



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

Wm. Miller

WHICH "RIEL QUESTION?"

Sir John.—I TELL YOU THIS IS THE QUESTION TO BE DECIDED AT THE POLLS—THIS, AND THIS ONLY!

Blake.—NONSENSE! THIS IS THE ONLY QUESTION THAT REMAINS TO BE SETTLED; THIS IS THE ONLY ONE I WILL DISCUSS!

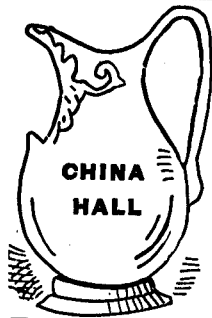
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PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,

By the GRIP PRINTING AND PUBLISHING CO., 26 and 28 Front St. West, Toronto.

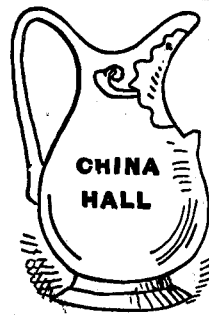


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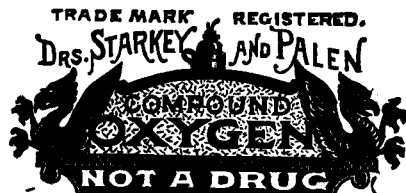
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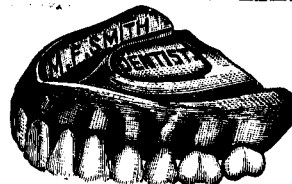
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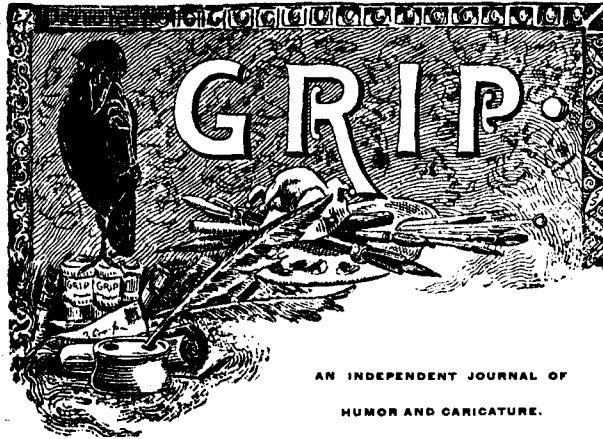
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J. W. BENGOUGH

EDITOR.

VOL. XXVII. TORONTO, SEPT. 11TH, 1886. No. 10.

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

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

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

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

SINCE the enlargement and typographical improvement of GRIP, this paper has taken a firm position in the front rank of comic journalism, and is regarded by Canadians generally as an honor to the Dominion. Having achieved this proud position, it is now GRIP'S purpose to extend the field of his beneficent labors, and to visit weekly thousands of homes in which he has hitherto been a stranger, except by reputation. To this end it has been decided to reduce the subscription price to **\$2 PER YEAR**, and the charge for single numbers to **5 CENTS PER COPY**. The paper will remain in its present form, 16 pages, and it is now absolutely the *cheapest* humorous journal in America. Subscriptions already received at the \$3 rate will be credited in extension of their respective terms. We feel confident that this departure will give us immediately a much increased subscription list, although our list as it now stands is greater than that enjoyed by any weekly periodical in Canada.

Comments on the Cartoons.



THE DISCORDANT ORGANS.—Sir John Macdonald has occupied many ridiculous positions before the Canadian public in the course of his long career, but the one in which he finds himself to-day, between his two accredited organs, the *Toronto Mail* and the *Montreal Gazette*, surpasses in absurdity anything we can call to mind in his past experience. Any other man in such a predicament would blush to death because he couldn't reconcile the organs; Sir John goes right on without altering a muscle, and makes no attempt to reconcile them. For a long time the *Mail* has been at it "hammer and tongs," agitating for the abolition of the special rights and privileges of the Romish Church in Quebec. The Quebec organ of the Government declares that such talk is nonsense, and dangerous nonsense, on a par with the worst utterances of the most ribald of

Rouges! And both papers speak in the name and—as is universally believed—by direct inspiration of the Government. The key to this mystery is, of course—politics. The *Mail's* crusade tickles Ontario, and the *Gazette's* indignation is the proper card for Quebec. What fools somebody must think certain other people are, to be sure!

WHICH QUESTION?—Perhaps there is no popular phrase in current politics so confusing and misleading as "the Riel Question." All over the country, on public platforms, Grits and Tories are discussing the Riel question. In Quebec, we are told, the Riel question is the principal if not the only issue of the Parti Nationale, and it is alleged that in Ontario Mr. Blake is doing his best to prevent the Riel question from being made an issue, while his opponents are determined that it *shall* be. Now, which Riel question is meant? The fact is, each party is willing and anxious to discuss its own Riel question, but not the other fellow's. In other words, the Tory Riel question is: Didn't we do right to vindicate the majesty of the law by carrying out the sentence on Riel? To this the almost unanimous answer is, Yes! and the Tories in Ontario know it. But the Grit Riel question is, How came it that Riel was able to raise a rebellion? Who afforded him the opportunity, by cruel and callous neglect of the Halfbreed grievances? The Grits are equally sure of the unanimous answer to this question.

WHO'S A-DOIN' OF IT?—The *Mail* affirms that the attempts being made to set race against race in this country are not approved by the public. True. Then why doesn't the *Mail* cease its attempts? There is nobody else at the business that we know of.

THE SHOWMAN.

GRAND OPERA.—The Florence's produced their new comedy, *The Flirt*, on Wednesday and Thursday evenings. It will hardly do. The business was only saved from being dreadfully dull by Mr. Florence's lively performance of *Sparks*. Mrs. Florence's part was a watery edition of *Mrs. Gilflory*, and the other characters excepting *Captain Splasher* were simply no characters at all. . . . This week Daly's masterly comedy *Nancy & Co.*, (which has of late kept all London laughing) is being done by Arthur Rehan's company.

TORONTO OPERA HOUSE.—Manager Shaw—who is already a popular favorite personally—made a good beginning of his season with the McCaull Company. This success he is following up with Gus Williams in his characteristic Dutch comedies, *One of the Finest*, *Captain Mishler* and *Oh, What a Night!* Mr. Williams was formerly the star comique of the Vaudeville stage as a delineator of German humor, and his success as a legitimate comedian, has been equally great.

THE GARDENS.—The Templeton Opera Co., gave Mr. Bengough's operatic medley for the first three evenings of the week, and will repeat it on Saturday afternoon. The piece was originally called *Funthorne Abroad*, but a change of title was considered advisable, and a good deal of new business was introduced. The singing, acting and stage appointments were all first class, and the play scored a decided success. For the other evenings of the week *The Mikado* is revived.

SHAFTESBURY HALL.—The great and only Kennedy is with us again for a week, and evidently he can't come too often, nor stay too long. Many talented Scotchmen have undertaken to sing the "Sangs o' Auld Scotia," but to be perfectly successful, the aspirant for fame needs to have just the humor, the voice and the unction with which nature has endowed Mr. Kennedy. Four of his daughters—all good singers—accompany the popular vocalist on this visit.

A CONSERVATIVE OPINION.

LAST week's GRIP is exceptionally brilliant. The principal cartoon represents the railed off den of a tiger (the Grit party) which Mercier is trying to pull on to the Riel platform. Mr. Blake, another keeper, is standing ready to help, should the animal fight. The party is evidently not inclined to mount that platform. Sir John is seen outside the rails, observing matters.—*The Regina Leader.*

THE JUNIOR PICKWICKIANS ;

AND THEIR MEMORABLE TRIP TO NORTH AMERICA.

CHAP. XIII.



NE more little incident may, perhaps, be amusing, and by the time it is related our heroes' feet will be on *terra firma* once more.

It happened upon the evening previous to the day on which the gallant *Chinaman* entered that noble river, the St. Lawrence. The weather was very fine, though a fresh breeze was blowing from the north, causing a roughness of the sea which would have been terrible in its effects at the commencement of the voyage, but which at this later stage, only furnished amusement for the passengers, as the rolling of the vessel, though very severe at times, had not now the effect of deterring them from boldly attacking the excellent meals provided, though it caused many a ludicrous exhibition of unintentional gymnastics on the part of those who had not yet got their "sea-legs"—and the number of such was extremely large.

Our four friends, on the afternoon of the day mentioned, had gathered in the stateroom of Mr. Yubbits (and very much crowded that apartment was, having never been intended for the accommodation of more than two persons at a time, at most), who was exhibiting for their delectation his treasures in the way of guns, fishing rods, and so forth, of which he possessed a very large and varied assortment.

"Before I started on this expedition," he said, "I sat down and calmly thought over what we should be most likely to require; I made a list of such articles as I considered indispensable, and that list I handed to an outfitter in London, who was kind enough to make further suggestions and to add several little things to my list, assuring me that I could not possibly get along without them."

No one who has ever had any dealings with the outfitter mentioned by Mr. Yubbits, will feel disposed for a moment to doubt that gentleman's word.

"Amongst other things, I purchased these half-dozen four-pound tins of tooth powder and three dozen tooth brushes, as I was convinced, from what the obliging tradesman said, that such things could not be procured in that wild and semi-inhabited country to which we are going."

His friends were deeply struck by this evidence of forethought and a wish to spare Mr. Yubbits any unnecessary inconvenience on the part of the dealer referred to, and they were loud in their praises of the disinterestedness and sagacity displayed by him.

"In addition to these articles of the toilet," continued the sporting Yubbits, "I was persuaded to supply myself with a complete cooking apparatus, with pots, pans, and so forth, of the most approved style."

"Surely," exclaimed Mr. Coddleby, "surely there must be hotels, or at least some description of taverns where we shall not be compelled to cook our own meals. I really did not anticipate such a thing as performing our own culinary requirements."

"Well," answered Mr. Yubbits, "I believe that in the larger towns and cities we shall find that you are right, but you must remember that, in our explorations and researches, we may be led 'far from the busy haunts of men,' on the boundless prairies of the west we shall doubtless find these implements of the greatest use."

"True," interposed Mr. Bramley, "Yubbits, you deserve our thanks for the admirable foresight you have displayed. Possibly ere we return to our native land we may owe our lives to that foresight, and, for all we know, this very saucepan"—taking the article mentioned from the chest—"may be the identical thing in which the meal which will be the means of saving our lives may be cooked. This gridiron may yet reek with the delicious bison steaks, freshly cut from some prairie monarch who shall fall before the unerring aim of our Nimrod. Yubbits, you deserve, and you have, our thanks. Your hand, Yubbits."

The two shook hands in the most impressive manner, after which the hands of Messrs. Coddleby and Crinkle were extended to grasp that of the gentleman of whom so much was expected.

"This pot," continued Mr. Yubbits, when the foregoing ceremony was completed, and dragging forth a small black iron utensil from the chest, "the outfitter convinced me would be *the* thing to have: it can be utilized for soup—"

"Yes, soup," said Mr. Bramley, approvingly.

"For tea or coffee," went on Mr. Yubbits.

"Admirable," exclaimed the other three; "tea or coffee; yes."

"Or, on a pinch," said Mr. Yubbits, impressively, "to do our washing in; it is a veritable *multum in parvo*: I am proud of this pot," and he regarded that triumph of ironmongery with an affectionate expression of countenance. "I feel," he resumed after a pause, during which the subject of his eulogy passed from hand to hand, "that, if necessary, I could lay down my life in defence of that pot."

"Your sentiments, my dear Yubbits," said Bramley, laying his hand affectionately on the other's shoulder,

"Your sentiments are alike creditable to your head and heart. It is an admirable pot; it is indeed. Crinkle, it would be a fitting subject for an ode or a sonnet from your pen."

"I will do my best," said Mr. Crinkle, blushing, "but I fear I could never do the subject justice."

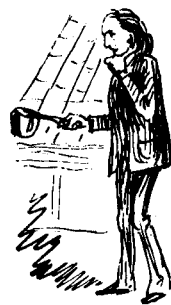
"Try, my dear fellow," replied Mr. Bramley "and if you *should* fall short of our expectations—I say *if you should*—for I, for one, place implicit confidence in your abilities to do the affair full justice—you may rest assured that *we* shall never blame you, for what can a man do more than his best?" and he looked round on the others.

"Nothing; nothing at all," was the unanimous response.

"I also say—nothing," continued Bramley, "but of this I am certain, and I feel convinced that you, Coddleby, and you, Yubbits, agree with me, that if Crinkle does his best, his production will be something very superior indeed. Crinkle, my dear fellow, you *will* do your best, will you not?"

"Bramley, I will," replied the poet, "for my own sake, and for that of our glorious association."

"Admirably spoken. Crinkle, your hand," and once



more the hand-shaking performance took place, at the conclusion of which Mr. Yubbits, in his capacity of host, produced several bottles of beer and stout; and making a delectable compound of the two, known as "half-and-half," success was drunk to the prosperity of the expedition, to Mr. Crinkle's forthcoming sonnet, to the iron pot, and to all and everything that suggested itself as long as the beverage held out.

By the time that the contents of the chest had been fully viewed and discounted upon, it was found to be nearing dinner time, and Messrs. Bramley, Crinkle and Coddleby retired to their own cabins to prepare for the great event of the day—for such dinner generally is on board ship—leaving Mr. Yubbits to repack his treasures in the chest; but it may have been remarked by my readers that, though nothing is more simple and easy than to *unpack* a chest or trunk, or even a carpet bag, to *repack* that same receptacle with the very articles, no more and no less, that have been taken out, presents, to the masculine packer at least, a task of insurmountable labor and difficulty.

(To be continued.)



POSITIVE ASSURANCE.

She.—Really, dear, do you love me as much as you professed before our marriage?

He.—Yes, yes, YES, YES! There, is that enough? Do give me a rest! Do you think I could smile like this if I didn't love you?

THE ARCHBISHOP DEFENDS HIMSELF.

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I.,
August, 25th, 1886.

DEAR MR. BENGOUGH.—I am very sorry that you considered it your duty to the country to publish a caricature of me holding a whip over the head of Hon. Mr. Mowat, with this legend, "A state of affairs the people of Ontario do not approve." If the picture represented the real state of the case, I should be the first heartily to disapprove of it. I have perhaps the vanity to think that the great majority of the people of Ontario will believe me when I say that the position which you assign to me is one which I have never assumed and never shall. I have already stated some time ago, in a published letter, under my own signature, to a Protestant clergyman, that I never expressed a wish to Mr. Mowat or to any of his Cabinet that Mr. Massie should be dismissed from the Central Prison, as he

had many good qualities, etc., but I did frequently express the wish that the punishments inflicted on the prisoners, especially on the young, should be mitigated. I was justified in this by the reports of the impartial and humane commissioner appointed by the Government to report on the charges against Mr. Massie. On my return from here I shall request you to publish extracts from the report of the Commissioners that recommend ameliorations. This will justify me in requesting and recommending certain changes. Even culprits should have access to impartial persons who live outside the prison walls. We are not living in a country subject to Russian tyranny. The publication of the extracts of the Commissioners will prove that all the acts of Mr. Massie were not triumphantly vindicated. I am sorry that you took your inspirations in this case from the ill-informed *Presbyterian Review*. You say in your article "that after the investigation you let the matter drop, and you suppose the archbishop had done likewise, but it appears not, according to the *Review*. His Grace has been at it ever since, and is now on the eve of success." Every word of this, my dear sir, is, as far as I am concerned, contrary to the truth; as Hon. Mr. Mowat and his colleagues can assert under oath. I reassert that I did not even know the name of the recently appointed book-keeper, said maliciously to be a spy on Mr. Massie. I don't recollect to have recommended any officer of the Central Prison. I have heard that the appointment of a book-keeper was made at the recommendation of the Commissioners of the Central Prison.

Now with respect to the elections. It is well known that I interfere but very little; the newspapers wonderfully exaggerate that very little. Electioneering untruths are not what are falsely termed white lies, especially when the honor of a fellow man is unjustly assailed. I have often told the Catholics that whatever political opinions they conscientiously hold they should retain—Conservatives to remain Conservatives, Liberals to remain Liberals, and never to give their vote for any money consideration, "that the franchise was too sacred a trust to be either bought or sold." Priests are strictly forbidden to recommend from the pulpit a candidate of either party. There have been in the Parliament at Toronto four Conservatives and five Liberal members; this fact speaks in our defence.

I have not seen the article in the *Presbyterian Review*, but I am of opinion that all honest Protestants will not countenance in that *Review* unwarrantable and untrue assertions. Their motto as well as ours is, "Truth and honor." It is a pity that that motto does not govern political writers as it does in family circles.—I am, dear sir, yours, etc.,
‡ JOHN JOSEPH LYNCH,
Archbishop of Toronto.

OUR cartoon was all right in principle, your Grace. It intimated that the people of Ontario did not approve of sectarian influence being used upon their Government, and the picture may be regarded as a specimen of the sort of thing they would disapprove. If it had no real foundation so far as the Catholic heirarchy is concerned, let us suppose the man with the whip to have been Bishop Sweatman or Dr. Wild, which would have conveyed the idea equally well. But at the time the cartoon appeared their *was* reason to believe it stated a literal fact; and somehow or other Mr. Massie's letter to the press, and his letter to the Government requesting the removal of Korman, which have been written since then, serve to strengthen that belief. By the way, how did Korman, a Roman Catholic, come to be appointed to a sinecure position in the Central Prison? If he and a number of other office holders we could name, do not owe their salaries to church influence, we're the most mistaken raven that ever croaked.

EDITORIAL A LA "GLOBE."

"I AM of opinion" remarked an illustrious American author, "that there are more works of fiction read in this age than fifty years ago." This is, doubtless, owing to the fact that there are more people disposed to read works of fiction than there used to be; or possibly that there are more people who read; or, it may be, simply that there are more people. On the other hand, however, there are grounds for the supposition that the reason is there are more works of fiction to read. I need not dwell further on the subject. But, don't you think so yourself?

“BECAUSE THEY'RE NOT BUILT THAT WAY.”

I.

A GIRL may play tennis and can, if she tries,
Pull a masculine oar on the Bay,
But she can't fire a gun without shutting her eyes,
Because she ain't built that way.

II.

A maiden may live the most innocent life,
And from Virtue's fair paths never stray;
But she never can cut her pink nails with a knife,
Because she ain't built that way.

THE NEW COURT HOUSE.

The foundation's finished, the bill has been sent
With a modest request that we'll pay,
But Howland just winks and will never consent,
Because he ain't built that way.

PAVING STONES.

Old Bungstarter swears he's gone back on his gin,
But I think I may venture to say
His liver won't stand it, he'll have to give in,
Because he ain't built that way.

WHO IS HE ?

He twice has been Mayor, and can be again,
He can frighten the smallpox away,
But he can't go to Europe without his gold chain,
Because he ain't built that way.

A POPULAR IMPRESSION.

Though she's well-versed in all sorts of classical lore,
And calls problems in Algebra, play;
She can't button her boots till she sits on the floor,
Because she ain't built that way.

M. M.

SCOTTIE'S CIRCUS EXPERIENCE.



MAISTER GRIP :—I was just pittin' on ma hat tae gang awa doon tae ma wark last Wednesday mornin', when ma wife says tae me, “Hugh, I think ye'll better tak a snack o' bread an cheese wi' ye the day instead o' comin' hame tae yer denner.”

“Bless ma sowl!” says I in great alairm, “are ye no weel?”

“I'm weel eneuch Hugh, but ye ken the circus is comin' the day.”

“The circus! an' what the Auld Harry has the circus tae dae wi' ma denner?” says I, wi' mooth an' een wide tae the wa's wi' astonishment.

“O'o well, ye ken, the procession's a grund sicht, an' I promised Mistress McGab tae gae doon an' see it.”

Weel, ye ken what women are, clean carrit awa wi' ootward show, an' brass, an' tinsel, an' a' sic like flummagairies—clean opposite tae sober judgement o' a man body like mysel. Sae I thocht I wad just indulge her weakness a wee bit—even at the saucrisfeeze o' ma denner, an' takin' a rive o' the loaf an' a whang o' cheese, I rowed it up in a biography o' Archbishop Lynch in the *Globe* an' set sail for the warehouse. The mornin, was exterordinar' quiet—the silence was eerie—no a youngster to be seen within the range o' ma naket e'e. As I cam' trampin' doon frae Bloor street, hooever, I began to be sensible o' a great bizzin' an' bummin' soond, an' turnin' a corner shairp, I lichtet on a tent wi' hunders an' thoosan's o' youngsters bummin' roond it for a' the world like bees hiven' oot o' a skep. The gray fences were like an auld kintra hawthorn hedge in the month o' May—just buddin' an' blossomin' wi' bairns—dressed in white, an' pink, an'

a' kind o' coloured peenys—their e'en shinin' an' a' on the alert waitin' to see the muckle leather elephants, an' the lion's an' the teegers an' a sic cattle. But what horrifeed me was the sicht o' the circus tent pitched richt at the back o' the Presbyterian Kirk on College street, richt afore the nose o' the minister! Did ever ye ken sic owdawcious impidence! “The neerer the kirk the farther frae grace,” thinks I, but what a glorious opportunity for the minister tae step in an' administer a word in season! sic an opportunity as this only happens aboot ance in a lifetime; an' I've nae doot that baith the minister an' the Salvation Airmy will hae a grund story tae tell o' the croods o' sinners they hauled in when they cuist the Gospel net i' the circus grounds.

I was just sittin' on a packin' box, at the warehouse door chawin' awa at ma bread an' cheese, when the soond o' a drum an twa-ree dizzen fat women rinnin' for dear life appreezed me o' the fact that the procession was comin' but deil ane o' me moved a fit. Gin they want me to luck at their procession they can e'en come tae me, so they cam, an' of coorse I cudna but luck. Eh man it was wunnerfu! But what tuk ma e'e was a beautiful Roman drivin' a chariot, an' Cleopawtra hersel couldna be bonnier her representative. I never in a' ma born days did a thing o' the kind, an' of coorse I wouldna like Mrs. Airlie tae ken, but sae impressed was I wi' their beauty an' refinement, that on ma road hame I tuk a daunder roon the tent whaur the women were housed tae just get anither glimpse o' Cleopawtra an' the braw Roman, wha I was sure was just anither Volumnia sae noble an sae grund. I gaed into the side shows but saw naething there but females wha lucked tae hae mair legs than religion about them, an' some o' them had their hair stannin' on end like the fur o' a horrifeed cat. I wadna gang intae the circus—I never was in a circus i' ma life, an' anither thing—there was the fifty cents—na! na! But I keepit prowlin' roon the back tents in the howp o' seein' ma divine Roman jist ance mair. I was beginnin' tae despair, when Lordsake! I thocht surely the mooth o' hell had



opened, for sic a torrent o' foul-moothed cursin' an' swearin', poored intae ma pair onfortunate lugs' as made ma flesh creep an' the hair o' ma head bristle up like a hedgehog! It was ma divine womanly Volumnia! wi' the pent washed aff her face, and the poother stickin' inch thick roond her temples an' her lugs, her hair a' up in papers, an' a dirty drab o' a goon trailin' in the dirt ahint her. She was quarrelin' wi' Cleopawtra—an' Cleopawtras' bangs were a' curled up wi' papers—an' her skin was like some Egyptian papyrus—inscribed wi' lines no tae be decephered in a mixed assembly. Eh, didna Mistress Airlie luck sweet in her clean goon an' white apron, staunin' on the door stap wunnerin what was keepin' me sae late! Your disenchantid

HUGH AIRLIE.

“You've come home late,” said Mrs. Brown on her husband's return from a club banquet. “You must be tired. The club is quite a distance away, and the length of the road must have used you up.”

“M'dear,” he replied with hiccup, “it's very evident you don't know noshin' 'bout club parties. Ze road wasn't too long, but it wash mighty narrow.”

THE FROG AND THE TOAD.

A LEGEND WITH A BIG MORAL.

It chanced, one day, a frog of Lincoln green,
Met with a little toad of modest mien,
Who sat upon a chip and blinked his eyes,
And snapped with greedy mouth the passing flies.

“ Oh, ho ! thou ill-formed, warty beast !
Canst thou do nought but blink, and sleep, and feast
And grab each dainty morsel that comes by ? ”
Thus spake the frog, and flashed his jealous eye.

“ Come down, from off thy perch, and give me place,
Thou plebeian atom of a plebeian race :
Thy ugly form was never meant to stray
Above the surface of this pond by day.

“ Look at *my* limbs, so sleek, and smooth, and fair !
My Venus form alone should p. se up there,
Where mortal men may view it as they pass—
Thine to be hid from sight beneath the grass.

“ So get thee down, bold robber of my right,
And by thy ugly form no more afright
The ladies who might chance to see and squeal.”
The toad hopped quickly down, and closed the deal.

Then proudly perched the frog upon the chip,
And perked his eyes, and pursed his under lip,
And scratched his ear, and smoothed his glowing side
With frog-like art and more than human pride.

While thus engaged, a man with searching eye
Did quick upon the chip this frog espy.
“ Ah, ha ! those limbs are surely dainty bits
To feed my stomach and make sharp my wits.”

* * * * *

Next day a bill of fare this item showed :
“ Fresh from the water—frog’s legs *a la mode*.”
And though the frog into a net did slip,
The toad still blinks and gorges on his chip.

W. H. T.

A WORD OF ADVICE.



WE have often noticed in this vale of tears that every newly married man we ever saw, would like to be taken for something else—anything else, but what he was. But such is the fatality of this life that never was there a newly married couple that could not be spotted ten miles off by even a city detective. Now we give a few rules which if well and faithfully observed will enable any man to escape detection. Don't sit in the same seat as your wife in the railway car with your arm round her waist, occasionally ejaculating “darling” or “my love” or “my own” or other similar expressions. People who have been married for a year or two never think of calling each other so, Never ! If you must for economy's sake sit in the same seat, fold your arms and frown. It looks better, or if you must have your arm round somebody's waist, take any but your wife's. Don't eat peanuts out of the same bag and pop pieces of candy into your wife's mouth. If you must eat peanuts keep the bag to yourself and let your wife go without. That's the way that older husbands do. Don't frown at every one who comes within a yard of your wife as if he were going to try and run away with her. He is not thinking of doing anything of the kind. Some day you may wish he had. And lastly and principally, my dear young

friend, don't go on wedding journeys at all. If you don't you will escape inevitably the heartache of being taken for a man just setting out on one. Besides it's more economical not to take wedding journeys. Now my young going-to-marry Yum-Yum young man, lay this advice to heart and be happy.

THE HORSE REPORTER AT THE SEA SHORE.

THE desk of the society editor was in great disorder when the horse reporter entered. Surmounting a pile of exchanges and manuscripts was the society editor's vest, which he appeared to be trying to disfigure with an ink-eraser, while he whistled the First Kiss waltz.

“ Trying to cut your vest up for a patch work quilt ? ” queried the reporter seriously.

“ No : only trying to get in style,” responded the editor as he made a vicious dig at the cloth before him. “ You see, this suit was made when high cut vests were the style, but now they wear them very low in the neck. I'm just cutting this out so I can wear it to a garden party to-morrow. Got a sharp knife ? ”

The reporter produced one, and remarked that a society editor had to resort to about as many shifts as a horse reporter.

“ You know, when the races were here,” he said, “ I had to paint a big check on my clothes or the horse men would not have spoken to me.”

The editor having finished his task, donned his apparel, sat down at his desk, and presented the reporter with a cigar.

“ What brand of cigar is that ? ” asked the reporter as he put his head out of the window to get a whiff of fresh air.

“ The ‘ Tannery,’ so called from the strength of its aroma,” responded the editor. “ But, by the way, Poole, you've been to the sea-shore for a couple of weeks ; can't you give me some society news ? ”

“ Well, I don't know. I suppose I might run a trial heat, although I'm not much in that kind of a race. I'm not weighted just right for the Society Stakes you know.”

“ But you must have run across some scandal or flirtation while you were away. Just give me the result of your observations.”

“ Well, now you speak of flirtations,” said the reporter settling back in his chair, “ I did see a little race of that description down at Narragansett Pier. I'll tell you about it. You see, when I got down there I found a number of flyers there just layin' for a chance to show their speed, but up to that time there'd been no stakes offered that would get 'em onto the track. But a couple of days after I got there an English Duke or something showed up, and I saw right away that all the flyers would start. The next morning I was on hand to see the start, and it was a beauty. A St. Louis filly, through knowing a friend of the Duke's, got away in the lead. She got the first introduction, but the rest of them came right behind in a bunch, all getting a knock-down before lunch. Well, sir, I jest made up my mind that you can't tell how a horse can run on the track by her actions in the stable. There was a Chicago girl there that I'd seen in the city. Jest size her up when she's at home and you wouldn't think she could run a mile in three minutes ; but down there, on a fast track, with a real live English Lord to flirt with you ought to have seen her go. She made the first quarter in a one forty-two gait ; but St. Louis had he lead, and she was workin' to keep it. St. Louis was a devil of a girl for sentiment, communing with nature and all that

sort of thing—natural of course, having been brought up in the country—and, in an afternoon stroll on the rocks, she increased her lead a little, and I thought for a time she'd have the race; but when it came to a hop that night, Chicago gave 'em a little taste of the Geneva Lake fling, and began to pull down the lead. Then a little sorrel Washington horse, who hadn't shown much speed so far, got him out on the verandah in the moonlight and began to make time. There was a Boston girl in the race, too, but she was too heavily weighted with philosophy to show speed in that kind of a race. Well, when I went to bed that night, Chicago had a clear lead of a length, and was still gaining. But the next morning a New York girl got into the track and things began to be lively. She was a good runner and before night the race lay between her and Chicago. The distance flag had dropped on Boston; St. Louis's sentiment gait had been too wearing on her; and Washington, with her moonlight flirtation, was about three lengths behind New York and Chicago. As they turned into the home stretch just before the Englishman was to leave, Chicago, who had been making pretty good time on swimming, was a little in the lead. New York saw she'd got to do something or the race was lost. She looked the field over and saw where the trouble was. She was carrying too much weight. She resolved to drop some of it, and she did. She appeared on the beach that day in a new bathing suit and the race was hers. She was only weighted about three ounces, and, of course, Chicago with as many pounds, had no show. That's all. They'll be married in London in the fall."

The society editor leaned back and looked admiringly at the reporter.

"Poole," he said, "you ought to run the society department of this paper. If you'd write up a wedding or a ball, you'd make a hit."

"Do you think so?"

"I know so."

"Well, I'll speak to the managing editor about it to-morrow."

ROBERT AINSLEY in *Rambler*.

THE CANADIAN NOBILITY'S VADE MECUM.

DEDICATED (WITHOUT PERMISSION) TO THE ILLUSTRIOUS KNIGHTS WHO PUT THE REST OF CANADA IN THE SHADE.

III. The Family Portrait Gallery.



HAVING made you up a pedigree and built your coat of arms, I'll now give you a pointer on a thing that always charms, And lends an air of grandeur to one's ancient family— It is known in all great houses as Our Portrait Gallery. You must take a dark and dingy room of mediæval style, Wheresombre shades the light invades, suggesting all the while The place is in half-mourning for the dead ones on the walls, The lords who have departed from your high ancestral halls.

The reason for the gloom of course is that your portraits old Will be daubed by some young artist for a small reward in gold; And as you'll have to mention them as Rubens or VanDycks You must keep them mighty shady where daylight hardly strikes. I'll show you how the matter's done; you really ought to know, Because you like to be in form and do things *comme il faut*. Select some old illustrious ancestor if you can, And if you can't—imagine one—that's just as good a plan; Let us say a great grandfather on your only mother's side. It is true he was a tailor worth two thousand when he died;

But that fact need not bother you; just call him the old lord, And put him in a uniform, cocked hat, and spurs and sword, And tell your friends how brave he died with face toward the foe, When fighting for his country some two hundred years ago. Of course he died consumptive with his face toward the wall, But none of them will know it; so you need not mind at all. Your impecunious artist will inscribe a master's name If your friends read Peter Lely, you will scarcely be to blame; Or perhaps Sir Godfrey Kneller, or anyone, so long As you get a great old artist—Then as you come along You must have a few Sir Joshuas (to-day they're forged quite cheap And in perfect imitation of the colours that won't keep), With also one or two *chef d'œuvres* by Gainsborough's great hand, You can get them all by order from New York, you understand. A most important item is to buy huge gilded frames, Some four feet wide or thereabouts, and on them paint the names Of the right honorable gents whose portraits they set off, A large parade of gilt will awe the man inclined to scoff. You'll find the thing won't cost you much, the present state of art Is something like stagnation waiting for a little start; And some young Royal Canadian Academician will Execute each ancestor for a fifty dollar bill; So if you have the money and a title, pray be sure To get a gallery of great ancestral portraiture. There's not a house that is a house in England ever lacks A rattling good collection of these ancient canvas backs.



DOMESTIC MEMO.

How inconsistent and unreasonable some people are to be sure! Here is Mr. Scaresily actually attempting to escape the demonstrative evidences of affection that his worthy spouse is showering upon him, and at the same time complaining that she has become somewhat too *chary* in her attentions to him of late.

MR. PORCINE is a very dignified man. He objects to any unseemly familiarity. A few days ago his daughter Julia stole up behind him and threw her arms around his neck.

"Julia," he exclaimed, "I am surprised at you. That was very indecorous."

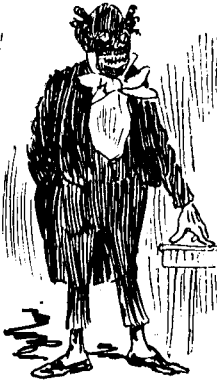
"Excuse me, father," she replied demurely; "I took you for the coachman."

The horses are now having a rest while Mr. Porcine hunts up a coachman ugly enough to satisfy him.—*The Rambler*.



THE DISCORDANT ORGANS.

KALSOMINE HALL LECTURES.



PLATO DEMOSTHENES SOLOMON JONES. This was the card he handed to the Kalsomine Hall committee when he waited on them and intimated his desire to deliver a lecture on the "Law of Supply and Demand, and its Present Effect on the Colored Labor Market." It was decided to allow him to hold forth, which he did on Monday evening. He made some very good points in his lecture, but the one which gave most general satisfaction was his closing one—a point for the door. He said:

DEAR AUDGENCE: De things I come here to enlighten yo' upon am ob de utmos' importance, an' I want yo' to hol' yo' ears in readiness to catch ebery 'flection ob my voice. De day hab now ariv w'en de darkey hab got ter hump his stumps er he'll git lef'. De march ob time hab brought us to a era w'en it behoves us, as bein' in de percession, to reach out an' grasp new pursuits, ef we don' wan' ter git behin' in de race. I speak metemphorically, but yo' darkeys can understane' my drift. Yo' know yo'selves dat de barberin' business, and de whitewashin' business, an' de po'terin' business am full to overflowin', like a glass ob beer. (A voice—Use yo'self as de simula)—Cries ob Order!" What I was gwine ter say: Dey er crowded, an' now de plan fer us is ter look round an' about us an' seek new fiel's to conker—metemphorically—so dat de market fer dese skilled trades will remain at its proper level, an' not be floatin' way down in de bowels ob de yearth, as it were, metemphorically speakin'. Den firs' it behooves us ter look 'round an' see what new trades it would be bes' fer de darkey ter enter, an' we will consider dis qeshun now. Dar am plenty enuf occupashuns w'ich it might benefit de darkey ter foller, but de darkey might not benefit de occupashun. Fer instance, dars de clerk in de high-tone store—good salary, good time, but I's 'feared de po' white trash dat pattery nizes dat store would neber appreciate de efforts ob a colo'd gem'lan behin' de counter. We mus' educate dem up to dis point, as de labor agitators say. Nex' we will take de lawyer business. I don' understan' much 'bout dat, but what I hab hear leads me to de belief dat it am one ob de fiel's we should cultivate, speakin' metemphorically. De man who enters dat fiel' can run three businesses to once—he can continue de ole whitewashin' business, also de barberin', shavin' an' shearin'. (Applause). Der am jes' one mo' trade I will enumerate, an' it fits perfectly de necessity ob our case. It am a business ob our own color, an' al'ays calc'lated ter make de owner rich. Ob course it affo'ds opportunities fer consider'ble dishonesty, but, gem'lem, 'less I mistake, you a'nt de ones ter fight shy ob it on dat 'count, nohow. It em de coal business. Yo' hab seen ob late de gran' chance—

The lecture was here cut short by storm of righteous indignation—and the speaker was literally wafted away, and dumped into the gutter. The subject of coal is not popular in the ward.

F.

THE question has been asked, What is the nature of Victor Hugo's long poem—is it a tale, ballad or lyric? It's title—"The End of Satan"—would indicate it is a tail.—Texas Siftings.

BAFFLED!!



DEAR GRIP:—I have a solemn duty to perform and I write to you at the request—the last request—of a doomed man. We have just returned from the Island, and I noticed that my friend acted rather strangely, but I thought it was merely the excitement of the journey, or probably the "switch back." He asked me to take a stroll; I consented, and we strolled on the coal wharf. Suddenly he grasped my arm, and said in a hoarse whisper, "I am a doomed man—doomed!" I said, "Indeed!" "Listen!" he almost hissed. "I was a respectable tallow-chandler, doing a thriving business in England. In an unguarded moment I went to see the "Mikado." I heard the "Got Him on the List" song. Next day, and for week's I heard nothing but that infernal refrain! My clerk hummed it. I dismissed him. The errand-boy whistled it. He was discharged. I took up my morning paper. The first thing that met my eye was a miserable parody on it. It was everywhere. In the magazine—in the "Comic"—on the street—in every house—whistled—sung—howled—pianoed and organed. I determined to give up all and fly to the wild North-west, where I could no longer hear that awful theme. I went as a missionary to natives of Regina. It was no use—a bald-headed editor out there had learned the ditty and sung it by ear! I fled! I heard of law-abiding Toronto. I came here and took a room in a secluded part. I dared not read the news, but contented myself looking through the advertisements in the *Globe*,—when horror! I suddenly came upon it—yes there was that horrible parody—actually offering a premium for similar verses. I have resolved to end my tortures. Take this sealed envelope, and when I am no more open it and publish it to the world. Send it to "GRIP," who was the cause of my rash act."

"Shall I inform your relatives of the manner of your end," said I. "Alas" he replied. "I have no one left to mourn my fate."

"That is well; then," you never will be m—, but before I could finish he gave a piercing shriek and plunged into a watery grave.

D. J. C.



98 GAMES IN THE SERIES.

Club.	Won.	Lost.	Club.	Won.	Lost.
Utica....	51	30	Buffalo.....	45	41
Rochester....	50	31	Syracuse.....	41	43
Toronto.....	47	36	Binghamton..	31	54
Hamilton....	46	38	Oswego.....	23	61

Sept. 6, '86.

CHARLES S. WOLFE, Prohibition candidate for Governor of Pennsylvania, calls himself a temperance man, yet he never goes to his business in the morning without taking a couple of glasses. They are his spectacles.

DEATH levels all ranks. The punctual and the tardy are alike after death called "the late," when they really have "gone before" the rest of us.—*Ex.*

"WELL what were you brought up on?" asked the justice as a bleary-eyed tramp stepped up to the bar.

"Judge, I was brought up on the bottle," was the quick response.

The justice eyed him sternly a moment and then ejaculated:

"Ten days for drunkenness and five dollars for contempt of court."

IN NEED OF NEW LAWS.

A JEW who had failed went to a meeting of his creditors to see about a compromise.

"Vell, shentlemens," he said, "I tinks I bays you apout fifteen ber cent, aint it?"

"We won't accept it," responded one of the creditors; "we won't take less than twenty-five per cent."

"Hast du gesehen! Der asset vont pay you but fifteen."

"Well, we won't take it I tell you," responded the creditor. "We'd rather keep the claims and collect them when you get on your feet again."

"Oh, vell, uf you're goin' to be mean apoudt it dot's all right," exclaimed the Hebrew. "I vas goin' to took my wife to Eurobe dis summer, but uf you're goin' to make a fuss aboutt it, vy, rather than haf my reubation suffer, I'll bay the other ten cents and ve'll only go to der sea shore. But ven rebutable peezness men gets low enough to sheat a boor veller oudt of his vacation, I t'inks it vas dime ve got some new bankruptcy laws, so hellup me Isaac."—*The Rambler.*

SOME DEFINITIONS.

THE younger ladies of our best circles have abandoned English as the medium for expressing their alleged thoughts, and have adopted a language of their own unintelligible to ordinary people. A dictionary is in press. We give a few extracts from the proof sheets.

LIKE (verb act.) To love: as, "I know he likes me, but I never could like a poor man."

FOOT (noun fem.) The human leg: as, "I got my feet wet up to my knees."

SORTER (adv.) In a degree: as, "'Ostler Joe' is sorter affecting; "We had sorter fun.

NICE (adj.) Space is lacking for a full definition, which would include every laudatory English adjective: as, "He lost his life in saving hers. Wasn't it nice of him!" "We enjoyed the Yosemite trip awfully; the scenery is so nice." "The Sistine Madonna has such a nice face."

AWFUL (adj.) The opposite of nice, including the meaning of every condemnatory English adjective: as, "His manners are perfectly awful." "You ought to read 'Nana'; it's an awful book." "Oh, dear! There's an awful cow," (adv.) Very, exceedingly: as, "Isn't it awful nice."

The above will give an idea of the character of the forthcoming work.—*Texas Siftings.*

"ENGLISH AS SHE IS SPOKE."
(DEKIKATID WIDOUT PURMISHUN TO MR)
WILYUM HOUGHSTUN.)

There was a young woman of Worcester,
Who never could think what indorchester
To blush and look shy
When her lover was nigh,
And if his mere presence conforchester.

A noodle who never can laugh
When his friends give him innocent chaugh
Should be sent out to grass,
That all who may pass
Can see he's no more than a caugh.

There was an old man with a queue,
Whose relatives made a to-dueue
Because of his hair,
But he bade them beware
For in future he meant to wear tueue.

There was a young man with a cheque.
He made it by scooping the deque.
When asked if he cared
How the poor Irish fared,
He promptly replied, "Not a speque."

—Puck.

Toronto Opera House,

C. A. SHAW, LESSEE and MANAGER.

Commencing Monday, Sept. 13th,

— THE —

SECOND WEEK OF FAIR.

Special engagement of

Maubury's Powerful Company

IN FRANK HARVEY'S Great
Moral Drama,

"THE WAGES OF SIN."

Matinee WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY.

THE
LONDON & ONTARIO
INVESTMENT COMPANY (Limited).

The shareholders of the above company are hereby notified that the

NINTH ANNUAL MEETING,

for the presentation of the report and financial statements, and for the election of directors and other purposes, will be held at the Company's Offices, No. 84 King Street East, Toronto, on Thursday, the 16th day of September, 1886, at the hour of 12 o'clock noon.

A By-law to reduce the number of Directors from eleven to nine will be submitted at this meeting.

By order,

A. M. COSBY, Manager.

Toronto, Sept. 2nd, 1886.

CASTALIAN

California Natural Mineral Spring Water. A natural mineral water of intense strength. It is Nature's own remedy for many diseases of the stomach, liver and kidneys. It cures nearly all diseases of the skin and mucus membranes by removing the cause of the trouble and restoring healthy action and vitality.

A natural repugnance to publicity deters many from giving testimonials. A list of many citizens of Toronto who have received permanent benefit from its use is kept at the various CASTALIAN Depots.

On sale at **Arcoade Pharmacy**, 133 Yonge St. Also 250 Queen Street West. and 732 Yonge Street.

John Macdonald
& Co.,
TORONTO.

You are doubtless aware that the **Cotton Manufacturers** of the Dominion have recently entered into a

COMBINATION

to Advance Prices, to Shorten Credits and reduce discounts, and that the same (we are informed) is to be binding, under penalties, for a period of twelve months.

The advance asked by Manufacturers for immediate and next Spring deliveries ranges from ten to fifteen per cent., and affects to that extent all the following classes of goods, viz.:

Grey and White Cottons,

Shirtings, Sheetings,

White Cottons, Pillow Cottons,

Cottonades, Ducks, Denims,

Ticks and Awnings, Drills,

Linings, Canton Flannels,

Etc., Etc., Etc.

Although we have sold within the last few days in view of this advance, hundreds of bales of these classes of goods, we are still in most of the lines fully assorted, and we have determined to continue to sell so long as they last, at

OLD PRICES, OLD TERMS,

OLD DISCOUNTS.

Such an opportunity for securing Stock on exceptionally reasonable terms very rarely occurs, and we trust that without delay you may take advantage of it. We will be pleased to have you call and examine the Stock, or will execute with the greatest care any orders with which you may entrust us.

John Macdonald & Co.,

21, 23, 25 and 27 Wellington Street East,
30, 32, 34 and 36 Front Street East,

Toronto.

AND

Manchester, Eng.



ILLUSTRATIONS OF AMERICAN LIFE—No. 3.

SUGGESTED FOR EXHIBITION IN JAPAN AFTER THE MANNER OF THE JAPANESE VILLAGES NOW BEING EXHIBITED IN AMERICA.

—N. Y. Life.

BRUCE

Photo Art Studio, 118 King Street West.

GREAT REDUCTION IN
LUMBER.

BRYGE BROS.,

Cor. Berkeley & Front Sts.,

Are offering a special discount of 15 per cent. on all cash on delivery sales this month.

FOLEY & WILKS,
Reformed Undertaking Establishment,
356 1/2 YONGE STREET, TORONTO.
Telephone No. 1176.

J. W. CHEESEWORTH,
106 KING ST. WEST, TORONTO.
FINE ART TAILORING A SPECIALTY

Protective Police and Fire Patrol
Company of Canada (Limited).

HEAD OFFICE, MAIL BUILDING.

PROTECT YOUR PROPERTY.

Banks, Warehouse, Dwelling Houses, Goods, Exhibitors' Property, etc., carefully watched. Special men supplied for responsible service. Our patrolmen in constant communication with head office through our electric system.

Terms Liberal. Apply to
H. G. TAYLOR, Gen. Mgr.

FINE ORDERED CLOTHING
for Spring can be had best and cheapest at R. Walker & Sons, noted Clothiers. Fine Silk-mixed Suit, \$16. Velvet Pile Tweed, \$15 Suit. The GOLDEN LION, 33 to 37 King St., and 18 Colborne St.



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The highest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

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One-fourth of the purchase money is to be paid in cash within 20 days of the acceptance of offer, the balance is to be secured by a first mortgage upon the whole property for a term of five years, with interest at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum, payable half-yearly. This mortgage will contain releasing clause, and payments thereon can be made at any time without notice in sums of not less than \$5,000. The purchaser may pay cash if he so desire.

Tenders marked

"TENDERS FOR ASYLUM FARM,"

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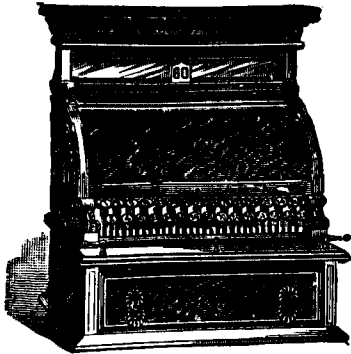
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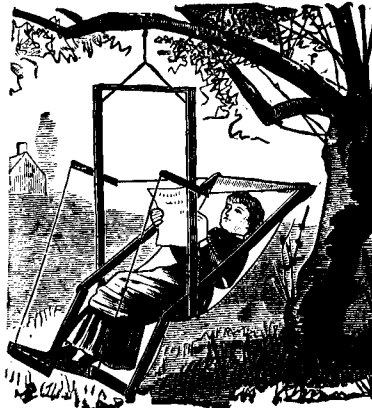
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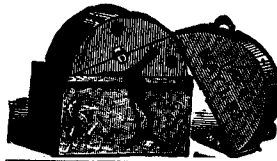
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