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49 King St. East, Toronto.

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TORONTO, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1881.

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The gravest Fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.

PARTNERSHIP NOTICES.

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.

BENGOUGH BROTHERS.

NOTICE is hereby given that the co-partnership heretofore existing between J. W. Bengough and Geo. Bengough, under the name, style, and firm of Bengough Brothers, is this day dissolved by mutual consent, Mr. George Bengough retiring.

J. W. BENGOUGH,
GEO. BENGOUGH.

Toronto, Aug. 30, 1881.

BENGOUGH, MOORE & CO.

The co-partnership heretofore existing between Thomas Bengough, Samuel J. Moore, and A. Richardson, under the name, style, and firm of Bengough, Moore & Co., is this day dissolved by mutual consent, Mr. A. Richardson retiring.

THOS. BENGOUGH,
S. J. MOORE,
A. RICHARDSON.

Toronto, Aug. 30, 1881.

Notice of Co-partnership.

We the undersigned have this day entered into co-partnership as general printers, publishers, and zincographers, under the name, style, and firm of Bengough, Moore, & Bengough, at the premises formerly occupied by Bengough Bros., adjoining the Court House, Adelaide St. East, Toronto.

J. W. BENGOUGH,
SAMUEL J. MOORE,
THOMAS BENGOUGH.

Toronto, Aug. 30, 1881.

With reference to the above notice, we may state to our friends that the consolidation thus effected places us in possession of an excellent business, which we hope, by strict attention to the orders of our customers and by the excellence of our workmanship in all departments, to rapidly increase. Of course it is our intention to continue the publication of GRIP and the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED SHORTHAND WRITER, both of which periodicals we will endeavour to steadily improve in all respects. We will devote special attention to fine book, newspaper, and jobprinting, and to the art of zincography, having a thoroughly equipped designing and engraving department under the supervision of thoroughly competent artists and workmen.

BENGOUGH, MOORE, & BENGOUGH.

The readers of GRIP will no doubt make a note of the various official notices at the head of this column; and undoubtedly they will miss the familiar name of "George Bengough, Business Manager," which has for half a dozen years appeared upon our pages. In severing business connection with an agreeable and esteemed partner it is not out of place to speak of him as such, though, as in this instance, the fact of relationship may prohibit terms of praise. It is just, however, to accord to Mr. George Bengough a large proportion of the credit due for GRIP's present standing. He assumed the management of the paper when it was in its struggling infancy, and stood by it devotedly until it reached its present position of success and prosperity. He now resigns the helm to other hands, and retires from the business connection with the mutual good wishes and good will, not only of his late partner, but, we are sure, also of the numerous friends and patrons of the firm of Bengough Brothers.

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—Mr. Blake's oratorical tour of the Maritime Provinces, as Leader of the Opposition, was brilliantly concluded at Halifax by a meeting which in size and influence eclipsed anything heretofore known in that region. The hon. gentleman, as he puts on his coat, can congratulate himself that he has come off first best in the "battle." He fought about twenty rounds, and in every one of them he beat his opponent most unmistakably. This was due not only to the rare condition in which the Ontario champion was mentally and physically, but also to the fact that he declined to have any other pugilist in the ring with him—that is, anyone who would strike back. The Government was represented on each occasion—not by Tupper or Tilley, but by the political equivalent of the "sand-bag" known to the P. I. Nevertheless Edward has won the day, and when he returns home the band will play, "See the Conquering Hero Comes!"

FRONT PAGE.—Hon. Mr. Mowat's Judicature Act came into force on Monday, and the new regulations caused a great commotion amongst the lawyers, who appear to regard the Act very much as the little boys in the circus regard the clown's trick-mule. Briefly stated, the changes effected are these:—The distinction between the court of chancery and the common law courts is abolished, and the rules of the court of chancery will generally prevail. In suits which would formerly have been brought at common law the old formal pleadings will be replaced by a statement of claim and defence which will be couched in the language used by ordinary mortals, and contain a brief statement of the facts. The courts which formerly existed now become divisions of the supreme court of judicature for Ontario, and should a suit be entered in the wrong division the mistake is not attended with the disastrous consequences which might formerly have attended it, and may be easily remedied.

EIGHTH PAGE.—It is announced that Sir John Macdonald and Mr. Mackenzie are about to sail for Canada. Both gentlemen are reported to be much improved in health. We hope to see them looking as heartily as our fancy pictures them on the eighth page.

"INSTANTLY KILLED.—YOUNG MAN STANDING ON A TRAIN STRUCK BY A BRIDGE"—is the somewhat mixed heading of a despatch in one of the city dailies. We wonder what the train did that moved the bridge to strike it. But perhaps a mistake is made—perhaps the young man was standing on the bridge when it was struck by the train. Will the journal explain?

The friends of the Coffee House Movement need not despair. The Association is not dead, but only quietly preparing to make a great and grateful noise shortly. As a preliminary to the establishment of houses throughout the city, a department for the catering of teas, coffees and light refreshment is to be conducted at the Fair under the auspices of the organization. Much interest will undoubtedly be felt in the experiment.

By our paragraph last week we did not mean to imply that Mr. Sheppard, of the Grand, treats the city newspaper men rudely. On the contrary he is a courteous man, personally. What we meant was that his courtesy is not of the spontaneous kind, like the Royal manager's.

We have been favored with a copy of the *Free Trade Bulletin*, a sheet published by the New York Free Trade Club. The *Bulletin* talks as if it meant business, and the articles strike us as being very sensible. Here is a leading editorial: "Free speech, free press, free soil, free men!" Why not Free Trade?

We give it up. Ask Mr. Phipps.

The performance of "The World" at the Grand Opera House proved so successful that it was continued three evenings beyond the original engagement. The piece is one that cannot fail to attract all who have a taste for genuine sensation and realistic scenery. Manager Sheppard is to be congratulated on his auspicious opening.

The American Cricket Team have defeated the Canadian eleven at Hamilton. This is a serious matter when one comes to think about it. Supremacy on the cricket field is a badge of British connection, and that supremacy having departed from Canada we may tremble for the consequences. Oh, that Goldwin Smith were only here to point out again our manifest destiny!

Let us understand this thing. Bradlaugh is not kept out of his seat because he is an atheist, but because he published a vile book. Oh, well, if that's the case, why didn't you say so before we took such a strong stand at his back? If the book is vile, and if he *did* publish it, let him stay at home by all means; but if you want to ostracise any man on account of his speculative opinions, you must count Mr. Gair out.

Nearly every day the city papers record cases of young ladies being more or less grossly insulted on our public streets. Sometimes the cowardly ruffians who commit the offence are slouchy loafers, and sometimes they are dressed in the habiliments of gentlemen. In most cases, it is to be regretted, they escape all punishment, and it is time the authorities took special steps to signally mark the public odium of this form of cowardice. At least one of these habitual insulters of unprotected women is well known for his exceedingly nice clothes. The cat-o'-nine-tails is what these miscreants want.

The hopeful change in the condition of President Garfield has set the pulse of America and the world beating more happily. On Saturday even the sanguine Bliss had resigned all hopes, and the patient's death was regarded as the only possible event. On Sunday thousands of prayers went up that this good man's useful life might be spared, and on that day a marvelous change set in. Every day since, the prospect of ultimate recovery has grown stronger. There are those who will refuse to believe that the prayers were heard and answered, but the fact remains that on Sunday morning the President was confessedly beyond human aid.

If somebody hasn't been cruelly cranning the *Globe's* Montreal correspondent, we are on the eve of "big times." The Pacific Railway Syndicate, it would appear, have concocted a scheme vaster than ever entered the teeming brain of Col. Sellers. In short, they propose to gobble up the whole railway system of the Dominion, and control all the outlets from British Columbia to New Brunswick. In this beautiful arrangement they are to be joined by many of the leading banks and a score of prominent members of Parliament.

If this contains the elements of truth, lively work will soon be forthcoming for the idle pencil of Grip, who will hotly oppose the whole arrangement, unless he is guaranteed the position of Managing Director of the grand consolidation. The people of the Dominion are fast settling down to a feeling of satisfaction with reference to the Syndicate, and Mr. Blake is utterly mistaken in counting upon the Atrocious Bargain as an element in favor of the Opposition at next election. The people say, "Perhaps, ultimately our country will be ruined, but that is the lookout of future generations. In the meantime plenty of cash is being poured out, let us fill our individual pockets and be happy."

Mr. Phipps is to the fore again, but it is the *World* and not the *Globe* that he is honouring with his effusions. For the immediate instruction of a certain "Querist" and one "Sapientia," and through them for the benefit of the world at large, Mr. Phipps has been elucidating the principles of Protection. He writes with all his old time elegance, and puts his points forcibly. It is a thankless task endeavouring to convince Free Traders that Protection is the proper thing, but Mr. Phipps has become case-hardened at thankless tasks. He placed the present Government in office, and his only reward has been to see them pervert the glorious scheme he had at great expense of time and thought concocted for them.

"A Canine Lay."

JULY, 1881.

That pup! oh! that pup, "that horrible pup!" My measure of wrath is fully made up. The mongrel that ownerless roams round at will, A nuisance to all, the p'leace may not kill, Except in a legalized kind of way. When spirits of gas take their sp'its away; To free from the pangs of starve, 'on and cold, The lean-sided curs now from him -- grown bold; To give up a life which possesses no end To the end of their time, from the day of thea.

On the sidewalk they sprawl in the hot, glaring sun, Or in the cool shade till the daylight is done, They're off on the prow, down each alley and lane, To rake up each heap, now all sodden with rain; Till badgered and chased by the rowdies they die, And perfume the breeze as it now passes by. Disease, too, and fever it spreads all around. When the whole by affliction and sorrow is crowned; When their corpses are flung on the dark fetid tide, Of the turbulent Don, where triumphant doth ride, The spirits of fate that relentless pursue, And hold in their grasp the ill-savored crew.

They are "scopped" up anon by the wide-swinging net By the "catchers" of dogs, a most merciless set; No favor who show to the pumper'd and sleek, On the aged and bear-eyed their vengeance they wreak, For into the cart they cast them in shoals, And bundle them in like a sackful of coals. Free lodging and "board" do they get, 'tis a fact,

For they sprawl on the plank by the sunbeam that's crack'd, Till they're claimed by an owner, a tax who would pay, Of dollar one fifty, ere they speed on their way.

There came a pup of doleful mien, That capered erst upon the green, Round rustic homes, uncheck'd and free It sprawled beneath the spreading tree: All heedless of its coming fate, It swallowed up the poisoned bait. ('Twas at a time when people throw, Such potent morsel to the crew, To rid them from the howling gang, Of thieving curs of ruthless fang, So greedily, and breathed its last, No eye of pity on him cast.

He simply died and passed away; Each dog, you know, must have its day-- At least so runs the infant rhyme, And so 'twill be throughout our time.

No more could he a tail unfold, At early dawn 'twas oft unrolled, As he would sally down the lane, And cheer the sleepers with its strain, Who restlessly turned o'er and o'er, As died away the dreamy snore, And vowed they would not stand it more, But have it soon redressed by law.

Well, let it pass; a saint can't stand The ravings of that mongrel band, Which have not sense enough to stop, Their awful row, as nears the "cop," Who catches them right on the hop, And walks them off straight to the shop, That sobers down the wildest pup, And makes him all his tricks give up.

For, treated to a little gas, Its breath doth from it straightway pass. A mournful end, no doubt, alas! That such a "cub" should go to "grass." Unmourned, unhonored, and unsung, Was this ere pup of endless tongue, So hated, emiled, and opprest. It sleeps with an unbroken rest. (Which, after all, is perhaps the best.) To others which it would not grant, However loudly they would rant, And curse the whole unseemly crew, In horrid oaths, till all was blue.

They sought a rest they could not find, In fevered frame and troubled mind, They vengeance vowed against the lot, And swore they'd make it rather hot, For any pup they chanced to meet, Upon the by-way or the street. With bludgeon thick, and cudgel armed, Their senses were most quickly charmed. For then they rolled there o'er and o'er, In common parlance were no more; The reign of terror was at end, To fate's decree they had to bend.

Let this, a moral proof to all, To every pup both great and small, To keep at home, and not consort With mongrel curs and thus be caught Within the wide, capacious net, With such a noogly, yelping set, For whom no pity e'er is felt, Whose cries the heart can never melt.

G.T.L.

SLASHBUSH ON AMUSEMENT.



It was about 4 o'clock in the afternoon of Sunday last. The usual quietness pervaded the Slashbush homestead. Slashbush senior was taking his *siesta* as was his wont upon the peaceful Sabbath. Gustavus was sitting on the stoop at the rear of the house and was gazing abstractedly at his sister Almira who had just returned from a walk by the margin of the trout stream. Her face was somewhat flushed and radiant as she arranged her auburn bangs before the looking-glass, which she had brought outside for the purpose.

"What a dull, monotonous life we pass here, Almira," said Gustavus with a heavy sigh. "Nothing but work, work all the week, and on Sunday hear a drowsy sermon, and then sit around the house the remainder of the day. I begin to feel tired of this endless routine, and would like a little amusement of some kind."

"Wall, I don't know," replied his sister. "I kinder manage to have a little fun once in a

while," as she gazed upon the reflection of her face in the mirror. "Guess we'll have lots of fun yet if the old man don't tumble."

"Almira," said Gustavus severely. "Your manners and language have changed very much of late. I fear your fishing acquaintances from Toronto are not exactly the most refined or exemplary in the world, and for that long-legged gent with the knickerbockers, if dad sees you talking to him again, he'll pack you off for Uncle Ephraim's sure."

"Don't care, he's a real nice fellow if he is a little in-de-da," said Almira firing up.

"Well, don't get angry, Almira; I suppose he's all right, only don't let dad see you with him, that's all. But what I want to say is this. Everybody wants amusement. Look at Toronto. The straight-faced folks there wanted to stop the ferries running to the Island on Sunday because the hands on the boats were obliged to work, and had the owners and captains summoned for desecrating the Sabbath. On account of the number of people living on the Island, and who are presumed to be anxious to go to church in the city, for this reason the boats are allowed to run there, but all other excursion boats are not allowed to go elsewhere. People go now in hundreds on Sundays to the Island—people who have been indoors all week, perhaps in factories and elsewhere—and the fresh air off the lake is a boon and a source of pleasure and health to them. Besides if they didn't go there, the same people would go the park or elsewhere for the same purpose. The hard working people of a city must have some recreation, and they will have it. And what can be a more innocent amusement than a small trip on the water. Another thing is that these people who frown down what they consider levity on the Sabbath, and commiserate so much with the people employed on the ferries, have their own 'slaves' at home preparing their meals and doing domestic work for them. There raise not up their voices at the rich who are driven to their respective churches in their carriages, leaving John Thomas driving slowly around the streets until service is ended, like a ship "standing off and on" outside a harbor waiting for a pilot. Neither do they pointedly rebuke those who have sufficient funds to hire a "rig" from a tivery stable, and taking their full money's worth out of the unfortunate "plug" which for the nonce is at their mercy. They do not reflect that, providing always you have the necessary cash and desire to go to the Island, any number of sail and row boats, great and small, are at the public's disposal. Yet all these situations oblige somebody to work, and much harder than some of the deck hands of an excursion boat, whose chief duties are to get out lines when the boats reach the wharf, and keep them clean, which latter they have to do week day and Sunday, running or not. No Almira, these people are all wrong; we must have some amusement for the masses."

"Yes," said Almira, as she commenced putting on her new Porcupine hat. "I reckon you're right, Gus. I'll just take a small stroll across the meadow. I think a little amusement wouldn't hurt me to-day," as she stepped down from the stoop.

But she did not go that eve. Mr. Slashbush, sr., had as she expressed it "tumbled," and from an up stairs window addressed her thus: "Almira, you git back in that house, d'ye hear me? I've been watchin' that Toronto chap who's waitin' for you half-an-hour while you've bin listenin' to that idle critter Gus. If I ever catch you along with him again I'll break his fish rod over your back, and lung him to a tree with the line. Now you git in, d'ye hear me!"





PUTTING OUT THE LIGHTS.

The people of Fort William are in a flutter because the Minister of Marine is putting out their lights and abolishing their lighthouses. Mr. Gair has looked into the question and has come to the conclusion that the Minister is right in putting out those lights, because they are of no use. Their alleged purpose is to guide wandering mariners to a friendly harbor, but it appears that there are no mariners thereabouts to guide, and as for the harbor, it doesn't amount to anything. A frugal Government is therefore justified in extinguishing the lights and thereby saving a great waste of coal oil. As to demolishing the lighthouses, our opinion is not so clear. There seems to be no good reason why these buildings should not be left standing, if only for the benefit of the members of the Ontario Art School who go that way on occasional sketching tours. Lighthouses are well known to be the "pet bolt" of many of those gentlemen. Of course it may be that the exigencies of a frugal Government demand that the timber of the Fort William lighthouses be reduced to kindling wood, and if so, no art longings of ours shall interfere to prevent the demolition. What this country demands is economy and retrenchment, and the Minister of Marine is right.

The End of the Holidays.

Good gracious! whatever's the matter?
Such a horrible, heathenish clatter,
Such banging of doors!
Such hideous roars!
Such pounding and thumping!
O'er fences a-jumping,
Semersaults turning,
Cravatation scoring;
Every house in town turned upside down,
Whatever on earth is the matter?

With whoop and hello they come,
From seaside and farm house, home;
From shooting rock sparrow,
With bow and with arrow;
From sitting in cool nook,
With line and with fish hook;
From hunting the wood chuck,
From quizzing the green huck,
From diving and swimming,
With mischief o'er-brimming,
By rail and propeller,
Each tanned, freckled feller,
As fat as a pumpkin,
And ruddy's a bumpkin,
With ear-splitting whistle,
Or apple-core missile,
Announces vacation has ended at last,
And quiet and peace are now things of the past.

Now the cat with fur a-bristle
Flieth hence,
And the dog with horrid tussle
Scales the fence.
Now the trap is laid for pigeons,
Knives are swapt,
And the air is rife with Injuns,
And the scalpt.

Now are ten cent hats rejected,
Kicked out clear!
Cupboards, trunks, and drawers inspected,
Never fear!
Books, slates, pencils resurrected,
Far and near!
While the comet pales neglected,
In the rear.

Hark! the old familiar sound,
The voice of the shrill school bell;
It is answered with whoop and with yell,
In the air as it swayeth round,
As it swingeth to and fro,
With a hey ho, here we go!
Like ruddy leaves by the fall winds blown,
Through square, and street, and alley-way lone.

And Jack is promoted, square.
Tom copied and—'nial!—"Don't care,
Oh! not for a cent! Where's Arthur Top!"
"He's gone to work in his father's shop,
"Jim Ferraris?" "He's off to sea."
"He is! bully boy! And Lil, where's she?"
"Oh! yonder she is, over there.
She smiling at you, Jack." "Where?"
"You cow-breakfast down o'er her face and hair."
"Say, Tom, have you seen Willie Hly?"
"Won't we have a good time, him and I?
He's the bulliest fellow to have for a chum,
And the smartest,—you ought to see *him* work a sum!
I know he's promoted, saw's name in the papers,
I've brought him a squirrel, won't he cut up capers?
What's up 'Tom? you're crying, here, turn round
your head!"
"I thought you knew, Jack." "Knew what?"
"Willie's dead!"



THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

Scene—Departmental Buildings, Ottawa.

Electors (on business).—Is Sir John Macdonald in his office?
Buttons.—No, sir; he hasn't returned from England yet.
Electors.—Well, could I see Sir Charles Tupper?
Buttons.—No, sir; he is absent from the city.
Electors.—Is Sir Leonard Tilley within?
Buttons.—Tilley? No, sir; he's down at St. Andrew's, N. B.
Electors.—Well, would you take my card to Sir Hector Langevin?
Buttons.—Please, Sir Hector is away on a tour up west.
Electors.—Perhaps I would find Mr. J. C. Pope in his office?
Buttons.—No, sir; I am sorry to say that Mr. Pope is at home ill.
Electors.—Is Hon. Mr. Caron to be seen?
Buttons.—He's down in the Maritime Provinces, I think.
Electors.—Which is Mr. Bowell's office?
Buttons.—Mr. Bowell is not in; he has just gone to Manitoba.
Electors.—Where am I likely to find Hon. Mr. Aikins?
Buttons.—I think he's in Toronto at present, sir.
Electors.—Hum! Well, who's running the machinery of the country just now?
Buttons.—Me and the other boys. Have you any message to leave for the Cabinet?
Electors.—Yes; tell them I've got a vote at the next election.



A NOBLE FELLER.

Another tree has fallen before the strokes of the brave old axe-wielder of Hawarden. England has good reason to bless the beneficent Providence which has spared her veteran Premier to cut down another giant grievance. The Irish question has long been a source of trouble and disquiet to the kingdom, and would, in all probability, long have remained so but for the masterly intellect of Gladstone. The session of the Imperial Parliament just ended sees that question settled, or, if not positively settled, robbed of all its dangerous and irritating features. If the provisions of the Land Bill are applied in a proper spirit, backed up by the weight of public opinion, the time is not far distant when Ireland shall cease her troubling and the weary statesmen be at rest. There are a few more gnarled and sturdy oaks yet awaiting the axe in the field of English politics, and all lovers of human liberty will join in the prayer that Gladstone may live to lay them low. Meantime another wreath is placed upon his grand though wrinkled brow.

The Lighthouse.

AN IDYL.

Oh lighthouse keeper, what a lot is thine!
Passing thy life where angry breakers dash
Against thy lone abode with angry crash,
Gazing out nightly on the hungry brine,
Where many a noble ship from foreign clime
Thou see'st strike upon the rocks' sea-weed
And smash her timbers into chicken feed.

It was in midsummer, the present year,
Upon a lighthouse on the rugged coast
Of Nova Scotia, there stood at his post
The lighthouse keeper, tho' the night was clear,
And gales betokened there was naught to fear,
He heard a murmur like a rising storm,
What could it mean? the night was soft and warm.

His wife, his darling Catharine, was there
Knitting and gazing out upon the sea,
Her baby sweetly sleeping on her knee,
The man was happy, free from worldly care
But yet—that strange sound rising in the air?
He clapped his weather eye—it was a wise 'un—
Upon the distant western horizon.

"A gale," he said, "is rising; 'close the window,"
Kate,
But Catharine only laughed a gentle laugh,
As though she would her loving husband chaff,
And said, "You think the night a storm does indicate;
Sit down, you foolish man, and take your supper,
It's but a gentle breeze from Blake and Tupper—
Blowing out there on shore about the Syndicate."

There was a young lady (Miss Vaughan).
On her a young fellow was gaughan;
Although she respected him,
Still she rejected him,
He was not, d'ye see, *de bon taughan*.



THE END OF THE "BATTLE."

BLAKE *alias* THE "ONTARIO PET," CONQUERS EASILY.

*. See comments on page 2.

The Joker Club.

"The Pen is mightier than the Sword."

FABLES AND ANECDOTES BY LITTLE JOHNNY.

My sisters young man he says cats is pisen wen they are et harty of, but three or fore won't hurt no bobby, but if he thinks Ide cat om he is ded rong. Once there was a feller et a cat and it wasnt good for him, cos it made him creep on the rufe of the would shed nights and houl, and be fired boot jacks at.

Mary, thats the house made, she has rwote some potry bout cats, and is mity proud, and Uncle Ned says he will put it in the paper if I dont, so here gese, no lallin:

The cat it has got 4 feet,

And it has got a tail,
and it pers wen you stroke its back the rite way,
But bewhere its sharp to nake!

Theres nothing beautifuller than cats

Wen they are little kits,
But some day they grow up to be big Toms,
And hunches their lacks up, and makes a big tale
and spits.

Cats catches mice, wich if they wasent cot

Wude be drawnd in the honey,
And the preserfs, and jams, and jellys,
And pisen Billy and Johnny.

Now I never seen sech rot like that in ol my life, but Uncle Ned he says. "I beg for to remind you, fair yuth, that you have yet to pruse the work of Hektor A. Sturt."

If I was a potry feller like Shakesper, or Biron, or Mr. Jonnice, wich has got the wuden leg, or Misses Doppy, wich has got a red hed, or Mary, thats the house maid, I wudent rwite bout sech things as cats, no, indeed, it wude be all bout the eagle, wich is the king of berds, and flops his wings, and screams, and fixes his eye onto the sun, and soars apper than anything! Once there was a eagle wich was a sho, end a man wich was to the sho he dropt a silver dollar, and it rolled in the eagle's cage, and the man thot it was lost and went a way. Thot eagle he lookt at the dollar a wile, and then he called his wife and said, "That joker throde his poker check in here, and I gess he thot Ide swoller it cose it has got a chicken on one side, but Ide be a shamed to be found ded with sech a lookn rooster in the stumack of my belly."

The rhi nosy rose has got a horn onto his nose, and wen he meets a ephalant he roots him in the belly like the rhi nosy rose was a hog, and the ephalant he whollops the rhi nosy rose with his trunk like beatin carpets, and then it is wich can hold out the longest. The rhi nosy rose has got the tuffest hide, but the ephalant he has got the fattest belly. It says in my picter book that wen the rhi nosy rose has got his horn into the ephalants belly the ephalants grece gts into the rhi nosy roses eyes and puts em out, and I ast Uncle Ned if that was true. Uncle Ned he thot a wile, and then he said, "Yes, Johnny, it was true a long time ago, but one day the rhi nosy roses they held a plitical meetin for to see if some thing cudent be dun to keep out the grece. There was just as many plans for to do it as there was rhi nosy roses, and them wich had the best plans and made the longest speeches was the blind fellers. One feller he sed, after a wile, that he had give the subjeck much attention, and wile he wasent shure the mischif cude be entirely done a way with, he thot some thing cude be done tord it by keepin away from the ephalonts. Then they put him out of the meetin, cos they said this was a practicke subjeck and they dident want no fine spun theories.

"Finally a rhi nosy rose wich hadent sed any thing he got up and sed, 'Mister Chairman, how wude it do for to shet up our eyes wen we prod om?"

"Then they all hollered 'Hooray! thats jest wot we was a bout to say our own selfs, we wil make this feller our king!'

"And Johnny, they done it, and give him a throne of gold, and a dimon carown, and a big jack kanife, and a kite, and a peg top, and some fire crackers, and all the gum wich he cude chew. And thats wy the ephalonts has all gone into the sho bizness."—S. F. Wasp.

The frailest not—forgot-me-not.

A useless waste—one that will not be squeezed.

Would a toothless sheik speak gum-Arabic?

The coming man!—Ah! he hath a bill! I flee!

A rod and lyin' catches the biggest fish of the season.

The proper place for undressed kids is in the bath tub.

Nothing succeeds like success—unless it's an ice dealer.

A miss is as good as a mile, if sho hasu't but one lap.

Men who swing the scythe are generally swathy fellows.

There is a good deal of em—"ocean" in modern sea-songs.

The kick of a mule is a healing process, yet it makes a man sick.

"Ad, I posa!" exclaimed Ad's fat sweetheart as she struck an attitude.

Smith calls his mother-in-law a windlass, and says she is always wound up.

When does the Ethiopian change his kin? When he exchanges his wives.

Charity may cover a multitude of sins, but the plug hat covers more fools.

Nature keeps the ocean tide, and that is why it does not run away like a river.

Man often wants a light for his "weed," and the widow wants a spark for hers.

When a man is cremated, does he go to the burn from which no traveler returns?

Never judge a man by the coat he wears. He may have borrowed it for the occasion.

If you want to get rich, mount a mulo, because when you are on a mule you are better off.

"All signs fail in dry times," as the bartender said to the boat who tried to give him the wink.

Some newspapers try hard to create a sensation, whereas they only succeed in making a bustle.

Toads, as a general thing, cat out doors; but you will sometimes find a toad-stool in a mushroom.

It has been said that gamblers travel on the deck. Wise men, who are not gamblers, should prefer the hold.

Cornell crew—before going to Europe, not since. Now the question arises, "Where was Cornell's crew loose?"

A woman always bears the consequences of love, but she generally manages to make some one else bear the expenses.

They were speaking of a miser just disensed. "Did he leave anything?" asked Smith. "He had to," was the laconic answer.

Jeems says he can prove that his sister Mary was born in Europe. When asked how he proves it he says, "She is a Moll tansc."

It is a very singular fact that builders, before commencing to erect an edifice, proceed to "spile" the ground upon which it is to stand.

Yes, she was in a stutta,
For she spilled some appie-butta
On her dress, and, oh! it hu't her—
Well I should smile to mutta,
And a girl who laughed—she cut her,
And wished her in the gutta,
She was mad enough to stutta,
But, gracious, she was utta,

Yes, utta,
So utta, awful utta.

Several ladies at the Saratoga hotels are said to swear by gum! . . . How sharper than a man-eater's tooth it is to have a crank for a mother-in-law.

"This is a dyer extremity," exclaimed the coroner, as he sat on the pedal end of a second-hand clothes dealer, after a railway train had passed over his body.

"'Tis the return of the tied," said a West Side lady plaintively, when her pet poodle came tearing up the front steps with four tomato cans fastened to its tail.

Burlington dogs are just now howling over the pressure brought to bear in keeping muzzlin' up to the present confined rates. They don't cotton to it at all.

A lot of Boston girls are going west in a bunch to get married. Poor boys, when you all skipped to the plains we thought you would be safe, but alas! they're on the trail.

"Grub hammer" is the newest poetry for gong. . . . "You are playing roots on me," the moss said to the pine tree, "but I am going to keep shady about it." And he did.

Rather hard on the blessed state: Mary, who has met a chum chambermaid, asks, "How do you do, Margaret; where are you living now?" "Oh! I'm not living now, I'm married."

They were on shipboard. She said: "You impudent fellow! You're too forrid!" To which he replied: "I cannot help it! I must go after you! O be my mate, and let me deck you!"

It was probably an Irish missionary who, when about to be masticated by the cannibals, originated that beautiful and touching song:

My father was Irish,
My mother was Irish,
And I am Irish stew.

An attorney called to see an eminent judge, and sent his card up; the answer came: "The judge cannot be seen, he is in his chamber with *scialica*." The visitor, exclaimed: "Just my luck, there is always some cussed Italian just in ahead of me."

"Yes," said Flora, mournfully, "we were studying Latin together, Tom and I, and getting along so nicely, but a Latin expro-sion separated us one day." "How was that?" we asked breathlessly. "Why, *pars fuit*," Flora answered, heaving a great sob.

George is five years old. His mother had undressed him for a bath before putting him to bed. As he stood before her he said: "Now, mamma, I'm a kid." "Yes, my dear," said she "You know what kind of a kid I am, mamma?" "No, darling." "Well, nakid."

He who catches on to the biggest hunk of taffy in this world is very likely to succeed, although if he depends on the taffy to carry him along, the degree of his success won't be so big that he will break his back carrying it. Taffy and success go well together, but the taffy must not be allowed to melt and run over the success.

Circumstances alter cases. A lady, in a ball room, will wear a dress that would subject her to arrest, displayed on the street. She will wear a bathing costume considerably curtailed at both ends, and stand the stare of a thousand eyes; but if by accident she should be seen in a *robe de nuit*, buttoned closely from throat to feet, she would raise the roof with her serenas. O, fashion! Thou art a great fraud.

Great is the bicycle. It has numerous names. One is the "Columbia," named from Columbus who discovered America, and the rider thereof discovers America twice as often as he wants to. Then there is the "Mustang," and you mustang on or you fall off. A third kind is the "Harvard," and you harvard work to ride it you may be assured. A cheaper make is the "Otto," and a man otto get his life insured before he tries to manage it.



The Judicature Act.

THE LAW OF THE ANCIENT BARRISTER.

It was an ancient barrister,
Who, coming from the "Hall,"
Was talking to a "snappy" youth
Who'd lately had his "call."
He looked right savage, just as if
Something had raised his gall.

His eye was fierce, his face flushed red,
The color of his bag,
He looked forlorn and friendless,
Like a dog that lost his tag,
Or the captain of a frigate,
Who had just hauled down his flag.

"What, ho! my ancient barrister,"
I asked, "is it a fact,
That all the law fraternity
Are pretty nearly cracked,
Because they cannot wrestle with
The Judicature Act?"

Outspoke this ancient barrister,
(He was an old Q. C.),
He said, "My boy, I tell you what,
It's pretty hard on me,
That I've got to learn afresh,
My practice, d'ye see?"

"I really don't know what to do;
This radical revision
Has made me, like a brigadier,
Belong to a division.
I really now would not know how
To send a man to prison!"

"I pray you will excuse these tears,
This womanish emotion,
For really I do feel so bad,
But yet I have a notion,
And hope John A. will quash it,
When he comes across the ocean."

"Oh! Mowat, Mowat! you have done,
With your Act Judicature,
An act that praps will bounce you,
From the Local Legislature,
For I can't but think that after this,
You're not "the clean penater."

"Nevertheless and notwithstanding,
Inasmuch as heretofore,
I have read this aggravating Act,
Perused it o'er and o'er,
And I give you my opinion,
It's a most confounded bore!"

"I am informed, and verily
Believe that we have got
To reduce the scale of High Court fees—
Did you ever hear such rat?
But further on this subject,
My informant saith not."

"I'm of a clear opinion,
That this section as to fees,
Was got up to give the 'yoman,'
A gentle sort of 'breeze,'
But he'll find himself as heretofore,
With his bill taxed as we please."

Thus spake the ancient barrister,
The veteran Q. C.,
Then sighed and sadly glided in,
To the famed U. E. C.,
And hoisted in a "schooner"
There, of Soda and of B.

"Haw! Haw!"

By SYD. REID. DEDICATED WITH GREAT RESPECT
TO H. R. H., P. W.

Haw! s'pose I must go to the Commons for help,
Affairs in a deuce of a stew, you know;
Those horrible papers will howl and yelp,
But what can a gentleman do, you know?

Terrible nuisance this asking for cash,
At the hands of that low, vulgar crew, you know;
But things are quite desperate, danger of smash,
So what can a gentleman do, you know?

If 'twere only the Lawds, now, I'd not be afraid,
For the Bill would get easily through, you know;
Aw! they know how expenses so heavy were made,
And what could a gentleman do, you know?

But the Commons are sure to want all in detail,
And there'll be a pretty to-do, you know;
Pooh! let Tories all howl, and liberals rail,
For what can a gentleman do, you know?

Now the good old times would have suited me best,
When a fellow could capture a Jew, you know,
And make him come down with the ready in haste,
But now what can a gentleman do, you know?

How the beggarly tradesmen do dun and dun,
Till things seem uncommonly blue, you know,
They're always on time when their quarter has run,
But what can a gentleman do, you know?

I thought to escape when I went to the East,
To visit the Hindoo so wild, you know;
But one of my creditors dressed as a priest,
Presented a bill that was due, you know.

My ma says I'm totally out of her grace,
And must paddle my own canoe, you know;
She says that my pay quite suffices my place,
And what can a gentleman do, you know?

For bills are piled up quite as high as the tower,
And I've cursed hard for tune as "foe," you know,
And fresh duns come in through the mail every hour,
And what can a gentleman do, you know?

People don't understand that a prince of the land,
Whose blood is the bluest of blue, you know,
Can not be controlled by a feminine hand,
But what can a gentleman do, you know?

Actresses, gambling, and racing *ad lib.*,
And buying up everything new, you know,
How they run up the total, and how I must fib,
But what can a gentleman do, you know?

Disgusting the way the low Commons will jibe,
And parade all my acts in review, you know;
Still I scorn all the sneers of the mongrel tribe,
For what can a gentleman do, you know?



A FAIR OFFER.

GRIP seizes the opportunity of doing Sir Hector Langevin the justice of putting his side of the \$32,000 story plainly before the public. The *Mail* stated his case the other day, but the *Mail* can't make pictures, and there is nothing like a picture for elucidating purposes. Here, then is Sir Hector's position:—

The jibe had been over and over repeated by his foes, that he put in his own private pocket the \$32,000 which he received from Sir Hugh Allan as part of the Pacific Charter fund in 1873. That charge was at length formally made by Mr. Joly, leader of the Quebec Rouges. Sir Hector confronts Mr. Joly. He puts up his hands and says: "Joly, you can feel my pockets, and if you find any of that money, say so. I say I spent the whole amount for the purpose for which I received it, namely, in bribery. I will not say *whom* I bribed, whether it was the Quebec priesthood or the laymen, or both. Here are the vouchers for all the amounts I paid out. I give you liberty to examine them on the condition that you will not reveal the names of the persons mentioned, unless you find that I kept some of the money, in which case you may state the fact to the world."
Joly remains silent.



"THEM MAIL-BAGS."

Hello! Here's that big Yank looking over our garden fence again. Ho says he's searching for "them mail-bags of bis'n," and there's no doubt they are lying around our premises somewhere. In the name of all that is honest let those bags be handed to their owner. Canada has a reputation at stake and it is worth more than all the mail-bags in the Kingdom. If Uncle Sam's identical articles can't be found, let us seize and confiscate the thousands of bags carried by our young lawyers, and hand them over instead. The legal gentlemen could easily enough carry home their groceries in brown paper parcels in the meantime. The *World* declares that our good name has been jeopardized in this matter by the incompetency of the Postmaster-General, and proposes that Hon. John O'Connor be bounced forthwith. We second the motion, and beg leave to propose that Senator Boyd, who is eminently a man of letters, be offered the vacant portfolio.

The Feast of the Chaplain.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE CHAPLAIN OF THE FLEET."
VOL. I.

My uncle had been domestic chaplain to the most noble the Earl of Dunderhead, who, falling in love with the chaplain's wife, had him arrested and thrown into a London prison which, being a noted resort of *fast* people, was called the *Fleet*. The wife not knowing what had become of her husband, emigrated to Canada, where she became governess in a school for the daughters of the clergy. My uncle was allowed to live outside the walls of the prison, where he was visited daily by noblemen, local legislators, members of syndicate, cracksmen, and other celebrities. It was before the days of Gough and the Good Templars, and the quantity of rum punch consumed at these convivial gatherings would make the reader's imagination stagger. I was left an orphan and thrown on my uncle's protection; he received me most kindly. "Gramercy, child," he said, "take these guineas and *Louis d'or*, and provide thee with habiliment which shall make thee attractive to yonder beaux and springalds," and he put me in charge of an old maid lady, whose father, old man Tinkerwell, had once been an alderman of Toronto. Years passed. The temperance movement did not begin yet. I grew to be sufficiently good looking. Dr. Goldsmith, with his great friend Dr. Johnson, often looked in on my uncle to moralize over a cup of mulled claret. Dr. Goldsmith, mighty fine in a coat of plum-colored velvet, once stopped to chuck me under the chin. "Madam," said Dr. Johnson, "I know you love me not, but cosmogony can constitute no entity so hilariferous as feminine juvenility."

VOL. II.

Dr. Johnson and Dr. Goldsmith sat with my uncle and a number of guests, among whom was a youthful nobleman introduced to him as Lord Dunderhead. Everyone got very drunk on my uncle's rum-punch, for, as I have said,

THE FAVORITE ALES, PORTER & LAGER ARE BREWED BY THOS. DAVIES & CO.

VOL. THE SEVENTEENTH, No. 16.

GRIP.

SATURDAY, 3RD SEPTEMBER, 1891.



WE ARE GLAD TO HEAR THAT SIR JOHN MACDONALD IS GAINING IN HEALTH AND STRENGTH BY HIS SOJOURN IN ENGLAND. MR. MACKENZIE'S NUMEROUS FRIENDS WILL BE PLEASED TO LEARN THAT HE, TOO, HAS PICKED UP WONDERFULLY, AND HOPES TO COME BACK TO CANADA STRONG AND VIGOROUS.—Daily Paper.

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JACOBS' PATENT LITHOGRAM.

the temperance movement was yet in the future. In the morning my uncle carried the young lord, the son of his enemy, now dead, to his own room. He woke me up and bade me dress at once. I obeyed. He said, "You must marry a young lord who is waiting upstairs." The young lord was an instance of the fact that all allusion to the temperance movement at that period would have been an anachronism. "My lord," said my uncle, "your father relieved me of a wife; I am about to supply you with one." "Whash say?" murmured the peer. "Not to-night, some other night." But my uncle had such a powerful magnetism of will that Lord Dunderhead obeyed. The marriage ceremony was completed. My uncle then gave Lord Dunderhead a large glass of O'Keefe's lager, after which he lay down on the bed and fell fast asleep. "You are now," said my uncle, "the Dowager Lady Dunderhead."

VOL. III.

My uncle received a copy of the Toronto Telegram from a brother clergyman who had emigrated to Canada as a missionary to the heathen savages of Toronto. He sent the paper in question to my uncle as a sample of the heathenism and general wickedness with which he had to contend. Dr. Johnson happened to see it. "Sir," said he, "the man who owns that paper is a Scotchman who grows affluent beyond the dreams of imagination by pilfering the literary property of better men. That fellow manage a paper! Sir, it is like a dog walking on its hind legs—it does not do the thing well. The wonder is that it does it at all." But the Telegram contained a "personal," giving the address of my aunt. My uncle and I went to Canada, where young Lord Dunderhead had been sent as Lieut.-Governor. He met me at a picnic to the Island. He fell in love and proposed to send for Mr. Rainford off hand. "I can not marry your lordship, though neither can I marry any one else." "Explain yourself, sweet conundrumist!" he tenderly replied. "Because I married you last year when you were as tight as you could be." "Right you are," he said. "I tumble to the notion, over and over every time." My uncle gave us his blessing, the drinks were set up by my lord, and—well, it was previous to the days of temperance legislation in Toronto.

Dr. Johnson.

The subject of our sketch was born at Litchfield in England, and as he grew up to maturity developed those faculties which subsequently made him celebrated. It is obvious that had he failed to do so his name would not have been heard of. He went into the school-teaching business, married a widow twice his age, and finally went up to London to get a position on the press. He had hard times for a while and most of his copy went into the waste-basket, for he had a way of using tremendous long words that the editors were not familiar with. If the city editor sent him to report a meeting of the City Council he commenced in this style: "The hebdomadal aggregation of the municipal magnates at their vesperian assemblage indulged in a superfluity of magniloquent and inconsequential rhodomontade and mutual vilipending which superinduced a sentiment of excessive exacerbation." What he meant to say was that there was considerable big talk and some lively slang-wrangling matches. Of course no city editor could stand that, so after giving him a week's trial they generally fired him out with the remark, "Darn them college fellows, anyhow! Never knew one of them to amount to shucks on a paper." Well, Johnson managed to pick up a living doing odd jobs writing prospectuses for insurance companies and show bills for circuses, where his dictionary talk came in appropriately. After a while, however, the thing became monotonous and he began to look around for something that would be less precarious. One day it struck him that a first-class dictionary with a lot of new words in it would fill a long-felt want, and he borrowed some money from a publisher, bought a lot of damaged paper cheap, and started in. He knew Greek and Latin like a book, and whenever he thought the English language didn't have a word quite long enough to express any particular idea he made one, a regular six or seven syllable jaw-breaker, and shoved it in. It took him several years, but finally the work was complete, and as soon as it was issued it made a big literary sensation. The critics all went for it, the literary men who had used up all the old dictionary expressions thought it was a big scheme, an evening paper pirated the book and brought it out in serial form, and everyone said that Johnson was a man of marvellous

crudition. Then they gave him his degree and he quit the one-horse heshery where he had been boarding and began to move in good society and drink three or four bottles of wine every day at dinner. He had a way of snubbing everybody whom he talked to on the slightest provocation. For instance, if a man remarked "Fine day, sir," Johnson would reply, "Sir, the entire superfluity of your observation is only paralleled by its intellectual fertility. I know it's a fine day without you're saying so. You're a fool, sir." Then the admirers of the great man would gaze on him with veneration and say to each other. "Wonderful man! What penetration of character! What scorn of hollow conventionalism! What withering sarcasm! What—what'll you take to drink, doctor?" Just as like as not the pompous old bull-dozer would answer: "Sir, your question savors of irrelevant impertinence and unwarrantable assumption. What right have you to assume that I will take anything to drink? Port wine, waiter." The more he sat on and snubbed his circle of admirers the more they thought of him—which is human nature. There is not much to regret in not having known him personally, but at times the wish arises that we could have the opportunity of hearing a brief interview between the doctor and the pun fiend, the political blatherkite, the "Is-it-hot-enough-for-you?" idiot, or some of the other pests and bores of modern society. Johnson's inner life is known to the world principally by the biography of Boswell, a sycophantic Scotchman who was attracted to the lexicographer by the latter's habit of calling him a preposterous lunatic and an inconsequential nincompoop. He wrote up the doctor in good style, and the book is one which everybody is supposed to read. True, it is not an autobiography, but you ought-to-buy-a-graphically written book like that.

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