



THE KNOCK-OUT.

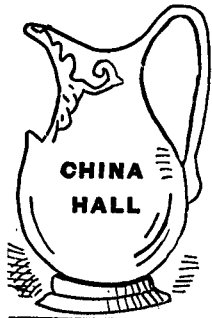
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 The gravest bird is the Owl.
 The gravest fish is the Oyster.
 The gravest man is the fool.

J. W. BINGOUGH

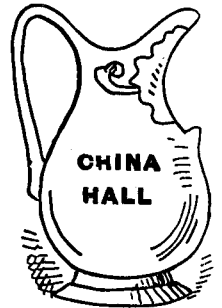
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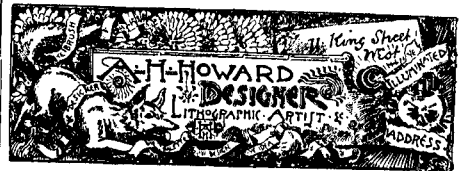
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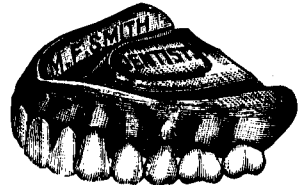
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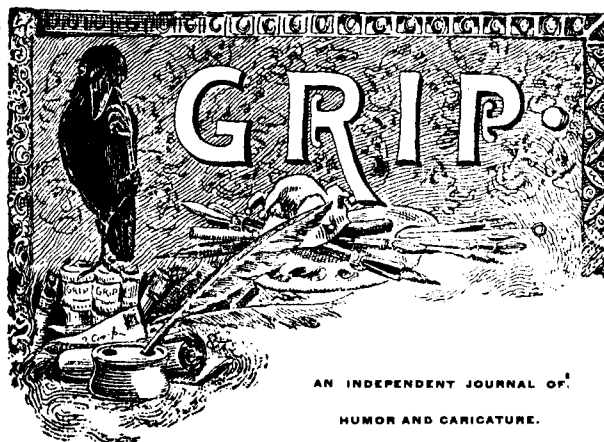
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J. W. BENGOUGH

EDITOR.

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

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

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

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

SINCE the enlargement and typographical improvement of GRIP, this paper has taken a firm position in the front rank of comic journalism, and is regarded by Canadians generally as an honor to the Dominion. Having achieved this proud position, it is now GRIP's purpose to extend the field of his beneficent labors, and to visit weekly thousands of homes in which he has hitherto been a stranger, except by reputation. To this end it has been decided to reduce the subscription price to **\$2 PER YEAR**, and the charge for single numbers to **5 CENTS PER COPY**. The paper will remain in its present form, 16 pages, and it is now absolutely the *cheapest* humorous journal in America. Subscriptions already received at the \$3 rate will be credited in extension of their respective terms. We feel confident that this departure will give us immediately a much increased subscription list, although our list as it now stands is greater than that enjoyed by any weekly periodical in Canada.

Comments on the Cartoons.



TRYING TO RECAPTURE THE QUEBEC BIRD.
—Amid the dust and din of the strife now going on in our sister Province of Quebec, the average Ontario reader of newspapers must be helplessly confused, and it is GRIP's especial mission to come to the help of such puzzled mortals, and to make things clear to their comprehension. The whole trouble in Quebec, then, arises from the fact that the bird has got out of John A.'s cage, and will not be coaxed or driven back again. By this pleasing allegory we mean that the solid Tory vote by virtue of which John A. has so long ruled the land has split up on the Riel question, and there is every reason to fear that the Province will go strongly Rouge at the next election. This will mean the defeat of the local Tory government, and possibly also the ruin of the present Federal ministry. Hence the terrible clatter of the *Mail* and its fellow organs of the Ministerial persuasion; hence also the delighted chuckling of the *Globe* and its satellites.

THE KNOCK-OUT.—With true showman exclusiveness Mr. Forepaugh declares that he has the only boxing elephant in the world—the only beast on record that regularly "knocks out" its keeper.

This is an error on Mr. Forepaugh's part—though of course an unintentional one, as no circusman was ever known to indulge in exaggeration. He has perhaps never heard of the famous white elephant at Ottawa, raised by Sir Leonard Tilley and bequeathed by that distinguished gentleman to Mr. McLelan—our clever pachyderm, the "N.P." If, when the circus reaches Ottawa, Mr. Forepaugh will go up to the Finance Department and glance at the revenue and expenditure of the current half year he will learn some tricks of "knocking out" that his four-legged John L. Sullivan never dreamed of. Won't he, Mac?

THE ANTICOSTI BUNCO STEERER.—A prospectus has recently been issued in London announcing the formation of a company having in view the colonization of the Island of Anticosti. The document is crowded with falsehoods, eminently calculated (as they are evidently intended) to gull the British investor. Anticosti, which is well known to be a barren and dangerous rock, is described in such a way as to leave the impression that it is almost as fertile and valuable as Prince Edward Island. A more impudent scheme has never come to our knowledge, and it ought to make the Canadian bar and Parliament blush with shame to learn that Mr. Hector Cameron, Q.C., M.P., has allowed the promoters to use his name to testify that the representations made are correct.



SOMETHING THAT'S BEEN RUNNING IN HIS HEAD FOR THE LAST FIFTEEN YEARS.

(See Gladstone's pamphlet "The History of an Idea.")

RATHER SHOCKING.

"The Pope speaks in the name of Christ, and the man who despises the Pope despises Christ. The world has been shocked, has been frightened at the expounding of this grand truth. Then, it says, there is only one in the world who has power to direct us. Are we all to bow down the knee to the one man in Rome? Are we all to be dependent upon him for salvation? Are we to go to him before we knock at the gates of Paradise, and are we to be excluded forever if he should close the gate against us? Yes. Notwithstanding the anger, notwithstanding the horror of the world, this is the revealed truth of God."—Mgr. O'Brien's Sermon.

THE thing that has "shocked and frightened" the world, and excited its "anger and horror," is that men of alleged education like Mgr. O'Brien can stand up in the nineteenth century and utter such ridiculous stuff as the "revealed truth of God."

DOLLAR-OUS—Ward Beecher's lecturing.

(All rights reserved.)

Song.

THERE'S nothing that the world calls fame,
 There's no reward or prize,
 That can be gained like what is rained
 From lovely woman's eyes.
 The snob may cry, Oh fie! oh fie!
 And threaten hard to stone us.
 A fig! we cry,
 While Jeannie's eye
 Is raining blessings on us.

Ambition strong doth prompt man on,
 But woman's nobler far;
 She's prompted on by love alone,
 Her spirit's guiding star.
 How oft our hearts would fail within,
 When hard's the path of duty,
 Till mid the din
 We're roused to win
 The smiles of love and beauty.

Their smiles can make the weakest strong,
 The coward can inspire,
 And even fill the poet's song
 With pure celestial fire;
 Oft we'd have struck to coward fear,
 And ignorance o'erthrown us,
 If there had been
 Nae bonny Jean
 To shower her blessings on us,

O woman's still misfortune's shield!
 The last one to forsake
 The vanquished on the battlefield,
 The martyr at the stake.
 Then let the mob of sneak and snob
 Still in its wrath disown us,
 A fig! we cry,
 While Jeannie's eye
 Is raining blessings on us.

ALEXANDER M'LACHLAN.

THE JUNIOR PICKWICKIANS,

AND THEIR MEMORABLE TRIP TO NORTH AMERICA.

CHAP. XII.

SURELY some one of her lovers would see a chance to display his love and his heroism together, and would plunge into the briny deep after her, to rescue her, and then all Miss Alice Moffat would have to do would be to simply hand herself over to her gallant preserver.

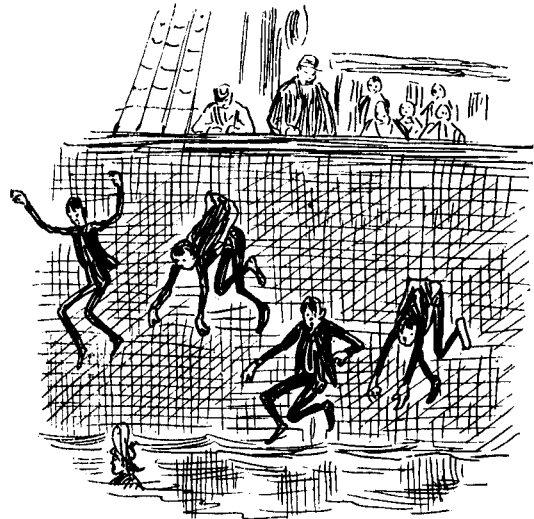
The day after the concoction of this deep scheme happened to be beautifully calm and warm; the sea was like glass, and the sun shone brightly, and a large number of passengers were promenading the deck, and amongst them Miss

Moffatt, who was taking a few turns up and down unaccompanied, for a wonder, by any other gentleman but Captain Braceman. The engines had been stopped, and it was generally understood that some trifling irregularity in them, which would be set right in a few minutes, was the cause.

After walking a few times up and down the poop, the captain halted and looking over the vessel's side, pointed to something in the water immediately below and directed Miss Moffatt's attention to it. She eagerly leaned over

and in doing so, as if by the merest accident, whilst the captain glanced for a moment in another direction, lost her balance and went splashing over into the Atlantic.

"Miss Moffat's overboard!" roared the captain, stamping frantically; "quick, quick; lower away the boats there; look alive my men. Throw one of those life preservers," and so forth, but before the boats could be lowered, splash! went something jumping into the water, and then another splash! and then another, and another!



It had been as the captain had surmised it would be: some one of the lady's lovers *did* jump overboard after her, but alas! the one was multiplied by four!

Yes, four of the five rivals happened to be on deck when the object of their affections fell into the sea, and each one of them, determined that the other should not gain a point on him, plunged head-long into the ocean, and struck out valiantly for the fair Alice, who really enjoyed her plunge, and who was picked up by the boats in less time than it has taken to describe the scene, along with the four devoted lovers. Just at the precise moment when Mr. Yubbitts appeared at the gangway with a life preserver and a cork jacket round his body, inquiring wildly to be shown where the drowning young lady was.

Being assured that she was sare, and that further trouble on his part would only be futile, he was persuaded to remove his encumbrances and was loudly applauded by his three companions for the valour and heroism he had displayed, and which stamped him in their minds as a still more chivalrous spirit than ever.

But now the young lady was in a worse dilemma than before. She was now under obligation to four men at once, and she was fairly at her wit's end what to do; so she sent for Captain Braceman to come to her state-room where she was lying, getting dry.

"Now, my dear captain," she began, as soon as that gallant officer appeared; "what *on earth* am I to do now? I am worse off than ever. We have made a terrible mistake. Here are four of them, at this minute, lying as wet as I am for my sake! What *can* I do?"

"Oh!" said the captain, a smile breaking over his jolly countenance, "take the only sensible one of the



five, that is if your parents see no objection. Take the dry one!"

The young lady could not forbear laughing when this entirely original course was proposed, but she acted upon her adviser's counsel, and to make the story as short as possible, she *did* take the dry one, and as he proved to be a most estimable young man against whose character nothing could be brought, her father and mother raised no objections when the matter was afterwards discussed, and the result was that Miss Moffatt gave her heart and hand to the only one of her five suitors who had not attempted to rescue her.

The supposed necessary repairs to the engines being declared finished the *Chinaman* once more proceeded on her westward course. Such incidents as this greatly assisted to while away the time which might, but for this occurrence, have hung somewhat heavily on the hands of the passengers, for even ten days, when each day of the ten is an exact counterpart of its predecessor, are apt to appear long, and life on board ship cannot fail to become monotonous, and anything in the shape of novelty is invariably hailed with delight by those who have to endure it.

Of course Mr. Bramley's adventure in Mr. Doolittle's cabin could not remain a secret, and many were the versions given as to what had actually transpired on that occasion, some even going so far as to assert that the Pickwickian and Mrs. Doolittle had arranged an elopement, which, but for the untimely appearance of the husband, would have actually taken place in one of the ship's boats which, it was stated, had been in readiness to convey the couple in their illegal flight. Other rumours were whispered about that it had been the fair Marantha who had entered Mr. Bramley's state-room, with what purpose was not definitely stated, and that that gentleman had fled, Joseph like, to the nearest sanctuary that had presented itself and which had happened to be the redoubtable Doolittle's cabin, where, it was reported, a terrific combat had taken place in which the gallant Bramley had proved his superior prowess by inflicting condign chastisement on the commercial traveller, and this report was greatly strengthened by the fact that the latter did not appear either in the saloon or on deck for the rest of the voyage; his real reasons for his seclusion being, however, that on becoming cool and reflective, he felt that he might become a butt for the jests of his fellow-passengers; moreover he had learnt that the gentleman whom he had so violently assaulted was accompanied by three sworn friends who were breathing out threatenings against his life for the insult to their companion, and who entertained no such antipathy to meeting "a bagman" as the person who had bestowed that detestable epithet upon him. That there was no foundation for these rumors it is unnecessary to state, and the only thing that could have been construed into a threat against Mr. Doolittle's person, was a remark which had fallen from Mr. Yubbits' lips when an account of the affair had been given him, and which was to the effect that "by ged! he felt inclined to pitch the demd fellow overboard and that he had better not try any of his games upon him, by ged!" which, being conveyed to the now repentant Doolittle's ears with such exaggerations and embellishment as the fancy of the relater suggested, and a glimpse of Mr. Yubbit's collection of gun cases, pistols and so forth having been obtained by the unfortunate commercial traveler, conveying the impression that their owner must be a very terrible personage indeed, he (Mr. Doolittle) had expressed himself to his wife as feeling very much indisposed and

adverse to going on deck, or in fact leaving his cabin at all, and so for the remainder of the passage, he kept himself a close prisoner, and had all his meals brought to his apartment, the door of which he invariably locked and bolted to preclude the possibility of a "visit of vengeance" from the blood-thirsty Yubbits and his friends, which precaution, on his part, however, proved, as the reader doubtless surmises, wholly unnecessary.

(To be continued.)



BLAKE HANGS FIRE.

Miss Temperance Vote.—Oh, why doesn't he speak! It's his last chance, for there's a Third Party coming!

WHAT IS THE RIEL QUESTION?

YES, echoes the facetious reader, what *is* the Real question? Why should the hanging of the Regina rebel cause such a terrible political commotion? You turn to the *Mail* for enlightenment and you learn that the fanatical Quebecers have adopted a Race and Revenge platform, which means that they proclaim the preposterous creed that no French speaking citizen of Canada shall be executed, whatever his offence. This is incredible on the face of it, for it amounts to saying that the French leaders are idiots, which is demonstrably false. You turn to the *Globe*, and you learn that the popular storm had its origin in certain lies told to the Quebec people by their representatives in the Cabinet at Ottawa, to the effect that Riel's neck would be spared. The ground upon which clemency was to be exercised was not the ground of race or religion, but 1st, because the cruel and callous neglect of the Government was primarily responsible for the rise of the Half-breeds, and 2nd, the insanity of Riel was beyond all reasonable doubt. These promises were broken. Riel was hanged, notwithstanding the solidity of these grounds of clemency, and he was hanged the Quebec people believe, as a measure of political expediency and not of legal justice.

These are the surface theories on both sides, and the *Globe's* theory is no doubt correct. But the mainspring



INDUCTIVE REASONING.

Mr. Wm. Doodle.—Yes, MISS FROST, I ALWAYS WEAR GLOVES AT NIGHT; THEY MAKE ONE'S HANDS SO SOFT.
Miss Frost.—AH! AND DO YOU SLEEP WITH YOUR HAT ON?

of the present turmoil is below the surface. The wires that keep the *habitants* of Quebec in such energetic commotion are in the hands of the priests. Chapleau is mobbed and execrated not so much because of Riel, as because of his opposition to ultramontaine designs upon Laval university. The Jesuits care little for the dead rebel or the living halfbreeds, but they boil with rage at the man who has succeeded in thwarting their plans to overthrow the Gallican college. On the other hand, Langevin is an ultramontaine, and he is cordially hated and despised by the Gallican priests and partizans, not so much because he failed to save Riel, as because of his activity in the church squabbles on the side of the Jesuits. The Real Question then is a question of the Church, and the passion being displayed on the part of Bleu and Rouge is only incidentally political; it is really a "religious" strife between tweedledee and tweedledum to serve the ends of the most malignant, powerful and dangerous priesthood in the world.

THE BIG FAIR.

THE Great Industrial Exhibition opens on the 6th inst., and, according to the live and energetic secretary who ought to know, it is going to be the biggest and best ever held. Under the management of this gentleman the motto is "no go-down Hill."

THE CANADIAN NOBILITY'S VADE MECUM.

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2. A Lesson in Heraldry.

HOW TO BUILD AN ESCUTCHEON.



HAVING told you in my last how to construct your pedigree, I will let you in the secrets of a little heraldry; For though your line of ancestors be longer than Delarme's That fact will carry little weight without a coat-of arms; So I will show you how to make a portable escutcheon And leave it to your fancy to put little or put much on. You cannot quite appropriate the arms of the Dominion, Nor would it be legitimate, in Heraldry's opinion, To monopolize the Royal Arms, or those of great communities,

And the arms of attribution would not fill heraldic unities, So perhaps you will content yourself with a coat-of-arms paternal, Though this has often been abused by filling in maternal Arms to an absurd extent, and crowding out the proper. An example may be cited in the arms of Fitz-Grasse-Hopper, First take your shield, of any size and shape that you may please, Long-pointed, kite-shaped, convex, such as lie on effigies,

Or heart-shaped or third cylinder, escutcheon a la bouche,
 Or the lozenge, which would suit you as the Lord of Restigouche,
 And nowadays that lozenge you would never have to wield,
 So it doesn't matter anyhow as long as it's a shield.
 Then you draw your ordinaries bold and rather fine,
 Remembering the salient fact, they are in number nine;
 The chief, pale, cross, fess, chevron, saltire, quarter and the pile,
 But you need not have them all unless you like an early style;
 Now fix up your partition lines, bend undy or dancette,
 And then fire on your charges—all in outline, mind, as yet;
 You can put on all creation if you've room, and if you've not,
 You may take a small menagerie, or one from out the lot;
 Fitz-Marmaduke upon his shield has three green popinjays,
 And Scales has six large scallop shells in silver all ablaze;
 But for a noble Canuck who would like a taking shield,
 The following is nobby, painted in a large green field:
 A muskrat and a beaver, in a death embrace in gules,
 Between two hind-legs proper that might belong to mules:
 All this beneath a chevron, while above it on the right
 Could be quartered stars and stripes, above the Union Jack all right.
 On the left a Maxwell binder, with its everla-ting gear,
 As a sensible reminder that the world's crop grows right here,
 And a steel rail from C.P.R., to show it was a steal,
 Together with a tariff neither national nor real,
 And a peanut or la crosse stick, or a cake of chewing gum,
 Just to show in this Dominion the millenium has come,
 And I reckon that a coat-of-arms constructed on this plan
 Would suit the Duke of Georgetown, or the Earl of Mattawan,
 Or my Lord of Onandaga, or the Baron Trois Rivieres,
 Or the Marquis of Dalhousie, or the Longue Point Chevalier;
 At any rate I've told you how to make your family shine
 Upon a bold escutcheon, and the fault is yours, not mine,
 If you don't succeed in humbugging your callers by the score,
 By painting it all through your house, and on your carriage door,
 And pasting it inside your hat, and on your sweet cazoo,
 And carving it upon your chairs and on your teacups, too,
 And on your whiskey bottles, shoe horns, inkpots, forks and spoons,
 Shirt collars, toothpicks, dressing cases, umbrellas and spittoons.

A MOONLIGHT SONATA.



It was one night in last week. The weather was collar-washing in its sultriness and Alphonso De Brown, dressed in an immaculate white flannel suit, eye-glass and cigarette strolled to the residence of Araminta Van Goldstein. Araminta was sitting on the verandah wrapt in muslin and thought so closely, that she heard not the military step of the brave

Alphonso. He had learned to march in the Riel rebellion. Although he stood just in front of her, she saw him not, so intent were her musings. For several moments he gazed intently on the sweet, far-off, I'm-going-to-b.-an-angel face, upturned toward the stars. At last he emitted six rings of Old Judge smoke and slightly coughed. He had swallowed the seventh and last ring. With a sort of I'm-sure-I-saw-a-ghost start, Araminta leaped from two majestic feet, and alighted on Alphonso's first and only corn. But the tenderness of his love overcame that of his toe and he bore all for her sake. Araminta weighed 180 pounds 10 ounces. With a small steam-engine scream, she said: "Beloved! I knew you would come," and put up her face for the customary salute. Alphonso was a volunteer and knew how to salute properly. He, therefore, flung away his half smoked cigarette with a reckless air and, bending his noble lips to hers, saluted. With a sudden collapse, Araminta dropped senseless to the earth.

Struck by remorse, Alphonso stood for fully five minutes before he recovered himself, and the voice of conscience said in loud tones,

"What a fool I was to forget those coffee beans."

Then, remembering Araminta's collapse, he looked at his feet and beheld her in all the indefinite folds of utter collapsity. Tenderly extracting her from the mass of azaleas she had ruined in her fall, he held her once more limp and all but lifeless in his arms. Alphonso knew that in such cases a little stimulant would revive the patient, and once more, in a conquer-or-die manner, he sealed his lips to those of Araminta. And they were sealed with a red seal for the space of three minutes. Then Araminta opened her eyes, and he knew that her life was saved. Realizing the compromising position she was in, the lovely Araminta withdrew her lips, and opening them said



"Thanks."

SCOTTISH WUT.

Pupil Teacher (in Board School)—Explain to me what a lawyer is.

Small Boy—It's a man that tak's a' the money that's left tae ye!

1st Native (meeting his lost friend at the Cross)—Dougal', whaar wass you ta whole nicht thiss mornin'?

2nd Native (excitedly)—Hoch, you may weel say tat! I wass waalk alang ta Tronsgate ant a man wis a helmit held toldt me whaat wass my pusiness, ant he'll tookt ta coat o' my neck, ant I'll knockt him toon ant left him stannin' whaar he wass plawin' his swussle! Come awaay! [Exeunt.]

THE TRUTH, THE WHOLE TRUTH, AND NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH.

Policeman—You've got a black eye, Pat. How did you get it?

Pat—Home Rule, sor! (Exit Pat.)

—Glasgow Bailie.



THE VERY LATEST FASHION.

At last our young ladies have taken something serious upon their shoulders.



Old Dutchman.—What's the matter, sonney?

Boy.—Oh! I'm so hungry.

Old D.—Never mind, sonney, wait till next Sunday, and you shall go over to the Island and have a swing.

THE DRAMATIC SEASON.

THE dramatic season opened brilliantly on Adelaide street on Monday evening. Mr. Sheppard, of the Grand, finds himself no longer burdened with the sole responsibility of supplying the city with stage attractions, having, a few doors further west, a most competent, fellow-caterer in Mr. Shaw, of the new Toronto Opera House. No doubt the grand young man fully appreciates the relief this will afford to his over-worked brain and muscles. The new aspirant for public favors comes to our city with a well established reputation as the manager of successful theatres at Detroit, London and other western points, and his competency is attested in the choice of his opening attraction—the celebrated McCaull Opera Comique Co., an organization which stands admittedly at the head of its class in America, and which now pays its first visit to Toronto. The pieces presented—*Don Caesar* and *The Crowing Hen*—are also seen for the first time here. The Grand opens with the old favorites, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Florence, in a round of their delightful comedies.

MR. WM. J. OBENIER, has been selected to lead the orchestra in the new opera house, and Mr. Shaw may be congratulated on the choice. Mr. Obenier is a familiar figure before the footlights, and thoroughly competent for the exacting duties of the leadership.

MR. J. H. STUART, whose great success as a comic opera basso, is familiar to Toronto theatre goers, died at the St. Vincent Hospital, New York, a few weeks ago, and was buried by the actor's fund in Evergreen Cemetery. Mr. Stuart, who was a Toronto boy, made his *debut* at the old Royal Lyceum, and had well nigh reached the highest place in his profession, when death cut short his career.

MR. JOHN TEMPLETON and his splendid comic opera company return to this city on September 6th for another short season at the Gardens, when Mr. J. W. Bengough's two act comic opera will be presented. This piece was given for two evenings in Hamilton recently and made a

decided hit. Mr. Herbert's performance of *Henry Irving Bunthorne* setting the audience fairly wild. The singing of Mr. Taylor as *Frederick*, and Mr. Broderick as the *Pirate King* was superb, while Miss Baker, as the *Pirate Cook*, carried off a good share of the honors. The cast was as follows: *Pirate King*, Mr. Geo. H. Broderick, Captain of the *Big Tycoon*, afterwards disguised as a poet; *Lord Clarence Herbert*, a passenger on board, afterwards disguised as *Henry Irving Bunthorne*. Mr. Jcs. W. Herbert, *Frederick*, 1st Lieutenant of the *Big Tycoon*, Mr. Jay Taylor; 2nd Lieutenant, Mr. Wm. Moore; *First Officer*, Mr. Eugene Avery; *Ethel*, ward of the *Pirate King*, Miss Georgie Knowlton; *Ruth the Pirate Cook*, Miss Emma Mabella Baker; *The Pirate Queen*, Miss Herminie Pelacio; *Sir Fos. Porter, K.C.B.*, Mr. Daniel Packard; *Captain Rackstraw*, Mr. Jay Taylor; *Lieutenant Deadeye, R.N.*, Mr. Buckland; *Little Buttercup*, widow of Captain Corcoran and wife of Deadeye, Miss Baker; *Lady Porter*, Miss Selina Rough; *Sir Joseph's Baby*, (his first appearance) Anon.

All costumes and stage settings will be unusually brilliant, and those who have heard the artists of this company will require no assurance that the singing both of principals and chorus will be a rare treat.

THE PROHIBITION CONVENTION.

THERE is going to be a great convention of prohibitionists at Temperance hall, September 14th and 15th. General Neal Dow, the old war-horse of Maine, is to be present, and General Clinton B. Fisk, of New Jersey, is also expected. In addition to these great gems, there is a possibility that the exercises of the occasion will be enlivened by the following contributions:

An address, by Edward Blake: "The Disadvantages of Precipitancy in the Annunciation of one's Attitude upon the Temperance Question." Essay, by Professor Goldwin Smith: "Beer, a Temperance Beverage," illustrated by views of the slums of London, gathered during a recent visit.

Pathetic song, by John Cameron, Esq.: "O dear, don't smash the Party," with chorus by Messrs. Peter Ryan, T. Anglin, Oliver Mowat and R. Jaffray. Comic Ditty, by Sir John Macdonald: "A little too much is just enough." Sermon, by His Grace, Archbishop Lynch. Subject: "How I work the Local Government."

Symposium, by Eugene O'Keefe, Frank Smith and John Cosgrave. Subject: "How we work the Archbishop."

Address, by Hon. Oliver Mowat: "The experiences of a Prohibitionist who dare not call his soul his own."

Five minute talks:

"How to head off a Third Party." Participated in, by Hons. John Charlton, A. S. Hardy, Geo. Foster, S. L. Tilley, H. L. Langevin, E. Blake and Sir John A. Macdonald.

WHAT THEY ALL SAY.

GRIP of last week contained some excellent cartoons, every one of which was particularly good.—*The Oakville Star*.

OUR excellent comic contemporary GRIP, of Toronto, has reduced its price again to \$2 per annum, or 5 cts. a copy. The paper, however, suffers no deterioration, either in illustration or reading matter. It is most amusing, and it is capable of doing the state a service.—*The St. John's (Quebec) News*.



TRYING TO RE-CAPTURE THE QUEBEC BIRD.

PROFESSOR BLUFF ON THE ELEMENTS.

It having come to our knowledge that the distinguished scientist Prof. Borax Bluff, of Hamilton, had been engaged by the Sisterhood of Scientific Spinsters to deliver a course of lectures on "The Elements," we determined to be there and secure for our readers the benefit of the professor's vast experience. Accordingly we despatched our most severely scientific maiden aunt on the errand of love, and below will be found a synopsis of the first lecture delivered Tuesday evening last.

I. FIRE.

"Ladies, members of this beloved Sisterhood," began the professor, in a voice full of melody, as he beamed upon the beauties before him, "in commencing the present series I have purposely chosen Fire as my first subject because of its extreme appropriateness to the present season, and as being well calculated to fill us with warmth should the present weather suffer a relapse. I do not desire that any heated discussion shall follow my remarks, because such discussions often cause the best of friends to act very coolly towards each other afterwards. What is fire? It is heat and light emanating from any body. Let us be careful that in the heat of the moment we do not make light of the subject. First, as regards heat. We say of any person, who, when arguing upon a subject, fires up at some statement made by his opponent, that his passions are inflamed. Again, anyone who misconducts himself in company and is ejected therefrom, is said to have been fired out, so that the excitement within him (that is, the resenting fire) may be allowed to smoulder out in the street. These examples go to show that this element is an innate property in man which should be carefully handled lest at any time it break forth and consume him. Fire is also produced by friction. Hard words, thrown promiscuously around by excited persons, frequently rub against the wrong individuals, and develop into red hot language, and fiery actions; and nothing short of the introduction of a foreign element (water, with a dash in it) can be depended upon to allay the irritation. Here, it will not be inappropriate for me to refer to love as a fire (a discernible flutter here passed along the ranks of the Sisterhood). This, of course is but figurative language, but if love is not a fire (and from time immemorial a loved one has been known as a flame) it requires only the introduction of a match to set it burning. The presentation of a \$20,000 dowry will best express the figurative part of the love element. On this earth the volcano is the greatest distributor of live heat, and its most moving agent is lava. Lava contains a large proportion of grit, and is found in nearly every lava-tory. It will remove marks that whitewashing cannot hide. In conclusion allow me to express the hope that the warmth of your affection for science has not been chilled, or your



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ardor cooled by this discourse upon Fire. (Loud and prolonged applause.)

BARNEY'S DREAM OF HERCULES.

ARRAH Pat, are yez wakin'? I want to be shpakin'.
Meself's ather havin' the quarest ould dhrame,
About gods and goddesses, wid ambrosial tresses ;
An' bedad it's meself that was wan av that same.

Sure 'twas mosht ilivatin' a drinkin an aitin'
Wid all thim foine big bugs av Rome an' av Graace,
Wid Vinus an' Juno—an' the big blacksmith you know,
Misther Vulcan—to wit, wid the shmut on his face.

But the wan tuk me eye, was a broth av a b'ye,
The son av ould Jupiter, at laste, so they say,
His showlders were broad—he'd the eye av a god,
An' muscles av shteel had me bowld Herculye.

Och ! the fayts he'd accomplish ! he'd swape aff wid wan swish
The head av a giant, no matter how large.
Shure he'd showlder a mountain, or shwallow a fountain,
Or clare out an alley way, free widout charge !

Well, there was an ould shtable, that no one was able
To clane out—'twas worse than a haythen pig-shtye ;
Sich an accumulation av durt since creation !
'Twas piled up in mountains as high as the shkye !

So I tips him the wink, wid remarks on the shtink,
Here's a chance, sez I now, for a man like yourself,
Sure there's no wan else able to tackle that shtable,
They're all too confoundedly fond av the pelf.

Be me sowl, sez he, Barney, its lashins av blarney
Ye're just ather givin', I'll do as ye say ;
I'll tackle that job, or, I sware, s'help me Bob,
May the divil decamp wid your bowld Herculye.

So he shpits in his fisht, an' quite aisy an' whist
He wint for that shtable wid moight and wid main,
An' the mane durty crew, out of that quickly flew,
An' left him to finish the 'ob nate and clane.

Then a thunderin' schrame woke me out av me dhrame ;
'Twas the cats in the yard yellin' "Murther ! Whirr-roo !"
I lucked up astonished, the gods were all vanished,
An' here was meself in the bed long 'sed you !

But ivir since wakin', me heart it is quakin',
To think what the divil that dhrame now could mane ;
The durt in the shtable, the owld haythen fable,
About Herculaye making ivirything clane,

Be jabbers, I have it ! Meself, too, can pruve it.
It manes them big coal frauds piled ivir so high ;
The stalin', and chatin, and prayvaricatin',
I'd ye mind, now ! so 'anestly done on the sly.

But musha, how nately, how clane and complatly,
An' onwilcome hand shtapped their innoshent play,
Me dhrame is no fable—Toronty's the shtable,
An' bowld Billy Howland's me brave Herculaye.

BARNEY O'HEA.

PERSONAGES OF THE PAST.

II. THE HERMIT.



It is not within the scope of these highly inspiring articles to particularize upon the subject under attention; at best we can but generalize. With this fact in view, we venture to breathe the hope that the discriminatè reader will not overstep the bounds of criticism and set down all that follows as general lies. The hermit was unquestionably the good moral man of his day. In

his earlier years he had meandered through life as a dude and first grade masher, but some flirt of a girl, with less brains than he, gave him the go-by, and he forthwith determined to flee from the wiles and whims of woman and lead a hermit's life. With this purpose in view he repented of his sins, left his tailor's bills unpaid, and hied him to a cave on a squatter lot to which was attached the indispensable purling brook. He gave up wearing light spring suits, leonine collars, gaiters and patent leather shoes, and bedecked himself in an A 1 sugar bag with extension sleeves, sat down beside the purling brook, cast carking care from him and felt contented and happy. Wherein lay the contentment and happiness ?

Well may the men of this day envy the hermit. What are the advantages of civilization compared with the comfort and ease of the hermit's life ?

But we have looked at but one phase of his life. Consider him as a property owner. Think how easily he acquired his possessions. No Sir John to interview, no dirty political work to do before the favor was bestowed, he just walked in, chalked his name over the door of the cave, and took possession whenever he felt like doing so. The lawyer of that day reaped no harvest. There were

no deeds, at so much a word, to draw up ; no mortgage to settle ; no property tax ; no water rates. How blessed was he ! But chiefest of all the hermit was not called upon to pay an income assessment. Ah ! He was not asked to state the amount of his personal income and thus reveal his dire poverty. There are people now-a-days, who have the greatest distaste for "appearance" in any form, and carry it so far that they even dislike to make the public acquainted with a tithe of their riches. For this reason they state their personal income at \$4,000 when \$40,000 is nearer the figures. It would make them so uncomfortable, something so "loud" about it, to write down for the public gaze \$40,000 ; they blush at the very thought. Not so the hermit. He could place his income at the top notch and calmly wait for the taxpayer to come along.

Mr. Hermit your memory is dear to us.

TITUS A. DRUM.

"MAMMA, did you say the angles soar?" asked little Jennie Caution. "Yes, dear." "Well, what makes 'em sore? Is it because they fly so much?"—*Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.*



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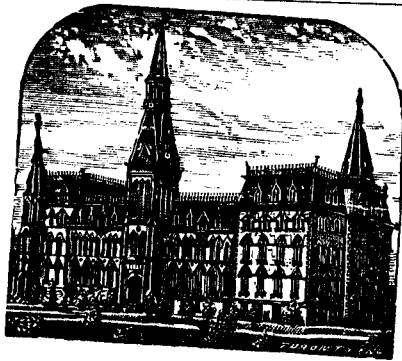
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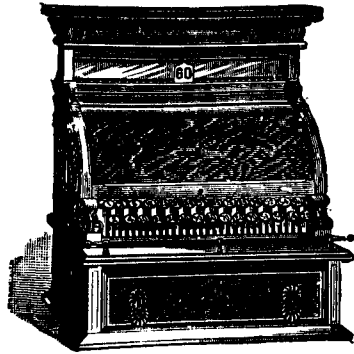
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On and after Monday, June 7th, the steamer CHICORA will leave Yonge Street Wharf at 7 a.m. and 2 p.m. for Niagara and Lewiston, connecting with express trains for the Falls, Buffalo, New York and all points east and west.

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We manufacture a great variety of styles and sizes of Counter Check Books, including the "Paragon," "Standard" and "Acme." We claim for the "Paragon" that it is the "Best Counter Check Book in the world."

Our Counter Check Books, being patented, have advantages which cannot be obtained in any other book, and prices are the lowest compatible with first-class work.

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Best and Cheapest Chair ever offered for comfort and rest, suited to the house, lawn, porch, camp, etc. Price \$3. C. J. DANIELS & Co., Manufacturers, 151 River Street, Toronto. Agents wanted.

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I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer. Give express and P. O. address.

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CATARRH!



CURED BY DR. M'CULLY.

This cut represents J. Albert Hall, of Drumquin, Ont. He was a victim of catarrh and we cured him after orthodoxy failed. Orthodoxy in the medical profession is a synonym for an evasive, non-committal, medical humbug, that never gives a straight or honest answer to a questioning patient. The question is ignored, or the doctor looks a defiant "none of your business" look at the presumptuous questioner. A patient, recently out of the hospital, informs us that a new departure is now permitted by the board of governors, and that unlicensed Bugs and Things, i.e., Quacks,—they have not passed the Provincial Board—are now freely permitted to operate without even a shadow of a pretence to the prefix, "Hum—."

This is a calamity! In the name of Hippocrates, what is the profession coming to? Remember we cure Catarrh.

SYMPTOMS OF CATARRH.

Stuffing of the nose, running of the nose, pain over the eyes, watery eyes, weak and red eyes, scabs and scales, and large casts in the nose, running of matter from the nose, bleeding of the nose, death by piecemeal of the membrane and bones of the nose, and falling in of the walls and bridge, eating through into the roof of the mouth, and destruction of the palate bones and soft palate, sensible smell from the decaying of the bones, in some cases dropping into the throat; partial or total destruction of the hearing, hawking up frothy mucus in the morning, a dry throat in the morning in some cases; putting up little lumps of sticky matter, dyspepsia, bloating, loss of appetite, palpitation of the heart, shortness of breath, a dry morning cough, hoarseness, a desire to swallow, tickling in the throat, pains in the chest, racking cough, spit mixed with streaks of blood; heavy yellow and gum matter, infiltration into top of both lungs; Consumption! Death! Any set of these symptoms is indicative of Catarrh.

CONSULTATION FREE.

N.B.—The present management of the Toronto General Hospital is rotten, and in it there is an utter disregard for human life and limb. Who in authority will challenge me to the proof? Address,

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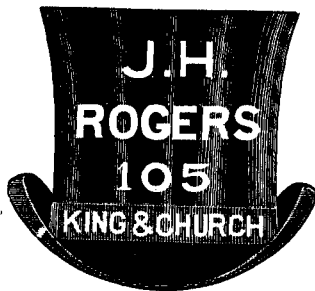
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