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VOLUME XXI.
 No. 2.

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\$2 PER ANNUM.
 5 CENTS EACH.



IMAGINARY CONVERSATION.

SIR A. T. GALT—TUPPER, MY BOY; I COULDN'T MAKE ENDS MEET AS HIGH COMMISSIONER ON \$10,000 A YEAR; BLEST IF I SEE HOW YOU ARE GOING TO MANAGE ON \$3,000.
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 so beautifully counterfeit nature.
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RAIL COAL—LOWEST RATES—A. & S. NAIRN—TORONTO.



AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL

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S. J. MOORE, Manager.

J. W. BENGOUGH
FRED. SWIRE, B.A.

Editor.
Associate Editor.

The gravest beast is the Am; the gravest Bird is the Owl;
The gravest Fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.

Please Observe.

Any subscriber wishing his address changed on our mail list, must, in writing, send us his old as well as new address. Subscribers wishing to discontinue must also be particular to send a memo. of present address.

NOTICE.

Our attention is called to the figures given in Rowell's Newspaper Directory representing the circulation of GRIP as 2,000 weekly. We beg to state that this estimate was furnished to Rowell two years ago, since which time our weekly circulation has increased to between 7,000 and 10,000, with an average weekly increase of about 100, and the paper is perused by fully 50,000 readers every week. Intending advertisers will do well to take notice of these facts.

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—We fear our artist has been a trifle too imaginative this week. It is probably too much to assert that Mr. Blake is as yet in the throes of composition—evolving a policy for his party. No indication of any such effort has of late been given by that secluded gentleman;—so far as the public knows, the great Reform Party still emulates the immortal Micawber in waiting for something to turn up. Perhaps, however, our draughtsman merely wished to depict a scene which would be refreshing to Crit eyes, and if Mr. Blake takes the hint no harm will be done.

FIRST PAGE.—Sir C. Tupper has left for England to assume the duties (without salary) of High Commissioner,—a post recently vacated by Sir A. T. Galt, who found \$10,000 a year insufficient to meet the exigencies of the position. Sir Charles, however, retains his seat in the Ministry with a salary of some \$8,000.

EIGHTH PAGE.—GRIP finds it quite useless to argue with the rabid partizans who write him terror-inspiring protests against his cartoons. They are not open to reason on either side. Henceforth these correspondents, one and all, will be left to rest calmly in the waste-paper basket, and meanwhile GRIP, conscious of his own rectitude and his whole-hearted devotion to Canada, will simply refer the party hacks to the little picture on the eighth page of this issue, and consider the matter settled.



Those clever fellows, Fred and Fawdon Vokes, with a select company, have given us something new in their peculiar line at the Grand, this week. Their play is entitled "In Camp."

On Wednesday evening next the Standard Opera Co., of New York, will give the first representation of a new comic opera, entitled "Bunthorne Abroad, or The Lass that Loved a Pirate." The libretto is by Mr. J. W. Bengough (editor of this paper), and presents an entirely original plot, in which the principal characters and best music of "Pinafore," "Patience," and the "Pirates of Penzance" are introduced. The work is in two acts, the scene being laid on the quarterdeck of the Pirate ship. Bunthorne having been disappointed in love, sails for America on a lecture tour, on the pirate craft, mistaking it for an "honest trader." He is seized by the Pirates, who decide to hang him from the yard arm for having perverted their wives with æsthetic notions, but for good and sufficient reasons they forgive him. Later on the Pirate ship is overtaken by H.M.S. Pinafore, and boarded by Capt. Rackstraw, Sir Joseph Porter, Dick Deadeye, and others, when a good deal of funny "business" ensues. The Pirates' escape by a ruse suggested by Bunthorne, and all ends happily, the æsthetic poet securing the hand and heart of Ethel, a ward of the Pirate King, whom he has loved throughout the play. The Standard Company is strong both in voices and dramatic ability, and a capital performance may be anticipated.



CONGRATULATIONS.

HON. OLIVER.—Very good indeed for one so young!

ANSWERS TO ENQUIRERS.

DRAUGHTS OF INFORMATION FOR THE DROUTHY.

"MR. GRIP, you know everything; can you tell me from whom the Welsh are descended?" asks Ap-Shinks.

Wales was first peopled, not by Jonah, as some would tell you, but by a few individuals and their wives shortly after the deluge. History has preserved the names of Caractacus, Llewellyn, Jenkins, Morgan, Meredith and Jones. Half the population of Wales claim descent from the first two mentioned, and half the remainder from the last.

When the languages were distributed at Babel, some midnight prowlers stole the Welsh tongue, and basely extracted the vowels from it; at the same time they threw away the Russian in disgust, which, lying exposed to the night air, accounts for the "offskis," "atishouskis" and "sniffskis" in that language. The Welsh are especially patriotic. They call themselves the *Old Cymri*, and for the very love of similarity of sound, drink *wholesome rye*, of which they are extremely fond, and call oddwicrddllwfr. (See Ap-Jones Ap-Rhuys on Carmarthen Toddy, and Burrows on Welsh Rabbits.)

"Who was Pestal?" enquires MAY; "I heard a beautiful song of that name, and was told it was called after its author."

Pestal was a Russian prisoner, and was put to death by being blown from a mortar, at least so says report. He was a chemist who had attempted to poison the czar, and the insignia so frequently seen in front of modern drugstores are said to have had their origin with Mr. Pestal and the mode of his death. The song, "Pestal," was found written on the wall of the cell in which the author had been confined, and has rendered his name immortal.

Musty would like to know what the legend of St. Dunstan is.

He shall be informed. Like all other saints, Dunstan was a very good man, and, of course, the Evil One, very properly for him, no doubt, determined to make the saint as bad as himself; but the good man rejected every temptation. 'Auld Klobtie,' as a last resort, visited him in his cell, and, triumphantly reckoning on the irresistibility of his offer, presented him with a fee entail of an Irish estate, on condition of his living on it. Dunstan, fully appreciating this, quickly stirred the fire until the tongs were red hot and then adroitly seized the tempter by the nose, with the expression "Is it 'Boycotting' me ye'd be, ye ould villain?" The monkish legends speak rapturously of the horrible gyrations of the fiend under the muscular manipulation of the saint. The nasal organ in question still bears the indelible marks of this interview, and to this day ardent interviewers of the evil spirit in a liquid form, as tentatively display the ineffaceable souvenir, and the brotherhood of the 'Jolly Red Nose' is one recognized everywhere.

IN THE GLARE OF THE FOOTLIGHTS.

THE AMATEUR ELEMENT.

It will probably be admitted by all who know anything about the drama that it has few adherents more faithful, none more devoted, than the amateur actor. From whatever grade he may have sprung, and whatever his degree of proficiency, he belongs to a class that is distinguished from the rest of mankind by the love of its members for the histrionic art; and whether he be a descendant of that noble line, the features of the scions of which have "that repose that marks the caste of Vero de Vere," or whether he be the humblest little clerk that ever sold a few yards of ribbon behind a counter, there is one touch of Nature in their common love of that art that makes the whole of this little world kin.

Indeed, in its way, quite a little world apart is that in which amateur actors live. There is as marked a difference between them and the rest of society as between professional players.

As a rule, the amateur is a born actor (at least that is his impression), and whatever profession he may adopt in life, it is certain that he will always consider that the dramatic army, in failing to enlist him, lost a valuable recruit. And this view is not altogether un-

founded; though it is often built up on some ludicrous pretensions of vanity, still the structure has generally some sound substratum of reality. But though there are many amateur actors who would really seem to have been born to act, there are others who were never intended by Nature for actors, though they imagine that they have every qualification for the stage, and that they require no teaching or training to step forth ready-made players. The performances of this latter class of men, however, are often only the outcome of excessive vanity, and too frequently begin and end in a desire to look pretty, the attainment of even this object being very often a most lamentable failure. In the ranks of this class are those odious beings whose photographs meet you in all sorts of places, men who have played for some charity; or at the house of some foolish, good-natured, stage-struck woman, and who have never recovered from the overdose of sugar, or, as the slang term is, "taffy," then given to them. These men generally play in dress pieces, and in the accuracy of their ruffles, the tie of their wigs and the amount of bismuth that they wear to whiten their hands, they give points to any professional. They are great at 'making up,' and though this is a very desirable qualification, it becomes less so when it is the only one the amateur has, as is too often the case, and therein lies their only greatness. And they often, nay generally, have one terrible physical defect, and one that the camera too palpably and cruelly reproduces—they have no calves. Their poor legs, when cased in silk stockings, almost invariably go to extremes; they either resemble carefully covered broom-handles, or they cruelly recall the terminations of a grand piano-forte.

There are exceptions and notable ones to this rule, and the recollection of the glorious development of solei and gastrocnemii muscles of the legs of an amateur whom the writer once beheld in the character of a Highland chieftain, only proves that there are no rules without exceptions. Those legs alone would have carried their owner triumphantly through any part, and they were the admiration of all the ladies, the envy of all the men, and the cause of immense applause on the part of the gods who were privileged to behold them on the occasion referred to; but such legs are like the proverbial visits of celestial beings, few and far between, though in saying this we do not mean to state that they are bow-legs.

To return to the men spoken of before this by the way dissertation on those noble legs intruded itself, they are never amenable to criticism. If they play a part abominably, as they nearly always do, they are sure to reply to your comments, "Yes, I see what you mean, but I read the part differently," and they generally have views which are wholly at dissonance with those of the author. Their vanity is loathsome, and their incompetence only illustrates it the more forcibly. But they have their admirers; often quite a large number. They star at various country houses, playing their own limited repertoire, and sometimes a few poor little plays from their own feeble pens, which seem to be all feather and no quill, and when the day comes when they are laughed at, if not hissed, they retire into private life, and ever afterward growl at and anathematize the deplorable lack of appreciation of their efforts on the part of the uncultured bores who ridiculed them.

The amateur actress is also great fun, though space will not allow a full description of her at this time. She is invariably inspired, and her *Juliet* or *Lady Teazle* is acknowledged to be wonderful. "You never saw anything like it on the regular stage," say her friends, and it is with a feeling of de-

vout thankfulness that we confess we never did.

It is surprising how vulgar the best-bred people can be when you put them into a fancy dress and give them the dramatist's words instead of their own. Nervousness or want of knowledge occasions extravagance quite as often as timidity; so those amateurs who are the very first to condemn the hardworking professional men and women, whom they term 'stage hacks,' will upon occasion so out-Herod Herod that the spectator is astonished, if not disgusted.

Who does not know some infuriated amateur actress who feels that her proper sphere is before the footlights? She is a very nice girl before she takes to acting, but a course of *Pinafore*, or what you may please often wholly demoralizes her. On the stage she blurs and blots the delicately limned characters that only a gifted touch can vivify; off the boards she offends by her second-hand coquetries and futile attempts at epigram.

But even amongst amateur actresses there are some ladies of really wonderful ability, but such are born artists who would have been first-rate actresses had circumstances required; but such are rare, and when met with only call forth our praise the more from the contrast they present to the ordinary run of amateurs.

Far be it from our intention to decry altogether the efforts of the amateur element; it may be said that, when it does not interfere with the regular workers, it is beneficial. It founds and cultivates a taste for the drama; it preserves a high standard, and it is often unselfish and free from egotism. How generous some of these amateurs are will be readily testified by many of their professional brethren, whose pockets have often been the better for their aid. It is not the really talented amateur that we decry, but those who were never intended by nature or anything else for the stage. May the amateur element flourish, as long as it does not interfere, as before said, with the 'regulars,' but there need scarcely be any fear of that for there is room enough in the world for amateurs and professionals alike.

With the above brief introductory remarks, we proceed to say that Miss Ruby Quinton and Mr. C. W. A. Dedricksen got through the "Lady of Lyons" on Saturday without any fatal results.



SUGGESTIONS THANKFULLY RECEIVED.

The door opened and he came in. (This is the correct mode of commencing these stories. It is immensely 'pschutt' and good form.) He was a rather grave-looking man, and he advanced towards our desk and sat down.

"My name is Snobkins," he said, "and I used to contribute to your paper—articles—not money." We intimated that he was one of a very numerous class.

"Maybe so," he went on, "but my articles were better than money, but you have lately refused several little things I dashed off, and your paper's no good. It's bosh."

We intimated that the public had hinted that Mr. Snobkins' contributions had been 'bosh,' and that that had been the reason of our refusing to publish any more of them.

"The public's a fool," he burst out, "and you're another."

He died very quietly.

We rolled the remains up in several exchanges and sold them yesterday for waste paper. I cent per lb.



Hardly had we stowed away the evidences of our meritorious action, for we are modest and detest ostentation, when, with a rap at the door, in stalked the Reverend Mr. Honeydew.

"Good day to you," he said.

"Sing hey to you," we replied, with that vivacity that is one of our distinctive traits, "pray be seated."

"Thank you," replied his reverence, "I merely called to reason with you as a man and a brother, about your paper. It is becoming lamentably profane. You made fun of Pontius Pilate last week, and this week you say 'gosh' twice; I shall be compelled to stop my subscription unless you reform, and I should like you to publish a few of these," he went on, producing several cuttings from a theological work, neatly pasted on an old sermon cover, "You must please all classes, and these might go in amongst the patent medicine advertisements which everyone reads."

"Well, sir," said we, "we are ever happy to oblige our patrons, and we will willingly do so if you will act upon our suggestion: we pay for a pew in your church, which counterbalances your subscription to this paper: See? We will publish your scraps if you will read some of our jokes interspersed throughout your sermons. How does that strike you?"

"Ridiculous," answered the minister.

"Why ridiculous?" we asked. "You take upon yourself to find fault with our paper, but we don't get up and snort when you spring some of your remarkable ideas on us in your discourses. We pay you to preach, and have just as much right to pick holes in what you say as you have to—vice versa," we said, rather at a loss for a word and dropping into French, of which language we are a master.

"You are not only slangy but impertinent,"

answered the other, "vulgarity is not wit—"

"So we were informed a few days ago by a

man in Montreal," we interrupted, "who sets himself up for a Chesterfield and a Dick B. Sheridan rolled into one, and who choked himself by swallowing his knife at dinner shovelling mashed potatoes into his mouth with it, and trying to get off one of our jokes as original at the same time."

"Then you won't publish my cuttings nor allow me to write a good religious article for your paper?" asked Mr. Honeydew.

"Certainly we will, if you'll do as we suggested, and preach a comic sermon that we will write for you." "Pshaw!" he exclaimed, "the two cases are not a bit alike: but I must leave you. Please take my name off your subscribers' list."

"With pleasure, as soon as you pay up those two years' arrears," we replied.

"You are insolent, and I shall allude to you publicly from the pulpit," he cried, by this time very, very much annoyed.

"You are welcome to do so," we responded, "and we will have a nice little cartoon of your refusing to bury poor old John Potter till you got your—Good day, sir," and he vanished through the doorway.



Scarcely were we left alone when in came two more visitors—ladies this time. We whisked the dust off the top of the stove and requested them to be seated.

"We are sure you will not be angry with us," they commenced, both together, "if we make a few suggestions about your paper."

We intimated that we had nothing else to do but listen to suggestions—and try and forget what they were. (This latter to ourselves.)

"Well then," went on the, apparently, elder one, for she was attired in a most girlish costume, and her false brown front permitted a few straggling grey hairs to peep coyly out from beneath it, whilst the youthful giggle with which she spoke had evidently been acquired in the long, long ago, long ago. "Well then, you don't print enough poetry in your paper, sir," she said, commencing to smile, but suddenly checking herself as she felt something give in her upper false teeth plate.

"And too many politics," chimed in the other, who was a female of undeniable claims to be considered plain, yet frisky withal: age—unguessable.

"And not enough pictures," struck in No. 1.

"And no society column," said No. 2.

At this moment who should come bounding into the room but the great conservative electioneering agent, Blethersby.

"What the mischief d'ye mean by abusing the Tories?" he blurted out, regardless of the presence of our fair visitors. "That's a scandalous cartoon in last week's paper. You don't have half enough politics, and what there is is biased. You want—"

Without knocking at the door, Woodleup, the well-known Liberal member, entered and glided up to our side.

"Friend of yours?" he asked, pointing to Blethersby and sniffing scornfully. "If so,

I'll kill your paper. I came in to ask you to cut that piece out about the Grits eating humble pie—"



"So they have to," howled Blethersby. "It's a lie," shrieked Woodleup. Both the ladies screamed, and we picked up a piece of Snobkins, neatly done up in paper, and sat prepared for the worst. "It's your fault," roared Blethersby, turning savagely on us, "what d'ye want to publish a lot of social rot and poetry and such stuff? Your paper ought to be all political," (a little shriek from the false front) "and devoted to the interests of the Conservatives. We run the country."

"You don't run me," howled Woodleup, smiting him viciously behind the ear, and knocking him backwards over the two ladies, the combined weight of the three upsetting the stove and depositing them in a heap on the floor.

"Shame," we cried, springing up and felling Woodleup with a well-aimed blow of Snobkins' femur, at the same time assisting the ladies to rise, and handing a couple of teeth (false) to one, and an eyebrow to the other, and escorting them from the room. "Hence, horrid apparitions," we continued, addressing the two political foes, "hence, avaunt; let us run our paper in our own way. Get out." And taking the Tory under one arm and the Grit under the other we dropped them down the elevator shaft and sat down and wrote this, which is true.

LAUGH AND GROW FAT.

The following letter was received by us a few days ago:

(To the Editor of GRIP.)

DEAR SIR,—I am an admirer of your paper, but I regret to observe that most of your clippings are taken from American papers, the humor of which I hardly appreciate. I am an Englishman, and I should very much like to see you improve GRIP by publishing in its columns a few selections from that world-renowned comic paper *Punch*, and I think it is a sign of bad taste on your part to neglect that splendid paper as you do.

Please oblige me, and select a few side-splitters from dear old *Punch*. Yours admiringly,
ANGLO SAXON.

Ever eager to please everybody, we immediately scissored the following from 'Anglo Saxon's' favorite.

"Sors Horatiana." (For Stamboul.) "O Rus(s) quando ego te aspiciam?"!! 2 Sat., vi. 60.—*Punch*.

The above ought to fetch the college editors.

SUBURBAN GRAMMAR.

The following remarkable notice was observed the other day, posted on Hammersmith Bridge:—

"No Persons are allowed to remain on the Bridge, and are requested to pass on."

If no persons are requested to pass on, and yet are not allowed to remain on Hammersmith Bridge, are there Policemen in attendance to collar them and walk them over without speaking?—*Punch*.

Fleas, moths, bugs, beetles, and all other insects are destroyed by Keating's Insect Destroying Powder, which is quite harmless to domestic animals.—Sold in tins, 1s. and 2s. 6d. each. In exterminating beetles the success of this powder is extraordinary.—*Punch*.

MIGRATION OF SPECIES.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I must call your attention to the following paragraph, which appeared in the *Globe* of July 25th, under the heading of "Tame Chamois":—

"Like the Zebra, the Chamois has been looked upon as untameable. . . . But, as the striped beauty of the South American plains has been made to bow its neck beneath the yoke, so the repressive skill of the lord of the creation has at last asserted itself over the freedom of the chamois."

Fancy the Zebra being described as "the striped beauty of the South American plains!" It is really too awful. I have scarcely yet recovered from the shock. Yours very painfully,
A DISTRACTED NATURALIST.

Wills' "Best Bird's-eye" Cigarettes. Sold everywhere in sixpenny packets (containing ten), protected by our name and trade mark. W. D. & H. O. Wills, wholesale and export only, Bristol and London.—*Punch*.

MONEY AND MUSKETS.

The Turks fight well, but a telegram from Philadelphia says:—

"A company which was making arms for Turkey has suspended operations on a contract, because remittances from the East failed. As many as 450,000 rifles were already made, leaving 150,000 to be manufactured as per agreement."

No rifles for a government that can't pay its shot!—*Punch*.

There that is the best we can do this week, but we shall make a point hereafter, of always clipping some things from *Punch* and reproducing them every week.

DECEASED WIFE'S SISTER'S BILL.

JOHN JAMES JAMS,

To

MATILDA SPROUTS, Dr.

To board for my sister Maggie during	} \$ 9 00
her illness, 3 weeks at \$3 00	
" funeral expenses	20 00
	<hr/> \$ 29 00

"FISHY" BUSINESS.

MR. BLAKE "ANGLIN" FOR THE IRISH VOTE.

Riding School.—Not this weather—some other weather.

Baby nudges his mother's elbow: "Mamma, stop Toto from killing the fly on the window."
"What for?" "Because I want to kill him myself."—*Punch*.

Rev. Dr. Pusey left a personal estate of more than \$80,000. All his property goes to his daughter, Miss Mary Amelia Brine. That is to say, it is all salted down.—*Boston Transcript*.



J. W. Bancroft

IN THE THROES OF COMPOSITION.

“IT IS NOTHING—IT OCCURS THREE TIMES A DAY.”

A SLEEPING TOWN.

FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF A SAUNTERER IN CANADA.



READER, were you ever at Nodville, though that is not the real name of the place? It has an Indian name, but I will not betray it. It is a county town, too, I believe, though why it should be, I could never see. You say you never were there? Well, you did not lose a great deal by staying away. I had the misfortune to be detained in Nodville one summer for the space of

a week, and into that week appeared to be rolled ages and ages and ages, so sempiternally long did the time appear.

Not that Nodville is by any means devoid of natural beauty: "Furfrummit," as Betsy Bobbitt would say. Both Nodville and the surrounding country are rich in all the bounties that lavish-handed nature could endow them with; it is not on that head that I complain, but because Nodville, being a county town, should be—well, asleep. Occasionally of course, Nodville wakes up and, metaphorically speaking, looks at the clock and, finding she has only slumbered a few years, yawns lazily and, turning over on the other side, remarks quotingly, "You have waked me too soon, let me slumber again," and does so.

But all this is merely introductory, for I was going to attempt to describe briefly, as well as my feeble powers allow me, a few of the incidents that occurred during the hundreds of years that seemed to be compressed into one of the days that I spent in Nodville.

I arrived there on a beautiful summer morning at about half past nine. I did not immediately go to any hotel, for I felt more like taking a stroll through the place. Accordingly I did so. All the shops or stores were closed, and I wondered if I could by any possibility have mistaken the day, and that it was Sunday. But no: I knew it must be Tuesday because I was positive that yesterday was Monday. So I said to myself, "Probably yesterday has been some great gala day, and the Nodvillians have been up late and are resting after their revelry." Revelry! little did I know Nodville, or the idea had never crossed my brain.

This idea was in some measure dispelled, however, by the fact that the hotels were also closed, and no drouthy, over-night reveller was to be seen, prowling round for the matutinal draught wherewith to slake his thirst, as would have been the case had my original surmise been correct; "Either the Nodvillians" I thought, "have not been indulging in excess overnight, or else everyone keeps an eye-opener in his own house." Eye-opener! well, well; I did not know any better then. So I wandered on, and presently, coming to the court-house, to the principal entrance of which a flight of stone steps led up, I selected the grassiest and softest spot in the rank herbage on them and sat down. I must have nodded off to sleep for it was past eleven when I next looked round. Shortly afterwards a man came past and him I addressed, "Kind sir," I said, "could you tell me what time the people, if there be any, in this town, get up?" He woke up (for he was walking in his sleep), and rubbing his eyes, said "Wha'?" I repeated my question and he replied, "Those that are going to get up are all up already," and passed on, fast asleep again.

Suddenly a bell rang. Ding, ding, ding.

It was evidently a fire alarm, for I descried smoke and flames issuing from a house not far off, but what surprised me was that anyone should have been sufficiently on the alert to have called them. I afterwards learnt that the county paid an official whose duty it was to give the alarm whenever a fire broke out, and that, as his salary wholly depended on his watchfulness, he was occasionally awake. The smoke and flames seemed to subside of themselves, however, so I rose from my mossy, velvety couch on the court-house steps and went in search of an hotel, or rather, of the best, for I had seen several. I found one open at last and went in. The landlord was asleep in the bar-room, with his head on the lever of a beer-pump. I woke him up and told him I wanted some food. He yawned and went and roused some female domestics in another part of the house, and presently, it seemed to be a week or so, but was really only an hour, I was summoned to the dining room.

A deathly stillness pervaded the apartment during my meal, broken only by the snoring of the attendant dining room girl, and the smacking of the lips of a bucolic gentleman, who was also satisfying the wants of his interior mechanism. After dinner I went and sat down in the verandah outside the hotel. It was a calm, so calm, bright summer day, and no sound could be heard save the humming of the bees as they hovered about the beds of mignonette and sweet William in the little garden of the hotel, and the far off notes of some bird in the bush away out there in the glowing sunshine. The hot, dusty road lay before me, and occasionally some lethargic, looking beetle would crawl across, but with no signs of hurry about its movements. Beyond the road bright green meadows and fields of yellow grain nodded in the sunshine. Some one, I thought, must have awoke to sow that grain, but who? Mystery. Beyond the fields, again, a broad, noble river flowed with a scarcely perceptible motion, and on the further side of the river cattle dreamed away the day in the shade of some ample trees. There were no signs of any business being done anywhere. I could not realize that I was in a county town said to contain several hundred inhabitants; the whole place seemed to be indulging in a long, placid, unbroken siesta. I have seen something like it in the middle of the day in provincial towns in Spain and Italy, but it was a novelty to meet with it in Canada.

An hour or two afterwards as I woke up from a doze, for I, too, had succumbed to the drowsy influence of the place, a fire engine drawn by two horses passed by the hotel at a slow walk: there were three firemen sitting on the machine—asleep. The landlord was standing by my side. The noise of the passing engine had roused him and he was awake. "Who are these?" I asked, "where are they going?"

"That's the fire brigade" he replied, with a prodigious yawn, "and they are turning out in response to the alarm that rang this morning; they have made good time, too." He was quite serious, so I merely said "But the fire went out of its own accord." "That's nothing," he murmured, "the brigade don't know that, for no one would bother to go and tell 'em. Smart fellows, smart fellows," he added admiringly, as one of the horses that drew the engine lay down by the roadside, whilst the other fell asleep where it stood. Mine host took a seat by my side and was soon in the land of dreams: I woke him every half hour or so to answer my questions; he was very obliging, and spoke on these occasions without a shade of annoyance, and then nodded off again. He was excellent company—for Nodville. And so the shades of night came creeping, creeping on, more slowly than ever they creep elsewhere, and still I sat on

the verandah with the landlord still slumbering by my side; and the moon slowly rose, and threw her pale, fair rays down on the sleeping town, and there were no signs of life to be heard or seen, but the buzz of many insects and the mournful notes of the whip-poor-will from the woods beyond the river, and the flash of the firefly's lamp as the insect danced and glanced in the calm, still air, and the sound of the landlord's snore. And this was only one day out of six that I spent in Nodville, and they were all alike; but the name of the place is not Nodville, nor is this a purely imaginary sketch, for that town still sleeps for aught I know, away there by the flowing river, but I shall never visit it again—if I can avoid it.

And its name, as I said, is not Nodville, but Cayu—no, I will not say it, for people might think I lied.

GRIP'S CLIPS.

All paragraphs under this head are clipped from our exchanges; and where credit is not given, it is omitted because the parentage of the item is not known.

Light Repast.—Lamp-rays.

Odd Number.—Five-for shame!

"Yes," said the Chicago man, "he's a dude, but he counts in the census; don't let him be killed."

"Did you dust the furniture this morning, Mary?" asked the mistress. "No, ma'am," replied Mary; "it didn't need it; it had all the dust on it that it could easily hold."

"Go away!" yelled the sportsman to his boy; "go away! For once in my life I've caught a string of fish, and if anybody sees me talking to you they'll swear I bought 'em off you."

Tit for tat: A.—"Is the baron at home?" B.—"No, he sends word to you that he has just gone out." A.—"Good! Give the baron my compliments; and say I didn't call."—*Fliegende Blätter*.

Genius is not encouraged in Russia. A man of that country who invented a contrivance to make a snorer consume his own snores was arrested, charged with concocting an infernal machine to blow up the Czar.

STARTLING WEAKNESS.

General and Nervous Debility, Impaired Memory, Lack of Self-confidence, Premature Loss of Manly Vigor and Powers, are common results of excessive indulgence or youthful indiscretions and pernicious solitary practices. Victims whose manhood has thus been wrecked by self-abuse should thus address, with three letter stamps, for large illustrated treatise giving means of perfect cure, WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

THE LAST STRAW.—Steward:—You mustn't be sick on the stairs, sir. *Suffering Frenchman*:—Ventrebien! And thank you I ansick on your sacre stairs to make myself pleasure!—*N. Y. Life*.

"DRAGGING PAINS."

Dr. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.: *Dear Sir*—My wife had suffered with "female weaknesses" for nearly three years. At times she could hardly move, she had such dragging pains. We often saw your "Favorite Prescription" advertised, but supposed like most patent medicines it did not amount to anything, but at last concluded to try a bottle, which she did. It made her sick at first, but it began to show its effect in a marked improvements and two bottles cured her. Yours, etc., A. J. HUYCK, Deposit, N. Y.



THEY DO NOT WANT THE LOCALS IN THE WAY.

Scene at Ottawa.

RAILROAD SPECULATOR.—Fact is, those local Governments are in the way everywhere. Never be any real, actual sweeping railway progress till the whole lot of little insignificants are shunted off the track and left to rust in the ditches.

CITIZEN.—But, sir, their knowledge of our local affairs—

SPECULATOR.—Local affairs! Sir, they should know nothing about local affairs, or at least they should not be allowed an opportunity to use their knowledge for the obstruction of progress. No, sir, give us Legislative Union, and a sole and central Government at Ottawa; or else let all the Mowats go, and all the little local machines do just as John A. bids them. That will do just as well.

CITIZEN.—But, my dear sir, isn't it a dangerous thing if you find yourself attempting to override knowledge? Surely the local people know their own affairs best.

SPECULATOR.—Knowledge, sir! Knowledge is the worst thing in the world sometimes! The Tree of Knowledge was very properly forbidden to our first parents. Why, sir, we can't introduce a sweeping measure in railroad progress, but some rascally locality or another pops up its head, shows off its local knowledge, and sometimes actually succeeds in getting the thing squashed, merely because a common lot of local people are going to be injured.

CITIZEN.—But, sir, the object of railroad progress, I should say, was to benefit the people of every locality.

SPECULATOR.—Benefit the people! Well, of all the delusions. Benefit the people! Might have been in the pre-historic stone and copper ages, if they had had any lines, but not now, my dear sir, not now.

CITIZEN.—What, then, is now called railroad progress?

SPECULATOR.—Why, sir, railroad progress is the management of great lines, the formation of syndicates, the obtaining of bonuses, the securing of subsidies, the watering of immense stocks—

CITIZEN.—Dear me! I thought railroad progress was the carrying of goods economically, rapidly, and safely.

SPECULATOR.—No doubt that is the case—nominally, in prospectuses, and such. But the real railroad progress is that we carry out the great system as we have it in many countries now, and soon will have it here—a vast machine, so to speak, consuming vast supplies of food and executing great work—

CITIZEN.—Certainly. Carrying.

SPECULATOR.—Oh, yes, that, no doubt, is

done—most important. But not all. Not all. No, sir, the railway system is a big mill, taking in bonuses, subsidies, subscriptions; throwing out lots of things, too. Sir, a railway system, well executed, is a Catharine wheel throwing off in all directions all the time men who have made their pile and retire—flings 'em off to Florence, to Paris, to England. Hope to have it here. Got it partly, happy to say. See these libel suits. *Globe's* going to catch it. Teach them to interfere with big railway men.

CITIZEN.—And the local Governments are in your way.

SPECULATOR.—Certainly, while reform, and not properly under thumb. See that Toronto esplanade: business. The Grand Trunk could never have pushed it through in Toronto. But once at Ottawa, the French members neither know of nor care for Toronto local interests, and did the trick for the G. T. With one central government and no locals, we'd work it every time. Provincial rights, indeed! Nonsense! Dominion rights—big speculations—stocks watered—syndicates formed—fortunes made—that's the ticket. Hooray! Mowat must go!

CITIZEN (aside).—I believe those railway chaps do own the country, and will soon put us all up at auction. (*Exit.*)



MASHED POTATOES.

"Billy," said Jimmy, looking over a bill of fare at a coffee house on King-street east, "It must take a mighty long time every day to mash enough potatoes for this place."

"Oh, no," replied Billy, "it don't take long. They have a patent process."

"How's that?" queried the other.

"Why, they just bring in a few bushels of 'spuds,' here into the dining room, and let 'em cast their eyes round on the gurls. They're mashed in a few minutes."

One of the waitresses overheard the remark, and the gallant Billy gets his lunch at reduced rates, all the girls chipping in and paying part of the cost.

JOURNALISM 1900 YEARS AGO.

A RELIC FROM POMPEII.

The following are extracts (translated) from a newspaper recently discovered amongst the Pompeian ruins. A skeleton, brandishing a massive stone paste pot in one bony hand and grasping the cervical vertebrae of another human osseous structure with hair falling down over its scapulae and clavicles with the metatarsal bones, of the other leads the discoverers to fancy that they have come upon a printing office and that the two skeletons are those of an editor and a spring post. Be this as it may, the explorers have forwarded the translations given to GRIP, with a request to publish them to show how rapidly the style of reporting has changed since then—only some 1900 years ago

(From the Pompeii *Trubannero*.)

"AT HYMEN'S ALTAR.—Quite a ripple of excitement was caused in fashionable circles by the nuptials of Mr. * * and the charming Miss. * * who are members of the elite of Pompeian society. * * * * *

The *dejeuner* was gotten up in the most *recherche* style, and was partaken of by the happy couple and the invited guests, after which the newly united pair left for their bi-annual tour, on their return from which they intend to hold a reception."

"THE GALLOW'S TREE.

"Marcus Scevola, the cow-boy from theother side, paid the penalty of his crimes this morning. He mounted the scaffold with a firm step and on the bolt being drawn, the body fell with a sharp swish. The corpse, after hanging the usual time, was subjected to a *post mortem* examination, and pronounced by the coroner and medical men present to be quite dead."

THE LAST SAD RITES.—The funeral obsequies of our late lamented fellow citizen, Antonius Curtius Gracchus, Esq., (a prominent church member and dry goods merchant on Brutus Avenue) took place from his residence last Tuesday. Though we cannot but express our sorrow at his untimely decease, we feel that what is our loss is his gain.

"He sleeps the sleep that knows no waking."

NIPPED IN THE BUD.—A dog fight took place on Forum street yesterday, but was speedily nipped in the bud by the arrival of Codstable Quintus Polthogus, who parted the belligerent canines and arrested a little girl of seven years, who was on her way to market, and who happened to be passing at the time.

(From the "*Viator*" column of same paper.)

"I heard a good story of my friend Maximus Caligula, the tragedian, a few days ago. As he was walking down one of our principal streets he was accosted by an acquaintance with the words 'Is this hot enough for you?' My friend immediately replied, 'Dum spiro perspiro,' his witty sally being greeted with roars of laughter from those who heard the *bon-mot*."

Amongst the clippings from exchanges of the *Trubannero*, we find the following:

1ST. CITIZEN.—Got a match?

2ND. DO.—It would be hard to find a match for you.—*Punch*.

Space will not allow us to publish any more of these extracts, but those given will show what rapid strides journalism has taken since the days of the *Trubannero* of Pompeii.

GRIP'S PHILOSOPHY.

Love, like other flames, is apt to flicker if there are too many draughts upon it.

If you want to see how sweetly people can agree with you, acknowledge your faults.

If patients would tell their doctors the whole truth a great many druggists would be hard up.

There is a color yet to be invented—the color of some borrowers' money.

To obtain the love of a pure and noble woman is the luck of many men—to feel thoroughly deserving of it is the fate of few.

Women dress from fear of other women; men from respect to themselves—sometimes.

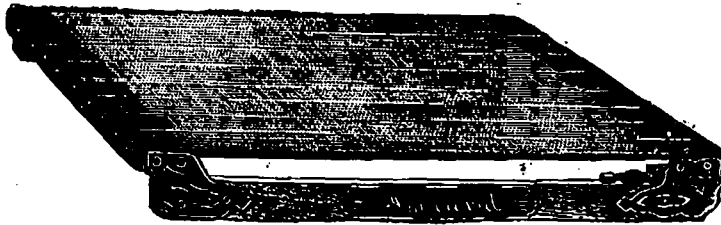
The most truthful man in the world is a liar when he is drunk. There are no such boon companions as liquor and lies.

The man who will acknowledge to others that he is in the habit of drinking often finds it difficult to make the same confession to himself.

Many a man will lend another a hundred



"IT ALL DEPENDS WHOSE OX IS GORED."



SPRING MATTRESSES.

We are now manufacturing the largest assortment of Spring Mattresses in this market, comprising The Woven Wire (four grades), Button Tie, Triple Coil, Improved and Plain All Wire, Common Sense and U. S. Slats. Parties in need of Spring Mattresses will find it to their advantage to inspect our stock before placing their orders.

For Sale by all Furniture Dealers.

R. THORNE & CO., 11 & 13 Queen St. E., Toronto

dollars if he thinks the borrower is prosperous; but if he knew that he was really in want he would not lend him fifty cents.

Half a dozen chickens have, before now, been the cause of a rupture in a friendship between neighbors of several years' standing.

The man with the biggest bible in his window is not always the safest person to give credit to.

The girl who is admired for her splendid figure when walking along the street, is not the one that a sculptor should always select as a model for the Greek Slave.

A good padlock on the woodshed door has often been the means of preserving peace and harmony between neighbors. You can always put more confidence in your next-door neighbor when you know your woodshed door is locked.

Dr. Pierce's "Pellets," or sugar-coated granules—the original "little liver pills," (beware of imitations)—cure sick and bilious headache, cleanse the stomach and bowels, and purify the blood. To get genuine, see Dr. Pierce's signature and portrait on Government stamp. 25 cents per vial, by druggists.

A Cleveland paper says that John Senter, of that city, shot himself on the south side. A man who can't come any nearer the centre than that had better practice.

Since 1863 Dr. J. Rolph Malcolm, 357 King Street west, Toronto, has made a specialty of treating bronchitis, catarrh, consumption etc., by the inhalation of vaporized remedies. If unable to call for personal consultation send for book and list of questions.

The Physical Culture Rooms

will be
CLOSED

from the end of May during the summer months.

In the meantime await the publishing of
Outhbertson's Manual of Health,
Explaining its three conditions, viz., Proper Dieting, Exercise, and Rest, versus the Injury from all Patent Medicines and Stimulants.

IT STANDS AT THE HEAD.

THE
Domestic Sewing Machine
A. W. BRAIN,
SOLE AGENT

Also Repairer of all kinds of Sewing Machines. Needles, Parts and Attachments for Sale.
98 Yonge Street, TORONTO.

"Cleopatra manners" are the latest. They are dignified, severe, and exceedingly gracious. —Morning Journal.—And of course they are marked and tony —Harlem Times.



GENTLEMEN,

If you really want Fine Ordered Clothing, try
CHEESEWORTH, "THE" TAILOR,
110 KING STREET WEST. 110



DR. E. G. WEST'S NERVE AND BRAIN TREATMENT, a guaranteed specific for Hysteria, Dizziness, Convulsions, Fits, Nervous Neuralgia, Headache, Nervous Prostration caused by the use of alcohol or tobacco, Wakefulness, Mental Depression, Softening of the Brain, resulting in insanity and leading to misery, decay, and death; Premature Old Age, Barrenness, Loss of Power in either sex, Involuntary Losses and Spermatorrhea, caused by over exertion of the brain, self-abuse, or over-indulgence. Each box contains one month's treatment. \$1 a box, or six boxes for \$5; sent by mail prepaid on receipt of price. With each order received by us for six boxes, accompanied with \$5, we will send the purchaser our written guarantee to refund the money if the treatment does not effect a cure. Guarantees issued only by JOHN C. WEST & CO., 81 and 83 King Street East (Office upstairs), Toronto, Ont. Sold by all druggists in Canada.

A. W. SPAULDING,
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Uses the utmost care to avoid all unnecessary pain, and to render tedious operations as brief and pleasant as possible. All work registered and warranted.