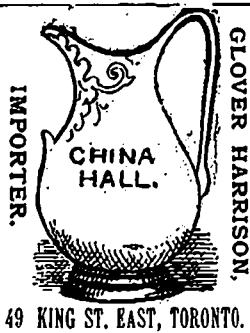
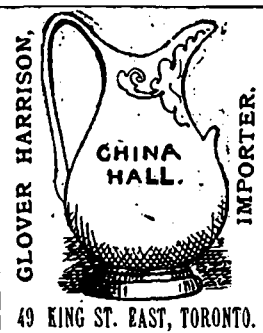


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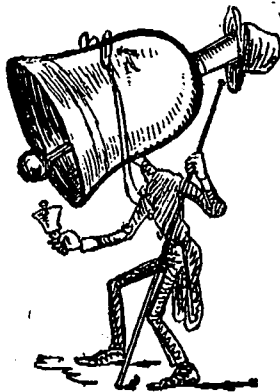
ARTICLES RECEIVED.—"De Greenhorn;" "Rev. Osculatus;" "The Fly;" "Letter from John Barleycorn;" "William and Susan;" "Mahaffy, the Floor-walker;" "The Inebriate's Doom;" "Story of a Belle;" "Intelligenceville Council."

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—While Mr. GRIP is a loyal subject of the British Queen, and is inclined to the belief that her army and navy are fighting in a just cause in Egypt, at the same time he recognizes that there may be something in the claim of patriotism set up for Arabi Bey. He therefore gives Arabi the benefit of a picture illustrating the situation from his standpoint. It will be seen that history here repeats itself in reverse. As in the old days Moses appeared before the Egyptian to demand the liberation of the oppressed Israelites, so now Arabi the Egyptian appears before the Jewish bondholder to demand the freedom of the over-taxed natives of the soil.

FIRST PAGE.—The question as to who is really leading the Reform Party at present is still agitating the outside public. GRIP contributes a little sketch towards the elucidation of the problem.

EIGHTH PAGE.—Our House of Commons has been snubbed by the Imperial authorities and lectured by the *Times* on the subject of the petition asking for Home Rule for Ireland. The Colonial Secretary tells us that they know how to manage Irish grievances without our advice, and the *Times* declares that Home Rule is a thing we know nothing about. Well, Imperial fellow-citizens, we beg pardon; we hope we don't intrude. But really, after keeping a steady eye on your butter-fingered bungling of Ireland for some sixty years, we had come to the conclusion that you were in need of some common-sense advice. We have taught you how to row a boat, and we don't see why you shouldn't be glad to learn something from experienced minds in the matter of ruling a little island. But if you decline our help—all right. Keep cool, and don't tear your clothes.



THE
 CITY
 BELL-
 MAN.

Mr. Phipps writes to the *World* in justification of his political position, which I last week characterized as peculiar. He is opposed to the general North-Western policy of the present Government, though he did effective service in giving that Government a second term of office. His explanation is that he has no reason to suppose the Opposition policy on the subject was any different from or better than that of the Government.

If I recollect aright the leader of the Opposition announced himself very clearly on the point, and his party at large re-echoed the cry, "The lands for the settler the price for the people"—a cry in which Mr. Phipps could most heartily join. Blake also spoke vigorously against monopolies, as did all the other recognized Grit orators.

The *Globe* pretends to be very angry at the London *Times* for insinuating that the Irish resolutions were introduced into our House of Commons simply to catch votes. Of course they were, and the *Globe* knows it perfectly well. Had it been imagined that Blake would make a speech in support of the motion, Costigan would never have touched it. The fact that Blake's speech was used as a campaign document, and sent broadcast amongst the Irish constituents, proves the case as against the *Globe's* party, while nobody for a moment doubts that the government's action was inspired by a vote-catching desire, and nothing else.

"Ah!" says Mr. Phipps, "quite true, but bless me, they didn't mean it. Mere election talk. Some of 'em are already connected with land grabbing companies. Their denouncing of speculation at the expense of the settler is all bosh." Well, Mr. Phipps may be right—he often is—but I can't help thinking that British justice requires that condemnation shall follow and not precede offence, and the Grit party must be considered sincere in this matter until they display something to the contrary.

I was completely astonished—as I doubt not many others were—at the *World's* revelations concerning Senator John O'Donohoe. I had always taken that gentleman for a warm blooded patriot and *par excellence* a friend of his poor co-religionists; judge then of my feelings when I read that in reality he is a miserable self-seeker, and worse still, a contract-jobber and corruptor. These are grave charges, and if the Senator doesn't hasten to refute them, they will be accepted as true. We pause for reply.

Most of the city papers are each morning or each week according to the time of their issue, like the swell Barnacle of "Little Dorrit" always "wanting to know, ye know." Now there are a few things that the City Bellman, although perhaps he knows more than his native modesty will allow him to express, would like to know. Among the things he would particularly like to know are these:

Who are the individuals who run the Army and Navy of Great Britain?

Why were not troops sent to back up Admiral Seymour when he fired out Arabi from the Egyptian forts?

Why was not General Wolsley's or some other General's opinion asked about the matter?

Why did not Wolsley volunteer his opinion until weeks after action had been taken by the fleet?

Did the "General" take all that time to reflect upon the matter?

How much money, and what number of men will it now take to blow Arabi away?

Can he be blown away?

Who's going to do it?

What is your opinion of the Sublime Porte or of Arabi "the blest"?

How would you like to live in Alexandria? Or Port Said?

Or Cairo?

Who are the "Oss Gauds" hannyway? And lastly, What's the matter with Hannah?

THEY ALL SAY SO.

A SACK FULL OF GOOD THINGS.

"The Grip Sack," a rich treat for the public from the Grip Publishing House, Toronto, is now before us, and is highly creditable, not only to the enterprising publishers, but to the Province. Typographically, it is a marked success, and as a humorous publication, its artistic and literary features are of a high order; mirthful without being vulgar, and humorous without being rough; all the contents of the Sack may be handled by any one to profit. It sells at 25 cents, all the bookstores have it, and it is having a splendid run.—*Observer, Port Perry.*

We know of no reason why the Canadian public should be dependent upon the States or the Old Country for all its holiday reading. Grip has done well to give us a Sack. Like Benjamin's Sack, it is filled to the brim, and at the mouth thereof is a Manitoba lot or a lot from Manitoba, whichever way we choose to take it. This has been pressed into the al-

readily well-filled sack by the high chief potentate of the Great North-West, Baron Munchausen, Jr. "A Story of the French Revolution," gives a very different version of the story to that of the Great Carlyle. "The Sweet Girl Graduate," is a good-humored comical drama in three acts, and if the *Woman's Righters* or the *Antis* want a good hour's reading with a little bit of moral and a little bit of fun, let them read this. It is capital, tip-top, well-written, spicy and amusing. Could any one want more for 25 cents. Yet there is more in *Grip-Sack*.—*Toronto Citizen*.



A brief season of Comic Opera has been opened at the Pavilion by Haverly's celebrated company. The principal vocalists are Miss Louise Manfred, soprano; Mr. C. M. Pike, tenor; Miss Hattie Delars, contralto; Mr H. E. Dixey, buffo; Mr. H. Molton and Mr. W. P. Brown. The popular operas of the day are given with rare ability, and delighted audiences greet the Company every evening. A special matinee is to be given on the Civic Holiday.

A juvenile Comic Opera Company are announced to appear at the Grand for two performances on the Civic Holiday, when the over popular "Pinafore" will be given.

Art collectors should inspect the assortment of album scraps to be seen at Robertson Bros', bookstore, opposite the P. O., in the shape of beautifully executed photos of many celebrated French and English paintings. Nothing like them has ever before been seen in Toronto.



"NEVER CHECK PRESPARATION."

A ST. JOHN'S WARD EPISODE.

"William John!"

"Yes, mother."

"I want you to cut some wood, and be quick about it, too, d'ye hear?"

William John knew his mother's firmness of character, and in two seconds the neighborhood resounded with the mighty strokes of the woodman's axe.

"I wonder what they teaches my boy in them public schools," said the careful mother, as she picked up her young hopeful's books which he had brought home for the holidays.

I here rise to explain that Hygiene is one of the subjects with which the youthful mind grapples in our new system of education, a system which was probably not in vogue in the dark age in which our Water Works Engineer and Commissioners spent their boyhood's hours at the footstool of Minerva.

But to return to the worthy mother of William John:—"Grammar and Composition—them's useful; my own parients allus made me git 'em up good when I was to school. But what's this? It kinder seems to me that this is somethin' nobody never learned me. H-y-g, that spells Hig; i-c-n-c, that's een; "Higgeen." I suppose it must be, I must see what they're learnin' my son—nothin' that'll keep him from doin' his dooty by his dear, good ma, I hope. I'll read some of it to see. "Higgeen is the science of health—that's good, and will do him no harm. I've allus tried to make him take care of his health. I'll turn over a few pages now and see what it says about health. 'Never check prespiration; death is often caused by doing so.' La, is that so? Why, I never knowed it before. I must see that William John doesn't do it now." And so the careful progenitrix of the unfortunate William J. arose from her seat and went to the back-yard, where she was horrified by the sight of her thoughtless and "unhiggeenic" boy just in the act of immersing his beet-colored and sweat-exuding face in a pail of water; for, Vennor having prophesied a snow-storm for that July day, the thermometer was registering 98° in the shade; and ten minutes exercise with the domestic axe, in a shadeless yard, had made William Jehn rather amphibious. "William John! William John!" shouted his anxious parent, just as he was poisoning his head for the duck,— "Keep away from that water—never check prespiration!"

"Why, what's the matter mother? Can't you let a fellow cool himself, when he's been boiling over for ten minutes? Your wood—"

"Quick, William John! quick. Go on splittin', and don't spoil yer health by checkin' prespiration. Mind me, d'ye hear?" And again perceiving by her tone and manner that she meant business, William J. again picked up the axe, and renewed his ligneous labors.

"What on earth has the old woman got into her head?" he was just saying to himself, when the said old woman, holding up the book that had given her so much sanitary enlightenment, exclaimed, in the intervals (long as he dared to make them) between the blows:—"What's the good o' sendin' you to school, you young brat! Why, I've learned more in two minutes than you have the whole year about this here Higgeen. Why don't you practise your lesson? You might have been dead by this time, if it hadn't been for yor mother, you ungrateful scamp!"

"Go on splittin' that wood! You might die if you checked the prespiration now!"

So poor William John struggled with the knots again, his mother watching with eagle eye and anxious heart over the sanitary welfare of her son and heir, till his appearance resembled that of a man who had gone in swimming with his clothes on. Still, impelled by a sense of filial duty, (especially as his mother was supporting herself on an old broom-stick-handle) he struggled on, till the yard became like Queen-street in spring, and he felt himself sinking.

"Mother, do you love me?" he cried in an agony of despair, resting for a moment.

"Isn't that the very reason why I won't let you check the prespiration, you saucy brat! Get at that wood again, quick as you know how!" and her fond care for her boy made her enforce her remarks by a vigorous blow across his shoulders.

"What's that for?" he cried, edging away out of reach.

"Never check the prespiration, you young

fool! Pick up that axe again, d'ye hear?" and giving him something that he honored more than her words, she began to feel the prespiration oozing down her own heated brow and cheeks. Now was a terrible moment for her! What was she to do? Her darling was safe; but there was only one axe, and her narrow intellect could think of no other way of keeping up the prespiration. While her mental excitement was increasing the temperature of her body, and with it her dilemma, the saturated specimen of Hygienic care solved all immediate difficulty by stopping in his exertions. He was now kneec-deep in mire, and had barked both shins by reason of the wood refusing to stand up in water and violate the law of gravitation. With an agonized look, he was about to address another pathetic appeal to his "guardian angel," when she, seizing the opportunity, maintained her *status quo* by means of the broomstick-handle—and the boy. But soon another and a greater crisis came.

"A fight! a fight! give it to her, Bridget Mahone! Hit her hard, Mary Ann!" came floating over the fence and caused her bump of combativeness to swell, "Now's my chance!" she cried, "Hooray! I'll make it a free fight and keep up my prespiration. William John, don't you dare to check the prespiration while I'm away! And with this parting admonition she took the shortest cut to Mrs. Mahone's. How the "prespiration" went on there is not known, for a high fence cut off the view. William John was seen to cease work (*mirabile dictu*) as soon as his fond mother was out of sight. We have since learned that he stays in a refrigerator during the day and sleeps over the sink at night. The civic authorities offered double pay if his father would allow him to walk the streets instead of a watering cart, but his health would not permit of it.

SALUS.



SUGGESTED BATHING COSTUME FOR THE DUCKS WHO PATRONISE THE WIMAN WOMEN BATHS.

JOTTINGS.

Wearers of the green.—Greenhorns.

The difference between man and butter.—Old age makes the former weak, the latter strong.

Mary does not care about joining an archery club. A beau is enough for her.

Is a tent pitched to make it water-tight?

A cook is sometimes a friar.

When a cabman has plenty of employment he *faras* well.

To collar a man is very apt to raise his cholera.



COMMERCIAL EDUCATION.

School-room.—One of the class rubbing his his eyes and awaking from a snooze.

SCHOOLMASTER (to Jones, who is always sleeping in class).—"Dear me, Jones, I am surprised at you. You are always sleeping when you ought to be paying attention to your studies. Whatever will become of you when you leave school?"

JONES.—"Please sir, my gov'nor says he intends making me a sleeping partner in a large house in the city, and I am endeavoring to make myself competent to fill the situation."

ESSAYS ON DOMESTIC ANIMALS.

No. III.—THE DOG.

BY DICK DUMPLING.

The dog is a very numerous animal. Numerous, not only individually, but also as far as kind is concerned. There are many different styles of dogs. So many, that we may safely say that the animal is very miscellaneous. The largest dog is the Newfoundland; his biting powers are in proportion to his size. The smallest dog is the black-and-tan; his yelping powers are above a fair proportion to his size. The ugliest dog is the bulldog. Why, I cannot say. Probably he is because he is. Nevertheless he is most apt to take first medal and the biggest mouthful in a square fight. The best-looking dog is the poodle. Why? Because he is so much fondled, hugged and kissed by young ladies. There are lots of young fellows who would like to be poodles for about three hours and a half. The most graceful dog is the greyhound. He is not inclined to corpulency, and would not experience much difficulty in getting through a fair-sized key-hole.

Most dogs are good for something. But there is one breed of dogs that is good for nothing. I refer to the mongrel cur. If there is such a thing as a parasitical canine, then the mongrel cur takes the confectionery. It is a vagabond loafer that lives upon the earnings of honest people; it is a prowling, rascally, do-it-behind-your-back thief, that steals the meat offered for sale to gullible man by the poor, the very poor butcher. It is a mean animal—far meaner than the average Grit politician. It has no respect for person, rank or title. It would just as soon steal from a rich man as from a beggar. It does not belong to any particular breed, but for charity's sake we may say that it belongs to the breed *Universalis*. In concluding with this most degraded of the dog family, let me say that for downright cussedness, unparalleled audacity, amazing forwardness, disgusting greed—for all undoglike qualities in general, and for every bad point in particular, commend me to the mongrel cur.

This is just about the season when the dog crop is ripe. This season is called the dog

days. The crop is gathered by means of large nets; it is carefully preserved in a compartment of cases, walls, etc. It is not pleasant work gathering dogs.

Some people put metal collars inscribed with their names around the necks of their dogs in order to show who owns them. Other people—or rather other people's children tie pieces of metal in the shape of antiquated tin cans etc., to the tails of dogs, which is a pretty good proof that those children don't own the dogs. No one has ever yet seen a dog having a tin can attached to his caudal appendage walk slowly down the street. Oh! no. When a dog has that kind of jewellery on, he becomes excited and goes shooting down the street like a woman who is in a hurry to see that duck of a bonnet only three blocks away.

Every farmer who owns a large apple orchard owns also a first class bulldog. The orchard and the farmer would not seem complete without the bulldog. The farmer takes care of the dog, and the dog takes care of the orchard. When small boys go fooling around that orchard, their teeth watering like a sprinkling cart, that dog assumes the defensive, and soon removes a neat piece of cloth from the sitting department of each boy's trousers. It is needless to say that the small boy squalls. There are more squalls in store for him at home unless he can adjust the missing piece of his trousers. Bulldogs generally adopt the same tactics in dealing with a tramp or a book agent. Dogs have no fear of man, except when men is at the butt end of a blunderbuss.

I shall conclude this essay with a quotation from one of the poets which bears on the dog question. I don't think that the poet is Milton or Shakespeare. It reads thusly:

"Oh, where! oh, where! is my little dog gone?
Oh, where! oh, where! is he?
Mit his tail cut short and his ears cut long,
Oh, where! oh, where! is he?"

The probabilities are that the dog was exploring the intricate workings of a sausage machine at the time that the poet sang of him.



A CHAPTER ON SMILES.

Some people are under a delusion that grin is only a slang word for smile. I wish to point out the difference between them. Grin might (metaphorically speaking) be called a slang smile; just as vulgar people might call a hand a "flipper" or a "paw," so a grin is a vulgar smile, it is an expansion of the mouth in the car direction, beyond what the exigency of the case warrants. For instance, when you trol on your partner's corn, and in answer to your anxious inquiries if she was hurt, did she smile and say "not at all"? Do you mean to say that her face beamed with pleasure and delight, soft dimples played around her mouth, and her eyes told of her thorough enjoyment? Friend, if you had only looked into her eyes you would have seen as plainly as you see it here "you clumsy brute." Or perchance you

are an admirer of old china, you have, in fact, a fine collection, and a small boy has come with his mother to pay you a visit, and has had the misfortune to smash your rarest specimens; did you smile as you tenderly gathered up the fragments, and said it was of "no consequence" in answer to his mother's earnest apologies; or did you grin grimly and look longingly at the chubby little fellow's ears? Have you not been many a time in a position when it was policy to smile and you have tried to, and have inwardly been boiling with rage; do you think you smiled then? No! reader, they were grins all of them, hideous counterfeits of a smile.

You smile when you meet a friend or pretty things are said to you, or something amusing happens but suggests no unkind thought. But after chasing your hat down a fashionable street at a fashionable hour, almost touching it with your hand several times, and a gust of wind catches it, and whirls it over the block into some back garden, do you, all hot and muddy, look round and meet Miss Estella Howard walking with that Lord Mounteagle, (you yourself like walking with Miss Howard) and smile in answer to her stately low? No, you grin, a discomforted and foolish grin; Lord Mounteagle grins, a triumphant and derisive grin: Miss Estella's smile almost borders on a grin. There are some grins which are free of ill feeling. We have met somebody who always grins; you have never seen him when he is not grinning; he might be said to grin from (y)ear to (y)ear. Then there is that irrepressible grin when we meet somebody we know well (and have a partiality for); a long straight road is necessary, it begins with a premature smile while we are yet far off, expands as we approach, and is at last almost painful in its intensity. There are also the proverbial grins, like a Cheshire cat (cats do grin, we have seen them), and the broad grin.

The former is what school-girls bestow on enamoured school-boys, it is the first attempt at the coquette's smile, rather reminds us of a young cock's first attempt to crow; the latter is what the flattered youth returns. I think these few examples are sufficient to point out the main difference, but it is impossible to draw an exact line, so nicely does the one border on the other. For instance, if you told Mrs. Grundy (who we have heard it whispered dyes her hair) that your husband was so fond of old ladies, he would be delighted to go and see her, even we who have studied the subject, would not venture to say whether she received this well-meant compliment with a smile or a grin. We remember playing a game of cards called old maid when children, and when, amidst the shouts and applause of the little ones, and the broad remarks of the boys, Miss Spriggs turned up old maid, did she smile? We cannot say, the glittering spectacles prevented our seeing the eye.

We have to consider the feelings which cause these facial expressions in order to determine the grin or smile.

With these few hints we must leave it to your own discretion to determine who grins when they meet you and who smiles. Be not deceived by the counterfeit. Look at the eye.

A FACT.

Do not despair. As an offset to the ill odor which of late has arisen from the city of Hamilton, just sniff this green leaf from Eden, and realize that in this city, at least, there yet lingers some traces of primeval innocence. A resident of Park-street went to a church picnic the other day, leaving for the benefit of tramps and others concerned, the following refreshing legend, tacked on the street door: "Gone to Ainslie's Wood for the day. Key in window, as usual."



EGYPTIAN BOND-AGE;
 OR, HISTORY REPEATED THE OTHER WAY ON.
Egyptian to the Jew.—LET MY PEOPLE GO!

The Joker Club.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

Parisian to his friend: "Now, you won't fail to be at my marriage to-morrow?"

"Impossible for me to go, old fellow; I have sworn never to witness a marriage ceremony. Bad examples are contagious."—*Progress*.

Hostility to New England has not died out entirely in the South. A Georgia paper starts the rumor that Oscar Wilde is to be married to a Boston girl.—*Texas Siftings*.

The Arkansas journalist who some time ago proposed to reform the world, now sells cat-fish for a living. His friends are very much gratified to see that he has done so well.—*Arkansas Traveler*.

Did you ever notice how soon a girl, when she meets a baby carriage with a baby in it, will take hold of the handle and push it a few steps? She's practising.—*Kentucky State Journal*.

The Century's story about a man in Georgia who could yell so as to be heard five miles will be hardly credited by those who have tried to make a horse-car driver hear at a distance of four rods.—*Boston Post*.

One of the United States Consuls in Italy began a magazine article twenty-five years ago with this glowing statement: "Julius Caesar was a Consul; Napoleon Bonaparte was a Consul; and so was I."

An exchange devotes three-quarters of a column on "When to Cut Timothy." The best advice on the subject can be given in a few words, viz., cut him when he's broke.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night*.

"Heaven lies about us in our infancy," says the poet. The inference is that as soon as we get big enough to talk we can be relied on to rely upon ourselves. If we do not our enemies will lie about us.—*Texas Siftings*.

People make a great fuss about taking coin with holes in it, yet we have yet to see the first person who objects to taking a greenback with holes in it. This is certainly a good greenback argument.—*Oil City Bazaar*.

A young fellow had the habit of addressing one of his neighbors as "papa." Finally the latter asked him not to do it. "Not," he said, "because it makes me feel so old, but on account of your bad bringing up.—*Figaro*.

"George, what a lovely color for a reception dress," said Mrs. Jones to her husband, viewing the electric light on Niagara Falls from the balcony of the Clifton House. "Yes," said Mr. Jones, "and what a bath for Jumbo."

Hamlet Shakespeare Felton is the name of a notorious counterfeiter, forger and confidence man just arrested at St. Louis. Peace, gentle William, peace. 'Twas your loveliest creation who asked: "What's in a name?"—*St. Louis Post Dispatch*.

The greatest poet known in history is Mr. Augustus Snodgrass, an account of whom is to be found in the works of Mr. C. Dickens. Though a poet, Mr. Snodgrass had the howling good sense never to write any poetry.—*Somerville Journal*.

It is said that Jessie James once thought seriously of "going through college." The outlaw "went through" nearly everything else, and the reason he didn't "go through" college must have been because he couldn't see any money in it.—*Norristown Herald*.

"Your honor and gentlemen of the jury, I acknowledge the reference of the counsel of the other side to my gray hair. My hair is gray, and it will continue to be gray as long as I live. The hair of that gentleman is black and will continue to be black as long as he dyes."

A Chicago editor had an experience with a cat which turned out to be something else. When he got over it a little so he could speak, he remarked: "My lord, what a hand that critter would be to write political editorials."—*Boston Post*.

The transit of Venus is going to occur next December; but, if you want to take a little prelude as a sort of preparation, go and sit on the pier and watch "Venus rising from the sea" in a blue flannel bathing suit, with a hideous shade hat strapped down over her ears.—*New Haven Register*.

"If old two per cent. Hubbell imagines that I am going to pay \$1,000 assessment on my salary for political purposes, he will find that he is removed several degrees from his base. He may be able to chisel it out of the pages and scrubbing women around the capitol, but not out of Chet."—*Chester A. Arthur in Check*.

"What are you going to eat for lunch?" said a Fulton-street man to his friend, as they sat in a restaurant glancing over the bill of fare. "Let me see; I guess I'll take some pickled pigs' peal extremities," he replied. "Of course," suggested the other, "for you always try to be one of the big feet-chewers on an occasion like this."—*New York Commercial Advertiser*.

A London surgeon says that only one fashionably dressed woman in five hundred can draw a full breath with her clothes on; but he must admit that it wouldn't look well for a fashionable woman to disrobe in the street, in order to draw a full breath.—At the opera or a French ball, however, it is different, and she should have no difficulty in drawing a full breath.—*Norristown Herald*.

"I say, sir, do you want to hire a boy, sir?" said a bright-looking little fellow, as he stepped into a business office. "What can you do, sir?" was the respondent's inquiry. "I can tell the truth, sir," was the bright reply. "Don't want you, my little man; my business can't stand truth-telling."—"Better take the boy," said a bystander. "I know him. When he says he can tell the truth he lies like blazes. He can't do it, nor his father before him couldn't either." Boy engaged on business principles.—*Fic*.

A warning to ladies.—To be too fashionable is often disastrous. A Bloomington lady nearly bothered her husband to death last week trying to get him to buy her a new hat. He did so, and on the following day the servant girl left; that evening their dog died, then the family horse ran away and broke the buggy all to pieces. Two days afterwards her husband skipped out with a handsomer woman and the poor wife grieved herself to death. The house cat is yet to be heard from. When full reports are in we may set out an extra. Ladies wanting new bonnets, remember the sad warning given above.—*Bloomington Eye*.

One of those little incidents which always cause considerable annoyance to the prime mover but some amusement to the onlookers, occurred a day or two since in Elmira. The Northern Central Railroad officials had commenced examining employes of the road to ascertain whether or not they were color-blind, or deaf, and thus fit or unfit for service. An official approached one of the local employes with, "Now, Blank, take the cotton out of your ears and listen! Can you hear this watch tick where I now hold it?" "Oh, yes, very distinctly," replied Blank; "I believe I could hear it twice as far." "Look here, Blank," said the official, assuming a more serious air, "do you know that you're an awful liar? I wasn't examining your capacity to tell the truth, but your hearing; or it might go hard with you. This watch is broken, and hasn't ticked for ten years! I don't wonder you could hear it just as well at two rods as two inches!"—*Elmira Advertiser*.

"I called to see if I could interest you in the subject of brain waves, this morning," said a quiet young man, who stood at the table for a brief moment.

"Brain waves! Sir, what do you mean?" was the inquiry of the news editor.

"I mean that peculiar sympathetic action on the part of extraneous substances that so impinges upon the nerve centres of the brain that a slight movement, called a wave, is perceptible."

"And you want me to get interested in this sort of thing?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, sir, I am not interested in brain waves. But I have a little experience in foot waves, and I have one of the most vigorous waves of that kind just itching to swing."

At this point the news editor arose, and the quiet young man rolled over and over down stairs. Something had struck him.—*New Haven Register*.

A HUSBAND'S PREPARATIONS.

The other morning when a Detroitier seated his wife in a car on the Michigan Central to make the journey to Chicago alone he took a look around him and said to her:

"Now, love, if you should want the window raised, here are a dozen gentlemen who will break their necks to accommodate you."

"Yes, dear."

"If you feel lonesome and want somebody to talk with about affairs in Egypt, Noub's ark or the ice period, don't hesitate to call upon any of these gentlemen."

"I understand."

"You won't know enough to leave the car at noon and get your dinner, and you had better ask some of them to accompany you. If they offer to pay for your meal, don't be squeamish about it."

"Of course not."

"You may want to read to pass away time.

If so, any of these gentlemen will be only too happy to purchase you half a bushel of the latest books and magazines. Be careful to save 'em for me to read when you get home."

"I'll be certain, love."

"And you can say to them that we have been married four years; we do not live happily together; I am a domestic tyrant; you have strong thoughts of procuring a divorce; you feel that you could love the right sort of a husband; you like oranges and peanuts; you are innocent and confiding; you have never travelled; you are afraid of getting lost in Chicago, and you will be ever so much obliged to any one who will get you a hack, see to your trunk, and pay all the expense. Good-bye, love."

"Good-bye, dear."

And wasn't it strange that not one single man in that car even spoke to that lady in a ride of three hundred miles?

MISERABLE FOR THIRTEEN YEARS.

In order to acquire the rights of full citizenship in the United States, the native born must have reached the age of 21 years, and have gone through two full, but short courses—of rheumatism, says a growler at our elbow. In Canada, however, the courses of rheumatism are not so short, running, it would seem, as long as thirteen years;—at least in one instance, that of Mr. James Mahoney, Sr., of Orillia, Ont., who says: "I have been a sufferer with rheumatism for the past thirteen years, and have tried, during that time, very many of the remedies advertised for it, but all without effect. Upon recommendation I was induced to try a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil. The first application relieved me, and upon the second application the pain disappeared entirely and has not since returned. It affords me much pleasure to make this statement of my experience with St. Jacobs Oil and I sincerely wish that every sufferer could know of its wonderful virtues."



THE NEW MARRIAGE LAW.

AN ADDRESS BY PROFESSOR JULIUS CAESAR HANNIBAL WASHINGTON.

LADIES AN' GEN'LEMEN. — "By pe'ticklah rekwest"—as de 'wortiments says—I shall on dis occashun, 'spress my sentiments on de marridge law made by de Pa'liment men at Ottywah de uddah day. I feels myself most highly congratulated at habbin' so many ob de lect ob de bewty an' de larnin' ob dis community to lissen to me, and I hopes to be able to depart to dem a little construckshun on dis werry impo'tunate and interestin' kweschun. (Applause.)

We natly 'specks de Pa'liment men to do wot are fayah and reasonable. Dey orter to be all knowledgible an' sensible men. One orter to hab werry good reasin to be M. P.—dat are mighty proud—to be able to put M. P. arter his name. But dis heah new marriage law are bofe unfayah an' redik'lis. It on'y 'lows a pusson to marry his diseased wife's sistah—dat are to say purwid she will marry him—a most impo'tinate pint, faw it take tew ha'ts dat beets as wun to make a propah marriage. He kant marry any uddah of her relatibs, for dey is fuddah 'way from him, yer see, we is undah de laws of Britting 'cept wure owah laws is agin dem. Well, de laws of Britting says dat a pusson kant marry de same relatibs of his wife as his own dat he kant marry. Neaw, de on'y pint on witch owah laws is agin de marriage laws of Britting an dis, dat a pusson kin marry his diseased wife's sistah—subjeck to de condishuns aforesaid, as de law-yah fokes says. De new marriage law ob Kanidy dount 'teckt her uddah relatibs. Conseki'ntly, he kant marry any ob dem, toe de tew may lub one unuddah as much as any lectle fokes ebbah lubl 'lasses candy. 'Low me to debate a fact aw tew faw yaw confirmashun. Sam Jousing hab marrid his diseased wife's sistah. De law say dat are all O. K. Well, Pete Jones went to de gen'laman wot sells de marriage liscense an' he says to him, "I want a wot-d-ye-call-it to help me to get a wife." "Werry good," says de liscenser, "am she de-lated to yer?" Pete says, "she are de sistah's daughtah ob my Sinty dat are no moah, but dat are nuffin'." "Ah! it am suffin', I reckon," says de gen'laman, "I kant gib yer a liscense in dat case." "Why not?" says Pete, "she are no blood relatib ob mine, 'sides Sam Jousing hab marrid his diseased wife's sistah dat are nearah him dan her sistah's daughtah wot o' bin, I guess." "No mattah faw dat, sah," was de ansah, "de law doant 'low it." "Well, wot is I to do?" says Pete, "Liza are sitch a nice gal. She lub me, an' she wud be so kind to my po' muddahless chillen." Po' Pete's awls of wision looked as toe he had eaten a good deal ob musta'd, an' he draw'd de back

ob his hand obah dem. "Ise sawy faw yer," says de gen'laman, "but it kant be helped. You must jis' look elsewhayah. 'Seek fresh fields and paschaws new,' as dey says. Dere am as good fish in de sea, my fren, as ebbah kom out ob it." Den Silas Brown he tried to git a liscense to marry his diseased wife's ant. He knew she lubd him, an' he t'ought she wud be so defickshinit to little Mary his on'y chile. But all no go. He was ser'h'd 'zactly de same as Pete Jones was. Heah den, yer sees, one pusson kin marry his diseased wife's sistah, but anuddah kant marry her niece, and anuddah kant marry her ant. But de fust am nearah a pusson dan enny ob de uddahs is. Derfaw, as I said at de beginnin' ob my distress, de new marriage law are bofe unfayah and redik'les. If enny pusson tink he kin kant obah my argifyin', this indiwidewil wud like to see him do it.

Neaw, befo' I inklewd, I wud say a wud to de gen'laman befo' me dat is on'y single pinks. Yer is hoddahd not abrowt de wife's sistah, but abrowt de wife. Well jis' look at dese bewtiful an' intelligible young ladies here presint dis eb'nin'. If yer haime made yaw chice, take one ob dese howahs ob de lumnin race to yaw home. She will make yaw home so lubly. Doant let dem all waste dere sweet-niss on de desert ayah—as somebody says, I dis'emembah who. Ah! my deah white young ladies, I sees dat ver put yaw handkerchers to yaw visages to hide yaw blushes. Dem blushes is bettah dan de roozh yer kin buy at de 'potticary man's. De ladies of my own cullah kin blush unscen wifout usin' handkerchers. If I were a single pink, werry possibly I would ofah some one ob you myself wif all my woolly goods and chattels (*smiling most sweetly, and bowing most gracefully.*) Neaw none ob yer needs to toss her head an' pont her cherry lips as toe sayin' she wud not lub me. My dear young ladies, I asshaw yer dat yer might go fuddah dan de po' P'ofessah faw a kind, lubbin', defickshinit husband an' fayah wuss. Ladies an' Gen'laman, co'tin hab bin werry fashionable fom de earliest ages, an' I 'specks will ebbah be fashionable while the wuld lasts. 'Taint like de fashun ob de ladies close. Faw exampil, sometimes dey has hoops witch makes dem like walkin bee-hibes. (*Spreading out his coat tails.*) Den, at uddah times, dey is faw all de world, jis' like a gen'laman walkin' wif bofe ob his legs in one leg ob his pants. (*Imitating their walk.*)

Ladies an' Gen'laman, I shall neaw take my seat, asshawing you dat de colleckshuns ob de onerous mannah in witch yer receipted dese few demonstrashuns will ebaah send fofe to me a flagrant effubhion witch will hofe aminate an' cheeah me dewrin' my fewchew carriah. (Prolonged and deafening applause.)

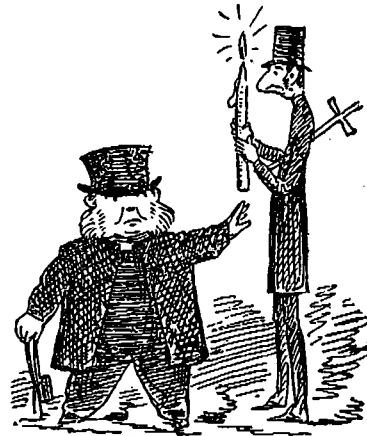
POSTSCRIPT OF AN INTERCEPTED LETTER.

P. S.—By the bye, Maggie, have you seen that letter from Muskoka signed H. F. G., in the Hamilton Evening Times? In case you haven't, I send you the following *verbatim* copy of a "dig" which the writer gets off for the benefit of us girls. The poor fellow is awful tickled at getting a meal of beef, vegetables, and wild strawberries for forty cents, and then proceeds thusly: "The table is well provided and the beds comfortable, though the landlord makes apologies about the difficulty of securing adequate help for waiting on table, etc. Why cannot some of our female seminary students follow the example of their New England sisters and 'make expenses' during the holiday season in this respectable and not too onerous occupation?" Ah! why, oh ye thrifty Hamilton folks, don't you turn out your sweet girl graduates, as bar-maids, chamber-maids, and waiter girls to get chucked under the chin at the Brant House, Ocean House, or Rocky Bay for instance? Think of it, Maggie,

what a delightful way of spending the holidays and earning six dollars a month! Flitting hither and thither, the observed of all observers, waiting at the public table, answering the bells of blacklegs and swells, carrying them up shaving water, seeing to their spittoons, pouring out lager for thirsty editors and all such "not too onerous occupations," while the "lords of creation" forsooth, our unqu-while class-mates perhaps, recline on the benches, their *soles* uplifted heavenward, calmly smoking their chibouks. No, thank you, Mr. Hamilton Fossilized Goose, as your initials and sentiments indicate. That kind of thing may do very well for your sisters or daughters or whatever of womankind may be unfortunate enough to own you, but we seminary students prefer "making expenses" otherwise than by waiting table for blowisy fogies at summer hotels.

"Where every prospect pleases
And only man is vile."

I will expect you by the 10 a. m. train, and between us I think we will be able to find out who F. H. G. is. In haste, sleepily yours,
Muskoka, July 19th, 1882. LALLY.



THE RIVAL CURATES.

Philimore Fag was ruddy and hale;
Decimus Dix was languid and pale;
Dix was neither a wit nor a wag;
Both, and a scholar was Philimore Fag;
Not that what it is equally true,
That Decimus Dix was scholarly too.
Philimore's voice was clear and crisp;
Decimus Dix had the slightest lisp;
Fag's "r" was rough, when "very" he said;
Decimus called it "wevy" instead.
Both were curates at great St. Bay's,
And both devout in different ways,
For both had taken, like rival crews,
Of the same "chart" quite opposite views.
Dix was as "high" as a man could go,
But Philimore Fag was "broad" and "low";
Decimus Dix put candles about,
And Philimore Fag blew candles out;
And so they had, for several days,
Rather a cheerful time at St. Bay's.
But soon its members, a peaceful few,
Were split into angry factions—two;
Just as a "rubber" one's friends divides,
Those at St. Bay's took opposite sides.
Each "Dixite" party some "Fag" offends;
The "Fags" call the "Dixites" "candle ends"—
For Dix has "dips" all over the place,
No candle has "Fag" all from roof to base;
Fag calls each "dip" a "composite" lie,
While "Spermaceti" is Dix's cry;
And the old clerk says, who "tops" the wicks,
"A queer young gent is Decimus Dix.
He soils his fingers, he blacks his nose,
Has tallow spots all over his clothes,
With pieces of wick in every crease,
And all his boots are covered with grease;
And he seems to think a poor old clerk
Wrong, for he says 'Amen' in the dark."
And so both strove in the end to win,
Nor Fag nor Dix would either give in;
Just like a fight o'er the "Dunkin' Bill,"
The zeal of each side grew warmer still.
Shall we, or shan't we Fave candle rays?—
That was the question at great St. Bay's.

See OAK HALL'S Stock of Children's Suits. OAK HALL sells Clothing at Rock-bottom Prices.

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CANADIAN ASSURANCE.

JOHN A.—DON'T GET EXCITED, MY LITTLE DEARS; READ IT OVER CAREFULLY WHEN YOU'RE COOL, AND ACT UPON IT.

Like Indian tribe, or Highland clan,
Parties fought for their favorite man.
One side presents to Decimus Dix
An elegant pair of candlesticks;
While Fag's admirers on him confer
A large-sized copper extinguisher.
But, after awhile, a few agreed,
That such dissensions were sad indeed;
And certain it was, by these affairs,
Scandalized very much was St. Bays:
Till two attorneys the evil saw,
And sought to settle the thing by law.
Here I should very much like to show
How it ended; but really don't know
Which of the two the Bishop will fix,
Philimore Fag or Decimus Dix.

R. C.



Belle metal—baubles.
Annual drill—Planting corn.
A cross game—sometimes—Lacrosse.
“A heated term.”—Calling a man a liar.
“A joint appeal”—asking for beef at the butcher's.
A Coolie dog will sometimes very coolly take you by the leg.
Many persons are in camp just now; others are on the Campau.
The first royal physician in Egypt must have been Pompey's pillar.
“I only want my dues”—as the grass remarked to the evening.
“I have been very low”—as the sick coal miner said to the doctor.
Men who have canvas hotels in Manitoba are in tent on making money.
Young ladies, no doubt, wear the new water proofs for divers reasons; at least they resemble divers in them.

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Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Soreness of the Chest, Gout, Quinsy, Sore Throat, Swellings and Sprains, Burns and Scalds, General Bodily Pains, Tooth, Ear and Headache, Frosted Feet and Ears, and all other Pains and Aches.

No Preparation on earth equals St. Jacobs Oil as a safe, sure, simple and cheap External Remedy. A trial entails but the comparatively trifling outlay of 50 Cents, and every one suffering with pain can have cheap and positive proof of its claims.

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FROM THE LEADING HOSPITALS OF FRANCE AND ENGLAND

over twenty-five physicians and surgeons have connected themselves with Dr. Souville, of Montreal, and ex-aidé surgeon of the French army, in founding an international throat and lung institute, which has been long needed in the Dominion of Canada, and the offices are 75 Yonge-street, Toronto, and 13 Phillips-square, Montreal, where specialists are always in charge. Physicians and sufferers can obtain free advice from the surgeon, and use Dr. Souville's spirometer, which is recognized in all leading hospitals in Europe as the only means of curing Catarrh, Catarrhal Deafness, Bronchitis, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Diseases. Parties unable to visit the Institute can be successfully treated by letter. Consultation free. Call or write to the International Throat and Lung Institute, 75 Yonge-street, Toronto, 13 Phillips-square, Montreal.

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