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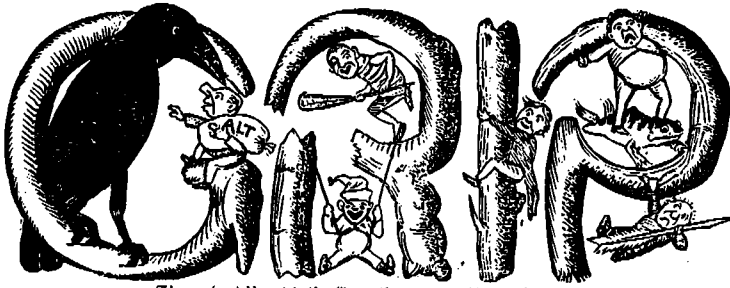
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The gravest Beast is the Ass; the gravest Bird is the Owl;
The gravest Fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.



49 King St. East, Toronto.

VOLUME XVII.
No. 17.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1881.

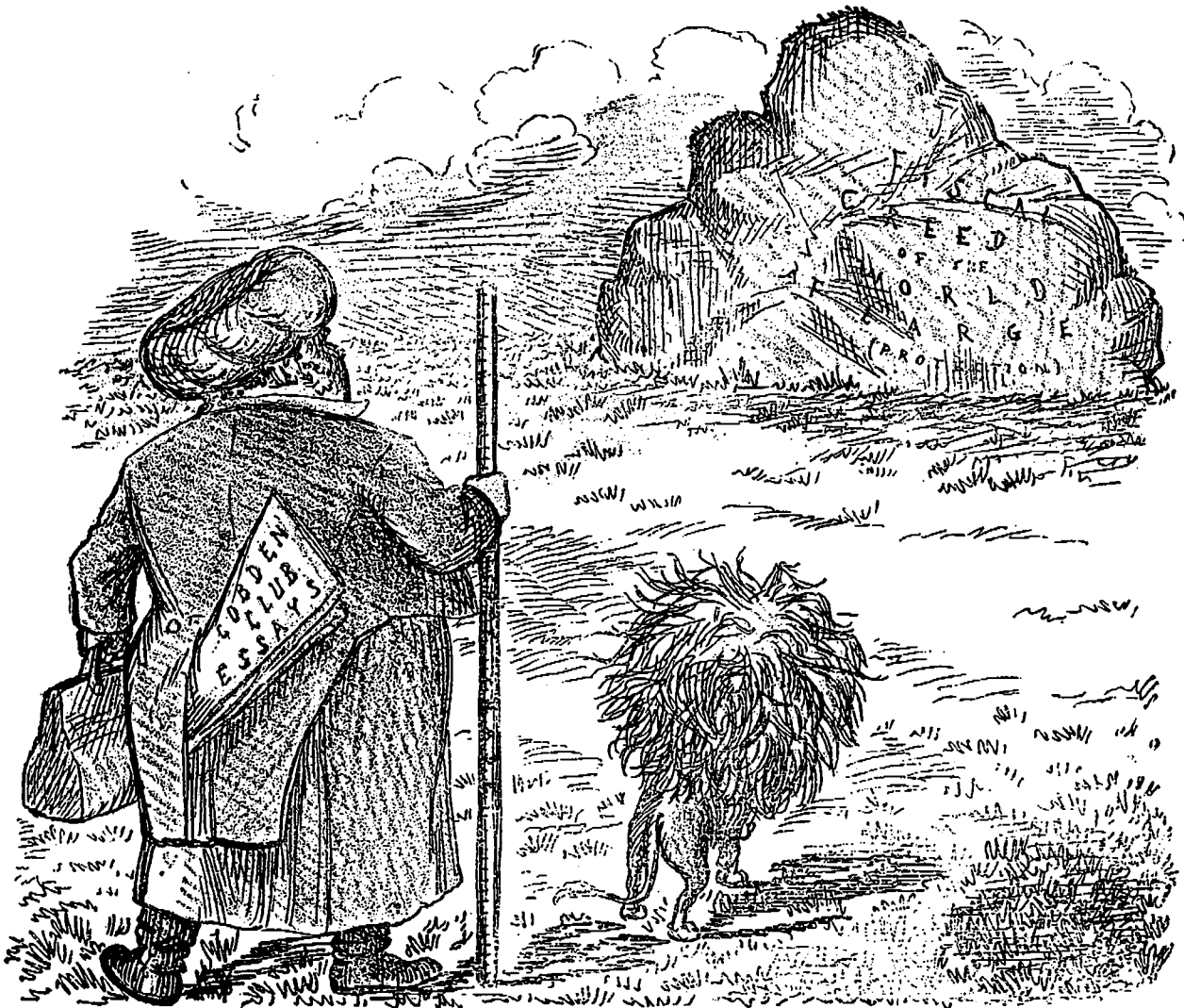
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Parties who purchased the old metallic pen, patent 1866, are requested to communicate with the undersigned. The Mackinnon Pen as now manufactured is indestructible, does not corrode, holds ink for a week's use, and is warranted for three years.



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cause,
And be silent that you may hear."
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The gravest Beast is the Ass; the gravest Bird is the Owl;
The gravest Fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.

PARTNERSHIP NOTICES.

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.

BENGOUGH BROTHERS.

NOTICE is hereby given that the co-partnership heretofore existing between J. W. Bengough and Geo. Bengough, under the name, style, and firm of Bengough Brothers, is this day dissolved by mutual consent, Mr. George Bengough retiring.

J. W. BENGOUGH,
GEO. BENGOUGH.

Toronto, Aug. 30, 1881.

BENGOUGH, MOORE & CO.

The co-partnership heretofore existing between Thomas Bengough, Samuel J. Moore, and A. Richardson, under the name, style, and firm of Bengough, Moore & Co., is this day dissolved by mutual consent, Mr. A. Richardson retiring.

THOS. BENGOUGH,
S. J. MOORE,
A. RICHARDSON.

Toronto, Aug. 30, 1881.

Notice of Co-partnership.

We the undersigned have this day entered into co-partnership as general printers, publishers, and zincographers, under the name, style, and firm of Bengough, Moore, & Bengough, at the premises formerly occupied by Bengough Bros., adjoining the Court House, Adelaide St. East, Toronto.

J. W. BENGOUGH,
SAMUEL J. MOORE,
THOMAS BENGOUGH,

Toronto, Aug. 30, 1881.

With reference to the above notice, we may state to our friends that the consolidation thus effected places us in possession of an excellent business, which we hope, by strict attention to the orders of our customers and by the excellence of our workmanship in all departments, to rapidly increase. Of course it is our intention to continue the publication of GRIP and the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED SHORTHAND WRITER, both of which periodicals we will endeavor to steadily improve in all respects. We will devote special attention to fine book, newspaper, and job printing, and to the art of zincography, having a thoroughly equipped designing and engraving department under the supervision of thoroughly competent artists and workmen.

BENGOUGH, MOORE, & BENGOUGH.

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—Finance Minister Tilley shows a surplus of four millions in the Dominion Treasury as the gratifying result of his administration during the past year. Mr. Blake however, is not inclined to grow jubilant over this plethoric state of the public purse, affirming that the surplus simply represents four millions of dollars paid in by the people over and above the actual necessary running expenses of the Government, and that Canada has no more reason to feel gratified than if her physician had, by the application of a leech, drawn four million ounces more blood than she could safely spare.

FIRST PAGE.—The excitement under the name of "Fair Trade" continues in England, and the Fair Traders have scored two sweeping victories at the polls. This gives ground for the belief that at the next general election England will follow the example set by Canada. And so,

according to the old proverb, amended to suit the circumstances, "If the mountain won't come to John Bull, John Bull must go to the mountain." Mr. Bull has been for many years making a single-handed and single-minded effort to convert the world to free-trade principles, and seems to be growing disheartened with the poor success of his endeavors.

EIGHTH PAGE.—The Grip politicians—Brown, Blake, and Cartwright—who raised a hue and cry against the obnoxious Syndicate have shown a disposition to drop their "loot," and our picture represents them as pursued by the Minister of Railways. The points that have been abandoned by the runaways, as elaborated by the *Mait*, may be briefly stated thus:—"It is a foreign Syndicate"; "They will have their offices in St. Paul"; "They will be able to raise \$8,000,000 per annum before you can touch their tolls"; "They will hold their lands for a rise"; "They have a monopoly."

"Victoria Memorial Hymn."—Words and music by Mrs. Charles G. Moore. Beautiful words, set to beautiful music, both such as any one would be proud to be the author of. G.W.S.

Our theatrical managers have been unusually fortunate in their fair-week attractions. At the Royal, Bartley Campbell's great play, "My Geraldine," is to be seen, while the patrons of the Grand have an opportunity of enjoying the inimitable drollery of Mr. Sol Smith Russell.

Nor are those of a musical turn of mind left unprovided. The military concerts at the Gardens on Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday evenings will be excellent in every respect. In addition to the celebrated 74th Regiment band, the following eminent vocalists will take part: Mrs. Wells B. Tanner, soprano; Mr. Rechab Tandy, tenor; Dr. W. P. O'Donohue, tenor; Mr. H. A. Staples, baritone; and Mr. J. S. Moore, basso. Mr. S. Fleischman, of Buffalo, will act as accompanist.

Keppler & Schwarzmann, of New York, the publishers of *Puck*, have begun the issue of a weekly, entitled *Fiction*. The new publication will be devoted exclusively to original stories, by leading American authors. The typographical appearance of *Fiction* is faultless, and the only shortcoming we notice in the editing is that the names of the authors are not given. The same firm are also about to launch a German illustrated newspaper to be called "Over the World."

The editor of the *Evening News* has been raking up a little scandal in connection with the Central Prison, and asks that the alleged facts be investigated by Mr. Langmuir. Whereupon the *Globe* wrathfully attacks the *News* man, and gives what it declares to be the "true facts" of the case. This is all very well, but it makes an official inquiry none the less necessary. Stick to it, Mr. *News*. *Viat justitia, ruat ceiling!*

It may not be generally known that the "vile" book for which Bradlaugh was and continues to be persecuted (Dr. Knowlton's "Fruits of Philosophy") is, in the words of Chief Justice Cockburn, not an obscene work, but "a dry physiological treatise," which has been published and sold by Christian booksellers for nearly a quarter of a century.

"Canadian Camping Song."—Words by J. D. Edgar, music by G. H. Howard, published by A. & S. Nordbeimer. A very pretty song, set to very nice words, correctly written and containing a decided dash of originality. We would suggest in the 5th & 6th bars of the chorus that the E, D, and C in the upper part be made quarter notes, followed by the same note as an eighth, which we think would make the part more effective and singable than singing the same notes as an accompaniment. We'll be glad to hear from you both again. G.W.S.

Our sprightly contemporary, the *World*, goes in for the abolition of the Government House and the erection of new parliament buildings on its site. This is not half a bad idea. The Government House is a grand affair, but it costs like fury and the expense is all unnecessary. Our Lieut.-Governor would look just as dignified and probably feel more solid satisfaction if he lived in his own house or paid rent like any other worthy citizen. But how many Houses of Parliament does Ontario want? We were under the impression that an imposing structure of this sort was being built in Queen's Park.

"Poems of the Heart and Home" is the title of a new book of two hundred pages, written by Mrs. J. C. Yule (Pamilia S. Vining), and just issued from the press of Bengough, Moore & Co. These poems are essentially Canadian, and as such we heartily welcome them. Mrs. Yule has the true idea of poetry, and her book possesses real merit. The fact that the work is Canadian should give the book a passport into thousands of Canadian homes and secure it a welcome there. These poems have been written during a life-time of varied experience, and the themes are numerous, while the style is extremely fascinating. The price of the book is one dollar.

"My Geraldine," Bartley Campbell's Irish drama now being performed at the Royal, is in our opinion the strongest and best play of the kind now on the stage. The story is deeply interesting, and the situations thrilling, while the dialogue abounds in humor and pathos, with a strong undercurrent of high moral sentiment. The play receives ample justice at the hands of the ladies and gentlemen of the present company, with the single exception of the stick who represents Mr. Cregan, Sr. The sooner this alleged actor retires to a dry-goods counter the better for all concerned. The other members of the troupe are, however, good enough to palliate any individual weakness. We doubt, in fact, whether a better company has ever visited our city.

Herr Bendix' Pinnoforte Recital took place in St. James' School Room on Thursday evening, 1st instant. The tickets being complimentary were issued through the kindness of the Messrs. Newcombe to the leading pianists and connoisseurs of music in the city, and as a consequence there was as critical and appreciative audience as could be assembled. The programme consisted of 11 compositions of the best writers for the piano, beginning with Bach and progressing to Beethoven, Chopin, Moszkowski, Rubenstein, and Liszt, thus affording a display in every possible style. We regret that our space does not admit of our giving as full a criticism as we would wish to, and of the masterly rendering of each number, in lieu of which we must sum up our remarks by simply stating that in point of technique, style, expression and true interpretation of the above masters Herr Bendix proved himself to be one of the first pianists of the day, and that this was the general opinion of all present was evident from the thoroughly genuine and increasing applause he received as he proceeded through his programme. All present will be glad to hear him again. But all this fine playing would have been comparatively lost if Herr Bendix had not had the exquisite concert grand piano to perform on that he had—a Knabo of the justly celebrated firm of Baltimore, whose agents the Messrs. Newcombe are. Everyone was surprised at its exquisite tone and power, being its first hearing in public, to which it has certainly done every justice. We are sure that all present that evening will join us in according a hearty vote of thanks to the Messrs. Newcombe for the great treat they so liberally afforded us. G.W.S.

Grip's Directions to all Strangers.
WHERE NOT TO GO.

Many directions and suggestions have been laid before strangers visiting the Fair by advertising and interested parties as to where they should go and what they should see during their sojourn in the city. Some are in the interest of showmen, who will advise you to go and see "My Geraldine" at the theatre, or up to the Horticultural Gardens to hear the Buffalo band play and the Buffalo people roar and sing. Harry Piper, they say, has with malice aforethought despatched 45 agents to lead unwary visitors to the Zoo where the lion roareth. Others, probably subsidized by hack and coupe owners, will advise you to visit the University, the Normal School, the Cathedral, the Parks, the Horticultural Gardens. Commodore Turner will advise you to go to Hanlan's Point, others in the long shore nautical business will suggest Victoria or Lorne Parks. The places are all very well in their way, and Grip especially likes people to enjoy themselves in all harmless ways which they can do at any of these places, but it remains for Grip, Grip the great, Grip the disinterested, to tell you

WHERE NOT TO GO TO.

Firstly.—Don't go to a cheap boarding house by way of economy. Garret rooms are close and hot, and the fumes of cooking "vittles" in the kitchen arise to heaven or part of the way as far as your chamber. Beware, typhoid lurks around.
Secondly.—If you are a young man from, let us say, some remote point on the Toronto and Ottawa Railroad and unused to city life, but anxious to know the points, and if you fall in with some of the city boys who suggest the

propriety of going round town. Don't you do it. Don't go, or your head will ache in the morning.

Thirdly.—If a new acquaintance asks you to join him to call "upon a lady in the ward." Don't go; never mind why, but don't go!

Fourthly.—Should you be a lady young and fond of amusement and the nice young gentleman with whom you had a flirtation at the hotel table asks you "as the evening is fine" to go out in a skiff on the Bay. Don't you go, the boat may capsize or some other accident happen. By all means don't go.

Fourthly and lastly (for Indies).—Don't go to the confectionary stores too often. Don't stop in front of any shop window too long, go in and buy something. Don't get on or off the street cars while under way.

(For gentlemen especially.)—Don't go too often to the "bar." When you do don't stand there too long. Don't make too many acquaintances of either sex, and

DON'T GO HOME MAD:

Oh, That Horrid Toothache!

Whatever is uppermost in the mind
The tongue it is said will relate,
And so, for the present, to speak I'm inclined,
On a subject I heartily hate—
A subject that takes such a terrible hold
On my mind as well as my gum;
So firm is its grip, that I'm wholly controlled
By its power, and I cannot be dumb.

All the faces around me are grinning with joy,
While mine is distorted with pain,
And their pleasant expressions increase my annoy,
And make me appear more insane
Although now the weather is pleasant and cool,
I perspire from the crown to the chin,
And shriek, stamp, and rave like the veriest fool,
And kick up a furious din.

A tooth's at the root of this terrible woe,
That's racking my mind and my brain—
A stump I should say—(on the uppermost row).
O dear, what a horrible pain!
It once was the best and the whitest I had,
Not a spot nor a hole could be found;
But now 'tis decayed and entirely bad—
The enamel and all is unsound.

Oh, how it could munch from the morn till the night,
At whatever might come in its way!
But then it was free from this horrible blight
That caused its untimely decay.
Ah me! how my gum is enduring this rack
Of pain, 'tis indeed hard to know;
Each moment I feel it is ready to crack—
There's another electrical throe!

It shot with the speed of the lightning flash
From the root of the stump to my brain!
If a few more like that comes they'll settle my hash,
And free me forever from pain.
You can transplant the cabbage, the onion, or leek,
The "green kail" and savory ferooth,
And I would be freed from this hell in my cheek,
If I could transplant this vile tooth!

I'll go to the dentist! that's what I will do—
(Oh! there's that flash racking again.)
And get him to wrench from my gum one or two—
Ere I suffer I'll let him "draw" ten.
So now for the present I'll bid you good-bye—
No longer enduring I'll stay—
(There's a pang that has brought the bright tears to
my eye)

To the dentist I'm off, I'm away!
A. McN.

SLASHBUSH ON THE HOUSE OF LORDS.



Gustavus Slashbush sat by the kitchen table reading the *Mail*. Almira was taking off her new hat and gloves. She had been, she said, down to the town line "to see Ann Jane Griggs." As she spoke she sighed a gentle sigh and wiped her brow with her handkerchief, redolent of essence of cinnamon.

"Ah! Almira, Almira!" 'Tis not of Miss Griggs thou art thinking!"

The night was sultry, and the atmosphere of the kitchen close, but preferable to breathing

the smoke from the bush fires that settled like a London fog upon the farm, and caused much apprehension lest the "devouring element" itself would pay them a visit.

"Almira," said Gustavus, as he finished the English column of the paper, "it would never do—"

"What d'ye sov?" was the somewhat unladylike question that his assertion called from his sister, whose language, from some reason not wholly dissociated with fishing tackle, was the probable cause—but her brother, absorbed in his thoughts, did not observe it this time.

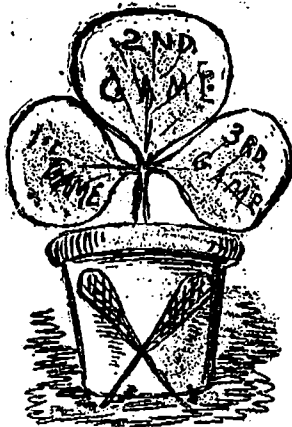
"No," continued Gustavus, "it would never do to abolish the House of Lords in England. It may do well enough in France where they have periodical changes from military despotism to communism; but in dear old England it's altogether different—they would be lost without hereditary rulers, and they love a lord. No, Almira, it would never do. The peers and the crown must stand or fall together. The ancient glories of Agincourt and Cressy and the good old times must not be forgotten. Of course there's not many of the descendants of the old feudal lords who used to do such tremendous feats of arms in impenetrable armour, leading their leather-jerkined retainers to breach "once more," and the pensions, sinecures, and perquisites of the descendants of the Stuarts' and Georges' countesses whose escutcheons were not entirely free from tarnish, as well as those of our Hanoverian cousins, are thought by some to be rather heavy on the taxpayers; but others, especially those who look for political and social advancement, are of an entirely different way of thinking."

"Oh! cheese that," said Almira. "I don't know what you're talking about. Are you going to take me to Toronto to see the fair? Everybody's goin'." Everybody—ah! that fisherman again!

"I will see about it," said Gustavus. "But to resume my subject of the House of Lords. You know, Almira, there are lords who do not sit in the House, they are not peers of the realm, merely 'courtesy lords'; sons of dukes and other great swells. I wonder," added the young philosopher, "how it would do to make them all 'courtesy lords'; they would have their estates and their titles, and the objectionable hereditary ruling be removed. They would be just as able to get a fine education and keep up a cultured class then as now, and the country would not fall into vulgar barbarism as some people fear. I do not think there would be much danger, for even in that refuge for European scallaways of all sorts, the States, the people are getting more refined. In Boston, for instance, the inhabitants possessed of means go in in an extraordinary degree for 'culehab'; and in New York, and in fact all over the States, the fashionable affect the English style of dress, though of course somewhat exaggerated and loud in detail, too much show of diamonds and jewellery in the mornings and that sort of thing; but it shows that even there a higher class is forming on the aristocratic principle; and the well known and historic suit of black with satin vest has been almost superseded by the bob-tail tweed suits of the English swell. Yes, Almira, I wouldn't mind being a 'courtesy lord' myself, I would like—"

"I would like you to go to bed!" roared old Slashbush down the stovepipe hole. "Stop that infernal chatter or I'll enlist ye into the brigade to help to put out the bush fires. And as for you, Almira, you're not going to Toronto," and the old man went off grumbling to bed.





The Lacrosse Match.

MISTHER GRIP, SIR:

Hur o for the Shamrocks! Be me sowl, fwhat d'ye think av the way they polished off the bios from the Quane City a wake ago come Saturday. Three straight games, no less. A crown av glory for aich lafe av the purty little flower that's their namesake, in a manner av spakin'. I was presint, Misther Grip, an' a foimer bit av shkill I niver witnessed, b'min' a few whacks on the shins an' some more on the skulls be way av variety. Lacrosse, sir, is an illigint game entirely to luek at, an' maybe it wud be fun to belong to a club av the life insurance wasn't so high. I only spake as a spectator, hei? that I have a family to take care of an' wuddn't think av takin' a hand in the play. But wid regards to the great match at Monthrellall, I must say the Taranta lies tuck their defate manfully. They didn't raise a howl and whine that the umpire was bribed and the ball didn't go be-tune the flags, an' all the rest av the shenanigan we often hear. They put on their coats an' wint away like min, an' niver a wan av thim squealed. They lift that sort of thing to the reporter av the *Globe*, an' fwhen I read his bit about it I cudden't help laughin' so I couldn't. Did yez notice fwhat he said? Jisthen to this:

"As a display of the science of lacrosse the match was a complete failure, and does not deserve record. It was evident the Shamrocks had laid out their programme to win, and they never gave the Toronto men a chance to exhibit their fine powers and scientific skill in the field. Similar games have been played here before, but they are not worthy of imitation. The match throughout was played in the most gentlemanly manner ever seen here, and in that respect only was it an advance on former contests."

Did yez iver here anythin' richer than that? The match was "played in the most gentlemanly manner," barrin' that "the Shamrocks had laid out their programme to win" an' the mane spaipeens "niver gave the Taranta min a chance to exhibit their foine powers and scientific skill!" Juek at that now for a dirty thriek! I don't know nothin' about it, but from the way the Taranta lies acted I thought at first they had "laid out their programme to win," an' I believe they did all they eud to prevent the Shamrocks from "showin' their skill" too.

Yours truly,
TERRY McSHANE.

The Great Scullers.

ANECDOTES OF THEIR BOYHOOD.

It is with pleasure that Mr. Grip, at great expense and deep research on the part of his correspondents in all parts of the world, offers the following anecdotes concerning the aquatic giants now in our midst, in their childhood's happy hours, at a time when they were as yet to fame unknown. Anything connected with

the early days of these gentlemen cannot but be interesting to Grip's countless readers.

Edward Hanlan.—When Ned was two years and six months old, his nurse (an elderly Italian lady from the Black North, whether Lombardy or Tyrone the chronicler doth not state) reproved him for endangering his life by venturing out on Toronto Bay on a plank—such was his intense aquatic disposition even at that early age.

"Neddy, my darling child," the dear old lady used to say, "do not, I pray of you, go near the water."

"Water ye say?" was the reply of the precocious infant phenomenon. The boy always loved the water—he revelled in it. At one time it was thought that he would die of water on the brain.

Wallace Ross.—Wallace, when a kid, showed always a determination not to be conquered. His undaunted and combative nature aroused the fears of his parents.

"Wallace," his maternal parent would often say, "be careful, you will get into trouble."

"Trouble!" said the undaunted youth, "Didn't a former Wallace defeat Edward of England? I am going to get away with Edward of Toronto."

He hasn't done it yet—but he'll try.

Charles E. Courtney.—Charles E. in his early youth was very studious. He first saw the light of day at Union Springs—where he first handled the saw that has made his name so famous. As I said before he was a studious child and particularly fond of sacred history and classics. The story of Esau affected him deeply when he read it. When quite a child he asked Professor Engie, of Cornell University, what was the meaning of *Veni, vidi, vici*. "I came, I saw, I conquered," was the reply of the astonished pundit, delighted at the youth's desire for information.

"You have not construed the lines right," said the youthful Charley to the astonished professor. "I interpret the words thusly:—'I came, I sawed, he conquered.'"

"I p'ophecy for that young man," said Professor Engie to an intimate friend, "a great future. He may be yet an honor to this University."

Were the old gentleman's words indeed prophetic?

Edward Trickett.—Edward T., like Edward H., is a born oarsman. He came o'er the sea from the Antipodes to England, and distinguished himself so much that many an eloquent oration was delivered in his praise, and many were the orisons that went aloft for his success. His friends thought he could pass anything without an oriel, and presented him with an oriel watchchain. O'er all competitors he stood until he met the "boy," when his dream of life was o'er. *Orate fratres.*

Frederick A. Plaist, d.—Frederick A. as a boy, evinced a great taste for high society, long before he won the laurel wreath and placed it on his brow. Although not showing any remarkable desire to enjoy the comforts of domestic society, he had always a great penchant for clubs, in which he had full swing. "Without clubs," said Frederick to one of the reporters who interviewed him while partaking of clam oyster at his country seat at Cape Cod, "my life would be a blank."

Evan Morris.—Eph. was born on the Monongahela, in the State of Pennsylvania. One may say he was brought up on the Monongahela, and still loves it with the passion of a mother for its babe, or a *Globe* editor for a Tory scandal. When asked by the champion on one occasion on what conditions they would pull, Hanlan said: "How shall we row, Evan, even?" Evan replied, "Not *this* Eph; some other Eph; Good Eph."

Hanlan says he is the only one of the fraternity who can get a joke through his skull.



A NEW MINISTER.

Nothing would afford Mr. Grip greater gratification than to see his esteemed friend Mr. J. Burr Plumb elevated to a Ministerial position. Heretofore the Premier has had no chance of bestowing a well-earned portfolio upon his able lieutenant, for whenever a vacancy has occurred in the Cabinet it has been filled by the appointment of somebody else. But now a rare idea has been broached. It matters not that this "happy thought" has emanated from a pestilent Grip source, it is a good idea, and Grip would like to see it carried out. It is, in short, that a new portfolio should be created—that of Minister of Pictories, and Mr. Plumb is the man nature has designed for the office. He has devoted a great part of his valuable time to the study of Political Picticology; and his fame as a manager of entertainments of this class is as wide as the Dominion. Mr. Plumb deserves some recognition at the hands of the Government, and this we feel sure would be an acceptable form in which to offer it.

Love in June.

And so we lingered 'neath the shady trees,
She low reclining on a garden seat,
With pensive look, hands clasped upon her knees:
I, all adoring, seated at her feet,
Waiting the words I thought would be so sweet,
Sweet they would be from lips so sweet—why not?
She simply murmured, "My! it's awful hot!"

"It is," I said, feeling a wild desire,
To tell my love in words more burning still.
Why is she silent? She sees not the fire
That burns my soul, that scorches e'en my will!
Again she moved her lips—a sudden thrill
Swept through my soul as if a rising storm—
She spoke—she gently murmured, "Ain't it warm!"

"Very!" I said. "But list to me, sweet maid
Passions are warmer than the sun's warm rays;
Yes, more unbonded, neither tied nor stayed,
By circumstance, nor fashion and its ways,
They care for neither censure nor for praise.
I have a passion—" "Oh!" she said, "how nice;
Yes, so have I, a desperate one for ice!" J.A.K.

More Rhymes.

A young lady, Miss Maude Pinsoncault,
Went on the bay with her beau,
But she made a mistake,
For when out on the lake,
She discovered her beau couldn't row.

The same lady went out in a yacht,
And in a tornado was caught,
But she took in all sail,
And weathered the gale,
Although the yacht nearly upsat.

An aesthetic young lady in Guelph,
Had a lot of old china and delf,
And her lover she sacked,
When he said, "They're all cracked."
And he now thinks her half cracked herself.

There was a young woman named Lyle,
Who tried a young man to beguile,
But the young man was fly,
If he was rather shy,
And he made this remark, "I should smile."



MISS CANADA'S SURPLUS.

LANGEVIN (DOCTOR'S ASSISTANT).—SEE, MADAME! OUR LEECH HAS DRAWN A GREAT SURPLUS OF BLOOD FROM YOU; YOU MUST BE GROWING STRONGER!

*. See comments on page 2.

The Joker Club.

"The Pen is mightier than the Sword."

A PARAGRAPHIC TOAST.

Around a Breakfast Table,
Seven paragraphers sat;
Each, justice had been able
To do this and that—
The steak, the rolls and salad,
The waffles, coffee, beer,
And one proposed a ballad,
And one a toast to cheer.

The Sun rode high in heaven,
The hour was drawing nigh,
When one from out the seven,
Must say a long good-bye.
This News was quite distressing,
That he must go abroad,
A Boomerang, depressing,
To all around the board.

Each Eye was read with weeping—
No Herald of good cheer—
Each felt his need of steeping,
His woes in lager beer.
The one whom fate had singled,
To sail in treacherous ship,
His tears with others mingled,
And tightly clutched his Grip.

This sad Tribune of seven,
Had drank each his fill,
And eaten the draughts which Heaven,
Bequeaths to them who will.
The Free Press of each Skipper,
Warmed up each other's heart,
To spirits high and chipper,
Before the time to start.

High, bold, and Independent,
The would-be exile stood,
No cringing, meek defendant,
But one of caste and blood.
The Enterprize of nations
Concentrate in his frame,
He scorned the free lunch rations,
And gloried in his name.

With Wit and Wisdom flowing,
Like rich petroleum well,
Beneath the Heretic, glowing
With thoughts that burn and swell.
Each jester shot and talked,
His mildest quip a host,
And one proposed a ballad,
And one a parting toast.

The Argus-eyed of jesters,
Then slowly rose aloft,
"Since we're but vintage testers—"
He spake in accents soft—
"Tis meet that I should offer,
A sentiment so rare,
That each his hand will proffer,
And shout it through the air.

"And so, here's to the paper,
Which credits sure will slower,
On him who burns the taper,
At midnight's holy hour.
Who steals our pocket-book steals Chaff,
A thieving journal played is:
The cribbing of a paragraph,
Should doom the thief to Hades!"

—Quincy Modern Argo.

HE WROTE FOR THEM.

'I see,' said the editor, eyeing the card in his hand; 'you are Mr. Stephen Bulwer Dam. Good name. Happy to make your acquaintance, Mr. Stephen B. Dam, what can I do for you?'

'Why, you see, I am a contributor to the press. I write for *Harper's* and I just a—'

'Strange—I never saw your name—you probably write under a *nom de plume*. I see, you have a manuscript thrown off in a lei ure moment?'

'Exactly. Written under pressure of inspiration. You see I contribute to *Scribner's*—'

'Singular I never noticed the signature; possibly an anonymous writer? Your supply is greater than the demand, and you have brought one of your latest gems here?'

'Precisely so. I do a great deal of literary work for Lippincott and—'

'Odd it hasn't come to my notice. Let me see the manuscript.'

'What wilt give for the story? I couldst not give up the child of my brain without a bargain first. My pen glides for the *North American*—'

'Tis mysterious I never observed it. Under the circumstances I must see the manuscript before I make a bargain.'

'Wouldst not reputation avail? Have I not sent scores of articles to the *Atlantic*—?'

'But what have you written? I never saw your name?'

'Innumerable poems, stories, essays for all the leading publications.'

'But what in thunder have they published?' exclaimed the now irate editor.

'Well, I canst not say they didst publish anything. I saidst that I wrote, I contributed.'

'Boy,' shouted the editor to the youth who ran the establishment; 'show this gentleman the way of egress. Thou canst retire. Stoppen thou canst go,' and he waved a chair over his head in excitement. 'I wouldst not harm thee, but thou mayst skip out. Thou canst, Stephen B. Dam.'

Then the contributor took a flying leap from the end of the editorial box toe, and the editor sat down in the waste basket and wept.

NO LONGER A DREAM.

'Life was a sweet fair dream for me until a short time ago,' said Jones, with a sigh, to his friend Brown.

'Indeed?'

'Yes. Everything glided along the placid stream of life with a calm, unruffled motion. Sweet songs came to us from the birds, and at night the blest influences of nature stole upon our hearts and wooed us to rest. No pen can describe the scene. Everything was lovely until—'

'Until?—'

'A week ago.'

'And then?'

'And then Mrs. Jones began painting on pottery.'

St. Julien is too maudest to beat Maud S's time.

The chicaneries of gas companies might be called a gas trick trouble.

A genius is a man who can write paragraphs when he has a corn on his foot the size of a bay-window.

'You wring my heart, Julia!' he exclaimed, passionately. 'You wring my hand, John!' she returned. He wrung it.

A timid bird—the quail.—*Somerville Journal*.
A gay bird—the lark.—*Wit and Wisdom*.
A boastful bird—the crow.—*Phila. Sun*.

Murat Halstead had a brother that takes photographs. Our brother never could confine himself to photographs; he takes anything he can get his hands on.

A merchant possessed a fine yacht,
Had money, a house, and a fact:
In business he trusted,
And therefore he bustled,
And now it's all "gone to paucit."

There is a photograph of a handsome widow, framed and hanging on the walls of a Larniae photographer. A house fly the other day found it and christened it Widow Redott. No cards.

From the fact of a Boston paper of last Sunday containing an editorial entitled "Massachusetts to the Front," it is evident that the annual presentation of new potatoes to journalists has begun.

Fond mamma, giving first-born first lessons in arithmetic: "Now, darling, count your fingers, commencing at the little finger, one, two, three, four, five—" Darling—"No, no, mamma, thumbs don't count."

Here's a positive fact that occurred in one of the public schools in this city, recently. A small boy was asked to name some parts of his body. He thought for a moment and then replied, "Bowels, which are five in number—a, o, i, o, u, and sometimes w and y."

"Lorena" writes to know whether we have a "Poet's Corner" to the *Boomerang*. Yes Lorena, you can bet your sweet existence we have. In fact the "Poet scorners" is the most noticeable feature of this paper.

The season for fairs is approaching, when the small boy, who has got his clothes scented with tobacco (from being where men are smoking, you know), will go home to his mother, deathly sick on peanuts and gingerbread.

"William," she exclaimed, pushing him away from her, "you have been eating radishes." "Clara" he responded, reproachfully, "you forget that I live in a boarding house, and that radishes at this time of the year cost ten cents a bunch." "Excuse me, William," she said, penitently, and immediately rising up turned the lamp several degrees lower.

SPELLING REFORM.

A pretty young girl full of pique,
Got down in the mouth, so to spique,
And when people laughed
She thought she was chauged,
And she stayed in the house for a wique.

A flirting young woman once coughed
And her feminine friends called her sougled,
But she turned up her nose
And made them her fose,
And her motto became, "Look allougled."

A tramp, with his arm in a sling, called on Gilhooley for a quarter, alleging that his arm had been injured in the recent railway accident near San Antonio. "But yesterday you had the other arm in a sling," replied Gilhooley. "Well, supposin' I had. Don't you think a feller's arm gets tired of being tied up all day. Besides, I have got concussion of the brain, and can't remember half the time which arm was broken."

Tread softly—she is near,
Sassing her beau;
Throw gently—she can hear
The boot-jack go.
All her soft, furry hair,
Covered with dust,
She that was young and fair
Gone on the bust.
Aim for her silently,
Give her one whack,
Lay it on violently,
Right on her back.

A female boarder at one of the Long Branch hotels, who had made herself very disagreeable by her ill-natured remarks about some of the lady guests, met her match in a Boston woman, who, in the presence of a large company, boldly said:—"Excuse me, madam; is that hair all your own?" "Whose do you suppose it is?" was the answer. "Pardon me," returned the other, glancing at the offender's husband, a little, bald headed man, "I thought it might be Mr. C.'s."

"Do you love me?" "Yes," she answered, "better than anything else in the world. It's a beautiful night for a moonlight drive." A moonlight drive would cost at least \$3, and as he agitated seventeen cents in his right hand trousers' pocket he surveyed the lunar orb with a knowing gaze, and remarked:—"I should be so happy to take you, but it's a wet moon, and you know you are so liable to catch cold, dear." The next morning the disappointed maiden observed to her mother:—"Charley and I have quit. He knows a heap about the weather, but he's a perfect ignoramus about me."

KNOTT-HE, BUT NICE.

Says Reuben Knott unto his fair,
In language burning hot,
"Matilda, do you love me, dear?"
Says she, "I love you, Knott."

"Oh, say not so!" again he cried,
"Oh, share with me my lot!"
Oh, say that you will be my bride!"
Says she, "I'll wed you, Knott."

"Oh, cruel fair, to serve me so!
I love you well, you wot!"
"I could not wed you, Reub," says she,
"For then I should be Knott."

A light breaks in on Reuben's mind,
And in his arms she's got,
She looks demurely in his face,
And says, "Pray kiss me, Knott."



A NEW CROSS.

Mr. Mackenzie has returned to Canada shorn of his whisker. His distinguished rival is expected to come back with a notable addition to his honors—the Grand Cross of the Order of St. Michael and St. George, which Her Majesty the Queen has been or is about to be graciously pleased to bestow upon him for the following amongst other brilliant achievements of statesmanship:

1. The conception and inauguration of Confederation.
2. The frustration of Sir Hugh Allan's attempt to get possession of the Pacific Railway Charter.
3. The invention and application of the National Policy, by which Canada has been lifted from a bog of despond and placed upon the highway to wealth and greatness, and in this connection, the crushing of the Nihilistic endeavors of Mr. Phipps to grasp the Premiership.
4. The negotiation of a brilliant bargain with the Syndicate, by which Canada gets the railway built without costing a cent.
5. The inauguration of the great Institution known as the Political Picnic, which has done more for the education and elevation of the people than any other form of humbug.
6. Lastly and chiefly, for the successful cultivation of a physical, moral, and mental likeness to a late remarkable Earl.

The N. P.

Some people love to be
Talking about the great N. P.,
But what it really means they cannot tell,
While some others do aver,
(That have travelled everywhere),
'Tis a gigantic kind of self.

What these little letters mean,
It would take a sage I ween,
To show it here before our wondering eyes—
But, since I'm allowed to guess,
I must frankly here confess,
That I think it haply means National Prize.

Since my guess has been in vain,
Let me try but once again.
And don't laugh, friends, though my next bedroll—
I'm o'ercome with vexation,
All through the great taxation,
That we have had this while upon our coal.

Now, some in this Dominion,
May laugh at my opinion,
And say that my idea's rather vague;
But it matters not to me,
For in sooth I cannot see,
What it means, unless it be National Plague.

Self Evident.

A English paper gives an illustration of a recent battle in Afghanistan as "A reminder to Ayoub Khan of how British red-coats can fight." *A-you-b(et they) Khan.*

"The Burial of the Cat."

They buried the black cat, they freed
The neighborhood of his foul breed,
With melody the whole night long,
It charmed the sleepers with its song,
So shrill and weird-like in its tone,
A kind of stifled shriek or groan,
The very sort that one would bless,
When troubled by a sleepless-sness,
All through the swelt'ring summer night—
Until the coming of the light
Broke up this most am(e)using throng,
Which stayed at dawn it's liquid song,
And sought the pleasant cooling shade
Where oft in infancy it played,
And capered round the old oak tree
On frolic bent and mirthsome glee,
With tail erect and flashing eye
It strolled beneath the midnight sky,
And whisked its tail in proud disdain
At any cat that would his reign
Intrude upon, and war proclaim
Against his royalty and name.

For he was "boss" of all that crowd,
Each "spit-fire" owned his will and bowed,
Or rattled crouched in abject fear—
In fact he was a feline "Leor"
And made them all feel rather queer,
At least they did when he was near.
They *now* fantastic capers played
Above the king they once obeyed—
Who now was sleeping 'neath the shade,
And heartless their contempt displayed.
They madly fought to gain command
O'er the wild, lawless, thriving band.
Oft when the moon was shining bright,
With velvet footfall soft and light,
It stole along each parapet
With flashing eyes as black as jet,
And 'neath the dreamer's lattice stayed
(Who for its death devoutly prayed)
—The patient Ass here gently brayed,
As if it would it felle said
Lend to the tuneless choir on high
That waked weird echoes in the sky—
It listened to the hound which bayed
(It accents now somewhat decayed)
The whole night long into the moon
Nor changed at all its cheerfull tune
It howled with all its might and main
As 'twere a Philharmonic strain,
And with its shrill blood-chilling cries
It seemed to pierce the midnight skies.

A well-directed blow had laid
The rampant "Thomas" in the shade,
For now neglected and alone,
He sleeps beneath the mossy stone.
A warning to all cats that roam
Upon the tiles afar from home
For night of those unearthly shrieks
Is soft, no more the sweet-voiced speaks.
His reign is done, 'tis past and o'er—
Again is heard the placid snore
Of pussy sits who calmly sleep
With respirations strong and deep
In every key and varied strain
Until the daylight comes again
To pluck with brightness and with gold
The breezy down, the glen and wold.

Arcades Ambo.

"Sometimes accs, more times deuces"

OWED TO THE TORONTO LACROSSE CLUB.

It was a bright and pleasant summer day,
The balmy south-west breezes from the Lake,
Had cleared the air of mist, and seemed to make
All nature joyous. The smoke away
Upto the woods was blown to where
The forest fires lighted with lurid glare
The skies, and all seemed gay.

Serene and happy every one appeared,
Till looking round I saw a youth in tears.
Stalwart he was, although of tender years;
A mother's darling evidently reared.

"Tell me," I asked of him, "wherefore this sad-
ness,

Why do these tears course down thy boyish cheek?
Remember this is Exhibition week,
'Tis not the time for tears, but looks of gladness.

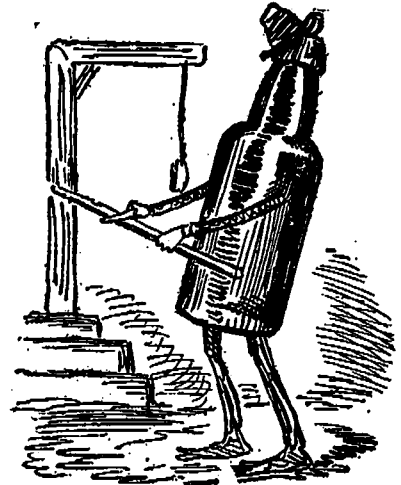
Has your last 'mash' gone back on you, what of it?
Has the loved one you fondly hoped to wed,
Gone off with favored rival in your stead?
If she has gone, why let her go to 'Tophet'!"

"Girl! you fool," he roared, in voice of thunder,
"What 'ye take me for, a stoughton bottle?
Shut up or I'll catch you by the throttle!
It's 'cause I made such an infernal blunder.

'Way down to Montreal, I like a dashed fool went,
And put my pile upon our own lacrosse club;
Because of course I thought it was the boss club;
'The Shamrocks scooped me out of every cent!"

"Shake," I cried. "My boy, dry up thy tears.
Shake! for verily I'm in the self-same box;
On the Torontos I put up my rocks.
How would it strike you if we had two beers?"

"I am," he said, "one who not off refuses
Agreed. Two schooners, for misery likes company;
Although I thought of course our boys could thump
any,
I know it's 'some times accs, sometimes deuces.'"



TWO MORE NOTCHES.

At Peterborough, on Sunday last, a man came to his death from the effects of a stab administered by a companion in the course of a drunken fight; about the same time, near Brantford, a besotted Indian brutally murdered his wife, "kicking her head to a jelly" according to the graphic newspaper report. Old Rye cuts two more notches in the tally stick, while the Licensed Victuallers, with their fine clothes on, met together and protest against the mawkish sentimentality of those who would put a veto on their glorious traffic.

Mr. Mackenzie's Beard.

QUINCE, Sept. 4.—Hon. Mr. Mackenzie and Mrs. Mackenzie were amongst the passengers by mail steamship from Liverpool to-day, and left immediately for the West. The ex-Premier states that he has recovered his usual health. He looks well, and has his beard cut close to the chin.

MR. GALT read the above despatch in the *Globe* with feelings of indignation mingled with sorrow. Having long regarded Mr. Mackenzie's physiog, as one of our own personal chattels, we could not but regard this untimely taking off of the beard as a barbarous act of contempt for GALT on the part of the ex-Premier. His object no doubt was to throw discredit on the pictures in which we have uniformly represented him as he was, with a long and straggling chin appendage. But no mat-tar! His game is foiled! On another page of this issue we have given a series of sketches of the revised edition of Mr. Mackenzie, which will familiarize the public with his present actual appearance, from every point of view. We are delighted to learn that the hon. gentleman returns home in the best of health, and we ardently hope he will lose no time in doing something politically—perpetrating some act of characteristic corruption such as has in the past so often made the *Mail* blush—and thus afford GALT a chance of trotting him out in his new tonsorial arrangements. In these days of steam and telegraph, it is futile for public men to imagine they can escape the penalties of public life by trimming. Their better course is to win the approval of powerful organs of opinion and save their whiskers. The Canadian statesman who would free himself from the clutches of GRIP cannot stop short of cutting off at least his head.

One good thing about a lottery is that a man can purchase enough castles in the air for \$1 to last him a month.—*Boston Globe.*

A card-sharper sat down beside the Governor of Nebraska on a railroad car the other day and offered him a fair whack-up to help "work" the train. A Governor's face should not give him away in this manner.



DROPPING THEIR ARGUMENTS.

GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES. Postal Card Size, \$1.00. Note Size, \$2.00. Letter Size, \$3.00. Foolscap Size \$4.00. One Bottle of Ink with each Lithogram. Agents wanted in every Town. Next Door Post Office, Toronto.

JACOB'S PATENT LITHOGRAM.

Hints for Rural Visitors to the Fair.

If there is any class of his fellow-countrymen that GRIP admires more than another, that he looks upon with feelings akin to brotherhood, it is the agricultural class. He looks up to the Noble Yeoman as the bone and sinew of the country. When he sees the N. Y. seated upon a load of garden sassa in the market square with his two buxom, beauteous, and bucolic daughters taking his *al fresco* lunch of pumpkin pie, denying himself the luxuries of the tavern's *table d'hote*, he venerates him; and when he reflects that the N. Y. makes this self-denial on purely economical grounds, he loves the noble yeoman, and in accordance with these expressed sentiments and with a view to benefitting him it is that this paper is written. The Exhibition is a great and glorious undertaking and well worthy of his patronage, but it has its drawbacks. One of them is the possibility of being taken in by some Specious Scalawag, probably a Yankee or a man from Hamilton. GRIP in his kind-heartedness therefore bestows upon them the following hints:—

1. Don't wager your shekels that a certain coin is or is not in a certain innocent looking box produced by the aforesaid S. S.—you will lose whether you bet yen or nay.
2. Don't hazard your moldores that you can open a certain jack-knife produced by the S. S., although a bystander accidentally finds out the trick and shows you how to do it. Don't. You can't do it.
3. Should you meet the S. S. in the form of a man with a small table, two thimbles, and a pill, do not bet a maravedi that it is under either of the thimbles or that it is not under either one or the other. Although you are prepared to make an extra judicial oath that you know just where it is, don't bet, you'll lose.
4. Invest not a stiver in the eradicating soaps offered by the S. S. When he tells you that if you fell off the end of the pier into the lake his soap would wash you ashore, don't you believe him. Figuratively and literally it won't wash.
5. Invest not your doubloons in too much lager. Scientists appear to have some doubts as to its intoxicating powers, but beware. Too many visits to where it is sold and you may find yourself celled.
6. If a well dressed, gentlemanly stranger asks

you if your name is not Colonel Johnston who lives in Oakville, and when you say "no" expresses his surprise thereat, shake him at once, your rupees are in danger.

And lastly, keep sober, buy your girl some nice cheap cakes and lemonade, bring her to the Royal or the Gardens in the evening, and then drive her home. Come into town every day and enjoy yourself, and don't forget above all things to subscribe for GRIP.

A Rhapsody on the Toronto Girls at the Toronto Exhibition.

BY WILDE HOSCAR.

At Toronto's Fair to be seen, how the fair ones will rush to town! (Goddess, and maiden, and queen, you will sure with the rest come down!) In sheen and colors of flowers, in lustre of summer air, These glories of girls are ours, from the bangs of their gold-bright hair, To the flash of the perfect fit of the delicate kid *balltine*. —Toronto's daughters, *sans doute*, are best in Toronto seen.

Fair are the girls of Guelph, ambitious Hamilton's fair, St Catharines' laid on the shelf, since the Yankees have gone elsewhere. At Belleville the village belles, come forth upon "Main street" strong, And in Picton's grass-grown dells, neat faces and figures throng. And he who has dreamed that he slept, in old Kingston's limestone halls, Has seen the sweet girls that stept, to churches, picnics, and balls: And in Trenton's still retreat, and rustic scenery there be, From bright face to pretty feet, nice nymphs as you'd wish to see. But still say whatever you like, and go where you want to go, You bet you can never strike such girls as this city can show.

At Toronto's Fair there are seen, such beauties as none can beat, While many will make others feel mean, and talk of "Toronto's conceit": In the park or at Hanlan's Isle, they are radiant, and rich, and rare, One, Venus like, rising the while, rom surges of sea-dark hair! And some with their wave wet tresses, as fresh from the bath they rise, With figures the bathing dresses, close-clinging but half disguise. And some whom the park embosoms, 'mid whose green aisles they have strayed, Where faces like chestnut blossoms, are seen in the chestnut shade: And some to the chase like Diana, are riding, beautiful-browed,

Through roads which Alderman Ryan, for improvement late disallowed, And some at the church in Bond street, where the wondrous WITNES would choose, Not to make his *bondsman* Christians, but to make all Christians, Jews. And some with the faces sweetest, and some with the forms most fair, Through the great GRIP's halls as is meetest, and linger admiring there— Such beauty and such sweet dresses! such figures and eyes of blue! Such glory of golden tresses—too utterly too, too, too! Oh! away with the hash-house mutton, give the week-old pie a rest! But get me a sunflower and button it over my burning breast— For love is good or a little, and lager cool for a day, But love is as pie-crust brittle, and lger when sour don't pay.

[Our poet has written the above in a condition of no ordinary excitement of mind, and is evidently too much influenced by a very bad form of the tender passion for some one Toronto girl to be a reliable judge of the undoubted claims of other places besides Toronto. Poor fellow! We remind him that sunflowers are better for him than lager. —ED. GRIP.]

There was a poor parson called T-r-n, He meant to do right I am certain, But he must be a scamp, For he lighted a lamp, And prayed with a flaming blue shirt on!

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