly withhold any further opinion of the action of malt "likers" until the new brewing is distributed among the different dispensing places, for I trust, with the above mentioned benevolent gentleman, that a "great change will be worked in the condition of the beer consumer, who instead of going home of an evening 'chuck full' and perhaps taking a header over the banisters of the hall stairs, may return to the bosom of his family, like unto one who had been to a strawberry festival, or a Sunday-school picnic." Now do, friend GRIP, wait until you see the effects of Muskoka water in its association with ale before making any further sweeping accusations against the "poor man's beer."

Sir,
I have the honor to remain,
Yours respectfully,
JOHN H. BARLEYCORN.



JOHN BRIGHT'S NOBLE STAND.

INTELLIGENCEVILLE CITY COUNCIL.

BY OUR OWN REPORTER.

A meeting of the City Council was held at the proper place and time; the biggest City Father in the chair. Present—Aldermen Common-sense, Radical, Easy-go, Citizen, Learned, Conservation, and Energy.

A COMMUNICATION

was read from Dr. Righthold complaining of the existence of twenty undrained w. c.s on the property adjoining his own, which rendered all the surrounding air fetid and unfit for respiration. Especially was this the case on damp days and summer evenings after sunset. Dr. Righthold asked that the owner of the property complained of, be ordered by the City Council to take the requisite means for abating this nuisance, as it endangered the health of all residents in the neighborhood, and was especially hurtful to weak people and young children.

Mr. Easy-go moved that this letter be taken under due consideration, and be reported on at next meeting.

Mr. Radical could not understand what his friend Mr. Easy-go was thinking of. Here was a matter in which the health, if not the lives, of many people was involved. Diphtheria, scarlet- fever, typhoid, small-pox, were all hovering over the heads of helpless citizens, and might strike them with the fatal dart of death at any minute, and yet Mr. Easy-go talked of next meeting!! Why by that time half the population of Williams-ward might be in their graves. He blushed for some aldermen's consciences. The chairman here intervened by remarking that he was sure there was no member of the Council who did not recognize the gravity of the case before them.

Mr. Citizen was of opinion that all things should be done upon due consideration, as his friend Easy-go had suggested, and he was glad to find Ald. Radical so heartily alive to the necessity for immediate action. He begged to move that the City Commissioner be empowered to have the necessary drainage done at once, and report on his action at the next meeting.

Mr. Common-sense would like to know who would be chargeable for the consequent expense.

Mr. Learned replied that in case the owner

of the property was not able to meet the cost at once, the city should lend the money at one per cent. per annum, to be repaid by half yearly instalments covering a period of time at the discretion of the City Solicitor, who should consult with the property owner aforementioned.

Agreed to.

The Council went into Committee of the whole on the recommendation of the Board of Works, that three acres in the worst part of the old city should be purchased at a fair valuation for a public square and recreation ground.

Ald. Conservation was glad that this recommendation had come before the Council. The spot in question was favorably situated for the comfort and recreation of the poor whose little homes, and the factories where they were employed, stood on every side. He hoped the purchase would soon be made, and that the fine old willow now standing in a corner of the plot would be carefully preserved and made subservient to the beauty of the Health Garden, as he might call it.

Ald. Energy proposed that the Council should go on their own bicycles and view the plot of ground spoken of to-morrow, so that the owner might be treated with at once.

Ald. Citizen was delighted to find that the need for a Health Garden or public square, or recreation ground, was so well understood by the Council that it went without saying. He hoped to see the place a blooming flower garden next summer, with seats all round, and the children of the neighborhood enjoying the sport of feeding the ducks in the pond near the willow, or swinging at the further end where there was a nice piece of flat ground suitable for marbles or top-spinning.

Ald. Common-sense hoped order would be provided for by the appointment of a good-natured old man as caretaker, who should prevent bad language and feed the ducks.

A visit to the place was at once arranged for the next day.

NOTICES.

Ald. Easy-go gave notice that he would move at next meeting for the planting of certain shade trees.

Ald. Common-sense gave notice that he would move at next meeting for a term of years to be allowed to elapse before the by-law on the removal of certain old trees to which certain fussy people had objected, was put in operation.

MAHAFFEY, THE FLOOR-WALKER;
OR, THE REVENGE OF THE DOWNTRODDEN "SALES-
LADIES."

A Tale with a Moral.

In my sanctum I'm reclining, having just returned from dining, and its influence refining creeps my satiate senses o'er;

And thro' all my fancy fitting float some curious thoughts, befitting GRIP, or some such quaint and curious journal filled with comic lore:

And I think of what once happened to a dry-goods clerking chap, and straightway seizing pen and paper, on the sheet my mem'ries pour.

Come and listen, I will tell a short romance about a feller, who the exalted rank and title of a counterskipper bore—

Just a thin-legged counterskipper, called a clerk and nothing more.

I will tell you how this beauty by his overzeal in duty, found much favor in the sight of him who owned and ran the store;

And by cringing, servile sneaking, and his crack and key-hole peeping, got the rise that he was seeking, and thenceforth "blessed" or "walked the floor."

Then this mean and craven creature, with no manhood in his nature, bullied all the helpless girl clerks till they writhed in anguish sore.

And the underpaid "salesladies," female clerks who disobeyed his orders wished him down in Hades, on the dark Plutonian shore;

In that dismal, dreary land, which Heecher says is now no more

Now, this flabby, fluent talker, this contemptible floor-walker, had a pride in one thing only, 'twas the glossy hair he wore;

And he loved it to distraction, this capillary attraction, and he fondly smoothed and brushed and stroked and twirled it o'er and o'er;

Till the little cads in wonder, stood and gaped and cried "By thunder! surely all the heavens under such a nut was ne'er before."

Seen with 'air so slick and greasy, lyin' down in gobs so easy, ain't that cove now just the cheese? he is, you better bet. Oh! for!

'Ow I'd like to punch his bloomin' shinin' 'ead till it was sore."

Full three hours every morning did he spend in vain adorning of his locks all central parted, perfumed, rubbed with sweet Macassar.

Far more vain was he than any of the beauty-gifted, many charming, lovely, love-inspiring, sweet girl graduates of Vassar.

And the lady clerks conspiring, in their plottings never tiring, but upon a scheme of vengeance, for the many wrongs he'd done 'em.

Which should put a stop instantan to his bullying and banter, and should cause the swell floorwalker ever afterwards to shun 'em—

Shun them after evermore.

It was on the fellow's birthday, jolly fun and jovial mirth-day, that the female clerks approaching, gathered round him in the store.

And the fairest one consenting, had agreed to the presenting of a dressing case enchanting, nickleplated o'er and o'er,

And containing crystal bottles, filled with liquid to their throats, labelled "Sweet ambrosial hair oil, Kowland's far-famed Kalydor."

These, with many a word of taffy, gave they to the beast, Mahaffey, who with bearish grace accepted, and retired by private door.

To his sanctum, many mirrored, went he by his private door.

Next day came, and noon was nearing, as the girl clerks, trembling, fearing, in each others optics peering, "said, Mahaffey's late this morning."

And at noon from belfry tower rang the clanging bell the hour, from its bronzon, loud, sonorous throat rolled forth the midday warning.

Still Mahaffey came not. Later came a note borne on a waiter, to the boss, which read as follows, "I am sick and shall be sicker,

'Ere I come again to business, I am bilious, and my dizziness now detains me, please excuse me, don't ascribe my ills to liquor.

Yours, Mahaffey, evermore."

Three months later, pale and silent, crept Mahaffey, once so viv'ent, down towards his place of business, changed indeed from what he'd been.

Not a glossy curl displayed he, as he bowed to each saleslady, whilst upon his once luxuriant head could not a hair be seen.

Ah! that gift so quick and fatal, given to him upon his natal day by those pale, bullied worn out, ill-paid, patient counter girls.

Had been, oh! the vengful story, bottles of Depilatory, which, with fierce, remorseless burnings, had destroyed his glossy curls.

Counterskipper and floorwalker, gifted, gabby, fluent talker, ye who treat the weaker vessels not as women should be treated.

Let Mahaffey's fate be warning, lest upon some fine Spring morning just such justice overtakes you as to him was duly meted.

Women have not got the biceps, deltoid, trapezoid and triceps muscles quite so well developed as you youths who swing the oar!

But in cunning they will beat you, and most certainly defeat you, and from your high horse unseat you, vanquished, conquered, evermore!

SWIZ.



MADAME QUEBEC'S WILD BOY.

MME. QUEBEC.—IT'S SO KIND OF YOU TO TAKE HIM, SIR JOHN! HE'S NEARLY BROUGHT ME TO RUIN!

SIR JOHN.—HAVE NO FEAR, MADAME; UNDER MY TUITION HE SHALL LEARN PRUDENCE, ECONOMY, INDUSTRY, AND THRIFT!

The Joker Club.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

A mount for a bailiff.—A dun-colored horse.

A tumbler full of whiskey—A drunken acrobat.—*Cambridge Tribune.*

New rendering of "an old Scriptural text—"Take a little wine for thy stomach's ache."—*Hull Bellman.*

A tailor requires a number of yards to cover a man, but a burglar will cover him with only a small revolver.—*Cinn. Sat. Night.*

"I am determined to keep peace and quietness in this house," said Mrs. Blobs, "if I have to pull every hair out of your head."—*Wheeling Journal.*

Said his prudent friend: "Why, three dollars for a carriage is extravagance. Go in a horse-car or take a Herdic." And the extravagant man replied: "I can't. You see, the lady I'm going to take isn't my wife."—*New York News.*

We wish we had Blaine's faculty for neglecting one's private business. He has done it during twenty-three years of public life—just as long as he can stand it, and his material possessions have shrunk from the paltry outfit of a country editor to ten millions of dollars.—*Toledo American.*

"A Brooklyn boy, George Lehman, has attracted much attention at the Leipsic Conservatory of Music by his violin playing." There are boys right here in this town who also attract much attention—and other things—by their violin playing. But we are not proud of them. They should go to Leipsic.—*Norris-town Herald.*

When the young man stepped up to the soda fountain engineer, with his country cousin, he said he would take the usual thing, giving the engineer a peculiar wink. You can bet that engineer was dazed when the country girl said, "Wal, that's good 'nough fer me; I'll take the same," and gave the same kind of a wink.—*Syracuse Times.*

A debtor who was sued by his creditor acknowledged that he had borrowed the money, but declared that the plaintiff knew at the time that it was a Kathleen Mavourneen loan. "A Kathleen Mavourneen loan," repeated the court with a puzzled look. "That's it, judge; one of the it may be for years and it may be forever' sort."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Young America: First Proud Mother—"My boy is only eleven years old, and he comes in every day with his pockets full of fruit. He can get over the top of any fence they can put up, the darling!" Second Proud Mother—"Poo! for your boy! Why my Jimmy is only ten, and he's a corner loafer and has been to the Police Court twice?"—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

"I say, sir, do you want to hire a boy, sir," said a bright-looking little fellow, as he stepped into a business office.

"What can you do, sir?" was the respondent inquiry.

"I can tell the truth, sir," was the bright reply.

"Don't want you, my little man: my business can't stand truth telling."

"Better take the boy," said a bystander. "I know him. When he says he can tell the truth, he lies like blazes. He can't do it, nor his father before him could 'nt, either." Boy engaged on modern business principles.—*New Haven Register.*

"I never was in favor of war," said an old Arkansawer, "but I notice that some of the world's greatest men are not of my opinion. Now there's old Trademark. He's a great man, yet he believes in war."

"Old who?" asked a bystander.

"Old Trademark."

"Who the duce is Trademark?"

"No wonder they call us ignorant, when such fellows as you show your lack of schoolin'. Didn't you ever hear of the great German military man, Trademark?"

"I've heard of Bismarck."

"That's a fact. Biz mark. I knowed that it was some sort of a commercial name."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

Smith was so overtaken with joy at meeting his old friend that he "set 'em up" a number of times without giving the latter an opportunity of even once "saying" anything. Smith—"Well, Jones, old fellow, I must say you are looking well. If it is not asking too much, where have you been this long time?" Jones—"Io——" S.—"My dear sir, don't worry yourself about that. You came in here on my invitation and every time you drink you drink at my expense." J.—"You're laboring under a wrong impression, sir; I say Io——" S.—"And I say you don't. What's more, everything is paid for, and that settles it. Barkeeper fill 'em up again." J.—"You don't understand me; what I mean is Io——" S.—"For the third and last time, allow me to say you owe nothing. If you insist on it again I shall consider it an insult." By this time the barkeeper, seeing the dilemma, came to Mr. Jones' rescue by informing Mr. Smith that by giving his friend a little more time he would convince him that he owed him nothing, but meant the state of "I-ow-a." At this Smith's eyes opened and he remarked: "I-ow-a drink to the whole party." He had his own way the rest of the afternoon in "setting 'em up to his old friend."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

THE DETROIT FUNNY MAN'S LATEST.

That 200-mile wire fence in Texas will be a beautiful thing to look at after being struck by a dozen cow-boys, but Texas delights in the beautiful.

"Are we forgotten when we're gone?" asks the Toledo Blade. Skip out and see. If you want to be doubly sure, take your neighbor's wife along.

Any kind of motion is "poetry of motion," just as any kind of jingle is poetry. If you want something that will keep all winter, take prose.

If kerosene oil was selling for a cent a gallon some man who had no chance to sink \$50,000 in a daily newspaper would set about driving a new well.

The Milwaukee man who knocked a burglar down with a shoe is just selfish enough of his own character to come out and explain that the shoe belonged to his wife.

All the New York papers "worked up" the glove fight in the sweetest possible manner, and then next day turned around and denounced the "brutal exhibition."

What has become of all the train robbers? Can it be possible that the shot-guns furnished train hands has had anything to do with bringing about this state of calmness?

Americans who visit Bret Harte in his foreign home declare that he is a red-faced, supercilious snob of the first water, but perhaps he doesn't like to be cousined.

Eighteen women met together at White-water, Wis., and prayed for rain, and when the rain descended seventeen of them screamed because they had no umbrellas.

A Vermont woman has been arrested for scandalizing a man because he did not cry when his wife was buried. He is prepared to prove that he felt bad, but couldn't weep.

What are the wild waves saying

On the sands near the hotel door?

"You've got to do some steep old paying,

When you summer by the sad sea shore,

—*Fall River Advance.*

According to a recent decision in Iowa the girl can retain any presents made her by a lover whom she gives the cold shake. Jewelry for that state will be made very light after this.

It cost this government over \$150,000 last year to let the Indians experiment on farming, and the said Indians raised about fifteen cents' worth of corn and a million dollars' worth of y! y!

When you buy blackberry jam at the grocer's don't ask him if it is made of wormy figs, soft peaches, and poor brandy. He was never in the foundry where such things are put up.

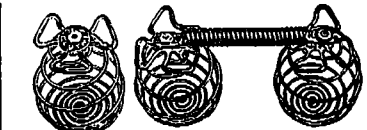
Chicago has opened a home to reform women who eat opium. Chicago is always meddling with everybody's business. If a woman takes any comfort eating opium let her chew away on it.

The gas company of Augusta, Ga., has lowered the price of gas four different times since the war, and that, too, without being kicked into it. Some queer things happen down South.

THE SUPERINTENDENT IN LOVE.

Supt. E. J. O'Neill, of the Dominion Police Force, Ottawa, Canada, thus spoke to a representative of one of Ottawa's leading journals: "I am actually in love with that wonderful medicine, St. Jacobs Oil. I keep it at home and likewise here in my office; and though my duty should call me hence in an hour to journey a thousand miles, St. Jacobs Oil would surely be my companion. It is the most wonderful medicine in the world, without any exception, I believe. My entire family have been cured by it. We have used it for twenty different ailments, and found it worth half a score of doctors. My men here on the Dominion Police Force use it right along and very justly think that there is nothing like it. I believe it is the long sought *Elixir Vitæ* and possesses the power of making the old young again. I know it often enlivens me, and although I am past fifty years of age, I am, thanks to that wonderful agent, a lively man yet."

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THE CROP THIS YEAR MAY BE SHORT
IN ENGLAND BUT THERE'S SCORN
IN EGYPT!

NOTES FROM H GH SOCIETY.

(FASHIONABLE SCIENCE).

DEAR MR. GRIP.—This nineteenth century is full of civilization, culture and improvement. That is a truism, but what I have to say on the subject has not, I think, ever before appeared in any scientific journal. Yours, venerable sir, shall have the honor of first giving it to the public.

In every department of thought we have made gigantic strides. In philosophy, in history, in geology, in botany, in chemistry, in astronomy, in mineralogy, in anatomy, in ethics, in metaphysics, in theology, in morals and in dress. It is of the last mentioned science that I would speak, as it is the science of which I know most. I know enough of all the others to talk about (all in our circle must), but not enough to write about (none in our circle do). But in the science of dress we are one and all well versed, especially our sex. We apply ourselves to the task, we lend our whole mind to it, we study books, we gaze at engravings, we listen to harangues, we eagerly ask questions of strangers, we try experiments, we observe phenomena, in short we leave no stone unturned by which we may become proficient in the noble art of dress. We give to this engrossing study, our time, our talent, our care and our money. If philosophers and scientists did as much their favorite studies might then hope to attain the excellence of ours. I have nothing to say against these harmless old men or their pursuits, let them, let us all inquire into all learning, but above all, let us perfect ourselves in dress. And I can show you good reasons for this preference.

1. It is the one perfect science. Every one will tell you science is incomplete. The more you know, the more you feel your ignorance. There is still something to long for, you are unsatisfied. Now with dress it is not so; of course you must study and ponder, and try, and spend. But having done so the effort is over, the mind is at rest, and a feeling of completeness and satisfaction possesses you as you look at the result of your labors.

2. It is the only science that is universally appreciated. The others, if you know enough of them, and have the organ of language, you may talk of to your little circle of friends and a few of them may understand and admire you; or you may lecture and run the risk of being hissed from the platform; or you may write and a few equally learned men may or may not read your book, but the people you meet day by day know nothing of this, and pass you with, at least, unconcern. Mark the contrast. One who has arrived at the dignity of M. A. in dress, has but to walk the street, every eye follows her admiringly.

It does not require a college education to appreciate her excellence. She may be in a strange land and yet command attention.

3. It is within the reach of fashionable people. It is impossible for us, going out as we do, to give much time to books. We go to school as children but our heads are full of more important things than reading, writing, and arithmetic. The evenings are devoted to parties, etc., so it would be unreasonable to expect much of us. But the science of dress knows of no waste time; at the very parties that interfere with our other studies we learn most of it. We never take a walk, a drive, pay a visit, or go shopping, but we bring home some useful thoughts on dress.

4. It gives scope for originality. For the other sciences there is nothing but a beaten track to which the traveller must confine himself, in that of dress there is a large plain over which he can wander at will. Take astronomy for instance; declare that the sun revolves round Venus, that the moon is the morning star, the earth a balloon sent up long ago by Adam and suspended stationary mid air by gravitation. Why your be-in friends would laugh at you. Invent a new history, you will be shut up in a lunatic asylum; be original in theology, you will be burnt as a heretic. But strike out for yourself in your toilet, turn things upside down, inside out, back foremost, wear a startling combination, a graceful mixture of all that was considered ugly before and your success is assured.

5. It is the most universally useful science through life. You have often heard men say, and I am sure, honored Mr. GRIP, you yourself think, that study unfits a woman for her sphere. Be it so, we do not wish to study, we are content to live and be gay, and while our ambition goes no farther your monopoly is safe. But this one science can unfit you for nothing. Whatever our lot in life be we must dress. If we marry a nobleman we dress; if we marry a bishop we dress; if we marry a chinee washman, a bus conductor, a prince, a sultan, a poor doctor, a poorer curate, a gipsy chief, a mulatto or a negro we still must dress.

I could go on thus forever, but I must stop now, my dressmaker is waiting to fit my last dress, and I must hurry to her.

Yours sincerely,

JEMIMA.

CONSIDER.

Consider the lilies how they grow.
Consider the creditors whom you owe.
Consider the cash you spend each year
In whiskey fixes and lager beer;
Consider the head-aches that each morn
Do represent each nightly "horn."
Consider you're wife, if one you've got.
Consider your business going to pot.
Consider the friends that pass you by.
Consider they wouldn't but for old rye.
Consider the swell behind the bar,
Consider his diamond like a star.
Consider you're made a butt for scoff
When you try in vain to "stand him off."
Consider you've stopped, or if not you'll
Consider yourself an A. fool.
Consider, consider, for if you fail,
Consider yourself some day in jail.
Consider, consider, consider, consider,
But what's the odds when your wife's a "widdier."

Thrashy boots and shoes should certainly come under the head of shoddy.

Our Funny Contributor says that when the history of his dealings with his creditors comes to be written it will be "an over true tale."

"Prince Arthur's Landing," sung out the purser of the Campana. "Is he?" said the newly arrived emigrant. "Where? I didn't know he was on board."

The *Globe*, in speaking of Hon. Mr. Huntington's defeat, says "it was a question not of politics but of race." That's it exactly; it was a race, and Mr. Huntington came in last.

EVENING THOUGHTS.

The bull-frog is busily croaking,
The small frog is rattling away,
The house-fly has put up his shutters—
His business has closed for the day.

Mosquitoes are out promenading,
Their harvest's about to begin;
They'll tackle a fair lady's shoulder,
Or pierce a gay cavalier's shin.

The night-hawk is skimming the landscape;
The muskrat is out for a swim—
As regards any fish that he catches,
Bad for fish, but good—very—for him.

The toad, with his jewel so precious,
Hops along by the Queen's own highway;
The "Queen's Own" battalion is out, too,
At a drill for the next review day.

The note of the bright bosom'd oriole
Has died on the echoes at last,
And become like the "Consolidated,"
A thing of the dark, misty past.

The kine in the meadows are lowing,
Bled to-day by the insects so still;
The "bulls" of the stock exchange too, have
Been bled by the "bears" to their fill.

The sheep on the road now are lying
Calm after the heat of the sun;
The "lamb" of this country, in general,
Have been fleeced on the exchange for fun!

As long as sheep live there'll be sheep ticks
To keep them from growing too fat;
As long as the "lamb" crop continues
There'll be fleecers, and don't forget that.

The potato-bug steadily labored
From sunrise to set of the same;
Now an ogre with Paris-green ducks him,
And kills him—a new landlord shame.

The garden gate's hinges are creaking
Beneath the unusual weight
Of Willie, the good-looking bank-clerk,
And "home-for-the-holidays" Kate.

All nature rejoices in evening,
And people go out for a stroll;
Just newspaper men have to work, to
Together keep body and soul.

No! alas! in full many a garret,
By candle or lamp burning low,
Pale women and young girls are working
At one never-ceasing sew, sew.

Oh! ye who in comfort are living,
Remember the poor in your joy,
Nor let the God pleasure o'er-rule ye,
For pleasures of earth soon must cloy.

But be kind to your down-trodden neighbors,
Give them help whenever ye may,
E'en a smile or a kind word in season
May shine to eternity's day.

CHARLIE JAY.

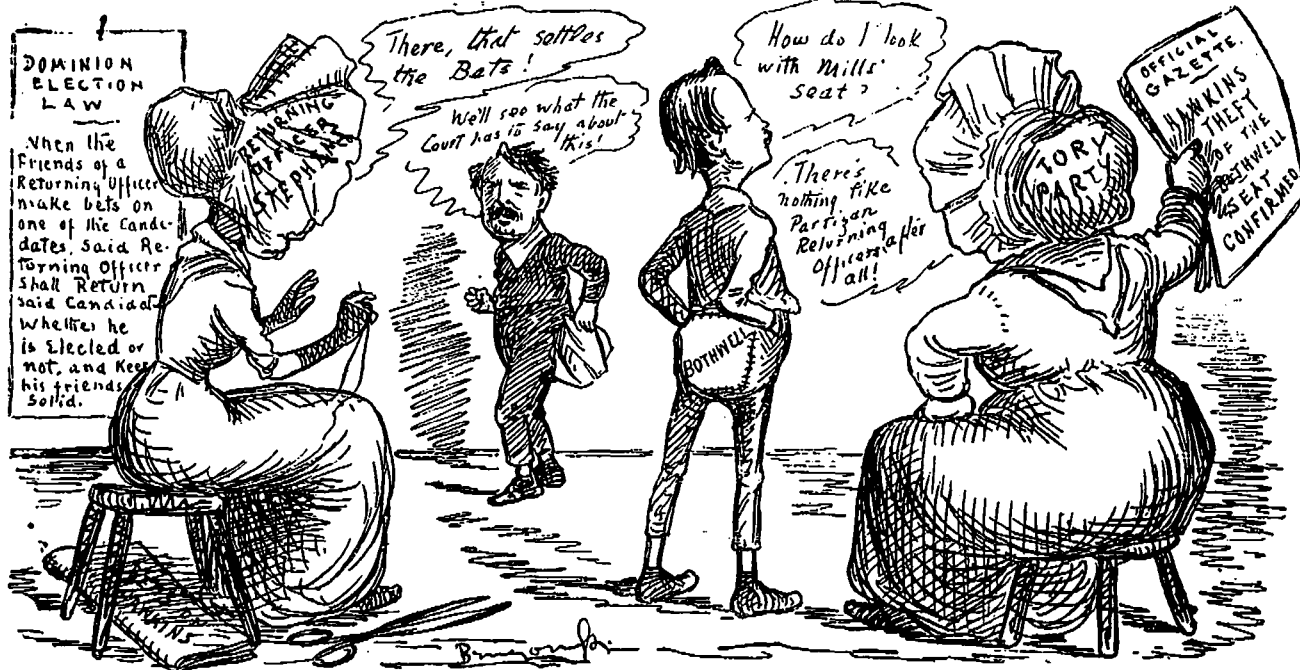
The Coming ornamental printer—Cumming,
of Rosemont!



EXPLICIT.

YOUNG GENT.—And so your daughter has married a rich husband?

OLD GENT.—No, sir; she has married a rich man, but a poor husband.



ROBBING DAVID TO PAY JOHN JOSEPH!



A jock-ular creature—A monkey.
An early grave.—One dug at 4 a.m.
If a cooper gets intoxicated at all, he should get staving drunk.
Does the Editor of the N. Y. *Clipper* use the editorial scissors much?
Home stretches.—Excuses husbands make who come home at 3 a.m.
Plate glass windows are appropriate for china and jewellery stores.
Notwithstanding tramps are poorly clad, they always present an imposing appearance.
What kind of a bridge resembles the House of Lords?—One that has piers—jottings—or rather one that has a *milor* two in it.
The fort the whole world will dispute but Arabi—Fort Ras-el-Tia, which, being easily translated, signifies Raise-the-Wind.
“Is ‘Jack Straw’ a good novel?” asked a friend of our Funny Contributor. “Hey?” said our Contributor. “What sort of a book is ‘Jack Straw’?” repeated the friend. “Good as the *wheat*,” replied our Contributor.

Our Funny Contributor lately entered a store in Lindsay in which a sign was displayed: “If you don’t see what you want, ask for it.” “Do you think you can furnish me with a modest, reasonable request in the dry goods and millinery line?” inquired our contributor. “I think so, sir,” said the proprietor. “Then, furnish me with a wife,” said our Contributor.

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FROM THE LEADING HOSPITALS OF FRANCE AND ENGLAND

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