

GRIP

EDITED BY J.W. BENGOUGH

GRIP ENG'



Please, don't suppose that I'm
 doing this to hurt your feelings, Mr Canada,
 not at all! I'm only getting even with
 those sneaking Republican Senators!



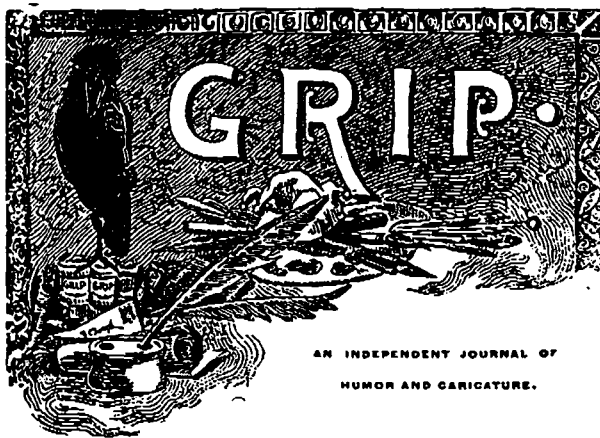
The gravest beast is
 the ASS.
 The gravest bird is the
 Owl.
 The gravest fish is the
 Oyster.
 The gravest man is
 the fool.

"MORE IN POLICY THAN IN ANGER."

PRICE 6 CENTS PER COPY. \$2 PER YEAR.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,
 By the GRIP PRINTING AND PUBLISHING Co. 26 and 28 Front St. West, Toronto.





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Grip Printing and Publishing Co.

26 and 28 Front Street West, Toronto, Ont.

President JAMES L. MORRISON.
 General Manager J. V. WRIGHT.
 Artist and Editor J. W. BENGOUGH.

TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS.

PAVABLE STRICTLY IN ADVANCE.

To United States and Canada.

One year, \$2.00; six months \$1.00.

To Great Britain and Ireland.

One year \$2.50.

Remittances on account of subscriptions are acknowledged by change in the date of the printed address-label.

In remitting stamps, please send one-cent stamps only.

Comments on the Customs.



THE FISH-WIFE FIGHT RENEWED.—The topic of the day on both sides of the line is the reopening of the old fishery dispute, brought about by the rejection of the new Treaty in the United States Senate by the vote of the Republican majority. This action of the American Upper House throws the whole matter back upon the Treaty of 1818, a document which appears to have been written in Kilkenny English, as it has been the source of well-nigh perpetual dispute. Some parts of this Treaty are perfectly plain reading, however, and one of the clearest passages in it is that in which the United States Government renounces forever all claim to the privilege of transshipping fish over Canadian territory in bond. It has been found that this privilege is almost essential to profitable fishing in Canadian waters, and our neighbors are very sorry that they—or their grand-daddies—gave it up. They feel just the same about some other privileges similarly relinquished, and every act of the Canadian

Government of late years in the line of making American fishermen live up to the agreement of 1818 is resented as “unneighborliness,” “churlishness,” and “aggression.” We have done no more than defend our plain rights, but we have been unable to do so without seeming harsh, it appears. Well, we have always been willing to have the old Treaty revised, and a nicer one for Uncle Sam put in its place. We thought the Chamberlain document should have suited him, as it conceded nearly everything he had

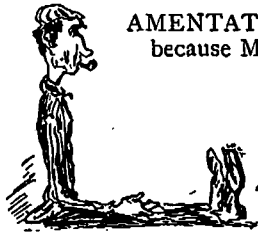
asked for, and it is not our fault if, for party purposes or otherwise, his Senate rejected it. As the President has said, the new Treaty was a fair and just one, fully conserving the honor and dignity of the United States. Under it the privilege of transshipping fish in bond was restored, on condition of the free admission of Canadian fish and fish-oil into the American market; and other coveted privileges were granted on equally fair conditions. But the Treaty was cast out. And what now? Why, the President, anticipating a renewal of the “unneighborliness,” “churlishness,” etc., has asked Congress and Senate to empower him to punish us for refusing to allow the bonding of American fish, by suspending the privilege we now enjoy of bonding general merchandise through the United States, which privilege we reciprocate by allowing the bonding of general American merchandise through Canada. Upon another point he also proposes to retaliate—in the matter of canal tolls; and here we candidly confess he has a just grievance. We mutually agreed to the use of the canals on equal terms by the vessels of both countries. In the face of this our Government has lately been discriminating in favor of vessels going *via* the Welland Canal through the St. Lawrence canals by granting them a rebate of eighteen cents out of the twenty cents per ton charged as toll. This cannot be defended except by a mean sort of casuistry; so, while standing firmly by the Canadian case as pertaining to the fisheries, GRIP earnestly advises that our Government lose no time in returning to perfect good faith as respects the canals. This talk of “retaliation” is surely poor stuff for the latter part of the nineteenth century, and especially between two Saxon peoples. If the President carries out his purpose he will injure his own country about as much as ours; but it is high time, if civilization is not indeed a failure, that this desire to injure each other should be counted unworthy and brutal. Nothing would go further to banish such barbarism than continental Free Trade; statesmen will begin to consider this when Protectionism gives place to common sense.

MORE IN POLICY THAN IN ANGER.—At this writing the President has not received the authority he has asked for as a preliminary to retaliation against Canada. Presuming that he will get and use it—and for one, GRIP has no doubt on either point—he knows right well that the measure will inflict serious injury on the United States, and for this he would be sincerely sorry if he were not so sure that the people will put the whole blame on the Republicans, and vote accordingly. He would be almost equally sorry to do an injury to Canada, we may well believe, as “retaliation” is really not in accord with his natural taste. But it can't be helped, under the circumstances. The Republicans *must* be dished. Let us all understand this clearly, and when our Prime Minister is metaphorically kicked as the representative of the Dominion, it will mitigate our pain to know that the kick, though formally delivered on our body, is really intended for Blaine of Maine.

IF a parent is known by the appearance of his grown-up daughters, it is a hard case for some Toronto fathers and mothers. When the young lady comes down street with her hair bleached canary color—though everybody knows it is in reality black or brown—her face daubed over with paint and powder, and her waist and feet pinched almost to the point of stopping the circulation of the blood, the observer does not bestow any thought on the manifest ninny herself, but at once begins to conjecture what sort of parents she can have. He is apt to conclude that they are fools, or at all events the one that rules the home is. A few years ago it was only the brazen and abandoned members of the *demi monde* who were ever known to appear in public in such a guise, and young ladies of respectable families never thought of imitating their fashions. Parents would not permit such imitation now if they had any regard either for their daughters or themselves. And on this hypothesis we must conclude that there are lawyers, merchants, doctors, and even clergymen in this city who have mighty little sense.

* * *

SUMMER is on its last kick. We know this because the excursion steamers have stopped running to the lakeside parks; the big exhibition is in full bloom, and the coal combine has just given another turn to its little squeezing machine.



AMENTATIONS are going up in Quebec because Mr. Chapleau has not been made a knight, and it is said that the distinguished and picturesque gentleman himself feels bad about it. He shouldn't permit himself to reflect upon our gracious Queen in this way, as Her Majesty is only waiting for an excuse to confer the honor upon him. At present there is nothing that would answer the purpose at hand. If Mr. Chapleau is really grieving on the subject, however, it is a mistaken grief. He is anxious to have his name conspicuous in Canadian annals; then let him remain as he is. Before he is a very old man he will find it will only be the small and select minority of Canadians who are not knights.

* * *

THE average citizen never hears the name of the coal combine without knitting his brows and clenching his teeth. By this he intimates that he knows he is the victim of a cruel injustice, but one from which there is no escape.

* * *

AND yet, O average citizen, suppose—just suppose, that the law of the country enacted that every man should pay as his share of taxes, simply the annual rental value of the land he held, without any taxes on anything else whatever. Ordinary people would be paying as a rule less than they are now, but what about the coal barons? If the rental value of the coal fields had to go yearly into the public till, the one object of a coal mine owner would be to get out as much coal as possible, and he would have to sell it under active competition. His chief aim in life now is to get out as little as possible and to keep up the price, competition being killed off altogether.

* * *

IT has sometimes happened that the yelping of a very insignificant poodle amongst the horses' feet has been the cause of extensive runaway accidents. That pigmy politician, Mr. J. C. Rykert, is at present running about and jubilating over the new customs order imposing a duty on the boxes, baskets, crates, etc., in which free American green fruit is imported into Canada—claiming that it was through *his* influence at Ottawa that this order was promulgated.

* * *

THIS is not unlikely, for the new regulation is altogether offensive and unnecessary, and may lead to considerable trouble. It is evidently the work of a "statesman" just about the size of Rykert—a blood relation of the lobster-can fakir of Congress. It is no doubt highly important that the Welland pettifogger should be allowed to make some capital with his fruit-growing constituents, by posing as their protector, but just now, when our relations with our neighbors are strained, is a very bad time to indulge in a piece of narrow-minded meanness.

* * *

THIS fruit-basket duty is more. It is a breach of faith with the Americans; and, moreover, it is plainly illegal, for it is in direct conflict with Section 8 of the Customs Act, from which it professes to get its author-

ity. It ought to be repealed without delay, even at the terrible cost of humiliating the dictator of the Government—the great and only Rykert.

* * *

ILL-HEALTH has had a long bout with Dr. Schultz, of Manitoba, but we are glad to note that it has failed to knock him into a cocked-hat. When the distinguished gentleman came down to open the Provincial Parliament the other day, in his capacity of Lieut.-Governor, he came down, like the sensible man that he is, in "a plain black suit and silk hat," discarding the tomfoolery of gold lace, sword, etc. Greatly to the amazement of the mossbacks, nothing in the nature of an earthquake happened in consequence. The House was opened with complete success. The Lieut.-Governors of the other Provinces should make a note of this. There is no reason why any of them should continue to make laughing-stocks of themselves on similar occasions.



THE OUSTED PARK ORATOR.

"Give me the liberty to blow, to stutter, and to wrangle freely, above all other liberty."—*Milton*—(ahem!)

AFRAID IT WOULD BANKRUPT HIM.

MISS BENDON (*who has been rusticated in the country*)—"Now, Mr. Seedman, promise me, before I go, that you will let your daughters come to the city and visit us this winter. I am sure we will all be delighted to have them come, and you, too."

MR. SEEDMAN (*who sometimes speaks with unconscious irony*)—"Well, I dunno, miss, I'm sure. We've tried our best to make your three weeks' stay ez pleasant like ez we could, because ye all did the same fer Sary Ann when she spent two days with ye last winter; but ef I let all three of the gals go and stay a month with your folks, I'm afraid I'd never be able to repay ye all fer sech kindness."



EQUAL TO THE OCCASION.

IRATE WIFE.—"This is a nice time of night for you to be getting home!"

AGGRAVATING HUSBAND.—"Yesh, ver' nice. Beautiful moon (*hic*) light; no peramb'lators on street; everything (*hic*) nice 'n quiet."

SANCTUM SKETCHES.

No. II.

"Bill," remarked the able editor of the *Mudge Hollow Hooperup* to his foreman, looking at him in the kindest imaginable tone of voice, "I see the daily papers are advertising offers to send their respective rags cheap to people leaving the city for the summer months. I can't stand this kind of competition. It simply means ruin. The *Hooperup* was never yet left, despite all the wiles of its jealous city rivals. We must still keep the lead, William; still be in the fore front, or my life will have been lived in vain. Gimme another bite off that plug of yours while I'm thinking."

So absorbed was the editor in his reflections that involuntarily he proceeded to put the disabled plug into his own pocket after calmly severing it in twain with the office shears. But William gently, yet firmly, roused him to a sense of the situation and rescued one twain.

"William," suddenly exclaimed the editor, "this thing must be counteracted! I have said it! Can we sit by unmoved and see the city papers leap into prominence like this? Never! Call in the apprentice, Bill, and we shall hold an emergency cabinet meeting. But stay—no need! Two is a quorum, and I'd hate to have that roller composition boil over while Johnny was away from it. You and I, therefore, will deliberate. Before opening the conference, Bill, look in the safe and see if the rats have left enough paste for next issue. No? Then I'll have to bring some flour from the house. I owe old Sugarson sixty-five cents now, or I'd send over to the grocery for some. But—enough of this. Let us get to the solid work of the session. I have had to stand a cut like this before on the part of the miserable city publications. Their free advertising dodge was promptly met and frustrated by the *Hooperup* when she first started. We issued a patent-medicine almanac premium and published a ready-print supplement for seven weeks, until the journalistic ghouls in the metropolis fairly trembled in

their shoes. That was before your time, Bill, but I apprise you of it now, so that you may believe me to be equal to the present crisis. At another noteworthy epoch in the career of this journal, when, by securing special cable reports, the contemptible villains threatened us with annihilation, what did I do? I simply launched out into an enterprise that saved me and struck terror to the souls of my urban rivals. I got my wife's father, a retired schoolmaster, to write a series of spirited articles on "The Decadence of Modern Philosophical Retrospection," I secured the services of O'Dea, the cobbler, to give us a weekly weather report; I paid a Steubenville correspondent twenty-five cents a month for regular items; I got a new heading for the paper, and I wrote up the village market every Saturday for two straight months. Get ahead of the *Hooperup*? By George, I soon showed 'em they couldn't!

Now, William, I am in again for balking these yahoos in their scoundrelly work. I will read you what I have written, and I want a candid opinion from you, not necessarily for publication:

TO OUR READERS AND THE PUBLIC GENERALLY.

HIGHLY IMPORTANT NOTICE WHICH IT WILL PAY YOU TO PERUSE.

Office of the *Hooperup*.

MUDGE HOLLOW, Aug. 8, 1888.

The publishers of this journal take pleasure in announcing that in response to many thousands of requests they have decided during the summer months to furnish a limited quantity of back Nos., unutilized and beautifully adapted for wall-paper and other domestic uses, free to all parties paying up and to new subscribers settling till the end of the year, for the small sum of twenty-five cents. This is an extraordinarily liberal offer, and it may seem almost impossible of execution. But we are in earnest and amply able to do all we say. In addition to this, and as a sort of summer Xmas box, we promise to do horse-bills at half-price for those ordering for next season; furthermore, we shall be pleased to give each birth, marriage and death notice, sent in within this period, an elegant and appropriate poem. Friends in this line of business will do well to hurry up and secure this reward. Lastly, as if to pile Pelion on Ossa, to all of our esteemed patrons who are taking a continental trip, we mean to send the *Hooperup* FREE OF CHARGE during their absence. It is quite unnecessary for us to state that our readers who go only to the sea coast or to any of the summer resorts on this continent, can always find this journal on file at the leading hotels. Now is the time to subscribe!"

"William, how'll that do?"

William thought the editor might have put it somewhat stronger; but he fancied it might catch 'em.

"Catch 'em, William, did you say? It will simply paralyze 'em. Since I became a publisher, my son, I have always ridden on the Band-waggon. There is no get-down-and-walk in me at this promising period in my career. By-the-way, William, I have been counting up this week. We have 387 of a circulation and only 362 sheets of paper. Cut off the exchanges, forget the dead-heads and leave us a quire or two extra to send out as sample copies.

"Get that notice in if you have to crowd out our own advt., and leave that dead patent medicine advt. for another time when we are shorter of stuff.

"Bill, I feel as though the country now was safe."



HE HAD STUDIED THE SEX.

MR. MOKE.—“Wondah wot Cleopatra Johnsing lookin’ so glum about? ’Pears dar aint nuffin’ lef’ to live for by de ’sprehun ob her face.”

MR. COON.—“Don’ yo’ know? She’s ben to de millingnary openin’, and dar she see a bonnet or a hat more ’diculous ’n wot she’s warin’, ’n she don’ know how she can git it.”

E. S. C.

KNOWING how eager is the public desire to learn all about Mr. Cox and his affairs, our energetic reporter has been at large ever since the arrest, with instructions to note whatever might reach his ears on the all absorbing topic. The following items he hands in under the suggested head of “Coxiana”:

Lem Felcher says the old maxin is true that the pitcher goesonce too often to the well, and Eddie Cox went once too often to Niagara. A pitcher generally gets into the box, Lem adds; and that is where the eminent financier has landed. He hoped, however, that this sombre drama of Cox and Box wouldn’t have a very long run.

Mr. Eddie Rutherford said he did not care to be interviewed on the subject, as he knew nothing of the case beyond what he had learned from the papers.

There was one point, however, upon which he felt keenly. If Mr. Cox is not released and allowed to resume his old place in society, the amateur minstrels will be at a serious loss for want of a broker to make gags about.

The gentleman who waited upon the table at which Mr. Cox took his fatal supper at the Queen’s Royal, was found, and said, in reply to our reporter’s questions, that, to the best of his belief, the distinguished gentleman had on the memorable occasion consumed two cups of tea, three bread rolls, an under-done chop and some sliced toma-

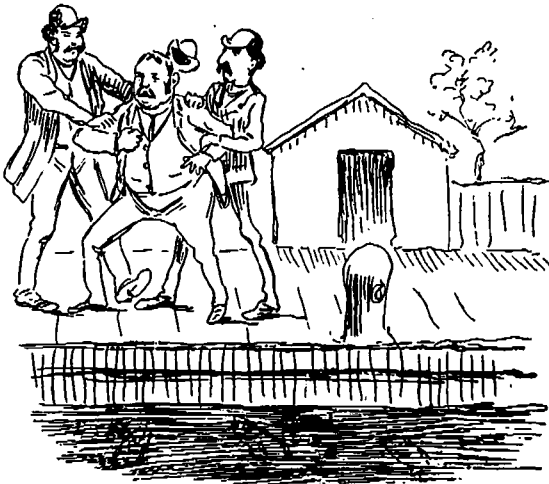
atoes. He could not say positively whether he had taken two or four lumps of sugar per cup. Our reporter discovered that the necktie which Mr. Cox wore at the time of his arrest was made by ginn the shirtmaker.

Mr. Alph Livingstone, the great temperance apostle of the Queen’s Park, was asked if he had any statement to make on the Cox case for this journal. “No,” replied Mr. Livingstone, “I can’t say that I know anything particular about it. I am astonished, though, that they should have so much trouble in baling Mr. Cox out. I know, of course, that he used a good deal of beer, but I didn’t suppose it was quite so bad as that.”

Mr. Robert Awde was found at his official desk in the Milk Inspecting department, and greeted our reporter kindly. “I have just been writing a poem on the Cox case for the *Telegram*,” said he. “Let me read you a stanza of it. It runs as follows:

“E. S. Cox has come to grief,
By crossing the River o’er,
He was safe on the U. S. side
But he Strachan-ded on the
Canada Shore.”

Mr. Jim Humphrey, of Queenstown, expressed the opinion that it was a blanketty blank blanked shame to arrest Cox. “Why,” said he, “he has caught the biggest pickerel and blue pike that have been taken out of this river this whole season!”



THE LONE FISHERMAN NABBED.

NIAGARA RIVER FISHES—"Ha! ha! how do you like being caught yourself?"

THE TWO TUPPERS.

To all whom it may interest
The knowledge we'd impart,
That Hon. Charles Tupper's not
Sir Charles Tupper, Bart;

The former is a bumptious youth
Who babbles Jingo bounce,
And whose official utterance
Weighs just about an ounce.

The latter is a man of sense,
And long experience, too,
Who in the present crisis
Takes quite the other view.

This Charles Tupper, junior,
Who thinks himself so smart,
Should get a thorough spanking
From Sir Charles Tupper, Bart.

TORONTO'S MUSICAL FUTURE.



TORONTO is a go ahead city and deserves its title of the Intellectual Centre of the Province, but there is no use in concealing from ourselves the fact that it is decidedly slow in the matter of musical colleges. We are glad to know that steps are being taken by certain of our public-spirited citizens to remove this reproach. It cannot be done too soon. While the cause of general education is so well represented in almost innumerable schools, colleges and universities, and the sister arts of painting and sculpture are adequately looked after, there is no reason why music should be almost utterly neglected. And yet what have we to show in the way of institutions for the cultivation of this divine and glorious art? Only one conservatory! And not more than fourteen colleges of music and thirty-eight musical societies! And not above three thousand seven hundred and fifty nine professors and professoresses who give private lessons in playing and singing!! This is enough to discourage the believer in Toronto's future, but courage, brothers! There is no need for despair yet awhile. Toronto is a little tardy, but when she gets

started she generally goes the whole figure. Mr. Torrington has first opened the "Toronto College of Music and Orchestral and Organ School," and the "Ontario College of Music" has been successfully launched on Carlton Street. This is a start in the right direction. In the fullness of time we shall see Toronto properly equipped with these excellent establishments. That will only be, however, when each of our teachers has a college of his own and a professorship in all the others.

THE FISHERY HONORS.

"COME, gents," said the queen, "get down on your knees"—
And she gave a slight yawn and a sob,
"My arm is quite sore making knights by the score,
And I want to get through with the job.

"Sir Ponsonby tells me you've earned a reward,
For doing, I don't know just what—
No doubt it's all right, but honors are cheap,
And it really don't matter a jot.

Er— what is *your* name? Oh, Tupper; ah, yes,
Well, Tupper, you've been pretty smart,
Let's see; you've a knighthood already, I'm told,
So I'll make you Sir C. Tupper, Bart.

You thus get a little ahead of your chief,
But don't you begin for to crow;
He's down for a peerage for eminent acts,
Gerrymander and Franchise, you know.

And who are these others? aw— Winter and Bergne;
I'll make them both knights, I suppose,
Though just what big services they have performed
To earn a reward, goodness knows.

And Ponsonby, here, send this G. C. M. G.
To Sir Lionel West, in the States;
And this little knighthood to Thompson despatch—
From the Fishery Treaty it dates.

There, I think that is all, and I hope it's all right,
Though what it all means I don't see—
Then a Foster-like voice seemed to wail through the room,
"But, your majesty, what about *me*?"

CONVINCED AT LAST.

MRS. SHALOTHOT—"History does repeat itself, Ezra, arter all."

MR. SHALOTHOT—"Well, haven't I allers told ye so?"

MRS. S.—"Yes, but I never believed it before."

MR. S.—"What makes ye believe it now?"

MRS. S.—"Why, this yere newspaper says the 'Siege of Sebastopol' is a comin' off at Toronto in September."

THE STINGER STUNG.

ONE summer day a honey bee
In quest of blossoms sped;
Then changed its course, and straightway to
The city went instead.

It buzzed around in quiet glee,
Unheeding man or beast,
Until a plumber crossed its track,
And then its languor ceased.

It lit on him and stabbed him deep,
The while in accents fine
It said, "Men often feel your bills,
Now how do you like mine."

The plumber pranced and clawed, but knew
Not whence his rival sprung;
While those who saw him said, "For once
The stinger has been stung." O. O.

BASEBALL LITERATURE.



"Knocked out of the Box."

I AM extremely sorry that Matthew Arnold did not live to read more of our American baseball literature. I think he would have liked us better if he had done so. In saying that we were a vulgar people and that the American humorist was a national misfortune, I think he criticised us hastily, for he was only in this country a little while and judged our hum-

or largely by the supply he read while here and which he brought with him in his trunk, but if he could have seen the baseball word-painting of our glorious country he would have loved us.

If he could have read that Richardson went out, Irwin to Farrar, that Foster hit safely and stole second, that Welch flied out to Wood, and all about Tiernan's scratch hit and Ewing's failure to sacrifice, and Ward's miss of a grounder that went through him, Mr. Arnold would have said that he had done us an injustice.



"He flew out."

We do not claim much for our long line of ancestry, and those of us who came over in the May-flower try to conceal it as quietly as possible, but here in this wild and savage land we are trying to build up a classic style of writing up our national game that will make the mother country tired.

I admit that I cannot understand it at all yet, but I am striving to do so and I am willing to work hard.

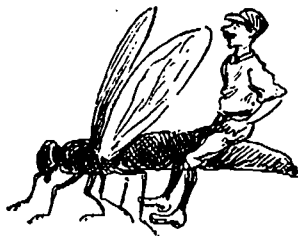
I sometimes wish that Lord Tennyson could come here for one summer and sit with me on a bleaching-board, with his numerous hair hanging over his top coat, while I explained to him that "it looked rather squally for the Giants, for instance, till Slattery jolted merry thunder out of the horsehide, tore the tar out of the willow, smashed



"To first on Balls"

the leather, and then, while the Phillie fumlbers were pulling dandelion greens beyond the Harlem, the Metropolitan infielder lit out like future punishment beating tan-bark, accumulated a one-bagger, a two-bagger and a three-bagger, straightened himself out like a long g waisted jack-rabbit across the plate and made his royal red home-run just as the New York Central got in, while the band played, 'Tommy Make Room for Your Auntie.'"

I think that Alfred would like that. If me Lord likes a vivid and searching style he would find it here. I am only beginning to write in this way, and it is new to me, but I think I can ultimately give a description of a ball game that will appeal to every heart. When I began I would have said, for instance, that O'Rourke swatted at



"Came home on a long Fly."

the ball and missed it, till the pitcher hit O'Rourke's person with it and then he went to the first and gradually



"Pulling down a High Foul."

got to the third base, but now I would say that O'Rourke, the Gothic extended catcher for the Giants, strove to belt the blooming ball to wind-

ward, mauled the atmosphere two times and concussed the life-preserver on the right leg of Umpire Daniels, was presented with one base as a mark of respect, and with a blister as big as a hornet's nest where he had tried to bisect the orbit of a hot ball with the bosom of his knickerbockers, he bungled a second, and while Hallman was muffing the orb, catching invisible crabs, fluking everything in sight and corking himself generally, O'Rourke lit out like a scared to-death bobtail hornet, fell forty feet horizontally, and with his ear full of hot ball, a blister across his meridian, a fractured thigh and his mouth full of sand, hoarsely ejaculated, "Judgment!"

There is a description that appeals to every heart. There is a literary moss agate that ought to tickle a man like Tennyson, unless he has a foolish prejudice against American writers.

My ambition is some day to write the lurid description of a baseball game which will go snorting down the corridors of time, along with Balaklava, Marco Bozzaris and the stubborn youth who stood on the burning deck. I want to write it so that it will be bright and jaunty in style, and yet I would like to put a little gadness in it, a description that should be rich in coloring, and yet free from information, a carefully and professionally prepared gem of literature that would contain about a column and nothing else whatever.



"Caught napping at Third."



"Died on Second."

The London *Saturday Review* says that "what America wants is a literature that shall smack of the soil." Here is the opportunity. Let the umpire take down the remarks of a Giant who has tried to reach nine feet and catch hold of third base with his front teeth, and then demand judgment before spitting out the north end of the Polo ground. BILL NYE.

A DOUBLE-BARRELLED ONE.

A LEADING up-town merchant has a coachman who is an inveterate punster. The other day he received a visit from a well-known barrister, and during the visit was showing him over his stable when Ned hove in sight. The merchant determined to give his visitor an illustration of the coachman's ability, so he said, "Ned, this is Mr. —, a lawyer, and a relative of Edison, the famous inventor."

"Law! yer don' say 'e'd a son," was the quick reply. The member of the "third estate" hasn't been able to take a brief for two weeks.

The merchant is doing as well as could be expected.



A GREAT HEAD.

MISTHER O'ROONEY (entering hardware store)—“The boss sint me down ather a pane av glass, tin be fourteen.”

WAGGISH CLERK.—“Well, Pat, I don't think I can give you a ten-by-fourteen, but I can let you have a fourteen-by-ten, if you think you can make that do.”

PAT (struck with a bright idea).—“Be hivvens, jist gimme wan av thim, an' Oi'll jist turn th' sideways av it upside down, an' Oi don't belave the boss himself ud ever know th' difference.”

CORRESPONDENT RAFFERTY.

Ballynafad, Canady,

Aug. 32, 1888.

I say, GRIP, it's me, Rafferty—Denis Rafferty, that's dhroppin' ye these few lines. Don't lave the “n” out av that lasht word, av ye plaze. It'd be a joke on me, acoorse; but the divil a bit av a lie in what I'm writin'. So your joke wouldn't be a throe bill, but a lie-bill. Ah-ha! me bowld buck. How's that for a commincement?

Say, ye don't know me, GRIP, alanna? No! I tho't not. Well, bedad, I know you. An' I was goin' to say it's mighty little good I know av ye; but I'll lave that remark over till me nixt. I nivir insult a man on shart acquaintance. It's only me owld frinds I fall out wid. That's wan o' me thrates ye'll pursave the more ye dale wid me. It's an agricultural anomaly I am, darlin'! The more ye cultivate me the worse I grow.

But, jokin' apart, GRIP, where the divil did ye come across that blackguard Terry Finnigan? Him that does be writin' ye simi-occasional lethers? I don't belave the man's decent. Upon me word, I think ye ought to look into his antesaydints. An' troth av ye did, ye'd find he descinded from the man that came from the back o' the Mall!

He's a bog-throtter, GRIP, or I'm a monkey—which the same I'm not, be a long shot, for I'm iviry inch an Irishman. Me father an' mother before me were Irish-

men, an' their father and mother before thim, an' so on till we rache Brian Boru an' his father an' mother, av he ivir had wan.

Wan o' me ancisthers on me mother-in-law's side was a neighbor o' Fin McCool. Shure ye've h'ard o' Fin McCool, GRIP?

Fin McCool

He wint to school

Wid the Prophet Jeremiah.

When I think o' that Finnigan an' the shtuff he scribbles, me blood boils. The murtherin' shnipe! The haythenish omadhaun! The limb av Ould Nick! Put me on his thrack, GRIP, an' av I don't wait on him an' bate him widin an inch av his life, me name's not Denis.

Lave his half-witted dhri-vellin' out av the paper, or, be me sowl, GRIP, I'll nivir rade another line in it av I live till I die.

Is it Irishmin's jokin' ye want? Thin call me up! I'm a reg'lar wan o' thim, an' I'll kape it goin' as long as there's a mail bag in the world to sind it.

Faith, av it's jokes ye want, me frind Michael Ryan got off a shplendid wan, wid himsilf the victim, too, begob. A man kim into the shtore where Michael works, an', sez he, “Is Misther Rine in?”—widout givin' the right accint to the name. Av there's anything in this mortal world that upsets me frind Ryan it is to have some gossoon make a mull av his name. “Rine, Rine,” repeats Michael to the man, “that's the name av an owld-time Timperance shpouter—D. I. K. Rine. No, there's no D. I. K. Rine here; but av it's M. I. K. Ry-an ye're ather, I'm the boy!”

Print that GRIP, an' ye'll have the whole counthry in roars!

An' while I'm at it, here's another:—

Jerry Sullivan an' mesilf were discussin' the Schott Act fornin' the post-office, the other day, whin along kim wan o' yer modern belles, wid a bustle as big as a bag o' bran.

“What a humbug an' delusion,” sez I.

“Throe for you, Denis,” sez Jerry. “But what a bowld attempt she makes at stern reality!”

Say, GRIP, sack Finnigan, and both Jerry an' me'll sind you the rale Irish wit that bangs Banagher.

Yours for good advice,

DENIS RAFFERTY.

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THE FISH-WIFE FIGHT RENEWED.

LETTER-PRESS.

"A LOVELY picture is it not?"
The damsel said to me,
"It is indeed a charming spot;
An artist I would be."

"And this descriptive matter here
(My mem'ry will transgress)
Is called, is called, oh dear, oh dear,"—
I answered "letter-press."

Yes, that is it, how stupid I
The term to so forget,
But still I needn't stop to cry—
The difficulty's met.

"Now if my lips should press your own
In swift and soft caress,
What would you say, my cousin lone?"
I answer'd, "let-her-press!"

Aug. 10, '88.

SNAX.

WANTED NEITHER POETRY NOR PROSE.

THE editor looked up with a wild glare in his eye as the man came in with an air of easy assurance, hung his hat on the gas jet, drew a formidable looking manuscript out of his hip pocket, and warbled:

"Nice day!"

"Well, yes," said the editor, "but not nice enough for us to want any poems commencing,

"There was a young woman from Durham
Who never would tramp on a wurham."

"Sir, I only called to show you—"

"Yes, I know you did; but we don't need any such truck as

"I love to hear the ponies neigh,
The doggies beigh,
The robins leigh."

"Sir, I told you—"

"Just so; and we really have no time to waste setting up articles on 'The Productive System of the Canada Thistle' or 'Wave Sounds on Calamity Creek.'"

"Sir. I—"

"Ah hab! and I'm sorry to say that we have no use for jokes on the poet with long hair, or the opulence of the gas manufacturer. Good day."

The man with the manuscript arose, secured his hat, walked to the door and said:

"I am very sorry to have troubled you, but as I intend to exhibit goods at several of the fall fairs I thought to give you an order for about 10,000 bills, etc., which will be for free distribution among the people. However, as you will not look at my manuscript, which contains the matter for the posters, I suppose I will have to go over to the *Daily Snorter* across the street. Good day!"

The editor sat and gazed after his visitor for a full minute; then he got up and tottered to the window in time to see him enter the office of his hated rival. Then he walked sorrowfully back to his desk and resumed work on his editorial, "How shall we Foster Canadian Literature?"

OTMA ORME.

A SELF-MADE MAN.

FOR the instruction and encouragement of the rising generation, we transcribe from the forthcoming biography of Mr. J. Smith, a self-made Canadian, a few interesting

passages which throw a trembling ray of light on the secret of this good and great man's success, which, it will be seen, was business sagacity and shrewdness.

"His first successful enterprise," says the author, "was a wood contract, where the wood cutter, who was paid fifty cents a cord for cutting in the bush, was forced to pile the wood closely and compactly. The wood John repiled so that cats could run through it, when he resold it in town, to simple householders, for \$3.00 a cord."

"After the wood contract, John struck upon another very profitable and innocent scheme for adding to his honest gains. This was a hay racket. When he had his rack half loaded with hay for the market, he used to souse it well with water. This was no doubt to wash off any grit which might still adhere to the hay, and make it fresh and clean; John was so anxious to give a good article to his customers. Perhaps John thought, however, of the advantage to his pocket when the load went upon the hay scales. After pressing, he finished his load with dry sweet hay, and departed for a somewhat distant town, where hay was high and he was unknown. It looked so dry, and in such general good condition, that it brought a ready sale, and, as he pitched it into the loft of an unsuspecting banker, he felt a glow of pride over his true integrity.

"John only occasionally indulged in these by-plays, but he made a steady thing of the milk business. Milk is such a pure white thing to deal in that it is a favorite article with men of spotless virtue.

"John kept twenty cows and sent the milk to the factory. Did he put water into the milk? you ask, gentle reader. No, by no means, nor did any of his family. He was too good, and pure, and noble to do that. His honest soul would have scorned such a mean, base trick. And yet he sent a great deal of milk, more than twenty very industrious cows could well produce. It was this way: In the early morning, while the dew was yet on the grass, and all was fresh and innocent, he rose from his bed and put a few pails of pure cool water into each of the large milk cans. Then he put the *milk* into the *water*."

SO INCONSISTENT.

It happened during the recent Prohibition Convention in Montreal. At the close of one of the meetings a mild, meek-looking man approached one of the speakers and said:

"I would like to join you all in this temperance work if it wasn't for one thing."

"And what is that, pray?" said the gentleman addressed.

"Why, you temperance people are so inconsistent. For example, all those people on the platform are strong temperance workers?"

"Yes."

"And yet many of them are often in company where several are drunk, and they not only do not protest against it, but sometimes take the initiative."

"Tush! man, you are misinformed; you—"

"No, I don't think I am, for I've seen them drunk myself, and (raising his voice slightly as the crowd increased) right in the lodge-room at that."

"Who? where? what—"

"Toasts!!"

Several pairs of hands reached for the mild, meek man, but clutched nothing save air, for the wretch had vanished.

O. O.

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To the Editor :-

Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption, if they will send me their Express and P.O. address.

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DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 37 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

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LAWYER (to prisoner)—“ You look as if at one time you might have been a respectable member of the community.”

PRISONER—“ Yes, sir ; but appearances are often deceptive. I practiced law until whiskey knocked me out.”

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CITIZEN (to tramp)—“ You look to me, my friend, as if the freedom of a brewery would be somewhat conducive to your general happiness.”

TRAMP—“ Yes, I wouldn't mind spending some spare time in such a place if it were well ventilated, and I wasn't interfered with, but if the matter were left entirely to my own choice, I think I would prefer a distillery.”
—Epoch.

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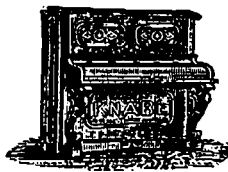
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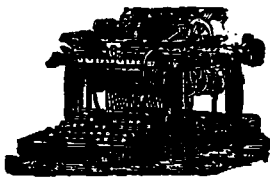
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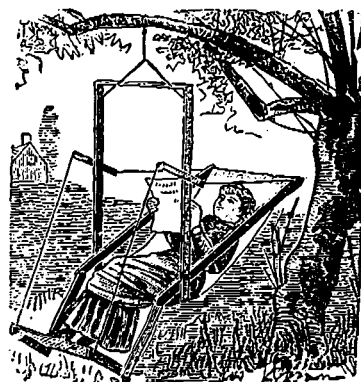
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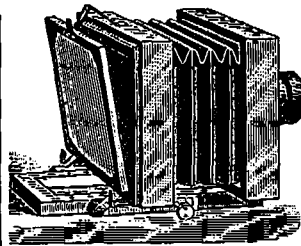


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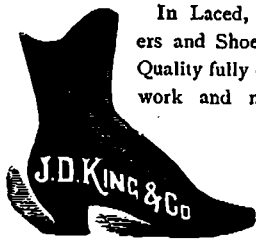
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