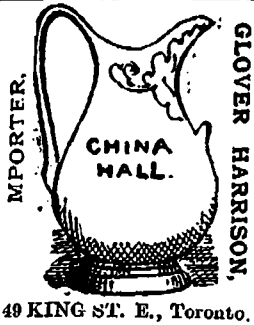
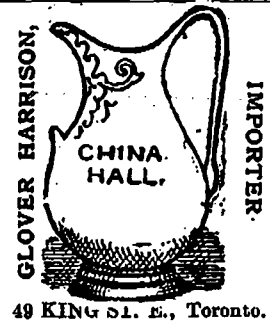


Prof. Vernoy, **Electro Therapeutic Institution.** } Vernoy's Improved Family Battery, manufactured and for sale by the Electric Battery Co., 85 King St. West, Toronto. { 197 Jarvis St.



49 KING ST. E., Toronto.



49 KING ST. E., Toronto.

VOLUME XXIII.  
No. 7.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, AUG. 16, 1884.

\$2 PER ANNUM.  
5 CENTS EACH.



"HADN'T YOU BETTER GET THE KEY BEFORE YOU TAKE POSSESSION?"

WHAT IS IT?

WHY  
IT



IS  
THE

STANDARD TYPE-WRITER

No Barrister, Banker, Broker or Business man can afford to be without one.

Send for descriptive catalogue to

THOMAS BENGOUGH,  
THE SHORTHAND ATHENEUM,  
29 King Street West, Toronto.

STAINED GLASS DWELLINGS  
FOR CHURCHES  
MEMORIAL WINDOWS  
WHEEL & SAND-CUT GLASS  
MCCAUSLAND & SON

JOHNSTON'S  
FLUID BEEF.

\$25.



\$25.

Genuine Diamond, set in solid 16 karat Gold.

CHAS. STARK;

52 CHURCH ST., TORONTO, Near King,

Importer, Wholesale and Retail Dealer in  
Gold and Silver Watches, Gold and Silver  
Jewellery, Diamonds, Silverware etc.

Send address for our 120 page Catalogue, containing  
over 800 illustrations of all the latest and  
most elegant designs.

ELIAS ROGERS AND CO. - COAL AND WOOD. - TORONTO.

Photographer, 104 King Street, Toronto. Orders filled from any Negatives made by the firm of Stanton & Vicars.

Manufacturers of and dealers in Plain and Decorated OIL-FINISH CLOTH SHADES. 417 QUEEN ST. WEST, TORONTO, ONT. TORONTO WINDOW SHADE CO.

• GRIP •

AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL.

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

S. J. MOORE, *Manager.*

J. W. BENGOUGH

*Editor.*

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

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—The *Globe's* latest bit of enterprise—the sending out of commissioners to investigate and report upon the state of Canadian manufactures—has got that journal into a peck of trouble. In many cases where depression and slackness were reported, the manufacturers declare themselves misrepresented, and of course all such errors on the part of the commissioners are attributed to political motives. There can be no doubt that the editor of the *Globe* would feel a little disappointed if his messengers all returned with good news. Considering the light in which the *Globe* has always viewed the policy of Protection, it is not too uncharitable to suppose that the dismal results of the tour were published with considerable gusto. The reaction is now setting in. The hornets are round the editor's ears in swarms, and the leader of the Reform party is likely to receive some of the stings.

FIRST PAGE.—It is never safe to count your chickens before they are hatched, nor should the Ontario Ministers take possession of the awarded territory until they have got the key of the door thereto. This necessary article is still in the hands of the Dominion Premier, if we understand the case aright. The decision lately given by the Privy Council is not "legally" binding any more than the one delivered by the arbitrators was. Legislation at Ottawa is needed to confirm it, and the question now arises, is it safe to assume that, as a matter of course, Sir John will pass the requisite measure? If he refuses, what then?

EIGHTH PAGE.—The centuries have laughed at King Canute's folly, in presuming to stay the waves of the ocean by the word of command. Another King—surnamed Dodds—is now amusing the people of this Province with a somewhat similar exhibition. He is endeavoring by means of silvery eloquence, backed up to some extent by golden argument, to turn back the tide that is rising to engulf the liquor traffic. He will fail as signally as his royal prototype did. The traffic in Ontario is doomed; no earthly power can resist the growth of the prohibition sentiment.

As a patron of the fine arts, GRIP feels it his duty to call attention to the advertisement of Messrs. Goldie & McCulloch, of Galt, on the third page of the cover of this issue.

SCOTLAND FOR EVER.

DEAR TONAL,—

Tak off yer ponnet—"Scotland for efer!" hip, hip hooray! an' stand up mirofer. Hersel will pe told ye she isn't a Phairson any more at all, she'll pe Sir Dauvit McPhairson noo—an' her nainsell a *knicht*, mirofer. Its chust Mr. Plake an' Mr. McKenzie an' Mr. this and Mr. that, put its no Mr. McPhairson no more whatefer—her nainsell is Sir Dauvit noo, an' don't ye forget it mirofer, Tonal. When hersell wakens in ta mornin' she'll pe tak a peep in ta lukin' glass, and she'll pe say, "goot mornin' ta yer lordship, Sir Dauvit," an' Sir Dauvit she'll pe laugh an' says "goot mornin'," put she'll not pe one pit changed at all, sho'll pe ta same auld Ta Phairson as ifer. Noo Tonal, when her nainsell comes pack, ye'll pe sure to tell them a' to tak off their ponnets, an' mak ta proper pow, an ta proper obiesience to Sir Dauvit ta fery same way as ta sun, an' ta moon, an' ta stars made obiesience to Choseph in ta land of Egypt. An' tell all ta maid-servants that ta great chief of ta clan McPhairson is comin'—Sir Dauvit to wit, an' they must haf on clean white aprons an' caps, an' cartsey humply to ta great man, as becomes ta servants' humble station. An' Tonal yerself shall go to ta town an' order a pran new suit of lifery for Chon ta coachman, with brass buttons mirofer, an' a pig stove-pipe hat, with ta rosette in ta side; an' she must haf yellow gloves ta drive Sir Dauvit's horses, an' if she'll say she'll be have more respect for hersel than for Sir Dauvit an' won't wear ta lifery, she'll chust pe sent apouther pinsness, without a character, mirofer. An' Tonal, if any girls say that—put nifer mind, she'll say no more at all chust now whatefer more. Yours,

SIR DAUVIT, KNICHT.



PORTRAIT OF MR. CHARLEBOIS.

The public of Canada, and especially of Quebec, are curious to see a portrait of M. Charlebois, the gent who made a cool \$10,000 out of a contract for furnishing the temporary Quebec Parliament Buildings. Mr. GRIP would be glad to oblige the public, but not having a picture of Charlebois in his collection, he submits instead the above excellent likeness of the late Wm. M. Tweed, of Tammany Hall. Morally, if not physically, this ought to give a very correct idea of the distinguished Quebec contractor.

PROGRESS.

The opening of a wholesale department by the Willard Tract Society in this city, is a gratifying mark of the increasing demand for good Christian literature in Canada. Our booksellers are finding it necessary to keep a stock of this kind on hand, and every well-wisher of the country will be glad to see the day when the good books will crowd the bad ones off the stationers' counters altogether. GRIP congratulates the society on their advance step, and hopes their wholesale trade may soon be a roaring one.

THE CRUSHED EDITOR.

AN IDYLL OF A COUNTRY NEWSPAPER OFFICE.

A Grit editor lived happily in the back-woods.

He was happy because the agitation for a County Poor House was likely to arrive at a successful issue.

One day he could not find his scissors and he therefore resolved he would write an original editorial.

The subject he selected was Mr. Mowat's recent Victories—with a large V.

Although provisions were scarce with him, yet he felt that this was something he could enlarge on.

In order to find out what Mr. Mowat's recent Victories were, he consulted his exchanges.

This editor never cared about contradicting anything next week.

He read up all about the victories and had just concluded that he would coin a never-dying expression if he had to keep the apprentice waiting all night for copy, when his eye caught on to an article in the *Toronto News*.

And it wasn't a loaf of bread either—for which, doubtless, the editor was sincerely sorry.

It was chop-straw editorial welded together—and not half fat enough to suit the compositors.

Here is the very sentence which riveted the poor editor's gaze:—"Premier Mowat has downed the Dominion Premier pretty badly."

Some few people in the world may doubt it, but it is a fact nevertheless that these words were precisely the words with which the editor had decided to commence his article and earn fame.

He was so crushed with disappointment that he gashed out the *News* editorial with a paper knife, and in a voice trembling with emotion, told the boy to set it up as a leading article and be prepared to quit the town if he credited it to that paper.

A KAZOO MELODY.

One is never safe from these musical nuisances. A fellow evidently very drunk, stationed himself before our office window yesterday, and hummed the following ditty on a kazoo, which he held between his lips. He had also a huge cat under his arm, and turned the tail by way of accompaniment:

Hooray! hooray for Hamilton!  
Her flower plot called Gore,  
Hooray for all her canny folks!  
Forbye whatever more.

Hooray the natives sensible,  
Who have no cash to spare;  
For all such luxuries as parks,  
With green grass and fresh air.

Hooray her quiet, sequestered streets,  
Where police ne'er patrol  
Where lawless roughs on women prey,  
And laugh at law's control.

Hooray her jolly Potter's Field,  
Where paupers lie around;  
Without a shirt, without a shroud,  
Two feet below the ground.

Hooray—hoo— — — ! !

Here a swinging blow from a knotty black-thorn brought the unfortunate crank, cat and kazoo to the dust. It was dealt by a Hamilton alderman who had just landed from the Southern Belle, and was on his way up to the city, and who for the moment became an avenging Nemesis.

"My dear, look below," said a Harlem man, just as he stood on the bridge with his wife and gazed at a tug hauling a line of barges. "Such is life—the tug is like a man, working and toiling, while the barges, like women, are" "I know," interrupted Mrs. G., acridly, "the tug does all the blowing and the barges bear all the burdens."—*Harlem Times.*

MRS. MCFAGIN DISCOURSES ON SLANG.

"Ah, thin, Mrs. Nelligan, sure an' but it's me own silf as has a sorry life av it. My son Mickey and my daughter Hanora have me heart almost broken an' me moind all in a whirral wid the quare now langwidge which they introjuce into their remarks now. I asked Hanora pwhat she did mean, pwhat langwidge it all was. She said it was shlaug, tho' for the life of me I can't say where that counthry is. It was only the other day that I was jawin' Mickey for not wipin' his dirty fate before he kem into me clanc kitchen. 'Oh,' says he 'wipe off yer chin.' An' wid that I, thinkin' that some of the sthove blackin' had got on me face, dipped a towel into the wather and comminced rubbin' me chin. Howy Moses, but how the young gossoon laughed at me. He squirmed an' twisted an' shook like a cat in a fit. Jut thin Hanora kem in an' whin she found out pwhat was the mather she set up a screeching on her own hook. 'Oh,' says the brazen-faced thing, 'mother, yer too fresh—yev jist kem off the ice.' An' wid that I turned around and let her have the wet towel right betchune the eyes. 'Aff the ice is it? I've jist kem aff the ice have I? D'ye mane to say that whin the weather's onfernally hot I'm in the habit av squattin' meself on a chunk of ice to get cooled aff?' An' I can assure you Mrs. Nelligan that I med it so hot fer that sassy girral that she'd loike to sit in an ice house fer a month to come, an' more. 'This very mornin' Mickey towld his father to 'pull down his vest.' An' the owld man wid a look on his face as innocent as a plaster av Paris angel, caught howld av his vest wid both fists an' gev it sich a jerk down as nearly dislocated his shoulder bone. 'Is it all right now?' asked Michael, the owld man. 'Ye betcher socks it is,' said Mickey, an' I'm givin' ye the straight tip, too—can't ye



take a tumble?' The owld man lucked at him, and when he saw the young spalpeen roarin' wid laughter, he med a dash at him an' grabbed him by the nape av the neck and the sate of the pants, and atther moppin' the lure wid him, he rowld him heels over head down the back steps, an' he settled down in a tub av soap suds below. The owld man was wild, he was that mad. 'Will ye howld yer whist, ye squalin' spalpeen?' he cried, as Mickey set up a roar and a hullabaloo that sounded like the brayin' of an ass that belonged to Andy Magillucuddy who used to kape the grane grocer's store in Ballynahinch, in the County Down, Ireland. 'Ye foul-mouthed young rascal, will ye plase bear it in moind that yer daddy's just given the straight tip an' that yev jist taken a tumble! An' if I iver catch ye talkin' any more av yer Jude Jargon or yer bar-room lingo around this shebeen, I'll skin yez alive!' Aftther Michael had gone out, Mickey kem crapin' in at the back dure as meek as a dead lamb. 'Ah, ye blackgurdy young omadhaun, sez I, 'but it takes yer father to give ye yer just

deserts.' Well, Mrs. Nelligan, it's a wondher I didn't expire on the spoth, for I was slure that atther the lambastin' he'd got he'd kape a civil tongue in his mouth, but divil a bit av it, ma'am. He simply towld me to 'let up an' quit shooting aff me mouth at him.' Pwhat did I do, is it? I doubled up me fist—me right wan—and in me left I grabbed the poker; an' the way that I shot aff that right fist so that it sthruck the brat betchune the eyes, an' the iligant manner in which I directed the motion av that wrought-iron poker so that it caught him across the small av the back as he made a dodge under the table, would make ye think that I was brought up in a boardin' school an' larned kellystenioks. 'Come out of that, Mickey,' says I, for tho—what'll I call him?—was beneath the table diggin' into a pie which I put there to cool. Jut thin a big rat, of which I was mortally scared, ran out av the corner, an' I, wid a lady's timidly, jumped onto a chair, kapin' wan eye on Mickey an' the other on the rat. 'Mickey McFagin,' says I, 'come out av that an' let that razberry pie alone!' 'I can't lave it alone, fer it's in me.' Says I, 'I ask you, Mickey McFagin, to come out from benayth that kitchen table.' 'Oh,' says he, 'come aff, pwhat are ye givin' me?' So takin' him at his word I kem aff the chair an' gave him the best trouncin' he had since his father gave his wan an hour before. An' Hanora's just as bad. The other night when the two av us were comin' up Yonge Street in the cars she towld me whin the conductor kem along that I'd better 'shove up the rocks.' An' I, thinkin' she moant the windy, turned around an' thried to raise it. She snickered an' towld me that she meant the spondoolicks, the dust, the tin, the fare. She told me the other day that she and her 'mash' as she call Larry Hooligan, as dacent a young man as iver broke bread, went into an ice-cream shop, and whin they'd aten some av the sthuff Larry had to 'run his face' fer it. 'Pwhat d'ye mane?' says I, 'why,' says she, 'he had to stand off the ice-cream man.' 'Blood an' 'ouns!' says I, 'fer why did he stand on the man?' An' thin she snickered 'Oh, ma,' says she, 'yer too awfly verdant. Why don't ye catch on?' 'Verdant!' says I, 'an' isn't it ardent ye mane? Oh, Hanora, how ignorant yez are. If I was as green as you I'd be a cow pasture. An' ye want me to catch on do ye?' Mrs. Nelligan, wid that I med a grab and the way I caught on to that huzzy's hair ud make a statue tremble. I say, Mrs. Nelligan, can ye tell me the manin' av a 'chum an' a snide? No? I don't know it meself, but that's pwhat Hanora called Mickey this mornin'.' Mickey towld her to take a walk around the block where she might hire a hall in which she could slide off on her car, for she was already off her base. Dear me it's a quarter past five an' it was jist four o'clock whin I kem in an' comminced to tell ye of the pair of divils that call me mother. Indade I didn't think I'd been talkin' more than tin minutes. I'm very sorry, but I can't sthaye to tell ye the rest, as I must be off. As that impudent Hanora says I must 'skip the gutter, with a tra-la-la,' Mrs. Nelligan."

A CLEVER FELLOW.

"Here waiter," exclaimed an angry old fellow in a restaurant, "here's a hair in this butter."  
"Did you fin' it, boss?"  
"Of course I found it, you black scoundrel."  
"I graduates yer, sah. Yer see, dat putty widder 'cross de street said dat yer coul' see well ernuff ter fine a ha'r in de butter, but er ugly ole 'oman said yer couldn', so dey got me ter put a ha'r in de butter, sah. Glad ter see dat yer's gained a pint."  
"Ah, you are a clever fellow. Here's a quartor for you."



Mr. J. W. Bengough's Comic Operatic Medley "Bunthorne A broad," was produced for the first time in its revised shape on Monday evening, by the St. Quinten Opera Co. at the Summer Pavilion. Miss St. Quinten

as Ethel, scored an immediate success. This young lady is, indeed, the most capable prima donna, both as an actress and singer, that the amusement public of Toronto has seen for many a day. The support accorded by Mr. Wm. Wolf as Bunthorne; Miss Kitty Marcellus as the Pirate Cook; Mr. Harry Rich as Pirate King; Mr. Wm. Redstone as Frederick, and Mr. S. Halle as Licut. Dead-eye, was excellent, and the chorus sang in a sprightly manner. The costumes were brilliant, and the stage setting better than on the former production of the piece. The St. Quinten Company will probably visit the larger cities and towns of Canada after the conclusion of their engagement here, Mr. Bengough having granted to Mr. Harry J. Norman, the manager, the exclusive stage right of the piece in Canada.

In this week's issue will be found an advertisement of the forthcoming Provincial Exhibition, which is to take place at Ottawa this year, lasting from the 22nd to the 27th September. This fair is an old established institution of the Province, and has long since made a reputation for excellence as an exhibition of the progress and prosperity of our people, a fame which it is not likely to lose while Mr. Henry Wade continues in the office of secretary.



A DISTINCTION WITH A DIFFERENCE.

Boy.—I want a quart of milk.  
Shopkeeper.—Fresh country milk?  
Boy.—No, cow's milk.

"Gentlemen," said the doomed man on the scaffold, "you all must admit that I have worked my way up in the world."—Scissors.



A FEE-NOMENON.

Solicitor.—I'm sorry you lost that case, Mr. McSnuffers.  
McSnuffers.—Na! na! 'Deed. Aw'm glad o't. Losh me! It might ha'e been carried till the Preevy Coouncil! It wis a wonderfu' escape!

CANADIAN SPONGES.

INTERESTING MEETING OF THE TORONTO UN-NATURAL HISTORY SOCIETY.

A meeting of this society was held at the Imbibing Institute. The secretary read a letter from Mr. Ding Cods thanking the society for making him an honorary member of it. Mr. Coil reported finding a microscopic sponge at the Humber, a most amusing little cuss, who could smoke, chew, and absorb as much moisture as his father. He had watched his development under the glass, and gave it as his opinion that he bade fair to be a long liver; and could be used as a living argument against laws which would curtail the absorbing faculty of sponges, on the ground that absorption was injurious to health and longevity. He considered these Canadian sponges different from the English *spongella-efluviatiles* or *lacustris*, as it first builds up the skeleton with *spicula* or *speculatules freelunchatrem*. He wasn't sure about the proper Latin ending of the latter word, but they all knew what he meant to convey.

Another sponge was found, a genuine *Loafericus Canadiensis*, a few weeks ago, and is now inside a government institution under investigation at the public expense. It also appears to be different from the English sponges, preferring brandy and whiskey straight to any quantity of beer. A paper will be read at the next meeting of the society on the investigations made on the sponges, and their future utilization as broom bearers in the scientific torch-light procession, which will celebrate the defeat of certain measures calculated to lessen the spontaneous growth of sponge germs.

Mr. Coil also read a paper on investigations he had recently been making of injurious insects. He spoke of the *coffecupia*, *icceoldmilikia*, *lemonadicus*, and other insects, which had occasioned much destruction of growth among sponges. But he said there was an enemy these had to contend with, to wit:—*hereditora appetiticus*. The *monopolycus* and *boycotia* were also powerful agents in the destruction of the parasite *prohibiticus*; and he was happy to say had lessened its ravages. After some ordinary imbibitory routine business the meeting adjourned.



FWED'S WEMAWKS.

We wear a glaws  
And stare—you know.  
Perhaps you deem it rude in us?  
It is in part necessitated  
By a collar altitudinous.  
But the ladies rather like it,  
Oh, they do indeed!  
The style, you know—  
It's fetching—very—bull's-eye—sure.  
At a range of hawf a mile—you know,  
Gus popped his eye on Clara Vere,  
Poor gal—annihilated—quite.  
It's cruel of us, dov'lish bad;  
It isn't, no, it is not right—  
But oh! the cut, the stick, the glaws,  
Tho waxed moustache—so very, too—  
Must wear a simple sort of rig,  
This maiden-slaughter 'll neva do.  
Gus wote a poem once on Lorr;  
Twas very sweet, twas exquisite,  
About the tendal female hawf,  
And the jealousy which vexes it.  
None of that tragic Shakespear sort,  
But something drossy, light and fly,  
'Bout Love's young dream and Cupid's Court,  
And bottled lightning of the eye.  
The gals all thought it was sublime,  
Went like a rocket with a whizz,  
Must say it took a lot of time,  
And cost poor Gus a lot of fizz.  
For poetry's not much, you know,  
Without a lot of rhyme in it;  
And the sentiment is rather rot,  
Unless you drink Champagne a bit.  
Well, must be off—my trowsa snob  
Is bearing down this way, I see,  
And rows with odds are weakening—  
Shake up a fellow—frightfully—  
Ta ta, dear boy!—no thanks—no time;  
Some utha time—must cut the cad—  
See you to-night—ta ta, again;  
Why tish't him at all, egad!

[Exit.]



CIGARETTE WHIFFS.

Aw—weally—"A Daniel come to Judgment!" and these Milwaukee lawyaws who pwoposed to get fifteen thousand dollahs woath of feathaws out of a twenty-five thousand dollah goose, were themselves plucked, sat upon, squelched and called thieves and scoundwels by this rare judge. Aw—wevy good—then—aw—he awdehed a ciphaw to be stwuck off each account, which weduced their chawges from \$5,000 to \$500 each. Oh, upwight judge! Aw—ya-as by Jawwe! Oh, wise judge!

Well—aw—no—I'm not one of those who clamaw faw the expulsion of the Chinese—but—by Jawwe—you know—if it is weally the case that their habits bweed lepwoy—and that they are in the habit of havng lepaws coddled up in a cwoadded city, then—by Jawwe—aw—well you know self pwesawvvation is the first law of natchaw—and they'll have to be smoked out somehow. Aw—you should "sick" the *Mail* on to them, he is the best I know of to wing the changes on the vehb "to go." Aw—you believe that, do you? Aw—so do I.

Ya-as—aw—wevy glad indeed to undchstand that our tight little island has got another lease—aw—of existence. Our natuwal advantages are too few and fah between to allow any of them to sink without twying to keep its head above wataw.

OWED TO OBITUARY POETS.

"The character of obituary poetry is always die-verse."

In which it differs from the character of its author, who is usually per-verse until you make him perfectly understand that his best policy is to tra-verse.

LOSS OF A GOOD DOG.

"NEW HAVEN, July 8.—Captain John Traynor, aged 27, two years married, and a sailor by occupation, started on a cruise across the Atlantic yesterday afternoon in a seventeen foot dory. His sole companion is a dog."

Mrs. Traynor, congratulations! But it's too bad about that dog.

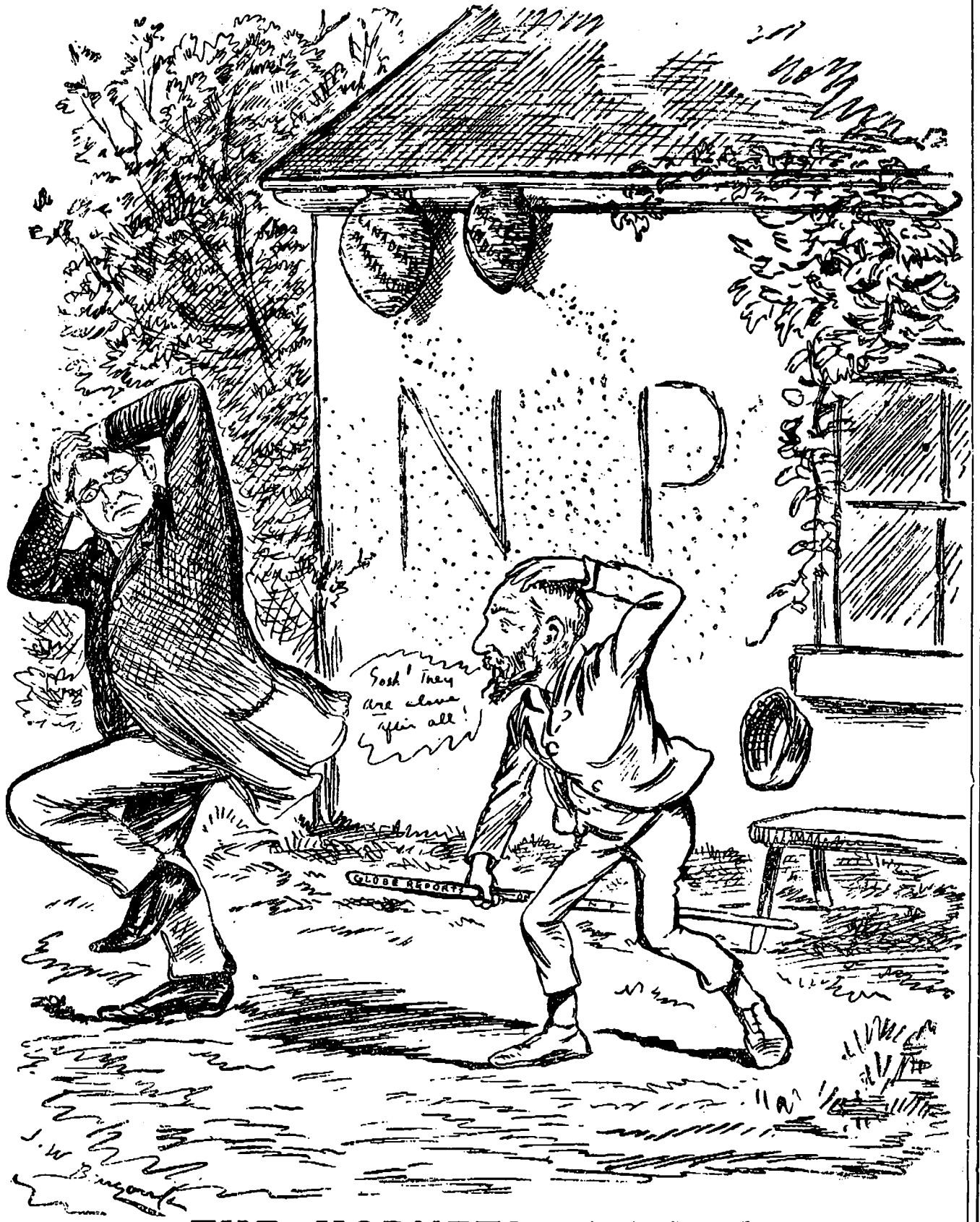
THE JEWEL FOUND.

"They who would create classes whose all are equal, whose the duties of all and the rights of all are the same, and would set class against class, are not friends of their country.—*Globe*."

Oh, consistency! Thou'rt rarer than an uncooked beefsteak!

A fashion paper says that boys' suits are worn in only three pieces. Oh! but that's before they get over the orchard fence after the fruit. Afterward — — — ! ! !

"My son," asked a Sunday-school teacher, "what do you know of the proverb regarding people who reside in glass houses?" "I don't know nothin'" was the response, "about the proverb, but I know that people wot live in glass houses ortent to lay abed late in the mornin' unless they pull down the blinds."—*Fix-change*.



### THE HORNETS AROUSED.

Blake.—Now, SEE WHAT YOU'VE DONE! THEY WON'T DISCRIMINATE! I'LL CATCH IT TOO!!

**Grip's Clips.**

All paragraphs under this head are clipped from our exchanges; and where credit is not given, it is omitted because the parentage of the item is not known.

**A CONSIDERATE LADY.**

The minister called at the house of Mr. Snagwell the other day. "You are very comfortably situated," said he to the christian wife and mother. "Your little place is almost self-sustaining, but, sister, where are all of your chickens? When last here I noticed flocks of them in the yard."

"Yes," replied the christian lady, "we raised a great many, but they became so troublesome to our neighbors that, rather than give offence, we sold them."

"Very considerate, I am sure."

"Oh, I cannot bear to be looked upon as an imposition and—"

"Ma!" called young Snagwell.

"Yes, son."

"Did you sell the chickens 'cause they was trouble?"

"Yes son, run along now."

"No, you didn't, 'cause I heard you tell pap that the chickens all had the cholera an' that he'd better take 'em down an' sell 'em before they all died."

The good lady imagined that the minister was not so cordial when he took his leave, and shortly afterwards, the boy had reason to believe that the mercury had gained an altitude of several inches.

The following appeared in a recent issue of *London Punch*:

DEAR MR. PUNCH.—There is not the least particle of truth in the rumor that Miss Mary Anderson is about to be married to Mr. Gladstone, the Speaker of the House of Commons, Sir Robert Peel, the Governor of the Bank of England, Lord Wolseley, Lord Tennyson, the Master of Balliol, Lord Randolph Churchill, Col. Fred Burnaby, Mr. J. L. Toole, the Lord Chamberlain, Marquis of Bute, the President of the College of Surgeons, Mr. Labouchere, Capt. Burton, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord Mayor, Baron Rothschild, Lord Henry Lennox, Mr. Spurgeon, Mr. Montague Williams, Mr. Marriott, Sir Frederick Leighton, or the Maharajah Duhleep Singh. I must beg you at once to deny all or any of these rumors, which have, in some unaccountable fashion, gained currency. I happen to know that many of the above-mentioned are married men—and so their pretensions are out of the question; and moreover, I also happen to know that the accomplished American actress has long been engaged to yours most faithfully,

THE ONLY ONE SHE EVER LOVED.

**A DEGENERATED SON.**

An old man with an anxious expression on his face, came into the office of an Austin newspaper, and said to the editor:

"I wish you would put an advertisement in your paper about my son Bill. He went to Colorado and I've not heard from him for six months."

"I read in a Colorado paper two months ago, that your son Bill had stolen a horse, and had been caught."

"Been caught?"

"Yes; he was caught riding the stolen horse."

"So he has been caught! What a disgrace to our family! The fellow goes and lets himself be caught. That's the first time it has happened in our family," and the broken-hearted father staggered out of the office muttering: "He let himself be caught."—*Texas Siftings*.

**RATHER STAY HEAH.**

De gubernment's tryin' fur ter fine the norf polo,  
Oh, heah dat soun' in de cloud;  
Er killin' o' de men an' er wastin' o' de gol'  
Oh, heah dat soun' in de sky.  
Da think it's mighty big fur ter fine er chunk o' ice,  
Doan yer heah dat soun' mighty loud;  
But I 'clar 'fore de lawd tain't wuf sich er price,  
Oh, doan yer heah de soun' on high?

Oh, half o' de folks is los' dar sensus,  
An' de addler half's dun gone mad,  
Doan hang back er tall on er 'count o' de 'sponses—  
Uh, huh, now it's mighty bad, Mar's Moses, uh,  
huh, now it's mighty bad.

De po' ole nigger mayn't hab much learnin',  
Doan yer heah dat high win' er blowin',  
But rudder'n freeze ter death he'd sooner be er burnin',  
Oh, lissen at de mournin' o' de treo,  
De sun's down heah an er smokin' wid heat,  
Jes' lissen at de shanghtigh er crownin';  
But way down heah fro' doan bite de fect,  
He's er crownin' mighty loud an' free.

Ruther stay heah 'mong de stumps o' de new groun'  
Doan wanter cut ice wid de bow o' boat,  
Rassle wid de chillun an' hunt wid de ole houn'.  
An' cat de hin' laig o' de shoat, Mar's Moses, an' ent  
de hin' laig o' de shoat.

**DON'T MENTION IT.**

He was a married man blessed—or the opposite, as the reader may determine—with an extremely jealous wife. One evening not long since he seized a chance opportunity to do escort to a charming miss of sixteen, whose blue eyes and drooping lashes exercised a glamor over every man who happened to come within range of their charm. At last her home was reached, and as they paused at the gate the maiden turned her lovely orbs full upon him and said:

"I'm so grateful for your kindness sir."  
"Don't mention it, I beg of you," he ejaculated, gallantly.

Very likely the unsophisticated maiden misunderstood the motive of his remark, for she quickly answered, in a reassuring tone:

"Oh, I certainly won't, sir, if you don't wish me to!"—*Lowell Citizen*.

**THEY NEVER QUARRELLED.**

"Mos' married folks quarrel more or less," remarked Uncle Mose to the *Texas Siftings* janitor; "but I knows a man and wife what hasn't had a fuss fur de las' five yeahs."

"Am dey libin' togedder?"  
"Sartinly! Dey libs in de same house. She goes off every mawnin', and washes by de day."

"But p'raps dey quarrels at night. How does you know dey don't?"

"Dey don't hab a bit o' trouble, I tells yer. She am out washin' all day, and her husband, he am night watchman in a big sto' on Austin avenue. He goes off before she comes home, and he don't get back in the mawnin' 'ntil she has gone out washin'. Dat's been goin' on fur de las' five yeahs, and de fust cross word hasn't passed between 'em yet."

**ASTRONOMICAL.**

"Do you see that lady carrying a poodle?" said a gentleman to a friend, yesterday.

"Yes; what of it?"

"She's an actress—a star."

"Well?"

"To be Sirius, don't you rather think it proper to call her a dog star?"

Rev. J. G. Calder, Baptist minister, Petrolia, says:—"I know many persons who have worn Notman's Pads with the most gratifying results. I would say to all suffering from bilious complaints or dyspepsia: Buy a pad, put it on and wear it, and you will enjoy great benefits." Hundreds of others bear similar testimony. Send to 120 King St. East for a pad or treatise.

**WANTS AND THINGS.**

I have just picked up a copy of one of our city dailies—Saturday issue—and am carelessly glancing down the "Wants" column.

The "first-class waiter" who boldly states that he is "not afraid to leave city," challenges admiration. He is square with his boarding missis and no gaunt demon of *capias* stares him in the face.

A situation as private coachman is required "by young man who understands his business." This understanding of his business is rather equivocal. Often it is the business of the young coachman to run off with the daughter and heiress of the family. The young mau ought to be more explicit, or else say nothing about it.

The ambition of the party who advertises for a job "as painter in country town or on farm house," is somewhat uncertain. Farm-house painting is usually whitewashing. A painter on a canal boat or a "painter" out in the western wilds would be comprehensible; but a "painter on a farm house" needs explanation.

This notice strikes me:—"By respectable man care of horses, who understands their requirements. If required, willing to travel." The grammatical construction of the advertisement is open to criticism, but there is no mistaking the object of the advertiser. The statement that he is willing to travel if required, goes to show that he knows what it is to be sacked.

I don't really know what to say about the "English governess, who desires a situation; subjects, French, drawing, and the rudiments of music; by letter only." Perhaps the "letter" is in contradistinction to the "spirit," or maybe the young lady objects to a personal appearance because she has a boil on her neck.

There is a job wanted "by two machinists—or any other work for a start." The plentitude of employment under the N.P. is not very startlingly exemplified in the advertisement. But "any other work" means a great deal. Our two machinists would, of course, draw the line at digging post-holes or canvassing for the *Weekly Mail*.

The "Printer" who unblushingly avows that he "can read manuscript, set a clean proof," is a *rara avis*, and if I owned a printing office I would hire him. If there is anything that annoys me it is for a printer to complain that he never knows which end of the page of my MS. the writing commences at. On the other hand, if there is anything that sets me wild with joy it is to find a "clean proof"—so clean that there is no trouble for me to make plenty of alterations down the border.

There is quite a contrast between "Lady would like position in office or in store;" and "Lady would like position as house-keeper or any position not menial;" but I am not dealing in contrasts, I will pass to the advertiser who as "successful salesman seeks position, accustomed to introducing new goods." The "successful salesman" is the one who tells you what you really want to buy when you know in your heart that you really don't want to buy anything. You have to buy it in order to escape with your life and reason. When, in addition to being a successful salesman, he can "introduce new goods," it means that he will have half the female population of the town dying of envy at the other half, and a run on the goods that will exhaust the stock almost before you have it decently marked off—or more properly up.

But I don't want to dwell too long on one subject and I accordingly drop the advertising page and brace up for a struggle with the editorial.





Spelling Macaulay "with a 'he'" is not really so atrocious as writing of "a historical character" and "a historical insult." Will the scholarly Griffin please observe and govern himself accordingly?

Several distinguished persons, I notice, have been travelling about *incognito*. There is King Oscar of Sweden, and Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt, and—and—yes, Col. Wilkinson, Major Shield and Capt. Stinson. I would like to know what reason prompted King Oscar and Mr. Vanderbilt to "keep shady."

Mr. Blake once wished the world to understand that he did not particularly care for "a Reform party which had nothing to Reform." Now it is perhaps dawning on the brain of the Great Never Make Up Your Mind that there is such a thing as a Reform Party that does not altogether fancy a leader with nothing to lead—that is, nothing in him." At all events, the *Toronto News* has got hold of this view of the situation, and is, or ought to be, sending marked copies to Mr. Blake, with polite requests for him to subscribe.

One would not think a second of time amounted to much and yet the whole sporting world is just now absorbed in the contemplation of one quarter of that period, as associated with the trotting record of the times. Maud S. boasted a record of 2.10½, which Jay-Eye-See made the even 2.10. Not to be outdone by a rival with such a nonsensical name, Maud ambled over the course in 2.09¾, casually observing, "Jay, I see you doing that—in your mind." If these two keep at it the danger will be that presently they will be able to so crowd the scorer for time that he will be obliged to use shorthand in chalking the scores. Just what difference it makes for one horse to trot a mile a quarter of a second quicker than another horse, I am not at this particular moment prepared to say, but of course I have never yet had to rush through a lot of work in a quarter of a second, and so I am not a good authority. Yet, if I owned a horse that wanted to climb over the road at a 2.09¾ gait, I think I would elect to get out and walk or else take chances of being kicked to death behind a yoke of oxen.

I was reading the other day the experiences of an auctioneer who had in an unguarded moment unbosomed himself of his professional duties and responsibilities to a sympathizing and sagacious reporter—of course I do not mean what the auctioneer experienced *after* he had unbosomed himself, and the reporter, with the aid of the funny man of the staff, had availed himself pretty fully of the narrative. Among other requisites to success in the business, which the auctioneer dwelt on, were the attributes—Patience and Forbearance. The absolute need of these virtues to a good Knight of the Knock-Down did not properly impress itself on me until I had seen the picture and biographical sketch of Auctioneer Ryan in one of your contemporaries a few days afterwards, and then I made up my mind that some auctioneers, at least, required to carry their

patience and forbearance with them in their every relation in life. Whether Mr. Ryan, as the artist sketched him, was putting up a stove or had just come back from camping out with Nicholas Murphy of Ashbridge's Bay, I am not quite sure; but I guess the full facts will be elicited when the hearing of the libel suit comes off. My private opinion is that the biography must bear its share of responsibility for the suit.

Comets are said by scientists to bear an intimate relation to plagues and pestilences, wars, crop failures and other national calamities, which they aver are always associated with some of these visitations, according to the sign of the zodiac in which the comet is located. It is satisfactory to know that comets are really good for something besides growing long but disgustingly unsubstantial tails; because the knowledge relieves one of the impression that the wood-sawing industry is being shamefully neglected in order to recruit the ranks of people who sit up on roofs at night boring holes in the sky in their anxiety to discover new comets. It is a singular thing to me that our own Astronomer Royal, Moses Blake Oates, has not before this time made some of his brand of comets tally with the Bribery Business, *Mail* editorial, new patent medicines, the bye-elections, or some other of these lately occurring Canadian catastrophes. I fear that Prof. Oates is not doing his comets, to say nothing of himself, justice, in this matter. I shall make it my business to enquire of this distinguished *savant* and weather guide if there is really anything more the matter with his comets than being a trifle off color and a little below standard size.



Even in his retirement they will not let Sir Charles Tupper alone. The Prince of Wales has actually had the audacity to ask our Commissioner to allow him to recommend him as a Royal Commissioner to the Indian Colonial Exhibition of 1886, of which His Royal Highness will be President. No doubt Sir Charles, with his easy-going nature, will accede, and yet he knows right well the trip comes on just in the middle of the fishing season and within a few days of the time that he ought to play off that game of billiards with Lord Keranoosle. I tell you the only way in which Sir Charles can get a real rest will be for him to pack up a month's provisions in a bag and take to the woods.

The *Globe* never fails to impress on its trusted readers—or rather its trusting readers, for of course no one expects credit when a beautiful watch is thrown in with a year's subscription—that it builds its editorial fabrics on the solid *substrata* of refrigerated facts. There are various theories as to the necessity, not to mention the utility, of these reiterated assurances of good faith, none of which, of course, presuppose any doubt on the part of the readers as to the perfectly good intentions of the editor. But without singling out any

particularly likely one for adoption, for fear that injustice might be done—say, to some of the readers—I beg to repeat the statement that the *Globe* will furnish satisfactory references for its opinions, or no charge; and here is a case in point: At the Kingsville political tea-party, the other day, the editor impressively says:—"In the *cortège* an intelligent man counted 2700 persons." Now any other paper would have satisfied itself with the count by its reporter, not so the *Globe*, which must have and *did* have the figures of "an intelligent man."



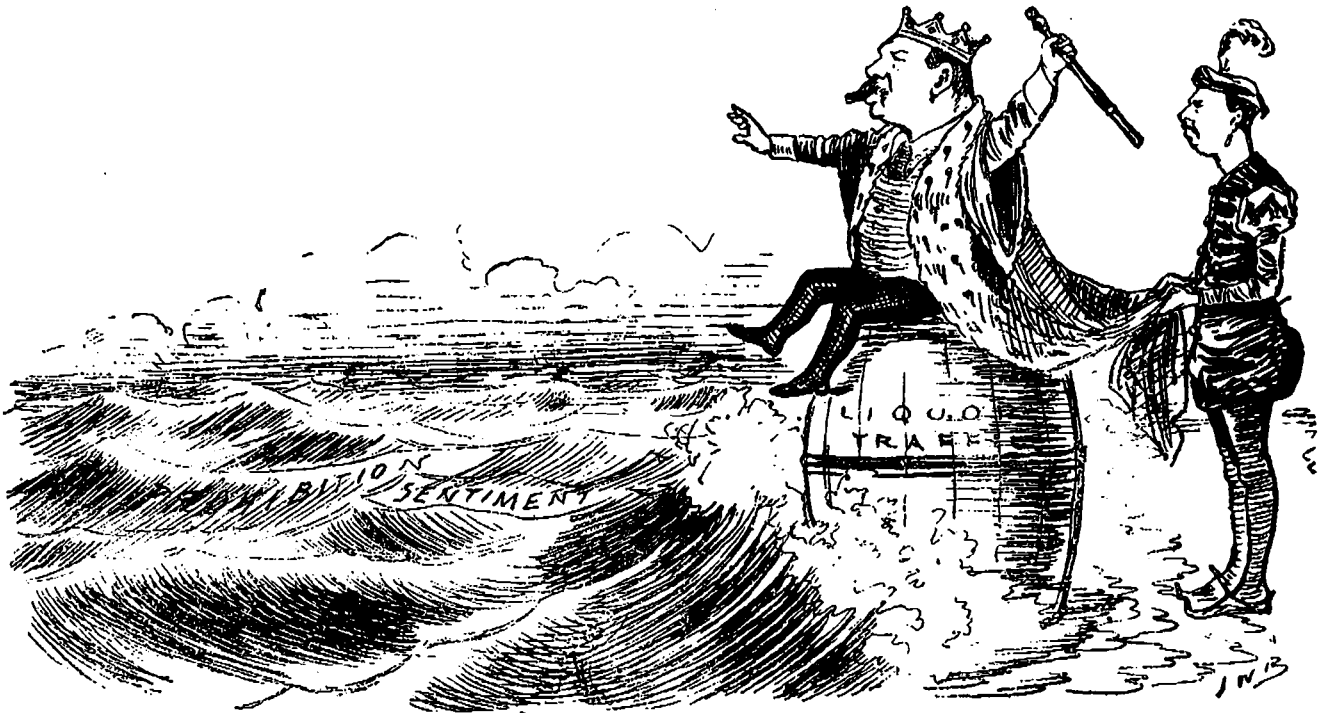
We are being ground down under the iron heel of the despotic butcher. The high price of meat is a problem which every one is vainly trying to solve, not necessarily for publication but as a guarantee of solvency—on the part of heads of families whose members eat flesh three times a day, and who consequently see gaunt ruin staring them in the face. The only publicly advanced theory is that of an *Evening News* reporter to whom "a prominent butcher" confided the awful secret that dear meat was due to the fact of there being "too many men in the business," all of whom had to get a living, which they did by buying low from the farmers and selling high to the consumers. This is a diagnosis of the case that really never occurred to me before, and probably would never have struck the reporter only for the "prominent butcher." You will notice that the theory thus presented completely annihilates Free Trade *doctrinaires*, who labor so hard to prove that over-competition reduces prices. The only remedy then for the extortion to which meat eaters are subjected seems to be to kill off some of our butchers and make it a penal offence for any more persons to embark in the business during a certain time to come. As for the theorizing butcher, some fitting testimonial ought to be made him as a recognition of his keen sagacity and disinterested concern for the public weal, so to speak. That is, of course, always supposing he is not a sausage maker who, this not being the season for stuffing sausages, was keeping his hand in on the reporter.

If Mr. Mowat is not to-day a very proud man it is because he has not been hearing news about town lately. The People of his Province are going to honor him in a public way, I may as well inform him right here. They are going to pile upon him the Pelion of a Park Demonstration on the Ossa of a Banquet, or rather it is the Ossa on the Pelion. Some public men buy and pay for their demonstrations; others have demonstrations unnecessarily thrust on them, and others deserve demonstrations. The Ontario Premier belongs to the last-named class. If he is not entitled to a banquet, you had better abolish banquets. And he can stand one. In the first place, he is a lawyer, and we all know a lawyer can stand anything. In the second place, he has tasted his digestion at political pic-nics, and it stood the strain which no ban-

Barchard & Co.,  
97 to 107 Duke St.,  
Toronto

Manufacturers of WOOD PACKING BOXES  
of every Description.  
All Work Guaranteed.

Pioneer Packing Case Factory



KING (CANUTE) DODDS ORDERING BACK THE WAVES.

quiet with a reasonable amount of christian food sandwiched between the French viands over imposes; in the third place, nobody will demand that he ought to go into training for a brilliant oratorical effort, when all we want to hear from him is a plain statement of the case in his old, accustomed delivery; and in the fourth place—but please continue the reasons yourself, not forgetting the one great one, that most probably somebody will send him a complimentary ticket.

The Muskoka Election is actually over. There were strong doubts in my mind at first as to whether it would ever be over; but happily the appliances of modern civilization have overcome the difficulties created by modern law and a wild region, and now, if the party papers will only let the matter rest, Muskoka has an M.P.P. and this young country a great load off its mind. Of course, a Liberal being elected the Conservative press swear that the whole proceedings were unlawful and outrageous and cruel and everything else that is incorrect from their point of view; on the other hand, had a Conservative headed the polls there would have been the same sort of a protest from the other camp. And so that really makes no difference at all. But, if I am to believe the *Mail*, there is some little founda-

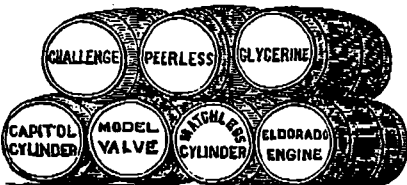
tion for the objection raised by its party. That paper says:—The character of the vote recorded for Dill may be judged by the startling fact that in Baxter where there are practically no voters, Dill secured a majority of 33! This is part of the foundation I speak of; but the real question of course is, Am I to believe the *Mail*? I am perfectly willing to leave the decision on this point with the editor himself, if he will but furnish me one credible Conservative witness prepared to vouch for his truthfulness during election contests.

If there is anything superior to quality it is quantity. City men who have drunk skim milk at a farm house after a day's trout fishing will appreciate this peice of moral philosophy, always provided they patronize an honest dairy at home. But what I started out to add was that when you have quality and quantity combined there is absolutely nothing else to wish for—except more of it. Now, the *Globe's* list of appellations for its political opponents is a striking instance of that desideratum, quality and quantity combined. I have just—well, the necessities of this paragraph compel me to confess it—fin-

ished a careful perusal of two editorials in one and the same issue of that—ah! that—er—journal, yes, powerful journal,—and I have hurriedly counted the following pet names by which my friend, the editor, designates my friends, the Tories:—"Place-holders," "Place-hunters," "speculators," "schemers," "grabbers," "vote-purchasers," "conspiracy-makers," "ministerial nurslings." These are intended only for the rank and file and the lesser officers of the Great Conservative Army. Some day, when I am in a cooler and collected state of mind, I mean to make a note of the tender epithets bestowed on the Big Medicine Men of the Tory Tribe. Something impels me to ask you to reserve space for me on the occasion.

CATARH.—A new treatment, whereby a Permanent cure of the worst case is effected in from one to three applications. Treatise sent free on receipt of stamp. A. H. DIXON & SON, 305 King-street west, Toronto, Canada.

QUEEN CITY OIL CO.



Manufacturers and Dealers in  
**"PEERLESS"**  
and other MACHINE OILS. American and Canadian Burning Oils a specialty. Get our quotations.  
SAMUEL ROGERS, Manager  
30 FRONT STREET EAST.

PREVENTION BETTER THAN CURE.



Doctor.—This might have been avoided if you had seen that your bedding was properly cleaned. More diseases arise from impure bedding than from anything else. Send it at once to  
**N. P. CHANEY & CO.,**  
230 King St. East, - - Toronto.



**CHEESEWORTH, "THE" TAILOR,**  
106 | KING : STREET : WEST. | 106  
**TORONTO.**

**A. W. SPAULDING,**  
DENTIST,

51 King Street East,  
(Nearly opposite Toronto St.) } ..... TORONTO  
Uses the utmost care to avoid all unnecessary pain, and to render tedious operations as brief and pleasant as possible. All work registered and warranted.

Semi-Centennial Bitters.

NO FRAUD, NO HUMBUG, BUT FINEST HERBAL BITTERS IN THE MARKET. For Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Nausea, and in fact for all derangements of the Stomach, Loss of Appetite, &c., it stands unequalled, being purely an Invigorating, Exhilarating, and Stomachic.

P. BURNS  
Great Reduction in Prices.  
Direct from Mills,  
FOR ONE WEEK.  
WOOD  
Best BEECH and MAPLE, DRY,  
Delivered to any part of the City.  
Orders left at Offices:  
51 King St. E., Yonge St. Wharf,  
and 532 Queen St. West  
P. BURNS