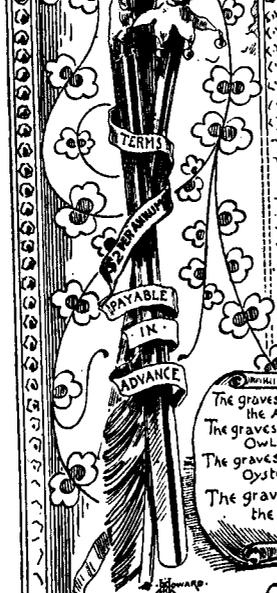


GRIP

EDITED BY J. W. BENGGOUGH

GRIP CO. ENG.



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

— J. W. MILLER

EXIT MR. MORRIS.

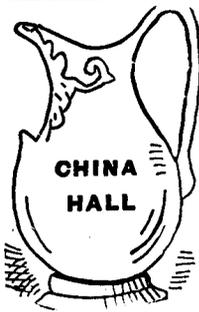
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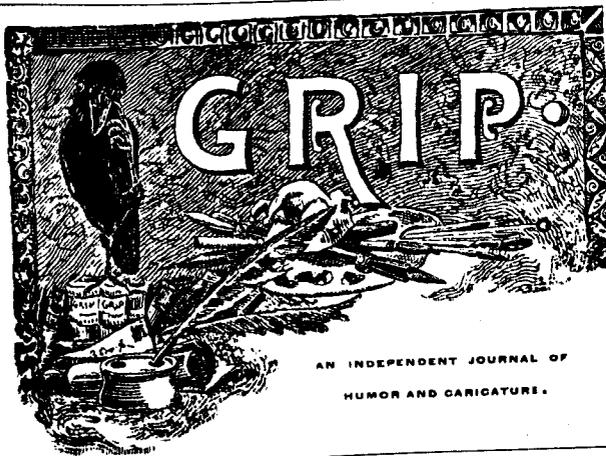
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J. W. BENGOUGH

EDITOR.

VOL. XXVII. TORONTO, DEC. 4TH, 1886. No. 22.

Remittances on account of subscriptions are acknowledged by change in the date of 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.



WHAT THEY'RE AFTER.—Seeing that the Opposition party in Ontario are too bashful to state plainly what it is they (or perhaps we should rather say the Federal leaders, to whom they play second fiddle) are after in the present campaign, GRIP kindly comes to the rescue and breaks the truth gently to the public by a picture of the treasury bag with its \$7,000,000. And if Mr. Meredith fails to be put in possession of that big bag, by way of a Christmas present, it will be chiefly because of his notorious alliance with the Ottawa fellows, whom the people of Ontario have good reason to distrust. For Mr. Meredith himself there is a general feeling of respect, but there is a correspondingly general feeling that if he were made Premier of Ontario he would govern the Province *per pro* John A. Macdonald, and what we chiefly require is that the latter distinguished personage should keep his finger out of our pie altogether.

FLOATING INTO OFFICE.—Mr. Meredith has formally announced his programme, and it is a good one. Though nominally a Conservative, the Opposition leader lays down several planks which are of a distinctly liberal character, and we hope, if he is so fortunate as to secure office, that he will find it possible to carry out his excellent programme.

EXIT MR. MORRIS.—It is announced that Hon. Mr. Morris has retired from public life, having declined a nomination for this city on the score of ill health. While Mr. Morris has never been a very influential and aggressive politician, his high personal character, and the general esteem in which he is held by all parties, has materially aided the Opposition in the Local House. His friends there can ill afford to lose him.

THE POLITICAL TOOL TRUSTEES.—The Board of School Trustees of this city have invited severe criticism by one of the most barefaced acts of political partizanship which has ever been perpetrated by a supposedly non-political body. Under a flimsy pretext they have granted to Inspector Hughes (whose salary is paid out of the common taxes) a leave of absence to stump the country in support of the candidates of the party to which a majority of the Board belong.

AN ADDRESS TO DAVIN.—An unique event occurred a few days ago at Regina. The ladies of that town, young and old, publicly presented Mr. N. F. Davin with an address, very handsomely embellished with artistic design and generous compliment. Mr. Davin in response delivered a sparkling speech, of which the following is the conclusion: "I will cherish it with peculiar sacredness, as a testimony, as an encouragement, in the time of trial, in the midst of whispered malignity, in the din of roaring calumny. I am perhaps the most lonely being in this world—for mountains and seas divide me from every relative—for though I have strong friends, yet there is no friend so near that I could turn there for sympathy if my heart for a moment failed me—which, thank God! it never does. No one so very near that in a moment of human weakness I could rest my head—no one so near—but I live in hope (laughter). I live in hope (continued laughter). Yes, I live in hope, and I will say this, that I will hand this beautiful address as a precious heirloom down to my children." (Roars of laughter).

EXPERIENTIA DOCET.

THE announcement is made that at the last meeting of the Toronto Young Men's Conservative Club its members were addressed by James Beaty, M.P. It is understood that he expounded the old maxim "boys will be boys" at length, and gave illustrations from his own distinguished career to show how, amid all the cares and temptations of public life, he could preserve the guileless innocence which procured for him the honorable soubriquet of "the boy."



THE SUDDEN STORM—THE SWEET CALM.

Jones.—Baker tells me his wife has breakfast ready every morning at seven —

Mrs. J. (risingly).—I am not Mrs. Baker.

Jones.—No! I wish you were —

Mrs. J. (gusterly).—What?

Jones.—I mean I wish Mrs. Baker were you.

Mrs. J. (howlingly).—What?

Jones.—Don't get excited dear—you take me up so quickly I don't know what I do mean. I wanted to say that breakfast at seven with Mrs. Baker would be exquisite —

Mrs. J. (clyclonely).—What?

Jones.—Darling—you do not understaffd me—let us talk about the length of the seal sacque I am going to order for you—

Mrs. J. (zephyrly).—Pet! wh-a-a-at!

OLD gentleman.—Don't be afraid of my age. My heart is young. Young beauty—Never mind, sir, never mind. I have travelled, and just dote on ruins.—*Ex.*

(All Rights Reserved.)

The Lay Preacher ;

OR, RECOLLECTIONS OF AN OLD REFORMER.

INTRODUCTION.

OFTEN at the gloamin' gray,
Musing on life's early day,
Mid the shadows dim,
I sit and sing the songs of yore,
Until my heart is running o'er,
And phantoms round me swim.

What a crowd of youthful faces !
" In the well remembered places,"
Dear ones gone before !
While song's magic spell has bound me,
How they gather all around me !
As in days of yore :

With them the one of all most dear,
A hero humble and sincere,
Of deep and earnest thought ;
And his was no inglorious strife,
As on the "roaring loom of life"
His tangled web he wrought ;

For burdened tho' he wore, full sore,
Yet uncomplainingly he bore
Injustice ; even when
He staggered 'neath the heavy oad,
Yet never lost his faith in God,
Nor in his fellow men ;

In battle with brute ignorance
On the one hand—and pretence
With power leagued on the other—
Through all his struggles we could see
He was of poor humanity
At least an elder brother :

Yea a true hero brave and bold,
One of the high heroic mould,
Great, simple and sincere !
One who when even hope was gone,
Stood by deserted truth alone,
And trampled upon fear.

His weighty utt'rance in our verse,
Alas ! we cannot now rehearse,
Or from oblivion save ;
But proud are we to have the power
To throw at least a little flower
Upon a hero's grave.

ALEXANDER MCLACHLAN.

(To be continued.)

THE JUNIOR PICKWICKIANS ;

AND THEIR MEMORABLE TRIP TO NORTH AMERICA.

CHAPTER XXV.

BRAMLEY stated that he had no desire to prosecute the overzealous officers, and, moreover, he was anxious to leave for Toronto at once, but, upon being assured by Mr. Dawson that the morning train had left by this time, but that there would not be another until half past three, he accepted that gentleman's hospitable invitation, and the whole party were driven out some two miles in the suburbs to the residence of the worthy magistrate.

Mr. Dawson's house was a large, comfortable stone edifice, standing in the midst of exceedingly tastefully laid out grounds. Upon the lawn, as the party drove up, two young ladies and a similar number of gentlemen were playing croquet.

"My daughters, gentlemen ; my son, Muffkins, and Mr. Slobby," said their host as our friends alighted and were introduced to the croquet players.

Miss Fanny Dawson, or Miss Dawson, as she was usually called, was a very charming brunette of nineteen ; tall and willowy, her graceful figure being set off to the best advantage by a cool, pink and white muslin dress, at the moment when our friends first beheld her. The simplicity of her dress became her admirably, and as she stood, gently tapping the neatly booted little foot with her croquet mallet, it is not much to be wondered at if Mr. Coddleby's heart fluttered a little faster than was its wont, for she presented a very pretty picture indeed.

Miss Dawson's seventeen-year-old sister, Helen, was also an exceedingly pretty girl. Though bearing a strong family likeness to her sister, she presented quite a contrast to her in the matter of hair and complexion, being a sprightly blonde, with bright, *very* light yellow hair, which was neatly "done up" in some mysterious fashion beneath her ample broad-brimmed straw hat. If Mr. Coddleby was smitten by the appearance of the elder sister, it was evident that Mr. Yubbitts was no less affected by the charms of the younger, and he murmured to Mr. Bramley that he considered her a "demd captivating little creature," intimating at the same time that he thought he would "go in for her."

After the new comers had partaken of luncheon, sides for a game were soon selected, and Messrs. Bramley, Coddleby and Muffkins, Dawson Jr. and his elder sister, prepared to do battle against Messrs. Yubbitts, Crinkle and Slobby and Miss Helen. The last named gentleman did not appear at all well pleased by the recent addition to the party ; he was, in fact, "going in" for the saucy little Helen himself, and by some mysterious intuition, immediately recognized a rival in the redoubtable Yubbitts. He appeared very sulky, and occasionally darted glances, intended to be excessively ferocious, in his new rivals direction, and only replied at first by monosyllables to any question or remark addressed to him, though he became more talkative as the game proceeded.

"Now, Mr. Slobby," exclaimed Miss Helen, "it's your turn to play ; get Mr.— Mr.— ah ! yes, Bramley out of the way and then come here," indicating the spot where she desired Mr. Slobby to play his ball, and which spot was close to the fascinating Helen's own.

"Aw—yaw—to be shaw," ejaculated Mr. Slobby, looking more like a young rook than ever, "anywheneah you—aw—y'knaw—" and he beamed what was meant to be a very fascinating smile on the object of his devotion, and prepared to drive his ball in the direction of Mr. Bramley's. Having accomplished this feat successfully and having struck that gentleman's ball, he prepared to "raquet" his opponent out of the way, and placing his foot, which was covered with an excessively long, thin, pointed shoe, on his own ball, which was in contact with that of Bramley, he aimed a terrible vicious blow at his own,—and brought his mallet down with a terrific thwack on his own foot ! After contorting his visage with an expression of intense agony for a few seconds, he threw his mallet down with the exclamation, "B'Jawve—aw," fell to the ground and wretched desperately. He was not fatally hurt, however, and in due time the game was resumed.

"Now, Crinkle," shouted Coddleby, who had been getting on famously with Miss Dawson, "it's your turn : and you'd better do your best ; I am a rover, and so is Miss Dawson ;—would that we might rove—" he was adding to the lady mentioned with a very tender look, when, in stepping backward, his foot caught in one of the hoops and he fell heavily to the ground.

"Oh! Mr. Coddleby," exclaimed Miss Dawson, "I hope you're not hurt," as the gentleman picked himself up, and declared he was not injured a bit, "such a pity," went on the lady, "just as you were going to make such a pretty speech too, I am sure."

Coddleby blushed, and picking up his mallet said, "Oh! it was nothing, Miss Dawson. Fate ordained that the words be left unsaid, and 'tis useless to rebel against Destiny."

"Why, Mr. Coddleby, you are quite a philosopher, I declare," said Miss Dawson, demurely, and patting the turf with her mallet.

"You flatter me too much, Miss Dawson," replied Coddleby, and he would have said more but that he was called upon to play, and young Dawson remarked jocularly, "I can't imagine what you and Fanny find to talk about so earnestly: here's Slobby as mute as an oyster—"

"Oh! don't be so rude, Muffy," interrupted Miss Helen, "I'm sure Mr. Slobby is very entertaining."

"Aw—bah Jawve—aw—come y'know I thay Mith Helen," from the bank clerk, vigorously stroking his upper lip, whilst Yubbitts said to her in a low tone.

"How severe you are: do you know I am actually frightened at you?"

"Oh! Mr. Yubbitts," the young lady returned, "I am sure you are not easily frightened. Your friend Mr. Bramley, has been telling me that you are actually pining to encounter a buffalo or a panther—and I'm sure I feel sorry for the poor animals—"

"Haw!" remarked Mr. Slobby, who overheard this last speech and who was really very angry that he was unable to monopolize the younger Miss Dawson. "Are y'going to shoot buffalo; tewwible dangerous bwutes, buffalo."

"Why Mr. Slobby," exclaimed Miss Helen, "I was not aware you had ever been buffalo hunting; I suppose you're a sportsman, too, then: how charming!"

"Aw—no, Mith Helen: twue I'm found of thpawt and followed the houndth in Towonto—"

"Ah!" exclaimed Yubbitts, somewhat excitedly, h ave they hounds in Toronto? I'm glad to hear it. What game do they hunt, sir? Bears, wolves, foxes—what?"

"Aw—no, th' day I wath out with them they followed an anithe theed bag for the theyewal houchth—aw," replied the embryo banker.

"An anise seed bag," laughed Helen, mischevously, "Why, that's not a very dangerous animal; ha! ha! ha!"

"Aw—tewwible jumpth—bwookth, fentheth and tho on; nearly bwoke my neck over an immense fenth onth—aw—thwee feet high fully," and he looked round for some manifestations of admiration, which, however were not vouchsafed.

Further details of this blissful afternoon need not be given in this chronicle. Suffice it to say that every moment in the company of these bright and wholesome Canadian girls deepened the impression made upon the hearts of the trio love-struck Pickwickians, and that their two less impressionable colleagues were eminently pleased at the new acquaintances they had formed. It need scarcely be said, therefore, that Mr. Dawson's pressing invitation to a second visit on their return from their western trip, was eagerly accepted. The hour had

now arrived when the present visit must close, and with many expressions of thanks for the hospitality shown them, our heroes took their departure, Mr. Dawson having ordered out his carriage to take them to the train. In due course they found themselves seated in a comfortable Pullman and speeding towards the Queen City of the West.

(To be continued.)



THE Madison Square success "A Prisoner for Life" is now the attraction at Manager Shaw's house.

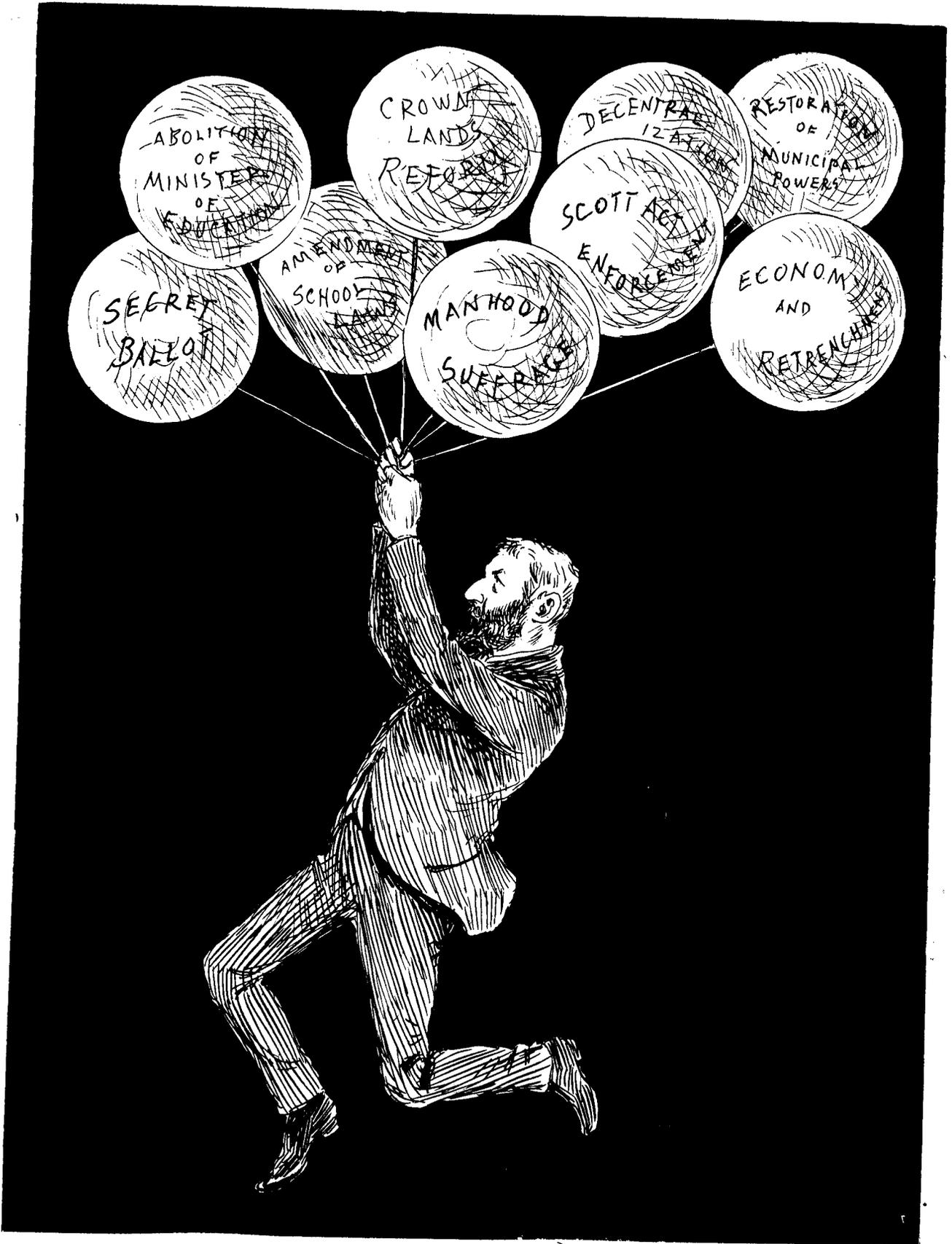
MR. STEWART ROGERS will give two of his celebrated entertainments at Shaftesbury Hall on the 9th and 10th. His impersonation of Gladstone is a great feature.

MR. DENMAN THOMPSON is with us once again. This time he is appearing in his new play "The Old Homestead," which presents the ever popular Uncle Josh in a new set of adventures.

MR. W. H. LYTELL's performance of the old darkie in McKee Rankin's play, "49," was one of the cleverest pieces of acting we have ever seen. The comedian so perfectly sank his own identity in that of the tottering but unctuous old coon, that his most intimate friends would not have known him if his name had not appeared on the bill. Mr. Rankin's acting in the title role, and that of the young lady who played "Carrots" marked both as rarely gifted artists.

MR. P. F. BAKER and his company will present the favorite drama "Chris and Lena" at the Toronto next week. As the London *Referee* says:—"Baker reminds one of Emmett both in appearance and style. He sings superbly, dances and acts admirably. If you don't laugh at this clever gentleman, I shall consider you haven't a laugh in you. But you must laugh—it's a matter of compulsion, not inclination. His acting is admirable. "Chris and Lena" has a good plot on the melodrama order." Mr. Harry Rich, so well known in this city, is a member of the supporting company.

"A PARTY leader," said Rollo, looking up from the paper, "is he the man who leads the party?" "Well, something like that," said Rollo's Uncle George. "He is the man who lies awake nights trying to guess which way the party wants to go, and when he finds out, he scoots across lots and tries to get there first. He leads the party unless the party should happen to change its mind and go the other way. He leads the party the same as the leader in the stage team leads. He goes ahead, but he goes the way the man on the box with the reins tells him to go." Rollo said he thought he was beginning to see into politics as through a glass darkly, and Uncle George said that was the way old politicians usually locked into 'em.



FLOATING INTO OFFICE.

MY DUDE.

(AIR—"My Queen.")

WHEN and where shall I earliest meet him ;
 What are the clothes he then will wear ?
 Will he still use the same big eye-glass,
 Which gives his eyes such a vacant glare.
 Will he still walk like a hen rheumatic,
 Or like a goose by a boy pursued ?
 He whom I look for with longing ecstatic,
 He whom I worship—My Dude, My Dude !

Will his small moustache be with wax anointed ;
 Will his hair in the middle be parted neat ;
 Will he still wear those boots so pointed,
 Pinching his dear little tender feet ?
 Will his legs be thin and his hat be curly ;
 Will he suck his cane as a child its food ;
 Will he still call me his girly, girly ?
 He whom I worship—My Dude, My Dude !

OTTAWA, 22nd Nov., 1886.

W. H. F.

SCOTTIE AIRLIE AS A FAITHER.

THE WAREHOUSE, Nov. 25th, 1886.



DEAR MAISTER GRIP,—Tae describe tae ye wi' onything like clearness the state o' ma mind for the last fortnight wad be as hard for me tae undertak' as for ye tae understand. The bamboozlement an' bewilderment o' bein' a pawrent is nae joke, I can tell ye ; for ye maun kin I'm a pawrent ; a rail *bonny feedy* pawrent—just a fortnight auld ! Eh, mon, but it's a fine laddie ! an' sae knowin' ! sae auld farrant ! he kens me already, an', wad ye believe it ? the rascal actually winkit at me yesterday. I really,

without prejudice, maun say he's the finest bairn ever I saw. He's a particularly fine head, no a hair on't yet, but as braid as it's lang, a kind o' what ye wad ca' a mathematical head—an' yet, when ye look at it frae a different pint o' view, rather inclined tae the classical. I canna help bein' struck wi' the expression o' superior intelligence pervadin' his hale coontenance, but the droll-est thing about him is he sleeps a' day and wakes a' nicht, an' he's a trick o' lyin' wi' his een half steekit, just lost in the profoondity o' thocht, an' then he'll smile, an' laugh at his ain dreams in sic a way that I wadna be a bit surprised gin he should turn oot tae be ane o' the first wuts o' the age. His mither says he's awfu' like me about the nose, but though I tak' the compliment kindly—seein' its nateral ma wife wad be partial to masel' ; still, onybody wi' half an' e'e can see that he is the born picter o' ma grannie. Ma grannie, puir body, was awfu' fond o' toastin' her taes at the fire, an' I can see the same hereditary tendency in that laddie, doon tae the very cawn look o' satisfaction on his coontenance when he spreads oot his little red taes afore the stove.

D'ye ken, I'm perfectly boo'd down wi' the wecht o' the responsibilities an' duties devolv'in' on me—there's his edication tae be properly seen till, an' though I've nae doot there's plenty o' competent professors in the University, still he'll be nane the waur o' the superintendence an' guidance o' his faither, sae I've begun the study o' Greek, an' ma freen Boyle, o' "Ye Olde Booke Store," has ma order for the best Greek an' Latin owthers, an' they'll be there when the laddie's ready for them.

I'm sair bauthered about a name for the laddie ; his mither wants to ca' him a'e thing, an' I want tae ca' him anither, in fact, we had a doonricht quarrel about it a'e nicht. Just at twa o'clock i' the mornin', when his lordship had waukened us up, screichin' for his breakfast at that onearthly oor, we gaummed an' barkit at ane anither for a hale half oor, an' at last we left the case tae arbitration, that's tae say, I tuk the Bible, an' whatever name ma e'e wad light on when I opened it, that was tae be the laddie's name. The first name I lichted on was Jehu, but gudesake ! I cudna christen him a coachman ; sae I steekit the book an' the next time it was Jeroboam — an' ye ocht tae hear the skirl o' his mither when she thocht o' the bairn being ca'd Jerry. "The third time tries a'," says I, an' wi' that I opens the book again, an' this time it was Jacob ! "What !" says Mrs. Airlie, "ca' him after that lecin', deceitfu' sinner—no indeed ! I'll just ca' him Hugh after yoursel'—so *there*." Noo when Mrs. Airlie says *there* in that particular tone o' voice, that's the danger signal, an' experience has learnt me at sic times tae keep a cawm sough.

Sae the laddie's name's Hugh—junior—an' tho' I say it masel', he's a wunnerfu' boy, an' it'll be a prood day for me when I see him struttin' aroond in his first breeks wi' a pouch in ilka corner o' them. Yours paternally,
 HUGH AIRLIE.

GRIP'S RECIPE FOR AN M.P.P.

SELECT a man with an impressionable nature and a small conscience ; the latter quality according to circumstances. Knead into him equal portions of the following : A superficial knowledge of political economy and the statistics of the Province ; a smattering of the poets ; a supreme contempt for his opponents ; rigid obedience to his chief. Then soak him in a weak solution of Canadian whiskey, to protect him from attacks of Prohibitophobia ; after which sprinkle him with a small portion of simulated anger ; righteous indignation ; a yearning for a timber limit ; dislike to refuse pay, whether earned or not. Then place in a lime kiln, and bake twelve hours.

Result.—A genuine M.P.P. of the first water.



THE CHERUB IN THE CLOUDS.

(SOMETHING THAT MICHAEL ANGELO NEVER DREAMED OF.)



A CHESTNUT.

Political Smart Alec.—WHY, HELLO, FARMER, HOW DO? I'M AN OLD FRIEND OF YOURS, DON'T YOU REMEMBER?

Farmer.—O YES, CERTAINLY—TING-A-LING!

—(Adapted from N. Y. Judge.)

CHAPERONE.

The girl of fashion ne'er goes out
With Algernon alone.
When'er they wish to stir about,
She calls a chaperone.
Yet where this obstacle to bliss
Is utterly unknown.
'Tis more than likely that the miss
Will call a chap 'er own.

POLITICAL PECULIARITIES.

BY THE MAN ABOUT.

I AM the Man About, and during my perambulations I see many peculiar things, but at no time have I seen more peculiar performances than during election times. The Man About is, at least, an humble individual during quiet times, but, these exciting days he becomes exalted to the rank of a millionaire. Now, that the Provincial elections are fixed, our John Pottleby, M.P.P., positively boils over with goodness everytime he meets me. Now, I do not remember a single occasion, since the last election, when the M.P.P. showed such wonderful graciousness, but, I am not surprised. This morning the M.P.P. almost shook my hand off in an endeavor to impress me with his solid worth as *the* representative for our district in the Provincial Legislature. Peculiar! Very!! I remember once calling upon this same gentleman for his support in a charitable undertaking, and he glanced at me most superciliously through his gold rimmed eyeglasses, all the while evidently making a violent effort to remember my name. I had to tell him, but I did not get the support. However, let that pass. To-day the M.P.P. knows my name, age, street address, and more, the name

of our latest baby, and how many teeth it has got. He is expected around daily to kiss the "darling" most vehemently. Peculiar! Very!! The Man About sees a further development in John Pottleby, M.P.P. That respected gentleman was not known to possess any great amount of business qualifications (unless drawing his salary may be considered one) or an extensive knowledge of the arts and sciences, but, these days, I find him encouraging every form of science and art. He takes the chair at tea-meetings, lectures and sundry scientific gatherings, delivering such erudite speeches, that I am really afraid his brain will succumb beneath the enormous strain. This is peculiar! Very!!

Other peculiarities the Man About sees in John Pottleby, M.P.P., such as were never thought to be in or near the honorable gentleman. The sudden interest he takes in your affairs, his readiness to promise his support to any principle whatever, and the ease with which he can secure the necessary legislation are more particularly noticeable.

My dear John Pottleby, Esq., M.P.P., you are warned the Man About has his weather eye open and the other resting on you, and it will be well for you to regulate your conduct accordingly.

LIONIZER—You look weary, diva. I suppose it is on account of the many uninteresting callers you must have had to-day. Prima donna—Not at all. You are my first caller to-day.—*Exchange.*

HE (poetical)—Will you share my lot with me? She (not poetical)—With pleasure. But only after you have paid off the mortgage and affected a good sale. It ought to bring four dollars a square foot.—*Exchange.*



WHAT THEY'RE AFTER;

OR, SEVEN MILLION REASONS WHY MOWAT SHOULD "GO"!



LITTLE CLASSIC.

Hoolaham, I'm going to raise your rent.
 Be japers, I'm glad av that, sor! I'm bate to do it mesilf!
 — N. Y. Life.

NOCTURNE IN A FLAT.

ALFONSO DE BROWN had finished his last boot, and slowly brought his whistling of "When the Heart is Young" to a close. Gazing at his handsome features in the bright surface of the mirror, he twirled his long thin, half-of-it-didn't-grow moustache with satisfaction, and remarked in a half-way-undertone:—

"Yes! I will ask her to-night." Carefully finishing his toilette by twilight, the last stroke being that of the hair brush on his prematurely bald head, he walked with a serious, calm, I-am-going-to-settle-the-business air to the residence of Araminta Van Goldstein. As his hand rested thoughtfully on the silver-plated, three-for-a-dollar door-knob, he paused. The momentous importance of the situation burst upon his mind, and he realized for the first time the peculiar beauty of the poet's remark—"Oh! meet me by moonlight alone." As he entered the hall, he handed the servant his gilt-edged card with a trembling hand, a don't-give-me-away wink and a York shilling. He could hear the strains of Sullivan's beautiful quartette, "Brightly Dawns our Wedding Day" steal from the drawing room. He was seized with a transport of delight at the auspicious sound, and the servant found him pironetting around his stove-pipe head-gear when she announced that Araminta was at home. In his ecstasy he finished his *pas-seul* on the top of his hat and entered the *salon*. Araminta advanced to greet him with a did-you-bring-me-any-caramels? expression, which he met half-way with an I-fear-no-foe look of haughty self-respect. Shyly looking around the room, which was empty, she put up her soft, peach-bloom cheek in the old, you-may-if-you-want-to way and blushed. Alphonso drew one pace to the rear-rank, and gazed at her with a don't-have-to-you-know-gaze, and said, softly but firmly, "No, Araminta, not yet." The beauteous girl immediately removed her blush and sighed. Alphonso knew that the critical moment has arrived, and boldly commenced in a know-it-all-by-heart style:—

"Dearest Araminta, will you _____." Before he could say another word, Araminta flung herself upon

his vest with vehemence and again put up her beautiful complexion. Alphonso executed a two-paces-to-the-right flank movement and disengaged himself. Collecting himself together, he renewed his conversation:—

"Araminta! before the love seal is again imprinted by these fervid lips upon your picturesque cheek, I wish to know whether you will _____."

With a wild moan of don't-let-me-drop anguish, his beloved swooned on to his left arm. Before Alphonso could recover from the shock, the door opened, and her mother, who had a could-hear-it-two-blocks-off kind of ear, entered. Alphonso stepped back in surprise, and Araminta fell a shapeless mass upon her bustle. Looking at him with a look of horror, Mrs. Van Goldstein remarked in a chilled-steel tone of voice:—"Mr. Alphonso De Brown, this is your last visit to my house. Although evening dress is not indispensable, there is a limit to your *negligé* style of costume. Leave the room."

A faintness fell upon the brave Alphonso. He tried to speak and nearly choked. Placing his hand to his throat, he shrieked loudly, turned and fled.

He had forgotten his collar.

DISTILLER'S TEMPERANCE.

HER nainsell peliefes in ta temperance,
 An' she'll always pe took a tram;
 Her nainsell prews for ta siller.
 Prohibition pe tam!

Ta temperance iss good and iss proper,
 An' she'll always stand up for ta free;
 An' she'll pe pelief in ta subject—
 Ta subject of ta liberty.

She'll just took a tram in ta mornin',
 An' maybe another she'll took;
 An' she'll pe took a tram pefore dinner,
 When she'll wait for ta parritch to cook:

A tram she will took chust for friendship,
 An' a tram when she'll have a sore head;
 An' a tram pefore supper an' after,
 An' a nightcap chust going to bed.
 Hersell iss for temperance morofer,
 An' she'll nefer drink more than a tram;
 An' her nainsell prews trams for ta siller.
 Prohibition pe tam!

DONALD.

T. T.'S LONE HAND.

MR. TALBOT TORRANCE, whose pen has often served GRIP cleverly, has become the sole proprietor of the *Paris Review*. Mr. Torrance is a trained journalist, a capable writer and a very genial young gentleman. If this combination of qualities does not secure success in his new venture it will be because the people of Paris and vicinity do not want a first rate local paper. We happen to know, however, that they *do*.

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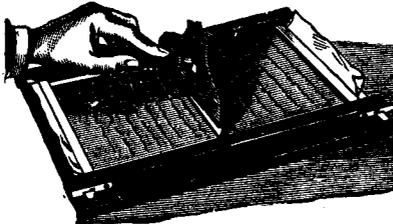
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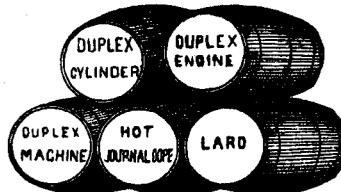
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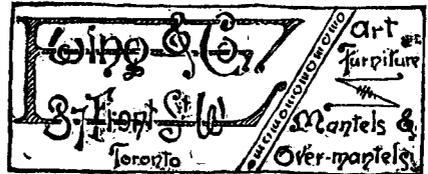
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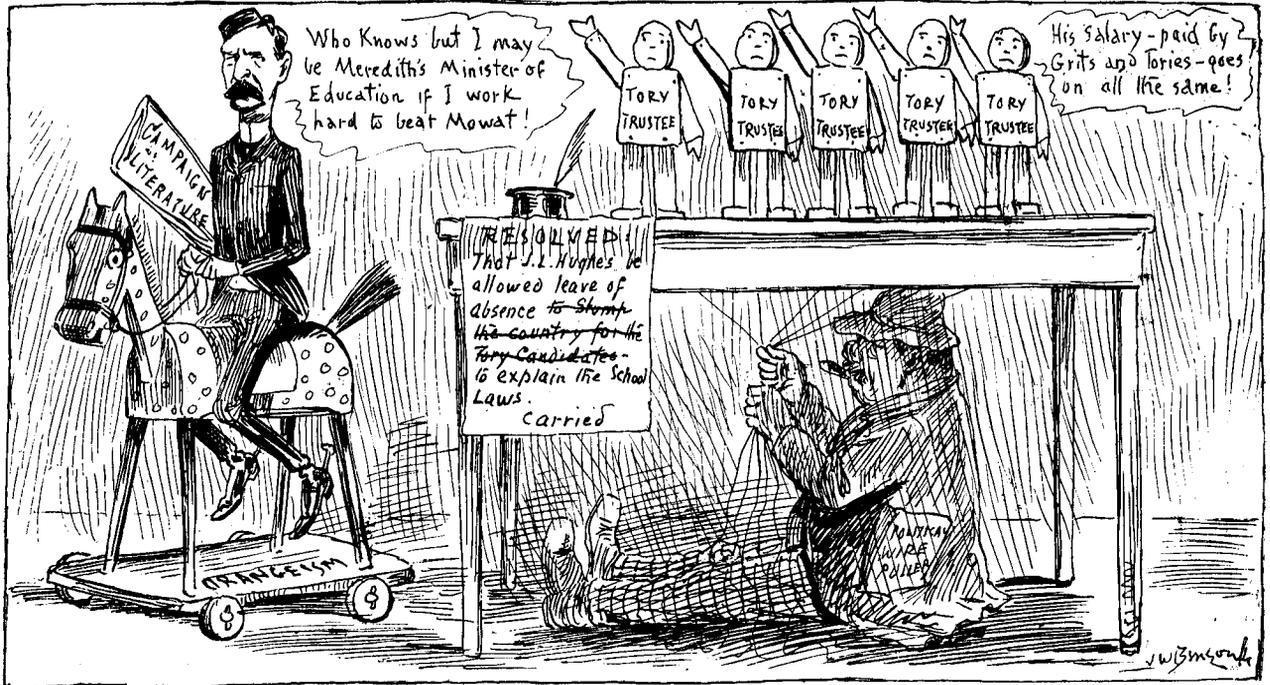
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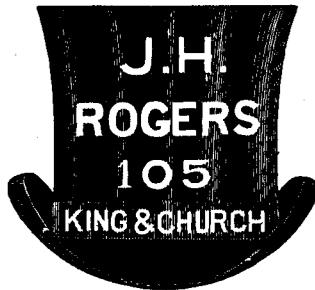
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I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer. Give express and P. O. address.

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Agents for Gorham & Co. of New York. Sterling Silver-ware. All the latest novelties in stock. The trade supplied. Cor. King and Yonge Sts., Toronto.

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ONE WEEK, COMMENCING

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Matinees Wednesday and Saturday.

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The Popular German Comedian and Vocalist,

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(LATE OF BAKER AND FARRON),

In his New Version of the well-known Musical Comedy,

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CANCER

CURED



BY PLASTER.

This cut represents Mrs. Rowland, of 264 Gladstone Avenue, Toronto. She went under Dr. McCully's care for Bronchial Catarrh and general Female Debility, from which she began to rapidly recover, and then consulted us for Fungous Cancer at an angle of the jaw, on the right side of the face. Dr. McCully deemed it expedient to remove the cancer by plaster; did so, and Mrs. Rowland made an excellent recovery. As Dr. McCully is now removing more tumors and cancers than any surgeon in Canada, and so far has not lost a patient, it is to the personal interest of every person suffering from such diseases to place the case in his hands. Last Saturday we mortally wounded a poor professor in our ad.—"The woman on the stretcher for six months for hip joint disease, but who had only a bad femoral abscess." When the Professor saw the ad. he there and then asseverated in pure English vulgate that "he would bust Dr. McCully or that he would bust in the effort." He evidently means biz. If he fails we hope nobody will be found mean enough to call him Professor Bust. Another medico's blood is up, he lives on Jarvis Street, is sometimes attacked by "PERVERSE SPIRITS," and last week insulted two ladies who were inquiring for our office; the last words that reached their ears being "d—d quack" as they rushed away from a volley of expletives. This man was doctering Mr. Rothwell for a while, gave him neither relief nor value for his money, leaving the unfortunate man in a dying condition. Dr. McCully cured him, hence all the bile. Mr. Rothwell is a boot and shoe dealer, 282 Queen Street East, Toronto—call and hear his story, reader. Dr. McCully cures catarrh, cures all chronic diseases of bone, skin and blood, straightens crooked legs—see Miss Shales, 3 Dermot Place, off Carlton Street. Cures fits—write Mr. Ruthven, McNabb Street, Hamilton; and, in fact, is now the only reliable specialist in Canada, at once an operator and a man that treats disease on common-sense principles.

CONSULTATION FREE.

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Medical Director of the Medical and Surgical Association of Canada, Toronto, Ont.

