


**IMPORTER,**  
  
**GLOVER HARRISON,**  
 49 KING ST. E., Toronto.

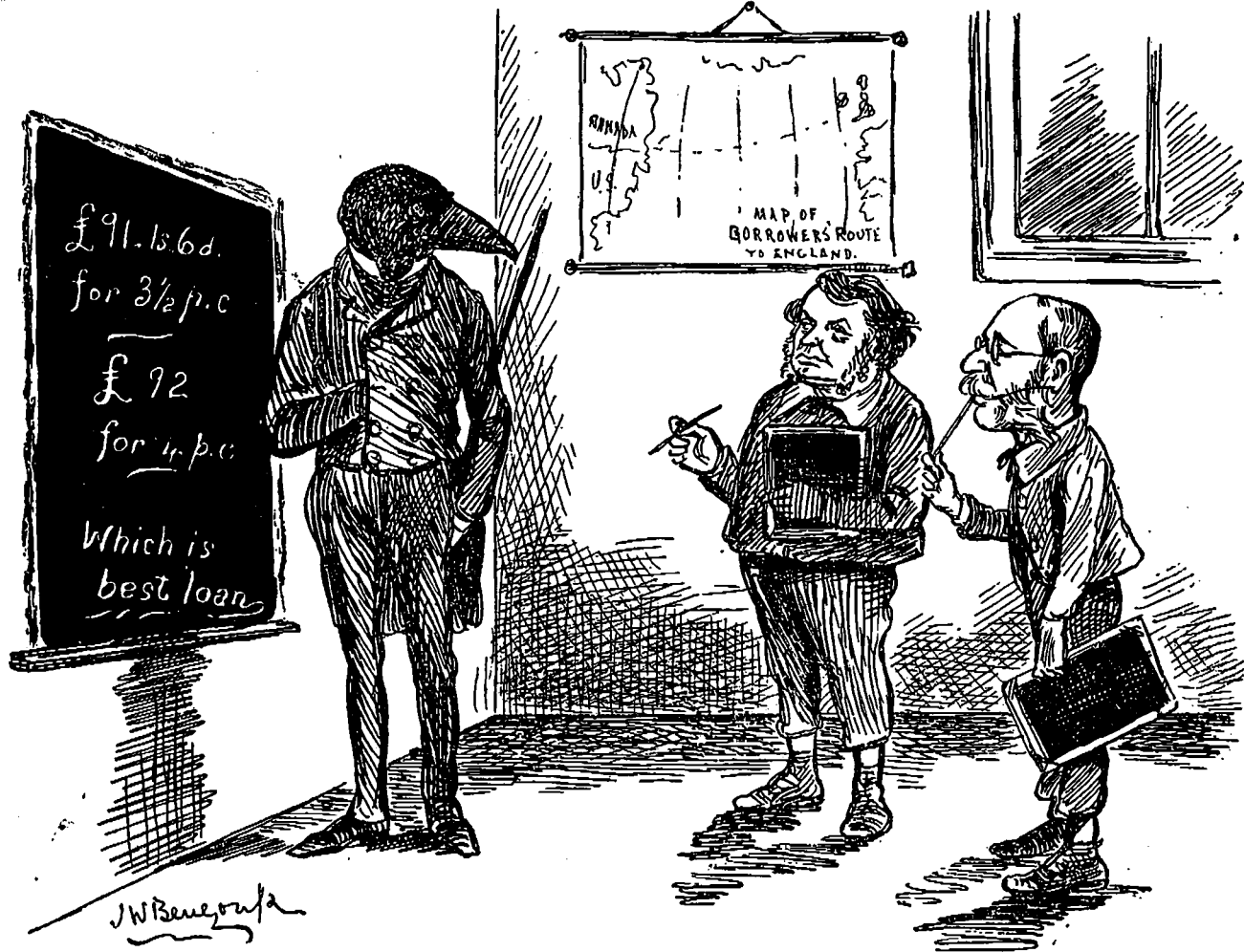


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VOLUME XXII.  
 No. 26.

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**A SIMPLE QUESTION OF ARITHMETIC.**

MR. GRIP.—NOW, WHICH IS THE BETTER LOAN? { MASTER TILLEY.—THE TOP ONE!  
 MASTER CARTWRIGHT.—THE BOTTOM ONE

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• GRIP •

AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL.

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

J. W. BENGOUGH Editor.

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

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—Next week we—to wit, the residents of Toronto and our neighbors from Sarnia to Quebec, and a few thousands of friends from beyond—propose to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the Queen City of the West. We are to have bands and banners and tableaux, lemonade, ice cream, Oratorios, fireworks, processions, speeches, cornet solos, and everything that the ingenuity of man can devise to cover ourselves and our beloved town with glory, and make the event memorable to our visitors. The occasion will be marked by numberless repetitions in one form or another of astonishment at Toronto's growth, and it will be evident to all who examine our surroundings and resources that although she is "getting a big girl now," she is as yet only in the first period of development; and is destined to be a veritable giantess.

FIRST PAGE.—Mr. Grip, the village schoolmaster, is puzzled, and he is beginning to think that there is a good deal of ignorance or knavery, or both, in the world. Having carefully read his morning papers—Grip and Tory—on the subject of the Loan, a proceeding which only muddled his poor old head—he calls up his clever financial pupils Tilley and Cartwright, and writes a simple proposition on the blackboard, viz: Which is the better Loan, £91 1s. 6d. for 3½ per cents., or £92 for 4 per cents.? Mr. Grip frankly confesses to the boys that he asks this purely for information, and beseeches them to tell him if they can. Tilley promptly replies that the first is the best, and Cartwright says just as promptly that the second is. Mr. Grip is now still more anxious to have another question answered, viz: which of these exemplary statesmen it is that displays ignorance of a simple question of arithmetic.

EIGHTH PAGE.—A correspondent of one of the morning papers the other day suggested that the liquor "Trade," should be represented in the Semi-Centennial Trades procession, by a tableau illustrative of their finished work. If, as Mr. Dodds and other champions claim, the liquor trade is on the same level as other commercial enterprises, how comes it that this suggestion is regarded as ironical by the liquor dealers? Some say it is because they do not really share Mr. Dodds' estimate of the nobility of their calling. Mr. GRIP is inclined to think, however, that it is because they are

too modest to make a display of themselves. He hopes they will reconsider the matter, and has much pleasure in presenting a design for a tableau which conveys a slight idea of the noble work carried on by the Benevolent Trade in question.



THE SCALPEL.

NONE OF HIS FUNERAL.

"Mr. Ross was able to boast that those opposed to the Mowat Government cannot point to a single thing done by it of which an honest man need feel ashamed."

This was at the North York picnic, you know, and the *Globe* editor is reviewing the bun-come, that is the outcome of the buns and things devoured. "Mr. Ross was able to boast," etc., etc. Only that and nothing more! Well, the *Globe* editor can't afford to be so reckless as the Minister of Education, because it means more work for him.

ME, TOO, SIR JULE.

"The parody on 'A Warrior Bold' was as humorous a performance as can well be imagined, the way in which 'I'll Steal them Chickens or Die' was sung, bringing down the house. 'Mary's Gone with a Coon' was mirth-provoking in the extreme."—*Globe's Musical Critic*.

Is not Sir Julius Benedict rather too sweeping in his strictures on the absence of highly cultivated musical taste in America?

WORSE AND WORSE.

"The extent of his injuries are not yet known."—*Brieflet in Globe*.

Schoolmaster, what of the *Globe* reprobatorial staff?

WON'T WORK TOGETHER.

"A charity fair in Brooklyn resulted in a dead loss of \$2,400."—*American Note*.

This was because there was too much fair in proportion to the charity. Generally they come out about even; but if anything has got to give way it's usually the "charity" side of the thing. This ought to teach people to keep their fairs and their charity in two different bottles as it were.

AWFUL DEMORALIZATION.

"The investigation into the charges preferred by Mr. John A. Macdonell against Mr. S. H. Blake, Q. C., are now being investigated at Osgoode Hall."—*The Mail*.

This shows into what an alarming condition worry, and passion, and perplexity can drive a man—or more properly a whole newspaper staff.

PERSONAL!

"What hang-dog rascal, loafing round the Ottawa corridors, has not a limit, or a ranch, or a mine, or a reserve of some kind which he intends to make hard-working settlers pay for in some fashion?"—*Globe Editor*.

"Oh! here, now! Come off! come off!"—*Globe Ottawa Correspondent*.

Sponge cake—any that may be on a free-lunch table.

OSCAR'S NAME.

"Oscar's full registered name on his marriage was Oscar Fingal O'Flaherty Wilde."—*Cable Despatch*.

Sure I thought all the time he must be me first cousin,—

A smellin' av sunflowers an' lillies so mild; Wid his knee breeches nate, an' silk hose be the dozen; Ne swate Oscar Fingal O' Flaherty Wilde!

Mush now, I remember the first time he lectured Av art in the household an' pratics soft bled; Sez I, now that face on me mem'ry's pictured; Small wonder, 'twas Fingal O'Flaherty Wilde!

Arrah! he was the bye that could fool them completely, Wid his glib, clever tongue Yunkce purse strings he led;

Ah! he'd wink at the dollars and talk art so nately, Ne velvety Fingal O'Flaherty Wilde.

Well, now that he's married, the knot safely toiled, Let's hope art will soothe him whenever he's riled; For the present he vows it is bliss an' a-Lloyd, An' his name its O. Fingal O'Flaherty Wilde.

THE CASE OF DEMAND AND SUPPLY.

"Hello Sam! Didn't know yer. Been buying a new spade eh?"

"Yes, hush!"

"Why, what's the matter?"

"Hush! Speak low. Got a job yet?"

"No—nothing doin' in my line."

"Well, say, hush! Have yer a couple of good-sized bags to home!"

"I guess, yes, I think we have."

"Come along then, and lets go halvers."

"Halvers, as how?"

"Hush! Stiff-uns. Dr. Wright says they want subjects for the Medical College very bad. Let's goin' in for stiff-uns."

IN TRAINING.

A gentleman, a stranger in Montreal, strolled into a certain club in that city the other night. There was but one other individual in the apartment which he entered, but the air was filled with a variety of strange, weird sounds. It was evening, as previously stated; the streets were comparatively quiet, but, had they not been so, the awful din which greeted his ears would have made itself distinctly audible above all.

First came a fearful torrent of oaths and bad language, mingled with some of the choicest Billingsgate; anon a dull "slug, thump, thud," as though some pugilist were knocking out a sawdust bag; then the sharp "cr-r-rack cr-rack" of a weapon evidently held in the hands of some muscular wielder, who was doing terrific execution on something or other.

"What on earth does it all mean?" enquired the gentleman of the other occupant of the room, his hair beginning to rise in horror. The other smiled and said,

"Come with me," and led the way to the door of another apartment. "Peep through the key-hole," he continued, and the gentleman obeyed.

In a distant corner he beheld an athletic young man roaring out a choice vocabulary of profanity, with the lungs of a stentor or a Mississippi steam-boat mate; in another portion of the room he saw another athlete pounding away at a sack filled with saw-dust; a big, burly fellow was whacking with all his might at a dummy figure of a man, with a stout ashen stave, whilst a herculean youth was doing his best to kick the interior out of a bag of chips. The gentleman was amazed.

"Who are these?" he at length found voice to ask.

"These are the sons of some of our best citizens," replied his oicerone.

"Are they lunatics or what?" enquired the visitor.

"Lunatics! bless you, no," was the reply. "These are the members of our Lacrosse Team and they are practising for the next match with the Toronto men."

"Oh."



What renders the Egyptian outlook more critical is the presence of two Medhis in the field. The situation is therefore more critical—for the Medhis.

Five thousand marks (money) released Darmstadt from Kalanime. I wonder how many marks (clubs and things) would be spent before he got released from a crowd of duly authorized sympathizers of poor Princess Alice!

When, at a recent dynamite trial, one of the detectives did not appear, his counsel explained that he was ill with softening of the brain. It would not be difficult to appreciate the excuse as to the softening of the brain of a dynamite detective, if, you could only first bring yourself to believe that a dynamite detective—but, no matter.

And so Toronto contains a regular "Stalwart," who has the courage of his convictions to such an extent that he will "stop that blank paper which gives Blaine a blank racket, blank the rag,"—or words to that effect. You see after all there is such a thing as a Toronto Republican organ which won't go the whole platform invariably. Now, the *News* is made out of different stuff!

The proposal to have dynamite shippers in America make a declaration of its destination and purpose will be frankly met by O'Dynamite Rossa with a shrug of his broad shoulders, a heavenly relaxation of his mobile features, and a quiet observation:—"Shure, it's quite unnecessary, darlints. Ain't I always ridy to give yez the fullist particulars about me purchases, me aims an' me intintions?"

"Would the world be better without lawyers?" is among the questions which the *Varsity* Literary Society will finally determine next session. It would be richer, at any rate,—that is to say that portion of it which doesn't include the lawyers. But I musn't be suggesting or anticipating in this style. Though of course it will be quite right for all of us to understand that the question refers to *this* world only.

I perceive by the "astronomical notes" in the *Globe* that the fiendish hand of Moses Oates is again at its congenial work. I must protest! The Presidential contest is waging. Ice cream is still dear. The Manitoba matter is under grave consideration. Bakers and glue manufacturers are hard at work making political picnic buns. And yet in the very midst of all this momentous matter along comes Oates with a few fresh comets and meteors which he wants us to notice!

The whole business is settled! The *Globe* solemnly and succinctly says:—

Canada needs a Government at Ottawa sternly determined to govern the North-West in the interests of the North-West.

Now, our Manitoba friends having thus loarned beyond a doubt what the real policy

of the Liberal party is, need hesitate no longer to ask. The *Globe* is to be congratulated on its enterprise as well as its candor!

What Hamilton people are not saying: That the Crystal Palace and Dundern parks are luxuries for every citizen, especially east-enders. That a park at the east end would be of no service. That the streets are well-watered, and kept in the best of trim. That the block pavement is rushing. That the city hall clock ought to have illuminated dials. That the drinking fountain in Market-square is a thing of beauty. That the tramcar rails are perfectly level and cause no inconvenience. That the Liberal-Conservatives are a happy lot, and the Reformers ditto.

That ably, independently, consistently, and grammat—but, no! I fancy I had not better get in so many adverbs—conducted journal, the *Globe*, objects to leaving Sir Chas. Tupper alone, notwithstanding his involuntary retirement from the Government and his pardonable absence abroad. But I may point out that the *Globe* very naturally does not want to lose a good, prompt-paying subscriber, who, if not regularly abused, would likely patronize some more enterprising paper. In this connection it is interesting to observe that in referring to Sir Charles and Mr. John Shields in one and the same paragraph the *Globe* calls one "Tupper" and the other "John Shields." Everybody knows what the *Globe* thinks of Mr. Shields, but after this, people will begin to comprehend more fully in what category it would like to place the retired Cumberland war-horse.



SCOTTY AIRLIE IN CANADA.

DEAR WILLIE,—Ye ken I promised tae write the moment we landed, but fegs! that's easier said than done. We got the length o' Toronto yesterday, an' heh! I man, but it's a winnerfu' place: omnibuses an' muckle yellow caravans flecin' here an' there in a' directions, like tae knock a body doon, an' croods of folk poorin' doon the street a' the time, just for a' the war! like a kirk skailin'. I haena' been sae dumfounded sin' the day we lost oorsels on the Broomielawbrig.

The folk here are terrible ignorant though. Ye see I lost my pocket neepyin, an' bein' in sair distress, I jist daunnert intill ane o' the shops on King-street, an' speert at the counter-happer gin he had ony pocket-neepyyin for about tippence ha'penny or so. The creatur' jist glowred at me an' says he "Beg yer pardon." I tellt him there was nae offence that I was awaur o', but I jist wantit a pocket-neepyin. Wad ye beieint,—the muckle cuif was that ignorant, that he didna ken what a neepyin wis! I tuk pity on the puir benichted moudiewart, an' explained that a neepyin' was a cloat for blawin' a man's nose in. Weel then, aff he ran, an' back he cam again wi' a bit muslin about sax inches square. Losh! I was mad. "What the deevil d'ye ca' that?" "A handkerchief." "That's no the kind I

want," says I, "I want ane o' the great big red anes, wi' black an' yellow spats in't. Ye see" says I, "we're gaun up to Turtle Mountain to tak up lan', an' I need something tha'll no need washin' till we get there." He said that I wad be apt to tak considerable land up wi' me, if I didna wash afore we got there. "Weel noo," says I "gie me three bawbee's worth o' bools." "Bools!" says he, "what's that?" "Od jist bools," says I, "bools for the bairns to play at the booholes wi'." "Haven't any," says he, "D'ye ken whaur lecars gang tae when they dee," says I very solemnly, "did ye ever hear tell o' Annanias an' Sapherey? Hoo daw' ye stand there an' tell me sic a lee to my face, an' that box fu' o' bools there richt afore ye." "Bools," says he, "these are marbles." "Weel! weel! then I forgie ye, but ye see I come frae a ceeveleazed kinty whaur they ca' them bools," an' sae I cam awa. I'll tall ye mair neist week,—aboot a' the ferlies we see here—yer brither.

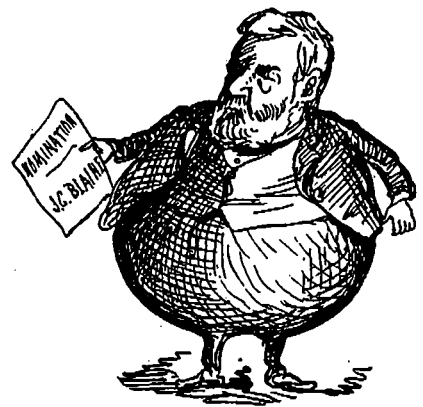
HUGH AIRLIE.

ODE TO THE MINISTER OF EDUCATION.

I.  
Our good friend Ross, let GRIP extend the grip of salutation.  
To sound, strong will and common sense applied to education!  
For to support the Teacher's cause with GRIP has been the rule;  
And that sagacious bird has still upheld both church and school;  
And the Department oft by GRIP in vain have been incited  
To get the Teacher's poor wage raised, the Teacher's grievance righted;  
In gratitude for service past, in fee for future scholars,  
To give the teacher added zeal that comes from added dollars!

II.  
But somehow the Department of Ontario Education  
Had schemes that seemed far more sublime than other occupation!  
Maintaining Upper Canada Coll., where no "mere trash" intrude,  
But high-toned teachers only teach the high-toned college dude!  
Or grabbing native scholars, of all high-toned laws, transgressors,  
By importation of "quartettes" of foreign-bred professors!  
By multiplying text-books to poor parents most expensive  
To make some greedy publisher's fat pocket-book more extensive!

III.  
That's not *your* sort, friend Ross, 'tis plain; *you* grasp the situation;  
You first have found a new reward to foster education;  
Have forced to practical results that Normal Art School gallery,  
Whore teachers trained to teaching art may draw an added salary!  
Each school-murm holds her head more high, because, for teaching smarter,  
Because, for teaching Art she gets a sum increased each quarter!  
For you've been through the mill yourself, and know how great a feature  
It makes all round that thus you've found a way to HELP THE TEACHER.



MR. BLAINE AS HE APPEARED WHEN "FULL OF EMBARRASSMENT."

THE BRAKEMAN BOY.

A NOBLE AND ORIGINAL POET FINDS A NEW AND ELEVATING THEME.

Hail, Poet!

Do not mistake this apostrophe as intended for any of the staple brands of poets.

But very likely the printer will omit my carefully planted comma, and then you will begin to think my Hail Poet is one of the Beautiful Snow Poet's younger brothers.

Drive such a fatal presentiment away from you, even as you drive a big nail away from you when you are taking special pains to hammer it into a board.

The Poet whom I hail is, although a writer of original poetry, one who has set up in business in a new shop and is worthy of being given a fair trial before purchasing elsewhere.

Perchance he has in times gone by written obituary verses, and thus cast a gloom over a whole village newspaper office.

Mayhap his soul in earlier days went forth occasionally in ecstasy and foolscap paper on "childhood scenes," when it should have confined its attentions to the weird wood-pile and the pensive potato-patch.

Quite possibly he has already tried to improve on "When the spring-time comes, Gentle Annie!"

But I feel sure he has for some time back been sorry for it all and mighty glad he got off with his life and the nucleus of a fresh supply of reason.

That nucleus is going to be cultivated on experimental principles, and the first crop is a promising argury that my poet is going over a pretty big field.

His first job under the new management is entitled "The Railway Freight Brakeman."

I do not approve of the commonplace, un-rhythmical title, but yet I recognize the sterling honesty of the poet in his refusal to pander to vitiated sentimentality by omitting the word "freight," and so having readers jump at the conclusion that he was dealing with the baggage-smasher.

I give the first stanza with a thrill of pride, pathos and—and—almost any other word you can think of beginning with "p":—

Dust-grimmed features, weather-beaten,  
Hands that show the scars of toil;  
Do you envy him his station,  
Patient tiller of the soil?

Har, there are some thousands of captious critics waiting for the appearance of our poet in book form, in order to fall upon him and beat him with staves—musically speaking. I kindly anticipate these savage hordes by admitting that you can find a little fault with this production if you study it over carefully for days and dream on it. The word "grimmed," for instance, might look just as well not so much turned up—that is to say with not so much "M" about it. Of course you must attribute the reference to the brakeman's "station" as purely metaphorical, and having no connection with a "police station." "Tough job," or some other nicely rounded phrase, might have been substituted with propriety.

In the storm or in the sunshine  
He must mount the speeding train,  
Ride outside at post of duty,  
Heedful not the drenching rain.

If my poet will assure me he does not carry a gun, except as a justifiable means of defence against Toronto policemen, I might quietly point out that he is a little wrong in facts in this stanza. Really, I have seen the train stop often and often for the brakeman at even way stations, so that he actually does not have to "mount the speeding train." But of course this may always have been when he and the conductor had been off together getting a drink. Again, a well-regulated freight brakeman knows enough to come out of the worse part of the rain to lead the conductor a

chew. His great difficulty, it seems to me, is not so much striking the caboose as bobbing under the bridges. I hope my poet will take this observation in a christian spirit, while I pursue the theme another step:—

Do not scorn to greet him kindly,  
He will give you smile for smile,  
Though he's nothing but a brakeman,  
Do not deem him surely vile.

Now we reach the very ground-plan of this great structure of sentiment! Yes, "nothing but a brakeman." But, oh! How many of his innocent companions in youth have become bank presidents, or government detectives, or civil service hirelings? "Give him smile for smile," by all means—so long as the flask hangs out. And then your dog can ride free. Now, follow me over and I'll turn up this sod neatly:—

Speak to him in kindly language,  
Though his clothes are coarse and plain;  
In his fearless bosom beats the  
Heart that feels both joy and pain.

Yes, and you had generally best speak to him in that way for other reasons—unless you know all the stations on the run. Brakemen are susceptible to kind treatment,—which they invariably receive at the hands of the Railway Company's officers. The word "course" conveys the idea of his speed through space—race-course speed, you see.

But at this stage of the trip I shall present you with the next stanza—no, on second thoughts I will not. I must draw the line here in justice to the Editor of the *Barrie Gazette*, for whose paper the Grand Ode was composed, and who is now anxiously waiting for purchasers of several thousand extra copies of that issue to make their appearance with angel smiles on their faces and subscription money in their hands.

WAYLAI D CORRESPONDENCE.

DEAR SIR JOHN,

Your favor of the 11th to hand. Many thanks for your valuable pointers. Some of them are, I admit, a little new to me, and if I were at all conscientious I might hesitate before attempting to carry my election by such means, but, as you remark, a conscientious man has no business in politics. That running in two constituencies is a great racket. My difficulty will be to find two constituencies; you must remember that I am running for President of the United States, not for Maine only, though the latter will doubtless be my mainstay, whether elected or not. True, as you suggest, I might try Mexico, Patagonia, Angora, or some other contiguous Republic. Well, I'll consult Bob about it.

Previous to receiving your letter I had not attached so much importance to the use of bank notes in an election, as I now think such a scheme demands. The fact of your having carried all your elections by this method is sufficient evidence that money is a powerful ally in an election campaign. I, too, think it would be a good idea to buy up a few State Legislatures, and when we get fairly organized I shall send for you to come over and engineer matters in that direction.

Yours prospectively,  
J. G. BLAINE,  
Pres. U. S. A.

DEAR HARDY,—Reached London three days ago. Miller arrived here last night. He sought an interview with me at once. He had the audacity to propose a compromise of this boundary question, and wanted me to assent to a very questionable agreement which he had drawn up. I told him I would take it into my most serious consideration, or words to that effect. Of course you know what that meant, as you have at least upon one occasion heard me make use of a similar expression. Case comes on next week. Ontario is sure to

win. McCarthy is awakening to a keen realization of his position. The spectacle of a representative of an Ontario county crossing the Atlantic to endeavor to argue away territory equal in extent and value to one half his Province, is as humiliating as it is unprecedented.

Tell Cartwright to get off that Independence horse until I get through here. A little policy, you know, is necessary sometimes.

Yours,  
O. MOWAT.

DEAR LANSLOWNE,—I propose to accompany the Science Association to Canada in August. To protect me from the rigorosity of your climate, I have given instructions to have my wardrobe made up as follows: Ten sealskin overcoats, lined with impervious goose hide, and trimmed with double back-acting, self-feeding coal oil stoves; eight Persian lamb caps, with patent reversible, 18-inch boiler plate ear flaps, and extension peaks. The latter are constructed of the best Bessemer steel, and I think will be a good protection for the face in mild weather. On extreme days I shall be compelled to stay in my hotel.

My youngest son will accompany me. He is passionately fond of skating, and I am sure he will enjoy his visit to Canada in August, as he will have an opportunity of indulging in his favorite sport.

Will you kindly inform me if the costumes above described will be in any way adequate to preserve life in your climate.

Yours, etc.,  
FITZNOODLE, B. A. A. S.

"What does 'Good Friday' mean?" asked one Halsted-street urchin of his companion. "You'd better go home and read your Robinson Crusoe," was the withering reply.—*Chicago Sun.*

The oldest spark arrester—the old man's boot.—*Scissors.* It never gives satisfaction.—*Electric Light.* No; but it always gives the young man an awful desire to go home.—*Warsaw Wasp.*



THE SMALLEST EDITOR ON EARTH  
(Not in the Dime Pavilion.)



“GETTING A BIG GIRL NOW!”

YORK PIONEER.—MERCY! HOW YOU HAVE GROWN, SISSY TORONTO!

TORONTO.—YES, BUT THEY SAY I'M ONLY BEGINNING TO GET MY GROWTH NOW!

**Grip's Clips.**

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

**TOOK IT FOR A BUSTLE.**

A very pretty, modest young woman came shyly into "Hawley's" yesterday. Approaching Henry, she pointed to a baseball catcher's mask in the show-window, and with a demiblush timidly said: "Please let me examine that."

"Certainly," beamed the gallant Henry. Then he extricated the mask from among the other baseball goods, while he whispered to a Cincinnati *Commercial-Gazette* reporter: "One of the female nin, sure as I'm a sinner. Didn't know they were in town."

The lady turned the mask around gingerly in her daintily-gloved hands, examined it critically, and asked with a pert, upward glance: "Isn't it rather short?"

"Oh, no—they come in that size always," smiled the blonde chief clerk.

"I never saw one made exactly like this before—new invention I suppose?" ventured she.

"Oh, my, no; been in use three years, at least," said Henry.

"Indeed! How strange. Do you think they are better than those made of whalebone?"

"Undoubtedly," was the reply, though he mentally asked, "Who ever heard of a whalebone mask?"

"And the strings?" said she, turning it around.

"Strings?" echoed Henry in perplexity.

"That is, the straps—the fasteners—how does one keep them on?"

"Let me show you," said Henry reaching for it.

"Oh, don't trouble yourself," cried she, with a half scream, and then she turned pale as death while Henry took the mask into his hands.

As he stood loosening the straps preparatory to adjusting the affair, the customer seemed paralyzed with deep emotion, and on the verge of a dead faint. But when Henry pulled the mask over his face the color returned. She gasped for breath, opened wide her eyes, and panted:

"Why, what in the world is it?"

"Why, a baseball mask to be sure; didn't you know?" smiled Henry through the wires.

"I—no—that is—I thought it was a—oh, dear!"

Her prostrate form was laid on the counter.

**A GHASTLY PUN,**

"Alonzo, dear, do you believe in ghosts?" she asked dreamily.

"No darling, I do not," he replied.

"Well, Alonzo, that ghosts to show you are not superstitious." Then they fell into a sweet, calm sleep.—*Carl Pretzel's Weekly.*

**FOULS.**

As the High School girl and her friend Amy were watching the game the other day, the umpire sang out—

"Foul!"

"But I don't see any fowls," said Amy to Mildred.

"There is a gentleman hen over there," replied the High School girl, pointing to a rooster strutting around outside the fence; "but I don't see why they should become alarmed at him."

"No; besides, they ought to be safe enough with that high fence to protect them," replied Amy.

"Yes; and those wire screens on their heads ought to keep the fowls from picking their eyes out," added Mildred.

"But I think the fowls they speak of are geese, not chickens," said Amy.

"Why so?" asked Mildred.

"Why, didn't Jim speak about the goose-eggs they had at the other game?" suggested Amy.

"So he did; but where are the geese?"

And they were still looking for the geese when the game broke up.—*Oil City Derrick.*

**AN UNSUCCESSFUL ATTEMPT TO TALK QUAKER.**

It is no easy matter for a novice to fling "Quaker" fluently. The tongue becomes confused with its triple choice of pronouns, and flaps loosely around the palate.

I well recollect my clumsy effort to engage in conversation with a farmer, whom I met in Chester county, the Quaker stronghold of Pennsylvania. When I happened upon him he was sitting upon a worm-fence, vacantly staring at a cream-colored cow in the adjacent field. I at once divined him to be a friend in undress, and determined to delight the old fellow, and amuse myself by carrying on a skillful dialogue in his idiom. This is how I succeeded:

"How do thee do, sir? Is—that is, are thee meditating?"

If he was delighted he controlled his emotions admirably. All he did was to gape and inquire:

"Hey?"

"The fields, the birds, the flowers," I pleasantly pursued, "are enough to bring thou dreams—I mean dreams to thou."

He was looking at me now, and critically. I felt that my syntax had been idiotic instead of idiomatic; so wiping the sweat from my brow and hat, I eyed him calmly and observed:

"Those cows, are they thy's—or thee's—that is, thou's—dum it! I mean thine's."

It was very unfortunate. He crawled down from the fence, nibbled at a plug of nickel-nugget, an act of itself sufficient to un-Quaker him, and as he ambled away, muttered indignantly:

"Go ate your pants; I'm a tramp, but a gentleman."—*New Orleans Times-Democrat.*

**THE FARMER AND THE SQUIRRELS.**

A farmer whose freshly-planted corn-field was being greatly damaged by crows went to the squirrels for advice, and to his great joy the squirrels agreed to take charge of the field. In the course of a week, however, the farmer made an inspection of the field and cried out:

"Lo! but what the crows left me you squirrels have taken!"

"Foolish man!" replied the leader of the squirrels, "how could you expect that between buying off our friend and providing for our wants, that anything would be left for you!"

Moral: The man who appeals from the robber to the lawyer, might as well sign a bill of sale in advance.—*Detroit Free Press.*

**HE KNEW HIM.**

"Did you arrest that fellow I put you on to?" asked a grocery keeper of a policeman.

"Yes, and the Judge nailed him."

"Was he found guilty?"

"Yes."

"What did he do?"

"Paid the penalty, of course."

"What was it?"

"Workhouse for thirty days."

"Well, it's a good thing it wasn't a grocery bill or he would have hung before he paid it. I know the snoozer."—*Merchant Traveler.*

**HE HAD STOOD WHERE SHOT FELL.**

He was strolling through the West Side while his boat was taking freight at a pier on the river. Approaching a squad of men who were holding up a post in a Randolph-street saloon, he held out his hand invitingly, and said:

"Shake, stranger; I've stood where shot fell around me like rain drops in an April shower; but that is past. I'm for peace and reconciliation now. By-gones should be gone, and here's my honest right hand on that immortal sentiment."

They had a hearty shake all around and his new-found friends each in turn invited the battle-scarred hero to drink with them.

"Ah, by the by," asked one of them, as the veteran of many wars was about to depart, "by the way, what battle were you in?"

"Me—who said I was in any battles?" he asked in a surprised tone and manner.

"But you'd been where the shot fell thick and fast."

"You are right—I was there!" earnestly emphasized the stranger—"and it was in the Clinton-street shot tower, right down here in Chicago!"—*Chicago Sun.*

**TIDINGS OF COMFORT AND JOY.**

Said an English dude to a Winnipeg wag one day this week: These boots of mine are a splendid pair. This is the first day I have had them on and they feel so comfortable and yet—look so æsthetic."

"Mine are a better pair," replied the wag, as he advanced a pair of cowhide, insect-crushing fourteeners.

"That is impossible," replied the dude, "for it is the very best of calf that is in mine."

"I agree with you, for the feet of a calf are always considered the best part of it."—*Winnipeg Siftings.*

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



Draw, Pride, and Sackett's Amusement Pavilion is becoming the popular resort of the city. It deserves this patronage, because it is managed in the interest of the respectable classes, and the performances are intrinsically good. Lucia Zaria, the "little bit of a thing," remains during this week. The stage programme has been changed entirely.

The Holman Company are singing in Joe H. Banks' operatta, "Bubbles," at the Theatre Royal, corner of Bay and Adelaide-streets.

The Grau Opera Comique Co., now at the Gardens Pavilion, are presenting a round of popular comic operas in first-rate style. Their engagement closes on Friday evening.

Next week lovers of amusement will have no chance to complain. All the established institutions will be in full blast, and in addition to the out-door exhibition we are to have Liberati, the great cornet soloist, Fanny Kellogg and the Mendelsohn Quartette Club. Claxton's Orchestra is growing in popularity, the result of the good work it is doing.





A GASHLY STORY.

Some young ladies gave a party in this city t'other day. To none but those of their own sex—a funny thing to do. They wore not all Toronto girls: some came from far away. There was gentle Katie from Dundas, and Maude from Peterbro, From Hamilton there came A very high-toned lass, 'Twould be no shame to give her name, So we'll say they called her Cass.

There were many more of these skittish things; suffice it, then, to say, That after talking seven hours, or seven and a half, They wanted now amusement, just to pass the time away, And one fair belle suggested, half in earnest, half in oint, "Let's measure our mouths to see Who has the largest one." What fun 'twill be, cried the whole beven. And no sooner said than done.

The Dundas maid was measured first, and her rosebud lips were found To be only an inch and a quarter by the compasses they used; The Toronto girl tried next, and lo! an inch would more than bound Her dainty mouth: I will not see our own fair girls abused. The Hamilton Cassie tried, And her mouth was found to be Two inches wide, and she nearly cried Those compasses to see.

"Now Maud," they cried to the Peterbro' girl, it's your turn, you're next!" And Maud sat down and the compasses were opened to their full extent. But not the slightest use it was: and Maude was sadly vexed To see those horrid instruments, and wondered what it meant. Nine inches full they spread, But they failed to measure that mouth. Salt tears were shed by Maude as she said She hated those girls down South.

For how they laughed! "what can we do, for measure Maude's mouth we will. Those compasses ain't big enough," cried one of the pretty dears. "I know, I know," screamed another sylph, "just wait a minute and be still." And away she ran and soon came back w' a pair of garden shears! Yes, shears of the largest size, But they were too small: oh! woe. And w' tears in her eyes poor Maude cries, "I'm off for Peterbro."

Swiz.

(It is believed that she went as described, but we strongly advise the author of the above to steer clear of that place.)

TWO OLD LETTERS.

AUBURN, Anno Domini, 1734.

Deacon Guileless to Deacon Sharpset, greeting: Ye great & mighty revival of ye diligent reading of ye scriptures, among ye youths & maids of this ilk, hath moved me to write to thee, being greatlie astoned thereat. So greatlie absorbed hath our baker become in this studie that, sooth to say, we have eaten naught but burnt loaves for a week. Ye butcher boy, while waiting for ye wench to answer ye bell, fell to studyng so profoundlie that my good dog Watch, being cured by the savoury smell, succumbed to temptation & slowly abstracted from the basket a legge of mutton which I had to pay for, besides going for two days without meat. Ewyn Mrs. Lyght-head, whom thou rememberest as a dyvourer

of novels & ice-cream, she consumeth ye myd-nyght oil in searching ye scriptures—though she still fryzzeth her hair after ye manner of ye women of ye world, and gylleth consumedly when thy servant holdeth forth in ye meetynge. As I was gently borne along through ye fields in ye evening on ye back of Dapple, he stopping now & again to munch his favourite herbes—I beheld what I took to be a flyght of crows, perched on a zigzag fence at ye far end of ye field. Whereupon I tickled ye ribs of Dapple & spurred him towards them, wishing with all my heart that I had my gun, so that I could have a crow pie for to-morrow's dinner. But as I approached, behold, they were not crows, but doves, youths & maidens, sitting on ye fence, each with a copy of ye scriptures in hand, & ye heads of each pair meetynge very close over ye booke. I asked a damsel why she studied Holy Writ so earnestlie, whereupon she made answer that she was tryng for ye prize; and so are we, and we, and we, said they all. I said I was glad in heart to see them so pious, & suddenly rode away, for Dapple, urgently impelled by unscen prods from behind, started off at a gallop, hastened by sundry missiles, which expedited greatlie his departure, but I was too thankful withal to be angry thereat—for it is indeed a hopeful syne to see ye youths & maidens so well employed. But my mind misgives me about this prize; for there was that in their demeanour which causeth me mistrust, & a sudden fear that the Evil One may have assumed the guise of an Angel of Lyght & caused them to read ffolly Writ for an unholy purpose moveth me to write to you who knoweth ye sarcas and delusions of ye world.

Thy friend,  
NATHANIEL GUILLELESS.

LONDON, Anno Domini, 1734.

DEAR BROTHER GUILLELESS,—The matter ament which thou sendest to me is verily a delusion & a snare & a device of ye enemy to evade ye lash of ye law as administered by Executioner Master Fenton, Crown Attorney. & knowinge ye heart of ye people is sound in ye faith of ye word, he doth under a cloak of piety, incite them to a searchinge of Holy Writ—not for any good to their souls, but in ye hope of getting trinkets to wear on their bodies, or to display in their houses; and this hope causeth them to send to the author of the schema a certain amount of spondulicks which, coming from the great army of ye credulous, doth without value received, speedily fill to repletion ye exhausted exchequers of ye individual who wipeth his mouth and saith I have done no evil.

Thy friend in truth,  
JOHN SHARPSET.

BARNEY AT COMMENCEMENT.

LOMBARD TERRACE, June 11.



ME DEAR MISTHER GRIP,—Yesterday bein' commencement day, I was a fatter tlein' Nora to lay out me biled shirt, me green tie and me swallow tail, so I'd luck dacent whin I'd go up to the University, to see Tim Doherty's bye take the vows av calibacy an' become a Bachelor av Arts fur life. It's me own Tim I'll be a fatter sendin' there a fatter a bit, but I musht be a fatter waitin till I see what kind av janyus, an' what ability he's got, fur it's no use sendin a bye there unless he's got brains an' a will to shtudy, more be token—now whin the

wimmin are comin' swapin' all the follow's heads off. Well, I set sail up College street, the summer shnow fallin' around me aff av the beautiful row av chestnuts all the way up; every wan av them bloomiu' like a bride. The grass was fresh and green wid the summer rain, on' the skhoi was blue an' sunny as the oies av the childer that played in the park be-yant; altogether it was a foine day afther the rain. I succeeded in gettin' a good seat beside a—a—yes bedad! I musht spake the truth, a made up woman, with false hair, a sixteen inch waist, gold on her fingers, round her neck and in her teeth. What airthly interest sich a bein' cud have in that hall av larnin' clauze bates my comprehension. However I wiped the perspiration all av me forrad, an' was sittin' meditatin' on the advantages av higher education an' all the culture an' refinement about to be displayed, whin av a suddin' there cum a blast from a fog horn, shartlin' me out av me sivin sines an' landin' me clane into the lap av the woman wid the gold teeth. It was fur all the wuruld as if the Angel Gabriel was tunin' up an' practisin' for the grand finale, an' the echocs were just "reverberin'" as Miss Henderson says in her roamin' poem whin there cum floatin' soft an' sweet, a shtrain av heavenly music, faint an' far away; like the wailin' av the wind through a shmall tooth-comb, or the "wee-ow" av a kitten suspended by the tail. It was beautiful outoairely; an' yet, bedad! there was something so oncom-monly comical in the sound av it, that smiles varyin' from three to seven inches, could be seen wid the naked eye all over the hall.

But bless yez! this was only the interlood; thim byes were bound to entertain the visitors; an' afther a few short yells the whole College orchestra, composed av three fog horns, wan shmall tooth comb, wan whistle, an' two tin pot lids, shtrucked up a medley, the like av which no mortal ear ever had the privilege av hearin' before. It was an impromptu piece, intinded to express the dear delights av boyish devilmint, an' as such, was a success; only, like readin' the dictionary, ye cudn't follow the argyment. Afther that there riz such a yellin', shure I was afther thinkin the whole Salvation Army were comin' hot foot afther the divil, but it was only the byes marchin' an' chantin' the requiem av the immortal Misther Grimes. The way they sing that is very affectin'. As soon as they sing his name they fill up—they can go no further, but wid tares in their voice, they can only repeat the name av the dear departed—what a tribute to his memory. Afther that agin, to the chunc av several airs all played together at different times, in walks the Chancellor, an' the rest av the dignitaries, amid the thunderin' cheers av the students. Somehow, the cheerin' av these soine young fellows springs a leak in me owld eyes, but be the toime I imirge from behind me handkerchief, who should be sittin' in the chair foruin't me on the platform but his Lordship—purple cowl an' alltogether. Musha, but he does remind one forcibly av Ould Ireland. I'm not goin' to describe how the boys got the halter wid the bit av rabbit-skin thrown round their necks, but will at wance proceed to the double-u-o man av the year—Miss Balmer, the sweetest, purtiest, dearest little girl I've seen this many a day. She reminds wan av Burn's "wee modest crimson tipped flower" (only she hadn't a bit of crimson about her, it was the poctess had the crimson wid a roavin' green bonnet to match). Yes, sur, there she stood, in her modesty and beauty. The howlder av all thim scholarships, a livin' rebuke to the opponents of co-education. Really, the way some people talk, ud make wan think that ivery fuyndle student was a keg av dynamite in petticoats. gettin' ready to blow the whole educational system sky-high. Whin all was over, hadn't meself the honour an' glory av listenin' to Misther Blake, the wan man in the Dominion

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SUGGESTED TABLEAU FOR THE LIQUOR TRADE IN THE SEMI-CENTENNIAL PROCESSION.

who knows the art av talkin' in public. Musha, but it's well to be seen he's the rale ould Irish eloquence in him, an' the way he fought thim ould wurruid educational battles o'er again, vud sthir the blood in a frog, afther layin fifty years inside av a sltione. His invitation to all grumblers to come and lend a hand to roll the old chariot along, was good to hear, but not likely to be readily accepted; the smallest workers are always the biggest grumblers. But firsh, an' foremost, an' chiedy, an' particularly, the way he advocated the claims of the children of the poor to higher education, lays ivery working-man in this Dominion, an woman under obligation to him, the big-hearted, sensible, outspoken gentleman that he is; more power to his elbow! an' more power to the University!

Prays  
 BARNEY O'SHEA.

THE LATEST CURTAIN LECTURE.

MR. GLUMPER SNUBS THE SEMI-CENTENNIAL.  
 "Fine thing indeed, Mr. Glumper, when I want to get the house into order for the semi-centennial, you refuse to advance me a red cent for the purpose. What's that you say? The house will do for you. I dare say it will, a cow shed would perhaps please you better.

I'm ashamed of your stinginess, Mr. Glumper. We are sure to have mother, and uncle Jephtha, and the Neptulius to visit us, and the house in this stato to receive them! They may stay away! Certainly, Mr. Glumper, they shall stay away, and then you'll lose that little fortune uncle Jephtha promised you. Oh! you're not asleep! That won't answer, Glumper, you can't sleep whilst I am talking, I tell you I must have a new carpet for the sitting room, new curtains for the windows, new carpeting for the stairs, a new bonnet for myself and new dresses for the girls. Did you groan, poor Mr. Glumper? I'll make you groan worse than that if you don't give me what I want. Fancy what mother will say! what your friends will say!! what the NEIGHBORS WILL SAY!!! Euh! you brute! and there you lie without a particle of feeling in your unmanly breast. I could cry my eyes out over your cruel treatment. What do you say? I need not drop any of my wash into your ear hole! But I will, Mr. Glumper, I will, until your ears are clear enough to listen to me. You want your money to go sparking around with some girl or other; but remember this, Glumper, my eagle eye will be on the watch, you understand. I'll teach you a semi-centennial trick or two. Oh! my ears are sharp enough, sir. I heard what you mumbled.

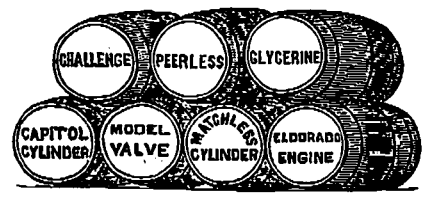
D—n the Semi-Centennial! You're a fine church elder, Mr. Glumper. I am a miserable woman, I wish I had never known you, you brute. Euh! don't shake you like that? I will shake you, Glumper. Have you no pride for your home, no love for your children, no love for me—hold my jaw indeed! No, Mr. Glumper, neither my jaw nor my tongue shall hold until—

"After a few sentences," says Mr. Glumper, "in which 'force,' 'mother,' 'lace curtains,' and 'neighbors' played leading parts, I fell asleep and heard no more."  
 TITUS A. DRUM.

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