



DESERTING THE PROTESTANT HORSE.

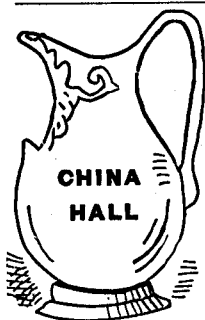
— "MERCY SOUGHT AND MERCY FOUND,
BETWIXT THE SADDLE AND THE GROUND!"

The gravest beast is the Ass.
 The gravest bird is the Owl.
 The gravest fish is the Oyster.
 The gravest man is the fool.

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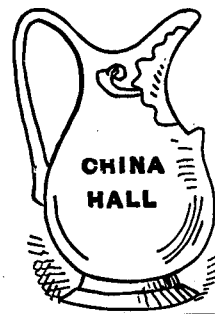
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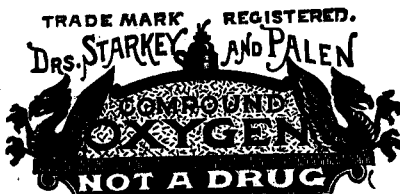
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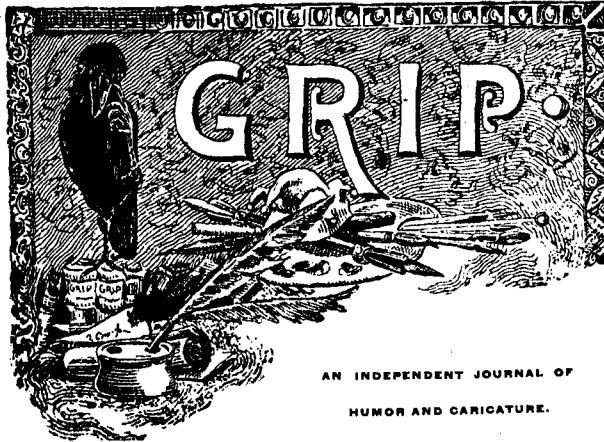


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AN INDEPENDENT JOURNAL OF
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Published every Saturday. \$2 per year in advance, postage free. Single copies, 5 cents. All business correspondence to be addressed to J. V. WRIGHT, General Manager; literary matter, sketches, etc., to the EDITOR.

J. W. BENGOUGH

EDITOR.

VOL. XXVII. TORONTO, OCT. 2ND, 1886. No. 13.

Remittances on account of subscriptions are acknowledged by change in the date on the printed address-label—in the issue next after our receipt of the money. The date always indicates the time up to which the subscription is paid. We cannot undertake to send receipts aside from this.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

OUR friends are reminded that the magnificent lithographed plate, "Prominent Conservatives," issued as a supplement to Midsummer GRIP, will be sent to every subscriber applying for same and enclosing five cents for postage.

Comments on the Cartoons.



GOOD-BYE, OLD FELLOW.—Whether the *Mail* has really severed itself from the Conservative leader may still be a question—GRIP is not yet fully convinced that an absolute divorce has been effected, and must meanwhile stick to the idea expressed in pencil last week. But there is one thing beyond all dispute—the *Mail* has come out squarely for Prohibition in a way that forbids all thought of going back, and in this it has certainly left Sir John and his party. Time will tell whether in this important departure the journal is simply leading the way for the chieftain. It has never seemed impossible to us that the wily old Premier might take up the Prohibition issue as a last resort to save himself in the next general election. If he does, good and well; he will deserve the support of every temperance voter, if only to teach the stick-in-the-mud Grits a salutary lesson.

Of course there is nothing as yet to show that the Tories have any sympathy with the *Mail* in its Prohibition utterances, and perhaps after all it is impossible for the political whiskey leopard to change his spots. Meanwhile let us do justice to the journal which has proved its right to hold the leading place by planting itself squarely on the right side of this great issue. We cordially hail the new recruit to our ranks.

DESERTING THE PROTESTANT HORSE.—The alacrity with which Sir John jumped off the Protestant Horse into the arms of the "finest moral police in the world," after the Haldimand disaster, proved that the old chieftain is as lively in his movements as ever. Up to the date of that contest he had not a word to say against the *Mail's* anti-state-church articles; and even yet he has not disavowed the similar utterances of Messrs. White, Boulton and McCarthy on the platform. Until he does this he can never hope to be solid in Quebec.

GETTING AHEAD OF HIM.—Not only on the Prohibition question has the *Mail* got a start of the leader of the Reform party, but on the Emigration Policy and the labor problem as well. Mr. Blake is a little behind the times. In the present day of business enterprise, the "Sandwich man" who plods along on foot cannot hope to compete with the fellow who drives a rig.

THE GREENWOOD TREE.

(AFTER MOORE.)

She—

"Oh, come with me! Oh, come with me!
And we'll dwell beneath the greenwood tree,
Where the zephyrs die
Like a lover's sigh
In the dim arcades of the greenwood trees.
Where the leaves form a bower
From the sun and shower
At the high noon hour
Of the fervid day.
And a holy calm
Like a healing balm
Is stealing our senses away."

He—

"I will go with thee, I will go with thee
To the damp old shades of the greenwood tree
Where the ills and the aches,
The rheumatics and shakes
All lurk at the roots of the greenwood tree.
Where the black ants roam,
Far, far from home,
And bite like the deuce on a summer day,
Where the hornets that dwell
In their paper cell
Leave impressions that swell—
For they're built that way!"

Carlton Place.

J. W.

A MONTREAL gentleman testifies that he has "tried everything from Dan to Bersheeba" for rheumatism and dyspepsia and was cured at last by St. Leon Mineral Water. We have heard a good deal about Dan and Bersheeba, but never knew them to be recommended for internal use in this way.



TRUE! TRUE!

"To everything explosive in the Realm, he (Gladstone) has applied his match."

—G. S. in "Week," Sept. 16.

(All rights reserved.)

Poor Donkey.

POOR hapless, wretched, injured creature,
With mis'ry stamped on ev'ry feature,
Was scorn for thee ordained by nature?
Poor donkey !

How lamentable is thy case ;
Men jeer if thou but show'st thy face,
Thy very name is a disgrace,
Poor donkey !

And thou'rt the sport, alas ! alas !
Of all the low, unreasoning class :
Thy crime is being "but an ass,"
Poor donkey !

Thou'rt stupid, and thine ears are long,
Thou'rt stubborn, and thy neck is strong ;
To cudgel thee can ne'er be wrong,
Poor donkey !

And ev'ry morning sees thee led
To be o'erburdened, scrimpily fed,
And curses showered upon thy head,
Poor donkey !

What crime did thy first parents do,
That burdens should be heaped on you,
And scorn and cudgels aye pursue ?
Poor donkey !

Where shalt thou fly, where canst thou hide ?
The wretch's refuge—suicide
Is even unto thee denied,
Poor donkey !

'Twould do thee little good to know
There's sorrow wheresoe'er we go,
And thou art not alone in woe,
Poor donkey !

Of sorrow's children thou'rt but one
That for no evil they have done
Are wretched underneath the sun,
Poor donkey !

My heart is sad, poor thing, to cease
The silent sorrow of thy face ;
What's thine opinion of our race ?
Poor donkey !

I well may blush to ask it thee,
For in thine eyes, ah, woe is me !
What cruel demons we must be,
Poor donkey !

It needs no deep insight to guess
Thou canst believe in nothing less
Than in our "perfect cussedness,"
Poor donkey !

Tho' thou art not accounted wise,
You must at times philosophize
On what goes on before thine eyes,
Poor donkey !

How useless dogs are richly fed,
While Industry's in want of bread,
With scarcely where to lay her head,
Poor donkey !

Or why yon puppy is caressed,
And pampered on the very best,
While thou'rt a drudge, with want oppressed,
Poor donkey !

What compensation for thy groans,
And bleeding feet among the stones,
Thy hungry sides and weary bones ?
Poor donkey !

It seems a lack of common sense,
Or of intelligence gone hence,
To tell thee all's beneficence,
Poor donkey !

Or what good will it do to know,
For every needless curse and blow,
Thy persecutors shall have woe ?
Poor donkey !

There's some wise end I do not doubt,
Tho' it is hard to find it out,
God's ends are strangely brought about,
Poor donkey !

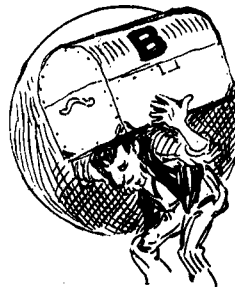
No doubt thy fate seems most unjust,
From sympathy for no crime thrust,
But we've to take a deal on trust,
Poor donkey !

ALEXANDER M'LACHLAN.

THE JUNIOR PICKWICKIANS ;

AND THEIR MEMORABLE TRIP TO NORTH AMERICA.

CHAP. XVI.



Y some accident the baggage of the Pickwickians, of which there was an immense quantity, had been detained at the wharf, much to the inconvenience of its owners ; and as it was absolutely necessary that the trunks, portmanteaux, etc., containing such articles of the toilet as are deemed indispensable by gentlemen should be on hand before bedtime, the four young men

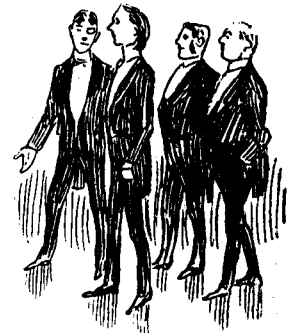
resolved to drive down to the wharf in the evening after dinner and investigate the reasons of the delay.

Having formed this resolution the party proceeded to the dining room where dinner was in progress, and seated themselves at the table.

The little wordy *fracas* in the reading room had had a beneficial effect on our friends, and they refrained from openly criticizing anything that seemed strange to them ; in fact they were loud in their praises of the excellent cookery and quality of the viands furnished for the table, and all four of them did ample justice to the repast set before them ; and it is safe to assert that its equal could not have been obtained in their native country for less than three times the amount that was charged at the Calathumpian.

Dinner being over, then, Bramley, Coddleby and Yubbits adjourned to the grand promenade up stairs where several of those who were staying at the hotel, and who figured in the newspapers in the list of arrivals as "guests" (strange misnomer), were sitting, reading or engaged in conversation. Crinkle had excused himself below for a few minutes with the promise that he would join his friends shortly.

The three companions had not been seated many minutes when Mr. Crinkle was seen rushing up the stairs,



excitement and anger depicted in every feature of his countenance, and dashing up to them he called out :



"It is infamous. I never heard anything like it. Bramley, please step down and speak to that abominable clerk in the office. He has the insolence to demand payment for our entertainment here in advance."

"Why, my dear fellow, what can he mean? I never heard of such a thing," replied Bramley, as rising and accompanied by the other three, he prepared to descend and confront the audacious clerk, or "Jack in office" as he termed him.

That individual was found standing behind a counter, answering innumerable questions from importunate visitors and issuing orders to bell-boys, porters and so forth with immense vehemence and rapidity. He was truly a gorgeous being, with a black moustache twisted into points of terrific length and sharpness. His hair was a study in itself, and it was a matter for deep conjecture to a thoughtful man how he was enabled to strike the centre of his forehead, by no means a lofty one, with such unerring exactitude and precision. Massive rings ornamented his white hands, and a diamond of surpassing brilliancy and beauty flashed and gleamed in his shirt front.



It appeared that, as Crinkle had been passing through the office to rejoin his friends upstairs, this gorgeous being beckoned him to the counter and actually had the effrontery to demand payment for the two meals already consumed, and had futhermore intimated that, unless the beds of the four companions were paid for before those gentlemen retired to their room they would be summarily ejected from the premises.

So much Crinkle had imparted to the others as they descended the stairs.

"Well, sir," said Mr. Bramley, walking up to the counter and addressing the autocrat behind it, who was, just at this moment, temporarily disengaged, "what does this demand of yours mean?"

"What demand?" was the question of the clerk.

"This intimation that my friends and I are to be turned out of doors unless we pay our bill in advance. A pretty thing, indeed! How are we to know that this hotel won't be a bankrupt institution before morning—"

"Well, that seems not altogether unlikely," replied the clerk, "if, as I am told by one of the waiters, your appetites are always as vigorous as they were to-day."

This retort caused a smile amongst those who were standing and lounging round, and rendered Mr. Bramley exceedingly angry.

"It seems to me that your master would do well to teach you to be a little more respectful to the patrons of this hotel," he answered. "I ask, once more, why you so gratuitously insulted us as to demand any payment in advance. Why should we trust you, and not you us?"

Apparently the clerk had never looked at the matter in this light before for he appeared for a moment nonplussed, but the traditional presence of mind of his class soon came to his rescue and he said :

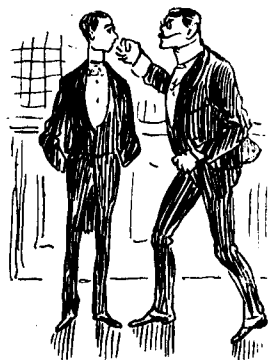
"The rules of the house are that no guest shall be allowed to incur a bill unless he has baggage. You have no baggage : none of you."

"But we have ; it should have been here soon after us : there is my card, sir ; I—"

"Oh! it's no use ; pay or go ; I tell you the boss is pretty mad as it is, for only yesterday he was let in for several hundred dollars by a fellow calling himself Lord Canspoke, and he let him run his face till 'his remittances arrived,' but they never came, and never will, for Lord Canspoke turns out to be a bogus nobleman and a 'dead beat,' and has let in half the folks on the other side ; and he was jugged last night for forgery and—"

"How dare you speak of forgery to us, fellow?" broke in Yubbits. "By Jove! if I could bring myself down to thrashing a counter skipper—"

The face of the clerk grew livid with rage: He a counter skipper! his blood boiled within him, and walking quickly around his counter he confronted Yubbits in the open hall.



"Say that again, you confounded English loafer," he cried, boiling with rage and shaking his fist under the other's nose, "Say it again and I'll knock—"

"You are beneath my notice," returned Yubbits who was very pale and who trembled nervously. "I want to have nothing to do with you."

"Who d'ye call counter skipper then, you long slab-sided snoozer? Who are you anyhow?"

Mr. Yubbits not appearing inclined to furnish this information, the other continued, still preserving his belligerent and menacing attitude,

"Some dry goods counter-hopper yourself, I'll bet ; oh! wouldn't I like to—"

"Oh! come away," said Coddleby, alarmed by these warlike demonstrations, "pay the fellow—"

"Who's a fellow," demanded the pugnacious and jewelled clerk, turning swiftly round and skipping up to Coddleby, and shaking his fist in his face. "Who's a fellow, you contounded lot of deadbeats, d'ye think you can come your games on me ; shell out for them eight meals at once or I'll have you arrested."

"We had better pay, I think, though it is an unwarrantable insult to us to ask us to do so ; our luggage is—"

"Oh! dry up with that old gag," yelled the clerk. "You and your luggage! Are you going to pay or not?" and he beckoned to a porter, to whom he whispered something.

"Well, make out your bill and let us have it," said Bramley, calmly.

"Bah! what d'ye want a bill for? Eight meals at seventy-five cents—six dollars," cried the clerk, moving away to his counter again, behind which he once more ensconced himself.



"I insist upon having a bill, and"—producing two sovereigns—"take this and give me the proper change—keeping a shilling for yourself—"

The glittering person behind the counter was absolutely speechless with indignation, and could only gasp and catch his breath, as Bramley continued—"so be kind enough to ask your master to make out our bill *at once*, and bring it to us, here, *receipted*."

The clerk sank back into a chair, totally overcome; and for a minute or so was silent. At length he spoke. "Well I'll be darned; talk about gall. Well, I—will—be—darned," and once more relapsed into silence. His master! He who reigned here more powerful than the Czar of all the Russias! *His* master! He was overwhelmed, but finally scrawled off a bill on a piece of note paper, receipted it, changed one of the sovereigns, and handed the account and the change to Bramley, who scanned it carefully and then said, "I would rather have had your master's signature to this receipt; but if you assure me that yours will do equally as well, I will believe you."

"That's all right, sir," said a tall, gentlemanly looking man, who had been a witness of all that had taken place, and who appeared much amused. "That's as good as the wheat. You've taken the starch out of that fellow, stranger," pointing to the subdued clerk. "I am staying at the Albion hotel, and called in here to see a friend, and if you please I shall be happy to show you the way there. It's an excellent house. Will you liquor before you go?" Bramley assenting, the four Pickwickians and the stranger walked off in the direction of the bar, casting a look at the clerk as they went. That gentleman thought it prudent to say no more. The visitors evidently had money. They were not 'dead beats' after all, and he did not know who they might be. So he merely motioned with his hand towards the door, and sat down in his chair again, and buried his face in his hands.



(To be continued.)

A LETTER ON THE RECENT EARTHQUAKES BY A DISTINGUISHED SCIENTIST.

SIR,—I address you as a scientist and select your columns as the best means to obtain a *grip* on most people in America. The particulars of the late earthquakes were observed by myself in Canada and Mr. McGee of the U. S. Geological Survey elsewhere. There was no method of communication between us, and our observations agree without the slightest difference. By a strange coincidence we both were forced by the unexpected shocks to improvise both seismometers and seismoscopes. Mr. McGee, it appears used the head-board of his bed and a tumbler of water placed on a stand in the centre of his room. My apparatus consisted of a club that hangs over my bed and a tumbler of whiskey and water placed on a chair by the side of my bed for nightly medicinal use. Our general observations have been given to the scientific world. McGee sent his in first; but I agree with him in all particulars. For the benefit of science

record the following notes: I had retired to bed early, having been placed there by two friends, who occasionally perform this kind office, and had slept at least four hours, when I slowly awoke with a peculiar sense of dizziness. Sitting up I observed the walls of the room to be moving and even the bed itself seemed to possess motion. Having read the previous day of the earthquakes in

Greece, I concluded this was the time of their appearance in America. I accordingly got out of bed and so great was the disturbance that I had to hold on to the dressing table for several seconds before being able to reach the chair. The tumbler was of course of great interest, and the contents seemed to oscillate with great rapidity. Having watched sufficiently the movements of the liquid to be enabled to corroborate Mr. McGee's figures I concluded that the glass would be broken if allowed to go on oscillating and so seized it. After draining its contents, which were now useless for further observation, I proceeded to place the tumbler on the wash-stand. Scarcely had I done so than I experienced a second shock and before I could prevent it, the glass had slid down to the floor and had broken. The next moment the lamp, which was luckily burning on the bureau, knocked against my arm and also fell to the ground. The difference of time in the fallings of these bodies was of course due to the fact that the lamp, being heavier, took longer to slide than the tumbler. After listening attentively several seconds for more seismic waves, I heard footsteps approaching down the passage and at once made for my club. To my surprise it had fallen also to the floor, I immediately began to calculate the time that had elapsed since I had left my bed; but had not finished the enquiry, when my landlady's voice without said, "Mr. Van Rumpus, what are you doing?" Knowing her curious habits at night I replied as well as my calculations would allow: "I'm measuring the earthquake"—what her reply was I do not remember, for at that moment the third shock occurred and, as McGee corroborates, the greatest. It was so great that I was pitched in three movements from the window to a point underneath my bed and as I awoke the next morning with my head against one of its legs, I suppose the concussion must have stunned me. The next morning at breakfast my landlady spoke peculiarly about the broken lamp and tumbler; but I assured her that I had been measuring the earthquake. Her only reply was characteristic—"Measuring whiskey." I told her that was only the means and she very unfeelingly retorted "it was the means of many a good man making a fool of himself." However when the morning paper arrived, my landlady, who always will read it first, stared at me with astonishment and remarked "why there was an earthquake after all, Mr. Van Rumpus"—I read the account myself and told her what I now tell the scientific world, through your columns, that my observation agree with McGee's in every particular. Yours in spirit.

HORATIO VAN RUMPUS.

NEWS ITEMS OF THE NEXT CENTURY.

THE monster barrel, which carries 250 persons; shoots the Niagara rapids twice a day.

MR. O'FINNERTY, has been elected Premier of Ireland, and will proceed to push through his scheme for colonizing England and Scotland.

ON the Queen's birthday, Professor Highjinks will walk along the edge of a streamer that will fly from a specially erected pole, 500 feet high over the market house.

THE sub-marine tunnel between Cape Horn and the Cape of Good Hope, will be opened on 4th May, next, Mr. De Lesseps' one hundred and forty-ninth birthday.

THE Royal Academy Exhibition at Honolulu, will contain many specimens of native art after the style of Whistler and Burne Jones, who were ridiculed last century in England.



THE MYSTERIOUS CASE OF FIDO.

FIDO—the one thing on earth that the charming Mrs. De Vere Montague loved—Fido was dying. There could be no doubt of it. He was getting thinner every day, and all his old time spirit had vanished. No longer would he respond to his lovely mistress' endearing word; nor submit to her caressing touch. He would not so much as let her touch *him* at all, and if she attempted to approach him for the purpose, the delighted tail-wag of old was exchanged for a savage growl. Fido was an utterly changed dog, and poor Mrs. Montague was in a most painful state of mind. The loss of her little blue-eyed baby a short time before had not affected her half so deeply—indeed she had scarcely felt the blow at all, for at that time her darling Fido was in the best of conditions. Need it be said that the most expert vets. and indeed all the regular allopathic physicians of the city had been consulted one after the other! Surely it need not. Mrs. Montague had exhausted the realm of medical science, and paid a number of very large bills—notwithstanding Mr. De Vere Montague's recent disastrous failure—but nothing could be done for poor Fido. He must die, and the cause of his death must forever remain a mystery from his afflicted owner. She could not even hope to receive the slightest sign of recognition from her departing pet. For Fido positively did not know her now. His complaint, whatever it was, had attacked him very suddenly just three weeks before. In the morning he had enjoyed his customary nap on his mistress' knee, and had afterwards partaken of his usual raspberry tart from her loving fingers. That very afternoon he took the change, and when Mrs. Montague approached to kiss him good-bye—she was going to a place where they have that heathenish notice up—"no dogs admitted"—he ran from her with his sweet little tail between his dear little legs, and he had been so ever since. Three weeks! He could not last much longer. Poor Mrs. De Vere Montague! Three weeks! Ha! come to think, it was just three weeks ago that Mrs. Montague's jet black hair became an impossibly golden golden!

MAN'S WORLD.

YES SIRE! we won that tin cup worth a thousand dollars—and we split open no end of fish horns—tootin' at the base-ball match. We'd a great old tear at the Royal, we commercial fellows—the champagne was prime—but the Hamilton gas is no good—it went out right in the middle of the fun—and though we all kept protesting "We're all right," still we'd an awful tough time of it wriggling round in the dark trying to find where was Moses when the light went out. The ride down on the top of the bus to the station was awful, thought we'd shipped by mistake on a runaway earthquake, and the

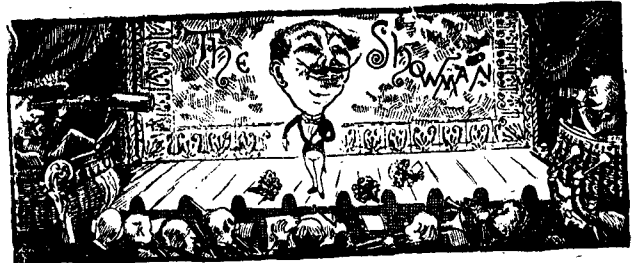
way a fellow gets dumped down in the mud in that old suburb they call Hamilton—oh! Pshaw! oh of course! you'd better insinuate we were Scott Act—do!

* * *

It's too bad that Goldwin can't get home to his own fireside—too bad—but duty sir, duty—to his country demands it. If he left them now to fight single-handed against the Parnellites—they'd wear Salisbury out with their "instrument of torture." Randy is a fool anyway, not the man for such an imminent crisis, and the upshot of the whole would be that as that old lunatic Gladstone would get in again—the Empire would be dismembered, and that New Zealander would bundle up his palette and brushes and ship for London bridge by the first boat from Queensland. No sir—England, poor, distressed damsel, is in danger—she is gasping, struggling, fainting in the grasp of a determined Irishman, and shall the Don cease to dig the rowels into the hide of his Bosinante while England, dear England lies helpless at the mercy of a Gladstone or a Parnell? Not if Don Goldwin Quixote knows it!

* * *

MIGHTY hard on the horses these days, bad roads, very. The road to Taylor's Mill ought to be an exception, though. Over \$7,000 for a bit of road like that sounds as if there was something mighty crooked about it—however, if there's anything there want's straightening our Will is the man to do it.



TORONTO—The *Planter's Wife* is charming the patrons of this House. The drama is excellent in tone and action, and the company an unusually strong one. Mr. Harvey Lacy's representation of *Col. Albert Graham*, and Miss Carey's acting as *Edith Gray*, his wife, are both artistic in a high degree. Kate Hawthorne, as *Angie Gordon*, is bright and lively, Mr. Mason Mitchell, as *Arthur Blake*, and Mr. Charles H. Hopper, as *Simeon Simcoe*, developed excellent acting qualities, the comic efforts of the latter bringing down the house. The scenery is excellent, and the costumes elegant.

GRAND—In the first half of this week Mr. Henry Walton, the Australian Comedian, played his initial engagement in Toronto in *The Cuckoo*, a piece which achieved a fair success. The present attraction is the popular *Silver King*.

GRAND—In the first half of this week Mr. Henry Walton, the Australian Comedian, played his initial engagement in Toronto in *The Cuckoo*, a piece which achieved a fair success. The present attraction is the popular *Silver King*.

"I BELIEVE," said a reporter, turning to the managing editor, that I can write best when I put my feet in cold water. It is a decided improvement." "Yes," replied the editor, "it is an improvement when you put your feet in water whether you write or not."—*Arkansaw Traveller*.

JOEOSERIA

RUSSIA, with a knowing wink at France, may help herself to another fat piece of territory in the shape of Bulgaria; England, Austria, and Germany may grin with ill-concealed chagrin at the proceeding; the heart of Spain may be paralysed with revolution; anti-rent and anti-tithe wars may rage in Ireland and Wales; the British Association may descant on the Geology of the Atlantic Ocean; and German doctors may wrangle over pathemathical subtleties; we in Ontario, to keep up with the strife and the turmoil, are busily engaged in trying to find out the definition of a word which most of us thought we knew all about years and years ago—the word *Independent*.

* * *

It is a grand thing to be able to find out something to talk about, and fight about, and say sarcastic things about; to go about begging everybody to tread on the tail of one's coat; to say something that will make this person "hopping mad," and that one caper with delight, and the other one silent with amazement.

* * *

Well this has been done, and this is how it was done :-

* * *

A knightly organ-grinder conceived the novel and highly ludicrous idea of grinding two organs at once accompanied, of course, by two monkeys (*vide GRIP of the 11th ultimo*). The monkeys were tame, docile and obedient—they were of course dependent for their daily quantum of pea-nuts on the aforesaid knightly grinder. The curious spectacle of two organs, playing different and discordant tunes, being ground by the same hand naturally provoked much mirth; for this the grinder cared but little; he escaped all banter, for, as is generally the case, the interest of the public is centred rather upon the organ and the ape than upon their proprietor. But, and this is the strange part of the incident, the monkeys took offence, one monkey in particular. It is well known that the lower animals dislike exceedingly being laughed at; and what followed showed that the ape in question was no exception to the rule.

* * *

This monkey took it suddenly into his head one day to cut himself free from the other jarring organ, his jabbering and unfriendly simioid companion, and his knightly owner; to take his organ out "on his own hook," and earn his pea-nuts for himself—he resolved in other words to be *independent*.

* * *

—At least so he gave the public to understand.

* * *

But the questions which at the present moment trouble the minds of this public are: Can the monkey do it? Is it not after all only another sly dodge of the knightly grinder? Did he not put the monkey up to it? Has he not taught it how to turn the handle? Does this ape even understand what the word 'independent' means?

* * *

What *does* it mean? Does it mean independent of the grinder, or of the pea-nuts, or of the public, or of the organ, or of the other organ, or of the other monkey, or of—

J.A.S.

ADAPTED MUSIC.

- Song for the moonshiner—"Still, I love thee."
- Song for the medical student—"Lo, hear the gentle lark!"
- Song for the circus gymnast—"Backward, turn backward!"
- Song for the tired celebrant of St. Patrick's day—"I lean, Allama!"
- Song for the pawnbroker—"Loanly, oh, so loanly!"
- Song for the negligent road-overseer—"Weed better bide a wee."
- Song for the cricket field—"The warrior bowled."
- Song for the railway section men—"Any Larry."
- Song for the diamond field—"The battle of the Ball-tick."
- Song for the diner who doesn't like young beef—"Oh, mother, take the weal away!"
- Song for Manager Hill, of the Industrial—"Fair Canada!"
- Song for the penniless boy passing the pastry-cook's window—"Good-bye, sweet tart, good-bye!"
- Song for Blake—"There's a good time coming, boys!"
- Song for the toper—"When the swallows homeward fly."
- Song for the faro-player—"I know a bank."
- Song for the visiting police sergeant—"Are you there, Moriarity?"
- Song for the hopeful old maid—"Touch me gently, Father Time."
- Song for subscribers to this journal—"Never lose your GRIP."

A WIDOW in a town in the interior of this State made her appearance at the office of the gas company the other day and asked if it were true that electric lights were to supersede gas in all the public lamps. When answered in the affirmative she continued:

"I own gas stock, and I want to know if this move won't reduce dividends?"

"Most assuredly not, madam," replied the secretary.

"But it will be so much less gas consumed."

"Exactly, but what has the quantity of gas consumed to do with a gas bill?"

She went away without answering the query, but perfectly satisfied.



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GOOD BYE, OLD FELLOW; I'VE LISTED FOR THE WAR!

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MORNING MEDITATIONS.



So I lay a-thinkyng, a-thynkyng, a-thinkyng,
Loudly rang the break-fast-bell, with slumber-scaring call;
"Oh bother it!" I cried
"Out of this I'll have to slide
In ten minutes more and glide
Through the hall."

Confound this early morning light!
I would my eyes were fastened tight
In Greenland, where the night is night;
No waking up
For six long months, or even more;
Wonder if Greenlanders snore,
Or ever find sweet sleep a bore.

Or sigh at all
For mothers dear to wake them early
On mad May morns when dew is pearly,
Or, are they, like good Christians, surly
At the call?"

So I lay a-thinkyng, a-thynkyng, a-thinkyng,
Without a thought within my mind of swiftly coming fate,
With a peaceful child-like smile
On my lips and without guile
In my heart—yet all the while
I grieve to state,
That the envious hours were flying,
And the flame was almost dying
Beneath the emptied coffee-pot—as I came down—very late.

MELTON MOWBRAY.

LAW VS. JUSTICE.



MR. SNODDLEGRASS was an exceedingly worthy man, and almost morbidly conscientious. He liked to be quite certain about every step he took in life, as to the perpendicularity of its correctness. In things morally wrong he was totally abstinent; but in things morally indif-

ferent, he invariably took his solicitor's advice, and acted upon it, well knowing that his solicitor could not by any possibility make a mistake, for was he not an Eminent solicitor? The other day, Mr. Snoddlegrass called upon this distinguished legal gentleman, and found him disengaged, for a wonder.

"Mr. Bluebag," said he, sitting down and facing the solicitor earnestly; "I want to know if I can do what I like with my own property."

"Er—er—" began Mr. Bluebag carefully. "What kind of property?" "Property I buy and pay for—such as a book, or a post-office order, or a promissory note, or —" "Ah! I see," quickly interjected the lawyer. "Of course you can. In every free country a man can do what he likes with anything he possesses, provided only he does not, in carrying out his whim, interfere with the rights of any other person. That, sir, is common law as well as common sense." "Thank you," said Mr. Snod-

degrass, "that will be all just now. Charge the fee to my account. Good day,"

Mr. Snoddlegrass, having business in Hamilton the next day, proceeded to the Union Station and purchased a return ticket from the obliging and popular young man in charge of the office there. Having done this, he took his seat in the train, bought the current GRIP from the newsboy, and steamed away to the ambitious city. Upon arriving, he found that his business would detain him much longer than he anticipated, so next day bethinking himself of the return ticket, now useless so far as he was concerned, he recollected his solicitor's advice, and sold it to a person who was going to Toronto, dropping the amount received into the hospital-box. To this same individual he made a present of the copy of GRIP—for Mr. Snoddlegrass was a philanthropist.



What was the horror and dismay of this good man to be nabbed a little later by a police officer, and dragged into court as a law-breaker! It was something indescribable! He was utterly at a loss to know what wrong he had done, and in this state of painful suspense he was kept for several hours. At last he was brought before the frowning judge, and made aware that in selling his ticket he had committed a crime against the law of Canada. He was amazed and

indignant. He was also speechless. Just as he was on the point of fainting, he happened to see Mr. Bluebag walk into court. Calling the Eminent solicitor to him, he briefly stated the case and added: "I want you to defend me. Of course it will only be necessary for you to point to the common law you stated to me yesterday. It seems perfectly ridic—." "Stop," said the Eminent one. "There is no defence for you. This suit is brought by the Railway Company, and the selling of a return ticket is a violation of the law, sure enough."

"But you said in every free country —"

"Yes; yes, I did—but this is only Canada."

"But, my dear sir, if the rule of common law is, that —" "Mr. Snoddlegrass," again interposed the lawyer, "I should have mentioned that common law in this country is sometimes overruled by uncommon law, to oblige great corporations."

So Mr. Snoddlegrass was heavily fined, as it was his first offence. The newsboy from whom he bought the copy of GRIP, brought suit to punish the unfortunate man for having given it away, but the judge ruled that there was no special act in force to enable newsboys to practice bare-faced outrages on the public.



J. W. B.

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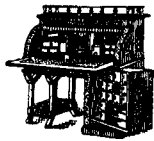


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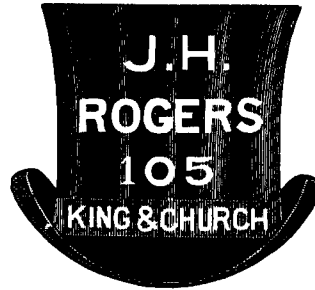
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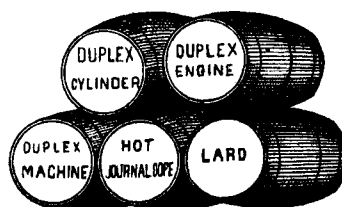
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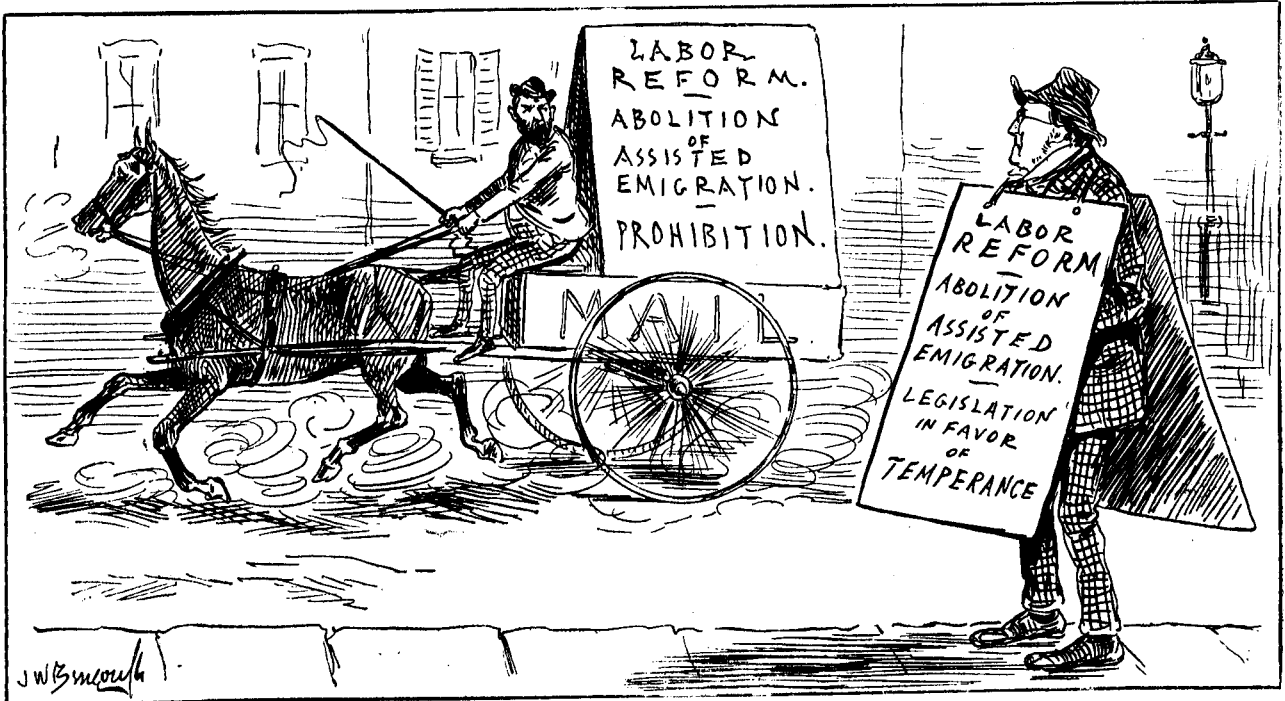
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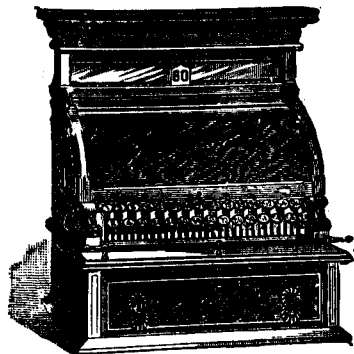
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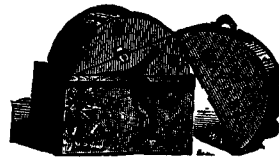
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Veins

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Remember every case of cure we ever publishes through the hands of from one to one dozen passed or more of these men. They failed—we cured. A thousand years ago the sparrows build their nests the same as to-day, and the medical fraternity bury their victims on exactly the same principle. Dr. McCully will be out of the city after October for about three weeks; his return will be announced in all the daily papers.

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This season far surpasses any previous effort in this department. We have in stock to-day over

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As a special inducement to have you try a caddie of our Teas, we have concluded for the next 30 days to present free of cost with each 5-lb. caddie of our Teas at 50 cents per lb., and upwards, a half-dozen Electro Plated Tea Spoons; retail prices of these spoons, \$3.50 per doz. Send us your order, any kind Y. Hyson, Congou, Japan, etc., and not only get superior Tea at wholesale price, but a half-dozen beautiful Silver Plated Tea Spoons. Goods delivered to any part of the city, or sent to nearest express office.

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