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VOLUME XXIII }
No. 15.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, OCT. 11, 1884.

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• GRIP •

AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL.

Published by the Grip Printing and Publishing Company of Toronto. Subscription, \$2.00 per ann. in advance. All business communications to be addressed to S. J. MOORE, Manager.

J. W. BRIDGEMAN

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.

GRIP'S CANADIAN GALLERY.

(Colored Supplement given gratuitously with Grip once a month.)

ALREADY PUBLISHED:

- No. 1. Rt. Hon. Sir John A. Macdonald.... Aug. 2.
- No. 2. Hon. Oliver Mowat..... Sep. 20.
- No. 3. Hon. EDWARD BLAKE:

Will be issued with the number for..... Oct. 18.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

The particular attention of all our subscribers, especially those of them who reside in the towns interested, is called to the advertisement of our Great Competition on the last page of the cover this week. No doubt every one of our friends will be glad to assist in doubling our present large circulation, especially when they can do it on terms so profitable to themselves, and thus widening an influence which is exerted—as we and they believe—for good throughout Canada. Our offer is a liberal one, while at the same time it is free from any taint of the prevailing lottery spirit. It is an honest test of honest work, so far as the competitors are concerned, while those who become subscribers are assured of full value for the money they pay, with a chance of getting considerably more than they pay for.

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—The political sensation of the week has been the investigation before the Commissioners of the charges formulated against the members of the local ministry by Mr. Meredith, leader of the Opposition. These charges are in the nature of a set-off to the Bribery charges laid by the ministry against Bunting, Meek, Wilkinson and Kirkland, though why the leader of the Opposition—who of course disclaimed all connection with or knowledge of the alleged bribery plot) should trouble himself to bring forward counter-charges or in any other way defend the persons who were really acting against his interests—is a point which puzzles us. Up to the present writing, the prosecution in this new case had succeeded in proving no more than what Mr. Mowat and his colleagues had all along admitted, viz.—That they advised the “Approached” Grits to go back and play with the bribers in order to trap them. Whether in law this is punishable as conspiracy remains for the

judges to decide. It is undoubtedly the tactics any human ministry would have adopted. Meantime GRIP has been quite carried away by the essential funniness of the situation. Our Cartoon falls far short of the reality in point of ludicrousness, but the feelings of trapped rodents towards the cat that is waiting to make a meal of them is no doubt the feeling entertained by Bunting *et al.* towards Mowat just now.

FIRST PAGE.—Mr. Blake told the people of Glengarry that he could truthfully claim but very little Scotch blood, though he no doubt thought that a good deal of Irish blarney would meet the demands of the occasion almost as well. If he is not by descent a Highlander, he was at all events trying on what is slanderously alleged to be a favorite Highland game—MacBlake was doing his best to steal the coo of his foeman Macdonald—a coo which MacBlake alleges the aforesaid Macdonald has no natural right to own.

EIGHTH PAGE.—In due time we shall have the “sweet girl graduates” after all. The doors of the university have been opened to the fair ones, and it is simply a question of four years’ trial—if the girls sustain their reputation as students—when a batch of them will come forth with B.A.’s on their little satchels. Our good old friend the principal has gracefully accepted the situation with a mental reservation which we have taken the liberty of blazoning forth on a placard. If the girls govern themselves accordingly they will find in Mr. Wilson a veritable guide, philosopher and friend, and their only danger will be that they may grow too tender in their feelings towards the good and learned gentleman.



THE LATEST MONTREAL HABIT.

(Drawn from life by our scandalized artist in the toniest part of St. James Street.)

TOO TRANSPARENT.

Under pretext of decorating the streets in honor of the recent exhibition, the *Globe* advised the citizens thus: “Hang out your bunting.” This covert pleasantry was evidently intended as advice to the people of the *Mail* office. A meek suggestion, truly.

GRIP rejoices in the growing success of the *Current* (Chicago), palpable evidence of which is furnished in its improved mechanical make-up, and the addition, this week, of an elegantly designed cover. The *Current* is the most brilliant literary weekly in America, commanding the best pens in the world. Moreover, it is in the hands of men who believe in God, and regard their high duties to the public as sacred. Every cultured Canadian should subscribe for the *Current*.

“Gossip.”—Montreal rejoices in a new weekly bearing the above suggestive title. GRIP welcomes the newcomer to his exchange list, and predicts for it a prominent place in Canadian journalism. This prediction is based on the fact that the editorship of *Gossip* is entrusted to a lady—sufficient of itself to ensure purity—and moreover a clever, experienced journalist, which ought to ensure sound judgment. It was from lack of these elements that every former venture of the kind in Montreal failed; with them *Gossip* ought to, and will no doubt, succeed.

HISTORICAL ORIGINS OF POPULAR SLANG PHRASES.

SOME THINGS NOT GENERALLY KNOWN.

II.

“DON’T YOU WISH YOU MAY GET IT?”

About the beginning of the seventh century Italy was misgoverned by a number of little tyrants who held control over certain provinces, and these, in their turn, were kept in trim by a big tyrant who, if they did not believe themselves, would threaten annihilation, or such lenient punishment as “slapping your—ah—chops,” and so forth. Historically the smaller fry were known as Sforza, Contirini, Colonna, Capulets and Mowatti, and the big fish, in different periods, as Barbarossa, etc. There was one Jacadi who was a very terrible despot indeed. Now, Mowatti, laid claims to a small farm as properly belonging to his province. Jacadi took the opposite side of the question. A fight was imminent and Jacadi used the elegant and imperishable phrase “Don’t you wish you may get it?” The affair created a terrible hubbub at the time, but Mowatti crossed the seas and brought a controlling power to bear on his opponent. The result was Mowatti *did* get it and Jacadi was proportionally mad.

“WOT D’YER SAY.”

There is some little doubt as to the real origin of this now common query, but it is supposed to have arisen in this wise: Sir Walter Raleigh was, as is well known, a great fop in his day, and in Elizabeth’s reign, as now, it was considered the correct thing by young bloods to affect a certain manner of speech, the custom of pronouncing the letter “r” as “w” being, as it still is, one of them. Sir Walter’s serving man was named Roger—pronounced by his affected master “Woger.” In the days spoken of it was the custom for every gallant to be attended at any dinner or public banquet by his own servant, and whereas Sir Walter went he was accompanied by Roger. The condiment known as soy was just coming into fashion, and of this sauce the gallant knight was inordinately fond, and as fast as Roger poured a quantity on his master’s plate, it disappeared down the latter’s throat, and, as Roger was somewhat tardy in his movements and Sir Walter very impatient, the cry of “Woger, soy! Woger, soy!” was frequently uttered by the knight much to the amusement of the other guests, who made merry at it and mimicked him to their heart’s content, and as a phrase such as the one quoted soon becomes popular, it was caught up by the little street gamins of the time and has been handed down to us in its present form of “Wot d’yer soy?”

"BRACE UP."

This is not, as is popularly supposed, a modern nautical phrase, as its origin can be traced back to the numerous frays in Scotland, between the residents of the Scottish borders, in the seventeenth century, the phrase having taken its rise from frays of another nature. It was first used by the mighty chieftain of the great McCrammond clan, whose followers were in the habit of making numerous raids or forays on the cattle of their English neighbors, and many and deadly were the scrimmages which took place. The temporary headquarters of the bold McCrammonds were located on the Braes of Blaquidauchirmuchty, a beautiful spot, where every prospect was pleasing, that of obtaining English beef at the slight expense of hard knocks, being particularly so to the Scotchmen. The McCrammonds were in the habit of meeting at the rendezvous at the Braes in question after a hard fight, there to partake of their ox-tail soup, or, as they termed it, beef brose, made from the hypothe-cated cattle, and in the midst of a furious meleé the gallant leader of the clan mentioned would yell, as an encouragement to his follow-ers, and to remind them of the anticipated feast, "A Brae sup, a Brae sup;" this slogan never failed to inspire the McCrammonds with renewed valor and vim. Old chroniclers, not understanding the Scottish dialect, have writ-ten the words "Brace up," and in this shape the phrase has been handed down to the pre-sent day, its meaning being "Pull yourself to-gether," or "Wire in for all you're worth."

MR. GRIP TALKS TO HIS NEPHEW ON CHEATS AND FRAUDS.

NEPHEW.

How is it, nunc, a butcher, when you want a pound of steak, Out of barely thirteen ounces will a pound quite easily make?

MR. GRIP.

The butcher man, my nephew, has a very taking knack Of pounding meat upon his scales; whatsoever it may lack In weight he makes up easily; from steak, sirloin or round Ho cuts, as you remark, short weight, but makes it weigh a pound. He presses down the scales, my boy, and slams the meat thereon.

NEPHEW.

That makes it weigh?

MR. GRIP.

It does, my boy.

NEPHEW.

He chuckles?

MR. GRIP.

When you're gone.

NEPHEW.

How is it, nunc, that loaves of bread, four pounds sup-posed to be, When weighed upon dear mother's scale don't touch much more than three?

MR. GRIP.

The answer is quite simple, and the question fully meets— The baker selling three as four—he actually cheats.

NEPHEW.

But isn't such a practice wrong? and do they no'r reflect That the city pays a man to go and all such things inspect?

MR. GRIP.

Oh! yes, of course, they're well aware of all these things, my dear, But when the inspector's coming round, they have a good idea.

NEPHEW.

And so they cheat?

MR. GRIP.

When he's not by.

NEPHEW.

What wicked men they are!

I'm very glad indeed, to think they don't resemble pa.

MR. GRIP.

Oh! yes, my child, you ought indeed, to be so very glad, That you have such an honest man as you have for your dad.

NEPHEW.

And so I am, but tell me please, is there no other trade In which such naughty work goes on, and where light weight is made? Are butchers and are bakers the only men who sell Their customers, just at the time they give light weight as well?

MR. GRIP.

Oh! yes, of course; wood-dealers pass as maple and as hickory The poorest trash; the coffee that the grocer sells is chicory. The tea is "faced," or mixed with dust; the sugar—

NEPHEW.

Oh! good sir, Don't say another word; I see how very bad they are. When I grow up I'm going to be an editor, for I see That editors alone from all these practices are fr. e. That editors are the only men who're good—

MR. GRIP.

My darling child, In cracking up the editors go slow and draw it mild.



AT THE ARCADE CREAMERY.

She—How beautiful! They are as graceful and pretty as deer!

He—Well they ought to be awful pretty then, for they're thunderin' dear, I can tell you!

CONFUSED ARITHMETIC.

Thirteen thousand processionists, says the *Globe*, speaking of the Mowat demonstration. Three thousand odd, by actual count, says the *Mail*. Being respectable journals, both, it would be heresy to doubt their veracity. There is a method in it, however, for the *Globe* man must have been in a state of quadruple vision if the *Mail* is correct, or the *Mail* man must have been a quarter sheet in the wind if the *Globe* is right. There is something mystify-ingly metaphysical in this affair, and we believe that nothing but the chameleon sagacity that discovered that "you both are right and both are wrong," can solve the problem. GRIP can't.

OLD SUBSCRIBER!

Just note this. Twenty towns of about equal population are going to compete—three canvassers in each town. The town that secures the most names gets \$110 in cash, divided in order of success between its three canvassers, and, mark this, every subscriber they take, as well as every present subscriber residing in that town, gets GRIP WITHOUT FURTHER PAYMENT, FOR THREE YEARS.

THE DOMESTICATED BRAVE.

BY CHAS. G. D. ROBERTS.

Once he had been a great warrior, but now all that was changed. Slowly had it dawned upon his mind that peace hath her victories, no less renowned than war. Therefore the war-path knew him no longer. The martial but monotonous music of the war-cry had no more charms for him. No more among his fellow braves would he dance the Dance of the White Dog, till the passion of bottle was upon him, and he was ready to go forth with his life in his hand, and dare the dreadful infant in his cradle. His scalping-knife he had beaten into a crochet-hook, his tomahawk into a tack-hammer, wherewith to mash his thumb each spring when tacking down the carpets in his wigwam. His articles of toilet—his turkey-feathers, bear's grease, fish-oil, charcoal and vermilion—he had handed over to his faithful wives, with which they made them-selves beautiful and fragrant. Once had he dreamed of enlarging his tribe by conquest, of delivering his people from the pale-face. But now all day he sat in his wigwam door, wrapped in a snowy blanket washed scrupulously every tenth year. And he smoked a short, black pipe, and minded the children and pondered how to discover the white man's art—the art of making the land yield two gallons of whiskey where before grew but a single blade of grass—that so he might be called the benefactor of his people.

Now these many years had this ambition been troubling his soul, yet at the time my story begins he seemed no nearer its attain-ment. His brow was furrowed with thought, but the problem appeared insoluble. Finally he made a great resolve. He would come to an end of his pondering. He would try. Retiring into his wigwam he consulted the large-bowed Bacon, and came away much refreshed, and wrote upon his cuffs two potent watch-words, "observation" and "experimen'." The unnoticed children, meanwhile, had gained access to the pantry, and were hastening to make themselves ill with cold fried horse-shoe and preserved tomato cans. Full of the inspiration of a new departure, he heeded them not at all, but moved majestically down to the field where his wives were hoeing corn. Long he stood and watched them, his snowy blanket gathered across one arm and drooping grace-fully to the earth. At length he behought him to apply the first watchword on his cuff, and straightway observed that for all the labor of his wives and his own long years of pondering, nothing grew in the field but simple corn. This he made a note of, at the suggestion of Captain Cutter. Coming again the next day, by careful and s stematic inquiry, he developed the fact that his wives had planted there but simple corn. This was a great step gained, and he made a note of it. Yet again he came when corn-hoeing was nigh over, and learned that in the place where now grew corn had grown not one, but many blades of grass, together with certain buttercups and other trivial flowers. The problem was solved. He wandered off into the woods alone, his pipe and his great gladness in his countenance. And there before him, in a little secluded valley, his eyes beheld a plot of soft red earth, nestling amid the verdure. And on this plot a single blade of grass!

Having set his wigwam in order he departed for the dwelling of the pale-face, in search of the one thing lacking to bring his dream to pass. He had made a day's journey when suddenly whom should approach but a Pioneer, with a patent reaper and a paper town in one hand, in the other a cigarette and a pair of gloves. From the pioneer's breast pocket protruded a small black bottle, bearing a splendid label of an orange color, on which was written in large letters the mystical in-

scription "Worcester Sauce." The Domesticated Brave drew near, and softly murmured "whiskey?" The Pioneer nervously shook his head, saying "I haven't got any." At this the Domesticated Brave was sorely displeased. Once, at half the provocation, or none at all, perchance, he would have flown upon the Pioneer and scalped him. But now, mindful that he was Domesticated, he merely frowned, and answered: "The tongue of the Pioneer is more crooked than the paths of the politician. What is in that bottle?" The Pioneer smiled then a deprecating smile, and said, "Not whiskey, I assure you." And waving the patent reaper blandly, he passed on. Then the Domesticated Brave knew he was foiled, and plunging madly into the forest he made haste to disguise himself as the agent for the sewing machine. Thereafter, having gone a long way round, he again came face to face with the Pioneer, whose knees fell a-trembling at the apparition, and the reaper and the paper town clashed together loudly, and the Pioneer prevailed not in argument against the Domesticated Brave, because of the disguise, but was convicted of unwisdom, and very meekly took a sewing machine. And the machine was to be paid for in yearly instalments, a method by which, as the Domesticated Brave attested, he need never be conscious of paying for it at all.

(To be continued.)

GRIP

Is now read every week by at least 35,000 persons. We want to amuse and instruct at least twice that number. Help us, Canadians! Every one of you can lend a hand in the good work, and do it profitably. Read our announcement on the back page of this issue.

FINE ARTS.

SCENE.—Western Fair. The "Patch-work Quilt" and the "Amateur Water Color" discovered conversing.

A.W.C.—How in the world did you get among the fine arts.

P.Q.—None of your chaff. Bless you, I was a "fine art" before you were born, hatched or heard of. You need not get mad—what a color you are!

A.W.C.—Not quite so "highly colored" as yourself, Miss Snapping Turtle, "thou thing of shreds and patches, thou."

P.Q.—Ail caused by my "chequered career"—but I've had enough of your conversation.

A.W.C.—What a cross-patch.

P.Q.—Patch indeed—patch yourself, but you are to come to a worse fate than patching.

A.W.C.—Indeed!

P.Q.—Yes, indeed! you are to be hung, sir! Do you hear me, you are to be elevated to the ceiling; there is no use concealing it.

A.W.C.—One might as well be hung as kept in suspense. So that is what the cord is for.

P.Q.—Precisely, you will be attached by it, *sus per coll.*

A.W.C.—Quite a cordial attachment. By the way, is it the judge on pumpkins or pumps who is to—discriminate on our merits?

P.Q.—Neither, it's the mangel wurtzel gentleman—one of the prize beats.

The title of Wilkie Collins's last novel is "I Say No." It was evidently not written when Wilkie was asked to step up and have something.—*Washington Hatchet.*

BOYS AND GIRLS

You can make money taking subscribers to GRIP just now. If you do not win the big prize you will at all events be well paid for your time. See particulars on the cover of this issue.

Canadian Newspaper Men.



No. 1.—MR. J. L. STEWART, EDITOR "MONTREAL TIMES."



The roller-skating craze has broken out again in our midst, and the devotees of the fascinating art have reason to be gratified at the conveniences supplied for them. Messrs. Going & Co., the managers of the Adelaide Skating Rink, have gone to great expense in fitting up the place for rollers, and are enjoying a large and increasing patronage. A grand dress carnival is talked of, but the date has not yet been fixed.

Irving is again with us, renewing his triumph of last season. Miss Ellen Terry is again illustrating the perfect art of acting, and the ensemble of the company is, as before, all that could be wished. Toronto is never backward at patronizing a first-class entertainment, as is evinced by the crowds at the Grand during the latter part of this week.

Uncle Tom (now in his ninety-ninth year) has moved his cabin to the People's Theatre, where those who like to cry and laugh for amusement are advised to go this week.

"UP GUARDS AND AT 'EM!"

This is what Wellington said to the readers of our competition advertisement. See last page of this week's paper. Puck in, young man. A good round \$50 is not to be picked up every fortnight, we can tell you.

SOME PECULIAR THINGS.

King Gama, in Gilbert and Sullivan's new opera, "Princess Ida," sings a very effective song entitled "I can't tell why." In my humble way I have endeavored to imitate it, only, of course, my production is far superior to that of W. S. G. Here is my effusion:—

I CAN'T TELL WHY.

Kindly listen whilst I tell you what I very often see—Some things that are peculiar it really seems to me; Some things that are permitted which should quickly be suppressed: But why they are not stopped, perhaps, by some folk may be guessed—

But I can't tell why.

When at night time I'm going home I see young bloods of town, Such as bank clerks, rolling round the streets and often sprawling down; I see them very, very tight, unable to walk straight—But strange it seems they're never brought before the magistrate—

And I can't tell why.

If a poor man takes a drop too much he's very quickly brought Before His Worship, for the poor a lesson must be taught; But when a rich young lah-de-dah gets drunk it's hard to find A policeman who can see him, for the pedlers seem all blind—

And I can't tell why.

I see poor, honest sewing girls toil hard from day to day To keep the wolf of hunger from their thresholds far away. I see girls dressed in silks who are not honest I am sure; It seems that hardship lays its hands on girls I know are pure—

And I can't tell why.

I see men clad in broadcloth, who daily pass me by, But into whose transactions it would never do to pry. I see men clothed in shabby coats who'd scorn a dirty act, Who'd be rolling in their carriages if self-respect they lacked—

And I can't tell why.

I see proud "ladies," richly clad, in street cars sometimes ride, Who, from their ill-clad neighbors, with a shudder shrink aside, And I think, that if all things were known, I'd rather be without The gew-gaws and the jewellery in which those women flout—

But I won't tell why.

I see men whom I used to know who're rascals, I am sure, Who now are very wealthy and out me because I'm poor. They walk across the street when they observe me come their way, Or heavenward gaze to see if stars are shining out by day, And I can't tell why.

They tell us all is for the best, but I should like to know Why people who are honest have so very little show; And why persons who are humble have to stand out of the way For those who've lots of money, as we see them every day—

And I can't tell why.

A SUBSTANTIAL REASON.

Several foolish young men were trying to tease an aged negro by calling him names, but the darkey preserved an unruffled temper. Finding they could not pick a quarrel by such means one of the young hoodlums ran up to him and asked:

"Say, 'you niggah,' what makes the hair grow so short on yer cocoanut?"

"So ye can't pull the wool over my eyes," replied the darkey, and he added force to his argument by kicking the indiscreet youth into a convenient gutter.

Anxious Inquirer—When you say that you have found the milk in the cocoanut, it is merely another way of stating that you have got the facts in a nut-shell.



THE CAT ON TRIAL

FOR CONSPIRING TO CATCH INNOCENT PARTIES.



SIC SEMPER TYRANNIS !

"Have yez quit the hod, Terence?" "I has." "An' f'what thrade are yez follyin' now 'Tis a Dynamither I am!"

A PROMINENT GENTLEMAN

CALLS AT THE SANCTUM OF THE MAIL AND GIVES SOME GOOD ADVICE.

(Gentleman in black raps at the sanctum door.)

What, ho! within.

M. J. G.—Who calls?

Mephisto.—Thy friend: old Nick.

M. J. G.—Entrez mon ami. French, ahem! come quick.

(Mephisto. enters and embraces M. J. G. warmly.)

M. J. G. (aside).

Dear me! how black he is; his darkness awful is,

In very truth this must be Mephistopheles. Tho' he looks dark he may not be so bad As he is painted. When at the Acad-Emy they taught me by Horatian story,

Ne crede—do not trust in looks - *colori*, Appearance is deceptive; all that glitters is not true gold, and pancakes pass for fritters.

(To visitor.)

Good day, sir. How d'ye do? Well I'm at leisure

To hear to what I owe this—well—ahem! this pleasure.

Mephisto.—

Well, Martin, I have watched you closely lately,

And must confess that you have pleased me greatly

In some things, tho' in others, pray believe me,

Your little errors do distress and grieve me.

I see, by many things you lately wrote, You've "just enough of learning to misquote."

Don't use quotations; or let us expect That, if you must, the words will be correct.

M. J. G.—Dear sir, you're too severe.

Mephisto.— Not so; I only say These things to you, dear Martin, in a friendly way.

Your editorial language shows ability Above the average in its vile scurrility. No cootermonger could be more abusive, And this to quarrelling is most conducive. The more the world is made to sin by you, So much the less there is for me to do. Full twenty thousand people cursed and swore As never twenty thousand cursed before, When they conned o'er your "Young Reform-ers" article—

There was no truth in it, of course; no, not a particle—

That's what I like! my journalistic youth, 'Twixt you and me, I can't abide the truth.

M. J. G. (extending his hand).—

Your hand, dear friend; these words just suit my mind, "A fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind;" I love you as a brother.

Mephisto. (hugging him).—

Thanks, my dearest Mart, Fondly I press you to my grateful heart; Now you, I must declare, sans hesitation, Are quite a master of prevarication. Martin, I love you, but I really wouldn't Pretend to be what I was not; you shouldn't, Between us, Marty, 'twixt us friends, you know,

Take my advice and go it rather slow When calling names; some busy little elf Might find out that you're nobody yourself.

M. J. G.—Sir, You're insulting!

Mephisto.— Pray don't be annoyed; All quarrels with my friends I'd fain avoid. I'm talking as a friend, a friend you really need,

My family you know is very old indeed. Now, give up calling nick-names; be more taray

In guying Frazer, Blazer, Lardy, Dardy, And so on; 'tis exceedingly bad taste, And, in your case, a little bit misplaced. I do not want a pet of mine to shock My feelings by being a perfect laughing-stock, But such you are becoming; people see You're not the swell that you affect to be, And patience has its limits.

M. J. G.— It has, and mine I know Is oozing out as fast as it can go. Be careful.

Mephisto.—

Pray be calm; for I admonish you That something will be said that will astonish you,

Unless you mend your ways; don't be offended, Offence by me is the last thing intended. You, like myself, Reformers do not love; I tried reforming once myself—(pointing up) above.

But when I put my notions to the test I must confess I came out second best. Of course you've heard, at Sunday School, the story;

I quit reforming and became a Tory. Now, Martin darling, I have said enough; Set people by the ears, but don't be rough. Perhaps I do more harm myself than any can, But then I do it like a gentleman; And when I lead a man to evil ways, Do it so gently that he chants my praise. In my domains below I have a host Of those who, when on earth, were loved the most

By men who held most enviable stations, And posed as Christians; I knew their reputations.

Now, Martin, ponder deeply all this o'er; Make people angry, as I said before, Foment their quarrels, but be sure and say Nought that will tend to give yourself away, Help me and I'll help you.

M. J. G.— My gentle guest,
Rely on me to do my very best;
Tell no one what you know about my history.

Mephisto.—
All shall be shrouded in the deepest mystery
If you'll assist me; falsehoods you may tell
Will cause your foes to utter lies as well,
And every lie counts one for me, old man.

M. J. G.—
All right, old fellow, I'll adopt your plan.

Mephisto.—
I'm much obliged, and when my way you
roam
I'll do my best to make you quite at home.
And now I think I'll toddle. Tra-la-la.

M. J. G.—
Good-bye, old fellow; so long; au revoir.

(Exit visitor in a flash, whilst *M. J. G.* strikes out such words as bull-pups, sluggers, tobacco-juice spitters, cads, greasy republicans, etc., etc., from an editorial in preparation.)



SCOTTY AIRLIE MOUNTS A BICYCLE.

DEAR WILLIE,—It's a wunner I'm leevin'. I'm black an' blue frae the sole o' ma' head ta the crown o' ma' fit. I'm blin' o' ae 'ee, an' canna see very weel oot o' the ither, an' it cost me a whole tally cannel to creesh ma nose wi'. There's naething like a tally cannel, its a fine thing for the nose. I dinna think ma ain mither wad ken me noo, I'm sae fou o' wounds an' braises. Ye see I got an invitation tae attend t'c Mowat demonstration—an' a demonstration it turned out to be frae a Tory point o' view. Noo, thinks I, here's a chance for me tae bring mysel into notice like. Ise gets a bicycle an' I'll pit on my McPherson tartan kilt in honor o' sir Davit, it'll a kind o' console him, for the onmercifu snubbin' he got frae Blake the ither day. Ye see I'm tryin to get a government place, an' as I dinna ken exactly which party I might be obliged tae yet, I thoct I wad haud wi' the cat an' play wi' the kilt; that's tae say, I wad figure in the Grit procession, but wi' the Phairson kilt on. Sae I got a bicycle. A bicycle is ae solitary muokle wheel, a' silver-eegeed round the rim; an' yo get astride this wheel, an' it rins awa wi' ye the minnit ye begin tae ca' yer feet up an' doon time about; an' than there's a little wheel that comes rinnin' ahint ye like a little collie doggie. The great defficulty is tae get up on the wheel, an' tae bide there when ye are up. Weel, I got ma bicycle oot intae the back yard, an' after I got mysel drest up in my new kilt, I gets out a chair an' proceeds to mount the machine. I canna understan' to this day hoo it cam abo't but the first thing I kent was a fearful pain in ma nose, a' the stars o' the farmament dancin' afore ma een, an' mysel spread oot on ma face, an' the bicycle ridin' on tap o' me insteard o' me on tap o' it. This was very humilatin' till a respectable man like me, the mair sae that giffin' hummer, my landlady's docht: was stannin' at the kitchen window just splittin' her sides at the sicht o' me in a kilt flectin' heels ower head, like that. Somehow

or ither I got up, an' after I got a' the bluid an' dirt washed off my face. I resumed the attack. I thoct on Bruce an' Bannockburn, an' tuk courage. I kent that lassie was lukin' at me, so I staps up quite brisk, an' after hoppin' about wi' ae leg up an' anither doon, for a while, I boldly threw my ither leg ower the wheel, and sat doon—on the sidewalk. It was most extro'rdner. I began tae think that either me or the bicycle was bewitched. It beat McPharson's horses. It was a most terrible settin' doon, an' I felt mair uncomfortable than I could very weel express tae ye. My nose by this time, had swelled tae sic an extent that I couldna see straught afore me; but for a' that, I was determined tae try again. There's naething like perseverance. Sae I got a hand o' the confounded thing, an' wi' some very superior engineerin' I just managed for tae first time tae get fairly set doon in 't, when flap ower it gaed sideways as flat as a flounder, an' me in the maist ondignified poseetion imaginable, bein' there, no able tae get up, wi' a bicycle a-tween ma twa legs, an' ma head in a shallow trough o' water, that the landlady keeps there for her jacks to soom in. The twa ree minutes I lay there I began to hae a most profound respect for ta clever fellows that cud gang whirlin' awa' like the wind on ane o' tae machines; and here's me couldna even get ap on ane without gettin' doon agin' willy-nilly. However I was vera shure I wasna' gaun to let that conquer me, sae I up an' at it, an' though I cam skip doon every ither time, and had a gude skin fu' o' sair banes, faix I got the upper hand after a', an' sat up as stiff as a poker, wi' ma feet gaun paddlin' up an' doon like the fins o' a deevil-fish. The warst job was the steerin' o' it. Dae what I like it wad rin across the road an' land me intae a plate glass window, or gang careein' ower some puir body's peanut stand, an' a' sic cauptris, that not only povereezed my purse, but brocht doon on ma puir head sic horrible profanity, tae sae naething o' bein' landed in an open sewer heed first, an' left there wi' my tartan stockin's wavin' i' the air. The vera day afore the procession I was birlin' away doon the street, an' I was just thinkin' sic a wonderfu' thing perseverance was, an' had cum to a corner o' a street where they were layin' the block pavement, when I turned the crank the wrong way, an' awa' it flew intae the middle o' the street, an' whumled me clean heels ower heed among the new laid tar, whar I lay an' stuck fast, till some jaberin' French Canadians cum an' peeled off half the gravel. The half o' ma kilt I left stickin' on the pavement, but on my road hame I tuk the bicycle an' marched it in to Andrew's auction rooms, whur onybody can git it for the same money as I paid for't. Noo—if I canna afford to get a horse or a cuddy, I'll just ride on shank nag for the rest o' my days. Gude folks are scarce in this country, an' if that machine was to rin me intae the hay some day, the Government might hae some deffegulty in fillin' the vacancy I'm waitin' for, sae for the present I'll just sign mysel, yer brither,

HUGH AIRLIE.

CAUSE AND EFFECT.

A late number of the *Sporting Times* finds satisfaction in the fact that the effect of the women and the parsons proved too strong for King alcohol, aided by the other King, Dodds, who endeavored to regain for the people of Halton "the glorious privilege of being independent in the use of unlimited alcoholic stimulants." E. King Dodds actually accuses the ladies and the clergy of that constituency of falsehood, prevarication and illegitimate exertions.

Oh! ye gods
And little fishes!
E. King builds!
It's too delicious.

HAVE YOU

Read the big advertisement on the back page of the cover? Here is a fine chance to make money honestly in the dull season. Read it again.

TOPICAL TALK.

Naples, I observe, on account of its filthy condition, is suffering most severely from cholera. So that literally speaking all you want to do is to "see Naples and die."

There was such a brief police court session the other morning that one of the reporters bethought himself of remarking that the "police magistrate had a walk over." In this respect fancy how much better off some of the prisoners were. They had a ride over the Don.

The purchase by the Government of gas-buoys for the St. Lawrence, suggests a reference to the gas-boys—But never mind. Any one who has heard campaign stump speeches, or seen Harry Piper carrying a "glim" at a political torch-light "hooray," will understand it all.

A would-be avenger of Custer, has been trying to transform Sitting Bull into a bull of more recumbent position. When they frustrated the man's design he wanted to know what bison-ness it was of anybody. I say this in anticipation of these American paragraphs who won't content themselves with remarking that it was a cowardly attack.

New York Aldermen, it seems, have been doing a little bribery and corruption business. Toronto city fathers needn't fancy they are going to enjoy undivided attention as active and enterprising civic engineers. By the way, did it ever occur to any of my readers that there were certain civic engineers who required the services of fire-men—with the accent on the fire?

"Mr. I—," said a young lady at a party the other evening, to a gentleman who had just split his kid glove across the palm of his hand, "Mr. I—, I am sure that glove is of poor material." "Not so," replied my friend, "it is excellent stuff; the very best in fact." "That seems strange," said the lady quizzically. "Strange, but true," affirmed the other, "for you see, Miss Julia," (pointing to the gaping rent), "this kid bares the palm."

By its late reference to the "Reform Young Men," the *Mail* seemed to be acting in a thoroughly honest and disinterested fashion. But, nevertheless, I now begin to suspect that it had an eye to the fortunes of its own party, and may possibly have fancied it can win over some Liberal adherents by its insidious flattery. I therefore warn these young Reformers, and all others on whom an influence of this nature is sought to be exercised, not to be misled by the *Mail's* blandishments.

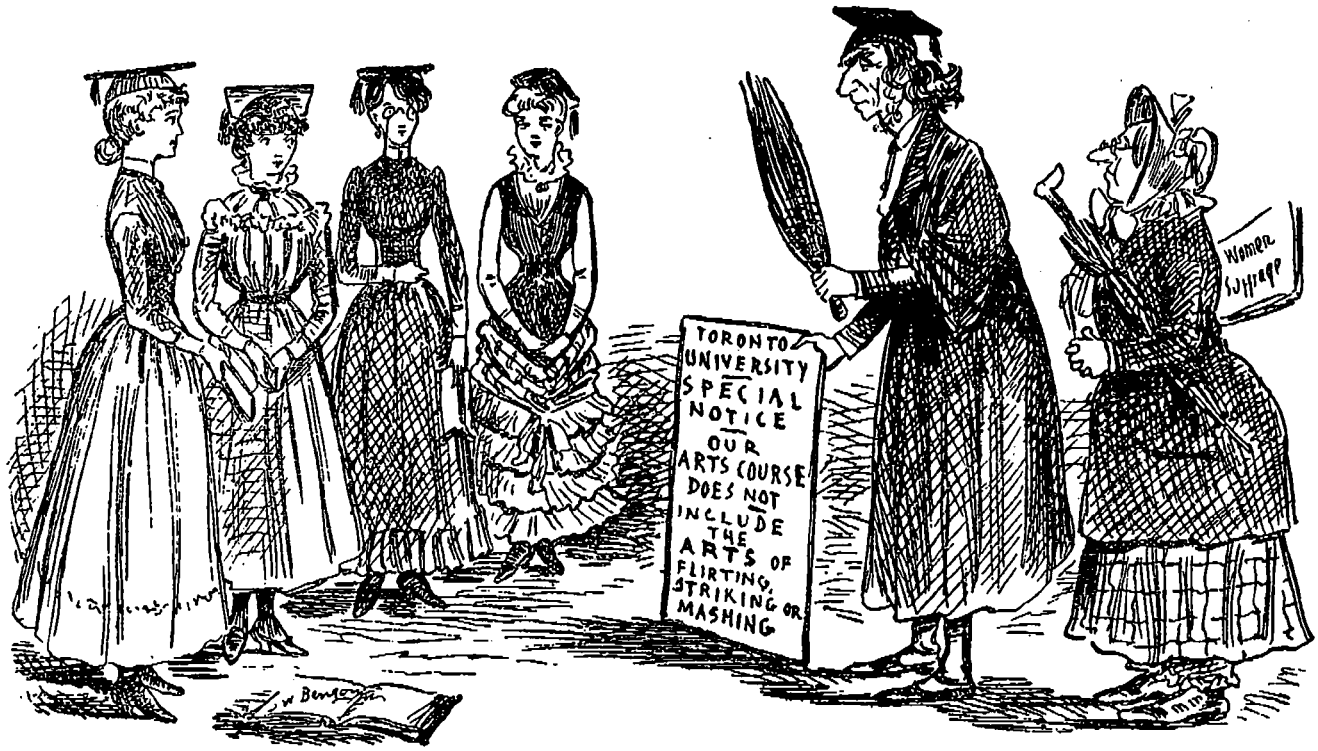
"General Gordon's Great Feat," read aloud my old friend Bletcherby from the heading of a war article in the *World* a few days ago. "Sakes alive!" exclaimed that dear old lady, Mrs. Bletcherby, "what do they want to tell us about the man's feet for? and if he has great feet it's nob dy's business, I'm sure. That there little *World's* allers a-rummagin' up things about folks. Read on, Elkeziiah, and see what it says about Mr. Gordon's feet, for I'm kinder curious."

"As your readers may well imagine,"—writes the London correspondent of a Toronto paper—"The news of the defeat of the Canadian champion by an Australian, who has hitherto been considered invincible, created no little surprise in the Old Country." All I have got to say to this is, that the people of the Old Country must have known more about Beach than they made public. But where the "surprise" about an "invincible" beating Hanlan, comes in, must be left to the intelligent correspondent to explain.

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THE LEARNED DOCTOR WELCOMING LADIES TO THE PROVINCIAL UNIVERSITY.

Old Kaiser Wilhelm seems to be a regular second General Sherman, for not only did he kiss Franz Josef and the Czar, at Warsaw, the other day, but he repeatedly implanted his imperial osculations on the lips of Mrs. F. J. and the Czarina and of as many grand duchesses and smaller feminine fry as he could get hold of, whilst the other two sovereigns looked on and snickered. If the gay old Prussian does things openly, what will he do when his beloved Augu-ta's back is turned. I have heard that she never keeps a pretty maid-of-all-work long, and now I see how it is. Sly dog, Fritzzy; sad dog!

Jimuel Briggs having taken the platform as temperance lecturer, recalls his famous mission to Ireland as a *Globe* commissiouer. He searched his pockets for a pistol when he was a *Globe* detective in Ireland, but as a *Globe* detective in Maine, Jimuel went around searching for pocket-pistols himself. When the gentle Jimuel has his say on the subject the intelligent people of Canada will pay far more attention to his out-spoken truths than to all the wild declarations of windy anti-prohibitionists, whose addresses unconsciously give one the impression that their wishes are father to their thoughts. Jimuel Briggs is a gentleman and a newspaper fellow; and a combination of that sort does considerable towards properly moulding public opinion.

A Michigan man was lately shot by melon thieves while he was guarding his patch with a gun. It is a pretty hard matter to raise melons even in a country where fire-arms are unnecessary for the purpose. If your chickens are considerate enough to spare the vines, your three year-old son will consider his mission in life unfulfilled until he has pulled all the blossoms off. If you are not afflicted with hens or a three year-old, a vagrant cold snap will drop down on you like a tramp in the fall, and, if you have a partiality for frost-nipped half-grown fruit, help yourself to it without any more words. Possibly the melons are permitted to come to maturity, whereupon a dark night permits several school-boys to come to the melons, following which you come to grief. The only way to raise melons with any satisfaction at all is in a burglar-proof safe with you alone the possessor of the combination.

Nobody knows anything about anything but the Britishers. As an example of this, behold how they laughed Mr. H. M. Stanley to scorn because he repeatedly declared that Chinese Gordon could get out of Khartoum all right if he wanted to do so, without any relief expedition from England or anywhere else. That Stanley was right was proved a few days ago, when General Gordon walked out of the besieged place, thrashed the besiegers, and was free. The General might have had the

decency to wait for that relief expedition after all the expense incurred in his behalf. It is hardly possible that he can be aware that a Toronto alderman gave up his seat in the council to go forth and give him his valuable aid, which, however, it appears he didn't want at all. In common decency Gordon should have waited in Khartoum till General Wolseley and Major Denison got there and exclaim, "Here we are; you may come out now." But he didn't; he got tired of being there and came out of his own accord, just as Stanley said he could. And now it will be a whole year and some months before the gallant Major Denison can be re-elected alderman, unless he comes back in a great hurry. It's too bad.

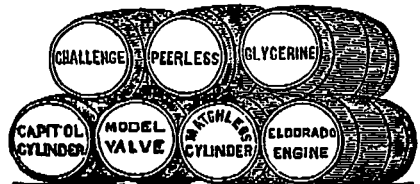
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