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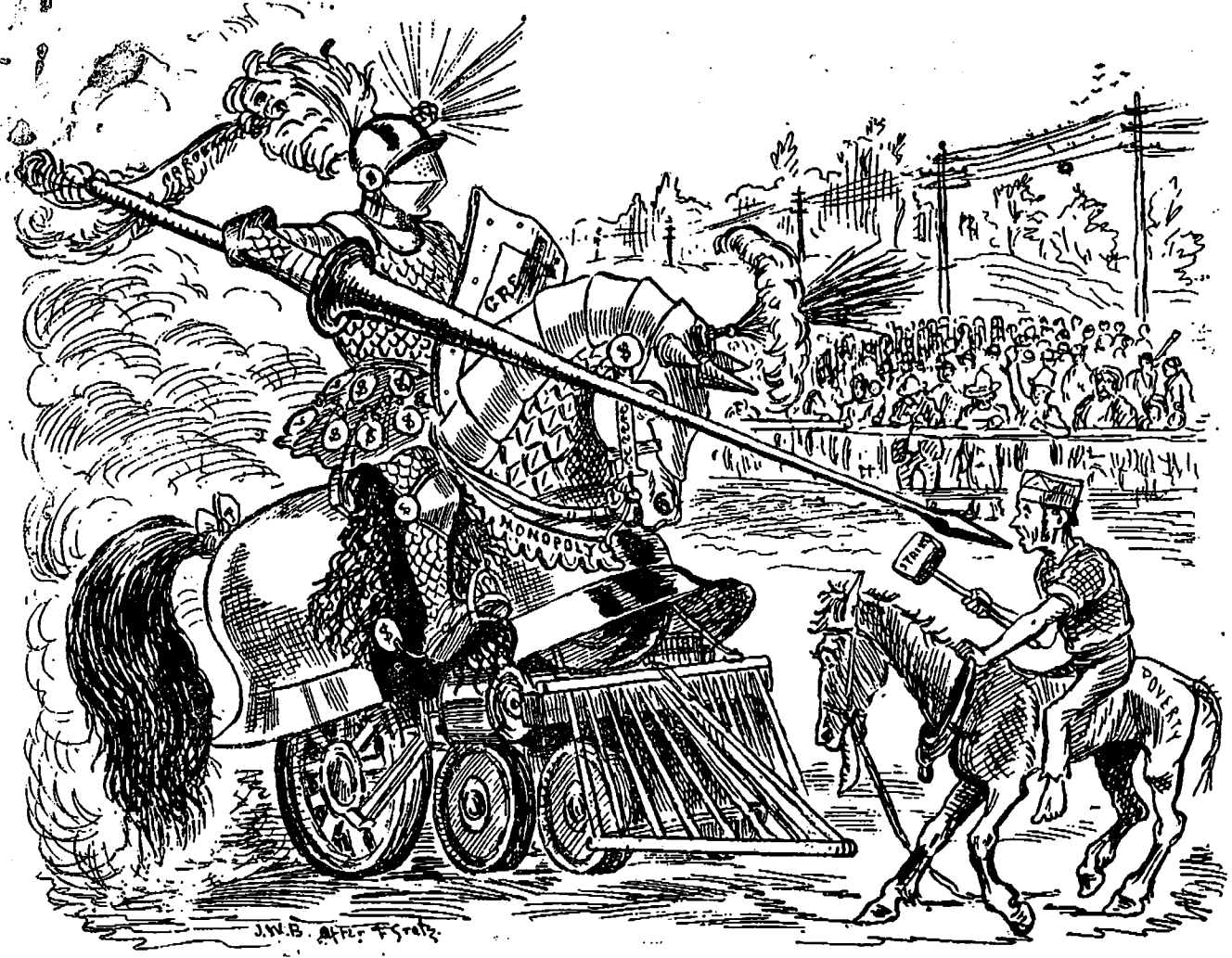


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THE TOURNAMENT OF TO-DAY.
A SET-TO BETWEEN MONOPOLY AND LABOR.

[From Puck.]

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AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL

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S. J. MOORE, Manager.

J. W. BINGOUGH

Editor.

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

Please Observe.

Any subscriber wishing his address changed on our mail list, must, in writing, send us his old as well as new address. Subscribers wishing to discontinue must also be particular to send a memo. of present address.

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—That the Dominion Government has been the means of bringing about the squabble for authority between the premiers of Ontario and Manitoba at Rat Portage, nobody doubts. Nothing is more certain than that Mr. Norquay is merely a marionette, acting because the strings are being pulled at Ottawa. And it is equally clear that those strings are being pulled at the bidding of the French Bleu party, whose leader candidly declared in public not long ago that if Ontario won her case, Quebec must get an equivalent to the territory awarded by the arbitrators.

FIRST PAGE.—This sketch is an humble reproduction of the magnificent cartoon by F. Graetz in last week's *Puck*. We copy it because the subject of Monopoly applies to Canada as well as to the Republic, and because we could produce nothing more powerful if we worried our brains all summer. Graetz's picture is not only powerful but pathetic. The spectacle of the overwhelming steed and rider, clad in golden armor, bearing down upon the miserable creatures who have come forth to fight for Labor, is only too true to the facts of the present day. The attitude of the Telegraph Power at the present moment gives emphasis to this truth. It is the duty of all right-thinking men to strain every nerve in the battle against this monstrous wrong of monopoly, and few powers are more potent against it than caricature. *Puck* deserves the thanks of the toiling millions for this noble blow on their behalf.

EIGHTH PAGE.—When Papa Blake returned to the bosom of his interesting political family from his visit to the Old Country it was only natural that the children should have expected something in the way of "goodies" when the carpet sack was opened. They had made up their minds that their thoughtful political parent would bring at least a little of something

in the way of Policy, but alas! they are woefully disappointed. Not the first sign of any thing of the kind! There is nothing left for the poor little Grits to do but to go to sleep again, and as for Papa Blake, he will go back to his law-books and forget that he needs a policy.

Our Leading Article.

Supplied each week to GRIP, gratis, by a Syndicate of Grit and Tory editors.

POLITICAL MORALITY.

Canadians are very much given to felicitating themselves upon the purity of their national political life, when compared with that of the neighboring Republic. They have every reason to do so at the present moment, though a few years ago, when the precious "purists"—the organized hypocrisy known as the Grit Party—held office, it cannot be denied that the tone of Canadian political morality was far below anything Washington has ever known. At the present day, however, the Liberal-Conservative party is in office, and scandals of the vilest description follow one another with a rapidity which would be shocking to any people who are capable of being shocked. To be sure the Americans have developed some pretty bad characters in public life, but it must be remarked that few of these scoundrels have escaped condign punishment on being found out. On the other hand, Canadians treat political wrongdoers with weak leniency, if not even with positive favor. While Belknap, the robber, is banished for ever from political position, and Colfax, the Credit Mobilier swindler, is driven into merited obscurity by our Republican friends, what do we find in Canada? Here is Mackenzie, the purchaser of Steel Rails and builder of the Neebing Hotel, still enjoying a seat in our House of Commons; here is Blake, the author of the "Speak now" letter, in the dignified position of a Party Leader. It is true that so far as the Reform Party is concerned, a high morality does mark Canadian public life, and no man whose hands were not indeed "clean" could hope to occupy a prominent place in the councils of that Party. But what about the Tories? Sir John Macdonald and his colleagues have been slandered by a foul-mouthed press, but through all the ravings of malice and contumely they have emerged spotless, and to-day stand higher in the love and esteem of their countrymen than ever before. On the contrary, the Grit corruptionists are hiding in the dark crevices of Opposition—a standing proof of the vehemence of the wrath which a virtuous and highminded public visits upon political evil-doers. There is nothing for Canadians to boast of. We venture to say the present Canadian Government would be kicked out of Washington by a disgusted populace.

The Syndicate

[No article genuine without this Signature.]



Strange how vague some of these old proverbs, saws and sayings are when one comes to examine them thoroughly. Now, for instance, that ancient one about "a hair of the dog that bit you" being a cure for the bite. Of course its most general application, nowadays, is intended to be when a gentleman has been indulging too freely in that which stings like a thankless tooth and is sharper than a serpent's child. The proverb, or whatever it is, may be all right and true enough when a person has confined his potations overnight to one in particular: doubtless, in such a case, the recommended cure is effectual, on the homœopathic *similia similibus curantur* principle, and if whisky has been the sole libation to Bacchus overnight, then whisky will be the correct thing next morning, and the sufferer will feel better for his draught. But now comes another thing, and one that the manufacturer of that proverb never seemed to contemplate. We will say that a gentleman meets "some of the boys" overnight, and he peregrinates with them, in all their boyish innocence from one place of amusement (?) to another; during his rambles he introduces into his system whisky,—rye and malt,—brandy, rum, gin, smashes, Dunnville's best, Hennessy's ditto, with wines of various names, but all, as a rule, sprung from the same parent stock, generally sulphuric acid, log-wood, with various tinctures and extracts. Of course when our gentleman is propped up against his own door somewhere amongst the "wee sma' hours," he is not much more drunk than an average Arkansas judge at the same period of the night. He wakes in the morning feeling particularly as if he would like a hair of that dog: But the question arises, *Which dog?* He has been bitten by a whole pack; is he then to make another tour in order to get hold of the dog that did the mischief, and try over, once more, all those infernal concoctions which have, amongst them, laid him low, in order to find out which identical canine did the damage? If so, instead of one hair, he is likely to become the possessor of enough capillary appendage to make a hair shirt and a very full man inside it. All of which goes to show that proverbs, saws, maxims and so forth are, as a rule, full of guile and the truth is not in them.

Puck on Wheels is to hand, and is one of the brightest, spiciest, sparklingest and all the 'ests' of volumes we have been favored with for some time, and reflects great credit on its publishers and contributors. Its price is only twenty-five cents—exactly the same as that of GRIP-SACK, which is now out.

Did the gentle reader ever observe that, when he is in a particular hurry and his bettor, or otherwise, half hands him his under garment, it is invariably inside out, and, before he knows where he is, he finds his ears inside the sleeves and wagging furiously in their unaccustomed position. This is a fact that deserves deep study from learned men. Ears were never meant to be in that 'posish' and when they get there they must protest. Now then; jokes about the long-eared race. We are waiting, but feel how odious comparisons would be.

And now, adown the lofty tree
Comes the caterpillar:
Small i.n.s.e.c.t.

How we'd like to kill her,

As we sit beneath that tree
Hunting for an idea,
In a gentle reverie;
Now we'll say good-bye, dear.

Hurrah! Excuse this volatile exclamation, but it had to come. Sunstroke did it. He is dead, and never more will he ask that awful question "Is it hot—" Pause! *De mortibus nil nisi bonum*, as a Hamilton paper once said. He is gone and we're glad of it.

By dint of arduous labor we have discovered how the average hotel soup is made just about now. One fly, dish-water and various seasoning, result in a moderately clear and harmless fluid. Two flies, the soup left over from the kitchen dinner of the day before, with a touch of the waiter's thumb, become *Potage a la Pompadour*. From five to six of the genus *musca*, a ladleful from the swill tub, a fall in the passage and a return to the tureen by aid of a mop, make a very fine combination, and when a little tomato ketchup is added, it is a general favorite. We did not get beyond six flies. We did not dare, but let our investigations drop.

THE CAMPAIGN AGAINST ONTARIO.

SCENE AT OTTAWA.

SIR JOHN.—Well, suppose he has taken possession, my dear fellow, you need not get so excited. It's his own land, you know. No denying that. Can't keep him out forever. Did my best.

M. MOUSSEAU.—Vat you say? Ze rascaille Mowat! He shall nevaire have ze land! Not un'ess le Bas Canada get ze compensation—ze equivalent—ze great equivalent magnifiqué!

SIR JOHN.—But, my dear fellow, when we adopted Confederation we did away with the need for any balance of power. Now Brunswick and Nova Scotia might as well ask for more territory because Montreal is growing larger.

M. MOUSSEAU.—Sare John, he shall nevaire! Do not dare to refuse me! Do not make ze imagination zat you are one necessary of ze state.

SIR JOHN.—Not exactly, though considering the amount of dirty work—Necessity, you mean.

M. MOUSSEAU.—Von necessity. No, sare, you are not nosing of ze kind. Sarc Samuel or Sarc Hector can lead ze party, if you be one recalcitrant; if you dare allow ze infame Mowat von foot of ze territory. You are de superfluous, sare: ve do not need you nevaire any more.

SIR JOHN.—(scared)—My dear fellow—

M. MOUSSEAU.—I give ze ultimatum of ze grande parti Bleu, Sare John; if ze Mowat go in, Sare John he go out; ze parti Bleu have no need for him; his grande majority de Bas Canada vanish into de smoke.

SIR JOHN.—Superfluous lays the veteran on the stage. Well, I can't last long; but I'll keep the command if I throw the cargo overboard. Say, now, Mousseau; Oliver shan't get an acre, not a stick to make a wooden leg of; not a mine to make a breast pin out of. We'll humbug Ontario; good old milch cow; you shall milk her, my boy.

M. MOUSSEAU.—Begar, I vill. Vat ees she fit for? Ze race superior shall claim ze supremitee, naturelment. Vat ees ze land deespitable? Ees it not de mountain and ze prairie and ze immense swamp profondement deep—full of ze frog—plump—charmant—delicieuse! Shall ze meserable Mowat have him? He know not how to cook him, ze imbecile!

SIR JOHN.—He shall not have him. Pass

over that champagne, Mousseau, my boy. (takes a deep draught) That goes to the roots. (takes another).

M. MOUSSEAU.—But he ees in the spot; he have hees emissary zere; zere is ze Patullo wiz the fiery wiskei and ze moustache tremendous; zere is ze whole army—ze corps d'armee of ze Mowat miscreants; zey burn, zey ravage, zey destroy; zey shall not do so! Sare John, I demand zat he be check—dat he be stop—dat he be—

SIR JOHN.—Yesh. I'll go for him; yesh thash sho. Slap his chopsh, impudent old beggar. Tell Norquay ordersh outsh battery 'sh artillery; blow 'm shky-highsh. Telegraph Norquay: telephonesh Norquay! Order'sh down mounted polishe! Read riotsh act! Charge riotersh! Drive Mowat into shea! (goes off to sleep).

M. MOUSSEAU.—C'est grand! It ees ze supreme moment. I will plan ze campaign, Norquay, he shall attack zee Rat Portage; ze Mounted Police and ze artillery, zey shall drive before zem ze Ontario scum. Zen, cef ze vile canaille de Ontario proper shall dare to grombelle—shall be intrepident to utter one word—one syllable, Sare John, he call out zere own Ontario dragoon—zere own Ontario infanterie—zere own Ontario ordnance of ze field—blow off zere own heads, begar. If zey refuse to act I shall try ze Ontario army by de court martiale; execute zem all, fill zere place by ze soldiers devoted de la belle Quebec, march on Ontario, occupy Toronto, put to death ze miscreant Mowat, eempreson Hardy, Pardee, Young—all of them atrocitaires. Vive la nation! ze Confederation must and shall be preserve! A bas le Mowat! (Exit breathing blood, thunder, bad English and worse French).



HE WAS QUITE RIGHT.

"Well, old fellow," remarked one friend to another, as they met late one evening, "been ill? I never see you round now at all? What's up?"

"Nothing much, but I can't get out in the day time now without walking down the middle of the street," was the reply.

"What do you mean? not afraid of being garrotted, are you?" queried the other.

"No, but just as bad. I'm short-sighted already. The streets are always crowded, during the day, with women, and I'm afraid, so I have to walk abroad at night."

"What ever do you mean? You're surely not afraid of meeting a woman?"

"No, not in a ten-acre lot, but in these narrow streets I'm afraid of having my eyes jerked out at every step."

"How?"

"Those confounded parasols. What is a near-sighted fellow to do when he meets a bevy of women all armed with parasols—and they all are; I tell you I prefer to stop in the house between sunrise and sunset and preserve my eyesight, than to go out and be blinded;

and I don't want to be taken for a lunatic, as I should be if I took the middle of the road all the time."

"Well, you're about right, and what they carry 'em for I can't see, as they always wear them on the side away from the sun: good night, old man."

"Good night."

"LINES" ON THE STRIKE.

1. (N. Y.)

Says Gould to Eckert,
"Raise the boys."
Says Eckert: "J. G.,
Hold your noise,
For if we lose the ground we hold,
The Brotherhood will grow more bold,
Ask new concessions,
Make more aggressions,
And show us up most badly sold."

2. ("N.")

Says H. P. D. H. Wiman, E.,
"We're in a pretty fix,
I'll say to Hill, 'identially,
Our biz is in a mix:
But 'hold the fort' we really must,
Until the Brotherhood doth bust,
For, if we flinch,
Sure as Judge Lynch,
That day by us will long be cust."

3. (?)

Said ops. to "heads,"
"We'll hang together,
For if this storm
We only weather,
Our paths will all much brighter be,
Our hearts will all much lighter be—
Paid for our day,
We'll work away,
Though Jay Gould's gains may slighter be."

July 31st, 1883.

J. A. MESAG.

MR. NEEBRITCHES YET ONCE AGAIN.

HE IS SNUBBED.

MR. GRIP,

DERE SIR,—It is with no objek of infictin' of unnecessary pane on you that I once moar talk up my pen. I azure you that I feel the deligit compliment you have pade me in the parst by publishin' of the good things I sent you. Air I procede with my epist! I may stait that I am once again in suvvice—you will doubtless relect that I discharged my larst marster—'uteful wurd—with hignominiiy; I refer to the unsemely beast who kikked me from his dore with words that shall be naimless, and whomb I shall ever regard with a contemp that he richly merrits. I fele that I am out of plaice in this country ware the aristoxty is so much beneeth my notis, and ware my talents isn't recnized as thay should bee; but I am hear now and hear I must stay till I can afford to return to pereless Albin, kentry of the chorky cliffs and dansels fare. I owe my presnt engagement to you and one resn for writin' was to thank you for your efforts in my be!, but I have a forit to find with your admirabl' paper, and that is that thair isn't sufisht *politix* in your paiges. Commik papers at home abounds with remark on the pliticle arspex of the day and in this respec' I think GRIP is defisht. In my presnt position, a plane close one, bein' butler to an M.P.—I am constant beind his chare at dinner, when plitlice frends is orphan gests, and I overhere remark wich I don't here, but wich I shall be 'appy for to furnish you with at a modrate consideration. If this metes your vews plesse drop me a line at I hundred and too, (Rosedale 'All it's called, but isn't hardly desorvink of the naim) Savile row, Toronto, and if my offer is accepted of I will repport *menny startlink* things, and such as will maik some fokes stait. Hour establishment, for this country, is fairly compleat, and the ladys of the scrvants 'all not at all a bad sort tho' illitrit, and thair manners at table not as *comeelfo* as they mite be, and the under footman blos disagrebl' at his vittles. John

Coachman is a rele good feller and sings with considerbl expresshn that old farmiliar ballet

"When Briting fust at 'Evings comarnd
Rose hou-hou-hout-oh-hou-hou-ah-hout the ha-a-azure main."

when I paternize him and the groom in the coachus arfter dinner. Please arnswer.

Yours fatheffy,
CHAWLES NEEBRITCHES.
(nee uniform, now plane close).

[Don't want your political communications : publish your letter for fun. Know more about politics than you do, but three pages of that subject in an eight page paper is enough.—ED. GRIP.]

THE PRELATE AND THE PAUPER.

A clerical person of high degree,
And said to be full of philanthrope,
And a lover of works of charitee,

We see.



He loves the poor man, the needy pities ;
Intones with fervor his *Nunc dimittis*.
And his rectory fair, in one of our cities,

It is.

His words, as he preaches, are round and fair,
And his eyes roll aloft with a pious air,
As he maketh a long and unctuous prayer,
—To where ?

One day as he sat in his garb monastic,
A beggar came to this ec-clesiastic,
And with many a reverent bow gymnastic,
And fantastic,



He said, "Fair sir, I have come to sue
For something to eat and for something to do :
For, from what I can hear, with ut any ado, You

"Will feel it a pleasure to give me both ;
I am hungry : don't drink ; swear never an oath,
And I'm sure that your reverence won't be loath—"

(Rhyme machine sprung a leak here)

"To help me ; I'm hungry ; for nearly a week
I have done without food, and I only seek—"
"What !" cried his reverence, flabby and sleek,
"What cheek !"

"You come unto me as a beggar ; pooh, pooh !
How ever can I give you aught to do ?
And you want food besides ; this is really too
Too.

"Keep a stiff upper lip ; in a month or more
You needn't go begging to any man's door ;
Do your best and you'll find that good gifts will pour
Galore

"Right down on your head ; good morning, sir ;
I glance at my watch and I see dinner
Will now be ready ; I'm hungry—er

Butler,



"Show this gentleman out,"—and out he was shown,
This pitiful mass of skin and of bone ;
He had asked for bread ; had been given a stone ;
Ochone !

The prelate went to his dainty spread,
Right royally drank and thrice regally fed ;
And next morning his visitor lay in a shed—
Dead !

He died from starvation ; this tale is true,
And shows what evil a prelate can do,
And which in the future he'll probably rue,
Adieu !

ANSWERS TO ENQUIRERS ;

OR,

DRAUGHTS OF INFORMATION FOR THE DROUTHY.

What is meant by the amenities of journalism? FOLIO wishes to know.—The politeness so characteristic of Canadian journalism. The more prominent by comparison with the usages of other countries. We have before us two prominent Russian journals. We translate from the Slavonic: The *Lian* of Moscow, edited by Chaumelagzoff addresses his brother of the *Belog*: "The mendacious hyena, whose putrescent exhalations diurnally pollute the atmosphere of the city deserves the knout for his miserable attempt at facetiousness in daring to embalm in his vile and nauseating sheet his opinions forsooth, on the quality of our vodka! Poor caterpillar; he can never emerge from his chrysalis state. Should he ever attempt to speak the truth he would die." How different with us! The *Mail* says: "It is with feelings of the deepest sorrow that our patriotism compels us to apparently sacrifice friendship upon the altar of public interest, by alluding to a slight mistake in a late issue of our ever veracious and polite, and considerate contemporary the *Globe*. But from positive knowledge we must assert that the indisposition of the Hon. Mr. Kaleb, which has cast so deep a gloom over the whole country, was not occasioned by a surfeit of tripe and onions, as our generally accurate confrere says, but by highly seasoned, and too fresh bologna sausages. We would sacrifice our right hand before offending; but truth is mighty and must prevail." Listen to the *Globe*: "We never read a mistatement, much less an untruth, in the columns of the *Mail*. We give our children the paper to read. Its pure well of English undefiled, is refreshing to think of. The bonds of amity between us have never been broken. Our veracity is unimpeachable. There is no blot on the escutcheon of the *Mail*. Hand in hand we go, our only difference being which can surpass the other in doing good for our common country."

We frequently read about a Marshal's baton. What does it mean? Enquires "CLUBS."—The baton or truncheon is an emblem of power. *e. g.*: The policeman's club, generally used the more vigorously the weaker the offender is. The facile and bodily contortions accompanying the frantic gyrations of the baton in the hand of the leader of an orchestra are terrifying, but sublime. Enthusiastic citizens do honor to the hero of the hour by the gift of a gold headed cane, and it is refreshing to note the manner in which the "genial and large hearted" distillers of savory sippings squander their ducats to obtain votes, especially if the recipient be a parson.

To whom is Europe indebted for the introduction of the potato? SPUDS is very anxious to be informed.—What everybody knows is not suitable for this column. See "Little Johnny's Book of Knowledge"—price 10 cents. We afford information on subjects metaphysical, rhetorical, logical, theological, astronomical, geological, historical, philological—all kinds of "ogical"—in fact, everything; but we eschew politics, heterodoxy and baby questions. To be brief, we profess to be the most modest and least boastful of newspaper folks.

"Not a full blushing goblet would tempt me to leave it, tho' filled with the nectar that Jupiter sips." Could gin provide the ingredients of this nectar? demands SWIPES.—Ambrosia, the nectar referred to, was very popular during the Olympian era: but we opine that on the fall of the Jovian dynasty the recipe for compounding the Celestial potion was lost: but there is a difference of opinion here. The ancient Irish "savants" prove, as they say, beyond dispute, that the nectar was poteen, and point to the jovial influence this beverage asserts, as well as the fact that the word O'lympian, smacks of the undoubted Milesian. The Scotch clamorously declare it was Athole brose: The Frenchman sneeringly asks if such knowledge would be vouchsafed to mere islands, and finds the nectar in his own champagne: The Hollander says gin, and the German doggedly and sentimentally vows it was lager beer. This latter assertion is not tenable, as lager beer is swallowed, guzzled, or thrown down, whilst the nectar is sipped, and the idea of a Dutch Hebe or Ganymede presenting the graceful Apollo, the lovely Venus, or the queenly Juno with schooners of lager with one hand, and a platter heaped with pretzels, Limburger, kraut and sausage with the other, lacks the necessary etherealism connected with the doings of the Celestial troupe. The Yankees unanimously aver that a lost art was discovered by the fortunate man who first made a mint julep.—

A COLLECTED REPLY.

SERVANT.—Oh! sir, here's the man come for the gas.

OLD GENTLEMAN (*chronically impecunious.*)
—Oh! bother! tell him—tell him it's out!

Why is a pig's tail like an old man?—Because it's *infirm*.

"Can a man serve two masters?" Certainly, sailors on schooners can.—*The Judge*.

"Mamma, what does M. D. mean when it comes after the doctor's name? Does it mean money down?"—*Harper's Bazar*.

Mrs. Mackey denies the rumor that her daughter is engaged to a prince and says: I mean to give my daughter to an honest man." The lucky editor, whoever he may be, has our congratulations. For Mrs. M. says her daughter will receive not a penny of dowry on her marriage.—*Norristown Herald*.



"I'VE GOT 'EM ON A STRING."



"So the world wags."

The superstition of sailors is proverbial, and Davy Jones and his locker are firmly believed in by all old salts, though the younger hands, nowadays, are becoming far better educated and too intelligent to believe in the old superstitions. But this is what the *N. Y. Sun* has to say about that mythical locker, and the description is very true of what it was supposed to be.

DAVY JONES' LOCKER.

Every one has heard of "Davy Jones' locker," but few know just who Davy Jones is, and what his locker consists of. Old sailors are of the opinion that the locker is at the bottom of the sea, off soundings. Its mouth is between two gigantic mountains, whose sides gradually recede like those of a funnel for hundreds of miles. All currents tend thitherward at a certain phase of the moon, and thus every lost ship and every drowned sailor eventually drifts into the great submarine mouth. When angered by offences against his unwritten laws, such as setting sail on Friday, carrying dead bodies, killing cats, dropping water buckets, and the like, sailors believe that Davy will personally appear, and demand satisfaction—sometimes being satisfied with the sacrifice of one man, and sometimes pulling a ship and its crew down into his locker. Many sailors aver that they have seen Davy Jones.

I think every one will agree with me that the following is true, in some respects, at least. Much has been said about the brakeman's peculiar style of enunciation: it has been left to a British tourist to make a discovery, startling, no doubt, but a discovery for all that. And yet the conversation given below may never have taken place after all, though I really don't think the *Arkansas Traveller* would willingly diverge from the truth—unless it paid better to do that naughty thing and tell a fib. However, here goes.

A BRAKEMAN'S EDUCATION.

"Do you think that American institutions are progressive?" enquired a Boston girl of an eminent English tourist, on the Baltimore & Ohio Railway.

"Indeed I do," was the hearty reply. "The classical education of even your railway brakemen makes them far superior to the common guards of our English system."

"What do you mean by the classical education of our brakemen?" enquired the Boston girl, with no small show of surprise.

"Why, I notice they open the car door and call the names of the stations in an unknown tongue. I am familiar with seven distinct languages, but your American brakemen are a gulf of learning compared to our most eminent scholars. Their salaries must certainly be enormous, and their erudition vast and unfathomable."—*Arkansas Traveller*.

Genius is a thing that very few understand much about. I don't, for one. I believe, however, that when a man gets the name of being

a genius, he is permitted to roam about dressed just as he pleases, and the worse he does please to dress the more others are pleased. This is one of the pleas for genius. That's a pun. I could write reams about geniuses I have met. But I won't. I have some respect for my readers. The *Arkansas Traveller* is responsible for the following.

THE FATE OF GENIUS.

A company out in Arkansas were telling of the brilliant boys they had worshipped as heroes, and how badly they had ended in life. Here is one of the affecting anecdotes:—"I used to worship a hero at school. He was a brilliant orator, and wrote pieces for the village newspapers that challenged the admiration of the most prominent citizens of the town. Every one supposed he would be a great editor or statesman. Well, recently I visited the neighborhood, and I, like you, could not help but muse over his brilliant prospects, and take a sadder view of life." "What was he doing? Cleaning out wells for a living?" "No, sir." "Clerk in a hide house?" "No." "Conductor of a hod?" "No." "What was he doing, then?" "He wasn't doing anything. He was dead."

Can such things be? and do such heartless beings exist as the horrible old man who did not do as he would be done by, as the gentleman in this anecdote seems to have done? Why comment further on an infamous transaction? Nay, rather let us reflect on the "bageness of human natur," as a combination of the immortal Sairey Gamp and Cap'n Cuttle would have said.

AFTER THE STYLE OF THE FRENCH.

"So you love my daughter, eh?"
 "Y-yes, sir,"
 "And you have money to support her in good style?"
 "I have \$30,000 in bank, and an income of \$5,000 per year."

"Money in bank? Ah! I see you are no financier; you should have invested in bonds and doubled your interest. For instance, I have securities paying ten per cent."

The young man hurries off to get his cash and buy bonds of his future father-in-law. After he has departed Lucy enters the library and asks:

"Father, did William ask your consent?"
 "He did, dear."
 "And you said yes?"
 "No, darling; he has no wealth to give you station."

"But he has \$30,000."
 "Oh, no. I just raked that in for bonds that won't be worth ten cents on the dollar six months hence. I love you too well to see you marry a poor man, and have to live in sixth-story rooms."—*Wall-street News*.

I am indebted to R. J. Burdette for this parody of a song that possibly one or two of my readers may have heard. It is very tender; very touching; and will not bring a blush of shame to the cheek of the most modest old man.

MY GRANDFATHER'S CLOCK.

My grandfather's clock was too high for the shelf,
 And it reached forty feet below the floor;
 And he used to take a lightning-rod to wind it up himself,
 While he stood on the top of the door.
 It ran like a quarter horse long years ere he was born,
 When he died it ran faster than before,
 And ev, ery; time that he heard the tune,
 The old-man—swore,

CHORUS (by the entire congregation).

About 459,000 years without slumbering,
 Tick, tock; tick, tock, tum, tum-tum; tum, tum-tum;
 oom-pah, oom-pah, bra-a-a-a!
 Whistling and roaring and shrieking and thundering!
 Tick, tock; tick, tock, toot, doot, toot, de doot, tra la,
 la ha ha!
 An! Screw-ee-ee! Whoop! Whoop! Wa-ha-ha-ha-a-a-a!
 It went! Faster! than ever it went before,
 When the—old—man—died!

The man who lived down at the corner of the block,
 With a voice like a broad gauge bassoon;
 He made a bass solo of "My Grandfather's Clock,"
 And he never sang any other tune,
 He sang it every morning and he sang it in the night.
 And he sang it while the congregation cried;
 But his neck; tie; fitted-his-neck-too tight,
 On the day—he—died.

CHORUS (by people who whistle, but can't sing, with a lingering suspicious inflection on the "necktie," as though circumstances indicated that several men had helped the musician to put it on):

Forty-nine years to-day without slumbering,
 Toodle de doo, too de doo, toodle de doo tooty toot!
 The multitudinous notes of the cricket out-numbering,
 Toot! Doot! Toot! Doot! Toot!
 But his neck; tie; wasn't-adjusted-right,
 On the day—he—died!

And the handsome young man who sang tenor in the choir
 Was also addicted to the tune;
 He used to pitch the air about twenty octaves higher
 Than the key-note of the man in the moon.
 His cracked notes pierced through the azure fields above,
 Till Olympus couldn't sleep if it tried;
 Bat great; Jove; gave-one-of-his-bolts a shove,
 And the young—man—died!

CHORUS (for first tenor voices, with a shivering kind of an intonation on the thunder, indicative of the feelings of a young man when he is struck by lightning. Now, then, ALL together.

Up to high C without stumbling,
 Squack, squack! squack, squack!
 Squack without any quavering or straining or mumbling,
 Squack, squack! squack, squack!
 Squack-but-the-thun; der! got-mighty-close-to-the-ground
 On the da-ay—he—died!

There were forty million people in the land of our birth,
 With voices from a squeak to a roar,
 And they warbled that tune through the ends of the earth,
 In the church, in the car, and the store.
 'Till the old man's ghost re-sought the glimpses of the moon.

And he tore at his silver flowing hair,
 And the old; man! whenever-he-heard that tune,
 Would cavor—and—swear!

CHORUS (softly, by any person of the company who knows the words, with old man obligato):

"Ninety years without slumbering"—
 —!—!—!—!—!—!—!—!—!—!—!—!—!—!
 His life seconds numbering—
 —!—!—!—!—!—!—!—!—!—!—!—!—!—!
 "But it stopped—short"—
 —!—!—!—!—!—!—!—!—!—!—!—!—!—!

In what state do you calculate to fight mosquitos this year?—*Boston Post*. Nudity, or thereabouts.—*Hartford Journal*.

ADVICE TO CONSUMPTIVES.

On the appearance of the first symptom—as general debility, loss of appetite, pallor, chilly sensations, followed by night sweats and cough, prompt measures of relief should be taken. Consumption is scrofulous disease of the lungs; therefore use the great anti-scrofulous or blood-purifier and strength-restorer, Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." Superior to Cod liver oil as a nutritive, and unsurpassed as a pectoral. For weak lungs, spitting of blood, and kindred affections it has no equal. Sold by druggists. For Dr. Pierce's treatise on consumption send two stamps. WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N.Y.

The GRIP-SACK.

We have pleasure in submitting the following unsolicited opinions:

"As a specimen of humorous literature it is immense—it out—Jumbos Jumbo."
 "P. T. BARNUM."

"I expect to be in Canada shortly, and the greatest pleasure I anticipate is being able to secure a copy of the GRIP-SACK."
 "LORD CHIEF JUSTICE COLBRIDGE."

"I never enjoyed complete bliss till I received the copy of GRIP-SACK you sent. It is a complete antidote against beetles, mosquitoes, and Lord Randolph Churchill."
 "W. E. GLADSTONE."



A LESSON IN RHYMING.

NO 1 STAGE.

Take some word, for instance, we'll pitch upon *extraordinary*,
Think of something then to end your second line, say
gone;
Then a rhyme to line the first: quite easy, here 'tis,
sword in airy,
Then a winder up, and nothing suits as well as *John*.

NO. 2 STAGE.

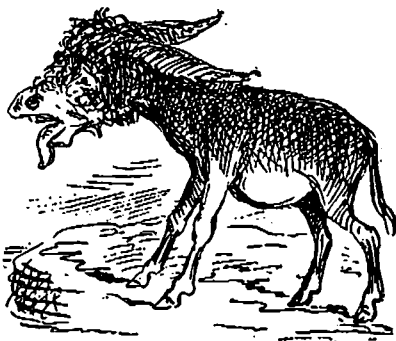
Above you have your terminals—*he was a most extraordinary*
That line's advanced a step or two—*and off his head*
was gone
That line's a little more complete—*he waved his heavy*
sword in airy,
Good again—*the atmosphere, decapitating John*.

NO. 3, COMPLETE.

There was a gallant captivng, and he was a most extraordinary
Swordsman, he could slash a foe, and off his head was
gone;
He loved not little Johnny Smith, he waved his heavy
sword in airy
Passes through the atmosphere, decapitating John.

PROSE FINALE.

There it is: easy as A B C. Further instruction in this art will be given from time to time, just as the instructor may feel like it or not. Fee, reasonable. Any buyer of the GRIP-SACK, now for sale, price 25 cents, taught free.



A WORD ABOUT A CRUSTACEAN.

A SCIENTIFIC ESSAY.

Material for this column is very scarce just now, but it (the column) has got to be filled, even though we show that we don't understand a word of the subject of which we treat. Suppose we say something on the subject of lobsters. What put this into our head was the fact that we are in agonies of torture from indigestion, brought on, we believe, by making a light supper of lobster, cucumber and milk, three articles that medical men will tell you form a combination of sufficient power to slay a jackass in ten minutes. But bah! What do doctors know, anyhow? We still live to disprove their absurd theories. We've

laid ourselves open for something to be said by other smart men in those last sentences—but let them say on: we shall laugh them to scorn. When we remark that we have laid ourselves open, we do not mean the words to be taken literally. We feel that the horrible and ghastly, nay, even weird sight that would meet our gaze, would strike terror to the stoutest heart, under which head comes ours. But how we are rambling from our discourse, which was to have been about lobsters! We must pitch in and get this essay written, so we will commence by saying that we have always lived on the seashore, twelve years of them having been in the heart of Canada, where the briny breezes blow soft o'er C-y-lon's isle, and we have remarked that a lobster never comes on shore unless he is carried by force. He is afflicted with but one disease that we know of and that is boils.

There is more real excitement in harpooning a whale or in having the measles than there is in catching lobsters. The latter luxury we have indulged in. The stock of whales we have laid low would't fill an old fashioned seventy-four. The thushness of pursuing the lobster in his native lair is as follows: The fisherman provides a small hen-coop and places in it, as enticers, several dead fish. He then rows his boat to the lobster ground—which is water—and sinks his coop to the bottom, and anchors it to a small buoy—one from eight to ten will do—and then goes home. When he feels like it again—say in the course of a week or so—he goes back and pulls his poultry house, and if he has had any decent kind of luck, he will find the game inside the coop.

As an article of food the real goodness—or badness—of the lobster is in the pith.

Very few people relish the skin, and physicians say it is almost as hard to digest as the interior. We shall not indulge in any lobster peel.

Though the following statement is antagonistic to a preceding one, we venture to remark that nothing is better for colic than boiled lobster. The raw article is crude, not to say unpalatable.

Eaten at the right time and in proper quantities, lobster stands second to no fruit known.

We give this valuable information ungrudgingly to our readers—for when we are in pain we desire sympathy.

THE TENDER TENOR.

"Kiss me not; my mother's sitting
Close beside my husband's stall,
And the thought of any wooing
Would his inmost heart appal.
Every night, behind the footlights,
I'm the cynosure of eyes;
But the ghost of stage carresses
Makes my breast in anguish rise.

Do not warily press my fingers
Drop them as a lighted coal;
Only aim your tender speeches
At the vision of your soul.
But if stage effect demand it,
When your heart with love is big,
Do not even touch my forehead—
Kiss the parting of my wig."

She was middle-aged and *passee*,
He was handsome, bright and young;
And he had enough discretion
To know when to hold his tongue.
Nought he answered. In the evening,
Just her forelock did he press;
Not a middle aged grandmother
Would have blushed at his caress.

Had he been the least ungallant,
Thus he might have made reply:
"Aged flutterm, do not fear me,
But your scenic lover I.
Scarcely to my silk-clad shoulder
Would I press your powdered face,
Creme de l' Imperatrice
Scarce my dresser could erase."

But the opera passed off quietly,
For he did as he was told;
Though the critics said next morning,
That his love was rather cold.

And the middle-aged Othello,
Who was tiring of his wife,
Thought he never saw a wiser
Juvenile in all his life.

THE TELEGRAPH STRIKE.

DEAR GRIP.



YOUR desire to give the latest news to your readers, you will no doubt be pleased to know how the telegraphers' strike strikes us who live beyond the limits of the great Queen City whose rapid strides towards fame, wealth, and Parkdale are seen and known of all men whose business or pleasure takes them in the direction of the flowery suburb. The 'keys' of the situation are held by the companies, for if the strikers had taken them there would have been charges of larceny at the Police or "Circuit" courts and the companies would have "wired" into the operators in a "shocking" manner.

This shows us that after all said and done, the Companies have more "brass" than the Brotherhood, the members of which are in a fair way to be "cut out"—if the officials are to be believed. Whether Russian operators would be of use is very doubtful as there are wonderful numbers of "Poles" in the service, but they remain perfectly passive and are not able to operate at all.

One pleasing feature in Canada is that though "battery" is very common in the offices there has been no assault recorded—the dictionary to the contrary notwithstanding—and this although fresh "relays" of pickets are frequently put on guard. If the pickets were fresh there might be trouble, and the pickets aforesaid might in such case have to do what every operator dreads—"lo(ose) their grip," if an objectionable officer came within reach and was captured. This is emphatically a war of wages. The wagers war whether the war wages or not, and no one outside the camps, cares to wager that the wages will be what the wagers wish.

The Western Union is a great cold-water(ed) institution. This accounts for the moderate—even strictly temperate—salaries it pays its operators.

The Great North-Western, like the land from which it takes its name, is a company of "magnificent distances"—between the figures its servants want and those it pays.

J. A. MESAG.

31st July, 1883.

The Long Branch bar-rooms are now in full blast. We arrive at this conclusion from reading a despatch telling how, on Wednesday, three ships were seen, one above another in mid-air, by sojourners at that watering place.—*Lowell Citizen*.

Young and middle-aged men, suffering from nervous debility and kindred affections, as loss of memory and hypochondria, should enclose three stamps for Part VII of World's Dispensary Dime Series of pamphlets. Address WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N.Y.

Is it a young man? It is a young man. He is dressed in fine style. Yes, because he is a fashionable young man. What are those white things at his wrists? Those are cuffs. You thought they were white bulletin boards, did you? Oh, no, they are only cuffs. Why does he deep his fingers spread out so wide? He does it to prevent his cuffs dragging on the ground.—*The Drummer*.

MACHINE OILS.

Four Medals and Three Diplomas awarded at
Leading Exhibitions in 1881.

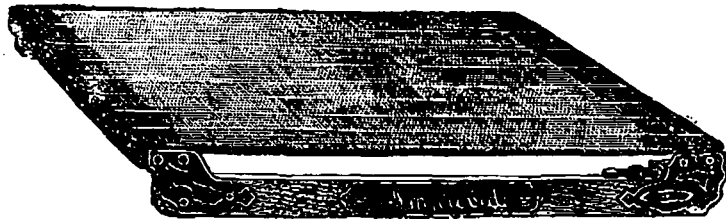
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MR. BLAKE'S RETURN FROM ENGLAND WITHOUT A POLICY.



SPRING MATTRESSES.

We are now manufacturing the largest assortment of Spring Mattresses in this market, comprising The Woven Wire (four grades), Button Tie, Triple Coil, Improved and Plain All Wire, Common Sense and U. S. Slats. Parties in need of Spring Mattresses will find it to their advantage to inspect our stock before placing their orders

For Sale by all Furniture Dealers.

R. THORNE & CO, 11 & 13 Queen St. E., Toronto.

A FEW GEMS OF POESY.

GEM I.

There was a young man of Belle Isle
Who rowed on the lake a good while,
But the swells of haut ton
Gazed on him saut ion
That the youth soon quite bashful did fisle.

GEM II.

A party went out in a yacht
To get at some ducks a good shacht;
There was one, an ensign,
In a corps of the lign;
Who voted the whole affair racht.

GEM III.

A man in a volunteer corps
Said his drill was a terrible corps;
So he spoke to his colonel
In language infonnel,
And was speedily bounced 'cos he sworps.

GEM IV.

A young lady sat down in the aisle
Of a church on the banks of the Naisle,
She was joined by her beau,
Who said, "shall we reau?"
And she sweetly replied, "I's'tould smaiste."

GEM V.

There is an old duffer named Cholmondeley
Who in youth had been lovely and colmondeley,
Being struck deaf and dumb
His friends now see him cumb
In his old age so mutely and dolmondeley.

An Iowa editor has been heaping more than coals of fire upon an esteemed contemporary's head—more like lighted kerosene. "Our dear brother of the Burlington Gazette," he begins in the sweetest of tones, only to add in the next sentence, "He will permit us to call him so, since he says we are an ass."

It is a common saying that a woman can't keep a secret as well as a man. All bosh. Why, a woman will keep a secret that a man would forget in two hours, long enough to spread it over two counties. She never looses her grip on it till she gets a better one,

THE WEAKER SEX

are immensely strengthened by the use of Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription," which cures all female derangements, and gives tone to the system. Sold by druggists.

IT STANDS AT THE HEAD.

THE Domestic Sewing Machine
A. W. BRAIN,

SOLE AGENT
Also Repairer of all kinds of Sewing Machines. Needles,
Parts and Attachments for Sale.
98 Yonge Street, TORONTO.

According to the faculty, eight parts in ten of the human blood consist of pure water. This seems to leave a very small margin for whiskey.



GENTLEMEN.

If you really want Fine Ordered Clothing, try
CHEESEWORTH, "THE" TAILOR,
110 | KING : STREET : WEST. | 110



DR. E. G. WEST'S NERVE AND BRAIN TREATMENT, a guaranteed specific for Hysteria, Dizziness, Convulsions, Fits, Nervous Neuralgia, Headache, Nervous Prostration caused by the use of alcohol or tobacco, Wakefulness, Mental Depression, Softening of the Brain, resulting in insanity and leading to misery, decay, and death; Premature Old Age, Barrenness, Loss of Power in either sex, Involuntary Losses and Spermatorrhea, caused by over exertion of the brain, self-abuse, or over-indulgence. Each box contains one month's treatment. \$1 a box, or six boxes for \$5; sent by mail prepaid on receipt of price. With each order received by us for six boxes, accompanied with \$5, we will send the purchaser our written guarantee to refund the money if the treatment does not effect a cure. Guarantees issued only by JOHN C. WEST & CO., 81 and 83 King Street East (Office upstairs), Toronto, Ont. Sold by all druggists in Canada.

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