

THE DELINQUENT OFFICIALS.

Prov. Sec. Hardy (to Scott Act officials who do not enforce the law).
 —MOWAT "EXPECTS EVERY MAN TO DO HIS DUTY!"
 Chorus of Delinquents.—"CHESTNUT!"
 (They ring their little bells.)

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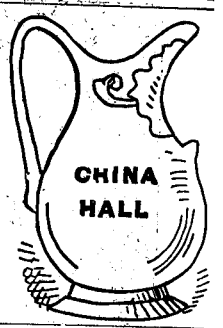
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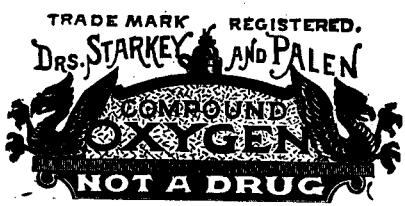
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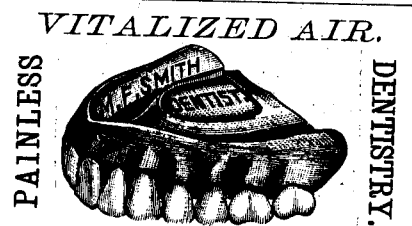
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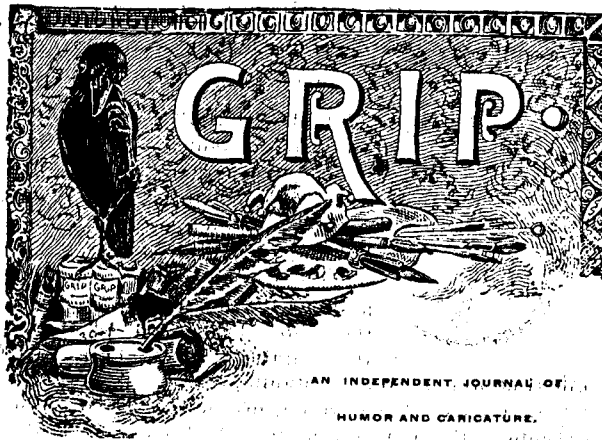


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J. W. RENGOUGH

EDITOR.

VOL. XXVII. TORONTO, SEPT. 25TH, 1886. No. 12.

Remittances on account of subscriptions are acknowledged by change in the date on the printed address-label—in the issue next after our receipt of the money. The date always indicates the time up to which the subscription is paid. We cannot undertake to send receipts aside from this.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

OUR friends are reminded that the magnificent lithographed plate, "Prominent Conservatives," issued as a supplement to Midsummer GRIP, will be sent to every subscriber applying for same and enclosing five cents for postage.

Comments on the Cartoons.



THE REFORM GOOSE ON TRIAL.—The all but unanimous report of the Committee on Political Action at the Prohibition Convention on Wednesday was for the formation of a Third Party in case the Reform party does not make a specific declaration in favor of prohibition within a few months. The Tory party appeared to be out of consideration altogether, although several of the delegates are at present connected with that organization. After a long and heated discussion the report was laid aside, and it was decided to continue for the present on the non-partizan plan of the Electoral Union, established a year ago. The most notable speech during the debate was that of Hon. S. H. Blake, who pleaded strongly for an extension of grace to the Reform party, which had in the past done its duty, and would, he believed not prove recreant in the future. "Let Prohibitionists,"

said he in effect, "put the Reform party in office, and then demand such legislation as they need and they will get it. If it is refused, then it will be time enough to quit that party, and I will be one of the first to leave." Mr. F. S. Spence demanded that the Reform party should state its intentions officially; Mr Blake was prepared to trust it on the question without any specific promise, on account of its past good temperance character. In short it appeared to be a modification of the old fable of the goose that laid the golden eggs. Mr. Spence wanted to use his knife to see if there was a prohibition egg in the bird; Mr. Blake felt sure there was, and advised the kind of food that would be most likely to bring it forth in due time. The Convention settled at least one thing—that the Prohibitionists of this country are in dead earnest, and will stand no nonsense from the political leaders hereafter.

THE DELINQUENT OFFICIALS.—In many counties and cities where the Scott Act is nominally in force, the officials of the Ontario Government notoriously evade their duties. Their remissness has been brought to the attention of the Government, and the Provincial Secretary has sent out special circulars informing these delinquents that they *must* enforce the law. These documents have been carefully read and placed in the waste-paper basket by those whom they chiefly concerned. At least there has been no improvement in the

delinquents. The Secretary issued a new circular last week, in which he went so far as to tell these gentry that they had been appointed for the express purpose of enforcing these laws, and that the Government expects them to do so. Whereupon, we opine, they rang their chestnut bells, and winked. Officers of this sort can't be made efficient by circular. What they need is kicking out.

DON'T KNOW THE FELLOW.—Sir John seized the opportunity at London (just after he had received his GRIP with the "Discordant Organs" cartoon, it will be observed) to declare that the *Mail* is not an organ of the Government at all, but a strictly independent newspaper like all the other journals that support the Government. To prove this, he proceeded to say that he had no sympathy with the *Mail's* agitation against the privileges of the Catholic Church in Quebec. If Sir John thinks that the *Mail's* course is doing him harm in the French Province, all he has to do is to tell Mr. Bunting to "let up." The *Mail* is not so very independent that it would dream of refusing to do anything Sir John told it, and nobody knows this better than the Premier.

LITERARY COMPETITION NO. I.

THIS competition as per advertisement in the *Globe* closed on Sept. 15. The best rhyming reply sent in is that of Rev. Chas. Duff, 23 Lansdowne Avenue, Parkdale, who will be credited accordingly with one year's subscription to GRIP.

COMPETITION NO. II.

Subject—*Sir John A. Macdonald.*

THE sender of the best description in verse of Sir John's political character and career, will be credited with two years' subscription to GRIP. Must be not less than eight lines. Competition open to Nov. 15. Each competitor to send \$2.00, which, in every case, will secure GRIP for one year. Address all contributions to the Editor.

MORE laughter, more sunshine is what we need to make us enjoy life. A purer Christianity will spring from a smiling people than any that flourished in the puritanical days of long ago, and a better feeling towards our neighbors will exist if we look at the bright side of life. Moral: subscribe for GRIP.



BEAR'S MEAT.

Assistant (to Chief of Survey).—"WE JUST DROPPED ON A BEAR HERE A FEW MOMENTS AGO."

Chief (startled).—"GREAT HEAVENS! YOU DON'T SAY SO! I'M SURE IF I'D BEEN THERE I SHOULD HAVE FAINTED."

Assistant.—"YOU'RE JUST THE MAN WHO SHOULD HAVE BEEN THERE. BEARS NEVER TOUCH DEAD MEAT."

(All rights reserved.)

Gladstone.

HAIL to the man ! of men the chief,
Who towers above our time,
Like to the peak of Teneriffe,
Majestic and sublime ;

He treads the path the great have trod,
Retains 'mid jeer and ban,
Faith in the Fatherhood of God,
And Brotherhood of Man ;

One of the high heroic souls,
That God appoints to find
A pathway for humanity
Upon the march of mind ;

That put traditions to the rout,
What need they be afraid of ?
And turn our idols inside out
And show what rags they're made of :

Whose thoughts are falling down in showers
The masses to awaken,
And Principalities and Powers
To their foundations shaken :

He hears within the high command,
With his own soul engages
From tyrants to rid the land,
And right the wrongs of ages.

So this old man has blown a blast
That's wakened in affright
The spectres grim the things aghast
Of chaos and old night.

Tho' as a mark set up for hate,
He's at this very hour
Great Britain's only truly great
And vital living power ;

The heights of fame how he did scale
Unspoiled by adulation ;
Now unalarmed he walks the vale
Of deep humiliation.

What matters who may bless or ban,
By whom he's loved or hated ?
To-day to be the " Grand Old Man,"
To-morrow execrated.

The best of us can only see
As far's our right extends ;
Then why insist with doubled fist
There all creation ends.

But even in the darkest day
He flinches not from duty,
And's eye attended by a ray
Of spiritual beauty ;—

A beauty an urbanity
In all that he doth teach ;
The music of humanity
Is ringing in his speech :

Above the pall that hangs o'er all
We hear his ringing voice
Above the din of selfish sin,
We hear him and rejoice.

Such men are never vanquished, tho'
From power they may be hurled,
Their motto's still, as on they go,
" Truth against all the world."

ALEXANDER MCLACHLAN.

THERE is an art in putting on gloves, says a fashion paper. Come to think of it, you have to get your hand in, as it were, in putting on a glove properly.—*Boston Courier.*

THE JUNIOR PICKWICKIANS ;

AND THEIR MEMORABLE TRIP TO NORTH AMERICA.

CHAP. XV.



"CAPTAIN BRACEMAN" said Bramley, who retained his composure and presence of mind under these trying circumstances in a most admirable manner, "Oblige me by holding this,—this pot."

The captain did as requested, and after some ten minutes work, the shoe horn was placed over the captive's nose, and by the united efforts of Messrs. Bramley and Crinkle, the latter having recovered his composure sufficiently to offer his assistance, the pot was gradually slipped off, and Mr. Yubbitts stood revealed, gasping for breath, with a face of ghastly pallor.

"Now off to your cabin, sir, at once," said the captain ; and Mr. Bramley seizing the crest-fallen Yubbitts with one hand and carrying the cause of all the trouble in the other, led him away to his state-room amidst the roars of laughter of all present, excepting the other Pickwickians,

Some explanation of the cause of this harrowing scene of course ought to be given.

Mr. Yubbitts, on retiring to his cabin after coming below from the deck, had determined to postpone his efforts to repack the cherished iron pot till the morrow, and had accordingly left it for the night where he had placed it on going into dinner. This, as has been stated, was near the head of his berth.

He had retired to rest, and was enjoying his first sleep, dreaming doubtless of thrilling adventures on those boundless rolling prairies of which he had often read, when a terrific combined pitch and roll on the part of the *Chinaman* threw him out of his berth and he fell head foremost straight into the iron pot. In vain he tried to call for assistance ; the noise of the waves was too great to permit the muffled sound of his voice to be heard.



His head appeared to be wedged into the pot and was held as in a vice. After several endeavors to remove the article, he determined to sally forth in search of Bramley's cabin, but in his confusion, on his emerging from his own, he turned in the wrong direction and wandered, roaring as loud as he was able for assistance, into the saloon.

Now that he was released from his imprisonment, he was loud in his denunciations of the accursed pot, and desired Mr. Bramley to throw it overboard at once. This that gentleman firmly refused to do, reminding its owner of the immense use it was expected to be in the future.

"Think, Yubbitts," he said, "that some day we may have nothing but this pot for our soup."

"And our tea and coffee," interposed Crinkle.

"And on a pinch, our washing," chimed in Coddleby.

"Yes, Yubbitts, think of all these things, calmly and dispassionately, and I am confident you will wish to retain this utensil," said Bramley, soothingly. "However, if after a night's sleep, you still desire to cast it away, I

shall raise no objections, for it shall never be said that the course of our friendship was interrupted by an iron pot, even though a most desirable article for making soup."

"And tea and coffee, Yubbits, think of that," remarked Crinkle.

"And Yubbits, old fellow, on a pinch, washing," again remarked Coddleby.

The result of all this was that Mr. Yubbits consented to "sleep upon it." The upshot of which resolution was that the sentence of banishment passed upon the pot was retracted and that article was packed away in another and less tightly filled box on the following day.

Nothing of any moment occurred during the remainder of the passage to interrupt the even tenor of the gallant S. S. *Chinaman's* way, and on the 29th day of May she steamed gracefully into the harbour of Montreal, and was gently fastened to the dock. The Junior Pickwickians lost no time in finding hotel accommodation, and at once began their task of studying the manners and customs of the natives.

In the course of the first hour Mr. Yubbits began to inveigh against various writers whose works upon Canada he had pursued, and who had led him to believe that every other human being he would meet in that country would be an Indian.

"I tell you, Bramley," he remarked, as he sat in the reading room of the hotel, "there is nothing, after all,



like personal investigation of these matters. I certainly thought, from reading Wilkie Collins' 'Heart and Science' that we should find Canada to be a wild, semi-barbarous country, and I never anticipated seeing such a city as Montreal. Now, I shouldn't be a bit surprised to find Toronto, Hamilton and those other places, to be quite habitable little towns, after all; what do you think?"

"I must confess," replied his friend, "that I am surprised, and I may add, agreeably so, to find Montreal what it is, though I expected to see a town of considerable size, from pictures I have seen of the railway bridge across the river; but, Yubbits, I have been turning the matter over in my mind, and I think our best plan would be to push on to America proper, of course paying a flying visit, on our way to Ottawa, Toronto and other places. Here are Crinkle and Coddleby, let's see what they think?" Accordingly he unfolded his plans to those worthies, whose opinions entirely coincided with his own.

"But, gentlemen, in the meantime, here's a discovery to begin with," said Mr. Crinkle, holding out a copy of a small illustrated paper. "I bought this at the book-stall next door, just now."

"GRIP!" ejaculated Mr. Yubbits, an English title from

Barnaby Rudge, you know; strange! Never saw this publication at home."

"It's a Canadian publication, don't you see," said Mr. Coddleby. "It's published at Toronto."

"To be sure; and as I live it's a comic paper, like *Punch*," asserted Mr. Yubbits, a light breaking over his face.

"No, it isn't like *Punch*—not by a darn sight," broke in a short aggressive-looking tramp with a red head, who was lounging in the room. "It beats *Punch* all to—"

"Excuse me," said Mr. Yubbits, curtly; "I'm not aware that your opinion was asked for, Sir; and it appears to me a most unwarrantable liberty on your part to—"



"Liberty!" replied the little man, who, as the Pickwickians afterward discovered, was a Toronto journalist. "Liberty; why, you're in the land of liberty, and as for my opinion I don't wait to be asked for it if I feel that by giving it I can brush away any old fangled, cobwebby ideas from the minds of any one. *Punch* be hanged!"

"Well, well," said Crinkle to Coddleby, "I never expected to hear such—why, it is treason; I should not be surprised to hear this man, who seems intelligent though painfully rude and uncultivated, actually question the infallibility of the *Times*; I should not indeed."

"Look here, gentlemen," said the little man; "you're in Canada now, and if you'll take my advice you'll try and throw off some of those old country prejudices which you seem to have brought over with you from that little spot across the fish pond. Bah! Your confounded cockneys come out here, half starved, get three square meals a day instead of two a week as they'd been accustomed to at home; get better wages than ever they got before, and are treated fifty per cent. better than ever they were across the water, and they immediately turn to and run down and abuse the country that is feeding them." The little man was becoming very warm, and had risen and was pacing to and fro excitedly.

"But, Sir,—" began Crinkle.

"Hear me out," interrupted the other. "I say that if England wants Canadians to continue to form a very poor opinion of Englishmen, let her continue to export that contemptible class of people of which every steamer brings a large number; I mean those ignorant cockneys who won't allow that there is anything as good in Canada as there is 'ome, yer know', and who do more to hurt the right sort of Englishmen in the opinion of Canadians than anything else. D—n 'em." and he snorted furiously. "As for your *Punch*—pooh!" and he sat down again and drawing out his handkerchief, blew a sonorous nasal blast of defiance.

To say that the Pickwickians were indignant at hearing one of those institutions of England, which they held as almost sacred, thus scornfully spoken of, would be but to state the case in very mild language. Coddleby was speechless with mingled anger and indignation. Crinkle sat and listened like a man fascinated by some strange power. Bramley, alone, was calm, though it was evident he felt the indignity put upon his beloved *Punch* none the less keenly than his friends. Yubbits seemed at a

loss what to say or do. His words had been the cause of this unexpected outburst on the stranger's part, and he felt that it was incumbent on him to say something.

"Sir," he began, whilst the little man glared at him through a pair of eyeglasses which he had mounted on his nose. "Sir, I consider that your ill-mannered and unseemly language is—is—"

"Well, is *what*?" defiantly asked the other, as Yubbitts paused.

"Is exceedingly ill-mannered and unseemly, Sir,—"

replied Yubbitts with emphasis.

(To be continued.)

ANTICOSTI.

THE Gulf is broad, the waters blue
And tossed by tempests here and there;
They sometimes take a darker hue
When storm clouds fill the murky air.
A long, low, rocky island lies
Beneath the bright or darkling skies—
A barren land, a bush domain,
Half swamp and spruce, no soil for grain,
No fertile plain to smile at will,
When broken by the farmer's skill,
But north and south and east and west,
As far as screaming gull can fly
The partridge freely builds its nest,
And bears and panthers breed and die—
Oh! yes, 'tis here
The ocean air,
Salt laden, shimmers on the wave,
With quickened pulse
O'er fields of dulse,
Or many a shipwrecked sailor's grave.

The summer lingers in the South,
By winds that sweep o'er Arctic fies
Chased back, when'er its ardent mouth
With perfume laden zephyrs blows.
At last, about July, it comes
With feeble heat of May,
And as the month of August wanes
You know it's come to stay—
To stay till blithe September gales
Sweep all the coast, and drive the sails
To seek more hospitable land
Than Anticosti's treacherous strand.
Is this the land, is this the clime
That Stockwell strives to boom,
To lure unwary emigrants
To all too certain doom?
"The Governor and Company"
Sounds very grand, I ween,
And Englishmen may be true blue,
But some are very green;
And Canada, fair Canada,
For all the fraud must pay,
Her fair name tarnish'd to the world
For many a weary day.

FICTIONISTS TURNED FOREIGNERS.

[MR. GEORGE MOORE, the English Zola, is again at loggerheads with Mr. Mudie, who declines to circulate his works. Mr. Moore accordingly announces that henceforth he will write in French. If his example should be variously followed by other British novelists, the result will be somewhat curious.]

Maude—Have you read "Circe's Swine," dear?

Ethel—You mean the translation of the new novel by Fraulein Braddon. Of course I have, but I can't say I like it as well as I do some of her earlier books.

Maude—That's just how I feel. The Fraulein's plots are not what they used to be: and she never did shine as a delineator of character, or as an analyser of the emotions, did she?

Ethel—No, that sort of thing is more in the way of Signor William Black. Ah, Italy has good reason to be proud of his latest story!

Maude—Hasn't she! For my own part, I enjoyed it as I haven't done any book since I sat up all night to get through "The Spectre of the Back Drawing Room."

Ethel—By that dear old Don Wilkie Collins! He's quite a second Cervantes, I consider.

Maude—So do I. Speaking of the supernatural though, I hear that Monsieur Walter Besant has tried his hand at a three-volume ghost-story, and that it will be published next week.

Ethel—Monsieur Besant is my favorite Gallic writer, and I shall certainly order his romance from Mudie. By the way, I didn't tell you, love, that I've been skipping through "One or T'other," by Mynheer Christie Murray, and that in my opinion it's most awful twaddle.

Maude—Ah, you didn't read it in the original Dutch. That's the worst of *invariably* going in for translations.

Ethel—Well, you see every one isn't such a good linguist as you are, dear. However, I *do* mean to learn Russian shortly.

Maude—In order, I suppose, that you may taste the full flavour of the rustic studies of Gospodin Thomas Hardy. They're quite unapproachable in their Muscovite dress; and it's a real shame that they should ever have to be rendered into clumsy English at all. [*Left talking.*]—*Funny Folk.*

"GREAT IS GRIP."

(THOUGH NOTHING BUT A STERN SENSE OF DUTY WOULD INDUCE US TO REPRINT THIS NOTICE.)

GREAT IS GRIP, as undoubtedly will be readily acknowledged on all sides and by all parties. His cartoons, "History repeats itself," "Ottawa bull fight," "Latest fashion in hats," "The popular idea," "Prohibition," "The political incubators," and a number of other equally clever hits on living issues and passing events, are samples of originality of thought unsurpassed by any caricaturist of this or any age that we know of. And better still, there is a constantly increasing improvement in almost every issue, all crowned by independence as to whose ox is gored.—*Algoma Pioneer, Sept. 10*



"THE PROSPECTS OF THE CORN CROP ARE GOOD!"

—Daily Paper.

JEMIMA,

A ROMANCE OF THE EXHIBITION.

It was early in the first week of the great Industrial Fair, 1885.

"Oh! horror," exclaimed Mrs. Jehial St. Jermain Furrowfield to her charming and accomplished daughter Blanche, as that young lady was reclining on a splendid canary-colored sofa that adorned the luxurious front parlor of the Furrowfield mansion. "Oh horror! if here ain't that old dowdy, Aunt Jemima come again. And to-night, we have company! Hon. Luccellas Loomax, who has the *entree* into the highest circles in London, will be here. What on earth will he think of us with relations like old Aunt Jemima? Really I could cry with vexation."

"Well, ma," said the fair Blanche, "we must try and keep her out of sight as much as possible, but it won't do to offend her with the fortune she intends leaving me."

"Miss Barnrack!" shouted the servitor, and in marched Aunt Jemima in prunella boots, none too clean, a bonnet of immense size and of many colors and carrying a Scotch terrier which when dropped on the carpet at once made a fierce assault on Miss Blanche's pink-eyed poodle to the great dismay of that pampered animal and his affectionate mistress.

"Well, I never," said both of the ladies of the household in one breath, "why, Aunt Jemima, it's good for sore eyes to see you! Take off your things and we'll show you to your room. Well, well, I never!" and she led the way with a vast show of hospitality.

Before the guests of the evening arrived, both Blanche and her mother suggested to their visitor that she should don one of the numerous, magnificent and fashionable gowns that were suspended in Mrs. Furrowfield's wardrobe, but in vain. Aunt Jemima vowed she'd wear her own clothes, party or no party, so the ladies perforce had to submit.

In due course the distinguished company arrived and among them, got up in magnificent array, came Hon. Luccellas Loomax, younger son of Lord Chumpington of Chumpington Castle, Hants, England, a young gentleman of great blood and little money, on a visit here "to see the 'blausted kentry.'" Most cordial were the greetings and profound the courtesy and bows of the Furrowfield family on the honorable gentleman's arrival. The state of the health of his noble parents was anxiously inquired after, also his opinion of this country which he was now honoring with his presence.

"Rum lot, these," thought Hon. Mr. Loomax. "wonder who the old gal with the red red roses in her hair is."



"MARY HAD A LITTLE LAMB."

Miss Blanche was particularly amiable that evening, especially towards his Hon. Nobbs, who for some reason could not keep his eyes off Aunt Jemima. This the ingenious Blanche perceived.

"I suppose you are wondering who the lady you are gazing so intently at is. I hope you have not become smitten with her," said the fair girl archly.

"Haw, be Jove, no. Healthy old pawty, I should say."

"Yes, and the kindest soul—a distant relation of ma's—we call her Aunt Jemima, he! he! She's rich; very rich and I—but it's bad taste to speak of family matters."

"Wich, is she," mused the Hon. Loomax. "Be Jove, I've hawf a mind to go in for her and cut these infernal snobby people out. She seems the only well bwed woman heah. Be Jove, heah goes!"

"Mr. Loomax asked for an introduction. He addressed Miss Barnrack with the deepest respect, and was soon engaged in a conversation which was evidently deeply interesting on both sides. All this Miss Blanche and her

ma witnessed in amazement, and finally the young lady captured the amiable youth again.

"I'm afraid you're a wicked man," she said, "what on earth were you making fun of poor old Aunt Jemima for? I'm sure you put her down for what you gentlemen call—an old guy."

Aunt Jemima inadvertently overheard this remark of her affectionate niece, and in consequence thereof she got her back up to a surprising attitude. She immediately went up stairs, packed up her duds, put on her bonnet, and prepared for a march.

"Why, Aunt Jemima," said the Furrowfields, "what on earth's the matter; where are you going?"

"Home," said that lady promptly; "I would prefer keeping my *guyness* where it won't call for insulting remarks."

"But, dear Aunt Jemima, I beg—how can you go away to-night alone?"

"Oh, be Jove!" said the gallant Loomax; "I'll take care of her. Just telephone for a coupe—come, Miss Barnrack. Good evening, ladies," and the interesting couple were gone.

In one week's time Miss Barnrack was transformed into Hon. Mrs. Loomax, and the ladies of the Furrowfield family anathematize the day that they asked "that stoopid English fool" to their house. As for the hon. gent. he found that the vast riches of his bride only amounted to \$10,000. A beggarly "couple of *thou ye* know," but being a happy-go-lucky fellow and being, so to speak, played out of home, he made up his mind to be happy with his fair Jemima. He may now be seen any day traversing the woods or whipping the stream according to the season, his aristocratic form clad in all-wool garments from the famous looms of Canada. B.

THE SHOWMAN.

GRAND.—The Hanlon Bros. need no introduction to Toronto. As acrobatic comedians they are without rivals, and in their new and gorgeous spectacle "Fantasma," they have plenty of scope for the exhibition of their peculiar talents. It's well worth while going just to see how neatly they avoid breaking their necks—leaving the two car-loads of scenery, etc., out of the question altogether.

TORONTO.—Manager Shaw has inaugurated a new scale of prices, bringing them down to a most reasonable limit. This ought to be a very effective move on his part, as the attractions on the stage are to be kept up to the original standard, which is a high one. This week the famous Madison Square success, "May Blossom" a beautiful and wholesome comedy drama, is being given with a fine cast headed by Mr. Benjamin Maginley.

A BOASTFUL gentleman from the south of France was present when the conversation turned on lions—*à propos* of the recent marriage in Paris of a male and female lion-tamer.

"Oh! lions don't trouble me much," remarked this courageous Frenchman. "I met one once in the desert, a splendid fellow, and what do you think I did? Simply whipped out my penknife and cut off his tail!"

"And why not his head?" asked some one.

"Oh! a hunter had saved me that trouble by doing it the day before!"—*French Ex.*

WHAT is the use of *firts*? To brighten up old spoons?



"OCH!"

in the words of Mr. Barney Maguire, *alias* Ingoldsby, *alias* Barham,

"Och! the *Exhibition!* What celebration For emulation can with it compare?"

Well, Toronto, of course, thinks none; but there *are* those who think otherwise; there *are* those who, like the sons of Eliab, are inclined to rise up and say unto the people of Toronto: "Ye take too much upon you. What with your Semi-Centennial Celebrations, your Knights of Pythias Demonstrations, your Trades and Labour Demonstrations, and your thousand and one Arabian nights and days, what want you with annual fairs?"

* * *

A GREAT deal, answer we. Even if the front bench in our Dominion is not accorded to Ontario, and even if the Queen City may not claim the chief seat of that front bench (neither of which claims do we concede to any), what hinders that we should not blow our own trumpet, pull up our shirt-sleeve and show our biceps, get on a hill-top and crow, and do anything of this kind that we please? We only charge twenty-five cents to listen to us and to look at us, and no one need come who does not like.

* * *

BUT indeed, have we not much upon which to plume ourselves? May we not once yearly renew our youth like the eagle and preen our feathers in well-earned self-complacency? But we are generous: we invite all those who care to do likewise to come over and help us.

* * *

DOES any say: "Pshaw, 't is only a stupendous advertising scheme"? Calmly we shall say in reply: "And what is advertising? Is not the whole of life a vast advertising scheme, with death as a sort of clearance sale at the end? Do we not daily proclaim the excellence of our wares—our minds and our bodies; our looks, our clothes, or houses—our everything? Do we not spend our whole time in struggling to make gain by these? And pray what more do advertisers do?"

* * *

WHAT a pretty excursus could Herr Teufelsdröckh have written on the Philosophy of Advertisements as an addendum to his "Philosophy of Clothes." For see: What difference, save of texture, flexibility, shape, and colour, canst thou discover between an ordinary "show-bill" and a suit of clothes? What are they both at bottom but *rags*? Do they not both testify to the world the worth and importance of the proprietors thereof? And do they not both also endeavour hard to conceal the deformities of the proprietors thereof?

* * *

RAIL not at advertising schemes therefore, my friend. Thou thyself art an advertiser. What else but advertising schemes are thy fair ways, thy taking manners, thy spruce looks, thy distinguished air?

* * *

"BUT you yourself?" thou sayest, friend? I confess it. I myself have been advertising through all these seven paragraphs.

W.B.



THE REFORM GOOSE ON TRIAL.

THE CANADIAN NOBILITY'S VADE MECUM.

DEDICATED (WITHOUT PERMISSION) TO THE ILLUSTRIOUS KNIGHTS
WHO PUT THE REST OF CANADA IN THE SHADE.

V. The Selection of a Suitable Motto.



WITH pedigree and coat of arms and
portraiture and name,
You're nearly set up as a knight; but
I should be to blame
If I omitted to advise a motto for
your case—
Just underneath your coat of arms
will be its proper place.

There are many ancient families with English mottoes, yet
There's nothing like a Latin phrase. It beats the lot, you bet.
And something suited to you won't be difficult to find
As you do not understand the Latin language—never mind!
It is n't likely any one will ask for a translation;
Your friends will take it as a part of your exalted station.
I wouldn't take "*Ad Libitum*," though take just what you please,
"*Otium cum dignitate*" goes with dignity and ease.
At first view "*primâ facie*" would almost look as well,
But "*Res Angusta Domi*" quite another tale would tell.
There's "*Renovato Nomine*" if you have changed your name
And old-time "*Semper Idem*" which will always be the same;
"*Pro rata*" is proportionate to all your case demands,
"*Pons a sinorum*" is a joke each schoolboy understands;
"*Magni nominis umbra*" would just put you in the shade,
Of all the great inheritance your ancestors had made,
"*Moderata Durant*" are the simple things that last
And "*Longo Intervallo*" would refer to your great past,
But if some wag should visit you who knew a little Latin
And a little of your pedigree he might get something pat in
That would strike you as sarcastic or as you would call it, "rough,"
Perhaps you, too, might get confused with any lengthy stuff,
So let the phrase be simple and in its terseness grand,
And it shall grapple with a fact no man can understand.
Referring to the patriarchal coming of your race,
When they were lords upon the planets prehistoric face,
And my thoughts upon this subject all commence now to abridge in
one,
So the motto I suggest to you is simply, "Ab Origine."

A FANCY EXTRACT.

THE following passage from the debate on Confederation
in the Methodist General Conference was inadvertently
omitted from the published reports:

Rev. Dr. Northerland.— * * * I say, sir, that I
am against this scheme from the word go, and I intend
to fight it for all I'm worth. Those of you who know
me can catch on to the full meaning of that, for you're
aware that I'm a slugger from Sluggerville when it comes
to fighting. What does this Federation scheme pan out,
when you bring it down to a fine thing? It simply means
that Methodism is going to give itself away, and Victoria
College will be knocked higher than Gilderoy's kite.

Rev. Dr. Gardyin.— * * * I have been charged,
sir, with inconsistency on this question but I have just to
say that my course has been straight as a string. It is all
very well for members of conference to get up and shoot
off their mouths in this random sort of way, but I shout
for proof. I say trot out your proof—and if you can't do
that, because the thing is unprovable, then simmer down
and give us a rest about inconsistency. I have always be-
lieved in Federation as a boss scheme for our church. I've
whooped her up in season and out of season on that line,
and you bet I'm not going to go back on my record at
this time of day.

Rev. Dr. Shellys.— * * * I also have been
charged with ground and lofty tumbling on the Federa-
tion question. They say I went in for the racket at first
and that afterwards I shook the whole thing. The
esteemed pard who has just sat down has made this
charge against me right straight along, but he's way off.
The charge is'n't true. To be sure I *did* pronounce in

favour of a federation scheme, but not *this* one. They
are no more alike than chalk and cheese. The first
scheme was in my opinion a buster. Under it, Victoria
College was going to have a dead sure thing, but the pre-
sent proposition I consider snide. Sir, it won't wash,
and I don't go in for it worth a cent.

A Delegate.—Mr. President, may I interrupt the
chatter long enough to read a little from to-day's *Globe*?
The President.—Fire away.

Delegate (*reads*).—"To the editor of the *Globe*, sir:
The prevalence of slang in the speeches at the Meth—
Members (interrupting).—O cheese it! Stow that!
Come off! Put him out, etc., etc.

Delegate subsides, and debate goes on.

IGNORANCE—OR WORSE.

IN Saturday's *Globe* the following reference is made to
the recent election in Maine:

"In September, 1884, the amendment making Prohibition a part
of the constitution of the State was carried by 70,783 votes against
23,811. This year, in the contest just closed, a certain noisy clique
of the Prohibitionists declared their intention of revolting from the
Republican Party with which they had formerly worked and through
which they had secured all the good legislation that has been placed
on the statute book, and of forming a third party—which in effect
meant they would eject the Republicans and seat the Democrats.
They cured out of the 70,000 temperance votes 3,500 to support a
Prohibitionist candidate."

If this was written in good faith, the *Globe* is disgrace-
fully ignorant of American political affairs. Surely our
"leading journal" is aware that there are three distinct
political parties in the United States, and that for the last
fifteen years the Prohibition party has in many places put
up its own candidates. This year it is doing so in every
State—Maine included; and the Prohibitionists who
voted for Clarke, in Maine, the other day, are not as the
Globe seems to imagine, merely bolting Republicans who
"threaten to form a third party," but loyal members of a
third party long since formed and, what is more, march-
ing on to certain victory. The 3,500 votes polled look
small, and the *Globe* joins the hypocritical New York
Tribune in sneering at it, but that vote is just *three times*
larger than the vote polled for the Prohibition party can-
didate in 1884. It is easy to understand the *Globe's* state
of mind at this bit of news. It probably knows well
enough that the Third Party was the result of the refusal
of both Republican and Democratic leaders to declare for
Prohibition, and it has good reason to fear that the same
thing will occur in Canada if the Grit party doesn't get
sense pretty soon. The Republican party is doomed to
certain death in the United States as the penalty of its
time-serving and dishonesty on this great issue; and if
the Reform Party of this country follows its example, (as
it is now doing), it deserves and will receive the same
fate.

In a police court:

"What is your profession?" asked the magistrate of
the accused.

Prisoner (With much dignity)—I am a tragic poet.

Magistrate—But that's not a profession it's a disease.—
French Ex.

On the Boulevard:

"Well, old fellow, how about your law-suit with Z.
You said three months ago that the rascal had robbed you
of a hundred thousand francs."

"Oh! we settled it amicably."

"How so?"

"Why he is to marry my daughter; he accepts the one
hundred thousand for the dowry."—*French Ex.*



PAINFUL PUBLIC EXHIBITION.

Schoolmaster Public Opinion (in a hoarse whisper).—“GO ON AND SAY YOUR PIECE, OR I’LL TAN YOUR HIDE AT THE NEXT ELECTION.”

Eddy.—“PRO—PROHI—PRO—PR— (*breaking down*), I CAN’T SAY IT. PLEASE MASTER, GIVE ME A LITTLE MORE TIME TO LEARN IT.”

A NEW TUNE.

THE *Mail* is not an organ, it is a fiddle; and brother Farrar has struck a new tune, which is going to make the country dance. He got the key-note from GRIP, and the new air is the lively, popular and inspiring melody called *Prohibition*. Yes! the *Mail* (though it does not speak for the Tory party—oh, certainly not!) declares that there are certain questions ripe for action which it means to agitate, and one of these is the temperance issue. What does this mean? It means that Sir John A. Macdonald is going to scatter the Grit forces like chaff at the next election by taking up the *cause* of the Prohibitionists. What boots his past record or the present whisky element in his party? His declaration for Prohibition will drive all the roughs into the Grit camp, and fill up the Tory ranks with the thousands of decent men who have been so long pleading with the Reform Party to take definite action. Prohibition would look more at home in the Reform platform; but the earnest people of this country care little which party gives them the measure, and John A. knows it is his trump card for the next election. The Alliance Convention voted to give the Grit party three months’ grace, but be it observed, John A. doesn’t propose to give any such thing! The iron is hot now, and down comes the stroke.

AN EXPERT’S OPINION.

THE author of the celebrated “Terry Finnegan” letters in the old Toronto *Grumbler*, now resident in New York, writes to a friend here as follows:—“This week’s GRIP (Sept. 11) is admirable in most respects. The discordant organs” (cartoon) can’t be transcended on either side of the Atlantic. It is the genuine thing itself.”

LATEST NOVELTY.

Fine Cambric Shirts, with three Collars, \$1.00 each. Fine French Cambric Shirts, cuffs separate, with three Collars, \$1.50 each. To be had only at the popular Gents’ Furnishing House, 165 Yonge St. J. PATTERSON, Proprietor.

CATARRH. Catarrhal Deafness and Hay Fever. Sufferers are not generally aware that these diseases are contagious, or that they are due to the presence of living parasites in the lining membrane of the nose and eustachian tubes. Microscopic research has proved this to be a fact, and the result is that a simple remedy has been formulated whereby the above diseases are cured in from one to three simple applications made at home. A pamphlet, describing this new treatment, is sent free on receipt of stamp, by A. H. DIXON & SON, 306 King Street West, Toronto Canada.—*The Star*.

EDUCATION.—CANADIAN BUSINESS UNIVERSITY and SHORTHAND INSTITUTE, Public Library Building, Toronto. This is the leading Business College in Canada. During the past few years we have placed several hundred young men and women graduates in good paying positions, both in Canada and the United States. Our teachers are all men of long and varied experience as Business Educators. Write for circulars before going elsewhere. THOS. BENGOUGH, Pres., CHAS. H. BROOKS, Secretary, J. B. CAMPBELL, L.L.B., Prin. Business Dept., R. V. E. BARKER, Prin. Shorthand Dept.

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CUT STONE! CUT STONE!

You can get all kinds of Cut Stone work promptly on time by applying to LIONEL YORKE, Steam Stone Works, Esplanade, foot of Jarvis St, Toronto.

CASTALIAN

California Natural Mineral Spring Water. A natural mineral water of intense strength. It is Nature’s own remedy for many diseases of the stomach, liver and kidneys. It cures nearly all diseases of the skin and mucus membranes by removing the cause of the trouble and restoring healthy action and vitality.

A natural repugnance to publicity deters many from giving testimonials. A list of many citizens of Toronto who have received permanent benefit from its use is kept at the various CASTALIAN Depots.

On sale at **Arcade Pharmacy**, 133 Yonge St Also 250 Queen Street West and 732 Yonge Street.

CORNS, BUNIONS, INGROWING NAILS, Enlarged Joints, Callosities, and all diseases of the feet skilfully and successfully treated by



PROF. S. H. LEWIS, SURGEON CHIROPODIST, from London, Eng.

Operations performed in a few minutes without pain or drawing blood, using no caustics, and the boot or shoe can be immediately worn with ease and comfort.

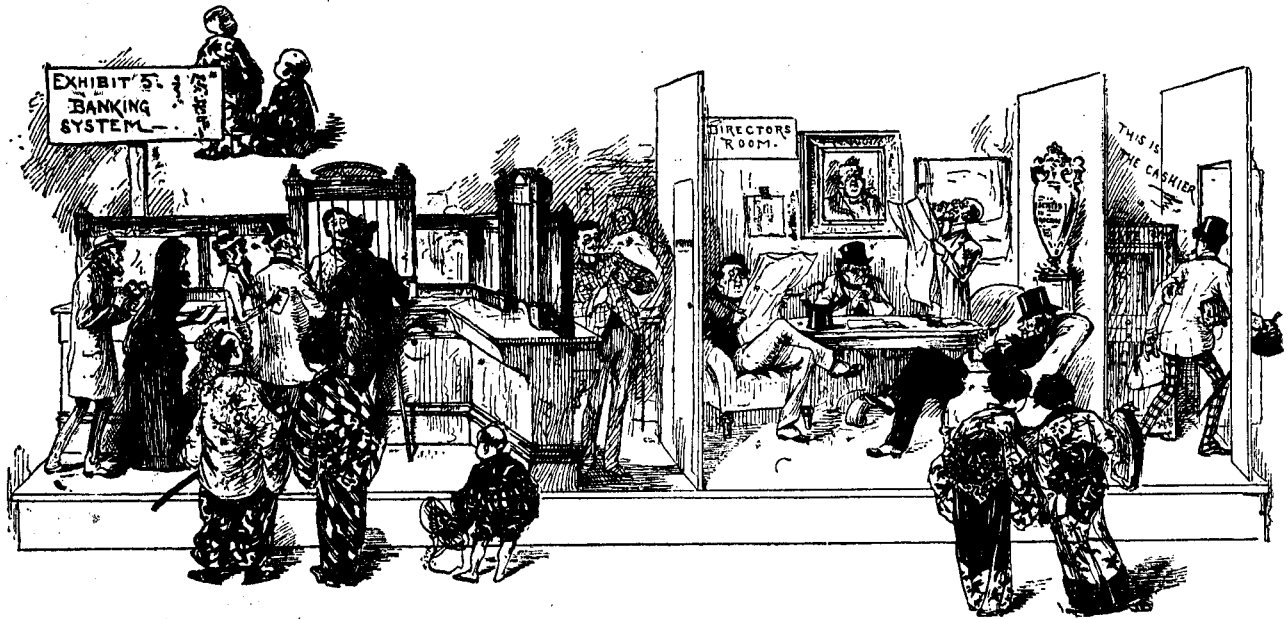
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Ladies visited at their residences by appointment.

COOLICAN & CO., Real Estate and General Auctioneers, 38 Toronto Street, Toronto. Conduct sales of property by public auction and private sales. Loan money on mortgages at lowest rates of interest, discount commercial paper, and make a specialty of sales of furniture and effects at private residences.

**JOHNSTON’S
FLUID BEEF**



ILLUSTRATIONS OF AMERICAN LIFE—No. 5.

SUGGESTED FOR EXHIBITION IN JAPAN AFTER THE MANNER OF THE JAPANESE VILLAGES NOW BEING EXHIBITED IN AMERICA.

—N. Y. Life.

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OFFICE:

280 King St. East, TORONTO.

Five thousand references from people we have already built for.

Have built 95 houses this season, and hope to build 100 more.

We have 5,000 feet of vacant land on which we will build houses on easy terms.

\$500,000 to lend at Simple Interest.

FOLEY & WILKS,

Reformed Undertaking
Establishment,

336 1/2 YONGE STREET, TORONTO.
Telephone No. 1176.

J. W. CHEESEWORTH.

106 KING ST. WEST, TORONTO.

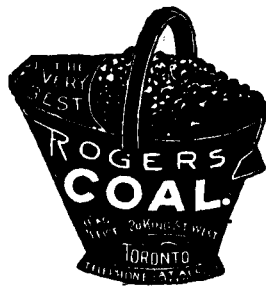
FINE ART TAILORING A SPECIALTY.



NEW FALL SUITINGS

made to order in Latest Fashions at moderate prices. Scotch Tweed Suits to order, \$18.00; special Trousers to Order, \$5.50. R. WALKER & SONS, 33 to 37 King St. East, Toronto.

For Stylish, First-Class, Good-Fitting Clothing go direct to **PETLEYS'**. Two of the best cutters in Canada now employed. Fine all wool tweed suits at \$12, \$15 and \$18, to order.
PETLEYS', KING ST. EAST.



A GOOD INVESTMENT.—It pays to carry a good watch. I never had satisfaction till I bought one of **E. M. TROWERN'S** reliable watches, 171 Yonge Street, east side, 2nd door south of Queen.

THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE
OLD RELIABLE GOLDEN BOOT
has removed to
246 YONGE STREET.

DR. DORENWEND'S "HAIR MAGIC" IS A powerful remedy for Baldness, Thin Hair, Gray Hair, Dandruff, etc. The only sure cure in the world. For sale everywhere. Ask your druggist for **HAIR MAGIC**. Take no other. A. DORENWEND, Sole Manufacturer, TORONTO, CANADA.

SAMUEL ROGERS & CO'Y, QUEEN CITY - OIL WORKS -



6 GOLD MEDALS Awarded in the Dominion in 1883-4 or **PEERLESS** and other Machine Oils. TORONTO.

ARCHITECT **RENNER**. PLANS AND Specifications of every kind carefully and accurately prepared. Architecture a specialty. Special attention given to superintendence and details. International Office, Room 11, 71 YONGE ST.

VIOLINS—FIRST CLASS—FROM \$75.00 TO \$3.00. Catalogues of Instruments Free. T. CLAXTON, 197 Yonge Street, Toronto.

ROSES. BEST QUALITY TREES.
BULBS. **H. SLIGHT**
WEDDING THE FLORIST SEEDS.
FLOWERS. **407 YONGES!**

A. SIMONS, Merchant Tailor and Gents' Furnishings, 425 1/2 Yonge Street, Sheard's Block, Toronto. Gents' own cloth made up to order in the Latest Styles. Workmanship and Fit Guaranteed. Trial solicited. Call and see my Stock before placing your order elsewhere.

JAS. COX & SON,

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"All those who buy **SARNIA STOVES** and **RANGES** are even better pleased than a new subscriber to 'Grip.'"

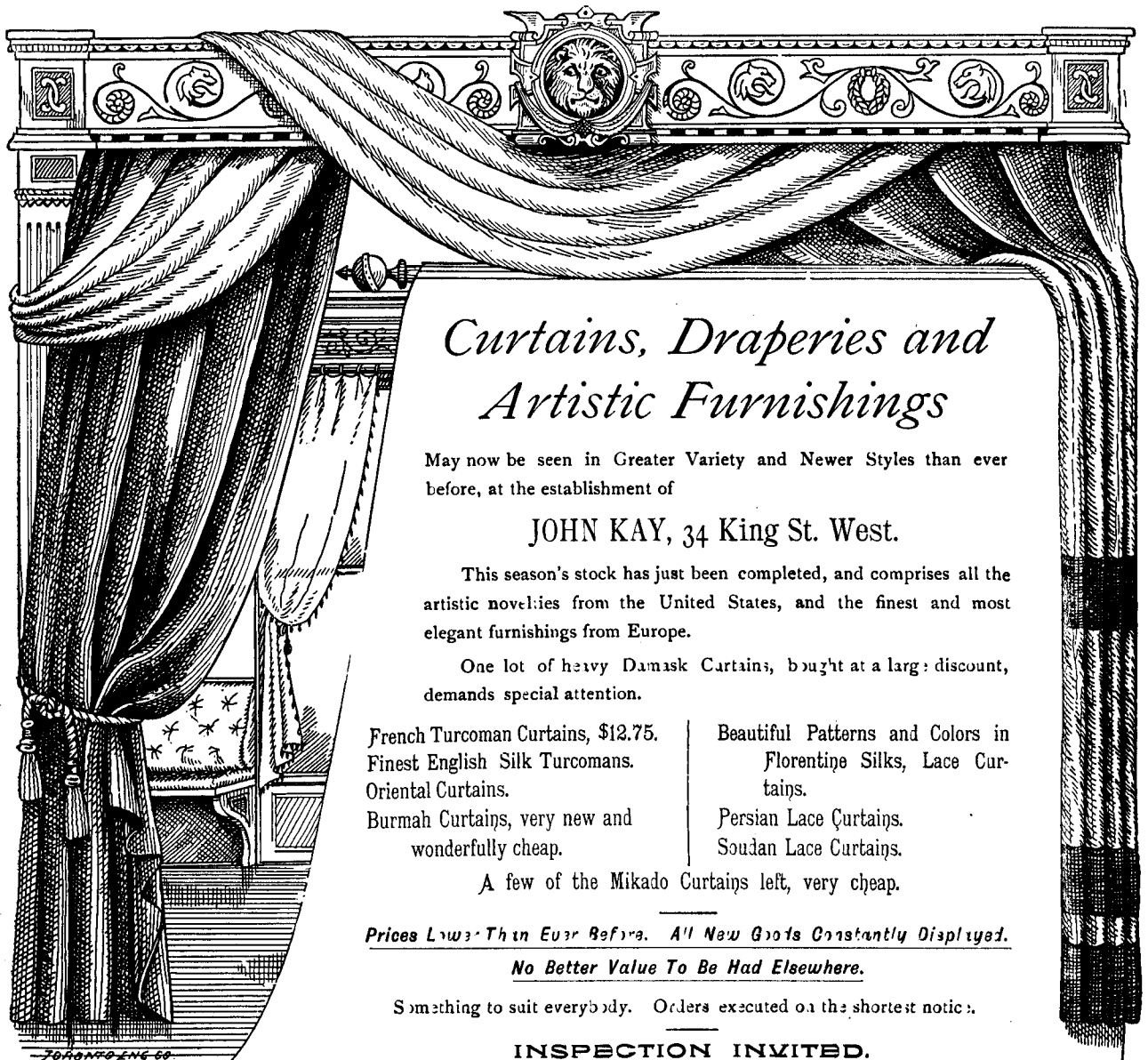
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Telephone 932. | 187 Yonge St. | Always Open.

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May now be seen in Greater Variety and Newer Styles than ever before, at the establishment of

JOHN KAY, 34 King St. West.

This season's stock has just been completed, and comprises all the artistic novelties from the United States, and the finest and most elegant furnishings from Europe.

One lot of heavy Damask Curtains, bought at a large discount, demands special attention.

French Turcoman Curtains, \$12.75.
Finest English Silk Turcomans.
Oriental Curtains.
Burmah Curtains, very new and wonderfully cheap.

Beautiful Patterns and Colors in
Florentine Silks, Lace Cur-
tains.
Persian Lace Curtains.
Soudan Lace Curtains.

A few of the Mikado Curtains left, very cheap.

Prices Lower Than Ever Before. All New Goods Constantly Displayed.

No Better Value To Be Had Elsewhere.

Something to suit everybody. Orders executed on the shortest notice.

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Annual Catalogue of Choice Holland Bulbs, containing prices of all the finest varieties of

HYACINTHS, TULIPS, NARCISSUS
and other Roots for Autumn Planting, now ready and will be mailed free to all applicants. Address

WILLIAM RENNIE, - TORONTO.

LADIES, get the best, "Prof. MOODY'S NEW TAILOR SYSTEM OF CUTTING." Drafts direct, no paper or pattern required, also his new book on Dressmaking, Mantle Cutting, etc. *Agents wanted.*

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THE ONLY PURE SOAP IN CANADA.

TRY A BAR!

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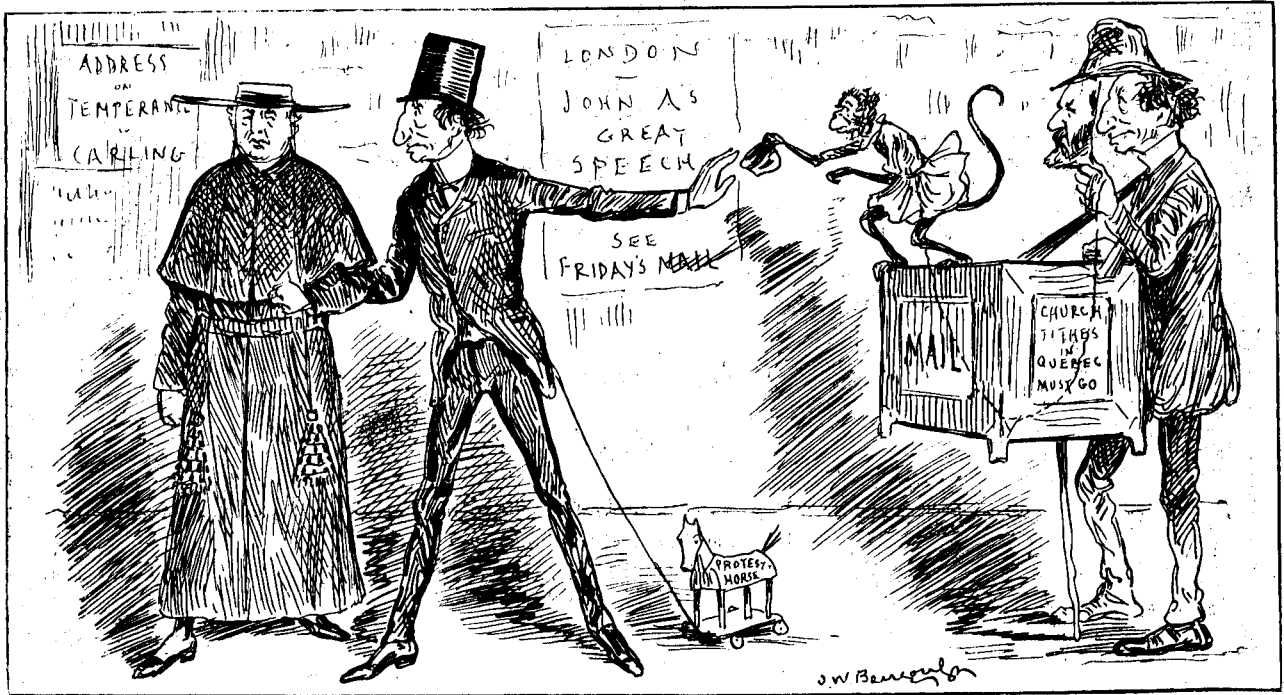
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FIRST PLACE OR NONE.

Our Exhibit surpassed all. See Stoves in Stove Building. See Tents, Flags, &c. opposite Main Building. C. S. McNAIR & CO., 163 Yonge St.



SIR JOHN REPUDIATES THE "MAIL."

Sir John (o Cardinal Tuschereau).—I DON'T KNOW THE FELLOW AT ALL, YOUR EMINENCE, AND THE TUNE IS ONE I DON'T APPROVE, I ASSURE YOU!

J. FRASER BRYCE,

Life-sized Photographs made direct from life a specialty. Nothing to equal them in the Dominion.

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INTERIOR
 + DECORATIONS:
 IN: WALLPAPER: TILES:
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DYSPEPSIA.

This prevalent malady is the parent of most of our bodily ills. One of the best remedies known for dyspepsia is Burdock Blood Bitters, it having cured the worst chronic forms, after all else had failed.

BOILERS regularly inspected and insured against explosion by the Boiler Inspection and Insurance Co. of Canada. Also consulting engineers and Solicitors of Patents. Head Office, Toronto: Branch Office, Montreal.

LUXURY ON WHEELS.

The new Pullman Buffet Sleepers now running on the Grand Trunk Railway are becoming very popular with the travelling public. Choice berths can be secured at the city offices of the company, corner of King and Yonge Streets and 20 York Street.

J. E. PEAREN,

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Importer of Granite Monuments and Italian Marbles. And manufacturer of Monuments, Mantles, Furniture and Heater Tops.

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NERVOUS DEBILITY,

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LARDINE

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Prompt shipment and lowest prices guaranteed.

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 STEAM YACHTS AND TUGS.

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GAS FIXTURES

Bought at W. H. HEARD & Co.'s, LONDON, will be put up by their own workmen, free of extra charge, if within 50 miles of their establishment.

Prices guaranteed lower than elsewhere for the same goods.

W. H. HEARD & CO.,
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COAL and WOOD

During the next ten days I have to arrive ex cars 2,000 Cords Good Dry Summer Wood, Beech and Maple, which will sell delivered to any part of the City at

SPECIAL LOW RATES.

ORDERS WILL RECEIVE PROMPT ATTENTION.

OFFICES AND YARDS—Cor. Bathurst and Front Sts., and Yonge Street Wharf.

BRANCH OFFICES—51 King St. East, 534 Queen St. West, 390 Yonge Street.

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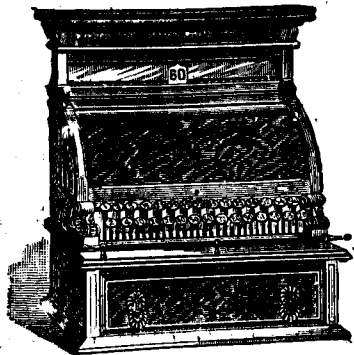
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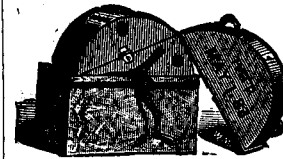
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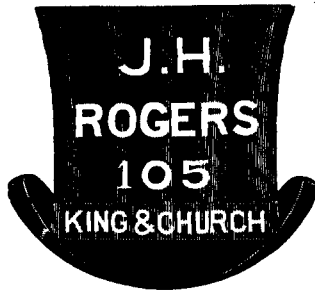


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