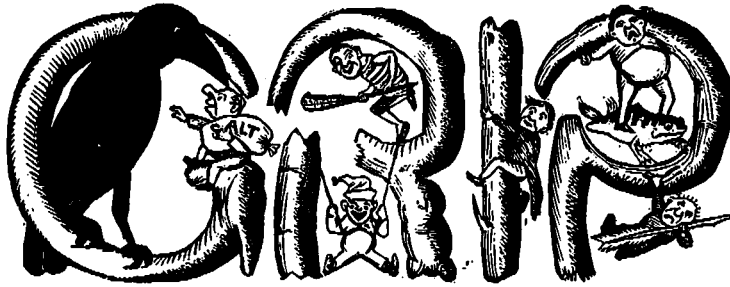


SMOKE "CABLE" S. DAVIS' "EL PADRE" CIGARS.

CHINA HALL!
THE OLDEST HOUSE FOR
China, Porcelain
and Glass
IN THE CITY. ALSO,
Stone China Dinner
Ware.
GLOVER HARRISON,
Importer.



The grabeat Beast is the Ass; the grabeat Bird is the Owl;
The grabeat Fish is the Oyster; the grabeat Man is the Fool.



49 King St. East, Toronto.

VOLUME XVII.
No. 14.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, AUGUST 20, 1881.

\$2 PER ANNUM.
5 CENTS EACH.



U. S. DONE FOR!

JONATHAN.—FAIR TRADE! THAT'S THE THING TO STOP MY SLAUGHTER MARKET BUSINESS. ASK THIS CHAP IF IT ISN'T.



1ST GRANT—"What is he that did make it? See, my lord, would you not deem it breathed, and that those veins did verily bear blood."
AND GENT—Ok! **BRUCE** of course. No one else makes such living, speaking, portraits.
Studio, 118 KING ST. WEST, TORONTO.

"CHICORA."

In connection with
NEW YORK CENTRAL AT LEWISTON, AND
CANADA SOUTHERN AT NIAGARA.

Leaves Yonge St. Wharf at 7 A. M. and 2 P. M. daily.

Tickets to all points East, and West.

R. ARNOLD, cor. King & Yonge St.
W. R. CALLAWAY, 20 King St. W.
BARLOW CUMBERLAND

5-9-81

35 Yonge St.

WHEELER & WILSON
MANUFACTURING CO.'S

SEWING MACHINES

The latest improved and most complete
and perfect machine in the world.

Office: 85 King St. West, Toronto, Ont.

The **MACKINNON PEN**

EASE, SPEED, ECONOMY, DURABILITY, CLEANLINESS.
The only Reservoir Pen in the World with a circle of
Iridium (diamond) around the point. A full descriptive
pamphlet, with prices, etc., mailed free to any address.



C. W. YOUNG,

General Agent for Canada,
Box 600, Stratford.

PITTSTON COAL. SHIPPED DIRECT FROM MINES TO THE TRADE **A. & S. NAIRN,** Toronto. —AT LOWEST RATES.—



AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

By BENGOUGH BROS., Proprietors. Office:—Imperial Buildings, next to the Postoffice, Adelaide Street, Toronto. GEO. BENGOUGH, Business Manager.

SUBSCRIPTION TERMS.—Two dollars per annum, payable in advance. Six months, one dollar.

George Crammond and J. S. Knowles are our only authorized travelling agents.

The gravest Beast is the Ass; the gravest Bird is the Owl;
The gravest Fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.

Notice to Subscribers.

When sending money in payment of subscription, be particular to write your name and post office address plainly. When ordering change of address, give your former place of residence as well as your new one. The date upon the address slip indicates the time at which your subscription expires. *Please glance at it from time to time* and renew promptly. Subscribers ordering the paper discontinued must pay up all arrears to the date of such order. Notify the publishers promptly of any irregularity in the receipt of the paper.

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—Sir Charles Tupper was, during the Pacific Railway Charter negotiations and throughout the subsequent long debate in Parliament, supported in his earnest advocacy of the Syndicate's cause by a childlike confidence in the gentlemen composing that corporation. In reply to the alarmed assertions of the Opposition that the privileges proposed to be granted would be a source of danger to the country, he declared that the members of the Syndicate were gentlemen who would not think of taking advantage of the clauses referred to. Sir Charles has lived to have this gratifying support knocked from under him. He is now aware, in common with the world at large, that the Syndicate is influenced in its conduct by business considerations—business only. Accordingly, all attempts at projecting competing railways in the north-west have been promptly snubbed (as provided for in the charter), and the land which was to have been sold so freely to settlers is either locked up or fixed at fancy prices in all desirable locations. Sir Charles has met the fate of the colored brother in the popular chromo, which we have therefore adapted to point a moral at the present juncture.

FIRST PAGE.—Comment is unnecessary. Sir John is still in England and the "Fair Trade" boom appears to be gaining force.

EIGHTH PAGE.—The obstinacy of Lord Salisbury and his fellows in the House of Peers in their opposition to Gladstone's Land Bill was such as to render no apology necessary for the introduction of the humble representative quadruped in the sketch. The Lords seemed determined not to take the jump required of them,

but John Bull is came up in the rear, and was in no humor to put up with the stupidity and insolence of the privileged class in this matter. Since our sketch was engraved, the critter has gracefully jumped the dyke.

The relapse suffered by President Garfield during the early part of this week caused the utmost anxiety throughout the Continent—or rather the world. The feeling of hope that was so generally indulged has been succeeded by a chilling atmosphere of doubt and apprehension.

W. W. Cole's circus is announced to spread its canvas in Toronto early in September. Mr. Cole is a Canadian, and they say he has one of the best organizations in the world of shows. As the exhibition will be going on at the time set for the performance of the circus, a fine financial haul is pretty well assured.

The Bradlaugh business is taking a rest, the enactment over the attitude of the Lords on the Land Bill having supplanted it in the public mind. Mr. Bradlaugh is still suffering from the effects of his Quixotic attack on the British Parliamentary Windmill, and is not likely to renew the fight till he gets real strong.

The Marquis is having a pleasant time on his western tour, apparently. He is meeting with all the enthusiasm that his presence is calculated to arouse, and we trust nothing will occur to mar the smoothness of his progress. Meantime the Dominion plunges madly along without his guiding hand upon the helm, and nobody seems to know it.

The "intelligent compositor" has been at it again. In one of the city papers there is a displayed advertisement of a brewery, in which Prof. Croft's analysis of a certain sort of beer is given in bold type. The learned gentleman is made to declare, that as the result of his examination he finds this liquor "a pure and therefore wholesale beverage."

The Duke of Argyll is said to have sent his son a letter advising him to resign the Governor-Generalship of Canada, all on account of the Land Bill. If true this is exceedingly cruel of the Duke, as it will be very hard to find another Governor-General like the Marquis—very hard indeed. It is not likely, however, that the irate nobleman's letter reached the personage in question, but if it did he ought to cable in reply: "Can't resign any official duties, as I am not performing any at present. Wait till you get cool, then write again."

The brutal murder of an inoffensive old man at Ottawa by a pack of rowdies who were carrying on a *charivari* on the occasion of the victim's marriage has evoked strong feeling on all sides, and the guilty parties, who are now in custody, will probably receive their just deserts. If the law made this senseless business of *charivaris* a felony, few would have any objection to offer. It is not safe to leave the rough element under the impression that assaults of this character are in any way privileged because they are committed under cover of a "custom."

And now it is reported that Senator Boyd is to be taken into the Cabinet. When this is done they will have bonfires in St. John, where the Senator is known and liked by everybody—excepting a few. Mr. Boyd is decidedly superior in ability to any man at present in the Cabinet with perhaps three exceptions, and the Premier could hardly make a better selection if it is found necessary to take in a new Minister.

The Royal will continue under the management of Mr. Cowner, under whose direction the house has been thoroughly re-decorated during the vacation. Several new scenes have been painted by Geo. Morris, Sr., while Mr. Ambler and Mr. Powers have supplied new mechanical effects and properties. The Royal is now a bright and beautiful place, and as thoroughly equipped for theatrical purposes as any similar institution on the continent.

Some American papers are making an ado over the alleged stealing by Canada of some mail-bags belonging to the United States. What mail-bags? We haven't seen any of your measly old mail-bags lying around, but see here, Jonathan, we'll look around our premises, and if we find any of the bags we'll send them over to you, providing you'll return a couple of hundred of them filled with the surplus British gold you got on the Alabama award. What do you say?

The work on Yonge street goes slowly on. The road is now broken as far as Queen street, graded up to Richmond, and paved about half that distance. If our suggestion of last week as to the aldermen holding candles to the labourers is not to be adopted, let us have the electric light forthwith. From the way civic business is managed it would appear that our aldermen are not fit to hold candles to anybody. There is no reason why a night gang shouldn't be put on and the work pushed ahead.

If we understand it correctly, the objection to Bradlaugh's taking his seat is that he refuses to take the oath, as he has no belief in a Deity; or he admits that if he did take the oath, it would not be more sacred to him than his mere affirmation. This is honest, at all events, and seeing that there are scores of sitting members who are as truly atheists as Bradlaugh, and hypocrites at that, we entirely fail to see why the British Lion should make an exceptional dead set against this one man. It is an exhibition of injustice of which we, as British colonists, are ashamed before the world.

Abal the Prince of Wales is done for now! He is charged with having played lawn-tennis on a Sunday. Parliament ought to take action forthwith to prevent any possibility of his ever ascending the British throne. Let Mr. Bradlaugh, who resigned his membership at the Club because Albert Edward joined, see to this at once. The Prince and his friends have lost no time in denying the charge and vindicating the royal character. After all, it may not be true. Perhaps at the very hour indicated H. R. H. was smoking a cigar and reading "Nana" on his own back stoop.

An appeal to the country seems imminent as the upshot of the present English dead-lock. In that event the Conservatives anticipate good results from the agitation over the side issue of "Fair Trade." The Liberals both here and at home pooch-pooch this, but it would be better to postpone their expressions of scorn and contempt until after the event. The Englishman, as well as the Canadian, carries his heart in his pocket. If the people become convinced that "Fair Trade" will make them richer, the Conservatives will carry the day, Land Bill or no Land Bill.

The Royal Opera House will be opened for the dramatic season on Monday evening next, when Miss Ada Gray, an emotional actress, well known and highly esteemed by Toronto playgoers, will appear in *East Lynne*, supported by Mr. Geo. Darrell, a noted Australian actor, and a specially selected company. Matinees will be given on Wednesday and Saturday. This attraction will be followed on Monday, 29th, by Miss Kate Glassford and her Company, who perform three evenings with one matinee, to be succeeded by a fine company in Augustin Daly's great success, "Needles and Pins."



THE CONCEIT OF TORONTO.

The inoffensive conceit, the inflated pride and intolerable "puffed upness" of Toronto is just now serving as a subject for the pens of the outside newspapers in the absence of political papulum. It is a good subject and a large one. The *Globe* has frankly admitted the truth of the allegation that Toronto is proud, and puts in a plea of justification. It mentions some of our noble institutions and asks if we have not good reason to be a trifle conceited about them; moreover, it mentions the fact that we are a self-made city, and points out the habit self-made people have of worshipping their makers. But the *Globe* passes by many interesting particulars. Toronto's aggregate of justified conceit is made up of the proper pride of her citizens as individuals; for instance:

Mr. Gordon Brown is proud because the *Globe* never tells anything but the truth, and always treats political opponents fairly and generously. Mr. Baxter is proud because he is universally looked upon as a square man, and because no other alderman can fill a chair like he can.

Mr. Bunting is proud because he has a tall tower on his building; is the proprietor of the leading newspaper in Canada, and owns an editor that will write anything he is asked to.

Mr. Boustead feels conceited because whenever he acts as proxy for the Police Magistrate,

Doc. Sheppard doesn't dare show his ebony countenance in the dock.

Mr. Gzowski is a trifle puffed up because they can't do anything in the city, financially, theatrically, musically, religiously or otherwise without putting his name on the bills.

Mr. Wm. McMaster is exorbitantly vain because he keeps an open purse and never grows weary in well-doing.

Mayor McMurrich is proud because he is the handsomest Chief Magistrate in the Dominion, and rules over a city which manages its water and gas pipes worse than any other in the World.

Mr. George Laidlaw is conceited because he regards himself as a sort of Colossus of Roads, because he fought and conquered the Grand Trunk single handed, and because the Credit Valley is turning out to be a valley of cash.

Deen Grassett is proud because the funds connected with the Dennerly have reached magnificent proportions, and because, under the maternal care of St. James' Cathedral, Stanley at., has become a most savoury thoroughfare.

Mr. J. Ross Robertson is vain because he is growing rich on the pirated productions of other men's brains, and because his paper is edited by a Young Man with a Powerful Mind.

Rev. Dr. Wild is stuck up because he has lifted Bond Street Church out of the slough of despond, and because he knows just what is going to happen in the political and religious world from now to the crack of doom. Several other city pastors are conceited because they don't have to preach to crowds like those that flock to Bond street.

Mr. Sheppard is conceited enough to think that the interests of the Grand Opera House can be promoted by neglecting due courtesies to writers on the press. This is the solitary instance of unjustifiable vanity.

Besides, Toronto is the only city that has a Yonge street and a Grip!

The Parliament of the Cats.

It was a lovely summer night,
A summer night in June;
I leaned against the window-sill,
And gazed upon the moon.
That orb was shining overhead,
With pale and modest light,
Its mimic picture on the lake,
Was traced in moonbeams bright.

Now everything had settled down,
And everything was still,
Save for the rustling of the leaves;
The murmuring of the rill.
When suddenly from earth arose,
A melancholy cry,
And, by the moonlight, on the fence,
Gramalkin's form I spy.

I watched his movements carefully,
To see what he would do.
He calls again; and now I see,
Gramalkin number Two.
And now the cats from far and near,
Are gathering at the call,
And each one as he takes his seat,
Gives forth a "cakerwall."

They watch each other stealthily,
Maintaining all the while,
A kind of "armed neutrality,"
Quite of the "jingo" style.
The members of the Government,
Are there in force to-night;
The Opposition number strong—
—A most imposing sight.

There you behold the Speaker grim,
Sedatest of the cats,
Sitting on a flower pot,
And thinking—well—of rats.
There is the cat that always speaks,
An hour or so too long;
There is the one, who, like our "Joe,"
Indulges in a song. (?)

The leader of the royal Op-
Position now begins,
And reads a long indictment,
Of Governmental sins.
A member of the Government,
Upriseth to reply,
And quoteth facts and figures,
With statistics dull and dry.

The leader of the Government,
Is called on to respond,
And calls the *other* leader,
By pet names, far from fond.
A fery cat gets up to speak,
With direful intent,
But finds, after an hour or so,
His energy mis-spent.

For now the fight commences,
In true Canadian style;
With "parliamentary language,"
Each other they revile.
They mind not cries of "order,"
Nor heed the Speaker's call;
With eyes aflame, and tails erect,
On one another fall.

The Speaker sits in silence,
Regardless of the fray;
But, in a pause of battle,
These words I heard him say:—
"Ye members of the Government,
"Why fight ye so to-night?
"Ye loyal Oppositionists,
"What do ye want? More light?"

"If so, ye must not seek it,
By force of jaw—absurd!
"Such actions and such language,
"At Ottawa are heard!
"Would ye descend to imitate,
"Those legislators' tricks?
"And try to force your measures,
"By scratches and by kicks?"

"Such actions are unworthy,
"Of minds so vast as yours,
"Such pranks as you have played to-night,
"Just ridicule insures."

And now a silence settles,
On the assembly of the cats,
They all slink off disgusted,
Helped on by dark "brick-bats,"

For the neighborhood ariseth,
Ariseth as one man,
They pelt that cat's assembly,
With stick, and stone, and can.
And now no more at sunset,
Meets that Parliament of Cats,
For a divulsion's taken place,
And the Speaker's after rats.

F.R.H.



A VOICE FROM HOME.

D-ke of Arg-ll.—Hi, there! John Douglass Sutherland! You come home at once, I won't have you playing with that common Gladstone boy!

Probably the boy never lived who, having a drum, did not burst it to see what made the music. But Vermont has the champion boy. He broke his drum because he wanted to see the drum core his father spoke of.



THE YOUNG IDEA AT BOND STREET.

Rev. Dr. W-d.—Now, my dear, how do you know that the Emperor of Russia is the lineal descendant of Nebuchadnezzar?
Sunday School Boy.—'Cause I heard you say so in church.
Rev. Dr. W-d.—Correct. And can you tell me what it was Nebuchadnezzar fed upon when he was driven out to the wilderness?
Sunday School Boy.—'Leeks!!

Fair Rosamond.

A TRAGEDY IN FOUR ACTS, BY GRIP'S OWN DRAMATIST.
 Entirely Unindebted to Mr. Swinburne's Tragedy on the Same Subject.

ACT I.—The Palace of King Henry the Second.

Mrs. Grundy enters. To Queen Elinor.

Mrs. Grundy:
 Why please your Highness, everybody knows it, That at His Majesty, the second Henry, That hussy, Mistress Rosamond, makes eyes. Sich goings on is dreadful!

The Queen:
 I'll make her, rue it, The wretch, that flirteth with my royal husband— Tell me her present post office address?

Mrs. Grundy:
 The King, they say, has built for her at Woodstock. A place they call the *Maze*, since it amazes Whoever tries without the clew to enter.

The Queen:
 I'll get the clew, and she shall get the claw, And teach such queans to hold the queen in awe.
Exit Queen, Mrs. Grundy holding her train.

ACT II.—The *Maze*—Fair Rosamond and King Henry in the best Parlor.

King:
 Fair Rose, accept of this ice cream—'tis sweet As are your eyes, and roseate as your lips.

Enter Archbishop Thos. a Becket.

Thos. a Becket:
 What, ho, sir King! are England's revenues To furnish for this minion, strawberries And ice creams, meet for mother church's picnics? See that thou pay in quitance for this scandal, A score of coined rose-nobles.

Rose:
 Oh! my lord, Why pay rose-nobles for poor ignoble Rose?

King:
 Will no one rid me of this meddling Prelate?

Four Knights, without:
 We hear, lord King, and all are willing, very; And this place-proud high priest of Canterbury, We'll cauter first and then proceed to bury.

Thos. a Becket rides away—The four Knights ride after him. For his murder at Canterbury see our local exchanges of the period.

King and Rosamond eat more ice cream.

ACT III.—The *Maze*—Best parlor table with empty ice cream cups—Rosamond on lounge with guitar.

Rosamond sings:

Ah moi que je suis triste ce soir!
 Helas! et je ne sais pour quoi—
 Ne pas pour l'amour qui va partir,
 Mais cette douleur me fait mourir—
 Belle Rosamond est blanche que belle
 Mal d'estomac fait blanchir elle,
 Maudit "ice cream" mange
 Me fait malade—je sais pour quoi!

Enter Queen Elinor:

You painted hussy whom the rooks call *fair*,
 (If I'm not fairer I will eat my head off.
 He! he!) As EDWARD BLAKE says in his speeches,
 "One of two courses lies before you." Take
 This dagger. GOLDWIN SMITH has sharpened it
 'Gainst BROWN, and GORDON BROWN 'gainst GOLD-
 WIN SMITH!
 —This use—or else this bowl of poison finish.

(Displays huge bowl of ice cream.)

Rosamond:

In mercy, Queen, give me some other poison!
 Restaurant tea or picnic lemonade—
 The dire sour cider of the Queen street fruit stores—
 Dandly doughnut, or pie like circular saw!

Queen:

No! no! take this, to this I guess you'll tumble.
 Hear! take what suits your case—this ice cream.

Rosamond:

I scream! Dies.

ACT IV.—Enter King Henry with ecclesiastics and flagellants bearing cat-o'-nine-tails.

Queen Elinor:

Your Majesty is welcome; come and stand
 Between dead mistress and live wife. Ah false one!
 I have some few words for your private car.
 (Goes for his hair.)

King Henry:

Excuse me—not to-night—some other night!
 Fact is, most urgent business. Becket's murder.
 (No fault of mine, fault of those other fellows.)
 Must be atoned for by some certain floggings
 From these good monks at poor dear Becket's tomb.

Aside:

I wish old Becket were alive; her scolding
 I dread more than his lordship's longest sermon!

Queen:

That's so! Good monks give me the cat-o'-nine-tails;
 —I know just how to warm his royal back!
 I will avenge our Prelate properly.

King:

It may not be—such action in a Queen
 Were too much kind of Rights of Women business!
 Move on good monks, and as ye love your skins,
 Be very gentle in your flagellations.

Monk:

We will but smite your Highness as the school marm
 Smites the inspector's girl before the inspector.
 (They move away.)

Queen:

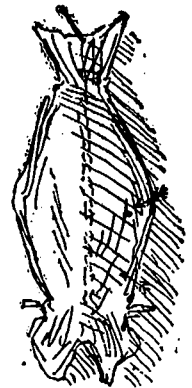
I will contrive, and do not you forget!
 To comb your royal wig, a stool of repentance yet.

Tableau fini.



THE FACETIOUS MINISTER.

P-pe.—How are you, old man?
T-U-y.—O Toller-able, thank you. How are you?
P-pe.—Pretty well, relatively speaking.



MAKE NO MISTAKE.

This is not a codfish, showing where the fish ball is located; it is a faithful copy of the *Globe's* engraving of the diagnosis of the Garfield case.

Young Canada to His Respected Parent, Squire Bull.

DEAR POP,—As I know that Mr. *Globe* has been on a visit to your part of the world, I fear, as the old lady has rather a long tongue, she may have been telling you that Mr. G. Smith, who was once a tutor to your boys, has a spite against you, and has been trying to make me feel the same. Now I want to tell you that there is no sense in that, no ways. Mr. G. Smith is a very nice young man, but he couldn't set me against you if he tried ever so, and for all Mr. Smith says, I believe he don't want to.

But look here, Pop, I put it to you if it is not a little hard on a young fellow like me in one or two things I would like you to consider.

1. If immigrants from Germany or elsewhere come to Canada, we can not give them naturalization. If they go over to a city in the States, to Uncle Sam, and are unjustly treated, we have no power to help them; less than no power, because he has an old grudge against you. So the immigrants know this and go to Uncle Sam's place instead of to mine.

2. Our militia costs Canada quite a sum every year, yet you won't let Canada appoint a single colonel. Now, Pop, is this fair? I ask you as a man.

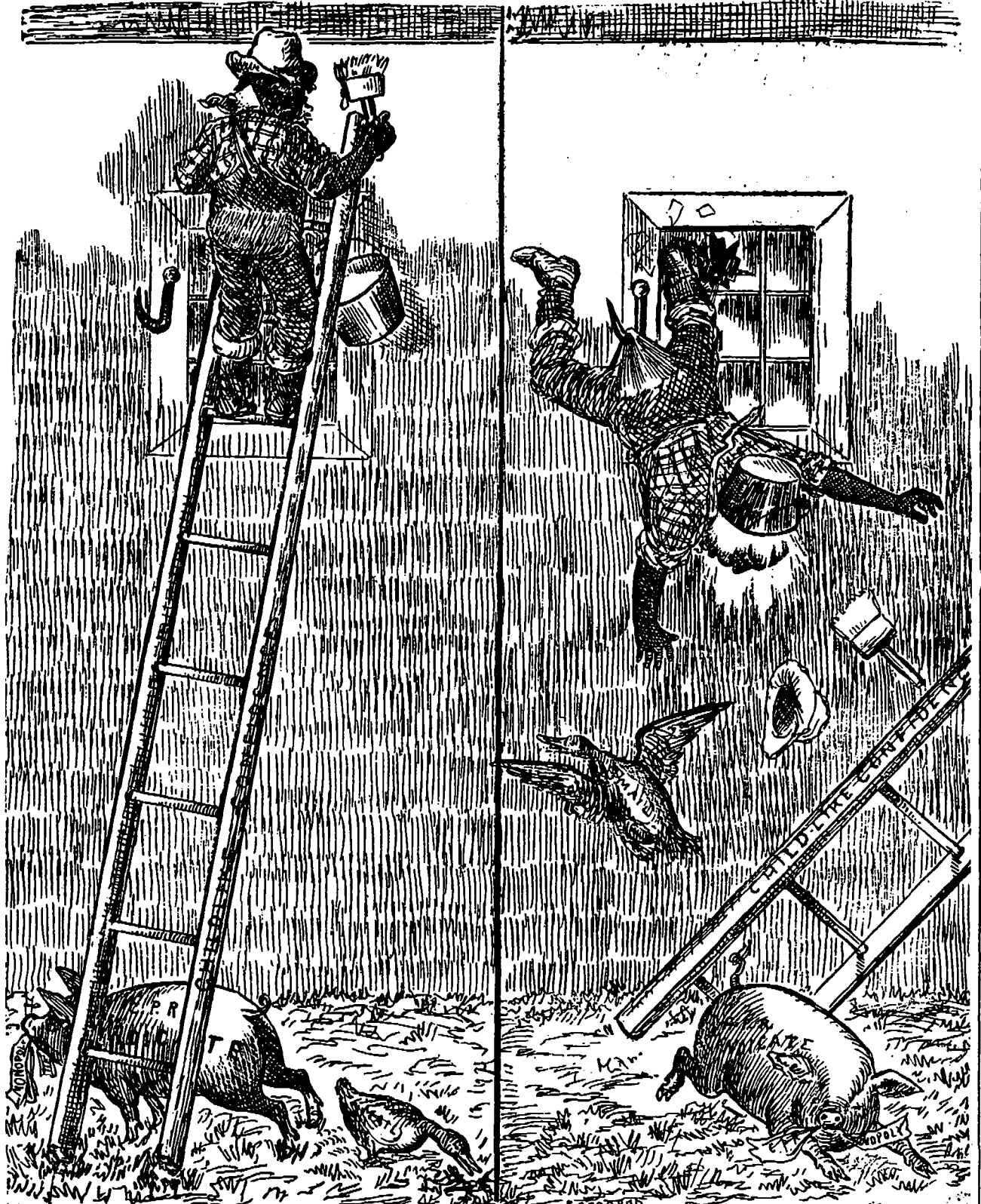
3. Worse than all, Canada is still subject in every respect to your English rule, which is quite un suited to our climate, social system, and habits. Lawyer Blake is going to see to that one day soon.

4. Is it fair, I ask you, that Canadian authors have no protection against being pirated in the States, all because Canada is a British colony? Is it fair that we are compelled to let doctors with English degrees, who can know nothing of our climate or habits, practice here, while you refuse to receive a Canadian doctor even as surgeon of a ship? Even the Allan steamers must all have their surgeons from England.

5. Your people, your government, your avoird, and your journals snub us and give us away all the time, as they did at Fortune Bay the other day, and toady Uncle Sam who despises them for it. We are "only a colony," you know.

Now, Pop, would it not be better for us young folks, with your blessing and consent, to set up for ourselves in business right off. We don't want any money. Keep that for the Yankees if you like. Still less do we cotton to Uncle Sam, not that way anyhow, whatever Mr. G. Smith may say or think. Give love from all here to Miss Louise; we bear her no ill will for thinking our place too homely, and we are glad to hear she is getting so uncommon strong, she goes to all the picnics and socials.

From your loving son,
 YOUNG CANADA.



SIR C. T.—Go 'way from dar, don't you
BE BREEDIN' NO MISCHIEF!

SIR C. T.—WHO'D HAVE THUNK DAT ANIMAL
'D ACTED DAT WAY!

PUT NOT YOUR FAITH IN SYNDICATES!

*. See comments on page 2.

The Joker Club.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

THAT ONE DOLLAR BILL.

How it did rain that November night. None of your undecided showers, with hesitating intervals, as it were, between; none of your mild, persistent patterings on the roof, but a regular tempest, a wild deluge, a rush of arrowy drops, and a thunder of opening floods!

Squire Pratlet heard the rattling up against the casements, and drew his snug easy chair closer to the fire—a great, open mass of glimmering anthracite, and gazed with a sort of sleepy, reflective satisfaction at the crimson moreen curtains, and a gray cat fast asleep on the hearth and the canary bird rolled into a drowsy ball of yellow down upon its perch.

'This is snug,' quoth the squire. 'I'm glad I had the leaky spot in the barn fixed last week. I don't object to a stormy night once in a while, when a fellow's under cover, and there is nothing particular to be done.'

'Yes,' Mrs. Pratlet answered. She was flitting about between the kitchen and sitting room with a great blue-checked apron tied waist. 'I am nearly ready to come in now. Well, I wonder,' *sotto voce*, 'if that was a knock at the door or just a little rush of wind?'

She went to the door, nevertheless, and a minute or two afterward she went to her husband's chair:

'Joe, dear, its Luke Ruddilove,' she said, half apprehensively. The squire never looked up from his reading.

'Tell him he has made a mistake. The tavern is on the second corner beyond.'

'But he wants to know if you will lend him a dollar,' said Mrs. Pratlet.

'Couldn't you tell him no, without the ceremony of coming to me? Is it likely that I should lend a dollar, or even a cent, to Luke Ruddilove? Why, I'd a great deal rather throw it among yonder red coals. No—of course not.'

Mrs. Pratlet hesitated.

'He looks pinched, and cold, and wretched, Josiah. He says there is nobody in the world to let him have a con.'

'All the better for him, if he did but know it,' sharply enunciated the old squire. 'If he had come to that half a dozen years ago perhaps he would not have been the miserable vagabond he is now.'

'We used to go to school together,' said Mrs. Pratlet, gently. 'He was the smartest boy in the class.'

'That's probable enough,' said the squire, 'but it don't alter the fact. He is a poor, drunken wretch now. Send him about his business, Mary; and if his time is of any consequence, just let him know he had better not waste it coming here for dollars.'

And the squire leaned back in his chair, after a positive fashion, as if the whole matter was settled.

Mrs. Pratlet went back to the kitchen where Luke Ruddilove was spreading his poor fingers over the blaze of the fire, his tattered garments steaming as if he was a pillar of vapor.

'Then I've got to starve like any other dog!' said Luke Ruddilove. 'But, after all, I suppose it don't make much difference if I shuffle out of this world to-day or to-morrow.'

'Oh, Luke, no difference to your wife?'

'She'd be better off without me,' he said downheartedly.

'But she ought not to be.'

'Ought, and is, are two different things, Mrs. Pratlet. Good night. I ain't going to the tavern, although I'll wager something the squire thought I was.'

'And isn't it quite natural enough that he should think so, Luke?'

'Yes, yes, Mary; I don't say but what it is,' murmured Luke in the same dejected tone he used during the interview.

'Stop,' Mrs. Pratlet called to him as his hand lay on the door latch, in a low voice, 'here's a dollar, Luke. Mr. Pratlet gave it to me for an oilcloth to go in front of the parlor stove; but I will try and make the old one last a little longer. And, Luke, for the sake of your poor wife and the little ones at home, and for the sake of old times do try and do better. Won't you?'

Luke Ruddilove looked vacantly at the new bank bill in his hand, and then at the blooming young matron who had placed it there.

'Thank you, Mary. I will. God bless you,' he said, and crept out into the storm that reigned without. Mrs. Pratlet stood looking into the kitchen fire.

'I dare say I've done a foolish thing, but, indeed, I could not help it. If he will only take it home and not spend it at the tavern, I shall not miss my oilcloth.'

And there was a conscious flush on her cheeks as if she had done something wrong when she joined her husband in the sitting room.

'Well,' said Squire Pratlet, 'has that unfortunate gone at last?'

'Yes.'

'To the Stake's tavern, I suppose?'

'I hope not, Josiah.'

'I'm afraid it's past hoping for,' said the squire, shrugging his shoulders. But Mrs. Pratlet kept her secret in her own heart.

It was six months afterwards that the squire came into the dining room where his wife was preserving great red apples into jelly.

'Well, well,' quoth he, 'wonders will never cease. The Ruddilove's have gone away.'

'Where?'

'I don't know—out west somewhere with a colony. And they say that Luke has not drank a drop of whiskey for six months.'

'I'm glad of that,' replied Mrs. P.

'It won't last long,' he suggested, despairingly.

'Why not?'

'Oh, I don't know, I haven't any faith in these sudden reforms.'

Mrs. Pratlet was silent; she thought thankfully that, after all, Luke had not spent the dollar for liquor.

Six months; the time sped along in days and weeks, almost before busy Mrs. Pratlet knew that it was gone. The Ruddiloves had returned to Sequosset. Luke had made his fortune, so the story went, far off in Eldorado.

'They do say,' said Mrs. Buckingham, 'that he has bought that ere lot down opposite the court house, and he is going to build such a house as never was.'

'He must have prospered greatly,' observed Mrs. Partlett.

'And his wife, she wears a silk gown that will stand alone with its own richness! I can remember when Ruddilove was nothing but a poor drunken creature.'

'All the more credit to him now,' said Mrs. Pratlet, emphatically.

'It's to be all of stone, with white mantles and inlaid floors; and he has put a lot of papers and things under the corner one, like they do in public buildings.'

'Well, that is natural enough.'

'I know, yet it seems kind o' queer that he should put a dollar bill in with the other things. He must have lots o' money, to throw it away in that manner.'

Mrs. Pratlet felt her cheeks flush. Involuntarily she glanced toward the squire. But he never looked around. She met Mr. Ruddilove that afternoon for the first time since his return to Sequosset—Luke himself, save that the demon of intemperance had been completely crushed and his better nature triumphed at last. He looked her brightly in the face, and held out his hand, saying but one word:

'Mary.'

Tremulously she replied, 'I am glad to see you here again.'

When Luke had overcome his emotion he continued.

'Do you remember that stormy night when you gave me that dollar bill and begged me not to go to the tavern.'

'Yes.'

'That was the pivot on which my whole destiny turned. You were kind to me when all others gave me naught but the cold shoulder. You trusted me when all other faces were averted. That night I took a vow to myself to prove worthy of your confidence, and I have kept it. I treasured it up, and heaven has added mightily to my little store. I have put the bill in the corner stone of my new house, for it arose alone from that dollar bill.'

'I won't offer to pay you back, for I am afraid,' he said smilingly, 'the luck would go from me with it. But I'll tell you what I will do: I'll give money and words of trust and encouragement to some other poor wretches as you gave to me.'

The next day Mrs. Pratlet received from the delivery man at her door a bundle which, when she had opened it, revealed to her astonished gaze the most beautiful piece of oilcloth her eyes had ever beheld. This naturally attracted the squire's attention; and when Mrs. Pratlet told him all, he only replied, with some emotion: 'You were right, and I was wrong.'

"It is execrable taste for a waiter to wear a beard." So it is: but we prefer that he should wear it than to carry it in sections on his soup plates.

A New York man has been crazed by rum and milk. One of the very worst things a man can do is to mix drinks. He should have stuck to plain rum.

'Hades,' looks very nice in print, but it lacks the ring of true wickedness when an editor is looking for an expletive to spit in the face of a delinquent subscriber.

Some editors are born lucky, some acquire luck in after life, and others have libel suits thrust upon them. There are many bright sides to the profession.

"We reach happiness," says a philosopher, "by making others happy." Office hours—10 a. m. to 3 p. m. No matter how trifling the object sent, it will make us happy.

The greatest humorist America has yet produced is blissfully unaware of the fact.—*N. Y. News*. Well, we're glad this is settled, even if we're not the man.—*McGregor News*.

When a boy has a whole bunch of fire crackers to himself for the first time on the glorious fourth, the earth is just as big one way as the other, and he wouldn't—but you know how it is yourself.

The young men needn't think they are the only ones who are having degrees conferred on them these balmy June days. Any quantity of ladies, and young ones, too, are writing M A aft'r their names.

Vassar has one smart girl who will in the hereafter be heard of in woman's rights societies. She described straw as being "a hollow thing with a ten cent man on one end of it and a twenty cent drink on the other end."

The way to get real well acquainted with people is not to sit on their front door steps but to loaf around their back yards. The man who is the same in his back yard as he is on his front door-step is the party you want to tie to.

Dr. Franklin's mother-in-law objected to her daughter marrying a printer, because there were already two printing offices in the United States, and she didn't think the country could support three. Her prophetic vision was limited.

The "Midnight Sun" is the title of a fine descriptive article going the rounds of the press. But in these degenerate days the midnight sun is a passably good boy; it is the three o'clock in the morning sun who grieves his parents by his dissipation.



MELODRAMA AT THE ISLAND.

They were just going to start from the Island, and he found he couldn't shove the boat off. "You are too much forward," he said. She burst into tears.

Our Bluenose Man Again.

DEAR MR. GRIP,—I'm in clover! Never had such luck in my life! Had no idea it was such nice work reporting for the press. Stop your press! don't publish that report of Sir Charles' address that I sent you! If it is in type, destroy the type, and discharge the one that set it up! Tell him he's crazy. Charge the loss to me, and take it out of my salary, if you intend to pay me any. That report of Sir Charles' address was all wrong; I was sick when I wrote it; I was poisoned, politically poisoned; but I'm better now, a great deal better. I've just had a telegram from Sir Charles, with a prescription for \$500. The report of Sir Charles' address was very erratic. I'm glad that I'm better now. What a great thing to understand politics and physic both. We all like the Syndicate down here, just as Sir Charles told us we would. We like the idea of allowing the Syndicate to admit free of duty everything they require for the construction of the road or other private purposes. It looks like the thin edge of the what d'you call it. It is a great deal better for us Maritimers that the Syndicate should be allowed free trade than that they should have had five or ten thousand acres more of the North-West. That North-West is of great value to the Maritime Province. We wish we had it down here, just to make us appear conspicuous, and to absorb some of the Ontario manufactures.

We also agree with Sir Charles that it costs a great deal more to run freight on the I. C. R. from St. John to Montreal than it does from Montreal to St. John. That is a down grade all the way. Besides, there is so much more freight coming down than there is going up, and so long as the R. R. tariff continues as it is now, we can't expect to see any change in the comparative volume of freight—greatly to the benefit of the Maritime Province, ain't it gentlemen. I'm so glad Sir Charles sent me that prescription; it makes me feel so different; I'm like a new creature. I'm going to make

those Tories over in Moncton stop their grumbling about Grit R. R. officials and favors shown Grit employers. They're jealous, those Tories are—I wonder why Sir Charles don't send them a prescription.

I have just had a note from Sir Leonard. He wants me to travel around with and report all his addresses; he offers me a big salary. I'm going to accept the salary. I can report his addresses just as well where I am, can't I? He says if I can't be his private reporter he'll secure me a situation on *Hansard*; or else we will get up a *Hansard* of our own. I have also had a note from Hon. E. Blake offering me any office now vacant and at the disposal of the Opposition. I think I'll take it. Also a note from Hon. Mackenzie Bowell, offering to appoint me landing waiter at this port. Just wait till he comes down here again and I'll landing waiter him. Just had a despatch from Sir L. offering to make me a K. N. P. I hope I'll never get above my business, but I'm not proof against such flattery.

VERITAS.

Woodstock, N. B., Aug., 12th.

Book Notices.

Prof. John W. Adams has favored us with a copy of his pamphlet, entitled "The Bible, Astronomy, and the Pyramids." As yet we have only skimmed over the work, but our brief glance has satisfied us that it is a remarkable production. Prof. Adams is well known in Toronto as a young man of studious habits, and here we have the results of his profound contemplation of some of the grandest themes that can occupy human thought. His deductions may not be acceptable to all readers, but none can fail to find them interesting. The rumor that the Professor did not write the entire book without assistance is a calumny; we have his personal assurance that it is all strictly his own and we accept his word, for in addition to his literary gifts Mr. Adams bears the character of

a gentleman and a christian. The pamphlet may be had of any leading bookseller; price 30 cents per copy.

Messrs. Lucefield Bros., of Hamilton, have issued in a cheap form a collection of Stanley Huntley's original and witty Spoonendyke articles, from the *Brooklyn Eagle*. Old "Spoonendyke" is one of the cleverest humorous creations of the day, and it will be a pleasure to many who have only seen occasional sketches to secure this collection. The introduction of other matter for the purpose of padding out the book was, however, a mistake.

Western Rhymes.

There was a young lady of Chatham,
Who fished for a husband and got 'im,
Now she feels very sad,
For he's "gone to the bad,"
And drinks enough whiskey to float 'im.

There was a young gallant in Windsor,
Who could sing like a lark, d'ys mind sor,
And he sang with such power,
"Will you come to the lower?"
But she didn't feel that way inclin'd sor.

There was a young man in Detroit,
Who thought himself some of a poet,
When the rhyme wouldn't clink,
He would then take a drink,
And was sure to let everyone know it.

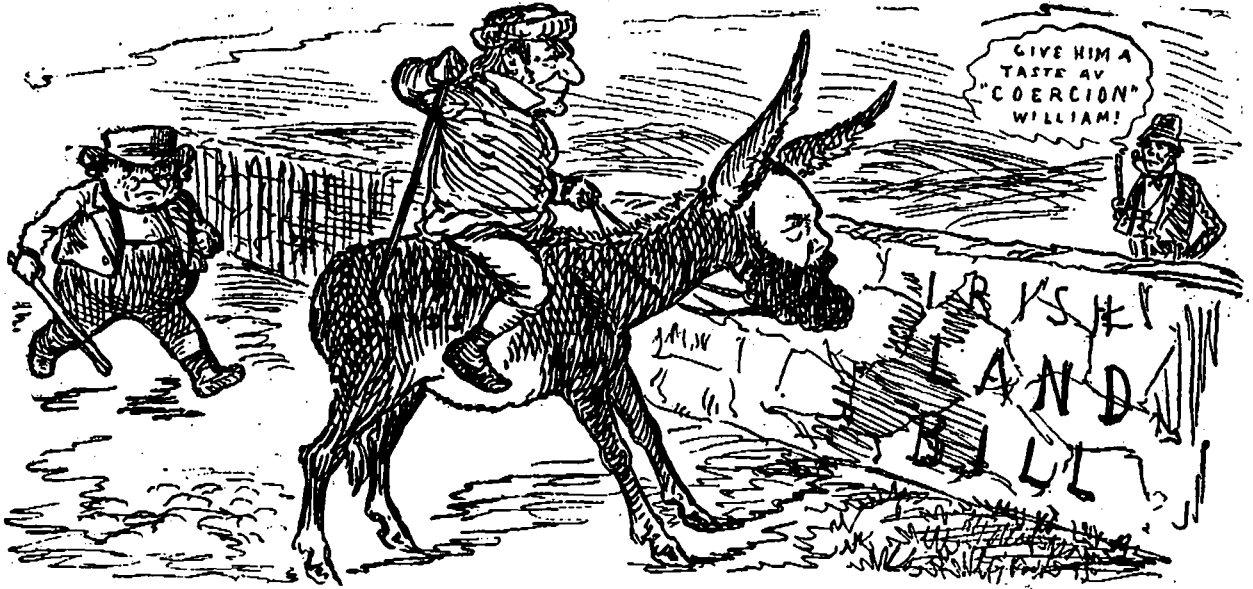
There was a young lady in Blenheim,
As cool as the ice from Lake Wenham,
And her lover the froze
On the point of the nose,
By leaning her cheek up agin 'im.

There was a young maid from Belle River,
Who had such a bad dose of chill fever,
She drank kerosene,
Maltine and Quinine,
But she shook spite of all they could give her.

There was a young fellow from Dover
Who was such a general lover,
That when ask'd when he meant,
To ask Papa's consent,
Said "he'd wait till the panic was over."

SWEET WILLIAM.

Every man is fond of striking the nail on the head, but when it happens to be his finger nail, his enthusiasm becomes wild and incoherent.



STUBBORN AS A MULE; OR, THE ENGLISH PARLIAMENTARY CRISIS.

* See Comments on Page 2.

Henry VIII.

King Henry the Eighth was the son of Henry the Seventh, and as a monarch is allowed to have been a success. Henry's specialities were wives and public executions and he sometimes combined the two. He had half a dozen wives, and as he couldn't have more than one at a time he used to hire a man with a broad-axe to accelerate the required vacancy in the nuptial couch at intervals. Henry was a somewhat broad and bumptious personage and his subjects used to call him "Bluff King Hal." He participated in the polemic discussion of the period, and owing to his able letters in the papers received from the Pope the title of "D.F." Courtly sycophants and such said it stood for "Defender of the Faith," but when the Pope was asked about it he gently winked his dexter optic and said they might call it that if they liked, but what he intended to intimate was that he considered Henry to be a—well that kind of a fool you know. But this was after he had had a fall out with Hank No. 8 along of one of his periodical changes of wife. The Pope said he didn't have any wife at all himself and didn't think it was just the fair thing for Hank to corner the wife market in that fashion, and as he persisted, the Pope read him out of the party. Then Henry said he didn't see but what it was quite easy to run the Popo business, even if he hadn't been brought up to it, and he guessed he could make a blame sight better fist of it than that straight-laced, chuckle-headed old blatherskite at Rome, and he'd be Pope in England any how, or he would know the reason why. First thing he gave himself a dispensation to get a divorce so he could marry Anne Boleyn, whom he was sweet on, and then he proceeded to confiscate all the property of the monks and nuns without any regard for convent-ionalties, which he divided among his principal supporters. As for the rest of the population they had a rough time of it. If a man was a catholic he was liable to be hanged, drawn, and quartered for acknowledging the Pope. If he was a protestant, he was also liable to the same punishment for not being a catholic. There was no prejudice or party bias about Henry. He persecuted both with the most rigid impartiality. Once when it was his day for killing catholics, the boss executioner came into the sitting room somewhat

frustrated and remarked, "My gracious liege and most royal and super-eminant bull-dozer, I'm afraid we've made a little mistake." "How so, minion?" enquired Henry in a voice of thunder. "Well, you see, I've gone and cut off the heads of a dozen protestants. How was I to know the difference?" "That's bad," said the King, "very bad. But justice must be done somehow, or the opposition will say that we run this government on party principles. What, ho there, provost marshal! Have two dozen catholics beheaded instantly, that'll make it square; and by the way you may as well include this fellow (pointing to the executioner) in the number, which will teach him not to make these absurd mistakes in future. That was a fair specimen of the way Henry ran his government. Anne Boleyn was beheaded in due course, and as she had only a small neck, Henry told the chopper he might as well cut off another head at the same time so as to make a square job of it, so they ran in one of the crowd and bisected him in short order. It was always neck or nothing with King Henry. He is now dead, which can hardly be regarded in the light of a public calamity.

Ode to the Fly

O curse of cook's domain and housewife's region,
Thy name, O perverse summer fly, is legion;
On nectar sweets from pantry thou dost feed,
For wisdom now has taught thee not to heed,
Adhesive sheets for thee expressly made,
Nor yet through sweetened water wilt thou wade.
'Twas thou that lowered in my estimation,
The hash-house tea and daily cod collation,
For thou, with thine insatiable greed,
To satisfy thy hunger yett a fee not to heed,
Of tea (how weak), and butter (oh how strong),
Hast made me damn the grub both loud and long.
Thou persevering torment! fiend of summer!
Much worse than mendicant, or tramp, or plumber,
Where ere I am, at office, or at home,
'Tis with thy nimble legs thou rt surs to roam
All o'er my face and head with noiseless glide,
Dodging each book or paper at this shield.
Just gaze upon this once snow white ledger page!
'Twas done, while in an uncontrollable rage,
By hurling ink-pen at thee, O fly!
I missed, just like my luck, and thou skinned by,
To settle on my ear and laugh and wink,
While I, with outstretched tongue, licked up the ink.
'Tis waste of words to rail against thee, O fly!
One may do anything most hard as to try
And create in thee feelings of respect,
For kind advice you wilfully reject;
And as for killing you, O horrid pest!
I tried that once and came out second best. PRTER.

A Ballade to His Mistress' Eye-brow

Vers de Societe' Manner of Eighteenth Century

My heart is far from fast and fair
Toronto town!
As to GRIP's office I repair
By Church street down;
With rhymes, which duly printed there,
Shall win me shekels rich and rare,
Red coin to match my girl's gold hair
Paid promptly down.
Since sad and centless, how could I
Of Sara sing?
Can impecunious poet try
The lyre to string?
Of reading rhymes the nymph is shy,
Yet quite well satisfied that I,
By verse or prose, the week's supply
Of dimes should bring.
Else without *sense* or *cents* I were
As village churl;
Or mad as he who sold *ma chere*,
My guileless girl.
The hat that hides her golden hair,
The old gold feather drooping there,
Now lights the cold Belfountain air,
With gorgeous curl.
Where would that I were swiftly swept
Amid that throng,
By some excursion ticket kept
Car-borne along,
To "Forks of Credit" vale yclept,
A wish for which I long have wept;
De grace, sweet girl, like GRIP, accept,
Forgive the song. C.P.M.

A well-appearing gentleman was arrested on Thursday, charged with stealing two mattresses from a Coney Island Hotel. The evidence was mainly circumstantial, and he was on the verge of being discharged from custody when the missing property was discovered. He had hidden the mattresses between the cases of his watch. Sing Sing, eighteen months.

A German savant announces that a new moon for the earth is now in process of formation, and will take its place in the heavens in the course of a few years. This is the man for our mouey. A new moon will fill a long-felt-want. The one that has been doing duty for millions of years is old enough to retire on a pension, albeit it still looks as good as new. If this German will arrange it so that his moon will thine on off nights, and thus have moonlight all the year round, it would be a great saving of gas, but the holders of gas stock would probably get out an injunction. — *Norristown Herald*.

GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES. Postal Card Size, \$1.00. Note Size, \$2.00. Letter Size, \$3.00. Foolscap Size \$4.00. One Bottle of Ink with each Lithogram. Agents wanted in every Town. BENGOUGH BROS., Agents. Next Door Post Office, Toronto.

JACOBS' PATENT LITHOGRAM.