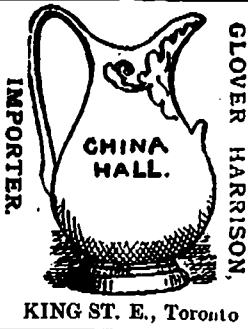


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VOLUME XXI.
No. 16.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, OCT. 6, 1883

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A MILITARY MIDGET!
THE "SMALLEST" GENERAL IN THE DOMINION.

AT THE EXHIBITION.
Toronto Globe (Sept. 11.):-
"TYPE-WRITING."
This comparatively new, but delightfully legible and rapid mode of writing is well represented in the Exhibition by Mr. T. Bengough, of Toronto, having sent up three machines, which were already being operated yesterday afternoon. These machines are rapidly growing in favor, and the present is an excellent opportunity for the public to thoroughly acquaint themselves with the invention and convince themselves of its advantages over the old, laborious, often illegible system of Caligraphy.
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1ST GRNT—What find I here
Fair Portia's counterfeit? What Demi-God
Hath come so near creation?
2ND GRNT—It must have been BRUCE, as he alone can
so beautifully counterfeit nature.
Supto—118 King Street West.

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AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL
Published by the Grip Printing and Publishing Company
of Toronto. Subscription, \$2.00 per ann. in advance.
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S. J. MOORE, Manager.

J. W. BENGOUGH

Editor.

The gravest Beast is the Ass; 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.

Cartoon Comments

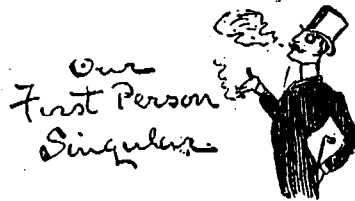
LEADING CARTOON.—The electors of Algoma have declared in favor of the Mowat Government by electing Mr. Lyon; and at the same time they have signally rebuked the barefaced invasion of their constituency by outside corruptionists. It is quite possible, of course, that there were outside corruptionist missionaries representing the other side, who deserved the same sort of snub; if so, it is to be hoped they will get their deserts in the election court. It seems to be generally understood that the election is to be appealed against in any event.

FIRST PAGE.—The enterprising manager of the Midget Museum, now visiting this city, should lose no time in securing Gen. Luard as an addition to his attractions. That hump-tious officer would take away the honors from "Hop o' my Thumb" himself for genuine "smallness." He has made himself a nuisance in Canadian military circles, and the sooner he is invited to lay down his sword of authority in this country the better it will be for our militia forces.

EIGHTH PAGE.—An excited populace is watching the great match between Tilley and Langevin for the Conservative Leadership stakes. At the present writing the clever Frenchman is decidedly ahead, Tilley's trotter having badly broken in New Brunswick lately. Nobody seems to believe that either of them will win, but the struggle is amusing all the same, in these dull days.

De man what tells lies for de 'musement ob de crowd ken be put up wid, but de man what tells lies for make hisse'f portant is a mighty disgustin' bore.—*Arkansas Traveler.*

"Dear me," said a good old lady on Fifth avenue, the other evening, "how this craze for china is growing! Here's a New York club that is paying \$3,000 for a pitcher."—*Pittsburg Telegraph.*



I see that the Bostons have won the baseball championship for 1883. After this let no one say that culture is not a fine thing. Let me see: Boston now has the champion slugger, the champion baseball club, and the champion saloon owned by the champion slugger—who, by the way, has signed the pledge since going into the liquor business, which shows that he is wide awake and knows what he is selling. Show me the man who don't believe in intellectual outchaw after this.

In glancing over the London *Free Press* the other day, I saw a quotation from the *Oshawa Vindicator* in which a would be satirical allusion is made to GRIP. What is this *Oshawa Vindicator* and where is *Oshawa*, anyhow? Why doesn't the *Free Press* explain what it quotes from? Who ever heard of the *Oshawa Vindicator*, except the *Oshawaboos*, (for that I take to be the correct method of designating the natives of that place, if such a place there be).

I see it stated that at the banquet which was recently given to Mr. Irving at Glasgow, one of the guests, a clergyman, was so overcome by the presence of the great tragedian, the good fare, and, possibly, other things, that he offered his services as honorary chaplain during Mr. Irving's American tour. I believe Mr. Irving did not accept them, but that parson might succeed in getting a similar position to the one he was seeking with Mr. J. L. Sullivan, during his great tour.

I am very glad indeed that the little royal reefer approved of Niagara Falls. The old catract has been under a cloud since the apostle of knee-breeches said it was N. G., but now that Prince George has given his verdict in its favor, it makes it an equal thing for the Falls, and it only needs a casting vote from some distinguished person to show that they really are something out of the way. With pleasure, then, I say that I admire Niagara. This will settle the question at once and forever.

From what I observe in the Hamilton papers, the regular routine of action for a constable on the Police force of that city who is suspended for any offence, is to enter a charge of something or other (it doesn't much matter what) against Chief Stewart, withdraw it, and then tender his own resignation. This has been the style of thing more than once lately, but the Chief can afford to laugh at such charges as are trumped up against him by spiteful subordinates. Of the large number that have been preferred against him, or that were threatened, not a single one has come to anything.

A contemporary some few days ago, in alluding to the *Globe's* watch enterprise, connected the name of the prophet Jonah with the affair, though I forget exactly in what way. I wish to state that Jonah was not a newspaper man; at any rate he wasn't an editor, and the journalistic fraternity can never claim him as one of them. My words are borne out in the 3rd verse of the 1st chapter of Jonah, wherein it says, referring to the deceased, "So he paid the fare thereof, and went, etc." No newspaper man would have

been guilty of paying any fare of any kind whatever.

I would advise those of my friends who indulge in a summer ramble, to make a note of Parry Sound for next season. I was up there the other day for the first time, and found it a charming village, neat, clean and sober. Mr. Beatty, the "father" of the settlement, sells building sites only on condition of no liquor being sold, and the consequence is that the community is free from the debasing influence of grog. The scenery in the vicinity is very fine, and a first-class summer hotel, the *Belvidere*, will be ready for guests next summer. Cut out the item and paste it on your satchel.

I see that Mr. Tennyson has been reading some of his own poetry to the Czar of Russia. Is it possible that this can be a dodge of the Nihilists, who, finding that they are unable to get a shot at his Imperial Majesty with a bomb, have devised this deadly method of undermining his constitution, and is it likely that the Poet Laureate would lend himself to any scheme likely to bring the autocrat to an untimely end? Of course if Alfred read some of his older poetry it is all right, but the reading of his recent effusions cannot fail to wear out any listener, even though he were a man of iron nerve and adamantine constitution.

I was rather amused last Saturday, which it will be remembered was a particularly bleak and chilly day, to overhear a little cockney who had landed in Canada last March, give vent to his opinion as follows:—"W'y, 'ang it, yer know, hif this 'eres Hortumn, blow me, but what must the bloomin' winter in this country be like? Blow me if it didn't snaow hup to Joon, an' there 'asn't been a rele 'ot day, yer may say, haff summer. Blaow sich a bloomin' bleedin' country any'ow. Dash my vig! hif I don't go 'ome by the next boat, or my bloomin' monicker hain't Vilkin." And perhaps the little man had some grounds for his growl after all, eh?

"Right, thou ambitious scribe of the sonolent *Spectator*. That tale about the non-necessity of some folks' existence was never, no, never, never, told of Mr. Lincoln before, because everybody who knows anything knows that Talleyrand was the originator of the expression, *Je ne vois pas la necessite*."—This is what the *Hamilton Tribune* says, and I am glad to be set right for I always imagined that Talleyrand had said "la," not "le" *necessite*. I fail to see what that gentleman meant by using a masculine article with a feminine substantive, but if the *Tribune* says he did, why, he did, and that's all there is about it.

I have always respected the *Hamilton Tribune* ever since it first made its appearance, for its outspokenness and veracity, but I see, with fear and trembling, that it is now commencing to talk about its circulation, and I feel that it is treading on dangerous ground. Let it bear in mind the (almost) last words of the great Washington: "I would have been a newspaper man but for one thing: I should have been compelled to lie about the circulation of my paper. I cannot tell a lie—unless it is made well worth my while." Mind I don't say that the *Tri.* is telling fibs, but I know that it is in the position of a one legged man, blindfolded, walking on the edge of a precipice on a pitchy dark night. It is liable to tumble. I know that in years to come the *Tribune* will look back on these words of wisdom and feel a deep gratitude to the great and good man who wrote them. Ahem!

Mr. Daly, of the Shamrocks, seems to be a really nice young man for a small tea party, if everything is true that is said about his conduct at the recent Toronto-Shamrock lacrosse match. It is gratifying to read that he sustained such a crack on his jaw during the fourth game that he was forced to tie it up and was thus rendered unable to indulge in any more of the really gentlemanly and classical language which he appears to have been using. Seeing that his side was being badly beaten, it would seem that the person referred to hoped to turn the tide in its favor by a liberal use of that weapon with which I have read Mr. Samson played such havoc amongst the Philistines. The Shamrocks were naturally nettled at having the championship wrested from them, but none of them can be excused for behaving as Mr. D. seems to have done.

What strange ideas children must have of things they are supposed to learn at school. A few days ago I was sitting under a tree in the Queen's Park, and two little girls soon after came up and took possession of the seat on the other side of the tree. They soon began to chatter, and their conversation turned upon what they were learning at school. "What are you learning now?" asked the elder, why was probably about nine years old of the other who appeared to be a couple of years younger. "Grammar," was the reply. "Hm! how far have you got?" "Into genderth," answered the younger lassie. "Well, I'll hear you your lesson: What gender's man?" "Man; oh! man'th mathculine." "Right; and woman?" After a little pause the reply came, "Feminine, to be sure." "Yes: that's correct. What's boy?" This was apparently a poser. The animal in question had not been classed. "Boy—boy," muttered the little one: "oh! bother: my grammar docthn't thay what boy ith, but I gueth he mutht be neuter: Boyth ain't any good, anyhow." There is nothing particularly funny about the foregoing, but it is strictly true, and just shows what very vague ideas children have about these things. Probably the little miss will change her views about the value of "boyth" as she grows older.



FEARFUL OUTRAGE.

FRIEND.—Ah! Major Beauclere, allow me to introduce my friend Captain Flipshaw.

MAJOR B. (tremendously heavy swell, of the Royal Horse Guards)—Aw; d'lighted 'in shaw. What-aw-wegment, aw? Don't wemembah the name in th' Household B'gade.

FRIEND.—No, Major, probably not. The Captain belongs to the Salvation Army!
(The Major nearly swoons.)

It is generally a cold day when an "Arctic" expedition gets left.—*Life*.



"WHOLL ILLUME."

The month was this month; that's October;
The night was as dark as the tomb;
And though I was perfectly sober,
I fell as I traversed the gloom;
And although I can swear I was sober
I fell with a thud in the gloom,
With a sickening thud in the gloom.

No moon was there due in the heavens,
So never a gas lamp was lit;
The streets were at sixes and sevens
Where "the Board" was repairing a bit;
And I fell; for at sixes and sevens
Were the streets; I drew blood as I lit,
From my nose I drew blood as I lit.

"Oh! why then," I cried in my anguish,
As I took a precipitate roll,
"Oh! why am I left here to languish
In this horrible, sewery hole.
I to see those Aldermen hang wish
For not having lit up this hole,
Has an Alderman never a soul?"
And echo said, "Never a soul!"

Oh! who is to blame for neglecting
To light the Plutonian gloom,
And to place a bright gas-lamp reflecting
Some rays where it's dark as the tomb.
I shall write to the Gas Co. respecting
This question which is "Wholl illum?"
Yes, an answer I want, "Wholl illum?"

When at night all the sky was o'erclouded,
When the peeler's nose gave forth its boom;
And when broken up streets were enshrouded
In a mystical Stygian gloom,
I ask of those Aldermen, "How did
They happen to fail to illum?"
Of whoever's responsible, "How did
You chance to neglect to illum?"

Are folks in the month of October
To tumble about in the dark
As did I?—though I swear I was sober—
For the lamps showed forth never a spark;
Yes, I fell, though judicially sober,
And peeled from my nose all the bark;
From my classical nose stripped the bark.

And I'll cry till this matter is righted,
"Illumine, illumine the gloom;
Give light to pedestrians beighted,
And show where there's plenty of room
To walk without falling affrighted,
In the mystic, Plutonian gloom."

But who are the responsible parties to do this?
Who is supposed to know when there's a moon
and when there isn't? Shall a peaceable and
inoffensive citizen quietly perambulating home-
wards amongst the pitfalls, cedar blocks,
broken wheelbarrows, mutilated dinner-pails,
and other paraphernalia of a tyrannical and
soul-less corporation be permitted, because
some one, who is responsible, neglects to light
up, to fall, roll and mutilate his proboscis and
pour forth his life-stream into a sewer? Never!
then, I repeat, Who'll illum? Who'll illum?
Who'll illum? Swiz.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The first number of the *Canadian Wheelman*, published in London the less, has made its appearance, its laudable object being to fill a long-felt want. It is well got up typographically, and presents a neat appearance generally, and reflects no small credit on its editor, Mr. W.K. Evans, and Mr. J. B. Dignam, its business manager. The *Wheelman* is devoted to matters of interest to bicyclists, and has our best

wishes for its success. It is alleged to be a monthly publication, but unless it comes to time a little more regularly than *The Bicycle*, deceased, used to do, it will have to be classed with the go-as-you-please journals. However, it may not.

TO CORRESPONDENTS AND OTHERS.

THE CHIEF, GLASGOW, SCOTLAND.—Would you be kind enough to give us the name of the author of "A Lesson in Rhyming," a little poemlet that appears in your issue of Sept. 22nd? We were under the impression that we were the author of those verses, in fact we know we are, and it is very strange if there be another poet whose fancies and language ever run in precisely the same groove as ours. What is the fellow's name? We have played the game of *Lec Talionis*, however, as you can see by glancing over this paper.

SNIFE.—Your laudatory poem "To Swiz," is received, but the modesty of its subject prevents its publication in GRIP: besides which, ill-natured people would only say that the subject of the poem and the author of it were one and the same person. "Swiz" is very much flattered, however, and blushing returns thanks to "Snipe" for his dose of taffy.



GRAND.—Mr. Sothern having finished a very successful engagement, was succeeded on Monday by Mr. and Mrs. Geo. S. Knight in their character drama, "Baron Rudolph." This accomplished couple are always popular in Toronto. The remainder of the week is to be filled out by the Harrison & Gourlay Company in "Skipped by the Light of the Moon," a piece which has one aim only—the production of laughter. Mr. Gourlay is a capital comedian, as was his father before him. Mr. Harrison is too well known here to require any words of praise.

JACOB'S MUSEUM.—The Adelaide-St. Rink is to be opened on Monday night by a Museum and Specialty Company boasting a great array of diminutiveness and talent. "Hop o' my Thumb," the leading attraction, is said to be the smallest man in the world. Admission to each performance, 10 cents.

A deputation of Toronto gentlemen including Mr. J. J. Withrow, are off on a visit to Cincinnati, St. Louis and Philadelphia, to make investigation into the management of the Zoological Gardens of those cities. The project in view is a proposed amalgamation of the Toronto Zoo with the Industrial Exhibition—a scheme which strikes us as being capital. In the cities named the Zoo's are managed in such a connection and everybody knows they have proved highly successful. Our Zoo needs better accommodation, and no finer spot for it could be found than the Exhibition Grounds. We hope in due time to chronicle the accomplishment of the project.

Pick it up carefully,
Hide it with zest;
Weep o'er it prayerfully,
Give it a rest.
Tell not its history,
That is the day;
Shroud it in mystery,
It gives you away.
Bury it carefully,
Quickly at that;
Mourn it not tearfully,
Your summer straw hat.



GORDON B. AFTER THE "GLOBE"
WITH A SHARP STICK.

SOLD!

A BALL ROOM REMINISCENCE.

She was fair, and her hair
Had a gleam of the sun,
And her face just the blush of the morning;
Her blue eyes, half concealed
By long lashes, revealed
Each a shy little Cupid, for warning.

But in vain, in her train
Of adorers I sighed;
Not a dance before supper was left me;
So I stood by the wall,
Never dancing at all,
Since the fates of my Queen had bereft me.

Yet, at last, doubt was past,
My patience was crowned,
And my arm round her slim waist was twining;
To the "Reve de jeunesse"
We were floating express,
While the wax-lights, like love's stars, seemed shining.

'Twas a dream, with a gleam
From Hymen's bright torch;
For, like Caelebs, a wife I was seeking;
"With this girl," thought I then,
"I'll be proudest of men,"
So of love I began softly speaking.

In her eyes some surprise
I remarked, as I spoke
Of the havoc her beauty had wrought;
And then offering my all,
Asked permission to call,
Tho' I hinted her name I'd not caught.

O! the smile, which the while
Flickered over her face,
It was ecstasy surely to wake it;
And that quick upward look,
As my measure she took,
'Twas a poem, if I'd power to make it.

"Don't you hear," said the dear,
With a low, rippling laugh,
"How the 'Reve' has been changed while you're
raving?"
'Tis the *Vietron dir'* now,
And I think you'll allow
That the hint's like a clause they term 'saving.'

This was plain; yet again,
When we stopped by the door,
My fond hope, like a fool, I was staving,
When she tapped with her fan
A tall cavalry man,
Saying, "Good night, my husband is waiting."

THE "GENTLE" SPORT. — (Scene — River
Avon, Linlithgowshire; herculean ploughman
and city artisan are angling).

C. A. — Hoo a'e ye gettin' on up thare?

H. P. — Never had grander sport ae ma life.
I've just had four grate big yins on, yin after
the ither, bit they aa wabblod aff as I wi
landin' thum.

C. A. — Weel, I've never got a rise.

H. P. — An' nae wunder; hoo could ye hae a
rise whun I've riven the jaws aff them aa? —
Glasgow Bailie.

AN ADVENTURE IN CEYLON:

OR, A TORONTIAN IN THE EAST.

I have just returned from a trip to the Orient. I went east, old man, and I landed in the Island of Ceylon. Having "done" Colombo (and its hotel keepers), seen the cinnamon gardens, out at Marandahn, visited Arabi Bey at Slave Island, sauntered through the Pettah and climbed a few cocoanut trees at Mutwalli, I chartered a rice boat, and starting from the bridge of boats, began the ascent of the river Mahavilaganga. For a couple of days I met with no adventures worth mentioning, but on the third, towards evening, I desired my coolies to run the boat to the river's bank, as I had been informed that there was a ruined Buddhist temple, well worthy of a visit, in the neighborhood. Having disembarked, I took my way, entirely alone, through a dense jungle, and as I penetrated further into its dark and gloomy recesses, the silence became most intense, nay, almost painful; true, it was occasionally broken by the metallic note of the bell-bird, the chattering of the minah, or the distant call of the four-spurred partridge, but these, being only heard at long intervals, served to make the intervening silence all the more impressive. I followed the almost imperceptible path which I had been informed led to the object of my quest, for about a mile and a half, when I suddenly emerged into an open glade, and on casting my eyes round about I descried the ruins which I was seeking. Huge blocks of grey stone lay round about, intermingled with beautifully sculptured fragments of what had evidently been the capitals of some ornamental columns. To my left I saw a portion of the ruined temple still standing, and, vent on seeing all that was to be seen, I entered a low door leading into the interior of the crumbling edifice, and found myself in a low, gloomy, damp vault-like chamber. My eyes became accustomed to the semi-darkness, I found that a narrow passage led still further back from the chamber I had first entered. I pursued my way, filled with a strange, undefinable sensation of dread and awe, but fully determined to explore the place thoroughly. Snakes, from whose eyes pale, lambent flames appeared to stream, glided noiselessly past my feet, huge white bats whirled on silent wing around my head as I went on, the passage gradually widening as I proceeded, till at length I emerged in a vast and lofty cavern, but at the same time my nostrils were saluted by a most horrible and sickening odor which seemed to permeate the atmosphere of the place. The loathsome smell had the effect of nearly causing my senses to leave me, and I staggered forward, my foot striking against the remains of a human skeleton which I had failed to observe in the obscurity, and causing them to rattle with a weird and grisly sound, at the same time a pack of jackals, alarmed by the clatter I had made, rushed past me toward the open air, yelling and screaming in a most discordant and blood-curdling manner. The deathly odor appeared to become more and more powerful. I can compare it to nothing I know of, so horrible was it, and it seemed to proceed from thousands of decomposing and festering corpses, as indeed I found to be the case, for, when my sight became fully accustomed to the subdued light, I was, indeed, in a vast tomb into which huge numbers of dead bodies had been thrown without any attempts at burial. I was shocked and horrified by this discovery, and it was many minutes ere I could proceed with my investigations; besides, I was nearly overpowered by the awful stench which filled the place. Having regained some of my strength, I determined to leave the vile spot with as little delay as possible, and was about to do so when I saw a human figure advancing toward me from the further side of the cavern, and as he drew near I saw plainly

that he was an European, any doubts I might have had on the subject being dispelled by his words as he greeted me with,



"Hallo! what are you doing here?"

"Well, I was exploring, but I can't stand this abominable smell: I'm going to get out of this."

"Smell! what smell?" enquired the other, "I don't observe anything."

"You don't? well, your nose must be blind then: pah! it's awful," I said, holding my own.

"But what are you doing here?"

"Exploring, like yourself," was the answer.

"Come up from Colombo to-day, only just out here from Canada and—"

"From Canada!" I interrupted, "from Canada. Why I'm from Canada, but let us get outside and talk, I really can't stand this horrible odor."

"Well, everything seems perfectly sweet to me; in fact I enjoy the perfume," returned the other, "but possibly the sensitiveness of my olfactory nerves has been deadened by my occupation in Canada."

"Well, if the smell you've been accustomed to is any worse than this it must be a holy terror," I said, "why, what are you, and what is your occupation?"

"I'm a lawyer, and for the last ten years I've attended the Toronto Police Court regularly every day."

"Oh!"

SWIZ.

HIS IDEA OF SOBERING UP.



Y gracious, Harry,
you look terribly tough:
What's the matter?"

"Been on a regular old bender; feel like a boiled owl. Say, what's a good thing for a fellow when he's this way?"

"Exercise, plenty of exercise: take a walk of several miles, as hard as you can go, into the country."

"S'that a good thing?"
"Best thing I know. It'll soon knock the vile alcohol out of you."

"Well, will you come with me?"

"I don't care if I do."

"All right, I'll go, but just wait a minute while I go and get my bottle filled to take with us!"

One thousand dollars in gold weighs four pounds. That is why so many newspaper men are roundshouldered. — *Chicago Telegram.*



THE ALGOMA LYON RAMPANT!

SPELLBOUND.

(TWO PEOPLE AT TELEPHONE.)

"Hollo!"
 "Hello!"
 "Say, what's the name of that friend of yours who is coming out from the old country?"
 "Thlewethlynn Woodwell."
 "What?"
 "Thlewethlynn Woodwell."
 "I can't make out the name; spell it please."
 "All right: Double l e double u e double l y double n," double u double o d double u e double l
 "Oh! bosh, that doesn't spell anything: sounds like Welsh."
 "It is Welsh; at least it's a Welsh name."
 "Spell it again,—slowly."
 "Double l—e—double u—e—double l—y double n—double u—double o—d—double u—e—double l.
 "Oh! Llewellyn Woodwell: is that it?"
 "Near enough."
 "Thanks; goodbye."
 "Goodbye."

(Ting-a-ling-ling).
S.

WORSE THAN DEATH.

It may have been a dream, though every little incident stands out in my memory with a startling clearness, and I am inclined to think that it is reality after all, so vividly distinct is my recollection of every detail. Whichever it was, however, methought I stood in a large chamber, at the further end of which, on a raised dais, sat three grave-looking personages who were evidently judges; several lawyers occupied the seats round about the judicial throne, and in charge of two warders stood the prisoner.

I was informed that he had been found guilty of nearly every offence in the calendar of crime, and that the judges were even now deliberating on the punishment to be meted out to him.

"I am for instant execution," said one of them.

"Nay," remarked another, "he deserves to be tortured daily for a month, and then cast into a vat of molten lead, after his entrails have been ripped out and cast to the swine."

"Hold!" exclaimed the elder and sterner-looking of the three judges, "nothing is had enough for this fiendish criminal, it is true, but I have devised a punishment which shall, in some measure, be equal in magnitude to the numerous atrocities of which he has been found guilty."

"Ha! and what is that?" asked the judge on the left.

"Well, tortures, ripping open and so forth do not seem severe enough; red-hot needles shoved into his eyeballs were but comfort in comparison to the penalty I have hit upon."

"And that is—" asked the judge on the right.

"That the culprit be condemned to spend the remainder of his natural existence in Oshawa—"

"Nay, nay, nay," screamed the unhappy prisoner, "mercy, mercy, mercy: torture me; rack me; thumbscrew me; boil my eyes and rend me open to be devoured of swine; crucify me; anything, anything but sending me to live in Oshawa."

"If your lordships please," said a tall, gentlemanly, dark visaged personage who appeared on the scene from no one seemed to know where, addressing the judges and waving his handkerchief which gave forth a very powerful sulphurous odor, "I will take charge of the prisoner. I believe I can make it sufficiently warm for him," and he smiled a peculiar smile, and those in court observed that one of his feet was cloven, and that a spiky tail protruded

from beneath his coat. "Is it your lordships' will that I take him?"

"Yes, my lords," cried the prisoner stretching forth his manacled hands in a supplicating manner, "let me go with this—this gentleman, anything but what you have suggested."

"Nay," replied the grave judge, "the sentence of the court is that, not only do we compel the prisoner to spend the remainder of his life in Oshawa, but—"

"Oh! my lord, thou hast afflicted him sorely," interposed the judge on the left, "refrain from adding to his misery."

"I have made up my mind," was the reply: "the prisoner is hereby compelled to live for the rest of his life in Oshawa, and, moreover, as his crimes have been heinous and numerous, he is furthermore to be compelled to peruse, word for word, the Oshawa *Vindicator*, a semi-annual (I believe) publication, whensoever it is issued."

The prisoner, on hearing this awful sentence, fell down in a swoon and was, in that state conveyed to Oshawa.

With pallid faces and looks of awe, the crowd dispersed.

But 'twas a fearsome sentence; aye, marry.
S.

A LICENSER OF PLAYS.

BY ONE WHO WAS BENEFITED BY A RECENT DISCOURSE IN THE METROPOLITAN CHURCH.

Were I asked what I would be,
 Lord by land, or lord by sea,
 What office I would undertake in these degenerate days,
 I know right well in whose shoes
 I would stand, for I should choose
 The dignified appointment of the Licenser of Plays.

What a glorious thing to be,
 'T would be very dear to me
 To guard the public morals and improve the public taste;
 I would never let a girl
 On her nimble tip-toe twirl,
 And never let a young man put his arm around her waist.

I'd have all dresses high,
 Prefer women with one eye,
 The ladies of the ballet should be fifty years of age.
 While instead of naughty legs,
 They should stand on wooden pegs,
 And never more should lift them up an inch above the stage.

As to hits at public men
 They'd be never heard of then.
 I'd guard the poor dear ministers from every kind of chaff.
 Then the burlesques of my time
 Should be sweet, slow and sublime,
 I don't believe it's right, you know, to make the people laugh.

I would ne'er allow a kiss
 To be given to a miss,
 And, bless you, no lovemaking in that horrid Shakespeare way;
 I would tone all dramas down
 To a kind of whitey-brown,
 And the nearest insect's morals should be unharmed at the play.

It would be rather dull, though, wouldn't it?
Swiz.

A great deal of ill-feeling, we understand, has been aroused throughout the whole country by immature peaches.—*Burlington Free Press*.

A lady's boudoir is a powder magazine; preparatory to an expedition into the very heart of the enemy, she has a little brush and then raises her colors.

The *Hamilton Tribune* lashes its brother, the *Spectator*, unmercifully for his want of appreciation of Shakespeare. Well, what can be expected of a fellow who does not know who pays the duty on coal?—*Ec.*

A RUSH OF BUSINESS. — (Grocer's shop, Cowcadden's; Time, 8-15 a.m.; shopmen are gossiping).

Enter Boy—Twa fardins for a ha'penny.
Foreman—Coats off, gentlemen. Business has begun.—*Glasgow Baitic*.

GRIP'S WIZDOM.

Love, like small pox, is easily caught and leaves scars.

A girl's heart (that is after she has attained the age of eighteen) is like an hotel bed: you may never discover the previous occupant, but you may be pretty sure there has been one.

Men are geese; women are ducks, and birds of a feather flock together.

The road to ruin would be more pleasant were it not so short, and if there were fewer exorbitant toll-gates.

The better a man knows himself the more indulgent he is to the faults of others.

If you wish to discover the extent of female malice, just incur the jealousy of an unprincipled woman.

HINTS TO PARTY GIVERS.

Good wine is wasted on evening party goers. People can drink twice as much of good wine, so that by half poisoning them you make a double economy.

Never ask your poor relations. They are mostly ill-tempered, generally shabby, always hungry, and invariably drink for two.

Crowd your rooms as much as possible. People like to be squeezed, and cannot believe they are enjoying themselves without it. Well water the musicians' wine.

Ask as many "carriage people" as you can. It impresses the neighbors.

Send your husband to his club, and don't present the bill for your little entertainment for at least a fortnight. People should not eat suppers; therefore let that meal be of a light and airy character. Flowers look well on the table, and can be hired—food has to be purchased.

Have a dinner party before your ball, and ask the young men you are anxious to catch, so that your daughters may arrange their cards and take the cream of the dances. Hire servants invariably drink. Borrow your friends' servants.

The money you save on wine and supper will pay for all your dresses. Spare no expense there, it is your duty to society to look your best.

Ices destroy appetite. So does soup. Spare neither.

Your grocer will sell you an excellent sherry at one-and-nine.—Real Amontillado. Uncorking it a day or two previous has a softening influence. Fine old tawny port at 2s. makes excellent negus, and nutmeg covers a multitude of sins.

Mr. John L. Sullivan belongs to the Concord School of Philosophy. At any rate there is peace and concord when he is around.

HIS VIEW OF IT.—*Young Hopeful* (aged 6)—"How much did you pay for me at the doctor's shop, ma?"

Mamma—"Really, dear, I almost forgot—quite three or four pounds."

Y. H.—"Well, you were stupid. You might have got a pony for that money.—*Glasgow Chiel*.

Young George Vanderbilt, fourth son of the millionaire, wants to be a newspaper reporter. There it crops out again; the natural, educated and hereditary greed for go'd; the insatiable thirst for wealth, the passion for amassing millions by the easiest and quickest methods, and reaching a fabulous competence by the shortest ways. It's a family trait.—*Ec.*



"So the world wags."

I can imagine the feelings of the 'snob' of the following anecdote as he beheld His grace's final act as described. These animals, these "snobs" or "gents," are more rare in this country than across the Atlantic, though they are occasionally to be seen, and far oftener than is pleasant. This is the *Family Herald's* story of

THE DUKE AND THE SNOB.

The following amusing story of an English nobleman, recently deceased, is told by a correspondent of a contemporary "The Duke," he says, "was once in church when a collection was announced for some charitable object. The plate began to go around and the duke carefully put his hand into his pocket and took out a florin, which he laid on the pew before him, ready to be transferred to the plate. Beside him sat a little snob, who, noticing this action, imitated it by ostentatiously laying a sovereign alongside the ducal florin. This was too much for his grace, who dipped his hand into his pocket again and pulled out another florin, which he laid by the side of the first. The little snob followed suit by laying another sovereign by the side of the first. His grace quietly added a third florin, which was capped by a third sovereign on the part of the little snob. Out came a fourth florin to swell the duke's donation, and then the little snob triumphantly laid three sovereigns at once upon the board. The duke, not to be beaten, produced three florins. Just at this moment the plate arrived. The little snob took up his handful of sovereigns, ostentatiously rattled them into the plate, and then turned defiantly towards his rival, as if he would say, 'I think that takes the shine out of you.' Fancy his chagrin when the duke, with a grim smile, put one florin into the plate and quietly swept the remaining six back into his pocket."

Here are two good stories of W. S. Gilbert's ready wit. I don't think they are generally known here; at any rate, they are authentic. He was at an evening party, and, coming out, was with a crowd of other gentlemen at the door. One of them mistook the dramatist for a waiter, a confusing blunder not unfrequently made. "Oh, please," said the guest, "call me a four-wheeler." He then waited till the storm of indignation, on the part of the mistaken guest, and of amusement on the part of all the others, had subsided, before he said, "You know I cannot call you a handsome man." The other is a mere trifle, and may be given as a pendant to the first one, but it shows his wonderful quickness, and the hair-trigger quality of his wit. He had taken a cab for a distance of exactly three miles, and he handed the cabman three sixpences. "What's this?" demanded the man. "Your fare," said Gilbert. "I call my fare half-a-crown," said the cabman. "Well," said Gilbert, "call that half-a-crown and be satisfied." But he wasn't.

The following verses from *Bric-a-Brac* in the

Century for September will bring forcibly to mind the reception of letters from the adored one by those who have "been there," as the cant saying is. Who that has attained the age of, well, say forty, has not or had not some such bundle of letters as that treated of in the poem, carefully hoarded away? Young men now-a-days, however, are wise in their generation, and are growing very chary in the matter of writing love letters, and well they may: a breach of promise case is not a very pleasant affair to figure in, and if fewer letters were written by "spoony" individuals, fewer of these suits would occur.

A BUNDLE OF LETTERS.

Strange how much sentiment
Clings like a fragrant scent
To these love-letters pent
In their pink covers:

Day after day they came
Feeding love's fickle flame—
Now, she has changed her name—
Then, we were lovers.

Loosen the silken band
Round the square bundle, and
See what a dainty bill it
Scribbled to fill it

Full of facetious chat;
Fancy how long she sat
Molding the bullets that
Came with each billet!

Ah, I remember still
Time that I used to kill
Waiting the postman's shrill,
Heart-stirring whistles,

Calling vague don'ts to mind,
Whether or no I'd find
That he had left behind
One of her missiles.

Seconds become an age
At this exciting stage:
Two eager eyes the page
Scan for a minute.

Then with true lover's art,
Study it part by part,
Until they know by heart,
Everything in it.

What is it all about?
Dashes for words left out—
Pronouns beyond a doubt!
Very devoted.

Howell's she's just begun:
Dobson her heart has won:
Locker and Tennyson
Frequently quoted.

Cross-Cross the reading goes,
Rapturous rhyme and prose—
Words which I don't suppose
Look very large in

Books on the "ologies";
Then there's a tiny frieze,
Full of sweets in a squeeze,
Worked on the margin.

Lastly—don't pause to laugh!—
That is her autograph!
Singing this truce for half
Her heart's surrender:

Post-scriptum, one and two—
Desserts—the dinner's through:—
Linking the "I" and "You"
In longings tender.

Such is the type of all
Save one, and let me call
Brief notice to this small
Notice nearly written:

'Tis but a card, you see,
Gently informing me
That it can never be!—
This is the mitten!

—Frank Dempster Sherman.

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ENQUIRERS' COLUMN.

DRAUGHTS OF INFORMATION FOR THE DROUTHY.

[Swiss, grand Panjandrum of the oracle].

"Where is the following line to be found?" asks SILHOUETTE, "and what is its import? 'Coming events cast their shadows before.'" —In "Lochiel's Warning." It may be that the wizard had an idea of election times. Coming events are plentiful at present, but will shortly be more so: one of the former is Courtney's next race: it is to be hoped that this coming event will cast nothing before it, at least not in front of Courtney's boat, as so substantial a thing as a shadow would be a good excuse for that redoubtable oarsman to lose a race. Anticipated coming events don't always pan out well: The hopes of the Grits at the last general election was a case in point: the rehabilitation of the *Globe* as a potential motor is another, and it is to be feared that the hope that certain well known citizens will overcome their dislike to pay their debts, is yet another.

* *

DUGALD MCCOMB is anxious to know what caused the fashion, so prevalent about a century or so ago in France, of wearing the hair long to be changed to wearing it short.

—The guillotine in a great many cases: the wearers' tastes in others.

* *

"What is the missing link?" asks GENT. —"The light of other days," oh! gent. If you had asked what a gent. is the answer would have been more elaborate.

* *

McMURCHIS writes: "In what poem do these lines occur:

"Tam lo'd him like a vera brither;
They had been fou for weeks together."

—In "Tam O'Shanter." The reason Tam loved the souter was because they had been fou, and there is no more soul-enlarging, pathos-originating and good natured sound and sight than the musically intoned and fervid declaration—

"We are na' fou,
We're nae that fou,
But just a drappie in oor ee."

from the lips of a few friends of Caledonian origin just at that stage when the exact truth of the statement might reasonably be doubted. "There's no denying the fact," said the learned Doctor Mucklewhinnie, "that whiskey's a bad thing, but no one can deny that there's little fun without it," and perhaps he was right.

* *

"I have long wanted to know what bologna sausages and head cheese are made of, and also what is the difference between a 'purveyor' and an ordinary butcher: I see some city butchers give themselves the former name. Can you explain? Yours, &c., BEWILDERED.

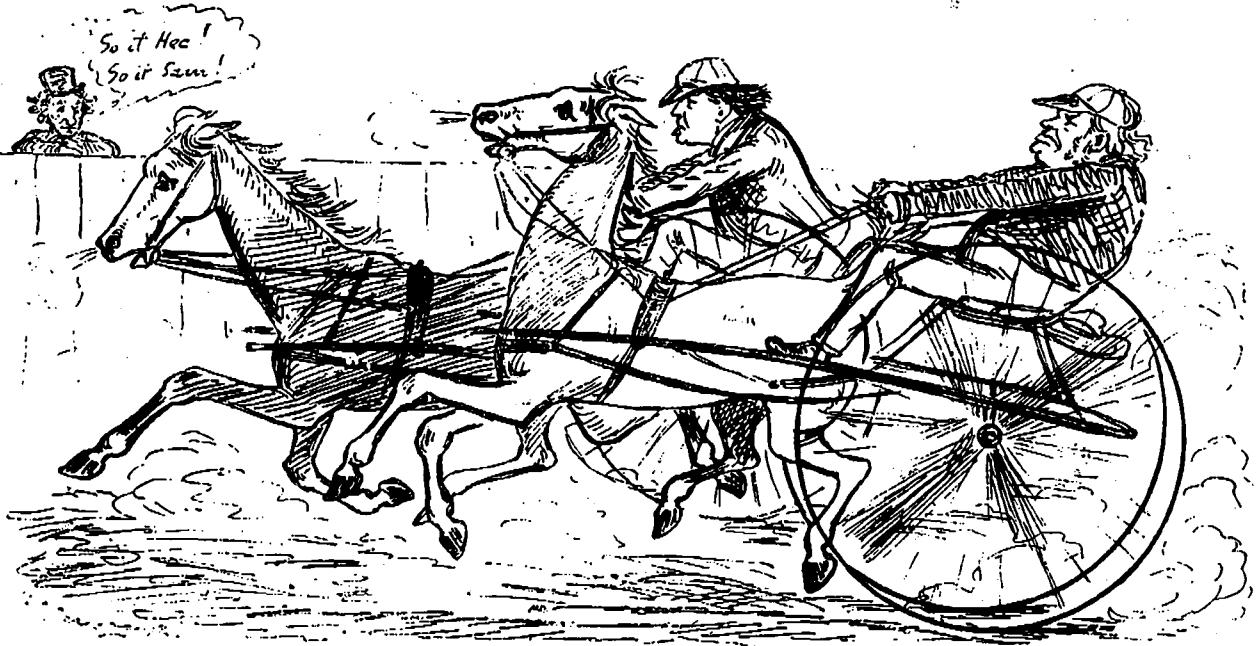
—Till this moment I did not think there was a question that could stump me, but the first half of this one has done it: my goose is cooked: I am bust; I cave. I don't know what bologna sausage and head cheese are composed of, and what's more, as I'm rather partial to these mysterious edibles, I don't want to know. As to the difference between a purveyor and a butcher, why, there is none: the only difference anywhere is that a "purveyor" is permitted to charge about half as much again for his goods as t'other fellow.

If bilious, or suffering from impurity of blood, or weak lungs, and fear consumption (scrofulous disease of the lungs), take Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" and it will cure you. By druggists.

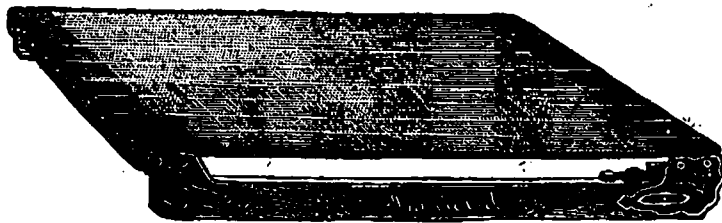
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GRIP'S CLIPS.

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.

The color line—in Summer—is just at the top of the shirt collar.

Why is a good square meal to a hungry man like a bucket? It goes down well.

Baseball catchers wear masks because an ugly mug wouldn't harmonize with a nice pitcher.

The most an Arctic explorer can do now is to follow in the tracks of those who went before him, freeze his feet and write a book.

Said the girl who had quarreled with her lover: "Oh, it's all right! Harry said he should try to forget me, but he always fails in everything he undertakes."

FAVORITISM

is a bad thing, but Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" deserves its name. It is a certain cure for those painful maladies and weaknesses which embitter the lives of so many women. Of druggists.

Colonel Mooney remarked to his wife that a "friend had plenty of grit." "Well, yes," she replied: "he looks as if he needed a bath."

A ladies' cabin—that part of the boat devoted to cigar smoking, roughs, torrier pups and dudes.

At one of the public schools a small boy was asked to name some part of his body. He thought for a moment and then replied: "Bowels, which are five in number—a, e, i, o, and u, and sometimes w and y."

There was a young man named DeL&, Who played the bass horn in the b&; He blew such a blast, That as he went past, He blew all the fruit off a st&.

Being entirely vegetable, no particular care is required while using Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets." They operate without disturbance to the constitution, diet, or occupation. For sick headache, constipation, impure blood, dizziness, sour eructations from the stomach, bad taste in mouth, bilious attacks, pain in region of kidneys, internal fever, bloated feeling about stomach, rush of blood to head, take Dr. Pierce's "pellets." By druggists.

A Michigan barber's sign:—Man wants but little hair below, nor wants that little long.

The difference between conscience and woman is that conscience makes cowards of us all, when woman makes fools of us all.

The Duc de Morny's definition of a polite man is hard to realize. "A polite man," said he, "is one who listens with interest to things he knows all about when they are told by a person who knows nothing about them."

People can talk as much as they like about the difficulties which beset naval warfare in the old days of wooden hulls, but with the introduction of ironclads the real hardships of the navy began.

Some people have such a pleasant way of putting things:—"By-the-byo, let me congratulate you on your article in the *Pentonville Pulverizer*. It's admirable. "Oh! you flatter me—" "No, I assure you—it's quite splendid—so good! I was never so surprised in my life as when I saw your name at the end!"

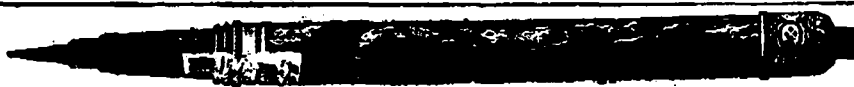


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