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THE TAIL TO THE JOHN A. KITE.

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AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL

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J. W. BENGOUGH Editor.

The gravest Deast 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.—Feeling that our little boys have been worked pretty hard for a long time, our readers will please excuse a cartoon this week, while we take the youngsters out for a constitutional.

FIRST PAGE.—Public opinion is gradually ripening upon abolishing or thoroughly re-organizing the Senate. That fraudulent institution has now no defenders beyond persons financially or politically interested in keeping it as it is—a tail to the premier's kite. This is anything but a dignified function—aside from it being a positively harmful one to the interests of the country. Many of the Senators are disgusted at the present state of the Chamber. Several of the more respectable organs of the Conservative party, and private members thereof, and the whole body of independent voters of the country, are convinced of the uselessness of the Senate in its present form. A radical change cannot long be delayed.

EIGHTH PAGE.—Our artist informs us that this sketch need not be commented upon. He says it is all well enough for the public to clamor for something fresh every week, but when one subject like Rat Portage gets into your sanctum and gobbles up all the others, what can you do about it?

Our Leading Article.

Supplied each week to GRIP, gratis, by a Syndicate of Grit and Tory editors.

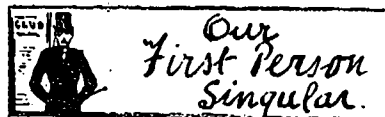
THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

This huge national undertaking will soon be an accomplished fact. To the vigorous railway policy of the present Government, is due the rapidity with which this great work is being prosecuted. The terms made with the Pacific Railway Company are such as no con-

scientious or intelligent Government could agree to. The company certainly "struck a bonanza," and are becoming inordinately wealthy at the expense of poor Manitoba, whose people have from the first cheerfully endorsed the railway policy of Sir John Macdonald, and in doing so they have only exercised common judgment and foresight. Had they manifested any antagonism, that Province might have, to-day, been suffering from the disastrous effects of a competing line. Had the Mackenzie Government been allowed to proceed with the construction of this railway, the loss to the country would perhaps never have been estimated. The insane proposal to use the great waterways of the North-west to build a railway was very properly rejected by the electors, and as a result we shall have a line of railway built upon the only sure foundation, viz., twenty millions of money, and five hundred thousand acres of the choicest land. This is as it should be. The granting of these magnificent and fertile tracts of land to the Railway Company was the only sure means of retarding the speedy settlement of the great North-west, and, alas, how effectually has it done so! This year it was fondly hoped by us all that some two or three millions of emigrants would have settled in that district. But how sadly disappointing are the facts. Thus far only a few dozen assisted paupers have gone into the country. On either side of the line of railway, as far as completed, are the homes of a happy and contented yeomanry, who are rapidly becoming independent. This prosperity is due to various causes, but principally to the fact that they have no competing market. By the climatic influences of the benign N. P. the neighboring States are prevented from producing any grain or other cereals, and consequently the people of the North-west get the highest prices for their products.

The Syndicate

[No article genuine without this Signature.]



I think I deserve a big, big medal,—or kick, for this riddle, I made it all myself:

Why is anyone of those telegraph operators who took part in the recent strike like a man mashing a favorite tuber? Because he is a striking a-operator! Now when a fellow can get off, out of his own head, and all in two days, anything so villainous as that, he deserves something.

N. Y. Puck, in his list of stereotyped phrases that ought to be tabooed, and which is a nearly complete one, has by some strange oversight omitted the following: "The proprietor will make it his business to supply nothing but the purest liquors and choicest brands of cigars." Some of the phrases referred to are harmless and occasionally true, but the one just quoted is so barefaced and palpable a falsehood that I say "Down with it." "Purest liquors," indeed!

I was wondering the other day whether the appearance of the writers of these first person singular paragraphs in other papers, such as the "Man about Town," "Lounge," "Fitznoodle in America," and so forth, tallies as completely with the cuts at the head of the columns as mine does with the one above. We are always represented as howling swells, but I shouldn't be a bit surprised if some of us are as widely different from the delineations as a *Globe* picture or portrait of anything is from—well, looking like anything.

"Mountaineers are said to be 'as straight as an arrow,' and the reason is because they are obliged to look upward so much." So said the *Hamilton Times* some day last week in an article which was credited to no paper and consequently was presumably its own. But I must differ with the *Times* in this matter. I have seen mountaineers in Switzerland, out on the Manitoba prairies and other mountainous places, but I must say that as they cautiously crept round a ledge above a precipice some 2000 feet sheer down they did anything but look up, unless gazing steadfastly at the place where they were next to step comes under that heading. No, *Timesy*, they don't always look upward; had you said mercantile affairs were looking up since Sept., 1879, then you would have been all right.

This caught my eye a few days ago in the *London Advertiser*: "Hamilton aldermen complain that their deliberations are interfered with by the services of the Salvation army. The army has evidently struck a field where the chances of reformation are great." And I rise to remark that I agree with the "*Times*" that the army has struck a field for reformation, but whether the gallant warriors' chances of success in accomplishing much reform in that quarter is great or not, is doubtful. But the Army has accomplished wonderful things, and the worst cases have been converted by them, therefore I say, "Hope on, hope ever," but I have my misgivings.

I happened to stroll into a saloon the other day for a glass of lemonade. I started back in amazement on beholding a large piece of that sticky fly-paper on the counter. It was covered with the dead and dying, and reminded me of a battle-field; that is, one that I have read about. And then I pondered in this wise: "How strangely inconsistent is man: here is a saloon-keeper: he wishes to accumulate the vile dross: he knows that he cannot do so unless men enter his shrine, and yet here he sets to work to exterminate those very insects who cause so many men to rise betimes and go forth to escape their persecutions, and who have nought to do between rising and breakfast-time but visit one of the temples of Bacchus." The saloon-keeper who kills flies merely for the sake of his own personal convenience had better go into some other gutter in life.

Apropos of the telegraph operators' strike, the thought has struck me what a ludicrous blunder might have occurred through some inexperienced hand using the letter 'e' for 't'—easily done, by substituting a dot for a short dash—in the case of a message mentioning the word 'chemist': see what a difference the change in the final letter would make.

The *Arkansaw Traveler* has a great deal to answer for: "Beautiful Snow" appeared in its columns last week. It is an ice poem, and the rimic is good, but we can't hail it with the delight we did eighty years ago.

What extraordinary vitality some fish must be endowed with, to be sure! I was aware

that it was a difficult thing to slay an eel, but positively I had no idea that salmon and white fish clung to life in the way they seem to do. Being in a lazy and sauntering humor the other morning, I was attracted by the voice of a peripatetic fish-vendor who was singing out lustily "Fr-r-r-resh fesh, all alive, all alive," and I followed him, for his voice was very melodious. When I first fell in with him the hour was 5.30 a.m.; when I left him it was nearly one o'clock; and still he was proclaiming, with stentorian lungs, that those fish were "all alive, all alive." The man looked truthful, and I'm sure would not willingly have uttered a falsehood.

I saw, in the *Hamilton Spectator*, not long ago, that a correspondent of a Toronto daily in that city had been ignominiously fired out of a hotel for wagging the weapon with which Samson slew his foes too freely towards the proprietor of the hostelry. If the corresponding agent is the same person I imagine he must be from the description, I have no doubt that he was treated exactly as he deserved, for a more arrogant, forward, pretentious, humptious and ignorant specimen of the genus "route boy superintendent" perhaps never existed. These corresponding agents are, sometimes, amusing, after all: Happening to glance over a directory a few days ago, I observed one of them figuring in it as "manager" of the Toronto paper that employs him to look after its 'ads' and distributing boys. Is this sublime or is it ridiculous?

I have often wondered how it is that so many, nay most, of the anonymous effusions that sigh over the reminiscences of "boyhood" come to the sanctums of newspapers in delicate female handwriting; and those purporting to be indited by unhappy maidens are invariably in masculine chirography. If manuscripts were published as well as sentiments, readers would be astonished to see with what a steady hand "Thoughts of a Dying Old Man" and similar efforts are penned. Romances of foreign lands generally come from people who have never seen salt-water, and tales of humble life from those who would be shocked at a powder spoon. Everybody seems to think that there is poetry in everybody's life but his own. If people only wrote about what they knew, as I do, and not about what they imagined, the public would be spared from reading a great deal of trash.

Exactly five hundred years ago to-day, Chaucer and his fellow pilgrims set out from the Tabard inn, Southwark, on their pilgrimage to Canterbury, and probably but few of them are still living. How true it is that art is long and life fleeting! Had those pilgrims, however, been made of the stuff of which the heroes of the Balaclava charge, Washington's nurses and oldest Free Masons are composed, they would all have been kicking around yet. Verily, *tempora mutantur et nos mutantur in illis*; it is an overwhelming thought, and I am overwhelmed.

I am credibly informed that an old grey-bearded, white-haired man was found by a policeman wandering about on one of the side streets at the extreme north end of what used to be Yorkville, near the toll-gate. On being interrogated by the officer as to what he was doing, he said he was the driver of a corporation watering cart but that he had not visited that portion of the city since he was a boy; and as none of the other drivers were acquainted with the locality he had been unable to obtain any information concerning it and had lost his way, owing to the many changes that had taken place in the appearance of the

district since he last visited it with his cart, sixty-six years ago. The residents of northern Yorkville aver that it is more than a century since the roads in their neighborhood have been thoroughly sprinkled except by rain, and the very oldest inhabitant has gone stark staring mad in his endeavors to remember what a watering cart looks like.

I observe that several papers have devoted considerable space to the matter of a person's right to sleep at night and in the early morning, and a case is reported where a milkman was restricted, by the judge, from clattering his cans at about daybreak—though such clatter could not be dispensed with if the man was to attend to his business—to the annoyance of his immediate neighbors. This decision has opened up an extensive field for speculation, and it will be hard to say what a man may and what he may not do after this. The milkman referred to was attending to his legitimate business, but was ordered to discontinue it because he made such a noise. Now my chief difficulty is this: Can I have my next door neighbor on the left put to death because he snores, especially in the early morning, with a noise like the roaring and rumbling of an Ischian earthquake? He is attending strictly to business whilst he indulges in this nasal horrificando, yet he annoys me terribly, for his snore is not as other men's snores: it is a combination of the sound of a saw filer at work, a steam calliope with the asthma, a donkey braying with the pleurisy and the sound of many chariots driving without axle grease;—but he is asleep. What's to be done in a case like that? If I interfere with his repose and endeavor to put a stop to his snoring, I become as bad as that milkman. My left hand neighbor has a sweet little cherub that I heartily wish was sitting up aloft (were such a thing possible, which I can't see, as a cherub is generally supposed to be nothing but head and wings, with no accommodation for a sedentary position), for precisely as the clock strikes three, that infant begins a nocturne that is gradually but surely bringing the silver threads among the gold on my head; and yet it is that child's business to yell and to defy soothing syrups, paregorics, "dere zen ze itty tootsy pootsies," and so forth, and I feel that I am helpless. I am not a Herod: I wish I was. The green grass should soon wave over a little 3x1 foot mound. Will some one enlighten me as to the law on this matter—gratis?—I am very anxious, as if I am disturbed and my rest shattered much longer, I can feel that the asylum will soon garner in another inmate and that I shall be the new acquisition; heigho!

AN EDITOR'S HOLIDAY PÆAN.

ÆR GOETH A FISHING.

The weather's really rather warm; our extra adiposity
Begins to feel it, and our large abdominal roundity
Seems just the least bit in the way; our heavy corporosity
Prevents us writing sagely, with our usual profundity,
Of things "from lively to severe," as Allick Pope says—
was it he?

Or was it some one else of most remarkable fecundity?
However, be that as it may, we're going to have some
holidays,
And spend a few brief weeks away from worries
editorial;
E'en editors desire at least some annual summer jolly
days,
And they've always been allowed them from ages
immemorial.
All work, no play oft brings for Jack full many melancholy
days,
So we'll take our little rod and make a journey
piscatorial.

The pleasing prospect now before us makes us feel
hilarious,
And that is just the reason why our verses such a
jingle are;
Of course the styles of metres we can write are very
various,
But we have a kind of leaning towards the ones that are
most singular,

Though we know, in writing stuff like this, our life to be
precarious
There's some one 'cussing' us, our ears beginning now
to tingle are.



The willows wave beside a brook which, with our mental
ocular
We see, and we shall visit it, the fishes' slaughter bent
upon;
But we fear those "speckled beauties" must be seized
with feelings jocular,
For they know we never catch them when their death
we're most intent upon.
Now, readers, poetry like this, it really ought to knock
you—la!
As high as e'er a kite was when its airy errand sent upon.
Away with paper, pen and ink, and what the printers
"copy" call;
Away with proofs and all things else pertaining to the
newspapers;
Away with all these things, say we, to where the climate's
tropical,
We're going to where we never wish a moment to
peruse papers;
We feel so light and frolicsome; so bouncy and so
hoppical,
We could quite forgive those people who always will
refuse papers.

And now we'll bring this poem to a much desired terminus,
And the next time that we write one, 'twill lack this one's
vivacity;
"Oh!" we think we hear the fishes cry, "we've got that
fellow's worm in us,
And in taking such a bait as this we sadly lacked
sagacity;
To think that we have been and gone and got old Dar-
win's germ in us,
The very thought's enough to make us sick it is so
nas-i-ty!"

Hurrah! then for the holidays, of bossy times the
bossiest,
When old Phœbus shines his brightest and the birds
sing clear and choiry;
When the moss upon the woodland leaves is ever of the
glossiest,
And a fellow feels he's not obliged to mark his "local"
diary;
When he sits beneath the sylvan boughs on moss that is
the mossiest—
But we really must conclude these rhymes—they sound
so very Swirey!

A TORONTO INQUEST.

COUNSEL FOR PRISONER.—I should like to ask
the last witness—

CORONER.—You can't ask anything

C. FOR P.—But I—

CORONER.—Shut up; policeman, remove
this man.

POLICEMAN (whispering to coroner).—I think
I should be wrong, sir—

CORONER.—Eh? Speak louder. What are
you whispering for?

POLICEMAN (raising his voice).—I think, sir,
I should be wrong—

CORONER.—Eh? Speak up, man; where's
your tongue?

POLICEMAN (roaring at the top of his voice).
—I should be very wrong, sir, to—

CORONER.—Who said you were very strong? This is my court, and I order you to remove that man (pointing to Counsel).

COUNSEL.—Well, in that case I—

CORONER.—Hold your tongue.

COUNSEL.—But I was mistaken in my first question.

CORONER.—Be quiet, I tell you. This is my court. I run this court. I'm coroner, I am. Shut up. You'll never make another mistake in my court.

CHORUS OF SPECTATORS.—“Old noodle,” “Ought to be superannuated.” “In his dotage.” “Shame.” “More sense in the corpse.” “Yes, and it ain't half as deaf as he is,” &c., &c., &c.

(Court breaks up in confusion.)



MISSED HIS CHANCE.

A FACT.

Jim owns a very fine orchard, of which he is deservedly proud, and has a leaning toward religion. Joo is a scoffer.

JOE.—Well, Jir, did the big wind last night do any damage?

JIM.—Damage! I should say it did: blew half my apples down, that's all.

JOE.—Too bad, old fellow. Say, Jim, didn't ye swear?

JIM.—Swear! What l'd be the use of swearing? Of course I didn't.

JOE.—Well, you'll never have a better chance!

VERY SLIGHTLY EXAGGERATED.

“You're very much debilitated, Mr. O'Mahony, and require a nourishing and generous diet,” said the doctor to a patient whom he had been summoned to attend, and who lay in a dilapidated bed in a room in a tenement house, surrounded by every evidence of extreme poverty. “Now, let me see—h'm—yes, some good strong chicken broth to begin with—and take, well—two or three glasses of port wine—good, sound wine, mind—a day: You'll soon come round, sir; good morning. I'll call again to-morrow,” and the learned physician was gone.

“Mary,” said Mither O'Mahony to his wife, as soon as he had departed, “what funds is there at our disposal, or is there any?”

“There's five cents, Mike; ivery blissed copper we've got in the wor-ld, wirra, wirra.”

“Whisht, woman, don't be aither takin' on so, but go and obey the doctor's instructions, and invist it in a three cent bottle of good, sound port wine, and expind the other two cents in poultury. It isn't a dead man I am yit.”



ADVICE TO YOUNG PEOPLE ABOUT TO MARRY.

PUNCH'S “DON'T” DISCOUNTED.

GRIP, ever anxious to make the voyage of wedded life a pleasant one to those who embark upon the waters of the sea of matrimony, often rudely disturbed by the dark storms of bickering, contumely and ill-feeling, ventures to offer a few suggestions to young people about to embark in the good ship “Splice,” feeling that if his hints are duly attended to, much unpleasantness will be avoided, and that the vessel will glide more smoothly over the waters of the ocean referred to.

To drop nautical metaphor, then, GRIP says in the first place;

To the weaker (?) vessel:

1. If your husband happens to be a literary kind of fellow, don't imagine he is surly and cross because he doesn't always wear a broad grin on his face: When he is looking most suicidal, gloomy and diabolical, he is probably thinking up some of his most brilliant jokes.

Don't break in upon him in the sanctity of the woodshed, or whatever place he calls his study, where he writes up his matter, when he is profoundly engaged on some beautiful theme, with such remarks as, “Do come out and hear that Jones girl squawling across the road, I suppose she calls that singing,” or, “Do take off that shirt and let me wash it: you can stay in to-day till it dries.” or, “Smell that fried bacon next door: that's the sixth time this very week those people have had liver and bacon,” and such remarks, for if he happens to be an irritable man the probability is that he will feel annoyed, and, if a profane one in addition, swear.

2. Never, on any account, speak to him when he is shaving. Young and inexperienced wives often fall into committing this error, the gravity of which cannot be fully estimated.

3. If you intend to stretch the clothes-line in some place where it will just catch him under the nose when he comes home after dark, inform him of the fact before he goes out. A man, feeling his nose suddenly “tip-tilted like the petal of a flower” without any warning, and himself cast upon his hip pockets on the hard ground, has been known to utter more old Norman phrases, and to talk more about Rotterdam, Hesse Damstad, Amsterdam and such like places in two minutes than certain County Crown Attorneys could do in four weeks and two days.

4. If he returns from his office or store or shop, or wherever he puts in the time he is paid for, somewhat unexpectedly, don't hail him with, “Hello! is that you?” (of course “you” meaning the man you don't know what you have vowed to do for), as many women do, for if it is he, you have ocular demonstration of the fact, and if it isn't, you must perceive

that your question is only the effect of a love of hearing yourself speak. Don't do it.

5. Don't—(let me whisper this)—go through his pockets when he returns on lodge nights, until you are fully assured he is sound asleep and certain not to hear the rattle of coin. Of course in the case of a literary man this advice is unnecessary, for obvious reasons.

There now, as this is a sufficiently lengthy lesson for the brain of an average female properly to grasp all at once, GRIP drops the subject for the present, trusting that, if even one of the five injunctions given be attended to, he will accomplish some good.

The “stronger vessel” will receive attention in another paper.

POEMS OF LIFE.

NO. 1.—THE LAND SHARK.

BY MCTUFF.

Old Skinflint in his sanctum sat,
Surveying his fast-growing “pile,”
Whilst on his hard face
You could readily trace
A curious, self-satisfied smile.

For times were hard and money was scarce,
And the needy were many and meek,
So he tightened his hold
On his cherished gold,
And the int'rest raised higher each week.

Not one tender spot on his morbid soul
Could the victims of poverty find:
The orphans' sad tale,
Nor the widows' wail,
Made no impress on his mind.

The wants of the poor was the fuel which fed
His insatiate thirst for gold:
So, with Octopus might,
He grasped them tight,
And never relaxed his hold.

Till he squeezed the last dime from his victims' purse,
Then his arms from his prey he uncurled,
And he cast them adrift,
And left them to shift,
Void of means, on a pitiless world.

Thus riches increased, as the years came and went,
But his frame grew withered and weak,
Till a sound was heard
At his bountiful board,
That blanched his cadaverous cheek.

'Twas the angel of death that knocked at the door
Of his proud, palatial hall,
And he trembled with fear,
As the hour drew near
To respond to the Master's call.

Of what avail, then, his ill-gotten wealth
To illumine his desolate path,
Or to pilot his soul
To its destined goal,
'Yond the dismal Valley of Death.

But o'er his last hours let us throw a pall,
And leave him to his doom,
Whilst Charity pleads
To forget his misdeeds,
And cover his faults in the tomb.

HAD HIM THERE.

DUDE.—Oh! come, I say, y'know, seven' five cents is too much, y'know, bay Jawwe! I ain't such a fool as I look, aw!

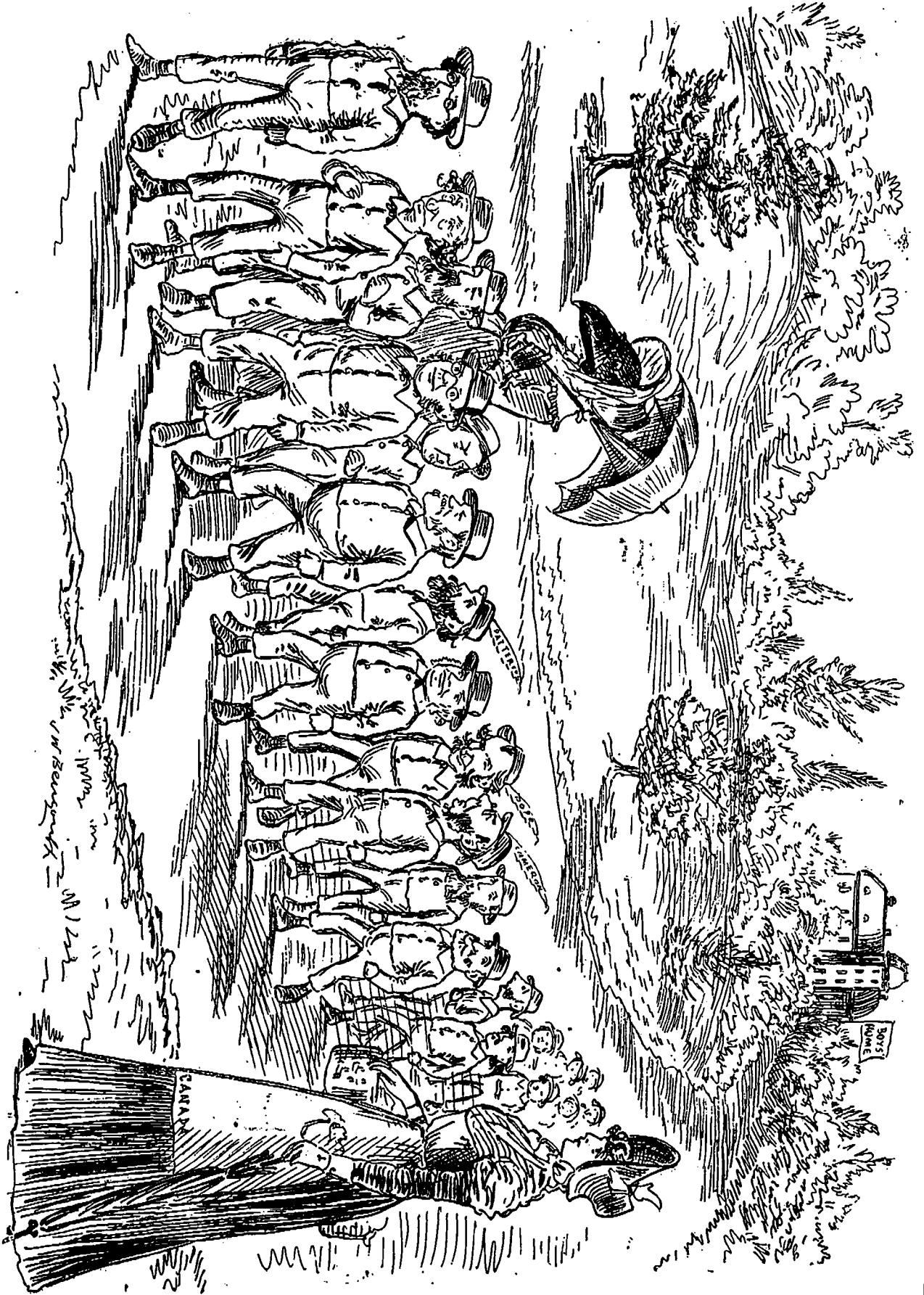
CABBY.—Ain't you, sir; then I only wish you was!

CHOKED TO DEATH.

Mr. Smith was choked with a piece of cartilage, and escaped instant death by a friend striking him a terrible blow between the shoulders while his chest rested on the table. After the gristle was removed he described his sensations of relief as so great that they only could be compared to the comfort a bilious person feels while wearing a Notman Liver Pad.

Young and middle aged men suffering from nervous debility, premature old age, loss of memory, and kindred symptoms, should send three stamps for part VII of pamphlets issued by World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

ANNUAL OUTING OF GRIP BOYS' HOME.





"So the world ways."

Poots must certainly have felt somewhat 'cheap' at what may be termed a failure in his attempt to mesmerize his son, as below set forth. With this brief remark I will let the Cincinnati *Saturday Night* tell the anecdote of

HIS MESMERISM.

"What's mesmerism?" asked Poots' little boy the other day.

"Mesmerism, son, is the—well—let's see, how can I make you understand it?—it is the—where's your dictionary? But no, never mind. I'll explain it in another way," and then Poots, who thinks he has a remarkably powerful mind, undertook to exert a mesmeric influence on his son.

Fixing his eyes on his son in a way that made the boy shudder, he said as he pointed at the clock:

"See that pretty bird! Hear it sing! Let's catch it and put it in a cage," and he got up and dragged the unwilling boy after him.

"Pretty bird! Pretty bird!" he said as he patted the clock.

Then the boy broke away with an awful yell, knocking the clock down in his terror, and yelling "Ma! Ma! Pa's got the jims again."

And that wound up Poots' experiments in mesmerism.—*Cin. Sat. Night.*

There is a good deal of truth in what Miss Root says in the extract I append, and similar thoughts to those expressed by her have occasionally flitted through my own mind, and she is wise when she says she "doesn't wish to join in any cry that will take women's minds off getting married," for she knows what a hopeless task would lie before her. Another thing might be remarked, and that is that when a woman tries to support herself by writing for the newspapers, she has got, to use a homely but expressive phrase, an exceedingly hard row to hoe:—

WOMEN'S WORK AND WOMEN'S WAGES.

In his story, "A Woman's Reason," Mr. Howell puts the problem of women's work and woman's wages pretty well in the character of his heroine, Miss Harkness, who is trying to support herself by writing for the newspapers, then by millinery. She finally confides to Miss Root, a capable and self-supporting woman, that she probably will not do anything for a great length of time—only until "Robert's return." "That's what I supposed," said Miss Root. "That's the great trouble. If a man takes a thing up, he takes it up for life, but if a woman takes it up, she takes it up till some fellow comes along and tells her to drop it. And then they're always complainin' that they ain't paid as much as men for the same work. I'm not speakin' of you, Miss Harkness," she said, with a glance at Helen's face; "I don't know whether I want to join in any cry that'll take women's minds off of gettin' married. It's the best thing for 'em, and it's about all they're fit for, most of 'em, and it's nature; there's no denyin' that. But if women are to be helped along independently of men—and I never was

such a fool as to say they were—why, it's a drawback. And so most of 'em that can't wait to prepare themselves for anything, because they don't expect to stick to anything, they turn book agents, or sell some little patented thing; or they try to get a situation in a store."

Some of the members of the Toronto Hunt Club might ponder over the little story related below. Of course it's thoroughly English and "good form" and all that kind of thing for a lot of full grown men and women to chase a poor defenceless little animal, but it *does* seem rather cowardly after all. In connection with the Toronto Hunt and some of its members, I would suggest that certain parties learn to sit decently on horseback before making such an exhibition of themselves as two gawky, callow youths I observed the last time the Club was out. Even the street gamins had to laugh and shout "get inside" as these hobbadehays were carried along, their limbs flying loosely in the breeze and their toes turned out till their feet looked like stun'sle booms. It was very laughable.

ON ACCOUNT OF A FOX.

"Speaking of fox-hunting," said Col. Moley, a well known Arkansas gentleman, "reminds me of how nearly I came to losing my life once. I was a boy and had just come from a New England city. My father bought a farm and, charmed with the romantic change, I spent the most of my time in the woods hunting. One day, while prowling around with my gun, I saw a party of mounted men dashing in the excitement of a fox chase. The hounds kept up a terrible noise and seemed to be close to the fox. While I stood under a tree I saw the fox slipping along through the briars. I raised my gun took a quick aim and fired. The fox fell over and in a burst of glee I rushed forward and was holding him up by the tail when the men and hounds came up.

"What the devil did you shoot that fox for?" shouted one of the men.

"Here he is; I've killed him for you."

"But, confound you, we didn't want you to kill him."

"You can have him."

"Have the nation, you say! We wanted to chase him."

"Didn't you want to catch him?"

"Of course we did."

"Well, you've got him. I thought I'd save you the trouble of running him and probably losing him at last."

"You're the biggest fool I ever saw. Don't you know that we merely wanted to see him run?"

"But you couldn't see him."

"Blame you, we could hear the hounds."

"Oh, is that what you want? Why don't you shut them up in a room and get in among them with a whip then?"

The huntsman's reply is not recorded, but it was presumably of a very torrid character.—*Arkansas Traveler.*

THE BUREAU DETECTIVE'S SONG.

"The tricks to which the average County Constable will resort for the purpose of heaping up costs are wonderful, and have been frequently illustrated of late,"—says the *London Free Press*, and then goes on to show some of the ways that are dark and tricks that are vain, by which the County *Detectives* of Middlesex, manage to pile up costs. The following exquisite *morceau* is supposed to be sung by one of the gentlemen of the Bureaus, with chorus by his *confreres*.

SOLO.

Oh! I'm a bold detective from London in the bush,
And I'm the boy when things are dull to make 'em up
and rush;

I keep a little bureau, or an agency, the name
Is a matter of indifference, both their meanings are the
same.

SPOKEN.—Yes, gentlemen, we Middlesex
County Constables are the boys: ain't we a
gay lot? there's,—chorus, gentlemen—

Hodgity, Hodgity, Popity, Pope,
Popity, Popity, Hodge podge:
We'll hang ourselves yet, give us plenty of rope,
Oh! the bureau's a capital doddee-podge.

SOLO.

I'm hand in glove with magistrates—and some of 'em are
run 'uns,
But what's the odds as long as they will ne'er refuse a
summons
Or a warrant? For I tell you, that for 'right I'm not a
stickler,
As long as I see costs ahead I'm not a bit partic'lar,

SPOKEN.—No, I should think not, indeed:
Pile up the costs, I say. If its only a mile to
go to serve a summons, why, bless your heart,
go round by Lucan and make it twenty, and
at ten cents a mile it'll soon mount up, won't
it

Templary, Templary, Popity, Schram,
Simmonsey—Fitzety? Hurro!
Oh! what a cunning detective I am
With my County detective's bureau,

SOLO.

I try to make employers refuse to pay their men for la-
bor;
I do my best to set each man against his next door neigh-
bor;
Of course a minister would say my schemings are im-
moral,
But what the mischief need I care as long as people quar-
rel?

SPOKEN.—Care! not a bit of it. If people
will quarrel, let 'em: it's no trouble to me to
serve a bit of paper on 'em, and I can easily
set a couple of women by the ears by telling
one of 'em that the other said she has a red
nose or that her children are the ugliest little
brats in Christendom, and then comes the

Summons, warrants, attendance at court,
Mileage by road or by rail, oh!
Then another small fee of which nobody thought—
Carrying the prisoner to jail, oh!

SOLO.

Yes, when they quarrel, there's my chance; I'm down as
quick as thought,
And drag the naughty people up before the justice (??)
court,
What care I tho' folks are innocent; my fees and costs
are sure, oh!
There's nothing half so sweet in life as running of
bureau.

SPOKEN.—No: I should think there wasn't:
why, fellows, it's a picnic: you can get a horse
and buggy of your own in a few months, and
then's the time to charge mileage and hire of
horse and rig. Ah! I tell you, you're a muff if
you don't become a county detective and keep
a bureau with

Templary, Hodgity, Schramity, Pope,
Fitzsimmonsey, Edwardsey, F. P's.
Folks won't object to the law we should hope;
That will their ardor soon appease,
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!

The GRIP-SACK.

We have pleasure in submitting the following unsol-
icited opinions:

"As a specimen of humorous literature it is immense—
it out—Jumbos Jumbo.

"P. T. BARNUM."

"I expect to be in Canada shortly, and the greatest
pleasure I anticipate is being able to secure a copy of
the GRIP SACK.

"LORD CHIEF JUSTICE COLERIDGE."

"I never enjoyed complete bliss till I received the copy
of GRIP SACK you sent. It is a complete antidote against
beetles, mosquitoes, and Lord Randolph Churchill.
"W. E. GLADSTONE."



THE LOVERS' PARTING.

A lovely autumn evening. Late; somewhat chilly; not to say damp. The hour matters not; 'twas late, yet not too much so for Argyle Slobbins and Bertruchia de la Humpty to be abroad.

They were lovers, these twain. Those five short words are pregnant with meaning.

He loved her and her loved he. These seven words are even more full of pith than the other five.

The reader must imagine a richly-wooded glade in the ancestral forests around the de la Humpty turretted and castellated mansion.

Proud mansion! recalling the grand old castles of ye days of chivalerie. The de la Humpty affair had been finished the previous spring and commenced in the summer before. The moonbeams glimmer and glint athwart the sombre shade of the newly planted chestnut trees composing the richly wooded glade before referred to: An owl occasionally toots his lugubrious toot from some (imaginary) ivy-clad ruin, to be answered by another of his species who endeavors, in the words of the immortal bard, E. King Dodds, to "toot a little louder." A whip-poor-will, seeing nothing to hinder him, gives vent to a periodical "whishoo-wee," and all things proclaim that it is an autumn evening as before stated.

However, to get on. *Tempus fugit.* (Latin).

The lovers wander on, not saying much. Argyle is not a conversational bird, anyhow, and Bertruchia is busy with her gun. At length he speaks:

"Bertruchia, I am about to ask you to be mine."

"Oh! Argy, don't; I shall scream: besides I really don't know what to say."

"Wait till I ask you, dearest," he replies, coiling his serpentine, lithe, sinewy, muscular, irresistible arm around her belt, "Wait: ere I propound the question bidding you to prepare for the awful doom"—Argyle was a law squirt and had heard judges and such use these words—"which awaits you, I would first ask another."

She was silent.

"Tu-whoo-whoo-who," chanted the mournful owl, "whishawill, whish-a-wee" went 'tother dismal fowl. (Poetry.)

"I would ask you, Bertruchia, here as we stand in the presence of yonder tool-house, whether you—answer me, as the good and true woman I believe you to be, for Cæsar's wife must be above reproach, whether you—"

She was visibly trembling and sniffed a little as the damp struck through the paper soles of her 2 pair for \$3.50's—still she nerved herself for the dread interrogatory, determined to answer it, even though she were compelled to utter fifty falsehoods in doing so. She looked at him fearlessly and there was go-ahead-without-what-you're-going-to-say in every line of her beautiful downturned visage.

She was several inches taller than he. "Then Bertruchia," he continued, "when you are dressing—"

She started and would have fallen but for the deathly curiosity to hear what was coming that sustained her.

"Do you, do you—hold pins in your mouth?"

It was out now.

A leaf fluttered from one of the stately 2 inches in diameter chestnuts and fell at her feet. She stooped to pick it up, whilst Argyle, bracing himself with a strong effort, awaited her reply.

"Argyle," she said, straightening up to her full, proud height, "though I forfeit your love for ever, I will brave its loss and answer truly. I do."

It was evident that the shock was terrible to him: still, like some frowning bluff that repels the seething, foaming wrath of the angry waves, he withstood it before continuing.

"There is yet one more chance"; then he paused again. "Bertruchia, I know the feelings of your sex" (Law squirts make little mistakes of speech when excited or unnerved, as was Argyle). "Answer me yet once more: How many?"

"On an average seven, Argyle,— ("Be the same more or less," he interposed) "and now what would you with me?"

The strong man's agony was fearful to witness. A convulsive shudder ran through the full five feet one comprising Argyle Slobbins' stature as he said:

"Nothing. Had the number been four I had ta'en ye for better or for worse, but seven, never. The contortions of countenance of a woman, aye, though she be gifted with the beauty of a Cleopaterer or a, or a Boadicea—the spasms of visage, I repeat, of a female with seven pins in her mouth I have once witnessed. May I never do so again. All the love I might feel for one before seeing her in the rash act would depart and go out from me for ever after beholding her grimacing with those seven pins. No, Bertruchia, it cannot be." And he covered his face with his shapely fin and wept aloud.

She turned towards the grand old hall without another word.

He gazed after her, heave! a sigh that snapped something, and returned to his hash-house.

WHAT HE LEARNT AT COLLEGE.

NOT ALTOGETHER IMAGINARY.

MERCHANT: So you want me to give you some employment. Well, tell me what you can do, and what you are doing at present. Go on; I won't interrupt you.

APPLICANT: I don't know that I can do anything useful. I went to an English grammar school when I was about eight years old. I was not what is called a reading boy; if I had been I should have learned nothing that could help me now. My belief is that a knowledge of Latin verse would not assist me in my present profession. I am driving a hack for a living at present. When I left school I was in the sixth form; that was the highest. I had not worked hard, but just sufficiently so to keep up with the rest. Our studies consisted of Latin—Cæsar, Horace, Virgil and so on; Greek—Xenophon, Homer, Euripides, and Greek Testament; mathematics, geometry, trigonometry, botany and about a dozen other subjects. The study of French or German was optional and was charged extra; I did not go in for it. I acquired a smattering of the subjects I have mentioned. Am not perfect in one of them. My parents were fairly well off. They urged me to make friends of the wealthier boys and the young noblemen. I was well supplied with pocket money and belonged to the selectest set in the

school. The tradesmen gave us 'tick' to a certain extent; I consider that the habit I have of getting into debt whenever it is possible, was acquired at school. Should estimate that the ten years I spent at school cannot have cost less than £1500 or £2000, or about from \$7,500 to \$10,000. I was considered by the masters a fair scholar when I left school; in reality I did not know a single subject thoroughly. However, I had made numerous friends, or at least intimate companions amongst the young sprigs of nobility. Went to the University: chose Cambridge: I went as what is called a Pensioner: the majority of Cambridge men were Pensioners. Noblemen and Fellow Commoners formed the first grade. Pensioners the next, and Sizarers the third. There was little difference between them as regards birth. The Sizarers were, perhaps, better born than the Fellow Commoners as a rule; the former were usually the sons of clergymen, the latter of rich tradesmen. Sizarers were somewhat looked down upon and dined after the rest had done, with steel forks instead of silver: I have heard their treatment (which I should say the authorities encouraged) called a gratuitous insult; I call it a deuced shame. I could not get out of the same set I had been in at the school. Associated with the first grade I mentioned before. Read moderately hard and paid about £50 a year extra for a couple of private 'coaches' or 'crammers'; in other words a 'coach' is a sort of tutor. University life cost me about £400 the first year. Tradesmen would press me to buy their goods which I didn't want, at long credit; bought several articles I didn't require. When I had been at Cambridge four years my father died suddenly and it was found he was worth nothing. I had to leave the University: I was penniless. I thought some of my noble friends would use their influence and get me something to do; they could have done so without trouble, but they didn't. Some of them are in the House of Peers and I am driving a hack. I think a good many of them are greater blackguards than I. I think I would have behaved differently had I been in their place and they in mine—can't say, though. More than one gave me small sums of money, with cold words enough, and no one twice. Yes, I took an ordinary degree at the University: I read six weeks for it, pretty hard: I read because I had heard that to be a B.A. might help me to something. I consider now that the value of my B.A.-ship was about £4000 minus. I cannot tell what were the subjects for my degree: one never can after 'cram.' Whatever they were they are no use to me now. Deducting all extravagances I don't think my education could have cost less than that sum. I have been a great fool. I never learnt, anywhere, any useful knowledge whatever with the exception of learning to drive at Cambridge: I qualified myself there for my present position. I declare I was rendered fit for nothing else. I landed in Canada three months ago.

MERCHANT: Well sir, yours is only one of many similar cases. But why not try and get on some newspaper staff as a reporter? I should think your education would be of service to you there.

APPLICANT: I have tried, but was told I shouldn't do, and on looking over some of the Canadian papers, I hardly think my style of writing would suit.

MERCHANT: Ah! well then I'm afraid you wouldn't do for Canadian journalism unless you could obtain some position as editorial writer on the *Mail*. Well, I'll see what I can do for you. Call round again in—let me see, yes—call round in the course of six months or so and I may have an opening for you. (*Aside.* It will be winter then and the furnaces will require attending to.)—Good morning, sir.

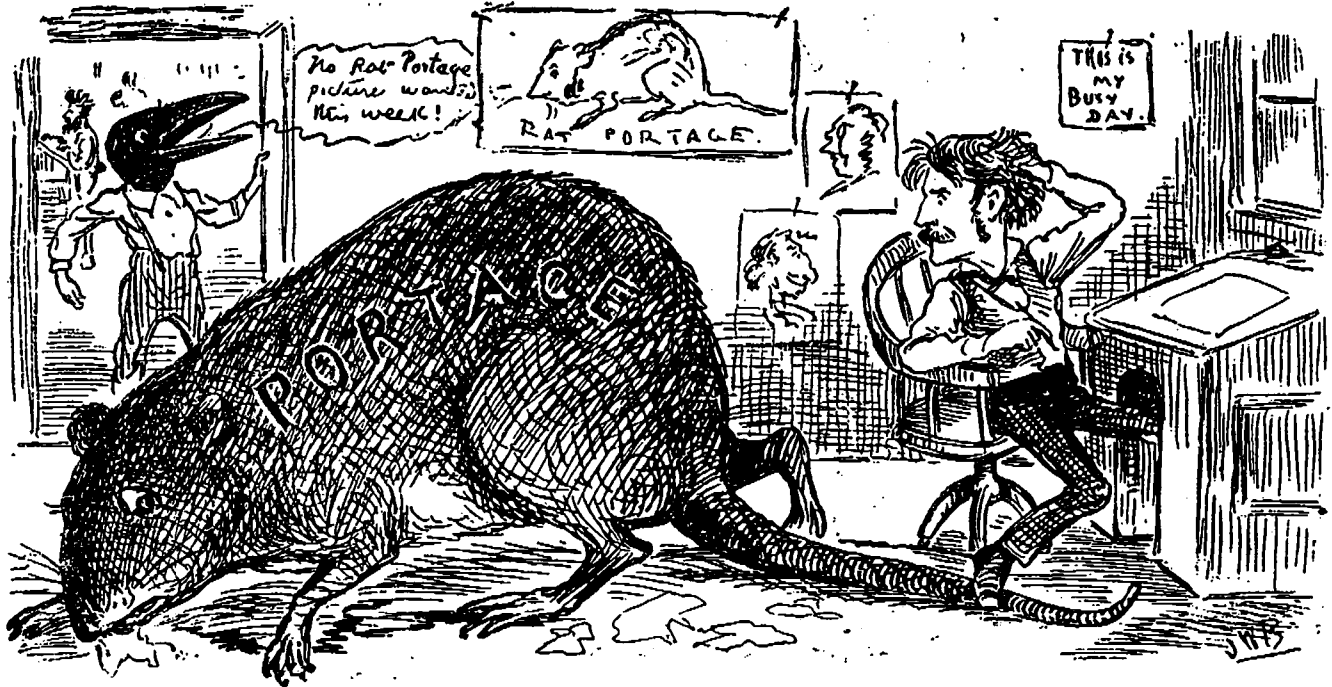
Good morning.

(Exit applicant.)

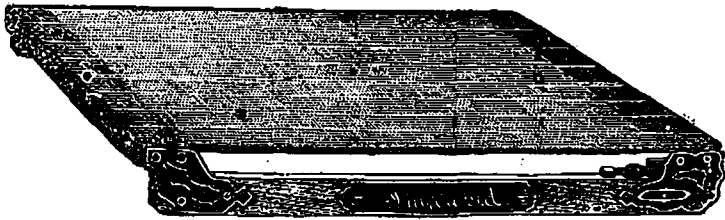
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WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLISS.

Terence and Kathleen emigrated from the 'ould sod' early in the spring and have just raised their first crop of potatoes in this country, but which appear, most unaccountably to the pair, to be afflicted by some disease, as all the leaves are coming off. Kathleen has just come in from an inspection of the potato patch and reports the sad state of affairs to Terence.

TERENCE:—It must be some disaise, I dunno.

KATHLEEN:—Phwat wud it be, Tirry darlint, I niver saw the likes of it acrost the wather, but I'm thinkin' were goin' to have bethler luck now afther all for I've seed a sign.

TERENCE:—An' phwat did ye see, Kathleen?

KATHLEEN:—Sure ye know in the dear ould isle thim pritty little rid and black lady-birds* is always a sign o' luck to thim as they comes to, an' there's lots o' things similar only different on the prathies: only instid of being rid and black these things is black and yellow, shripey, an' bigger.

TERENCE:—Maybe it is a sign o' luck at lasht, Kathleen, so we'll not be afther deshtroying them.

And they accordingly give Mr. Colorado beetle carte b'anche to do as he pleases.

*NOTE.—The lady-bird, it may not be generally known, is a small beetle.

A fashion item announces that ladies are wearing V-shaped bodices. A V-shaped bodice spoils an X-shaped note.

Statistics show that 100,000 people are killed by whiskey where one person is killed by a mad dog. And yet most everybody would rather tackle a glass of whiskey than a mad dog.

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A story is told about the ordination of a young English clergyman, whose name was Salter. Nature had gifted him with hair which was the reddest of the red. Feeling that in the solemn ceremonies of his ordination this red hair might be the cause of irreverent mirth, especially as the ritual prescribes that the Bishop should touch it, he determined to dye it black for this occasion, which he did. The Bishop afterward expostulated with the hapless Salter, and alleged against him the authority of the rubric in the prayer book which says: "The Psalter must be read in the churches."

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