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Hath come so near creation?

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 FRED. SWINE, B.A. Associate 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.

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.

NOTICE.

Our attention is called to the figures given in
 Rowell's Newspaper Directory representing the
 circulation of GRIP as 2,000 weekly. We beg to
 state that this estimate was furnished to Rowell
 two years ago, since which time our weekly
 circulation has increased to between 7,000 and
 10,000, with an average weekly increase of about
 100, and the paper is perused by fully 50,000
 readers every week. Intending advertisers will
 do well to take notice of these facts.

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—The *Globe* has un-
 earthed a—mare's nest or a scandal: it is im-
 possible as yet to say which. The charge,
 briefly, is that the contractors of section B.,
 C.P.R., have been contributing vast sums to
 help the Government in the elections, in re-
 turn for which the Government have granted,
 or intend to grant, them corresponding privi-
 leges and emoluments. The *Globe* is threat-
 ened with a libel suit, and declares itself anx-
 ious to appear in court. More of this anon.

FIRST PAGE.—The last person we ever wish
 to see sent out as Governor-General to Canada
 is a prince of the blood. Royalty is rich food,
 and we have had all we can stand of that
 commodity for a long time. Good average
 blue blood is all we want, and therefore Mr.
 Gladstone has our thanks for quietly snubbing
 the aspirations of Prince Leopold to "serve
 his crown and country" by coming to Rideau
 Hall, and sending us his lordship of Lansdowne
 instead.

EIGHTH PAGE.—The Reform party up to
 the hour of going to press continued without
 a shadow of a policy beyond the miserable
 Micawberian programme of waiting for some-
 thing to turn up John A.

"Mr. Isaacs, can you tole me vere vas the
 first diamond?" "No, Mr. Yawcobs; vere
 vas it?" "Vy, Noah's son on der ark; he
 vas a Schem of der dust water."—*Boston Com-
 mercial Bulletin.*

ANSWERS TO ENQUIRERS.

DEAUGHTS OF INFORMATION FOR THE
 DROUTHY.

"I came across this quotation a few days
 ago," writes Politician, "and should like to
 know what it means and to whom it applies:

'This kind of legislation
 Don't pay, so here's my resignation.'"

The quotation occurs in a poem composed
 by one Hugh de Brass, temp. Charles II., and
 is supposed to apply to the resignation of the
 leader of a great political party, who, finding
 himself and followers out in the cold, thought
 it best to retire into the obscurity of private
 life. The name of the party referred to was
 the 'Gryttans'—a corruption of 'Cretans,' a
 people whom Paul of Tarsus seemed to hold
 in slight estimation, if his own words con-
 cerning them mean anything: "They, the
 Gryttans, once held power but were ignomi-
 niously expelled, and passed their time in griev-
 ing over their fallen greatness, and hurling
 maledictions at the heads of their victorious
 opponents." The full quotation from which
 your words are taken is

"The anti-patriotic Grytz
 Were nearly frightened out their wits
 When their great leader, Sandy light
 In session stood on's feet one night,
 And said, 'This kind of legislation
 Don't pay, so here's my resignation.'
 The Grytz calmed down, chose, as their
 leader,
 The next best to the great seceder,
 And placed the laurels on the head
 Of the utilitarian Ned."

There are still some Grytz in this country,
 though it was believed, on the 22nd of June,
 882, that they were nearly all extinct, as it
 was an extremely difficult matter to find one.

INNOCENT wishes to be informed whether
 the Weights and Measures Act is recognized
 as a just one.

By the customer, yes; by the seller, no.
 The latter, possibly on the score of consan-
 guinity with the good folk on the other side
 of the line, have arithmetically analyzed
 the question as appertaining to unknown quan-
 tities, and frequently use the following table:

13 ounces make 1 pound.
 94 lbs " 1 cwt.
 17 cwt " 1 ton.

This is used as dry measure, from tea to
 coal, especially the latter.

112 cubic feet make 1 cord,
 and nothing will persuade a wood-dealer to
 the contrary.

2½ gills make 1 pint.
 3¾ quarts " 1 gallon.
 1½ gallons " 1 peck.
 3½ pecks " 1 bushel.

The latter measure is called the "Farmer's
 Fancy," and is extremely popular. A couple
 of hidden men, one fat saloon-keeper, or a few
 specimens of the geology of the neighborhood,
 greatly assist in the weighing of hay, straw,
 etc. Other changes are made as ingenuity
 and the apparent verdancy of the purchaser
 suggest.

"Woman's rights!" exclaimed a certain
 man, when the subject was broached. "What
 more rights do they want? My wife bosses
 me, our daughters boss us both, and the ser-
 vant girl bosses the whole family. It's time
 the men were allowed some rights."

Patti says that "music belongs to heaven
 rather than earth." A great many of us will
 have to defer hearing Patti sing until we reach
 heaven, where she will not charge five dollars
 for a reserved seat.—*Norristown Herald.*



The season at the Grand is being brilliantly
 closed by the performance of Mr. John T. Ray-
 mond in his new play "In Paradise." The
 situations of this piece give the comedian even
 more scope for his peculiar talent than his old
 part of "Col. Sellers," and as a consequence
 the performance may be truthfully described
 as "a perpetual laugh." Take the opportuni-
 ty of seeing Raymond before the curtain goes
 down for the season.

Mr. Thompson's Standard Opera Co. have
 returned, and are giving the 'Pirates of Pen-
 zance' at the Pavilion in a manner never be-
 fore surpassed in this city. Miss Walsh proves
 to be a capital soprano, possessing a sweet,
 clear and well-cultivated voice; Mr. Hatch,
 the tenor, is very captivating, and the other
 soloists are far above the average. The com-
 pany will continue with us through the sum-
 mer, with occasional trips to the adjacent
 cities, and in the course of the season it is
 the manager's intention to produce 'Patience,'
 'The Sorceress,' and other popular comic
 operas. A little bird whispers that we may
 perhaps see the first production of a new work
 by this company before long.



The young 'gent' with tight 'pants' who
 says bo-kay, is very frequent just now.

Regina, N.W.T., is going ahead with light-
 ning like rapidity, and a bank teller there has
 already embezzled \$4,000. Such evidence of
 prosperity and civilization cannot fail to be
 gratifying.

'Whiskey-merchant' is the new name adopt-
 ed by some papers for a grog-shop keeper.

A Hamilton paper heads a paragraph "The
 silent dead." That's the sort of dead people
 we like; if there is anything that annoys us
 and makes us want to get up and do something
 violent, it is a noisy, garrulous, overbearing
 corpse.

"The grooms are brothers and so are the
 brides," is the way the Boyle Roche of the
Guelph Mercury speaks about a recent double
 wedding here.

"The Merry Duchess,' the new comic
 opera by Sims and Clay, and of which Fred
 Archer, the jockey, is the hero, has proved an
 immense success at the Royalty Theatre, Lon-
 don. The play is replete with puns and racy
 hits."—*Exchange.* We quote this for the sole
 purpose of saying that any play having a
 jockey for a hero ought to be replete with racy
 hits.

A curious test, says the *Boston Journal*, for
 determining whether a person has negro blood
 in his or her veins or not, is as follows; a negro
 has no division in the gristle or cartilaginous
 substance of his nose, such as all of pure white

blood can feel at its tip with the end of the finger. We do not give this as a physiological fact, though it is one, but merely to see how many of our readers can peruse the paragraph without feeling the end of their noses. All who do so please communicate with this office.

Wendell Phillips says: "The best education in the world is that got by struggling to get a living." This is true, and the longer we engage in this journalistic wear and tear the better educated we find we are. We are very well educated now, but if this struggle goes on much longer there won't be any holding us. One square meal a week has educated us pretty thoroughly, and when it comes down to one a month we are going to apply for the editorship of the *Mail*.

"M. T. Wells, the celebrated English surgeon, has been made a baronet."—*Ex.* If the coming summer, or as some of our cotems, would say, the 'alleged' coming summer, turns out as dry as the spring has been so far, it is altogether probable that M. T. Wells will be pretty common; but that's no reason why they should be 'baroneted'; an empty well is baron enough without any additional honors.

Salmi Morse's play 'A Bustle among Petticoats,' is causing quite a stir, though it would seem that the bustle is quite in its normal position.

The sister of Lady Florence Dixie—Lady Gertrude Douglas—who married a baker and set him up in business, has closed her bakery, as she found her customers, of whom she had a very large number, imagined that a Marquis's sister could not require payment for her bread. This is one of the drawbacks to going into business by us aristocrats. A great many of our subscribers seem to labor under a similar illusion to that which took hold of the minds of Lady Gertrude's customers, and seem to think that, because our blood is of a hue beside which that of indigo looks pale, we let them have GRIP for nothing. This is not the case, and subscribers in arrears will do well to note the fact.

It may well be asked, "whither are we drifting?" when a young woman is knocked down in the public street, as happened here in front of Osgoode Hall a few days ago in broad daylight, by a cowardly ruffian, who was permitted so take his departure from the scene of his brutality unquestioned, and with no attempt on the part of those citizens who witnessed the assault, or of the policeman who was standing a few rods away, to detain him. Our policemen a fine stalwart body of men, and give a good account of themselves in a tug of war with the members of the police forces of other cities, but what is the good of them, even though they were as big as Jumbo, if they allow such disgraceful affairs to take place under their very noses as the villainous assault referred to? Possibly the gentleman in blue thought that the blackguard who perpetrated the outrage could run faster than he could himself, and he was probably right, for it is very certain that some of our two hundred and forty pounders would not be able to keep up a decent jog trot for more than a hundred yards or so without blowing like porpoises; but it would have looked very much better if he had, at least, made some attempt to do something towards arresting the brutal assailant of a defenceless, and, as far as we have been able to learn, inoffensive female, instead of looking calmly on, as it is said, he did. It would have been altogether in keeping with some of the doings of our preservers of law and order if the constable to whom we allude, had arrested the poor girl for committing the heinous offence of allowing herself to be knocked down in the street by a blow in the face, and it is a great wonder that he did not take her into custody.

The *Evening News*, instead of being annoyed at us, ought to sympathize with us respecting the poem of "Isabella Gordon," which appeared in our columns two weeks ago; for when we published it we did so without the least idea that it had ever appeared in the *News*. It was handed to us as a *bona fide* original contribution written for GRIP; one of our reasons for recently "shutting down" on contributors, paid or unpaid, was that so many attempts were made to palm off on us articles that were not original, or for which the writers of them had been paid by some other paper before sending them to us. We found it impossible always to guard successfully against this mode of imposition, and made it a rule to accept nothing but what we felt pretty confident was original. Two weeks ago we broke through this rule, and the result has been that a poem which rightfully belonged to the *News* was given by us as having been written for GRIP. This makes us more determined than ever to have nothing to do with would-be contributors unless we feel assured of their honesty, and to publish little else than our own articles, even if we are compelled to start a society column to fill up with.

"The Pittsburg, Pa., Welsh paper, the *Y Wasg*, has expired. Ywch ffrd mawrwyeh estedd y fewfchdffryn caused its failure."—*Ex.* It was with the best intentions that we warned the *Y Wasg*, some time ago, against indulging too freely in mawrwyehs, but, apparently, our well-meant advice was unheeded: no newspaper can be expected to thrive that keeps fewfchdffryns about the premises. Still, though we have long foreseen what was going to happen, we cannot but feel sorry for the *Y Wasg*, at the same time we congratulate the people of Pittsburg that they have escaped further maxillary fractures.



POLICE COURT OPERATTA

WITH STRONG LEGAL CHORUS.

(See Hamilton papers, June 1.)

CARSC.—Your Worship, now I rise to speak, Though my case, I know, is somewhat weak, But that is nothing; I've lots of cheek,

And I'm here on the part of the plaintiff.

C.C.A.—You shall not speak.
 ALL.—He shall not speak.
 C.C.A.—Though you've lots of cheek.
 ALL.—Though he's lots of cheek.
 C.C.A.—And going to speak you ain't if I in the matter have ought to say.
 MAGISTRATE.—Which you haven't, sir; sit down, I pray.
 CARSC. } He has no right,
 MAG. } He ha-a-as no ri-hi-hi-hight,
 ROBERTSON. } To speak, to speak,
 } Though he's lots of cheek,
 } To speak until he's spoken to.

C.C.A.—I'd let you know That I have so. I'm County Crown Attorney, you know, To Halifax now you all may go. To Halifax or Hoboken to.
 MAGIS.—Sit down, sit down.

C.C.A. } We won't sit down,
 CARSC. } Though you, sir, angrily may frown,
 } We'll stand to all attorney-ty,
 } And arguefy this question out,
 } We've a right to speak, there is no doubt,
 } We belong to the legal fraternity.

MAGIS.—Sit down, sit down.
 P. SERGEANT.—Shut up, shut up.
 CHORUS.—Sit down, shut up, we won't, we'll speak,

MAGIS.—You'll find yourselves up the saline creek.
 ROB.—They bee-hee-long to the 'e-l-legal fraternity.

In me
 You see
 M. P.
 Q. C.
 ALL.—In him we see
 M. P.
 Q. C.

But we won't sit down,
 Though the beak may frown.
 ROB.—A member of Parliament I be,
 ALL.—A member of Parliament is he,
 Shut up, sit down, we won't, you must,
 I'll see you very much further fust.

M. P.
 Q. C. *Da Capo.*
 (Curtain falls amidst immense uproar, and general melee.)

TO CORRESPONDENTS, WOULD-BE-CONTRIBUTORS, &c.

C. P. M.—Very sorry to hear you don't approve of GRIP now since your contributions have been rejected. The paper is published solely for you, and if you don't like it we can see nothing but a speedy "bust up" for it. Do, please, try and like it, if only just a little. Your contribution to GRIP-SACK is slumbering in the waste basket.



WHY SHE WOULDN'T

FRED and FANNY (soon to be spliced) on King-street. They stop in front of window of boot and shoe store.
 FRED.—Look, Fanny dear, here are those beautiful satin boots I to'd you about, and if they fit you I'll buy them now; so come in, love, and try them on.
 FANNY (very stylishly attired)—Oh! Fred, really I can't to-night. Please don't press me, —at least not that way.
 FRED.—Oh! Fanny, there is surely no harm in my making you a little present like that when we are so soon to be one.
 FANNY.—It is not that, Fred, but—
 FRED.—But what, love? Come, come, don't be foolish: come and try them on.
 FANNY.—Frederick, my darling, please pardon me for refusing, but I cannot, —I have really—very—very—
 (over.)



cogent reasons for doing so.



A RUMOR CONTRADICTED.

THE JERSEY LILY IS ONCE MORE INTERVIEWED.

Hearing a rumor that Mrs. Langtry was to marry Mr. Gebhardt as soon as a divorce from her husband could be obtained, Mr. GRIP, believing the report to be totally without foundation and a malicious canard of Brother Jonathan, who, whilst professing to despise Canada is himself a horrible "canarder," despatched his society man to interview the famous lady, with instructions to post himself thoroughly beforehand in the ways, habits and customs of upper tendom, from instructions obtained from the society editors of the *Toronto News*, *Hamilton Spec.*, and other well-known society journals.

Mr. GRIP's representative, having perfected himself in a few high toned capers, proceeded to New York, and at once called on the Lily at the Albemarle.

Directly that figure, said to blend the proportions of Hercules and Apollo in its *tout ensemble*, passed through the doorway of Mrs. Langtry's drawing room, whither GRIP's ambassador had been immediately conducted on mentioning his own and his paper's names, the beautiful lady, who was reclining on a low rose-silk covered fauteuil, sprang up with a little cry of joy, and running forward to meet him, clasped both his hands in hers and said, "Oh! how glad I am to see you: but you are pale: is not your liver—but no: 'tis something else: I was just thinking of you and your charming little paper: Oh! how I love it, and when will the GRIP-SACK be out? I am dying to see it, for I am so tired of these *dry* old American papers. Have you come to stay? Take a chair, please, here, near me," and running on thus the beauty seated herself, as did GRIP's society man also.

At this moment Mr. Gebhardt peeped in at the doorway and an ominous scowl came over his features. Mrs. Langtry, seeing him said, "Oh! Mr. Gebhardt, I am engaged—" "Yes, yes; to me, eh, to me," hurriedly burst in the other. "Fie, fie," she answered; "no, I am engaged with this representative of the press" (at the word "press" Freddy seemed to wilt and become limp, and would have fallen had not his high collar supported him) "and we would rather be alone." "Yes, Frederick," said the society interviewer, "we would rather be alone." ("How like a Gil-

bert and Sullivan chorust," muttered Mrs. Langtry, "I am sure this gentleman is very clever; he looks like it.") Waving his hand towards the door, GRIP's swell motioned Mr. Gebhardt from the presence. He went. No cards. No challenge.

"And now Mrs. Langtry," resumed the society man of this paper, "we will have a delicious *tele-a-tele*: ah! how sweet the dear old French tongue must sound to you who have lived so long in those beautiful channel isles: Parley voo Frongsay?" "Oui, oui," she replied, "mais vous etes tres drole et charmant."

"Wee, je say, parley noo dong le lang Frongsay: je l'ayin," answered GRIP's professional beauty. "Moi aussi," replied the other, "mais vous parlez bien, parfaitement en Parisien." "Say vray" went on the ambassador, "mais je cror que nous que nous—" "Oh! you funny man," interrupted the beauty, drawing her feet out of sight underneath her chair, "you want to make some pun about 'canoe,' I see it, but let us talk English: It is so seldom that I hear pure English that it is a treat to hear you. Now you came to interview me: I know it; what is it about?" "Mrs. Langtry," replied GRIP's Apollo, in English, which appeared to be difficult to him after his flights into French, "I have come to ask you about this rumor concerning you and Freddy. Is it or is it not true that you are engaged to be spliced as soon as you can obtain a divorce from your present husband? Don't do anything rash: don't give people a chance to say hard things about you, for I, in my inmost heart believe you to be a lady in every sense of the word." Here she drew out her laced cambric mouchoir and held it over her eyes. Presently she said, "Mr. GRIP: your words are those of a noble, chivalrous gentleman: You are as high-souled as you are accomplished in speaking French; but are you—before I give you any answer concerning Freddy—are you—are you—married?" and she blushed so charmingly that the other beauty felt very queer about the ribs on his left side. "I am not," he replied. "Then," answered the Lily looking charmingly beautiful, "then I shall never marry Freddy till I hear you are out of my reach."

The rest of the conversation would be of no public interest. The great question had been answered and the answer is now given to the world.

Mr. GRIP's piece of perfection left the Albemarle about an hour after the speaking of the last sentence recorded, Mrs. Langtry impressing upon him to be *sure* and not forget to send a GRIP-SACK for 1883 as soon as ever it was out, which she was assured would be the case in a very few weeks. As the car turned the corner of the street from the Albemarle, the beautiful lady was seen standing at her window crying and waving her handkerchief and shouting, "Be *sure* and remember my GRIP-SACK."

OUR AULD DOG "BEN."

BY MCTUFF.

Some pleasant incident we a' i' childhood's days hae met, An' tho' but triflin' i' itsel, yet it we ne'er forget. On sic I will endeavor tae wield my willin' pen, Recordin' here the virtues o' our auld dog "Ben".

'Twas on a bitter winter nicht when father brocht him hame, Intar his muckle pooch sae snug,—an when he telt his name Oor hearts were lifted up wi' glee,—we were but bairnies then, Sae we took a kinly int'rest in oor wee pup Ben.

For he was but a little thing, an' needed muckle care. Tae shield him frae the winter's cauld, for it he couldna bear; The choicest bits that we could get, we ne'er begrudged him then, For he'd a place within oor hearts, oor wee pup Ben.

O' milk and buttered pieces he had, I trow, his share: 'Twas wonderfu' hoo fast he grew fed on sic guidly fare An' as we romped, an' rowed about, sic pleasure name can ken

'But they wha hae a playmate like oor wee pup Ben.

An' sune wi' siccan tender care, tae doghood's size he grew, An' 'twad be hard to fin' a frien' mair faithfu', kin' an' true; For tho' sic traits o' character are aft-times scant i' men, Kin' Nature didna stint them i' oor wee dog Ben.

An' tho' he was but sma' o' frame an' unco slicht o' bield, Yet mucker dog wad shie awa when he wad tak the field: An' whan at nicht he barkit, ye cud ilka time depen, 'Twas something looked suspicious tae oor wise dog Ben

Nae prowlers roon the premises, their thievish airts cud ply, For sharp o' scent an' quick o' leg was he, an' keen o' eye;

A trusty, watchfu' sentinel, your rights he wad defen' Nor wily words cud r'er seduce oor true frien' Ben.

He was nae waffie rin a boot, like ither dogs ye'll see, But just a douce, auld farvant chap, wha likit hame tae be,

Aye ready for some orra job, he seemed tae ken just when His help was maistly needed, oor wise dog Ben.

Nae winsome words cud teipt him frae friens' or hame awa, Nae bribe cud buy his silence, nae i' his lug cud blaw, In that he was superior tae many fouk I ken, Tho' he was but a quadruped oor auld frien' Ben.

Wi' sic enoblin' traits, he was a favorite wi' us a', But dogs like men maun yield at last tae universal law, An' as the years gae by, we saw it wadna be lang when We'd hae tae act a mournfu' pairt for oor auld Ben,

For age wi' its infirmities cam crepin' on apace, An' feeble, toothless, bliin, an' gray he'd nearly run life's race,

An' whan he had lived out a year or mair ayont the ten, We'd had a waesome funeral ower oor auld dog Ben.

Within the gairden fence beside a thrifty apple tree,— A lightsome dry, an' sunny spot as ane wad wish tae see,—

Within the boundary o' the fairm, on it ye cudna men' Tae be a final restin' place for oor auld Ben.

Within a rough box coffin weel padded in wi' straw, We laid the lifeless body o' oor trusty frien' awa, An' tho' we didna say a prayer, we sighed fu' deeply then,

For there's nae resurrection for oor auld dog Ben.

But if there was, I've little doot but he wad muster pass, In noble traits o' character there's few wad him surpass, If there was a hereafter for dogs like there's for men, I'm sure he'd get a cosy couch, oor auld dog Ben.

There's some, nae doot, will fin' some faut, that I hae taen sic pains; An' that tae sae belaud a brute, shews unco' lack o' brains;

Tae sic I will make answer,—for anything I ken, They mecht be less deservin' o't than oor auld dog Ben.

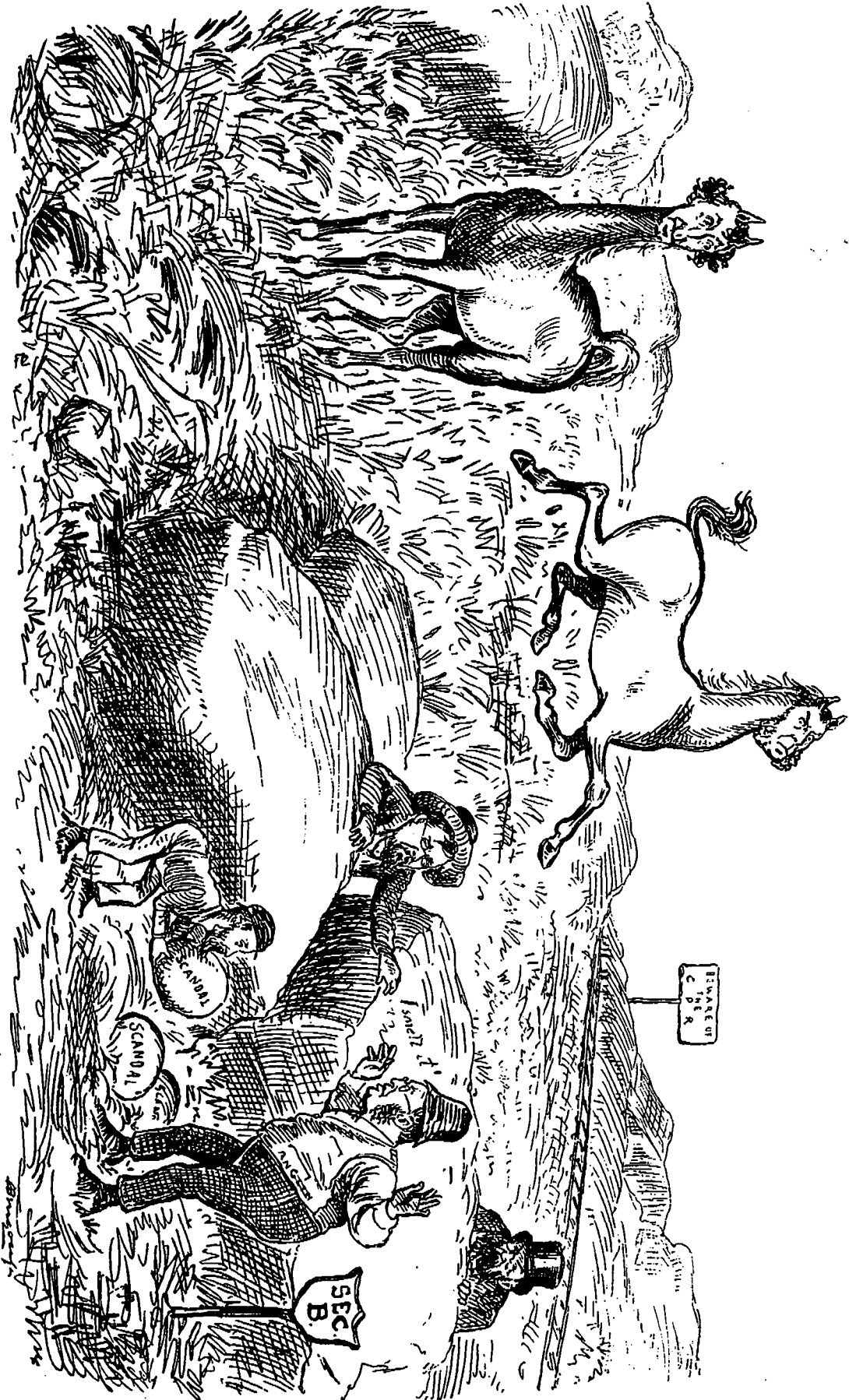


DUDE AND DUDINE.

FAT—What manner av haythenish bastes is thim Dudes, Mike?

MIKE—Faith, Pat, ye've got me now, but I know what a "dhudeen" is, an' here's wan. (Produces a short pipe.)

"Oh, dear!" sighed Mrs. P., with a tooth-ache. "Why can't people be born without teeth?" "If you will reflect a moment, my dear," replied Mr. P., "you will be convinced that such is the fact."—*Burlington Free Press.*



EUREKA! WHAT-A MARE'S NEST?



"So the world wags."

It must be rather mortifying to a clever extemporaneous speaker to find a sudden blot, as it were, come over his memory, and his flow of eloquence to be instantly checked from an inability to think of the exact words he wishes to use. This sudden clouding of the memory is by no means uncommon, even amongst the ablest speakers of the day, and I have myself seen a learned minister stopped in the full torrent of his impassioned discourse by a temporary total loss of mnemonic power. Following is an instance of what I refer to:—

MISERIES OF A DEFECTIVE MEMORY.

The miseries of a poor verbal memory are great. Rev. Arthur Munsell, of England, says that his own father was one of the most impassioned and powerful extempore orators he ever heard, but he had a bad verbal memory, and "after working us up with a splendid passage of unprepared and impromptu eloquence, he tried to close the sentence with the text: 'Mercy and truth are met together; righteousness and peace have kissed each other.' But the words escaped his recollection, and he said: 'Mercy and truth are met together; and—and—two similar sentiments have kissed each other.'"

* *

I clip the following from the editorial columns of the Toledo, O., *Saturday American*, not so much because I am in love with the 'dude' but because I am still less enamored of those newspaper idiots who sneer at and abuse people who are infinitely superior to themselves in every way. The day of the long haired, unkempt, out-at-elbows 'member of the press' is rapidly passing away. Affected eccentricity and unwashed hands are no longer looked upon as unmistakable signs of genius, and a pretended indifference to nicety in dress is now regarded, not as a mark of that absent-mindedness which often accompanies talent and which is frequently met with in men who think deeply, but rather as a symptom of purse depletion, and a token of inability to pay for a better costume. I have yet to hear of a 'dude' who really did harm to anybody. If he is foolish, heaven knows he is not the only foolish member of the human race. Better be a clean, tasty, harmless dude, than a frowsy, unclean, tobacco-spitting, cheeky, one-horse newspaper man.

Here is the extract:—

"The disgusting howls and vicious snorts of envy from cranky newspaper men about the 'dude' are getting nearly enough rope to hang the writers. The dude may possibly be a blockhead; he may even spend all his money on clothing and ape the customs of a foreign nation, but in most cases the dude is a gentleman, and, for my own part, I think he is far preferable to the individual clad in rusty black, ancient hat and cheek of brass who scribbles alleged funny stuff for newspapers about men who at least know enough to keep clean and respectable and be courteous to others.

The dude is an abomination, but his reverse in the office of a newspaper is a nuisance and a reproach, who ought to be taken out in the coal shed and killed with a spiked club.

* *

Children often make remarks that are exceedingly quaint, delivered, as they are, without any pretence of humor, but seeming to be the natural outcome of the thoughts of the observant toddler. As an illustration of what I mean read this: It is only one of the hundreds that might be cited:—

"Charley, the three-year-old of the household, stood an attentive and interested looker on while grandma was paring potatoes for dinner. Presently she made a sign of discontinuing the work with a single potato left unpeeled and unwashed. The little fellow reached into the pan, took it up in his chubby hand, and turning his bright eyes in an appealing glance to grandma's face, exclaimed:—"Take 'im c'oes off and give 'im baff, too."

* *

Here is another very brief and, I fear, rather old one:—

"When I grow up I'll be a man, won't I?" asked a little boy of his mother. "Yes, my son; but if you want to be a man you must be industrious at school, and learn how to behave yourself." Why, mamma, do lazy boys turn out to be women when they grow up?"

* *

There is a great deal of art in saying very much in a few words. The *Hamilton Spectator* has got the art down fine, and I append, perhaps the briefest story I ever told, clipped from that staunch old Tory paper. All who know the little Forest city, which flourishes on the outskirts of Carling's brewery, will see the point of the four line story following:

"The heavy dew of last night swelled the Thames at London, Ont., to such an extent that it was feared that damage to the shipping would result."

* *

This requires no commentary:

EPISCOPAL LOGIC.

A neat bit of logic was found in some notes scrawled by the Bishop of Peterborough on his blotter after a discussion on the "Eastward position" in Convocation. The question was: What is the meaning of the word *before* in the phrase, "the priest standing before the table?" The table has but three sides, one being fixed against the wall. All present contended that before meant at the north end. Dr. Magee had written, "The piper played before Moses." There are three ways in which he may have done this. He might have played antecedent to Moses, before he was born; or he might have taken precedence of Moses, and so played before Moses played; or he might have played in front of Moses. But he did none of these; he played at the north end of Moses."

TRUE PHILANTHROPY.

(Suggested by a letter in "*Canadian Gazette*" May 10.)

If you're eager for to shine in the philanthropic line as a Good Samaritan, You must get up well by heart the details of your part, and act it like a man; Then you ought to take your station as a friend of emigration, but teach this maxim true, That a party would be frantic to cross the wide Atlantic, without consulting you; And every one will say, As you take your Pecksniff way, "If this old man does not love the emigrant, it really seems to me, That there's something not quite right, and a gushing hypocrite this same old man must be."

As an agent you must pose, who the only safe way knows to ship the emigrant folk, And to land them safe and sound on Cis-Atlantic ground with money in their poke;

You must say that you can do something altogether new in the philanthropic way, And you'll always find it best to laugh at, as a jest, what other agents say;

And as you walk the street The people that you meet Will say, "There goes a philanthrop, whom all the world admires," in rapt ecstatic tones, "And the name he glorifies is a genuine surprise for its Mister John James Jones."

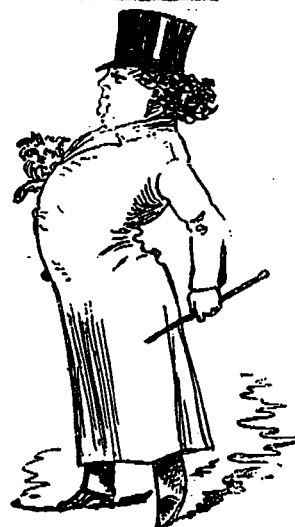


Then you really must be sure your commission to secure for shipping folks across The waters of the Ocean; raise a direful commotion if you suffer any loss; And fire up like a rocket if you find you're out of pocket in your philanthropic fun, For it isn't right that you should others try to do and then yourself be done;

And people all will say, As you beam along your way (And all the other agents you despise so much, of course, will with these people join), "How remarkably disinterested philan-throp-ists are, —except when they're losing coin."

When there seems to be a lull and things are rather dull in the Emigration groove, You had better say, "I see there's no money here for me, so I'll wait till things improve; I'm really very fond of assisting o'er the 'pond' those folks who want to go, But my philanthropy is such that I do not care to touch the 'biz' when 'commish' is low.

And everyone will say, As you air your J. J. J., "What a truly good philanthropist this gentleman must be who hears the poor man's groans. And helps him—when it pays,—as we're told does triple J's, or Mister John James Jones."



CLAUD MELNOTTE.

AS CASUALLY OBSERVED ON KING STREET.

NO TROUBLE TO SWALLOW Dr. Pierce's "Pellets" (the original "little liver pills") and no pain or griping. Cure sick or bilious headache, sour stomach, and cleanse the system and bowels. 25 cents a vial.

THE DEVOTED FRIEND.



O long ago it all seems now!
And even I feel somewhat
older;
The locks are thinner on my
brow,
Yet odd to say I don't grow
bolder.

Yes, I was more courageous
then,
And ah! for fame I had a
hunger
In days long past, old fellow,
when
I was the friend of Brown
the younger.

He loved; he told his love to me,
And in that love how he did
glory!
I recollect it used to be
A really rather lengthy story.

Her name was Smith, if you
must know,
At least one was—the other
Sally;

The last girl of the second row
On O. P. side in opening ball.

He went and bought a big bouquet,
I wrote some lines (I was a poet),
We went together to the play
He fussed at last and bade me throw it.

I did. She gave me such a glance!
Poor Brown! his little plan miscarried.
She married me. Lor! what a dance
She's led me since the day we married!

—W. C. NICHOL.

SIR KNT. & BRO. W. CRINGLE, E. A. O.
K. T. E.

It was rather an unfortunate day for little Bill Cringle, when he joined the extremely antique Order of the Knights of the Euroclydon though at first it might seem to be a good thing, as his widow was to receive several thousand dollars in case William's toes should at any time point skyward, and there were other benefits accruing to the brethren of the order during their lifetimes. But William was one of those enthusiastic little fellows who, when they mount a hobby, give it a free rein and away it scampers and every thing else may go to perdition. William Cringle's business sign proclaimed him to be a repairer of boots and shoes, or in other words a cobbler, and time was when he was considered the best and cheapest patcher in his district, but woe! woe! the extremely antique Order of the Sir Knights of the Euroclydon was organized, and its many advantages being represented to Mr. Cringle with the object of persuading him to become a member, he promised to turn them over in his mind and give his answer in a few days. Billy's mind was never one of the strongest, and very slight argument was needed to make him turn over the representations made to him in it just as the promoters of the Order wished, so, to cut my story short, Bill Cringle, cobbler, became Transparent Sir Knight and Bro. William Cringle, E. A. O. K. T. E. This was all very well and did no harm, and if it pleased Billy to be a Transparent Sir Knight surely it was nobody's business but his own, if (here comes the rub) if, I say, Billy had attended to his business as he had done before the Euroclydon swept over the city wherein he resided. But he did not, sad to relate, for he was ambitious far beyond his size: (height 5 ft. 1½ in. weight 99½ lb.) and not satisfied with being simply transparent, he resolved to scale the ladder of far more than nine steps, take notice ye of other societies, and mount to the one hundred and fifth rung of the Euroclydon's aid to altitude, that being its topmost round and on the attainment of which the climber was proclaimed More Than Most Wise, Fifteen Billion times Illustrious, Venerable, Sage, and Thrice Sudorific Sir Knight and (I believe but am not quite sure) Prelate, 105° (in the shade), and was permitted to go to bed in his regalia, if it so pleased him, and, the

truth must be told, it very often did please the wearers of all these titles and honors to do so, for the installation of every MTMW., F. B. T. I., V. S. & T. S. Sir Knight and (I think) Prelate 105° (in the shade), was invariably followed by a banquet, all of the expenses of which were defrayed from the burial fund, and consequently many a Sir Knight went home after these banquets in a state which rendered him incapable of pulling off his boots, to say nothing of the gorgeous and complicated uniform and regalia of the Euroclydon order, for it must be admitted that the uniform was magnificent and was one of the chief inducements to outsiders to become acquainted with the grips, signs, countersigns and so forth of the order. A blue velvet cocked hat with scarlet ostrich feathers was the head gear adopted by the Sir Knights, and underneath this came epaulettes of bullion with gilt aiguillettes, a white and crimson frock coat, tight white buckskin breeches and jack boots with spurs (and these latter were a constant bone of contention between the Sir Knights and their ladies, for however pleasant it may be to the wearer of these appendages to sleep with them on, the effect to any bed-fellow he may happen to have is to say the least of it scari-factory and uncomfortable) and—a sword! It was this sword that enrolled more than half of the gallant Sir Knts, of the E., and it was an awe-inspiring sight and one calculated to fill the beholder with terror to see those brethren wielding their weapons in the way their daily avocations suggested as the proper one. For instance, a plumber, being also a Sir Knight, would bear his as though it were six feet or so of inch and a half gas pipe; a livery stable keeper's style of carrying his was strongly suggestive of a whip, and some of the bank clerks who were members, appeared to be impressed with the notion that behind the ear was the place for that sword to go; but on the whole they did very well, and Sir Knight Cringle, though his weapon was a few inches longer than himself, contrived to look very dignified and knightly—before a banquet.

(To be continued.)

WHY HIS HAIR WAS CUT.

AN ACTUAL QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY EPISODE.

Last 24th of May, at about 10 o'clock in the morning, two friends met on the street. One had just had his hair cut so short that it looked like the teeth of the roller of a musical box. His friend immediately noticed this, and said, "Why! Jim, what on earth have you been getting your head sand-papered for? This is the first hot day of the season, and though it is a broiler, the weather may turn cold yet."

The other answered, "It isn't exactly the heat I'm afraid of, though this is a nice cool clip, but—" and paused. "Well, what?" enquired his friend.

"Well, you see this is the Queen's Birthday, and of course a fellow takes a little more liquid refreshment—"

"Ah! I see," interrupted Dick, "and you're afraid your head might swell so tomorrow morning that you wouldn't be able to get your hat on. Great head, Jim, great head."—(sotto voce, "Nothing in it.")

"No Dick, you're still wrong, but as I said this is the Queen's Birthday: I'm in for a jamboree, I shall not go home till awfully late, and—I'm married."

"Nuff said," answered Dick with a wink, for he also was a Benedict. "Short hair, by all means, and I'll go and follow thy example. But let's smile first."

And they went and smiled, and so does the writer of this as he thinks of the way those unfortunate women would be deceived when they reached for the hairs on heads that knew them no more.

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.

The prince of wails—a baby.

Adam and Eve established the first Appellate Court.

In choosing a wife always select one that will wash.

A summer resort—borrowing your neighbor's lawnmower.

The only kind of cake children don't cry for—A cake of soap.

"Board wanted," said the chap who tumbled into the river.

Clock-worked stockings are not necessarily second-hand stockings.

A Western invitation: Come out and "blow" up with the country.

Paganini was called a good magician because he could draw a wail out of his fiddle.

Whether the stone hits the pitcher or the pitcher hits the stone, it is always bad for the pitcher.

The aesthetic craze has reached the farm, and hand-painted barns are announced.—N. Y. Com. Advertiser.

The blackberry is so named because it is blue, in order to distinguish it from the blueberry which is black.

A scientist says that a discord struck violently on a piano will kill a lizard. Dare say! It's almost killed some human beings.—Boston Post.

Pontius Pilate, Judas Iscariot and King Herod are now suing Salini Morse for back pay. This may after all put Salini in a Passion.—Life.

A Boston paper gives the following wise piece of advice to its bachelor readers;—"Never marry a girl unless you have known her three days and a picnic.

"A new baby at your house, I understand," said a gentleman to the governor of a northern state. "Yes, sir." "Boy?" "No, a future coachman's wife."—Arkansas Traveller.

Whoever doubts that newspapers have a mission should enter a car and see how useful they are to the men when a fat woman with a big basket is looking around for a seat.

It takes as long for a Russian to say: "Lend me a quarter," as it does for an American to forge a check for \$50 and get the money on it. The English language is crisp, short and to the point.

The poet said that cleanliness was next to godliness: This is not to be understood to apply to the kind of godliness represented in the top gallery of a theatre.—Baltimore Every Saturday.

Though the earth for aeons rotate,
She shall not bring back to man
Sight of that tomato can
That the Gulielmus-gont ate.

—Pack.

"I don't like to have my husband chew tobacco," remarked a young married lady, "but I put up with it, for the tin foil is just too handy for anything in doing up my front crimps!"

"BECAME SOUND AND WELL."

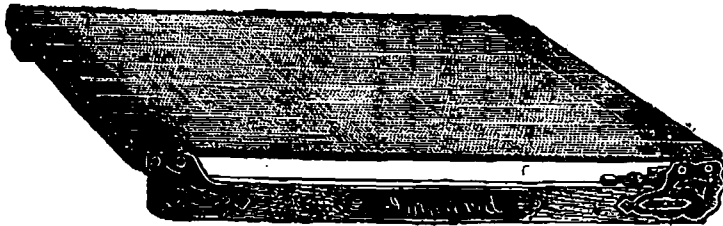
R. V. PIERCE, M. D.: Dear Sir—My wife, who had been ill for over two years, and had tried many other medicines, became sound and well by using your "Favorite Prescription." My niece was also cured by its use, after several physicians had failed to do her any good. Yours truly, THOMAS J. METHVIN,
Hatcher's Station, Ga.



THE BRILLIANT "REFORM" PROGRAMME.

REFORM PARTY—NOW, DEAR, TELL THE GENTLEMAN HOW YOU INTEND TO BECOME PREMIER SOME DAY.
LITTLE ED.—I TEND TO WAIT TILL HARD TIMES OR K'RUPTION BUSTS UP THE GOV'NT—THAT'S MY POLICY.

SPRING BEDS.



We are now manufacturing the largest line of Spring Mattresses in the Dominion, comprising the Woven Wire (three grades), Spiral Spring and Slat Mattresses, in styles and prices to suit all classes. A trial of our goods will convince that they are what we represent them, and also save you from 40 to 60 per cent. We put no material in our mattresses but the very best that can be had, and give you good value for your money.

For Sale by all Furniture Dealers.

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

Rich uncle to his physician: "So you think there is hope for me?" "Not only that, but I can assure you that you are saved." "Very well; I wish you would inform my nephew, but break the news gently to him."—*Ec.*

It is the easiest thing in the world for a father to give his daughter a check for \$10,000 on her wedding day, but it is the hardest thing in the world for the bride or any other person to get it cashed.—*Ec.*

The editor of the Key West Democrat is said to be only forty inches high and weighs but thirty-five pounds. When the man with a club comes in to interview "the chap who wrote that article" the editor of the Democrat crawls into his pastepot and pulls down the lid.—*Ec.*

HARD LUMPS IN BREAST.

DR. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.: Dear Sir—I wrote you some time ago that I thought I had a cancer. There was a large lump in my breast as large as a walnut, and had been there four months. I commenced taking your "Golden Medical Discovery," "Favorite Prescription" and "Pellets" in June, and the lump is gone.

Yours gratefully, MRS. R. R. CLARK,
Irvington, Mich.

A young city fellow, dressed in a faultless suit and a pair of shoes that tapered into a point in the most modern style, was visiting in a rural district. A bright little boy looked him all over until his eyes rested on those shoes. He looked at his own chukby feet and then at his visitor's and then looked up and said: "Mister, is all your toes cut off but one?"

The Physical Culture Rooms

will be
CLOSED

from the end of May during the summer months.
In the meantime await the publishing of

Cuthbertson's Manual of Health,

Explaining its three conditions, viz., Proper Dieting, Exercise, and Rest, versus the Injury from all Patent Medicines and Stimulants.

IT STANDS AT THE HEAD.

**THE
Domestic Sewing Machine**

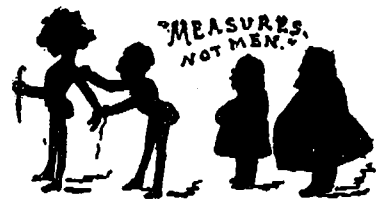
A. W. BRAIN,

SOLE AGENT

Also Repairer of all kinds of Sewing Machines. Needles, Parts and Attachments for Sale.

98 Yonge Street, TORONTO.

"Postponed on account of the wether," as the thund city man said when he didn't go through a sheep pasture with a belligerent ram holding the fort.—*Cincinnati Drummer.*



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 Spermatorrhoea, 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.

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

51 King Street East, } TORONTO,
(Nearly opposite Toronto St.) }
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.