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GRIP'S OWN LIBRARY



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\$1.20 PER YEAR OF 12 NOS.

THE GRIP SACK.

PICTURES AND READING FOR SUMMER DAYS.

THE FREAK OF MEMORY.



"Now I wonder where that rascal's gone,
That servant of mine, whose name is John?"
Thus mused the savage cannibal king,
And he cudgelled his brain like everything.



"Why, yes, of course; why, to be sure,—
My memory must be getting poor!
How could the fact have slipped away—
I had him for dinner yesterday!"

OVERTURE.

INTRODUCING THE AFTERNOON'S DIVERSION.

No summer traveller is complete without his GRIP SACK—hence the name of this little summer publication which has now for several—to wit, five—seasons come forth for the special benefit of those who go away for holidays, and for the consolation and delight of those who stay at home.

The country is all very well, and it is unquestionably pleasant to swing in a hammock beneath the shady trees when the thermometer elsewhere is among the nineties, but complete bliss is not attainable without something pleasant to occupy your mind withal. The purchaser (or borrower) of the GRIP SACK is provided for in this respect.

A vocation at the sea-side has its charms, no doubt, but no rational human being will go to the sea-side hotel without a GRIP SACK, or if he does he will regret it.

When the dance is in progress in the stuffy parlors, and the piazzas are malodorous with the smoke of poor cigars, the man of sense will want to retire to his room on the upper floor, and there he can enjoy himself if he has had the forethought to provide against *cannib* by purchasing a copy of this refreshingly cool work. And so with the man who goes fishing. How wearisome it must be to sit for three or four hours waiting for a bite, with nothing to read but the descriptive signs of a nibble, and no picture to look at but the reflections of your own disappointed face in the water. The GRIP SACK is intended to fill the aching void just here.

As for the section of humanity that gets no holidays, the GRIP SACK more than makes up the need to them.

We prepare it to meet the special needs of the warm term. No heated discussions are to be found within its covers; it is full of bright fancies; its articles are breezy and its illustrations are beautifully shaded.



PHYSICAL "CULTURE."

MR. PADDY MCFINN, the well known leader of sporting society, has just added a valuable meissonier to his private gallery.

LORD JENKINS' CURSE.

A TALE OF PRIDE AND PASSION.

CHAPTER I.

"HARRY BERNARDO GRIGGS! My daughter, a Jenkins, unite herself to a penniless, low-born, professional spring poet! Well, I guess not."

The speaker was Lord G. W. Jenkins. He was the last of his race, and he looked it.

"Say not so, father," moaned the fair young girl who knelt at his feet.

"Yes, I will say so, and I'll stick to it, too. This has been a bad year for spring poetry, and I notice that Griggs is wearing his last summer's hat. Now, see here: I won't accept any son-in-law whose income does not equal mine, and you know my estates bring me in big money. Find such a man, and I will waive the question of birth and let him marry you."

"I cannot give up Bernardo," wailed the girl.

"Then," thundered Lord Jenkins, "take him, and take also my CURSE!"

With a shriek the unhappy girl fell unconscious to the floor, while Lord Jenkins, smiling sardonically, strode from the room.

CHAPTER II.

A YEAR has passed. Lord Jenkins is seated in his library. For a twelvemonth he has not seen his daughter, for on the night after receiving his Curse she eloped with the spring poet.

Suddenly the door is flung open, and an elegantly attired man enters.

"You here, Bernardo Griggs!" cries Lord Jenkins, springing to his feet.

"Just so," responded the new comer. "I am here to ask you to remove that Curse from my wife. It has occasioned her no end of inconvenience and annoyance."

"So I should imagine," chuckles the nobleman. "Well, that Curse stays right where it is, so we may as well drop the subject. How's poetry?"

"I am no longer in the spring poetry business," replies Bernardo Griggs. "I have struck something better. And now we will return to the Curse. You will remove it and receive me as your son-in-law, for my income is now about double yours."

"Why, what are you doing?" asked the amazed nobleman. "Are you pitcher for a base-ball club?"

"No, your lordship. I am running a fashionable summer hotel."

"Come to my arms, my boy!" cried Lord Jenkins with deep feeling. "Consider the Curse as off, and bring your wife round to tea. We will never part again."

WRESTLING WITH ELECTRICITY.

STUBB'S WORKS IT ON THE AGENTS, THE HIRED GIRL WORKS IT ON HER MASTER, AND GETS KNOCKED OUT HERSELF.

We had a fair-sized earthquake at our house last week. I would not volunteer this rare bit of information were it not that I am in need of sympathy. Sympathy is the subtle electrical current that unites all men in a tender bond of fellow-feeling. I want that electrical current now, as a kind of antidote for a plethora of the common fluid which still courses through my veins, owing to a wrestling tournament which I had last week with a twenty-horse-hower electric battery.

A fresh crop of agents have sprung up in this city during the past few weeks—they must be fresh, as they don't seem to understand the risk they run in ringing at my door bell. They "know not Joseph." I bought a forty-dollar electric battery the other day, and attached wires to the door-bell and knob, and made all arrangements complete for a grand reception to be rendered the first agent who would call. I then placed myself in a recess commanding a good view of the street. Pretty soon I saw a "rag or bottle" man heave in view. He approached the door and reached stealthily for the bell. I turned on a current as big as the Gulf Stream. There was a weird, unearthly howl that would have done credit to a steam calliope, while the perpetrator executed a Dutch roll in the air, alighting on his feet; he then went off like one of these straight flashes of lightning that mean business. I yelled after him to return and get the bag which he had forgotten, but his hair was already brushing cobwebs off the sky three blocks away.

I was happy. I made up my mind there and then to forego my summer fishing trip. There was more fun fishing for pedlars.

That same day I chanced to glance out of the window just as a slick looking individual stepped up to the door, holding a book in one hand. "Aha! a book agent!" thought I. "Three extra thrills for you, old fellow." When he hurriedly retired from the door I noticed that he flew behind him several remnants of a broadcloth coat, but he travelled so fast I could not distinguish his features. The book which he kindly left behind on the steps proved to be a Bible, and on the fly leaf was written:—"Rev. Josephus Badgero, D.D." That was our pastor! After mature consideration, Mrs. Stubbs and I have decided not to attend Dr. Badgero's church any more.

When I realized the fact that I had created a serious schism in the church I handed the battery over to our servant girl, and strolled out into the country to "weep

'neath the willows by the stream," and seek comfort among the June bugs and grasshoppers. When the shades of evening were falling I returned. The door was closed and the iron door knob—ours was iron—looked as innocent as a dose of poison, but the livid fires of vengeance were roaring there. I grasped it. Oh, smothering toothache! what an unadulterated dose of liquid energy went through my bones! It didn't affect me like the other fellows—I couldn't let go. I howled like a gorilla; I bellowed like a Texan steer; my elbows contracted and expanded 500 times to the minute; my legs flew around like a jumping-jack, and little blue flames burst out of my hair. Suddenly I heard blood-curdling screeches from the inside. The servant, in trying to open the door to see who was being murdered, got fastened to the other side, and was being wound on the same bobbin. We would both have succumbed in one more minute had not Mrs. Stubbs turned off the current, which Maria had forgotten to do when she dismissed the last agent.

My physical proportions are not as charming as they were previous to that fight. My head is twisted so that I can comb my back hair without a second locking-glass, and one of my legs will persist in twisting itself around the other, but I am still living! A few relics of the battery may be found in the ash barrel, but the great majority of them have been blown away by the wind.

SAM STUBBS.



BASHFUL.

Algernon—Just one kiss, Maria Jane. Why not?

Maria Jane—O dear, no! Algernon! Don't you see that we are not alone—my Flossie is watching us!

IRISH PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

FIRE to emulation of the English public schoolmen of this city, who gave a recent dinner to themselves, a certain number of prominent Irish citizens dined last night at Gray's restaurant. Professor O'Donoghue took the chair. Senator Flynn (U. S.) and ex-alderman O'Boodler sat next to the chairman. After the table had been cleared and Mr. Flanagan carried out into the cloak-room, the chairman rose and proposed health of "The Uncrowned King of Ireland." In doing so he said it was no Jubilee they were celebrating, for the uncrowned king

had occupied his invisible throne since Ireland was relegated to the doom of slavery. All the greatest Englishmen had been Irish by birth, and the world owed a debt of gratitude to the fine old public schools of Ireland. They were the oldest in the world and certainly the most public—always being either on the roadside or behind the hedge. He himself owed his present proud title of professor to one of these old public schools—so did the uncrowned king. The company sang "Barney: the Boy of them All," and encored their own last verse, which was repeated in a higher key.

The next toast given was "The man that whipped the Marquis." Senator Flynn, of Kentucky, made a long speech, denouncing the British nation and parliament, and urging Canada to be annexed to the States. He was an Irish emigrant himself, by birth; but an American by constitution. He was also an Irish public schoolman, and remembered running after the police barefooted when they took the last speaker's father to gaol for stealing the boys' school-books. The chairman hereupon jumped to his feet and indignantly denied this assertion; whereupon the Senator retorted that his word was better than that of a corn-doctor. After throwing several bottles at each other they shook hands, and the next toast was proposed:—"The Army, Navy and Volunteers." Ex-Alderman O'Boodler replied by reciting several fights he had taken part in against the bailiffs, who were constantly attacking his father's home. He remembered the last speaker at the Irish public school referred to, more especially because he was always the worst boy in the place. Senator Flynn here flung his clay pipe in Mr. O'Boodler's face, and the latter gentleman responded with a large decanter, which flew through the plate-glass window and hit the policeman who was watching the proceedings. The officer immediately arrested the alderman and the party accompanied him to gaol, where they passed a very pleasant evening. The dinner will be repeated every week until further notice.

P. QUILL.

THE REPENTANT SINNER.

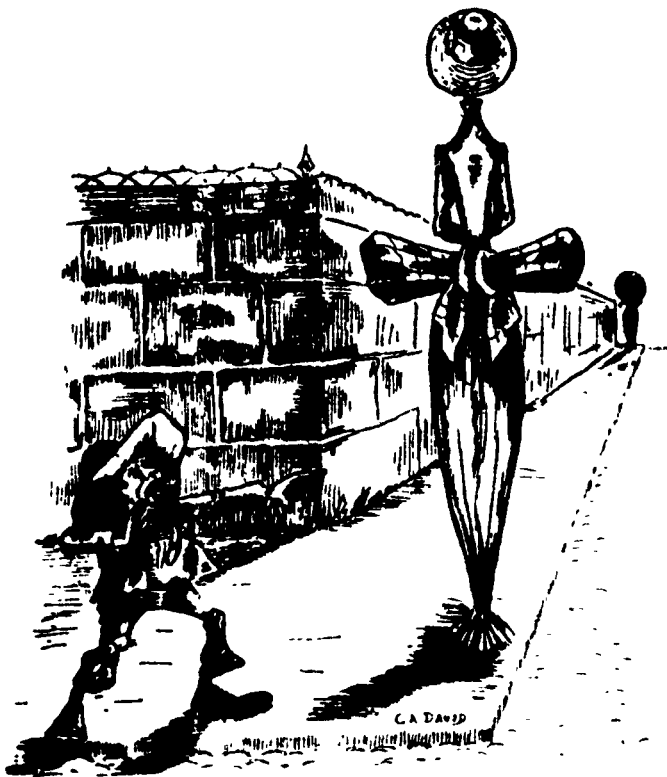
At the Wednesday evening prayer-meeting the pastor observed that there was a stranger among them. He was a long, gaunt, sad-eyed man, with large feet and hands, and a cloud of sorrow brooding over his soul. At a pause in the services the pastor invited any who might feel so disposed to unburden themselves of their experiences for the benefit of their fellow-sinners, and that peace and calm might be brought nearer their own souls.

The sad-eyed man arose slowly, and said in a broken voice, "I feel that it is good to be here to-night." ("Amen," from several of the brethren.) "I find it difficult, my friends, to analyze the emotions that are surging through my soul at this moment." (Intense sympathy shown by all towards the gaunt, melancholy man.) "I am a stranger in your midst, yet I am—I feel—you will pardon my emotion—I feel that you are all my friends. A great weight is taken from my heart. I feel about me an atmosphere of kindness and love, and I am drawn to utter what I have been longing to pour forth from the depths of my soul." ("Go on—go on, brother!" from an enthusiastic deacon.) "Thank you, brother, I *will* go on. I am a stranger lately come into this city. It is more than twenty years since I last stood in a church; but as I was walking carelessly past your church this evening, a sudden impulse, stronger than I could resist, drove me to enter. You see, brethren, I am introducing in this neighborhood an invention which

is certain to find a ready sale the moment its merits are understood,—an invention which every one of the intelligent men and women to whom I am speaking to night ought to possess. Here it is, ladies and gentlemen," he said, taking a valise from the floor of the pew, and running on in a high, nasal key, as he opened it. "The most wonderful invention of the age,—the New England combined egg-beater, can-opener, tack-hammer, frying-pan, and lid-lifter! To introduce it among you I have, for the present, made the price merely nominal, being but twenty-five cents. Step right up, and——"

The stranger made a hurried and somewhat ungraceful exit, assisted by the janitor and two deacons. Then a hymn was sung, and a long, gaunt, sad-eyed man outside heard it, and gazing silently at the far-off stars, murmured, "It was a daisy scheme, and blame me if I can see why it didn't work." And he walked down the street slowly and thoughtfully.

TIMOTHY.



"IS THIS A DAGGER THAT I SEE BEFORE ME."

—Shakespeare.

POLONIUS ON THE HORSE.

I HAVE never been on a horse but once—that was in my childhood's days. I have been troubled with loose teeth ever since. The horse was broad and fat, and my legs were short and stuck out at right angles. The "ups and downs of my life" (particularly the downs) during that horseback ride are still quite vivid in my memory.

The horse is a useful and intelligent animal. This has been said so often that the horses themselves are beginning to believe it, and are getting more independent and aristocratic every day, with the exception of the street-car horse. I think the absence of the street-car conductors has made the horses sad; they used to amuse the horses sometimes—

[Private.—I was going to say that the airs of a newly-fledged street-car conductor are enough to make a "horse laugh," but a cautious friend reminds me that the *Globe* has had that phrase copyrighted.]

If you don't think you know quite as much as the average horse, and probably never will, perhaps you had

better have as little as possible to do with a live horse. If you want to fool with a horse, a clothes horse is a very innocent and harmless thing in that line. But don't run against one in the dark. Next to falling over a wheelbarrow, I don't know anything that awakens more painful interest in a man for half an hour or so than to become entangled with a fully developed clothes horse in the dark.

Don't try to harness a horse if you are not sure you know what the bridle is and which end of the horse to put it on. You will get confused and nervous, and the horse will always have a contemptuous opinion of you; very likely he will secure a good big lock of your hair, too, or a chunk out of your arm, to remember you by. Don't try to deceive a horse, even if you think you are smart enough. It may be possible, even politic, to make say a woman believe you are not afraid of her, when you know in your inmost soul that you are. You can't play that game on the horse. I know this is not very flattering to the ladies; but I am a desperate old bachelor now, and have been declined so often by womankind that I have resolved to have revenge at every opportunity.

If you want a horse that will wear well, get a grey one. They are not immortal, of course, and their grey hairs will, in process of time, be brought down in sorrow (or joy) to the grave—or the tannery. But all the old, decrepit horses I have seen have been grey ones, and therefore I conclude that color in horse-flesh is tough and not easily discouraged.

A good many people speak very often and very highly of the "dark horse." But you can't rely on this representative of the equine race. You may be deceived in him, as he is not always clearly defined. He is not near such a hard, substantial fact as the saw-horse, for instance. There is nothing ephemeral or sentimental in the saw-horse; it is not here to-day and away to-morrow—not much. Who ever heard of an ode being written to a saw-horse? There is no poetry in that back-breaking relic of the days of human torture.

I am not wealthy, and never had anything to do with the fast horse. My conviction is that a fast horse and a fast man are much alike; they are both expensive, and, as a rule, cost more than they are worth, and their fastness is about all they are good for.

I can't say that I know anything more about the horse that would be new and interesting. He is not my "hobby" anyway.

POLONIUS.

THE JUBILEE.

THE Jubilee, the Jubilee, how glad we all must be
That now there's going to be an end to our famed Jubilee.
I've seen it up on all the walls, and up on all the streets,
It's in the mouth of every one that anybody meets,
And Queen Victoria's photograph in every shop I see,
And all because it's now the time of the blamed Jubilee.

I cannot buy a pound of soap, but it is asked of me
Whether I want the brand they call the brand of Jubilee.
I cannot buy a box of tea, but some one will demand
Whether I want the superfine—that is, the Jubilee brand.
My wife can't buy a piece of silk, but Jubilee's 's name,
And on my life, I do declare, it's a prodigious shame.

I think I'll take to some lone isle in sultry southern seas,
And for this reason, that there'll be no beastly Jubilees.
I'll light my pipe, and smoke it in quiet and in peace,
And cries of Jubilee for once will altogether cease,
And if they have a king or queen, their doctor I shall be,
And precious care I'll take that they shall have no Jubilee.

B.

A BURNING question—Where is the fire?



INSECTIVOROUS SUGGESTIONS.

(DEDICATED ONLY TO THE VALIANT ONES WHO DO NOT SCREAM WHEN THEY SEE ANY OF THE "NASTY THINGS.")

THE PIC-NIC.

DEAR SIR,—When last night
 You asked me to write
 Of the pic-nic we had
 Last week, I felt mad ;
 For that pic-nic was sad,
 And made us feel bad ;
 But I'll try to relate
 The story quite straight.
 Of course I suppose
 It is under the rose,
 And so—here goes :
 It was eight in the morning,
 The weather all scorning,
 We managed to gather
 Our bundles together,
 And tie up our traps
 With the wraps in the straps,

And, in case of mishaps,
 Took our ulsters and caps,
 For, as Jones said, " Perhaps
 They will turn on the taps,
 And this nature of ours
 Is not quite like flowers—
 To enjoy summer showers."
 At last all the meat
 We were taking to eat
 We put 'neath the seat,
 When Jones did implore us
 To sit still and steady
 Till he check'd the number
 To go to the Humber,
 And he said we were ready—
 Then up came our Freddy,
 With Jenkins and Geddie,
 And old Mrs. Eddy.
 Completing the party
 Which Jones, like the smarty
 H is, had miscounted.
 We stopp'd till they mounted,
 And then we made tracks,
 With the sun on our backs,
 Inside four large hacks.
 All melting like wax,
 We cross'd the old bridge
 And climbed up the ridge,
 Selecting the place
 Our pic-nic should grace—
 A dear little space
 Of greensward and fern.
 We agreed to adjourn,
 Two-by-two, and return
 For luncheon. Miss Grady,
 A charming young lady,
 Took charge of the kitchen,
 She look'd quite bewitchin',
 And gathered some lichen
 To lay out the table,
 Assisted by Mabel,
 Who seem'd to be able
 To change fact to fable ;
 And soon all was laid,
 I was acting as maid,
 Though I felt much afraid
 They all laugh'd at my aid,
 Till they charmingly said
 When I made lemonade,
 I was born for the trade.
 Then we started to drag
 The contents of each bag
 Into daylight—Alas !
 The first was a mass
 Of salad and glass
 And crab-apple sass,
 We proceeded to find
 That the basket was lined
 With lobster and cream,
 So we threw in the stream
 Its entire contents,
 Which gave mortal offence
 To old Mrs. Spence.
 Who said it had taken a day
 To make, and to throw it away

Was a sin and a shame.
 And the stupid old dame
 Sat down on a hamper
 And got quite a damper,
 For the lid broke in two
 And let her quite through
 With a crash and a smash,
 And of course like a hash
 Were our jellies and cake,
 So they went in the lake ;
 And now Billy Nutter,
 Who always did stutter,
 Just managed to mutter,
 " L-l-look at the b-b-butter."
 And when we did look
 It ran like a brook ;
 For Billy had tried
 To light, by its side,
 A fire, then Mrs. Green cried,



WAS IT COMPLIMENTARY?

Fond Mamma—No doubt you find it difficult to catch my daughter's expression, Mr. Daubson?

Daubson (fervidly)—I would be a chump if I couldn't catch such an expression as that!

And said such a fool
Should be sent to some school ;
But Billy replied,
With his mouth open wide,
" P-p pray k-keep co-cool."
Now Mrs. Maloney
Had brought a polony
Which was left in the back
Of a sack as a snack
For a tasty young pony
Which also had collared
And certainly swallowed
The whole of the lettuce,
And this is what set us
All mortally sick
Of our annual pic-nic.
So we came home again,
As it started to rain,
And Mrs. Maloney
Was glad when the pony
That ate her polony
Succumbed to the strain
Of some internal pain
And dropped down and died
On the lonely lake side.
Then Miss Higgins cried
And all of us tried
To soothe her, but she
Refused sympathy
Till plain Mrs. Slee
Said " Fiddle-de-dee !"
Then Miss Higgins blushed,
And got up and rushed
On that lady and crushed
Her new bonnet quite flat,
As she murrn'd, " Take that."
Then they started to fighting
And scratching and biting
Till Miss Higgins' nose
Received two big blows
As she fell comatose.
And this was the end
Of the pic-nic.

Your friend,
Well or ill,

PETER QUILL.

CHADDERS' HELIXIR.

"Do I think I've been badly treated? Of course I do," said a pimply, puny porter who had pestered me for permission to carry my portmanteau.

The man evidently had a grievance of some sort. He was just one of those men destined to be the sport of a world lying in wickedness. He kept muttering to himself as he trudged along, and at the base of his plebian little nose I noticed a line of red dots where, under ordinary circumstances, a moustache should have mounted guard. Take him altogether, he was as much an object of contempt as pity.

"You don't appear to be flourishing," I remarked.

"Blasted!" he solemnly answered. At first I thought he was swearing, but I afterwards discovered that the word applied to his prospects, which he informed me had been withered.

"By poverty?" I suggested.

"By pimples, sir!" he answered.

He looked at me to see if there was any sympathy set up by this dismal admission. "You wouldn't think moustaches and misery went hand in hand, would you?"

I mentioned that such a duplex disaster had never struck me.

"Well, I was overthrown by 'em—all through Chadders' Helixir. That was my sunken rock," he said shaking his head. It seemed to have been his sunken eyes, too, for the penurious porter looked at me with a pair of cavernous optics.

"How did it happen?" I asked, determined to have no more beating about the conversational bush.

"Come up the harchway, sir, a bit, and I'll tell you all about it. I jerks myself about so when I'm a-telling the story that I don't care for to have too much daylight turned on me."

We had no sooner got within the shadow of a neighboring arch than my man struck a kind of showman attitude and commenced, cautioning me not to take any notice of the jerks, which he informed me was "narrow hagitation."

"In heighteen hundred and fifty-hate I was employed as a barber's assistant, and I don't mind a'tellin' you, sir," said my narrator, trying ineffectually to impress me by an endeavor to straighten two bow legs, "I was a hornament to the perfession." If so I wondered what the plain work of the perfession could have been.

He continued: "My prospects, as you may say, were all a-blooming—every blessed thing was pointing me hout as a rising man; even the guffnor hisself was playing into my hands, for he took to drink and got so shaky that customers shied him, and they didn't seem satisfied when he told 'em as a razor was safe with him 'cause he always took away his hand when he felt the jumps a-coming on.

"Well, sir, I'd saved hup money enough for to go into business, when I'm blowed if my luck didn't come with a rush, and I fell in love with a girl that had got three hundred pound. We went through the usual routine. I took her to the theyaters, and she gave me slippers and a smoking cap, and I called upon her pa and I says to him in the course of a heasy shave—I hup and told him that,

humanly speaking, I was languishing with love and lather for his cheyild.

"What's her views?" says the old dad.

"It never struck me she could be hoff liking," I replied indignant, and I'd a good mind to shove the shaving brush into that old sinner's mouth for suggesting as she should love anybody else.

"Women got rum ways," says the old man, winking at me, and he whispers, 'Julia takes after her mother.'

"Then she must take precious little I thought, for I knew her ma never left much in the bottle, though of course I didn't say so.

"You've got my permission for to ask her," says the old un, and that very night, ask her I did.

"James," she says, 'I'll be candid with you, you're a rising young man—you're good 'arted, civil and attentive to business, and I don't say as I haven't got a certain amount of affection for you; out,' she says, looking at me straight, 'you haven't got a hair on your face except your eyebrows. Now, if you'd only get a moustache I wouldn't say no. Good bye,' she says, 'think it hover. My cousin is coming down next week,' and she shows me a portrait of a chap which at first I thought was an orang-outang till I seen the tip of a human horgan, which was his nose peeping out of the jettest black beard as ever was.

"The dye is cast," I says, desperate, when just at that minute I happens to see advertised Chadders' Helixir, guaranteed to grow a moustache in a week. I sent hoff for twelve bottles and I took a fortnight's holiday, and I worked that Helixir to a good tune till my lips was swollen like a Nubian's. There was hiritation if you like but no hairs, and I comes back at the end of a fortnight a frightful hobject in a chronic state of pimples. I presented myself to Julia, and she says, 'Jem, you're been rash.'

"Yes, you're right," I says, 'rash is the name for it, but it ain't going to be cured with sar-kas-sam.'

"She says, 'I don't mean that way, but I was married last week.'

"I don't remember much more. I was picked up in a fit, but I went to Hamilton in a state of frenzy, as you may say, and I found out Chadders' office, and there sitting at a green baize desk was an old gentleman. I rushed in and I landed him one and I says 'Chadders, you're an himposter. If I'd wanted hiritation I should have said so. I asked for a beard and you gave me pimples; take that,' and I landed him a swisher and walked out of the shop reckless.

"The next morning I got a perlite note from a lawyer claiming damages for assaulting a certain Mr. Singleton Swagger, barrister-at-law. I'm dashed, in my blind fury, if I hadn't gone in and pounded the wrong man. It cost me \$200 to square it, and I come out of the court stone broke, and ever since I've been took like this with jerks. It's the narves," he added, "and all I'm fit for is to carry luggage, but the sight of a hair trunk hexcites me to that degree that I'm hobligated for to take refuge in a bar. I'm feeling that way now," and with the money I had given him the victim of Chadders' Helixir vanished.

MOONSHINE.

MRS. BLANK is generally of a very amiable disposition, but she said bitter things the other day. She expressed the awful wish that Bridget might one day be well enough off to hire a servant herself. The poor girl was quite broken down, and cried like a baby.—*Boston Transcript.*

OVERHEARD.

A TASTEFULLY attired young man of prepossessing appearance gracefully boarded an open street car the other afternoon, and found a seat behind two young ladies. After his feelings had been again restored to composure,—for he had been chasing the caravan for two and a half blocks amid the enthusiastic plaudits of the citizens in general,—he began to be conscious that the following conversation was being carried on just before him.

"Isn't she a fright in that lilac and navy blue?"



THE LADIES' YACHT CLUB.

Mutinous Crew—There's no use—we must enforce the rules against talking to the woman at the tiller!

"I often think it must be her eyes that give her such an unpleasant appearance."

"Yes, they *are* rather starey, and then her mouth—"

"Oh, Kate, Mrs. Roberts was there, too,"—vivaciously—"with her dear Bella."

"Spiteful, giggling thing!"

"The dear gawk sang, and used her eyes, and made frantic attempts to attract Harry,—and Mrs. Roberts was crushingly sweet to me."

"Oh, I can imagine!"

"Dear Bella is so young and inexperienced," she said, 'and knows so little of the world! She is *so* artistic, *so* gifted—"

"How ridiculous!--as if no one ever tried to paint on plush before!"

"Bella is so sweet and beautiful, Mrs. Roberts," I fibbed, "that you ought to be content to shine now by your daughter's reflected light!" A ripple of laughter.

"Oh, how *could* you be so cruel? The poor woman might as well sit in the outer darkness at once!"

"Mrs. Roberts said, 'She will go to Italy in a year or two to finish her studies in music.—although Mr. Profundo and Professor McThorax have told me that she needs very little further training, and—'"

"It's not likely dear Bella will get any nearer Italy than Hamilton."

"No, indeed. Have you ever noticed the amount of gold in Mrs. Roberts' mouth? The woman's teeth are actually more gold than anything else!"

"She must be a brilliant conversationalist when she opens her mouth wide. But Bella's strivings to be a *cantatrice* are a great deal more hopeless than the strivings of that mauve china monkey"—giggling—"to climb up to the chandelier by the crimson silk cord."

"Oh, infinitely!--you mean in that hideous room where she spends so much time at the piano making herself sallow every day."

"Yes, and narrow-chested." A pause. "Oh, Kate, when we were at the Commencement at Atonement College, Friday night, you remember. George Smith told me, while the Bishop of Kamschatka was delivering his address on Foreign Missions, that he would take the services at the church of the Innovation on Sunday, and—"

"And you never told me, Sadie!" Reproachfully.

"I am *so* sorry. But it was just beautiful, Kate, at the church. George preached exquisitely, and I wore pale-blue *faillé*. And"—the fair speaker was ecstatically at a loss for a moment or two—"Oh, yes! and he came into my Sunday-school class in the afternoon, and was *so* nice—oh, you can't think!--and—"

"Oh, it must be just too lovely for anything to really belong to the Church of the Innovation!" Rapturously.

"Oh, yes, indeed. And oh, Kate—"

At this point, (having suddenly noticed that I was being carried past my destination), I regretted to have to leave the car.

H.

A TERRIBLE PLUNGE.

A YOUTH stood on a fallen tree,
Whose branches in the river lay,
And in his mind—it seemed to me,—
Wild thoughts chased wilder thoughts away.

"I cannot leap," he seemed to say,
"Yet for that reason 'twas I came
In the dark river's watery way,
To cast my strong but shrinking frame.

"Oh, what would my dear mother say,
My loving sister Maggie, too,
If they should know what I to-day
Had here intended now to do?"

"But such weak thoughts I'll harbor not,
I will not play the coward's part;
So, fields and woods and every spot
I love, farewell! be still sad heart."

He leaped, and now the dark, swift stream
Had quickly hid his form from view;
Aloft was heard the eagle's scream,
Shocked at what man had dared to do.

Silence upon the river came,
The circling eddies swiftly fled;
But look!—once more the youth's lithe frame
Arises, for he is not dead.

Ah, to have felt Death's awful hand
Laid coldly, heavily on one's head!
The youth his dark eyes turned to land,
And most excitedly he said:

"Bully, old fellow, jump tight in,
The water's beautiful;
Don't stand like I did, shivering,
For fear it might be cool."



Professor Jinks—You are making excellent progress, Bertha. You evidently take great delight in music.

Bertha—Oh, not much, but pa has promised that as soon as I finish these exercises he will get me a *real* teacher.

UNRECORDED CONVERSATIONS OF GREAT MEN.

AN ATHENIAN RETORT.

ON a warm afternoon in August Socrates and Niceratus, after having witnessed the celebration of one of the festivals in honor of Artemis, boarded a street car—one of the Piraeus line—to return to the city. The car was full of tired Athenians, who sat in silence, gazing sometimes at the long walls on either side the dusty roadway, upon which the rays of the sun beat vertically. The great heat and the weariness resulting from their forenoon of pleasure was oppressive to the carfull of bright, volatile Athenians, who seemed to have exchanged their natural lightness of mood for a state of irritable unsociability.

Socrates was always eager to be talking with some one, and the silence maintained in the car was very unpleasant to him. After looking around him in vain for a man with whom he might begin conversation, his eye fell on the

conductor, who was standing on the rear platform. The door was open and the conductor, with a bored expression, was whistling softly to himself. At last he observed that Socrates was eyeing him very closely.

"Now, by Dionysus, my friend," said he, "please look another way,—you've got a face that makes my hair ache. Did I ever do you any wrong that you should glare at me as you do?"

"Well," replied Socrates affably, "I can't say that you did. But I was just going to warn you against doing me one now, by carrying me past my street. Try to keep in mind that I want to get off at Acropolis Avenue."

"Oh, I can't take care of everybody's business that rides on this line," said the conductor. "If you don't know enough to last you till you get home, that's none of my funeral. We don't run a department for idiots, by Zeus!"

"If you would tie one side of your mouth to the back of your head, my friend," answered Socrates sarcastically, "perhaps then you might remember, when we reach Acropolis Avenue, that there is somebody on the car who wishes to get off there."

"It would ill become one in my position to exhibit myself so to the Athenian public. But if *you* will kindly wrap your ears around your neck a couple of times," the conductor suggested politely, "and then tie them in a bow knot under your chin, I think I will remember not to carry you past your street." And there was much merriment in the car.

W. J. H.

VERY EXCLUSIVE.

ME next dure neighbor indade!

Is it me ud be afther spakin' to the likes av *that* woman—afther the way meself was tuk in wid her the very jay she cum there? No ma-am! I never takes up wid the likes av sich truck, savin' yer prisince. I prefers to be aixclusive. The way it was ma-am—sure the "let" was down aff the window, an' there was wan load av foine furniture in the house, an' sure an' where was the harrum av meself slippin' in be the back dure—just to see if me cat was afther bein' shut in there, maybe perhaps who knows how? Well, meself goes up stairs, an' down stairs, luckin' fur me cat, an' if I did luck in at the bureau drawers, jist fur the good luck av the thing, sure where was the harrum? An' sure I never thought they'd miss a few nick-nacks out among all thim things. So I jist pinned a few handkerchers an' a few collars an' ribbons round on me petticoats an' just let me gown-tail down cver them quite discrately so you'd niver know, an' out I cum. But who should I meet in the dure but me laddy-bug, an' she drest as foine as ye please; an' she sez to me, sez she, "Aixcuse me," sez she, "but may I ax what ye're afther doin' here," sez she.

"Sartainly, ma-am," sez I; "sure its no objections I'd have in the wurld to be afther answerin' a civil question," sez I. "It's me c't I'm afther," sez I. "He's a grate bye to wander round impty houses is Tom, an' sure," sez I, "it's in here I thought I'd find him," sez I.

"Oh," sez she an' wid that she walks in past me wid-out ivir spaikin' wan word.

Well, ma-am, they moved in all right sure enough, an' meself was just afther thinkin' how it ud be if Tom were to go in be the back cellar dure some afternoon when me laddy-bug was out wid the baby, an' me to go after him loibe,—sure I couldn't be afther losin' me cat, an' sure they bein' next dure neighbors wouldn't moind me havin' an eye to the place, anyway, whin they were out. Whin who

should walk up to me dure but a grate policeman, an' he'd a warrant to commit meself for pittty larceny if yez please.

"Pittty larceny!" sez I. "Shure I wouldn't know the woman if she was lookin' into me two oyes this minute," sez I. "Is it *me* you'd be afther takin' up fur kapin a disorderly house, an' meself you'd be arristin', all on account av Pittty Larceny, had cess to her. More be token, I don't know the woman," sez I. But musha! it was no use at all, at all; sure, meself a poor harmless widdy-woman was actually sint down fur tin days fur stalin' handkerchers an' ribbons from that next dure's bureau—whin I can take me awful davy that Bridgey never put wan av thim ribbons round her neck only wonst, whin she wint to the ball wid Larry Flynn, an' the handkerchers she always dried 'em in the house. An' our Bridgey is a gurrul that was brought up in daycency an' 'annesty, an' niver in all her life wint as far as the corner wid a man. Yes ma am! an' there was me good name spiled, an' me family disgraced all because meself just wint in in a nayborly way to luck fur me poor cat. No ma-am! I've more respect fur meself than spake to the likes uv *her*, if she is me next dure neighbor. I'm very aixclusive ma-am.



HALF-FARE.

Ticket Agent—For adults, one dollar; children half-price.

Yacobstein—Give us three children's tickets.

Ticket Agent—But *you* are not children!

Yacobstein—Of course we are; children of Israel, aind it?

THE PHILOSOPHY OF ETIQUETTE.

FORMULATED FOR THE COMPREHENSION OF THE OBTUSE
WITH AN APPENDIX OF ARBITRARY RULES
FOR BEGINNERS

- I. DON'T allow your guest to become embarrassed. If he should break a champagne glass, immediately contrive to smash the epergne yourself. This conduct will put your guest in countenance, and will also develop powers of endurance in your wife.

- II. Don't be flurried. If you should find that you have just been disparaging a near relative of your host, continue the subject vigorously until you shift the embarrassment from yourself to your host.
- III. Don't, while visiting, be languid or taciturn. Don't have too little animation to get up and go home.
- IV. Don't wear soiled linen. It is not chivalrous to boycott the laundry-woman.
- V. Don't nap in church. You are liable to snore, and it would be inconsiderate to awaken other members of the congregation.
- VI. Don't write anonymous communications. If you feel a hesitancy in signing your own name, use that of a friend. In writing cheques, this practice is now sanctioned by the best usage.
- VII. Don't fail, as host, to follow a departing visitor to the hall door. You are responsible for the hats and umbrellas of the callers who remain.
- VIII. Don't smoke in public conveyances. Some fellow-traveller might ask you for a cigar.
- IX. Don't shake hands with every person present.
- X. Don't hesitate to drink water during meals, no matter what may be said to the contrary. Some articles of food need to be put out.
- XI. Don't fly into a towering passion with the waiter at a watering place, and throw crockery. He might prove to be a university man, whose challenge you could not decline.
- XII. Don't leave the theatre just before the curtain falls. Everybody does; remain and avoid the crowd.
- XIII. Don't appear in evening dress on any occasion before six p.m. Otherwise the inference in polite society is that you didn't come home till morning.
- XIV. Don't notice or invite attention to the infirmities of others. Don't call on the mute for an after-dinner speech.
- XV. Don't fail to apologize whenever you inconvenience others. If you happen to be standing on a gentleman's head in a panic, don't forget to say, "Excuse me."

RESPECTFULLY ADDRESSED TO SEARCHERS FOR SOCIAL CULTURE WHO USE THE ENQUIRY COLUMNS OF THE PRESS.

- I. Don't stir your coffee with your fork, or stick your spoon into the beef.
- II. Don't rest your elbows in your plate or in any dish.
- III. Don't, in carving, stab with the fork, or do anything that will suggest cruelty.
- IV. Don't forget to carry food to the mouth with an inward curve of the fork or spoon. No calisthenic flourishes over the shoulder or around the head are permissible.
- V. Don't tuck your napkin under the chin, and don't carry away the ring.
- VI. Don't come to lunch in your shirt sleeves, and don't retire in your dress-coat.
- VII. Don't talk when your mouth is full. *Mem.:* Keep it full.
- VIII. Don't fail to keep your Manual of Etiquette lying open for easy reference during meals.

—Eureka Bendall.



A DARK THREAT.

"Wo! dah. Ef you doan bu have yo'sef I's gwine ter fling you ober flatter yo' back!"

YE PRIEST AND YE LAUGH.

SANCT SOMETHING was ane leil leil priest
Of ane lang priestly line,
An' mickle virtue possessed,
Both human and divine.

Adowne ye streets of old Quebec
Ye holy show did wend:
Priestis in surplice and in stole,
And boys withouten end.

Now as ye lang procession passed,
Hot fervour filled his eyne;
Quoth he, "It is the fairest sight
Old Quebec town hath seen."

Then, like untoe ane ancient seer,
He 'gan to prophesy:
"Good lack! in but a little while
This continent shall lie

Prone at ye Holy Father's feet,
To humbly kiss his toe."
Ye while he spake, from outen space
A voice laughed loud, "Ho! ho!"

Ye sanctly Father heard it not,
Soe sore intent was he
Ye French Canadians to exalt
With praise and pietie.

Likewise alsoe they heard it not,
Who to his words gave ear,
"Goe and possess the land," sayeth he,
"For Rome withouten fear.

"Ye spirit of ye ancient Gaul,
Inspired by Holy Rome,
Accursed liberty shall crush,
And bring ye wanderers home

"Unto ye bosom of ye Church,
Noe more out thence to goe."
Again there fell on heedless ears
That mocking laugh, "Ho! ho!"

"Ye glories of ye Middle Age
Your ardore shall restore,
And Labor Knights and Woman's Rights
Shall sink toe rise noe more.

WE should have considerable more respect for the unloaded revolver if it would always shoot the man who fools with it instead of killing the innocent people who are standing promiscuously around.—*Fall River Advance.*

There shall be no more Separate schools
With hieretics to cope,
Our educator then—the Church,
Our lawgiver—the Pope.

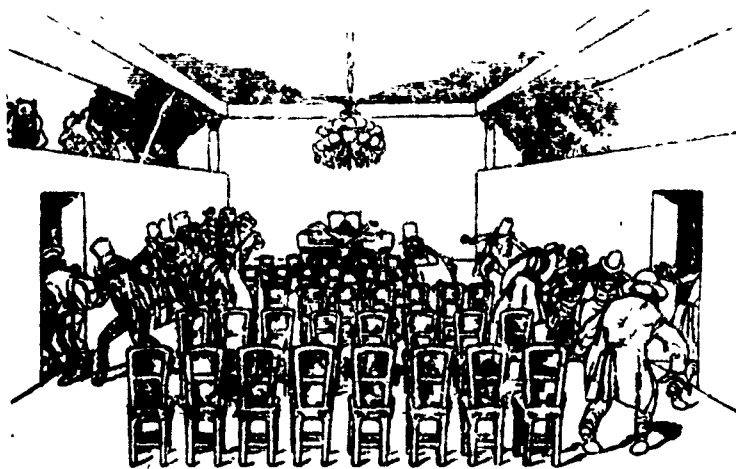
“Oh sweet and blest millennial time,
When all on knees shall goe
To Rome, and none shall dare ask why.”
“Ho! ho! ha! ha! ho! ho!”

Now, was it head or human shape,
Or was it but ears?
I trow not, yet, God wot, I wis,
There was in that “Ho! ho!”

A sound that oddly did suggest
A hint of Uncle Sam
With Canada, ye fair coquette,
Light leaning on his arm;

She, smiling, “Let ye poor priest talk,
It pleaseth him you know.”
He, tickled at ye huge conceit,
And laughing loud, “Ho! no!”

J. KAYLOR.



MUSICAL NOTE.

“HERR SCHWINKLEBAUM then played a selection from Wagner’s Lohengrin, and the audience was fairly carried away.”—*Musical Review*.

SANCTUM STORIES.

I.—ABOUT A SNAKE.

WHILE we were dozing in our cozy arm-chair the other day, a wild-looking stranger meandered into the sanctum.

We did not hear his footfalls on the thick turkey-carpeted floor, and were not aware of his presence until he had coughed nervously once or twice. When we had awakened ourselves and when the dusky call-boy had hung our guest’s coat and hat on the rack—where the owner was so soon to be stretched!—the stranger asked:

“Are you the editor?”

No, seeing any peculiar advantage to be gained by prevarication, we replied:

“We are.”

“Well,” said the stranger, “I’ve seen some o’ yer snake stories, an’ thought as mebbe yu’d like to hear ’bout the snake my grandfather used to own away up in ’52?”

We said that we had long ago given up such folly, but would be pleased to listen to his ante-mortem deposition. Having been sworn on our copy of the “Ross Bible,” and adjured to “tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth,” the stranger thus perjured himself:

“It was in the fall of ’52 when my grandfather was editin’ the *Journal*. He was a sociable kind o’ man, and

was powerful fond of his glass. Well, one night he went on a reg’lar ‘bender’ and kep’ it for about a week. Well, sir, on Saturday night he commenced to show signs of the D.T.’s, and began to howl and yell ’bout snakes and sich, and all that sort o’ truck, same as people allus does under sim’lar circumstances. Well, when he was thrashin’ round his room, and cussin’ the snakes, ne made a sudden swoop, and would ye believe it, he caught hold of a reg’lar live snake! It was three and a half feet long and ’bout three-quarters of an inch wide in the widest part. Well, that kind o’ straightened out my venerable grand parient, an’ he quit yellin’ and cussin’, an’ he took up the animal and looked him all over and commenced to feel him to see if he was the ‘real, genuine, imported, havana filled ci—’ I mean snake. Well, sir, would ye believe it, that snake he stiffened right out, and pulled in his tongue, and closed his eyes, and went to sleep—at least so my grandfather thought. But that snake wasn’t asleep at all, he was dead—clean plum dead, an’ don’t you forget it! You may laugh, but that snake died o’ chagrin at bein’ caught—nothin’ else but bein’ so ashamed o’ hisself. It was as clear a case of suicide as any ever known! What! You don’t believe it? Why, you can see that snake any day you’ve a mind to. My grandfather had him varnished an’ used him as a walkin’-stick during his life-time, an’ left it to me as an heirloom! Eh? What’s that you say? Git out? Well, you’re the durndes’ kind of a hoss-editor I ever seen, you are. You can’t appreciate a good story when you hear one.”

FRDERICK PEMBROKE.

IN SUMMER DAYS.

How sweet it is in the long, hot, listless afternoons of July to seek out some cool haunt, where tangled shadows weave their tracery under drooping bowers of leaves! Languid with ease and dreamful rest, you muse and fall into moods of tender sadness that are only half akin to pain,—

For ah, that love should vanish with the rose,
That Youth’s sweet-scented manuscript should close!

And while tears from the depth of some divine despair steal to your eyes, it strikes you with terrible suddenness that you are sitting on a community of hornets, and you project yourself from the gnarled stump about four yards up into the atmosphere—and, by the way, wherein do you just then resemble Mexico? Well, you resemble Mexico because you are indulging in a countless number of revolutions per minute. Having disposed of this Mexican drum, so to speak, we will now return to the dreamy, ice creamy, sensuous summer days.

In the scented fields the bees hover and stray about the golden blooms; as the poet sings,—

Now doth the little busy bee
Flutter from flower to flower;
And like the little boot-black, he
Improves each shining hour.

The butterflies, too, bronze, and blue, and old gold, like gorgeous floating scraps of silk, flap from the clematis and climbing rose across fields that dream of the harvest with its yellow sheaves. They flutter around, and are at last captured; a long pin is stuck through the small of their backs, and they are fastened securely on a cork and put into a cabinet. It is seldom that a butterfly gets into Sir John’s cabinet; but this reflection may be suffered to pass without further comment.

In summer days we go to the country. We go to commune with nature in her loveliest moods. We shake

off the city's soiled dust, to live, for a time, purer, more ideal lives; to gaze on rippling pools, on lilies swaying on their slender stalks, on tender opal mists stretched along the hills. We seek the rural districts to enjoy nice country board, plenty of fresh eggs, pure cream, plenty of shade, fine view, no malaria, two miles from station, fruit of all kinds in abundance, beautiful drives, no mosquitoes, excellent boating, spacious tennis courts and croquet-lawns, etc. Terms, six dollars per week.

All this appears very enchanting and attractive when you read it in the farmer's advertisement in the paper. But if you go down to pass the summer months on his estate, he will feed you on canned goods; and you will supplement the rural fare he offers you with a diet of quinine pills. All the milk you will get will come down from the city on the morning train. You will discover that the farmer was strangely mistaken about the malaria; as for the "fine views," you must do him the justice of remembering that he was reared on art-ideals different from your own. And besides, you will not notice much the absence of the "fine views"; another sense will have so much thrust upon it as to absorb almost your entire attention. But perhaps we have maligned the country sufficiently. Before passing over we will pause to quote a picturesque stanza which has been haunting our memory:

"Now summer smiles on fields of dimpling wheat,
With flaming poppies on her golden brow,
And now we often see which is more fleet,
The city maiden or the country cow."

Those of us who can't get away from our posts of duty go around in white hats, wilting collars, and seersucker coats and vests, and wonder how people can be fools enough to wear themselves out at summer resorts. And in the afternoon we loosen one lung and make wrecks of ourselves generally, howling at a baseball match. And when we read the papers we carefully skip the jokes about the prevarications of the angler, and the hotel-clerk's diamond stud; and we also avoid the familiar pleasant-ries touching ice-cream. For we have wrestled with these merry jests of old, and the summer is a time of relaxation. Bearing this in mind, we exercise great caution and are careful not to overtax or strain our system by too much work. We know of a Toronto man who, by too great attention to the affairs of business, so debilitated his constitution as to have to drink egg-noggs made from the eggs of one hen. Let this be a warning to us in these days when the mercury most unexpectedly slips and slides, like Lord Alfred's brook.

This, too, is the season of the circus—But what we have just said about Lord Alfred's brook suggests much to us, and we will at once dismiss the circus, as being irrelephant to the matter in hand. As good a way as any to enjoy yourself in summer is to swing in a hammock, where the golden sunlight is sifted through the trees, by the side of some babbling brook. The prudent man first of all sees that the hammock is securely fastened; and is particularly careful about getting into it without damaging the greensward or the clear rippling of the brook by any hasty, unconsidered movements of his body. He sees the fine, delicate mists in the distance, of a faint, blue tint, and the leaves dancing in every breeze. He would no more think of improving on such supreme bliss than he would of gilding refined gold, or quaffing a John Collins from a lily. For gazing occasionally on the spray of white-blossoming wild vine that wanders in graceful beauty over the foliage of the hazels, scattering its deli-

cate odor on the summer air, he blows light clouds of smoke from his fragrant Cuban cigar, dallies with his GRIP, and is happy.

W. J. H.

VOICES OF THE DAY.

MORNING.

How blest behind the shutters cool,
On warm June days to lie at ease;
While balmy airs, with perfume full,
Steal through the slats and on the breeze
Comes—"Fur-r-r-r-resh feesh! all alive!"
Fur-r-r-r-resh feesh—all but alive!"

AFTERNOON.

Sweet hour of rest, when, fanner o'er,
A blessed forty winks we steal;
From out the silence, while life's roar
Is hushed, and we naught hear nor feel,
Save—"Stir-r-r-r-r-robrie ripe! Stir-r-r-robrie r-r-ripe!
Stroobees! str-r-r-obrees! three for a quarter!"

EVENING.

How beautiful the sunset gleams
Athwart the maples o'er the way!
While through the open casement streams
The golden smile of dying day—
Hark! "Whirr-co-rr-oo-ping-ping-dir-ir-ir-ring."
'Tis man and his ancestor, "Beautiful spring!"



HEALTH NOTE.

MISS TRALALA, of Jarvis Street, is one of the healthiest young ladies of the city, and yet for the first half hour of the day she looks far from well.

GOOD FOR BOARDING HOUSES.

CUSTOMER—Give me another steak like the last one I got here.
Butcher—I don't remember the particular steak, but this is a nice tender piece.
Customer—Who wants a tender piece?
Butcher—I supposed everybody liked that kind.
Customer—You must think I intend to eat it. It's a door mat I'm after. The other steak is about worn out.
—*Omaha Herald.*



OUR ARTIST TAKES A "REST."

CANADIAN SONG OF FREEDOM.

Words by JOHN IMRIE, Toronto.

Music by Prof. J. F. JOHNSTONE, Toronto.

1. Free-dom's glad song we sing, Free as a bird on wing,— Free
 2. While life and strength re-main We will our rights main-tain, Our
 3. We shed no cra-ven tear, No ty-rant's threat we fear; Be

as the sweet pure air,..... Free as the sun-light fair. Shout Free-dom's ho-ly
 har-dy sons of toil..... Shall guard Can-a-dian soil: One Pa-tri-ot-ic
 fore no foe we fly,..... We dare be free—OR DIE! To death we on-ly

song: We no-thing fear but wrong; For Free-dom, God and Right..... We'll
 toast Shall ev-er be our boast! From all that dare op-press,..... Our
 bend, Our foe, and yet our friend: The watchword of the free..... Is—

no-bly stand and fight! For Free-dom, God, and Right.... We'll no-bly stand and fight.
 swords shall find re-dress! From all that dare op-press.... Our swords shall find redress!
 "Death or Li-ber-ty!" The watchword of the free.... Is—"Death or Li-ber-ty!"

ff *mf* *p* *ff* *rit.* *a tempo.* *mf* *ff* *rit.* *a tempo.* *ff rit.* *a tempo.*

WALKER'S**WEEKLY****WALKER'S
JUBILEE ODE.**

This year of Jubilee
Well furnished you may be
At Walker's Store,
Rivals censorious
Profess great scorn for us,
Still we're victorious,
Walker's serene.

For spite of enemies,
Successful still is his
Instalment plan.
Honest his politics,
Fear them no shabby tricks;
Grandly your house he'll fix,
Walker's the man.

Curtains and carpets new,
Pictures and china, too,
Here may be found;
Come and inspect his stock,
Thousands unto him flock,
Well can he stand the shock.
Give him a call.

Easy the payments are,
They ne'er your peace will mar,
Nor rest I ween;
So then, your comfort seek,
Pay by the month or week,
All who have done so speak
Well of the scheme

If you wish to celebrate the Fiftieth Anniversary of the Queen's accession right royally, you could not do so in a more fitting way than by beautifying your home. A thing of beauty, so says the poet, is a joy for ever, and WALKER'S Store is the place to find it. An elegant Parlor Suite or Handsome Bedroom Set cannot but prove a lasting souvenir of the festivities of the year, and with a new Jubilee Set of Dishes how much more enjoyable will be the Jubilee dinner.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN**Walker's Weekly Payment Store,**107 1/2 QUEEN ST. WEST,
TORONTO.**PAYMENT****STORE.**



AN ENT-RANCHE-ING PARTNER.

Young Schuyler Van Derk (who has been assigned to a fair partner from the west)—Shan't we look into the supper-room, Miss Beebe?

Miss Beebe (from Omaha)—No, thanks; I'd rather round up than pasture any time. Let her go now, for the home ranche under the fiddlers. Whoop la!

Judge.

HE KNEW HER SISTER.

MRS. DOLLINGER, a Sioux Falls lady, who lives on Twelfth street, heard a rap at the front door the other afternoon and responded, to find a very distinguished-looking gentleman, tall, extremely dignified and handsome.

"Ah! Mrs. Dollinger, I believe," he said.

"Yes, sir."

"My name is Harcourt; I live at Huron. Mrs. Scott of that place is your sister, is she not?"

"Yes, sir."

"Ah, yes, I am very well acquainted with her. She requested me to call and do a little errand for her."

"Oh, yes; won't you step in, Mr. Harcourt?"

"Thank you, I believe I will. Very fine weather we're having."

"Yes, sir. Take the easy chair."

"Thank you—pray don't put yourself to any trouble on my account."

"Certainly not. Was my sister well when you left?"

"Quite well, I'm pleased to say. By the way, Mrs. Dollinger, I have a little work here which I would like to show, as I am sure you would be interested in it, it is called 'Daniel in the Lion's Den,' and is by the Rev. Thomas R. Deuteronomy, and it comes in twelve parts exquisitely bound in cloth, leather or extra Russia, is finely illustrated, and should be in every library, and I am taking hundreds of orders as you can see by examining this order book, and everybody is wild over it, and all pronounce it the most wonderful book written since the holy Scriptures; it treats of Daniel in ten stages—when he started to go into the den, when he got a little

further in, when he got clear in, when the lions came up to examine him, while they were making their survey, when they retired to consult together, when they decided a post mortem would be necessary, when they announced the result to Daniel, when he convinced them that he would not consent to an autopsy, when the lions retired and Daniel got out—embellished with numerous cuts, plans, maps and beautiful steel engravings. Comes at \$1 a part, or \$12 for the entire work. Put your name down here and pay as you receive each part—eleven parts now ready. Here is a fountain pen: write under Mr. Brown's name at the bottom of the page."

"Mr. Harcourt," said Mrs. Dollinger, rising and suppressing her tears, "you're a mean, deceitful book agent! Get out of my house!"

"I know, but just sign—"

"Go on, or I shall scream!"

"Certainly, certainly, if you insist; no offence. But can you tell me the name of the lady next door and where some of her family live? Ah, won't eh? I'll work another scheme then. Good day, Mrs. Dollinger, good day; glad to have made your acquaintance."—*Dakota Bell.*

MELANCHOLY DAYS AT HOME.

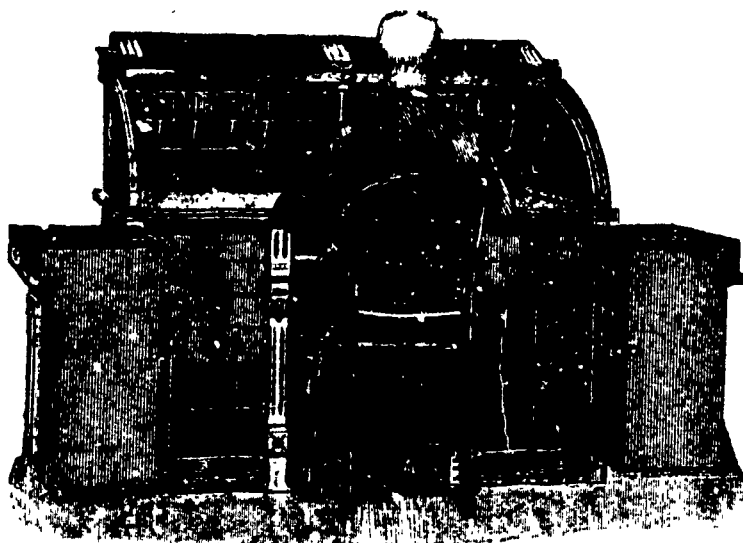
THOUGH poets have sung and sentimentalists wept in sympathy with the tearful and eternal drip of wet autumn days, and declared them to be the saddest of the year, the heart of Eliza Pencherman knows more melancholy ones, when the moments stretch themselves into minutes and the minutes seem diurnal rotations of long drawn out misery, times that shake the happy relations between husband and wife and make the daughters of the family lose that innocent and delightful confidence which usually exists between them and the stern parental head of the family—I refer, of course, to the days when the bills come in, and Lucas declares we're ruining him. Now I always make a point of not shirking duty, and when this accusation was made for the twenty-fourth time in our silver wedded life, I met it as ever straight in the face, like a woman, and demanded an explanation. Recalling all my arithmetic I added up expenses, and deducted from our income with an accuracy that was a credit to my schooling, and not all the ciphering of the member for Rural Dell could upset. There was a large, I may say, an enormous margin left. I sighed with relief, but forgetting one item of expense, I turned round and said to my husband, "How much shall I put down for your personal expenditure, my dear?" Simple as was the question, the reply was exhaustive, not in giving me a detailed account of his tailor's bills, as one might have imagined, but in explaining the enormous impertinence of a wife's seeking to know about her husband's private business. *I was prepared to discuss the question*, but as soon as he had made all the remarks he wanted to, he said that he hated argument, and we'd better drop the subject, and with a wave of the hand offered me fifty dollars to get the girls and myself a summer outfit. With an outward calm that hid my inner emotions, I put the money in my pocket, and casting a speculative glance on my better half, asked him, with a sarcasm that cut deep, how many silk dresses he thought that would buy. Perhaps you think that man replied, one black, or two cheap colored silks at a bankrupt sale. Little you know politicians, they don't commit themselves to direct replies.

"Come, come, Eliza," he said, "women, you know, can't understand the necessary expenses of a public man

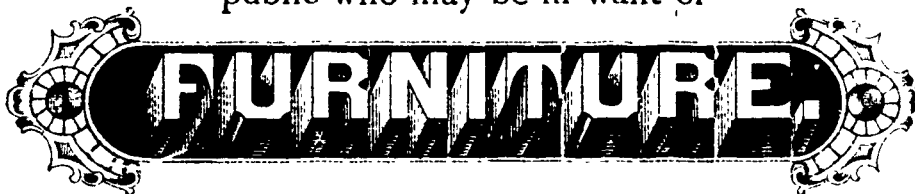
SAMO'S FURNITURE FACTORY

and WAREROOMS,

189 YONGE ST. - TORONTO.



Having the best facilities for manufacturing, we can offer great inducements to the trade and public who may be in want of



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WAREROOMS :

189 YONGE STREET.

FACTORY :

195 YONGE STREET.

Our Furniture is all on the Ground Floor, thus avoiding the great inconvenience of climbing up several flights of stairs.

JAS. H. SAMO, - 189 Yonge St., TORONTO.



HER PREFERENCE.

Bookseller—That is the celebrated "She." Have you read it?

Miss Breezy—"She?" I don't care to read it. Haven't you something about He?

bates have cost me a good square sum, and the Scott Act isn't the only one either. You see," he went on, "whenever anything comes up before the 'House,' on which you either have no particular opinion, or, having one, don't wish to express it, your only plan is to leave Ottawa on pressing business, so that if a vote should happen to be taken during your unavoidable absence you're not responsible, and can answer with a clear conscience any enquiries your constituents make as to the stand you took, but these trips cost money, what with hotel bills, going to the opera and asking the other fellows to dine with you. As the wife of a member your soul should soar above petty details of expense, but I see it is of no use to imbue the feminine mind with lofty patrician sentiments," and without further ado he seized his hat and went down town, leaving me a prey to the most melancholy feelings. J. M. LOES.

SEA STORIES.

BY GRIP'S OWN ANCIENT MARINER.

A JIBE AT A JIB.

HAWKINS, who is the unfortunate possessor of an extremely long nose, was spending vacation with old Captain Finback (on the retired list), and one day noticed the old salt regarding him very meditatively.

"Well, Captain," he enquired, "is there anything new about me?"

"No, I can't say as there is," was the bluff reply. "But I was just athinkin' you'd never go to perdition for want of a jib to pay you off."

Hawkins simply remarked with a bland smile that he'd rudder think not, too; but there was no responsive smile on Captain Finback's bronzed visage. Captain Finback is eminently practical.

CRITICISING A CRAFT.

"MY eyes!" exclaimed Jack to his messmate, as there passed by a young lady dressed in the height of the prevailing fashion, and with one of the latest panniers; "ain't that a tidy little craft?"

"Well, yes!" agreed his companion. "But it seems to me she's carrying to much after-sail."

LOST HIS BEARINGS.

A SAILOR about three sheets in the wind was leaning against a lamp-post and essaying to discover the use of one of the new letter boxes attached thereto.

A city missionary came along and addressed him in nautical vernacular.

"Ahoy, there, shipmate! whither are you drifting? How are you heading?"

Jack, with his eyes still on the box, managed to respond: "How (hic) kin a chap (hic) get his (hic) bearings when there's (hic) no compass in (hic) this bloomin' (hic) binnacle?"

parliamentary matters do dip a fellow so. One must be patriotic, and that confounded Scott Act alone has been a regular sinking fund to me."

"Good heavens, Lucius!" I exclaimed, forgetting other things in horror at the thought that the honor of the Penchermans was at stake, "don't dare to tell me you've been bribing people." He glanced at me in an exasperatingly superior way.

"Ah, my love, what an excitable creature you are," he said, "bribing and all that sort of thing belongs to parliaments of the past, but if you will give me all your attention, I'll try and elucidate things to your understanding."

"Elucidate all you like," I replied, with the hauteur I felt the occasion required, "the unabridged dictionary is near me, and with its help I'll worry through your meaning, only don't forget that you are in the bosom of your family, instead of making a stump speech which nobody listens to." My dignity kind of flustered him, seeing which I folded my hands with a monumental patience that said plainly, Go on, I will endure.

"You needn't try to look so scornful, the Act or de-

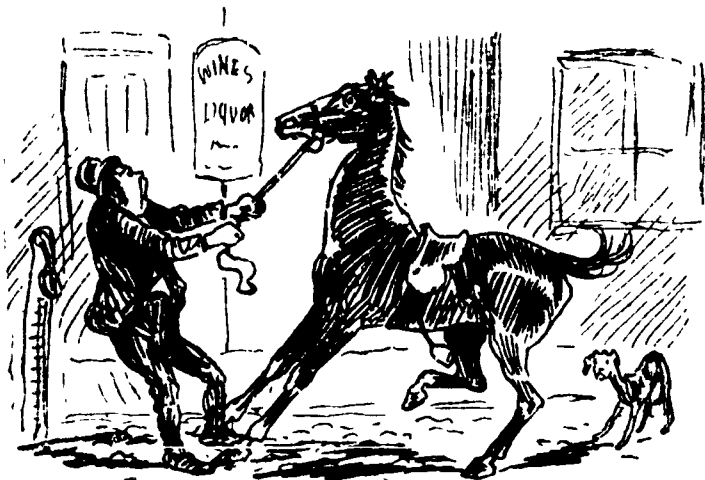
A FRESH thing in hats is the head of the young man who says "Ah there."—*Oil City Blizzard*.

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W. H. STONE,
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MAN
AND THE
LOWER ANIMALS



"STONE WIGGINS!"

JUST WHAT THE CHARLESTON DARKEYS FELT LIKE DOING.

LAWSON'S CONCENTRATED
FLUID BEEF.

A perfect article of Diet; being the most nutritious
form of Beef Food ever introduced.

Specially adapted for Children and Invalids.

PREPARED BY
THE HYGIENIC FOOD CO.
TORONTO.



BADLY TIMED.

Happy Young Bridegroom.—No one feels more than I how
unworthy I am of such a treasure—
Young Mr. Malaprop.—Hear-r! Hear-r!

There is an outside cover on this book,
but don't look at it.

THE TORONTO RUBBER CO. OF CANADA,
28 KING ST. WEST. T. McILROY, JR., & CO.

THE STRAWBERRY.

AN ESSAY ON THE SWEET SIREN OF ADOLESCENT
SUMMER.

I SING the strawberry!

I would prefer to eat the strawberry, if it came to a square issue between voice and mouth on the subject.

But tender sentiment must triumph over carnal appetite at a time when all nature impels to the cultivation of our higher instincts, instead of our strawberry patch, because the strawberry has become a burden on our preserve shelves in the cellar, and a great call goes up throughout the land for a return to pie.

Oh, sweetly-sour, sanguinary-hued, succulent, seductive strawberry!

How shall I treat of thee so as to give perfect satisfaction or no charge? having treated to thee with perfect satisfaction and considerable charge, throughout the lengthy and arduous session just closed.

Shall I sing a requiem over thy erstwhile bed and my refreshment-room account?

Or shall I endeavor to enveigle my girl into disclosing the whereabouts of the jam pantry and build up a contra account night after night: Dr. Strawberries—Cr. Jam?

How gottest thou thy name of "straw"-berry?

Straws show which way the wind blows; and strawberries show how a young man blows in his money.

It was the last straw that broke the camel's back; and often it is the last dish of strawberries the young man buys for his gentle consumer that breaks his financial status.

Straw is used for bedding for cows; and his would be a coward's arm that would not steer the young lady into a strawberry parlor.

It would be an extraordinary thing if—but, pardon me!

Thou growest on a sandy soil, oh, savory seducer! This probably explains why so many young ladies are spoken of as having lots of sand in their crop.

At the dying moments of a spirited strawberry campaign I have figured it up that a widely-known and otherwise highly-respectable girl was enough constituted this way to build a stone foundation, while the strawberry money would have about finished the house.

Thy luscious lividness also moveth itself aright among the vines or clay loam.

In the ge-loam-ing, oh, my darling,
When the restaurant bids us whoa,
And the shallow plates of berries
Swiftly come and swiftly go!

How many reap large rewards by thy cultivation on small farms?

It takes also the value of several small farms to get a young man safely through one fair-to-middling season.

The thoughtful scientist dignifieth thee with such appellations as "Wilson," "Sharpless" and "Crescent."

But when the young man gets into the refreshment parlor, he does not stop to trifle with varieties. All he wants is berries and to get away soon.

I have seen thee bubble and simmer and scent the kitchen air with the perfume of thy nectar.

This is in preserving time, when the grocery bill grows apace and the children smear their father's bald head with jam-pot scum.

Again have I gazed on thee as a birth-mark and woven weird fancies—study alike for the poet, painter and romancist.

I may add in passing that a strawberry nose has now and then attracted my notice, and made me wonder why the Prohibition movement didn't get in a little work.

Thou hast, many a time and oft, oh, evanescent edible, been laid on the editor's table.

The editor in this case always gives \$2 worth of puff for ten cents worth of strawberries.

Thy day having set in night for 1887, I bid thee a tender adieu.

I'll see you later.

T. T.



IN MUSKOKA.

Resident of the District (enthusiastically)—Yes, sir, our Government gives this land to settlers for nothing.

Tourist (with equal enthusiasm)—It's worth it, sir!

HE WAS A MONOPOLIST.

"JOHNNY," inquired his aunt, "what do you like best of all?"

"Candy," replied Johnny.

"And what after that?" inquired his aunt.

"More candy," replied Johnny, after a moment's deliberation.

HOW TO KEEP COOL.

NEVER run after a car. If you are late for one, wait for another.

Don't wear your winter ulster, even if your summer suit is rusty.

Don't eat Irish stew or hash, even if you *do* live in a boarding-house. Insist upon salad and ice-cream.

Don't burn as much coal as you used to in winter time. This is a most important rule.

Don't get excited over anything. Don't get flurried. If you slip on a banana peel, don't swear; try to laugh it off. Make a humorous remark, if possible, such as, There's many a slip, etc.

And last, but not least, keep in the shade, and you will be all right.

Chown & Cunningham, Limited,

— MANUFACTURERS OF —

34 Colborne Street,

TORONTO, ONTARIO,

OFFER SPECIAL INDUCEMENTS TO
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NEW LINES.

RICH DESIGNS.
RIGHT PRICES.
REGULAR ACTION.
COMPLETE WITH SELLING POINTS.
READ THIS.



SOME OF OUR LEADING LINES:

“STANDARD” RANGE.
“PEARL” 4-HOLE RANGE.
“FAVORITE DIAMOND.”
“FAVORITE KING.”
“FAVORITE HOTEL.”
“FAVORITE COTTAGE.”
“FAVORITE ART.”
“BISMARCK.”
“PULLMAN.”
“PRINCESS.”
“NORWAY.”
“MEDAL.”
“LION.”
“PUG.”

“PALMER HOUSE,”

“TORONTO, 7th June, 1887.

“GENTLEMEN,—Having given the large (Favorite Hotel) Cook Stove, purchased from you some weeks ago, a thorough trial, and the cooks being so well pleased with it, both for meats and pastry, I can cheerfully recommend it to any one requiring such a stove, as it entirely fills the bill.

(Signed)

“J. C. PALMER.”

SEND FOR CATALOGUE

* THE · OCEAN · HOUSE, *

BURLINGTON BEACH,

C. S. Campbell,

Proprietor.

**THE LONG BRANCH OF CANADA. THE FINEST STRETCH OF LAKE BEACH
IN THE DOMINION.**

This Hotel is exceeded by no other Lake Resort in Canada. It is furnished throughout with a view to the accommodation of families, etc., and has the advantage of every room being to the front, either facing the lake or the bay. Excellent boating, fishing and bathing.

The N. & N. Western Railway runs regular trains at short intervals from Hamilton, besides calling at the Beach from all Northern points, and several steamers are constantly plying on the bay between Hamilton and the Piers.

SEND FOR RATES.

C. S. CAMPBELL,

OCEAN HOUSE,

BURLINGTON BEACH,

ONTARIO.

ON THE EDGE OF THE FOREST.

(Two ex-London treets arabs seated on a stump on the edge of a Canadian wood between two farms.)

FRED—An' so you runned away did yer?

Ned—In corse I did. I ain't a-goin to be woke out o' bed at no three o'clock in the mornin' to go feedin' 'osses an' sich, an' a doin' 'alf a day's work afore the day's a-most begun.

Fred—That's just the way with our old un—he 'aves a sleep hevery arternoon when I got to be out a pickin' hof potato bugs or a 'oeing of turnips, an' then he gets hup in the night time an' says hits time to be hup an' doing, an' says he don't want no sluggards, it's agin Scriptor. He says he wants breakfast over an' mornin' prayers in good time, to start work afore four o'clock. You oughter hear his darters growlin' an' wishing he'd go to sleep an' never waken. I never seen sich white putty faces as theirs not in Temple Bar. An' the old un has lots of tin, too; taint cos he's hard up.

Ned—If I was big enough I'd kill him, I would. He cuffed my hears an' pulled 'em till the blood coomed one day.

Fred—Oh! our old un wouldn't do *that*, he ain't bad *that* way—it's only work, work, work, all the time, no matter wether you feels sick or well. Why don't yer tell the governor of the 'ome?

Fred (with lofty scorn)—Like ducks! don't yer know they're church members, an' got 'stificates from the parsons as 'ow they're good an' religious people as'll bring hup hus blokes hin the way we should go? *They* wouldn't tell no lies, ho no! Hit's only hus wickid boot-blacks an' sich as wos a slanderin' of 'em. Tell the Guvner! humph! Last time I runned away cos the boss alf killed me. The Guvner put me to bed for three days on bread an' water, an' the missis was wusser nor him. She coomed oop hevery day an' preach for me she did.

Fred (with animation, pulling a *Mail* out of his pocket)—Ho! say look at this 'ere paper I 'ooked, you oughter to read all them bloomin' lies about hus coves

a henjoyin' hof hourselves. The old un said as 'ow a bloomin' swell in Liverpool wrote all this here rot. You hark to this 'ere Ned. Reads from the *Mail* of Tuesday June 28th: "Has regards hamusements, 'ave they not the rivers to bathe in, swim in, and fish in when the duties hof the day are hover?"

Ned—Crickey! don't yer think ye see hus a swimmin' or a fishin' in the river, with the old man arter lickerty whip?

Fred—An' I'd like to know when the duties hof the day are hover—I never see them hover yet, did you?—'cept when were sleepin'.

Ned—When I'm sleepin' I dreams of 'em. I dreams hall the time hof pickin' hof potato bugs what's allus a-comin on 'em fastern I kin pickem hof, han' I wakes up more wearier than I lays down. An' when I does wake up, here I got to pick 'em all hover agin an' it is 'ot as 'ell fire.

Fred (resuming his paper, reads)—"The sleigh drives, the skating, the tobogganing."

Ned—Jer-u-sa-lem! buck wood, more like.

Fred reads—"Who can doubt as he sees them skimmin' along on the ice, the glow of health on their cheeks that they are happy and contented."

Ned—The bloomin' fibber.

Fred (reads further on)—"Looking at one well-dressed boy driving the cricket ball."

Ned—Oh! com hof the fence! wot are yer givin' us? Believe you're a makin' that all hup hout hof your 'ead; give us that paper will yer? (Snatches the paper and reads for a minute or so.) Well! I'll be blowed hif that aint the bloomiest guy I hever see! If that aint the biggest stuffin'. Here a crackling in the under-brush and the swish of a whip in the hands of a sallow man in brown overalls and a five cent cowbreakfast on his head, starts both to their feet. "Here! you goldarned good-fornothin' cockneys, this is how you go a picnicing when you bring home the cows, is it. I'll teach you! you darned lazy—what's this? a newspaper! well I swan!" Exeunt all.

ELIAS ROGERS & Co.



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552 Queen street west, 244 Queen street east

YARDS and BRANCH OFFICES: { Cor. Esplanade and Princess streets.
Esplanade street, near Berkeley street.
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ENGINEER,

58 & 60 ADELAIDE ST. WEST,

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Plans, Estimates and Specifications prepared for every description of Heating.

NIAGARA FALLS, BUFFALO, NEW YORK,

And all Points East and West.

Palace Steamer

"C·H·I·C·O·R·A,"

In connection with

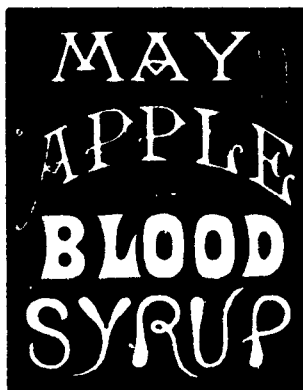
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Special Excursion Rates to Societies.

The most Pleasant Trip out of Toronto.

Inquire at all PRINCIPAL TICKET OFFICES.



—THE—
GREATEST DISCOVERY
of the present age for
Regulating the Bowels and curing all Blood, Liver and Kidney Complaints.
—
A PERFECT
BLOOD PURIFIER.

A few in Hamilton who have been benefited by its use:—Mrs. M. Keenan, 192 Robert st., cured of Erysipelas of two years' standing; Robert Corneli, 24 South st., daughter cured of Epileptic Fits after six years' suffering; Jennie Birrell, 55 Walnut st., cured of Weakness and Lung Trouble; John Wood, 95 Cathcart st., cured of Liver Complaint and Biliousness, used only three fifty-cent bottles; Miss. J. Beal, 6 Augusta st., troubled for years with Nervous Prostration, two small bottles gave her great relief. Sold at 50c. and \$1.

F. F. DALLEY & Co., Proprietors,

HAMILTON, ONT.

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER
THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

THE FOURTH IN 1900.

ONE broiling day in hot July.
John Adams said long years gone by,

"This day, that makes a people free,
Will be the people's jubilee;

"With games, guns, sports and shows displayed,
With bells, pomp, bonfires, and parade,

"O'er all this land, from shore to shore,
From this time forth forevermore."

The years passed on, and by and by,
Men's hearts grew cold in hot July.

And one New England mayor said,
"Of rockets I am sore afraid;

"And whoso sends one up ablaze,
I'll send him up for twenty days."

Then said the Mayor O'Day McQuade,
"Thayre uz no nade fur no parade."

And Mayor Hans Von Schwartzmeyer,
Proclaimed, "I'll haf me no bonfier."

Said Mayor Baptiste Raphael,
"Nc make-a-ring-a-dat-a-bell."

"By gar," said Mayor Jean Crapaud,
"Zis July games vill has to go."

And Mayor Knud Christofferrsson,
Cried "Djeath to hjim who fjires a gjunn!"

At last, said Mayor Wun Lung See,
"Too muchee hoop-la bobberee!"

And so the Yankee holiday
In 1900 passed away.

—Burdette.

CRIPPLED FRENCH.

SALESMAN.—This necklace was made from diamonds taken from an old *aigrette*, and—

Curious Chicago buyer.—Excuse me, but I always like to know the history of my jewels. What did they take them away from her for?

THE more you puff a cigar the smaller it becomes, and that is the way with some men.

MUSICAL advice for a slippery day—see sharp or you will soon be flat.—*Burlington Free Press.*

"BESSIE. I hear your sister is sick. What ails her?" "I don't know, ma'am. Maybe it's the diploma." "The what, child?" "The diploma. I heard mother say that she took it at school."—*Philadelphia Call.*

A BOSTON clergyman declares that "the toboggan slide is the broad road which leads to hell." That clergyman is not posted. The toboggan slide is not a "broad road." It is a rather narrow thoroughfare, and is never constructed long enough to lead there. After reaching the bottom, the tobogganner goes up, not down.—*Norristown Herald.*

BEFORE being lynched Wednesday night, Colonel Hossdealer handed us \$2 and requested that the *Hayrake* be continued to his family for another year. The colonel is a gentleman and a public-spirited citizen. Our best wishes accompany him.—*Nebraska Hayrake.*

J. S. LILLIS,

Cigar Manufacturer

HAMILTON.

My 5c. brands are: The famous "Black Diamond," "Poney," "Cameo," "Lillis' Favorite," "Yacht Club" and the celebrated 10c. "Vaincre" cigar.



WILLIAM FARMER,

Leading Photographer,

85 KING STREET WEST, Cor. McNab,

Hamilton, Ont.

VIOLINS.

PERFECT IMITATIONS

AMATI, STAINER, STRADUARIUS, MAGGINI, Etc.

PRICES: \$20 to \$30. These Violins have a wonderful sonorous and fine tone quality.

LADIES' VIOLINS.

Same model, quality and prices as above, but of a smaller pattern, producing a very sweet tone, highly recommended for ladies. Have also Ladies' Violins from \$10; ¾, ½ and ¼ sizes for boys and girls, \$3.

Claxton's Music Store

197 YONGE STREET,

TORONTO.

J. F. Thomson & Co.
 Real Estate Brokers
 Mail Buildings

(TELEPHONE 1327)

Make a Specialty of the Finest Properties
 in the market. Warehouse, Resident and
 Vacant for sale in only the choicest localities.

SALES FOR 1887.

Wellington Chambers	over \$ 20,000
King Street, Leasehold	" 8,000
Dorset Street	" 7,000
Yonge Street, Vacant	" 20,000
Davenport Road	" 7,000
Wellington Chambers (resold)	" 25,000
Queen Street East	" 75,000
St. George Street Vacant	" 13,000
Chestnut Park	" 20,000
Hon. Wm. McMaster's Avenue Road Property	200,000
Yonge Street, Warehouse	22,000
Rathnelly Estate, Vacant	" 1,800
Yonge Street, Vacant	" 4,800
Rathnelly Estate, Vacant	" 2,800
Macpherson Avenue, Vacant, 3 sales	" 12,000
Rathnelly Estate, Vacant	" 8,000
Rathnelly Estate, "	" 1,250
Rathnelly Estate, "	" 900
Rathnelly Estate, "	" 600
Rathnelly Estate, "	" 3,200

Total of sales for 5½ months, 1887.....over \$525,000

Our properties offer for purchasers sure investments in Warehouses. Bargains in Residences. Quick profits in Vacant Properties. In the purchase of Rathnelly and Yonge Street, Vacant, our customers are especially pleased. An inspection of either the above guarantees a purchase.

Our List contains nothing but bargains in all the classes of properties which we offer.

J. F. Thomson & Co.

REAL ESTATE BROKERS,
 MAIL BUILDINGS, BAY STREET,
 TORONTO.

SCOTTIE INTERVIEWS THE HORNED POTENTATE.

DEAR MAISTER GRIP,—This het wather has reduced me tae sic a state o' imbecility that I can dae naething but sit like Diogenes up tae ma neck in a tub o' cauld watter an' read Garth Grafton's advice aboot hoo tae keep cool. I tell ye what it is, it's a demoraleezin' thing tae be kept in the first stage o' a Turkish bath a' the time, but I never raily kent the extent o' the heat till the night o' the twelfth o' July. It wanted a quarter tae twal o'clock at nicht, and as Mistress Airlie had just emerged frae the cellar whaur she had been fannin' herseil' beside the refrigerator a' day, I thocht I wad go doon an' lock the woodshed door afore gaun awa tae ma bed. Sae I set

sail doon the yard, but gudesake, afore I got half way tae the shed I was seized wi' the most awfu' fit o' hoastin', an' I really thocht I wad be chockit wi' an unconscionable smell o' brimstaue. Ma first thocht was tae rin tae the fire alarm box, but then again I concluded tae investigate a wee first, sae I opened the woodshed door, an' sic a sicht then met ma e'e! Seated on the tap o' Mistress Airlie's ash barrel, an' fannin' himsel' wi' an auld coal shovel, was his Satanic Majesty, the geniwine auld Scotch deil, horns, tail, an' a'; gleamin' an' glistenin' like a stinkin' fish.

"Is't het enough for ye?" says he, wi' most terrible grin.

"Het!" says I, "nae wunner that it's het! You're a bonnie ane tae come an' tak possession o' a gude Presbyterians woodshed like this."

"Hut! tut! Airlie," quo the carlin', "Keep a caulm sough I just slippit in as usual at the first open door. Never let on tae onybody, I wanna stay lang. I cudna stand the heat anither day. I'm gaun doon by tae tak ma holidays an' cool aff a bit."

"Tae cool aff," says I. "Whaur?"

"Ou! doon by ye ken; doon in *Sheol*, ye ken," says he, pintin' wi' ane o' his muckle claws doon below the earth.

"But," says I, "I aye thocht it was byordinar het, doon there."

"Het enough," says he, wi' anither grin; "but it's a section o' the North Pole compared wi' Toronto at the present time."

"What for dae ye no stay there, then," says I, makin' bauld tae speak up till him. "I'm sure, I raily think we could manage to get along without ye, an' it wad gie the Salvation Army a rest, an' no keep them huntin' ye roon frae post tae pillar in sic wather as this."

"Nae doot—nae doot ye'll manage brawly, but the fack is I cudna miss the twelfth o' July. I've aye mair wark on hand on that day than I can weel get through. There's mair ill-feelin' an' hatred drummed up oot o' Teeter-Tawter that day than a' yer preachin' an' prayin' can lay in a year. Oh, man, it's just flannel tae ma heart tae see the glorious, pious defenders o' an open Bible, an' religious freedom, gaun hame mortal drunk an' rappin' oot the most splendid oaths. I aye get anither kink in ma tail on the twelfth o' July; it's a grand antidote tae that hatefu' "Peace on earth—good-will to men," that taks a' the pith oot o' me at Christmas time. But hoo did ye like ma playin' the day?" says he, swabbin' aff his face wi' the forkit end o' his tail, an' cain' the shovel back an' forrit till it made a wind that liftit ma very whuskers, an' gart them stick oot like beards o' barley.

"Yer playin'!" says I, "D'ye mean tae tell me that that was *you* playin' the bagpipes through the streets this day?"

"Indeed it was me, an' sair wark I had tae get ma tail coiled up below ma kilt, an' when it did it stuck oot like a woman's bustle."

"A Scotch bagpipe in an Orange procession!" says I. "tae what base uses dae we come at last."

Just then the clock strak twal, an' wi' a flash an' a puff o' reek the eerie loon vanished. Next mornin' Mistress Airlie fand a half-burnt kilt lyin' i' the ash-barrel—but I thocht I wad keep a caulm sough. Yours sulphurously,

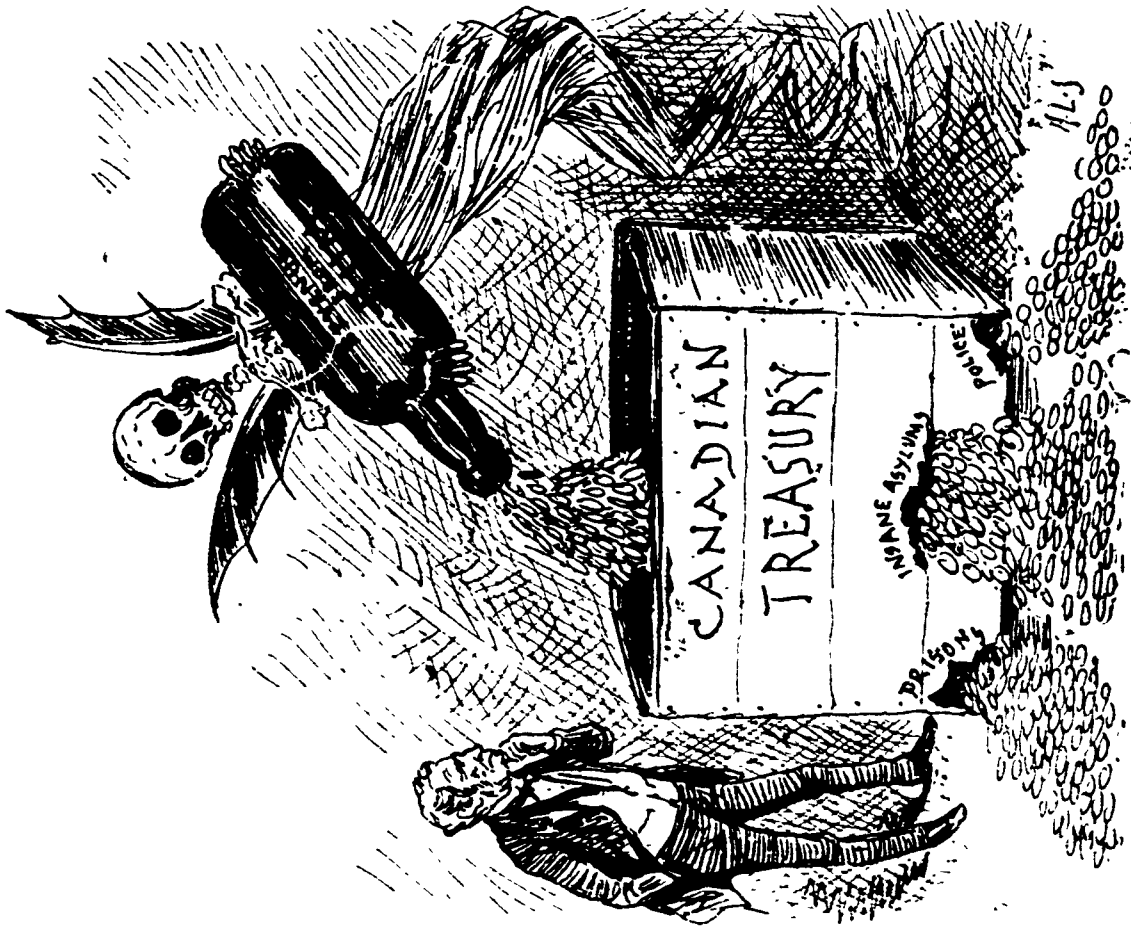
HUGH AIRLIE.

THE newspaper profession is a gateway to a number of profitable callings, but the man must go through early and close the gate.—*Galveston News*.



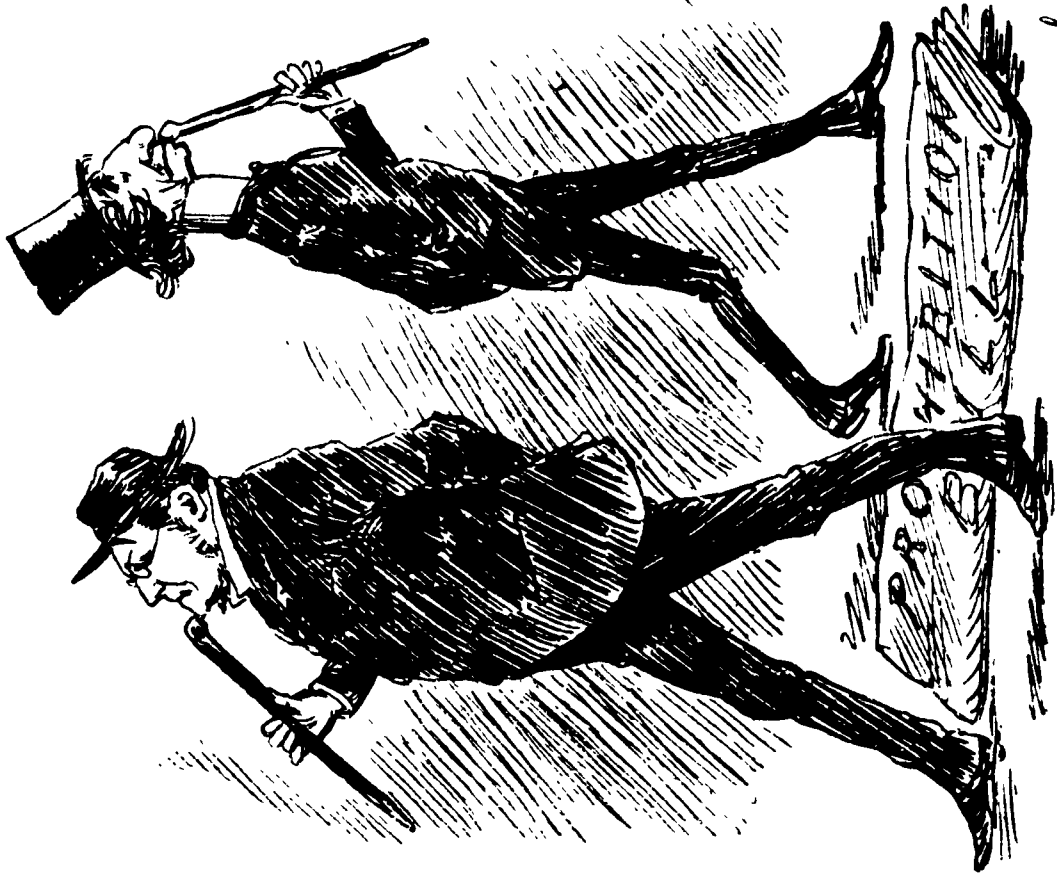
GOOD BYE, OLD FELLOW; I'VE LISTED FOR THE WAR!

THE DECLARATION OF THE "TORONTO MAIL," THAT HENCEFORTH IT WOULD WRITE AND FIGHT FOR PROHIBITION, CAUSED GREAT EXCITEMENT IN THE TEMPERANCE RANKS. THE GREAT "ORK GOES BRAVELY ON!



PANDORA'S BOX.

Finance-Minister McLelan—THERE! ISN'T THAT A GRAND REVENUE?
 AND YET THESE PROHIBITION FANATICS WOULD WIFE OUT THIS RE-
 MUNERATIVE TRAFFIC!



W. B. Burroughs

PASSING THE BILL.

(THE ONLY WAY THE PARTY LEADERS WILL PASS IT SO LONG AS
 PROHIBITIONISTS FAIL TO VOTE AS THEY TALK.)



STOP THE DEATH FACTORIES!



BEER BLOCKS THE WAY!

(Drawn for the "British Workman" by Lindy Samborn.)

COME NOW, ONE AND ALL, LET US SET OUR "VOTES" TOGETHER, AND GET THIS THING OUT OF THE WAY.



WHO'S ENTITLED TO COMPENSATION?

INSTEAD OF COMPENSATION FOR THE LIQUOR PARTY, WE SHOULD DEMAND RESTITUTION FOR THE UNFORTUNATE VICTIMS OF THE TRAFFIC.



FORWARD TO THE FLAG!

Up Alma's hill the Ensign went,
 A bold but terribly intent;
 His should be foremost of the flags,
 Though he and it were shot to rags.
 He looked round only once to find
 The men a moment lagged behind.
 "Bring back the colors to them!" cried
 The Colonel. But the lad replied:

"No! lead you up the men who lag
 And bring them forward to the flag!"
 "Bring back the colors to the rear."
 For those who fight the battle there!"
 No! no! forward he stands fast,
 First with the colors to the last,
 No cry of laggards will he heed:
 A LEADER'S DUTY IS TO LEAD.

—Gerald Massie.

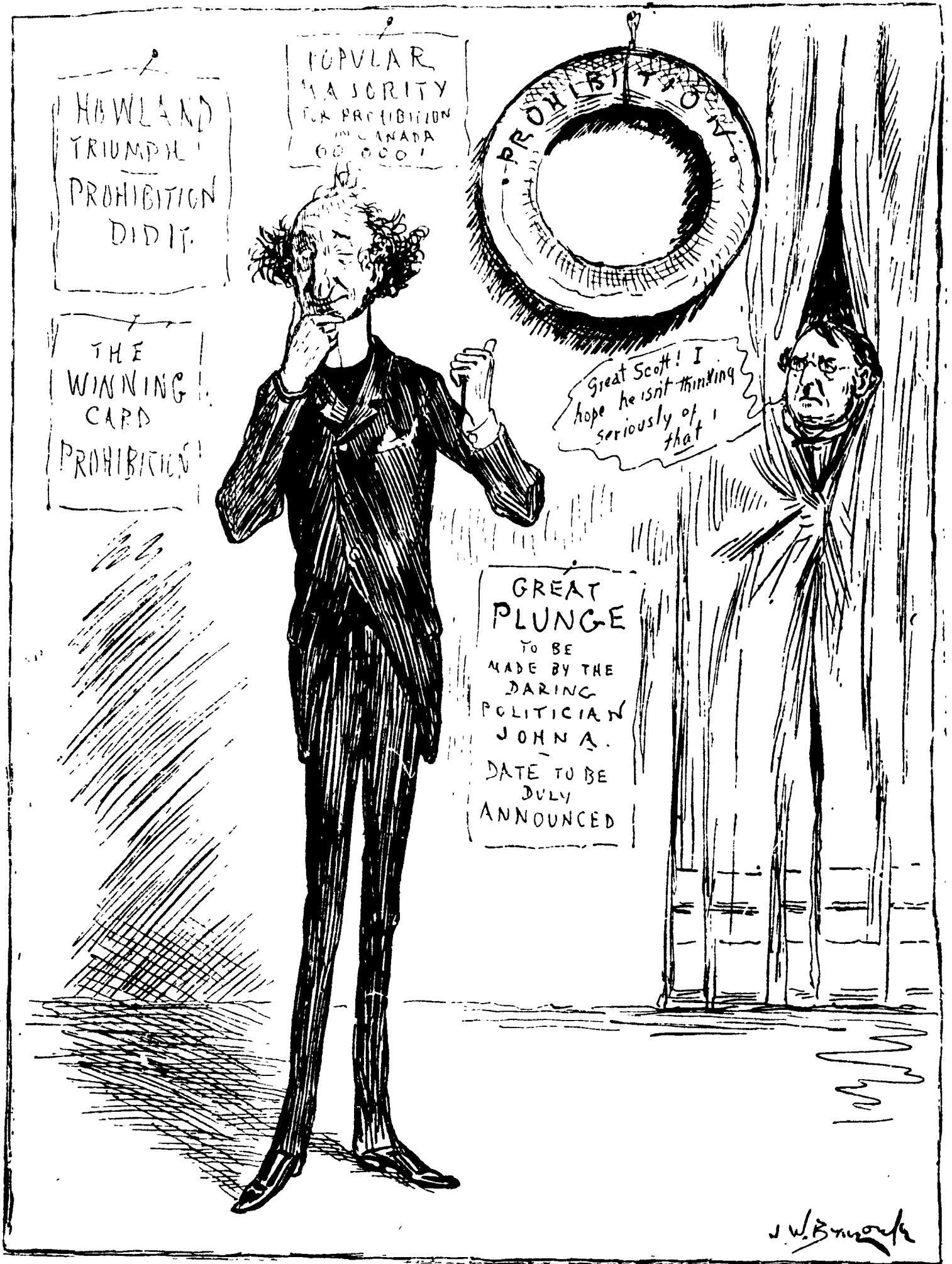
CANADA, THE DEVIL & CO.
LIQUOR TRAFFIC PARTNERS

LICENSED
TO MAKE BAD CITIZENS
AND INCREASE HUMAN MISERY.
THE PROFITS OF THE WORK TO BE
SHARED WITH THE CANADIAN
GOVERNMENT



MISS CANADA, BARMAID.

LET THE PEOPLE UNITE TO SWEEP THIS CURSE FROM OUR COUNTRY.



THE POLITICAL LEADERS.

COME, GENTLEMEN, WHICH OF YOU WILL TAKE UP THE WINNING CARD—PROHIBITION?



W. G. ...

AN ANSWER WANTED.

"There is a tide in the affairs of men which, taken at the flood, flows on to fortune." — *Shakespeare*

WILL NEITHER OF OUR "LEADERS" TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THE PROHIBITION FLOOD?



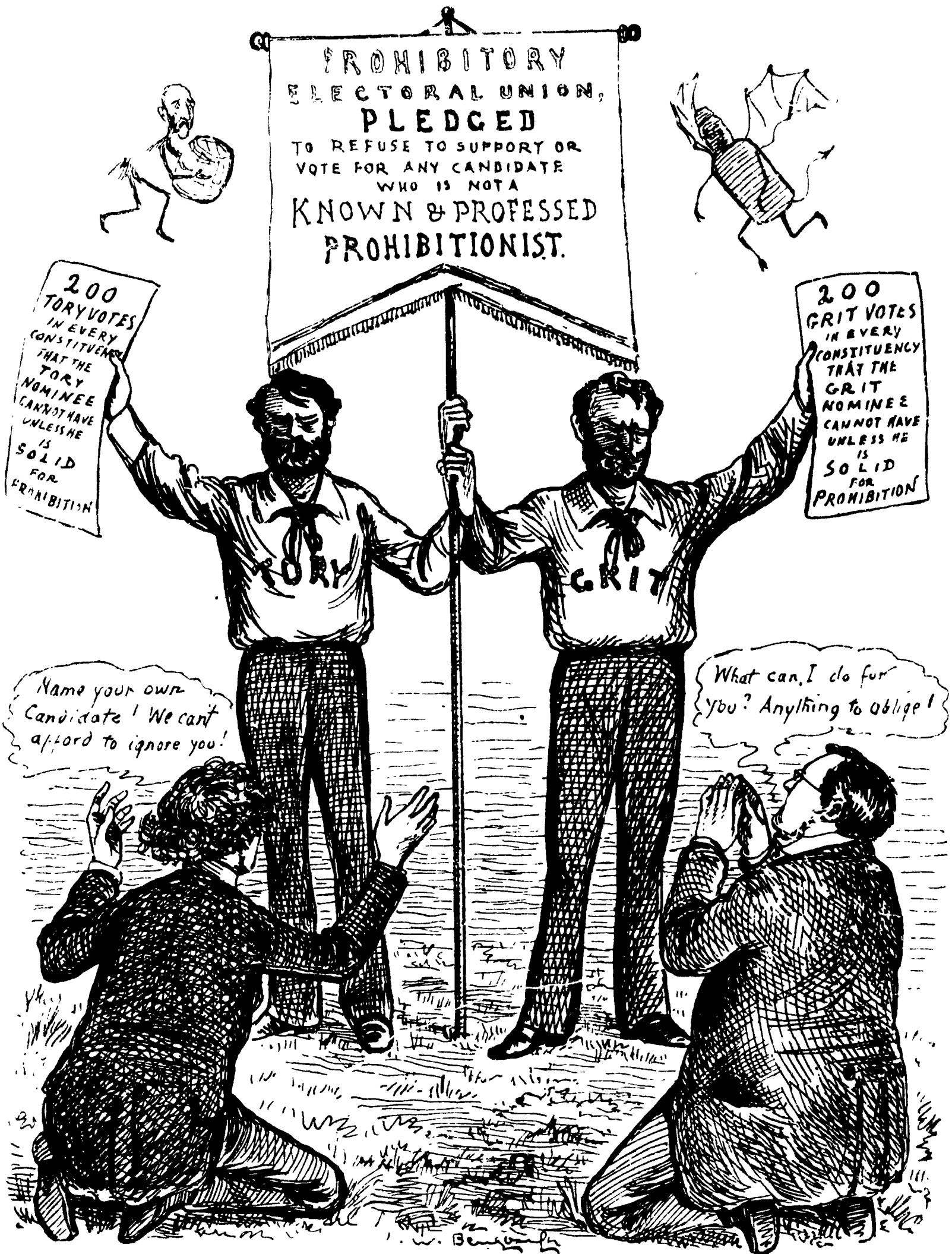
SOMETHING WE NEVER HEARD OF IN JEWISH HISTORY.

DON'T WAIT TILL THE PEOPLE ARE EDUCATED—BUT, IF YOU KNOW YOUR CAUSE IS JUST, DO NOT BE AFRAID TO STAND OUT BOLDLY FOR THE RIGHT.



YES! THEY'D BETTER ATTEMPT A RESCUE!

PUBLIC OPINION HAVING DETERMINED TO "CLEAN OUT" THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC, THE POLITICIANS WILL DO WELL TO HEED THE CRY OF "HANDS OFF," WHEN PROHIBITIONISTS FIND THEM PATCHING THE LAWS IN THE INTERESTS OF THE LIQUOR MEN.



"NOW WE'VE GOT 'EM!"

THROW PARTY ASIDE AND VOTE FOR THE PROHIBITION CANDIDATE.