


# EL PADRE, EL PADRE, EL PADRE,

**CINGALESE HAIR RESTORER!** IT PREVENTS THE HAIR FROM FALLING OUT, REMOVES DANDRUFF, AND PRODUCES A BEAUTIFUL HEAD OF HAIR. ALL THE LADIES SPEAK HIGHLY OF IT.

IMPORTER.



CHINA HALL.

GLOVER HARRISON,

49 KING ST. EAST, TORONTO.




The Gravest Beast is the Ass.

The Gravest Bird is the Owl.

The Gravest Man is the Fool.

The Gravest Fish is the Oyster.

IMPORTER.

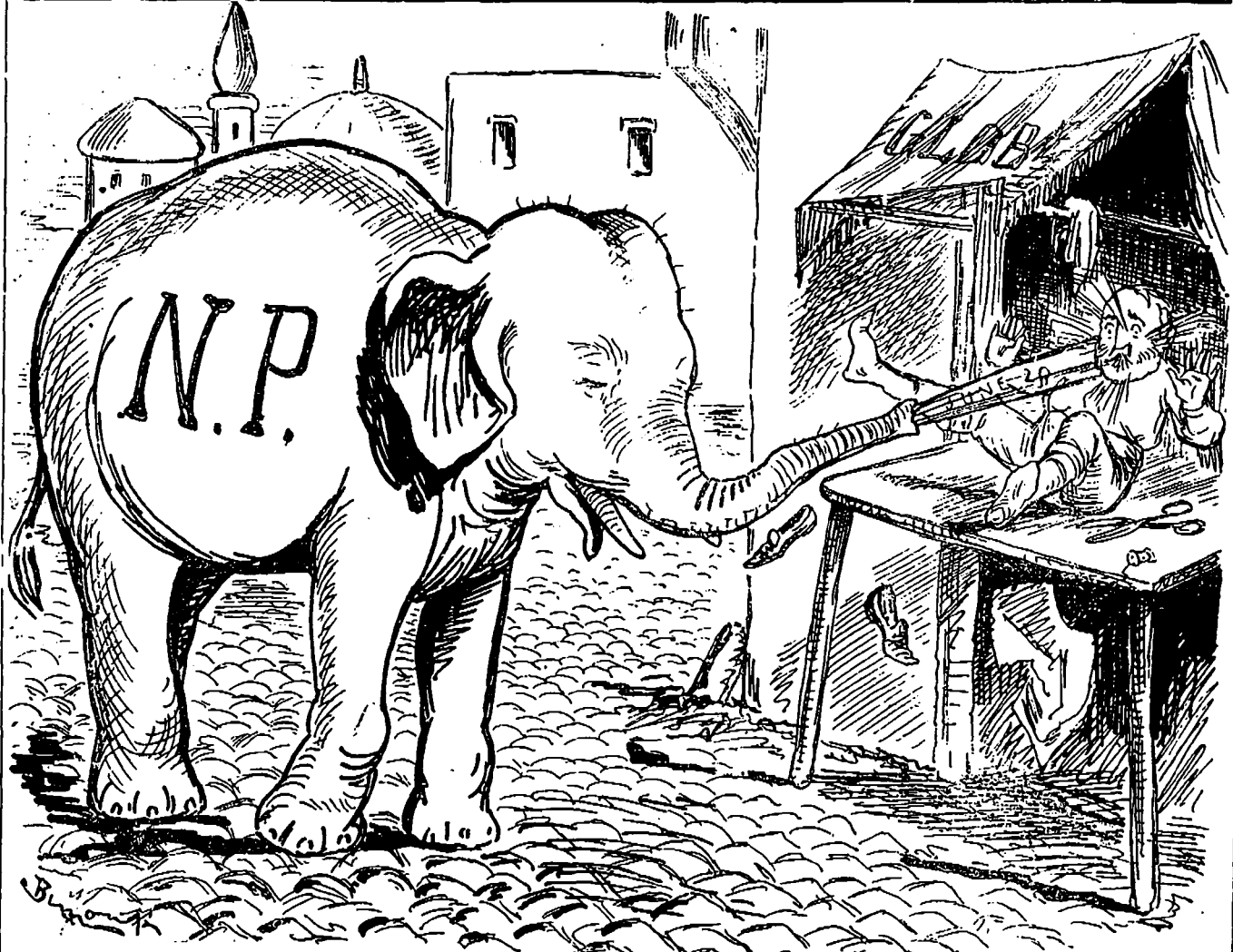


CHINA HALL.

GLOVER HARRISON,

49 KING ST. EAST, TORONTO.

VOLUME XIX. } TORONTO, SATURDAY, JULY 1, 1882. { \$2 PER ANNUM  
 No. 7. } { 5 CENTS EACH.



THE ELEPHANT'S REVENGE.

"... One day the tailor happened to be in a more than ordinary ill humor, and when the elephant put his trunk in at the window as usual instead of giving him anything to eat he pricked him with his needle. The elephant find, and on his return discharged it full in the tailor's face."—Vide "SANFORD & MERTON."

TO THE TRADE.

**THE YORK ENVELOPE**

AND

MANUFACTURING COMPANY,

Manufacture an extensive line of Envelopes, and are now prepared to promptly execute orders for all sizes and styles. Odd sizes made to order. Samples and Prices upon application.

J. THORNE, *Managing Director*

22 COLBORNE STREET, TORONTO.

+ SUBSCRIBE +


FOR THE

**A B C**

The popular Railway and Steamboat Guide. Only one Dollar a year. Single Copies 10 cents. For sale at all Bookstores. Published monthly by

**J. THEO. ROBINSON,**

54 St. FRANCOIS XAVIER St., MONTREAL.



**BRUCE THE PHOTO**

1ST GRNT—What find I here  
 Fair Fortia's counterfeit? What demi-god  
 Hath come so near creation?  
 2ND GRNT—It must have been BRUCE, as he alone can  
 so beautifully counterfeit nature.

STUDIO—118 King st. V 21

**BUREAU.**

**SHORTHAND**

**BENGOUGH'S** 11 KING ST. WEST.  
 THOS. BENGOUGH (Official Reporter York Co. Court), Manager.

**PITTSTON COAL.** SHIPPED DIRECT FROM MINES TO THE TRADE.—AT LOWEST RATES.—**A. & S. NAIRN** Toronto.

## "THE GRIP-SACK."

### Is Nearly Packed!

DON'T FAIL TO SECURE A COPY  
ON THE 1st OF JULY.

Price, - - - - 25 Cents.



AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL

Published by the GRIP Printing and Publishing  
Company of Toronto.

W. BENGOUGH,  
Editor & Artist.

S. J. MOORE,  
Manager.

SUBSCRIPTION TERMS.—Two dollars per annum,  
payable in advance. Six months, one dollar.

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

#### Please Observe.

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

### Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—It is generally believed by Reformers that the *Globe* largely contributed to the defeat of Blake by its course of unqualified antagonism to the N.P. The lines from Cowper's famous doggerel express the situation as well as if written for the purpose.

FIRST PAGE.—The triumphant success of the N.P. was followed by an exhibition of revenge upon the editor of the *Globe* in the form of a general outpouring of the vials upon his devoted head by Grit and Tory alike.

EIGHTH PAGE.—We have met the Reformer who not only is satisfied with the result of the election but declares that he wouldn't have had it otherwise. There is good reason to believe that old Hard Times is on his way to Canada again, in fact it is known in financial circles that he is sure to arrive in about two years, and the above mentioned Reformer wants him to catch the Lib-Cons. in office just for once. "We will then find out" says he, "whether or no the N.P. is a talisman against depression or not!"

In reply to inquiries, we beg to state that the *Grip-Sack* is now in press and will be found on the bookstands in the course of a few days. Look out for it.



#### THE BOTHWELL SEAT.

USHER, (*Returning Officer*).—Excuse me, Mr. Mills, that seat belongs to this gentleman.

MR. MILLS.—Don't be quite so fast, sonny: the Manager says it's mine.

#### DOMINION DAY NOTES.

The Odd Fellows have arranged for their usual grand excursion, though on this occasion the route is changed from Orillia to Sturgeon Point. It promises to be as merry an event as of old.

The Foresters and Shepherds demonstrate in London, where a great day of games and sports may be expected. MR. GRIP acknowledges with thanks the receipt of a complimentary.

A similar courtesy has been extended by the managers of the grand demonstrations to take place in Brantford on our National Day.

#### ONE OF THE SIGHTS!

In the *Hamilton Times* we see the opening of a new saloon advertised in this wise:—

#### "COME AND SEE THE BEAST."

This invitation to the general public should have been worded more clearly. In the first place we want to know what beast is meant. Is it the beast behind the bar? or the beast who illustrates Darwin's theory of evolution backward, by showing with a rapidity, far ahead of antediluvian precedent, how one of the brute species can be "evolved" from a nature originally so high as to be considered only "a little lower than the angels." Secondly, we would like to know what good is to be gained by the public going to see this, or either of these beasts. Has the advertiser been animated by the spirit of the ancient Spartans, who in those old heroic days, filled their slaves drunk once a year or so, turned them into the arena, and then brought their children to see the beasts, by way of warning them against the dangers of drinking wine. If this is what we are invited to "come and see the beast" for, the advertiser has been at a great deal of needless expense and trouble, for alas! have we not slaves, otherwise called "bummers," in every stage of drunken imbecility, wherever we turn, so many indeed, and so familiar the sight, that like scripture truths, they cease to warn, so accustomed are we to the daily repetition of the lesson. Failing this, what possible motive can the ad. have for inviting all and sundry to "come and see the beast." No man would have the audacity to invite us to come and see the beast with the intention of converting us also into

beasts, unless indeed he wanted to set up a Zoo in opposition to Harry here, and speculated on getting beasts cheap by making them pay the Piper. No, no. Why then don't he speak plainly and to the purpose, instead of putting forth the parable of "come and see the beast," without specifying which beast, the buyer or the seller. We have a faint recollection of reading somewhere of one called Wisdom who lifted up her voice in the market places, vending her wares, but in the ambitious city that ancient individual is superseded by a liquor-seller who stands also at the market place, urgently requesting the passer-by to "come and see the beast." Yet who can help admiring the consistency of the individual who has the courage and honesty to use such appropriate language, when requesting people to patronize his efforts to establish a beast-making business.

#### SYNOD HALL.

A REMINISCENCE OF THE EPISCOPALIAN SESSION OF 1882, NOT SUGGESTED BY ANY POEM OF MR. TENNYSON'S.

Leave me here my chums, a little, while the secretaries call  
Out the names of all the parsons in their list at Synod Hall;  
There they gather, all the figures we remember long and well,  
Each glazed hat and buttoned frock-coat, and black gingham umberell.  
Then the Bishop, on the platform, as the Chairman, takes command;  
When they say "My Lord," observe him bowing low and looking bland.  
These good men, they lead such noble, pure, self-sacrificing lives,  
Should have paradise for parish and have angels for their wives.  
They do not, like wordy laymen, hunt for dollars all the week,  
Crooked ways of "biz." pursuing with illimitable cheek;  
How they all love one another, how they join with one accord  
Venerating the Archdeacons, doing homage to "My Lord."  
But this Spring a fund accrueeth which the Synod promptly claims,  
The enormous lapsed endowment of the parish of St. James.  
Whereupon the city clergy of Toronto meekly say,  
"Some nine hundred yearly dollars this to each of us shall pay."  
Which the Township parsons hearing, cry, "beloved, do not so!  
Unto us too, peradventure, shall a share of shekels go!"  
So they argued and disputed and in laymen gathered then—  
What hard sayings can be uttered by the lips of holy men.  
Then out spake our noble Howland, wise, veracious, apt in speech,  
"Do not put this public money in your pockets, I beseech,  
Let it serve some great cause, send it to the heathen o'er the sea.  
Or convert from "washee, wasshee" the Mongolian Chinese.  
There are hospitals and noble works of mercy to be sure,  
These endow and let it wander, heaven-directed, to the poor!"  
But the parsons this proposal heard with most uneasy qualms,  
And they answered it in language not exactly like the psalms.  
And their umberells were brandished, and there seemed a prospect grim  
They would go for noble Howland, and would put a heave on him;  
For if they inst ad of adding to the income each one draws,  
Had been anxious to devote it to some noble public cause,  
To the coarse and worldly layman it were contradiction flat,  
Who has thought their zeal excessive in the passing round the hat;  
Who has grieved at the good young girls, who will not be debarr'd  
In passing round from house to house the miss-on-a-y card!  
Who has sneered at ice cream socials and church picnics, and has scoffed  
At a grand æsthetic ritual so forcibly and oft.  
But the parson like the layman has a liking to get rich,  
And good Mother Church says mournfully, "Alack, that there are such."

LA V I. Cuss.

#### THE ISLAND.

Capt. Turner has three first-rate steamers plying to and from the Island, so that those in quest of a "mouthful of fresh air" can secure that priceless boon at ridiculously low rates.

## A MIDNIGHT MURDER;

OR,  
EVERY DOG HAS HIS DAY.

BY STUBBS.

## CHAP. I.

"It must be done. Ere to-morrow morning's sun tinges the hills of Leslieville with gold and casts its glimmering beams upon the pellucid waters of the Don, he dies! I swear—r it!"

The foregoing was the remark that J. Theophilus Rooney made to his bosom friend and companion, Fitzpatrick D. Jones, as they wended their way up Yonge-st. about the hour of six o'clock.

"My steel shall aid thee, an thou lackest help," replied the trusty Fitzpatrick D. "I know the wretch, and my tried revolver has ere now clicked for the dastard's blood."

"Then to-night," said J. Theophilus, as they parted, and he looked cautiously round to see that no peeler was nigh, "meet me, when the cathedral bell tolls twelve, hard by the corner of Bond-st. church, and when the last strokes quiver away and die upon the air, I'll join thee! The password, remember, is 'Revenge!'"

"And the countersign?"

"Death!"

## CHAP. II.

A splendid mansion on Teraulay-st. A broad, beautifully-gravelled drive sweeps up to the main entrance, and encloses, amid magnolias and laburnums, statues and fountains in bewildering profusion. Evidently the home of some merchant prince or retired reporter. Inside, the wide, spacious corridors are covered and rendered noiseless to the tread by scalpskin rugs of the rarest kind, while all the rooms are thickly laid with soft, velvety carpets specially imported, and the product of the far-famed power looms of Persia. Golden candelabras hang from the gilded ceilings, and the backs of the chairs and lounges are profusely studded with diamonds and rubies. All is wealth and luxury. Upon a gorgeous sofa reclines a maiden of dazzling beauty, and some seventeen summers and eighteen or nineteen winters, toying with a Spitz dog, a very ordinary brute, except perhaps, that he was uglier, and apparently crosser than the average. The girl was Melinda May de Brackenbury, the heroine of our tale.

"Dear Spit," she sighed, as she fondled the dog in her arms, "I don't know which I love best, you or Theophy, you are such a little darling, um—um—" and she buried her dimpled face in his woolly coat.

Just then the door bell rang. She hurried to the entrance, followed by the canine, and found herself clasped in the strong arms of her lover, who kissed her ardently and tenderly. The dog, who looked upon this proceeding as an act of interference upon his jurisdiction, stood upon his provincial rights, and met his teeth in J. Theophilus' calf in a way that made that individual feel as if heaven was farther off than ever.

"Curse that dog," muttered J. Theophilus beneath his breath, as he aimed a fruitless kick at him behind Melinda's back, "you again, you brute! you're always at your tricks when I come here, nippin' my heels and bitin' my legs, and addin' insult to injury, for you come between me and my Melinda."

"Why so troubled, Theophy?" said the girl, as she lifted her dreamy blue eyes to his down-turned face, and cast on him the magic of her glance. "You seem disturbed."

"Tis naught, or at most 'tis but a passing spasm. I am better now, my heart's dearest," said her lover, and the blood ran down his calves and soaked into the bottoms of his shoes.

And so it was the whole evening. While lovers talked about the Boundary Award and the N. P. and the coming elections, the fiendish Spit played round, and whenever a favorable opportunity occurred, he sampled J. Theophilus' trousers, or made a new incision on some part of his limbs previously untouched, and after every successful attempt he would retire below the sofa and laugh softly a brutal, dog-like, diabolical laugh.

"Spit seems in uncommon good humor to-night, dear little dog, doesn't he, Theophy?" said Melinda.

"Oh yes, the little de—, I mean the little darling is enjoying himself immensely; he's having a big time, he is," said J. Theophilus, who knew that Melinda loved the dog as the crab-apple of her eye. "But," he muttered darkly, "wait, wait!"

Spit's crowning act that evening was when J. Theophilus was taking his leave and was just about to imprint a sweet loving kiss upon Melinda's ruby lips. From the banisters of the stair where he had gone to lie in wait, Spit at that moment jumped right into Melinda's arms and received on his own cold irresponsive nose the glowing salute meant for his mistress. "This is too, too much," shrieked J. Theophilus, as he fled into the darkness.

## CHAP. III.

'Tis a dark and gloomy night, fit for deeds of blood. Behind a buttress of the Church of the Great Pyramid stands a figure wrapped in a long dark cloak, and surmounted with a high felt hat with sloping crown, and drooping feather. "Yes," says Fitzpatrick D. Jones (for 'tis he), "I think this is just about the toggery. Clad in such garb we cannot fail." Hark! 'Tis the cathedral chimes of old St. James' striking twelve, and as the last reverberations cease another cloak-enveloped, assassin-looking form steps out of the darkness and grasps Fitzpatrick D. by the hand.

"Hast thou thy dagger and thy pistol?" it says.

"Aye, and am prepared to use them!"

"Then follow me."

And with silent steps the two conspirators disappeared in a north-westerly direction. Half an hour later the policeman on the Yonge-street beat encountered two muffled forms striding towards the Bay, carrying between them some heavy object done up in a sack, and evidently anxious to escape observation. "Bo the powers, but I'd loike to give thin students a tashte of this same," he said, as he loosed his baton in its scabbard.

But the "students" passed unheeding on. They reach the Bay. They place their burden on the ground, open the sack, fill it full of stones and carefully re-tie it. Then with a splash they heave it into the lake, and the bubbling waters close o'er the spot, and hide from the world above the evidences of that night's awful crime.

"Revenge at last!" laughs J. Theophilus Rooney, wildly. "Ha! ha!"

## CHAP. IV.

The next evening. Again the mansion on Teraulay-street. Again does J. Theophilus Rooney, this time with wild and laggard countenance, seek the side of the fair Melinda. But she repulses him with fierce indignation and anger.

"Poor dear darling Spit," she says, "has not been seen all day, and this letter contains the evidence of thy guilt. Base deceiver, henceforth thou art nothing to me!" And J. Theophilus recognized the note as one he had written to Fitzpatrick D., asking his help to get rid of Spit, but which, having seen his confederate in the meantime, he had not delivered and had forgotten all about. It had fallen from his overcoat pocket as he rushed down the front steps the previous evening.

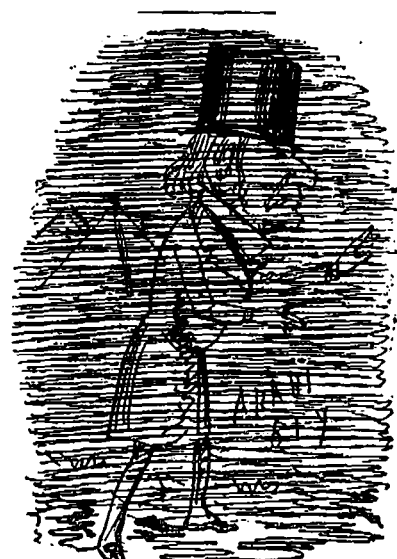
"It's all up now," he mutters, "and I suppose I've got to go. But," he cries, "give me a chance to explain: 'twas all a joke—"

"Quit my sight," cried the incensed girl, "and never let me look upon thy form again!"

(Grashing his teeth and cursing his careless folly, J. Theophilus left the building, ruminating bitterly on the uncertainty of thngs. "But we've killed the dog, anyhow," he reflected grimly.)

What is that white object which rushes past him as he opens the front gate, and bounds up the doorsteps? Gracious Heavens! 'tis Spit! And J. Theophilus can hear the fond exclamations with which Melinda greets her favorite's return.

Oh! the irony of Fate! They had drowned the cat!



"EGYPTIAN DARKNESS."

## ANOTHER DISALLOWANCE!!

It has come to Mr. GRIP's knowledge that the following draft of a Bill to be passed at next session of Parliament has been prepared by Sir John A. Macdonald:

## BILL.

Victoria, etc., by and with, etc., enacts as follows:

Whereas the electors of Ontario have affirmed the doctrine that it is the right and duty of the Federal Government of the Dominion to judge of the wisdom or unwisdom of local acts, and to disallow all such as may be deemed unwise; And whereas, it is the duty of the Federal Government to use this prerogative strictly without party bias or influence;

Therefore the Commons of Canada in Parliament assembled enact as follows:

1. That the casting of ballots in Ontario on the 20th day of June was a local Act.
2. That said Act was unwise and had a political purpose, inasmuch as by its operation more Conservatives than Brits were returned to Parliament.
3. That said Act be and is hereby disallowed and repealed.

We hope the Conservative members of the new House will rise as one man against this new onslaught on our Provincial rights if the Premier really brings it before them.

ALBERT EDWARD, Prince of Wales, when acknowledging a debt makes an a-vowel of it thus—A. E., I. O. U.



THE BURIAL OF THE DEAD ISSUE.

PRIVATE LECTURE TO SINGLE GEN-  
TLEMEN ONLY.

BY PROFESSOR JULIUS CESAR HANNIBAL  
WASHINGTON.



GEN'LEMEN, — De subjick faw dis ob'ulin's pelfawmance, I asshaw you, are ob de most witle impawtance to you, and derfaw, I hopes dat you will gib me yaw most unmitigated contention. Gen'lemen, when I looks on de vigorous, helfy, good-look'ng, intelligible young men now befaw me, I asshaw you dat I'se reddy to put my coat tail to my awbs of wision to wipe away de teahs.

Gen'lemen, in de fust place, I says dat you is gilty ob croocly to animuls. Eddikated men says dat de word animul mean a living creechaw. Well, ladies is living creechaws and derfaw dey is animuls. Ebery lady

oughter hab some one ob de uddah seek to lub her, keer faw her, kumfit her, and p'otect her. He who deprives her ob dat, ob cawse, treats her wif croocly, now, gen'lemen, dat is jis' wot you does to de ladies, and derfaw, you treats dem wif croocly. Well den, as ladies is animuls, and you treats ladies wif croocly, you treat animuls wif croocly. I defy anybody to defute dis argifyin. (Strikes the table with both of his fists. Tremendous applause.)

In de second place, I says dat you is jis' half human beins. Look a heah, now. I'se got sum fings witch will 'lustrate dat. (Holds up half a pair of trousers.) See dis half pair ob pants. How would any ob you like to go froo de streets wearin' dat? You says it are worfless kase it want de udder half, its mate. Quite correck, gen'lemen. Well, you is jis' like it, kase yaw wants yaw mates. Yah, yah, yah. (Laughter and applause.) Now, see dis half coat, (showing one.) How would any ob you like to go about de town wif dat on his back? Anudder pickchaw ob you, gen'lemen. Ah! dis oalf pair ob pants and dis half coat is fit only faw de rag bag, kase

dey is jis' halves. D'ye see? Yah, yah, yah. (Renewed laughter and applause.) Den again, see dis half pair ob sizzahs, dis half pair ob snuffahs, dis key and dis plane iron. (Showing those articles.) Dey wants dere mates, and derfaw dey is worf jis' de price ob ole iron. See yourselvs in dem, Gen'lemen. Yah, yah, yah. (Great laughter and applause.)

Gen'lemen, I don't need to argify any moah. Well den, as quick as possibul, let obery one ob you detach hisself to some young, helfy, good-look'ng, good-nachawed, intelligible, 'dustrious membah ob de uddah seek. If she hab got a few dollahs, she am nuffin de wuss ob dat. Whosobbah will do dat, will say dat dis lockchaw wud hab been well wurf a hundred quottahs. Gen'lemen, I fank you faw de dispeckful mannah in witch you has lissend to my peregrinashuns on dis occashun. (Tremendous applause.)

Mary had a little jam  
Of currants black as sloe—  
And every frock that Mary wore  
The stains were sure to show.

# THE POLITICAL JOHN GILPIN.

Ah ! Inckless speech, and hoarseless hoast,  
 For which he paid full dear !  
 For while he spake, a braying ass  
 Did sing most loud and clear !

Whereat his horse did snort, as he  
 Had heard a lion roar,  
 And galloped off with all his might  
 As he had done before.





The Toronto College of Music gave their fifth annual concert on Thursday evening, when, amongst other items of the programme, Mr. Davenport Kerrison's symphony overture, "Canada" was performed. Jas. Beaty, Jr., Q.C., presented the diplomas to the graduates.

The new Irish drama, "The Shaugan," is being performed at the Royal this week by an excellent company. Go and see the rollicking "Con."

*St. Nicholas* for July contains a very interesting article on "Amateur Journalism." It will be news to most people to learn that in America there are some six hundred "news-papers" edited and published by young boys and girls. The little folks have gone further; they have organized a regular National Amateur Press Association, the annual meeting of which takes place this year in Detroit during July. The election of officers in this organization is accompanied with an amount of wire-pulling, ballot-box-stuffing, and general crookedness almost sufficient to make the grown-up politicians envious, and the amateur papers, as a rule, are equal to the professional journals in all the bad elements. There are, of course, noble exceptions—a distinguished one being that of *Young Nova Scotia*, a little sheet edited by Master Grant, of New Glasgow, N.S., who has had the honor of filling the proud position of official editor of the National Association for the past year.

### The Joker Club.

"The Pen is mightier than the Sword."

#### BRO. GARDNER'S IDEAS.

"When I shake hands wid a stranger," said Brother Gardner as silence fell upon the members, "I doan' keer two cents wheder his great-gran'fader was a Cabinet officer or a cobler; wheder his own gran'fader sold silks or kaliker; wheder his fader was a cooper or a statesman. De man I have to deal wid am de man befo' me, an' not de dust an' bones, an' coffins of his predecessors. He may size up well, or he may run to remnants; he may be squar' or he may be a bilk; he may be honest, or he may have de right-bower up his sleeve—dat am fur me to find out.

"I doan' propose to jine hands wid a stranger becase his gran'fader cum ober wid de Pilgrims. Neither shall I lend five dollars to one o' my color on de ground dat his uncle weighed a ton an' shook hands wid three different Presidents. What a man he am, an' wheder his fader was a poet or a blacksmith won't make him better or wuss. Size up your man on his own personal shape. It doan' matter to you what sort of a head his fader had, or how big his uncle's feet war', he am de man you am doin' bizness wid. De pusson who travels from dis kentry on nothing but de record made by some relative half a century since will land in jail as soon as in good society. When I have any plug tobacco to spare de man who's fader didn't do anything but mind his own bizness an' purvide fur his family will get it quite as soon as de man whos' fader diskivered a comet or predicted airthquake.

"I want each an' ebery member of dis club to stan' on his own shape. If he am fast-colors dat's all we want to know. If he crocks or fades in de washin' he must step down an' out. De fact dat Samuel Shim's fader was 'lected to de South Carolina Legislator' doan' prove dat Samuel hisself knows beans from loss-barns. Likewise, de fact dat Giveadam Jones had an uncle hung fur stealin' co'n doan' go to prove dat it wouldn't be safe to leave our brudder in a grocery sto' fur half an hour while de clerk went out arter change. When a man boasts dat one of de fam'ly signed de Declarashun of Independence, doan' you take his note widout a good indorser. People who lay back on nothing but de glory of de dead or de statesmanship of some onc who sat in Congress a hun'erd yars ago am jist as apt to work off a bogus dollar on a sore-eyed railroad conductor as de man whose geological tree has a baker hangin' to ebery limb."

### A THEORY ON SPANKING.

BY BILL NYE.

An Eastern exchange, edited by an old maid, says:

"Never whip children just before they retire to rest. Let the father's caress, the mother's kiss be the last link between the day's pain or pleasure and the night's sleep. Send the children to bed happy. If there is sorrow, punishment or disgrace, let them meet it in daytime, and have hours of play and thought in which to recover happiness. Let the weary feet, the busy brain, rest in bed happy."

That's all right, of course, to some extent. We used to talk that way before we were a parent. We knew a great deal more about children anyhow before we had to grapple with them than we do now. We used to be a greater stickler for moral suasion and love and parental gush than we are now.

Our theory now in relation to children is changed from what it was formerly. We maintain now, after several years' study of the primary biped, that there is a style of child that cannot go to sleep at night unless spanked.

We have in our mind a little child of the masculine style of architecture, who will lie and sob, and kick the clothes off and be mean and restless for two hours if you forget about him, but if you go and turn down the coverlid and fan his person with an overshoe he will quiet down and be asleep in five minutes.

He is not to blame for being the victim of this habit, but he is that way, and he can't help it. He is tied to his spank just as you, gentle reader, are tied to your maturer habits.

Strange freaks do often grow into confirmed habits that are almost impossible to shake off. Children are often the victims of strange and unnatural customs like older people.

This child, for instance, did not at first apparently care whether he had his spanking at 8 p.m. or earlier, but later he was so regular in his demand for corporal punishment that you could set your watch by him. He was also so attached to a certain style of arctic overshoe that you couldn't accomplish anything by padding him with any other style of chastisement. Love is a good thing, and we often wish that more of it had been lavished on us during our past life, but after all there are children who do not yearn for affection half as much as they do for armed aggression. Of course your conscience smites you at intervals when you go past the little bed after the conflict is over and peace and slumber are victors. Something may come up in your throat when you see the little rebel lying with his feet on the pillow and his head down at the foot of the cot, and a little tear on his eyelashes. You feel, perhaps, as though it looked like taking

an undue advantage for a 200-pound man to catch a 6-year old boy when he is unprepared and paddle him with an overshoe, and yet sometimes it has to be done.

We know that in our own case corporal punishment was resorted to while all the other boys in the family escaped with moral suasion. The result is just what might have been expected. We are the only one of all that promising collection of boys whose promissory notes have gained a world-wide circulation today. While the other boys were contented to plod along and run up little petty accounts at the store, we struck out boldly toward fame and insolvency.

You can encourage a child with a press-board sometimes and thus give him an impetus which will aid him through all his life.

"The parting gives me pain." as the man said when he had a troublesome tooth extracted.

Mummies are the only well behaved persons who are now left in Egypt.—*New Orleans Picayune*.

Yes, women are generally adepts at sowing, but the sailmaker takes the palm.—*Boston Transcript*.

The fact that Patti owns up to being 39 indicates that she doesn't know her business yet.—*Boston Post*.

### THE "TIN KING" TALKS.

From Maine to Manitoba,—from St. Johns to British Columbia.—Mr. Thomas W. McDonald, the Tin King of the Dominion, whose large works extend from 153 to 157 Queen street, Toronto, and cover a solid block, is recognized and respected. Mr. McDonald's experience with the Great German Remedy is thus announced by him: "It is very gratifying to me to be able to give a written testimonial respecting the unequalled merits of the world renowned remedy, St. Jacobs Oil, as an alleviator of pain. I was for years sorely troubled with a swollen leg. In vain I tried all the prescriptions of medical men. At last, in deep despair, I resolved to test the virtues of St. Jacobs Oil, the Great German Remedy, and to my great joy before one bottle had been exhausted I found myself completely cured. Trusting that St. Jacobs Oil may meet with the success it deserves, I close this statement, by reiterating my indorsement of its efficacy."

## A. W. SPAULDING, L.D.S.,

(Demonstrator of Practical Dentistry in the Toronto Dental School.)

HAS OPENED AN

OFFICE AT 51 KING STREET EAST,

(Nearly opposite Toronto Street.)

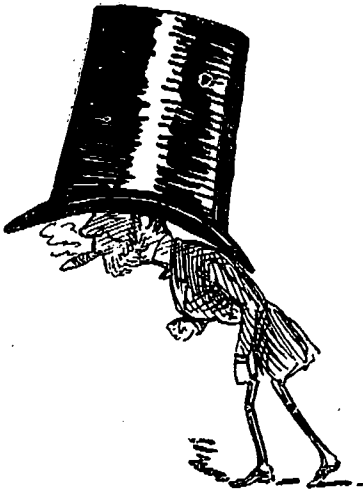
Having had over nine years experience in the practice of Dentistry, six of which have been spent in Toronto, he is prepared to do FIRST-CLASS WORK, and at reasonable rates.

By adopting the Latest Improvements in appliances, he is able to make tedious operations as short and painless as possible.

As he does not entrust his work to students or assistants, but does it himself, the public may rely on it always being done as represented.

Office Hours, 8:30 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.

Evening office at Residence, Jameson Avenue, North Parkdale.



AN AUTHORITY ON "PLUGS."

ONE VACATION;  
OR,  
CAMPED OUT.

## EPISTLE I.—THE SUMMER WOODS.

19th August, 1882.

DEAR BOB,—Arrived! Hammocks slung, camp-kettle planted, tent pitched and everything first-rate! No house nearer than a quarter of a mile, no dinner-gong, no company, and no clocks. Lake is splendid; full of fish. Can hear the partridge drumming everywhere, wood-pigeons plenty, and bears in the neighborhood, so we shall have lots to eat. We are to take turns in the camp-cooking. Barrington is doing it to-day, but the fellows can't let him have the fun all to himself, so he has to stand round mostly and ask for what he wants. There's the beauty of division of labor. By Jove, it's all splendid. Out of bed at five, into the lake for a dip, no bother about collar, boots, or coat, all free and easy. Throw in your line, out with a fish, give it to the cook, and when the breakfast is ready eat it like an Indian. By the way, the bread was a little stale we brought with us, and that dufter, Wilton, made the coffee in the dipper without washing it after lading out last night's supper. Said it was all in the bill. Just going out shooting, so ex-cuse.

Yours friendly,  
JACK.P. S.—Tell the *mater* I'm all right.

## EPISTLE II.—THE SUMMER WOODS.

28th August, 1882.

DEAR BOB,—Can you send me some moustache wax? It's a regular bother. Girls are come, and one has to look somehow. Fine girls, too! One of 'em's a daisy. Complexion like a sun-flower: stand anything, either sun or wind. I never did go in for peach-blossoms and cream. She's up to everything, too; fishing, rowing, paddling, dancing, singing, and even playing euchre, if you'd pretend to teach her. She can ride, too, and catch her horse herself. At least the other girls say so, but she hadn't been here two days before she was O.K. with Rory, that's the boy, stroked his neck, patted his nose, gave him bread and apples, and even kissed him. By Jove, what a waste! Daren't say so, though. If you give the first letter of anything smart she's up like fire, eyes blazing, head aloft, and her back turned on you like Zenobia. Splendid creature. Of course all the fellows are in love with her, but I think I've got the bulge on 'em all. You know the *mater* wants me to marry, and I really think I may some of these days, just to please her. Don't let on to any of the King-street lot that

you know where I am. But there's nobody in town, I guess, just now. I had a letter from that spoony little thing, Patty, but—ah well, not this post.

Yours fraternally,  
JACK.

P. S.—Don't forget the wax.

## EPISTLE III.—THE LOVELY SUMMER WOODS.

16th Sept., 1882.

DEAR BOB,—You may well envy us. What do you think we had for breakfast this morning? Hot rolls, muffins, fried sausages, poached eggs, ham, pigeon pie, stewed chicken, and mashed potatoes. There's breakfast for fellows that have had nothing but fish, fish, fish, five days out of seven for the last three weeks. And it was all May's doing, the cooking and the invitation and all. And so pretty they all looked in their clean wrappers and white aprons with little frills, flowers in their hair, and smiles all round, that you couldn't help enjoying it. My little beauty waited on me, for they wouldn't let us do anything but enjoy our breakfast, and there's a girl apiece; they said we must be "so miserable" up there in camp. I do admire these womanly women; not above cooking, you know, and able to wash their own dresses and look nice in 'em too. It really is not kind of those people who want to educate woman above herself. Cooking and washing are evidently her natural occupations, and they are not her friends who would set her above them. We are going to gather water-lilies this afternoon, and I shall get May into my boat and make all square with her.

Dear little May! She'll make me so happy, and I'll be so proud of her. None of your Higher Education women for me, indeed! Tata, then my boy, till I write you again.

Yours,  
JACK.P. S.—I've written *mater* and the girls, just to prepare them, you know.

## EPISTLE IV.—S. W.

19th Sept., 1882.

DEAR BOB,—The dooce is in it all! Here I've been and honored that girl with a proposal only to be refused. Me! With a thou, a year and a style equal to Senator Macpherson. The mean little jade! "She's engaged." And to that fellow I hate so, him that took the gold medal last year. "Hoped I wouldn't feel it too much." "Never thought I meant anything more than the other young gentlemen." "Mr.—what's the beggar's name—is coming for her in a day or two." "Sure I'll like him." Yes, like a bass, spear him by torchlight.

And this after all my letters to the *mater* and the girls, telling them how fond she was of me, and how sure I was they'd like her; only need to know her. That's it! Only need to know her. Mean, designing, artful creature!

Confound camp life, anyhow! Haven't got a rag fit to wear. Upset the kettle into the fire the day before yesterday; scalded my legs, burned my shirt, singed one side of my face, and had to shave off my moustache. Blessed sand flies cut me all up, too, and can't sit out of the smoke at night for the mosquitoes. Eyes as red as ferrets, complexion like a nigger, and blistered at that. What in thunder I came here for I should like to know. Last night a gale blew, rain came down like pitchforks, lightning flashed, thunder roared, and in the midst of all rir went the ropes, and over came the tent, and we were obliged to run all through the storm to the shanty for shelter. Nice fun! And those imps of girls laughing at us, I heard 'em.

He's come, too: all so nice and so clean, and so neat, a regular Adonis. I'd change his looks for him if he was here a week. And she's strong-minded after all. Going to be a doctor.

Bah! Hopes to have a vote. Pretty wife she'll make! Nice thing when a man can't rule his wife and don't know more than she! Like to see my wife with a vote or even an opinion that wasn't mine! Tell the *mater* I'm gone to Winnipeg: heard of some land there! I'll marry one of the Marquis of Lorne's servant-girl's, and settle down on a water lot.

Yours, played out and disgusted,  
JACK.

A SECULAR SOCIETY SOCIAL.

FIRST MORAL PHILOSOPHER.—That's my opinion on the subject!

SECOND DO. DO.—My dear sir, I perfectly agree with you, but I'll show you where you're wrong! [Left showing him.]

## UNDER THE ROD.

A NOVELLETTE FOR GIRLS.

## PART II.

Nothing occurred next day between Julia and Mrs. Jevons to intimate want of family harmony. In the forenoon two magnificent bouquets arrived for mother and daughter from Mr. Cecil Grosvenor, the sight of which gave the worldly-minded lady a more amicable feeling towards her eldest daughter, whose firm independence of character she rather suspected than knew. After all, the girl might have got some wild Canadian notions, but then Mrs. Jevons by her superior strength of mind would eradicate these eccentricities without the trouble and possible conflicting of punishing a daughter of eighteen. So she smiled an almost maternal smile and took Julia to drive in the park at the fashionable hour. They met Cecil Grosvenor, who bowed and rode for some time beside their carriage talking to Mrs. Jevons. That lady was radiant. When they returned, Mrs. Jevons told Julia that a card had arrived for a ball that evening at Lady Ladedda's. "I have ordered my maid to place in your room a pearl necklace of my own, with a locket, which pray keep as a present if you find it suits your style. I have also told Pinner to lay out ready for your toilette this evening a new ball-dress, they are worn *en peu decolorée* at present, as I suppose you know. As I am to be at dinner two hours earlier than the dancing, you will go in the carriage with your sisters." My Lady then swept out of the room with the air of a duchess. In the evening Julia went to her room to dress. A beautiful morocco case lay on the toilette table, lined with azure silk, and containing a glittering necklace of real pearls larger than any she had seen before, with a jewel of fine gold on which Julia's monogram was inlaid with turquoise of the purest blue. Julia could not help coloring for pleasure. Then there was the dress, just arrived from Worth's. It was lovelier than any she had ever dreamed of wearing, silk of one of the new fashionable colors that is neither argent nor grey nor dun-colored, but a name-

See OAK HALL'S Stock of Children's Suits. OAK HALL sells Clothing at Rock-bottom Prices.

**MACHINE OILS.**

Four Medals and Three Diplomas awarded at  
Leading Exhibitions in 1881.

**McCOLL BROS. & CO.**  
TORONTO.

OAK HALL, 115, 117, 119, 121 King-St. E. Full Assortment of Men's and Boys' Clothing



THE CHAMPION BOWLER COMING.

BLAKE.—AH! HERE COMES THE CHAP THAT ALWAYS BOWLS US OUT: I'LL WAIT AND LET HIM TRY HIS HAND AT YOUR STUMPS.

less union of all. It was trimmed with blue satin, over which fell festoons of the richest point-lace. The long train swept majestically behind, suiting the Canadian girl's tall, lithe, snapple figure. The lower part of the dress was ample enough, but the upper was scanty enough! *Un peu décolleté*. Why it was cut so low as to carry out the opinion of the lady who said of low-necked dresses that everything below the chin was neck. Julia felt that she could not wear such a thing. She laid aside the costly and beautiful, but immodest dress, and wore a pretty ball-dress of Toronto make which she had only worn at one party in that city. But over this, cut square at the neck, she twined the lovely necklace. As they drove to Lady Ladeola's Amy said, "there is one thing mamma wishes to speak to you about, Julia. She has been annoyed to observe that you have always refused to drink wine, even when invited to do so by gentlemen of high position in England. Now, this may be tolerated with ladies in Canada, but it will not do in London society." Julia said she had taken a promise as a Good Templar not to taste wine, and it was to her a matter of principle. She was very sorry indeed to appear eccentric, still more so not to comply with her mother's wish, but conscience compelled her to keep a resolution which she had undertaken after much thought and with the full sanction of her dear aunt, who had been a mother to her ever since she was a child. Her sisters shrugged their lovely shoulders, which were bare except for a band of gold-colored satin and a leaflet of black Maltese lace which admirably set off their dazzling whiteness. They duly arrived at Lady Ladeola's. Julia shrank from the noise and glitter of the street of palaces, crowded with carriages. She longed to be reading *GRIP* in quiet once again in dear old Toronto house, and sighed as she remembered seeing an advertisement in that morning's *Times* for a young person to act as companion to an invalid lady returning to Montreal. Her dream was broken as a line of gorgeous flunkies ushered them into the glittering ball-room, when, as they bowed to the gracious hostess, Julia became aware that she stood full in the presence of her mother. With a stern, if not vindictive look, that much-injured parent turned away, whispering, as she passed Julia: "to-morrow I shall inquire

**ST. JACOBS OIL**  
TRADE MARK.



THE GREAT  
**GERMAN REMEDY.**  
FOR  
**RHEUMATISM,**

*Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago,  
Backache, Soreness of the Chest, Gout,  
Quinsy, Sore Throat, Swellings and  
Sprains, Burns and Scalds,  
General Bodily Pains,  
Tooth, Ear and Headache, Frosted Feet  
and Ears, and all other Pains  
and Aches.*

No Preparation on earth equals St. Jacobs Oil as a safe, sure, simple and cheap External Remedy. A trial entails but the comparatively trifling outlay of 50 Cents, and every one suffering with pain can have cheap and positive proof of its claims. Directions in Eleven Languages.

**SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS IN MEDICINE.**  
**A. VOGELER & CO.,**  
Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

why you have not worn the dress I sent you. You look as unfashionable as one of them (Girton guys.)  
(To be concluded in our next)

**CHEESE IT!**

We beg to draw the attention of our readers to the advertisement of Messrs. C. Duncan & Co., of Montreal. Mr. Duncan is the sole agent for the Kelso cheese factories, besides others, making him the largest cheese merchant in Montreal. Kelso turns out one thousand boxes a week, and Mr. Duncan gets rid of them somehow.

**The Spirometer.**

THE INTERNATIONAL THROAT AND LUNG INSTITUTE 75 Yonge street, corner King and Toronto. A body of French and English physicians are in charge. Great information in medical science. The Spirometer, the wonderful invention of Dr. M. Souvielle, of Montreal, an ex-aid surgeon of the French army, which conveys medicinal properties direct to the seat of the disease, has proved in the leading hospitals of Europe to be indispensable for the cure of catarrh, catarrhal deafness, bronchitis, asthma, and lung disease. Dr. Souvielle and a body of English and French surgeons and physicians are in charge of this, the most scientific institution on this continent. We wish country practitioners who have not sufficient practice to distinguish the different forms of lung disease to bring their patients to our institute, and we will give them free advice. This institute has been organized by this body of scientific men to place Canada in a position to compete on scientific views with any part of Europe, and to protect the people from the hands of insignificant men. Dr. Souvielle's Spirometer and its preparations were invented after long and careful experiments in chemical analysis and use in hundreds of cases to prove its effects. He has the sole right in France, England, the United States and Canada. Last year over 1,000 letters of thanks were received from all parts of Europe, Canada and America for the wonderful cures performed by the Spirometer. Hundreds of the leading people of this country given as references. Write or call at the International Throat and Lung Institute, 75 Yonge street, corner of King, Toronto, and you will be received by either of the surgeons. Consultations free to physicians and sufferers. Call or write, inclosing stamp for pamphlet giving full particulars free.

**W. H. STONE** { Yonge Street. } **FUNERAL DIRECTOR**  
Telephone 219 Connection.