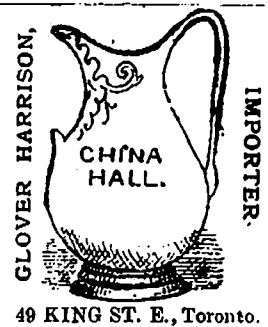
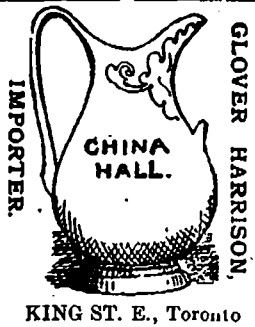


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TORONTO, SATURDAY SEPT. 29, 1883

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TUPPER TO THE RESGUE!

AT THE EXHIBITION.

Toronto Globe (Sept. 11.)—
"TYPE-WRITING."

This comparatively new, but delightfully legible and rapid mode of writing is well represented in the Exhibition by Mr. T. Bough, of Toronto, having sent up three machines, which were already being operated yesterday afternoon. These machines are rapidly growing in favor, and the present is an excellent opportunity for the public to thoroughly acquaint themselves with the invention and convince themselves of its advantages over the old, laborious, often illegible system of Calligraphy.

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1ST GENT—What find I here
Fair Portia's counterfeit? What Demi-God
Hath come so near creation?

2ND GENT—It must have been BRUCE, as he alone can
so beautifully counterfeit nature.
STUDIO—116 King Street West.

RAIL COAL-LOWEST RATES-A. & S NAIRN-TORONTO.



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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.

Please Observe.

Any subscriber wishing his address changed on our
mail list, must, in writing, send us his old as well as new
address. Subscribers wishing to discontinue must also be
particular to send a memo. of present address.

Cartoon Comments

LEADING CARTOON.—The correctness of Prof GRIP's diagnosis of Mr. Blake's "bumps" will be admitted by none so readily as by the members of the party which that distinguished gentleman is supposed to lead—the great Do-Nothing Party of Canada. Mr. Blake's admitted ability only aggravates his case, for there are few things more lamentable in this world than the spectacle of great powers frittered away. Not that we would suggest that Mr. Blake is living in illness; on the contrary, he is, perhaps, the busiest lawyer in the country, but so far as his public duties as a party leader are concerned he might as well be a "respectable mediocre" as the man he is. At the present moment (as some leading Grit papers are beginning to whisper) he ought to be educating the country on the issues upon which the next election will turn, and giving definite shape to the policy of his party. It is unstatesmanlike to leave such work to the last moment, and the party that does so deserves defeat. Meantime, Mr. Blake is in seclusion, and the policyless party is at sixes and sevens.

FIRST PAGE.—Recent English papers contain particulars of the late difficulty about Canadian cattle at Liverpool, and it is clear from all accounts that the cattle immediately concerned were saved from slaughter by the active interference of Sir Chas. Tupper, who, in a most energetic manner, took steps to prove that Prof. Duguid was wrong in his opinion that the Canadian beeves were suffering from Texan fever. It is clear that in performing this duty so efficiently, Sir C. Tupper has done a marked service to those interested in the Canadian cattle trade, and GRIP gives him credit accordingly.

EIGHTH PAGE.—This cartoon requires no comment, beyond what was made by the judges who tried the Muskoka petition. The picture is literal in most respects, but it may be well to say that there are two fanciful portraits in it. (1) Sir John doesn't actually accompany Shields

to Algoma—he only loads that missionary up at Ottawa; (2) Meredith does not appear in the riding in person, though morally he is dragged in the mire at Shields' tailboard—with his own free consent. A more contemptible position for a respectable man than that now held by Mr. W. R. Meredith, it would be hard indeed to imagine.

A GRIT HOWL.

And now it is the Grit scribes (and Pharisees) that howl. Several organs of that alleged party are pitching into GRIP in furious fashion. The poor little Raven's feathers are all turned on end, and he feels smaller than a humming-bird. No sooner have the tory hacks done cursing him for daring to think and speak without permission from Ottawa, than the ink-slingers open fire, with charges of "disloyalty," "scurrility," etc., etc. Fire away, gentlemen. GRIP is satisfied with himself, and that is the only party he is anxious to please. Meantime, however, it would be well for the Grit editors who undertake to denounce GRIP to have enough regard for the intelligence of their readers to refrain from alleging what everybody knows to be false. This remark applies particularly to such writers as have the effrontery to declare that GRIP's Cartoons are characterized by indecency, a lie which everybody laughs at.

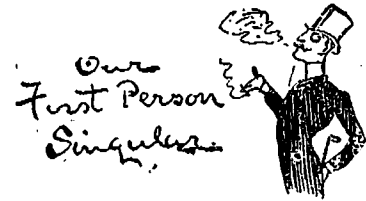
PREACHING AND

With the humanizing influence of the Sabbath upon him, the *Globe* editor opened on Monday morning with an article "on the increasing abusiveness of the Conservative Press"—in which the personalities indulged in by the abandoned Tory scribes were properly lamented. This admirable homily was followed by a scorching entitled "Jim Stephen's Watch," in which "Jim Stephens" was handled without gloves. On enquiry we learn that the party alluded to is a Conservative politician named James.

THE SPECTATOR TAKES IT ALL BACK.

From the *Hamilton Spectator*, 25th Sept.

Several paragraphs appeared in the *SPECTATOR* a few days ago which intimated that Mr. J. W. Bengough had claimed the authorship of literary matter which he never wrote. The grounds for such a belief were that Mr. Fred. Swire, when in Hamilton, conceived the idea of writing a travesty or parody of Hamlet or some other play, and setting the words to music taken bodily from Sullivan's operettas. Soon after Mr. Swire entered Mr. Bengough's employ the latter produced *Bunthorne Abroad*, the plan being similar to that of Mr. Swire. In the letter from Mr. Swire, published by us, that gentleman says emphatically that he had no part in the writing of *Bunthorne Abroad*, and that he did not even know the play was in existence till he saw the bills announcing its production. We had already explained that the manuscript read in this office by Mr. Swire was different from any in Mr. Bengough's play, and we supposed that to satisfactorily settle the whole matter; but in order that the explanation may have equal prominence with the original statement, that the public may understand how the error arose, and that justice may be done to Mr. Bengough, we have pleasure in saying that the letter referred to, together with other evidence, makes the fact quite clear that Mr. Swire is not the author of any part of *Bunthorne Abroad*, and without doubt Mr. Bengough is the sole author of the libretto. The music, of course, is Sir Arthur Sullivan's. We regret that the *SPECTATOR* was led into error in the matter, as we do not desire to do injustice to any man.



I see that some one wants to have a balloon ascension at the Western fair which comes off at London next month. It wouldn't be safe unless the aeronaut could rely upon obtaining sufficient gas to ensure a safe passage across the Tems.

I see that King Coffee Kalcalli was defeated a few days ago, in a battle in Ashantee, and fled. I don't see what else could have been expected, as it is the nature of coffee to run. This Coffee, evidently, had good grounds for his conduct.

"Honri Rochefort tersely remarks of the Royalist quarrel at the Comte de Chambord's funeral—otherwise 'l'incident de Goritz': 'Yesterday it was fusion. To-day it is confusion.'—*Ec.* Evidently a rap at the Grits, but what a queer way those French fellows have of spelling words, to be sure.

I see that a man was very ill lately in Kingston, but his wife refused to let a doctor attend him, on the ground that she had had a vision in which she saw a vacant chair in heaven for her husband. This appears to have frightened the man so much that he fled from the house and got well. He either thought that the chair seen by his wife was in some other hereafter, or else he knew that she had been mistaken, and that it could not possibly be intended for him. Now which was it? I am anxious to know.

A good deal of correspondence has lately taken place in various papers about agnosticism and atheism. It seems to me that both mean the same thing, and apropos to this matter, just let me relate a brief conversation I overheard between two laborers. "Mick, what's thim obnostics I hear 'em talkin' about: what kind av a haythensh baste is an obnostic, anyhow?" "An agnostic, ye mane," was the reply. "Well, Maurice, an agnostic is one o' thim chaps as tries to make himself believe as he don't believe anything, and thim has doubts about it." How far was Mick wrong?

Charles Courtney, do not fear to row
'Gainst Father Time,—no longer blithe
The old man is—but well you know
He bears a scythe, he bears a scythe.

And should you funk, why you can say,
As you are pretty sure to do:
He came and cut,—you being away—
Your pretty little shell in two.

Courtney vows he is not afraid to row against Time, who is nothing but a boasting braggart, anyhow. Charles has been reading up, he says, and declares that he "knows a bank whereon the wild Thyme blows," which he never does himself!

I was walking down street the other day, and in front of me was a friend of mine with two young ladies. My friend is not a dude by any means, and wears a very shabby coat.

"It is old, it is threadbare and white at the seams,
'Tis a thing that is seen in the ghaastliest dreams," &c.
Shortly afterwards the trio parted, and became a masculine solo and a feminine duet. I

overheard one of the latter say to the other, "I'm glad he's gone; d'ye know I felt so ashamed of being seen with him with that awful coat on." Soon after I met my friend, and made some remark about having seen him with two young ladies. "Ah! yes," he said, "but, by Jove! I felt almost ashamed of them: those terrible hoops, you know; horrible things." Thus was the feeling mutual. The old coat has gone: hoops must go. Hoop-la!

I was told an amusing anecdote the other day about an amateur *Pinafore* company. The young man who was playing the part of sir Joseph Porter was a facetious youth, and in one of his songs substituted, for the original words, this line,

"I'm very fond of wearing those tight eelskin pants,"

and the chorus of young ladies had got as far as

"And so are his—"

before they noticed what the young man had sung. Then there was a sudden silence, and the line was never finished. It was naughty, wasn't it? But I think anything that would make a *Pinafore* company, especially an amateur one, feel uncomfortable, justifiable.

Whatever good points Gen. Luard may possess as a military man, he certainly does not appear to know what his conduct as a gentleman should be. "An officer and a gentleman" seems to be a misnomer in his case, if the reports of his behavior at the Cobourg Militia Camp be correct. Having found fault with a man for being sunburnt, or rather for looking dirty on account of his tanned skin, the gallant general "turned to the officer in command, one of the most respected in the regiment, and politely informed him that he (the officer) did not look any too clean himself, and could not expect his men to be tidy with such an exemplar." That's very nice, before a whole regiment. The general afterwards, at a luncheon at which he was a guest, gave the lie direct to Col. Williams of the 46th, thus showing himself an exemplar of good manners and gentlemanly conduct.

I have been favored with a "private view" of the advance sheets of the forthcoming work on "Fraudulent Conveyancing" (*sic*) by Mr. Malcolm Graeme Cameron, of Goderich, who, although he has been nearly seven years a barrister, recently had the honor *not* to be made a Q.C. From my cursory perusal I should think the work likely to be interesting to laymen as well as to lawyers, as the following *excerpta* will show:

PART I.—The Fraudulent Conveyance.

Chap. 1.—Rotten Steamers on Inland Waters, with sketches and sections of the "Asia," "Waubuno," and of several Toronto Island Ferry boats.

Chap. 2.—Toronto Cabs in Exhibition-time.

Chap. 3.—Street Railways without transfer tickets.

Chap. 4.—(Fickson's Express, or Fast Trains for Second-class Passengers, etc.

PART II.—The Fraudulent Conveyancer.

Chap. 1.—The Country J.P. and the Junior Benchers; a tale of misplaced confidence.

PART III.—The thing Fraudulently Conveyed.

Chap. 1.—Apples in the Long Study, by J. Gentle, B.A.

Chap. 2.—Watermelons in her Bedroom, by Mrs. Wickson.

Chap. 3.—My Private Flask, by a S.O.T.

Mr. H. K. Cockin, whose contributions to *Grip* over the signature "Porcupine" have been duly appreciated by our readers, has accepted an appointment as vice-consul of San Blas, Mexico, and will shortly leave Toronto, to assume his duties. Mr. Cockin is a genial gentleman who cannot fail to be popular in his new sphere if they appreciate good looks and good nature away down there. I wish him all possible success.



IT IS STRANGE.

THE OLD MAN DISCOURSES TO HIS GRANDCHILD.

Oh! I'm in the scere and yellow leaf; yes, mellowing is my foliage;

'Tis very long ago, my dear, since I was but a child; and dimly in my memory looms the raspberry roly-poly age,

When I was by the hope of sweets and lollipops beguiled.

I'm sixty-five to-morrow, pet; my hair is whitening rapidly;

I don't enjoy young people's chat nor juvenile society; it seems to me that young folks now-a-days talk very rapidly,

And lack respect towards seniors, or what classic folk called piety.

Old age may cause this feeling and the young may be as'er they were.

Yes, I may be mistaken, but what really is peculiar is that girls who long ago were just my age, yes, pet, I swear they were.

Are now a more than forty. Why, just look at Jimson's Julia.



When I was twenty-three years old, that lass was twenty-three as well;

I know it, for we spoke of it with great familiarity—Now I am sixty-five and she three score and five should be as well;

She's only thirty-nine, my pet, a very great disparity.

How is it? I can never tell; it seems that emininity When once it reaches forty—if it ever gets as old as that—

Grows backwards and gets younger. Wild, Doctor of Divinity,

I'm sure ne'er made a statement which would seem to be as bold as that.

It's so, though. I'm an old man now; I've seen young ladies growing up,

And as they neared one score and ten their years showed signs of sluggishness,

And, as time passed, I saw their age was gradually slowing up.

They only grew one year in four, tho' losing all their huggishness.

I won't attempt to solve this thing, my dear, it is not soluble;

The fact remains, observed by other folks as well as I, my pet.

But run away and play, my dear; your grand-dad's been too voluble

And wants to rest his puzzled brain and take a nap.

Good-bye, my pet. SWIZ.

AN UNKNOWN POET SPREADS HIMSELF.

DEAR MR. GRIP.

Hearing that a calcium light is to be used on the city hall tower, I have ventured to drop into poetry, like Tom Hood (the chief charm of which is the triple and sometimes quadruple rhymes at the end of each line) in celebration of the event. I know that a contributor to your paper is supposed to send his name and address with his M.S., but, fearing that mine might leak out and being but ill-prepared to die just now, I have refrained from doing so in this case. Some people don't appreciate the kind of genius that prompts such effusions, as the following, and are apt to think that one who can warble as sweetly as I have done in this my Ode, should be compelled to go and do so in a land that is fairer than this. I am unwilling to go just yet; hence my reticence respecting my identity. Now, brace up your nerves for I am going to sing.

MY ODE.

Hurrah, at night, for the bright white light
Of the calcium lamp; its power our tower
Throws well thro' the darkness, and we see the
Great charm of making the night quite bright
As this glorious lamp does, oh! so slow
Are folks to adopt aught new; too true!
They cleave to the old gas lamp, stamp clear
And muddy thro' streets where they're ne'er clear
Where to step, where not, in a coal hole roll;
Bruise legs and knees, swear, wear their pair
Of trousers through and fall, call, bawl,
And rise all sore, rear, tear their hair
And vow that the city they'll sue—do too.
As I did when I fell with a yell, pell-mell
With a nauseating sickening thud; blood, mud
Spread thick on my face, on my nose, hose, clothes
And I heard full many a loud shout out
"My eye, what a guy!" that's why I cry
'Gainst walking in darkness and tomb-room gloom.
But the calcium light shines far; stars, Mars
Grow pale and dim by its rare fair glare,
And those who see it vow that they say day
Can't beat it's too quite' bright white light.
The cats don't know what to think, blink, blink;
And the owls, perplexed by its hue, tu-whoo.
And the cocks all crow as they say "hey-day!
The Sun is up, cock-a-doo-doo-doo."

SWIZ.

[Gifted being, in the hope that an outraged public will rise up in its wrath and seek you out and hasten your departure from this mundane sphere, we have published your poem. Why, oh! why didn't you try to swim the whirlpool before you inflicted us with this sore evil? Your ode, following so closely on the heels of the *Globe* watch outrage, can never be forgiven. The writer of such an *MIS* is sure to be the victim of a *Nemesis*, which pun is only equaled in villainy by your ghastly production. ED. GRIP.]



The attraction at the Grand for the remainder of this week is Mr. Lytton Sothern, a brilliant young comedian who is playing in the pieces made famous by his father the late E. A. Sothern. Young Sothern is declared to be "not a chip of the old block but the old block itself." The world has not yet lost "Dundreary," since the name of Sothern is still allied with a genius equal to the task of presenting that character in all its richness of wit and humor.

A nipping air—the one the mosquito sings before he bites.—*Philadelphia Herald*.

KNOCKED OUT.

SULLIVANS.

John Sullivan, the champion,
Can deal some mighty knocks, sir;
But there is one whom I will back
To be a better boxer.

A champion boxer is my man,
No pugilistic f.k.ir;
Lives there a greater boxer than
The sad-faced undertaker?

There is another greater than
The strong John Lawrence Sullivan
More popular, that is to say,
As you'll allow, sir, any day.
It is a drink—not rye and rock, sir.
But good Beck beer—the champion Beck, sir.
Manufacturers of this beverage please remit.

WHO GOVERNS THE DOMINION?

POLITICAL CONVERSATION.



THE MANUFACTURER.—We govern this country. Nothing to do but to go to Sir Leonard, give him his instructions, and get a tariff made to suit us. Go home again, form a ring, hold meetings, raise prices, reduce wages, haul in cash by the wheelbarrow load, buy estates, acquire political influence, return members through employee's votes,—what do you call all that? The manufacturer governs the country, if anybody does!

THE CONTRACTOR.—We govern the country, we form your Syndicates, make ourselves into great corporations, get your whole northwest, or, what's as good, the chief influence in it, for building your Pacific road. Wasn't that a superlative bargain! What do you think of a farmer selling you the fic'd before his door on condition you would cut him a path up to his house? Then look at the Boundary Award country. Why, we have the whip hand

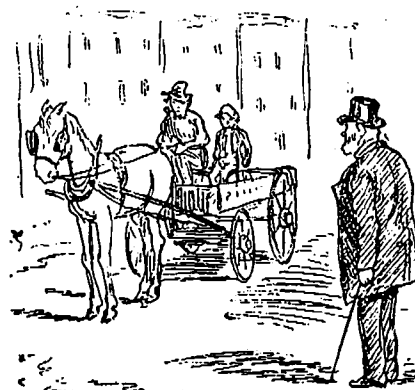
every time. Sir John and the Bleus are tugging might and main to keep it out of the hands of Ontario (its proper owner by the way). Mr. Mowat and his special constables are hauling all they know to hold on; pull devil, pull baker. In the meantime who's getting the oyster, my boy?—the contractor! We're getting the timber; we're getting hold of the mines, and if the blessed old award isn't soon settled, they may take the territory who likes, for between fire, chopping, and grabbing of mineral deeds, and vested rights in everything round,

we'll have all the good there is in the disputed territory either in pocket or in claim. How can Government help itself? We sway votes, I tell you, my boy. The contractor rules the country. Hooray!



THE QUEBEC BLEU.
—Now, Messieurs. It is not ze case. I—moi—mes compatriots—zey rule ze country. Sare John—sare Tup-paire—Sare anyvon—zey do ze bidding—ze ordaire—ze directionne—of ze grand parti Bleu. Sare John he rule de land—ze Bleu he rule Sare John. Ze parti Bleu he give Sare Tilley leave to favor ze manufactur-aire wiz ze bonus, ze tariffe, ze subsidy: he give Sare John ze per-

mission to make ze grande oration in ze mai-son—zat is, in ze House; he give Sare Tup-paire leave sell ze Nord—ze Ouest—ze Manitoba—to ze Syndicate conditionnement zey build one track across ze same. And he ordaire Messieurs Sare John, Tup-paire—all ze remainder—ze balance—zat is left of ze parti Conservative—zat zey attack ze Rat Portage—zat zey prevent ze Haut Canada—ze Ontario—from getting ze land. Ze parti Bleu he ordaire—Sare John—all ze rest—zey must obey. Ze parti Bleu he rule ze land, and shall do it continual-ment. Ze race superieur know no equal, nor it shall not naveire.



HE WAS A PHILOSOPHER.

Going up Church-street a few days ago, old Mr. Hunkspaddle observed a man and a boy calmly seated in a light wagon, which was standing in the middle of the street. As the incident was not of a very extraordinary character, the good old gentleman was not much struck by it, but on returning three hours later the man, boy, horse and wagon were in precisely the same position as when he last saw them. This seemed strange to old Hunkspaddle, and he enquired of a policeman what the meaning of the matter might be. "Balky horse," replied the minion of the law, laconically, as he sauntered on. "H'm!" muttered our old friend, "that man takes it very philosophically," and going up to the party in the wagon he remarked, "Balky horse, eh?" "Yes," replied the occupant of the vehicle. "Won't budgo, eh?" continued Mr. Hunkspaddle. "Nary budgo," replied the other, "bin here three hours and it's after six now; but it's all the same. 'Hah! you're a philosopher," remarked our old gentleman. "Yes, a bit of a philosipedo," was the answer, and old H. strolled away, and as he passed down

Church-street at 9.30 a. m. next day he noticed the same horse, wagon, man and boy just leaving the spot where he had seen them the previous day. "Been there all night?" he asked the man. "Yes, bin thar all night," was the answer. "Time can't be of much value to you," suggested Hunkspaddle. "No, not much; not to me," replied the philosopher in the wagon.



II.

"Ah!" exclaimed old Hunkspaddle, as he came home at noon, "I see that fellow's been and fixed the door bell." "Yes," replied worthy Mrs. Hunkspaddle, "and he left his bill. Here it is." "Whew! what's this," exclaimed the old gentleman, raising his eyebrows as he scanned the account; what does he mean?

To 8 hours fixing bell; two	} \$ 3 20
men at 40 cts. per hr.	
" 13 hrs. overtime at 80c....	10 40
" Material.....	2 00

\$15 60

What the doose does the man mean?" and then it flashed over his mind that the man with the balky horse was his plumber, and the overtime was easily accounted for. And he marvelled no more at the man's philosophy.

MILITARY NEWS.

SEE REPORT OF GEN. L.—'S CONDUCT AT COBourg.

COLONEL.—A beautiful day, general, is it not?

GENERAL.—You're a liar. It looks like rain.

COLONEL.—We can't expect the troops to show off to advantage in this weather, then.

GENERAL.—That's a lie: they should do better if it rains.

COLONEL.—Well, I hope it won't rain.

GENERAL.—What a lie! You know you wish it to rain cats and dogs. If it did it would wash some of your men clean. You don't look too clean yourself, &c. &c. &c.

IGNORANCE.

SCENE: PARLOR. TIME: EVENING.

(Dramatis Personæ—Paterfamilias and his "Only Hope," aged 12. The latter is busy at his lessons.)

Only Hope (suddenly looking up from his books)—"Pa, who was Shylock?"

Paterfamilias (with a look of surprise and horror)—"Great goodness, boy, you attend church and Sunday school every week, and don't know who Shylock was? Go and read your Bible, sir!"—*Glasgow Chief.*

Handkerchief flirtations at the beach are sea-wives that are not sad.—*Boston Star.*



READ LIKE A BOOK!



"So the world wags,"

Shakespeare, who created me, asked "what's in a name?" I think there is a great deal, and Mither O'Callaghan McGee, the hero of the following poem, was evidently of my opinion. Space will not allow this question to be more fully treated of, but if the divine William imagined there was nothing in a name, he was, to speak slangily, away off.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

In letters large upon the frame,
That visitors might see,
The painter placed his humble name:
O'Callaghan McGee.

And from Beesheia unto Dan
The critics with a nod,
Exclaimed, "This painting Irishman
Adores his native sod.

"His stout heart's patriotic flame
There's naught on earth can quell;
He takes no wild romantic name
To make his pictures sell!"

Then poets praised in sonnets neat
His stroke so bold and free;
No parlor wall was thought complete
That hadn't a McGee.

All patriots before McGee
Threw lavishly their gold;
His works in the Academy
Were very quickly sold.

His "Digging Clams at Barneget,"
His "When the Morning Smiled,"
His "Seven Miles from Ararat,"
His "Portrait of a Child"

Were purchased in a single day
And lauded as divine—

That night as in his atelier
The artist sipped his wine,

And looked upon his gilded frames,
And grinned from ear to ear:—
"They little think my *real* name's
V. Stuyvesant De Vere!"

—R. K. Munkittrick, in *Century*.

The following anecdote might be considered profane were it not an actual fact, and is illustrative of the way in which many children give answers to questions without really understanding them.

WHO HE WAS.

A primary school-teacher, in one of our New England cities, met with a strange experience. Having taken pride in imparting to her pupils much information not contained in their spellers and readers, she thought she would show this to the visitors on examination day, and framed a set of questions, such as "Who made you?" "What are you made of?" etc., and so drilled the scholars in the answers that each child knew the question coming to him and its answer.

The room was full of visitors who had heard of the teacher's new method. She called up the class and gave the first question, "Johnnie who made you?"

No answer. Johnnie was dumb as a fish.

"Who made you?" the teacher repeated, in

a tone intended to reassure the frightened child. But he only stared.

"Why, don't you know who made you, Johnnie?" asked the puzzled teacher for the third time.

"Please, ma'am," exclaimed Johnnie, "I am the little boy what is made of flesh and blood; and—and—the little boy God made has got the mumps."—*Ec.*

* *

Some store clerks are exceedingly smart, but for genuine, go-a-head business ability commend me to the youth spoken of in this extract. It is needless to remark that goods of any description would go off like hot cakes were they offered at the very reasonable rates that the pails spoken of were.

A GREAT DEAL OFF

An Ohio man who visited Gotham and got many new ideas, returned home and re-marked most of his goods, so that he could say the price of this and that was so much, with so much off. Everything seemed to work pretty well for a week or so, when one of the clerks said he needed a little more posting.

"For instance," he exclaimed, "we are giving twenty off on all wooden ware."

"Yes."

"And pails are twenty cents apiece?"

"Yes."

"Then every time a man wants a pail he gets it for nothing, and if he takes two I give him twenty cents."

"James, are you a born fool?" demanded the merchant.

"No, sir!" was the prompt reply. "I've got rid of the eight dozen pails we had stored upstairs in less than a week, and have promised five dozen more." If you have a clerk that pleases customers more than I do trot him out.—*Wall Street News.*

The publishers of *Rutledge's Monthly* offer twelve valuable rewards in their *Monthly* for October, among which is the following:

We will give \$20.00 in gold to the person telling us how many letters there are in the shortest chapter in the New Testament Scriptures by Oct. 10th, 1883. Should two or more correct answers be received, the reward will be divided. The money will be forwarded to the winner Oct. 15, 1883. Persons trying for the reward must send 20 cents in silver, or postal note (no postage stamps taken) with their answer, for which they will receive the Nov. *Monthly*, in which the name and address of the winner of the reward and the correct answer will be published, and in which several more valuable rewards will be offered. Address, RUTLEDGE PUBLISHING COMPANY, Easton, Penna.

HON THE USE OF THE HASPIRATE.

(BY THE BLOOMING HENGLISHMAN).

Hi cant understand why these blooming Canadian swells sneer so at those they call "Cockneys," simply because they don't use the letter "H" in the same way that Canadians do.

My pal 'Arry who has been to College tells me that the hancient Greek chaps, 'Omer and 'Orace I think it was, anyway some of their best writers, and thousands besides in them antediluvian times made a practice of not using "H" or the Haspirate only when they pleased, and he says they called it a peculiarity of idiom.—The Haspirate was written but all the nation perhaps never sounded it—Now wot I want to know is, hif it was the custom ever since Hinglish was invented not to sound H when it was t convenient to do so, and to put it hin when you liked, ain't it just as good a hold custom as those Greekish hidioms? Ow do we know if even old Shakspeare imself pro-

nounced his haspirate, tho' he wrote it all right? If they think so much of their hancient Greek writers, what they call classics I think, and don't call it snobbish for the old Greek buffers to leave a Haspirate or two out, why hin the name of goodness, should hour beautiful Henglish hidiom be considered so dreadfully shocking? Hey?

[We believe that the ancient Greeks did sound the aspirate whenever it was proper to do so. We are aware that they had no letter H, but they had an equivalent called the aspirate. However, don't be exasperated about the matter, as nearly all the Greeks who died long ago, are not living—pshaw! we mean that none of those are living now who died—bah! we mean that—that—oh! speak as you please, anyhow. It doesn't matter.—ED. GRIP.]

WHAT IT'S COMING TO.

Of course every one should read the papers, but doing so, just at present, is very likely to lead to some such thing as the following:

SCENE I. BREAKFAST.

PAPA.—I wonder what makes me so nervous this morning, I'm shaking like a leaf.

MAMMA.—It must be the tea, dear. It destroys the nerves, the *Health Journal* says so.

PAPA.—Then let us have coffee.

MARY.—Oh! pa, didn't you read that piece in the *Bugaboo* pointing out that pure coffee is a deadly narcotic.

PAPA.—But we can't get it pure: I read that in-in-oh! several papers.

MARY.—No, papa; but the stuff they use for adulterating it is a more deadly poison than the coffee itself.

PAPA.—Well, cocoa, then.

MAMMA.—Why, papa, it is a terribly fattening thing, and you know the doctor said you had a tendency to apoplexy.

PAPA.—Oh! bother the doctor; give me water then.

MARY (*reading from morning paper*)—"The water at present supplied to the city abounds in animalculæ: several lizards have also been found in the pipes connect—"

PAPA.—Well then I'll drink beer.

MAMMA.—Why, my dear, you must be crazy. Beer! here is what the *Household Purifier* says: "Beer, nowadays, is a vile concoction of chemicals, coloring matter and—"

PAPA.—That'll do. No more papers shall come into this house. Mark my words.

SCENE II. DINNER.

CHARLES.—Please pass me the mustard, Mary.

MARY.—Mustard, Charlie! a compound of turmeric, red pepper and filth of every description! the *Medical Indicator* says so: please don't take any.

CHARLES.—But I can't eat ham without mustard.

PAPA.—What! are you eating ham? Why it abounds in trichina, and—stop, Mary: do I see canned corn beef on your plate.

MARY.—Yes, pa.

PAPA.—My pet, a whole family and 100 prisoners were poisoned from eating canned corn beef a day or two ago. Throw it away, child.

MARY.—But I'm hungry.

PAPA.—Well, eat bread and butter.

MAMMA.—Worse and worse. Hear what the *Scarificator* says about bread: Alum, chalk,—

MARY.—Please stop, ma, do not—

MAMMA.—And butter is made up of the most atrocious mixtures; filthy grease, rancid lard, saffron—

MARY.—Well, what are we to eat, then.

PAPA.—Salt, potatoes and fruit. These are about the only things, I believe. Mamma, lay in a stock of ten tons of salt and let us go out into the kitchen garden and graze.

(They go out and Nebuchadnezzar-ize.)



A CALL ON THE QUADRUPLETS.

AN INTERESTING INTERVIEW WITH MR. STOCKWELL.

"Good day, sir, good day," exclaimed GRIP's interviewer, as he entered the presence of Mr. Stockwell, with a gash cut-in-a-ripe-melon smile on his genial countenance; "you're a brick: you are well named, sir."

"Don't, please don't," pleaded the other, an agonizing look spreading over his features, looking up from his estimate of the cost of shoes, socks, etc., etc., for four children for fifteen years, at which he was deeply engaged as our representative greeted him, "you are the nineteenth who has said that to-day."

"You ought to be a happy man, sir," continued our representative, "it isn't every day a man's wife presents him with eight children—"

"Refrain, audacious man," shrieked the papa, (the papa parpar excellence) "not eight, oh! no: give a man a chance; only four."

"Ah! four was it? All boys I believe?" enquired the other.

"No, sir: two girls and two of the other denomination."

"Ah! two pair, eh! ha-ha; here they come," as the two nurses entered the room bearing the latest society craze, "why how red they look; say, Mr. Stockwell, how can they be two pair when they are a-flush, for they are pink, now, aren't they?"

The parent gazed wildly round, and then said,

"Were you ever the father of quadruplets, sir?"

"NEVER, sir," was the reply.

"If you were you would not add to my already great mental perturbation by perpetrating those fearful jokes?"

"I must say your babies are beautiful, quite æsthetic; two boys and two girls, eh? H'm two—two; how does that strike you?—Never mind," added our ambassador hurriedly as the other rose with a savage expression. "Do you attribute this affair to the National Policy, sir?"

"No, you idiot," shouted Mr. Stockwell, "nor to the natural policy nor any other policy, nor yet to the tariff."

"Ha: well, I don't know; though the tariff may not have brought the thing about, still, when these little popsy-wopsies all yell in chorus the noise must be terrific; am I right?"

As soon as the promoter of the new industry was sufficiently recovered to be able to speak he gasped out,

"Don't, please don't; supposing this thing goes on, where shall I be in ten years? Just fancy, at the lowest figure I shall have about thirty children. It's awful to think of. Just try and realize the amount of parogoric."

"And cradles," said Nurse No. 1.

"And rattles, and rings, and bottles and things," poetically exclaimed No. 2.

"Oh! no, cheer up. What little beauties to be sure. Which are the boys and which the girls?" enquired the interviewer, hoping to divert the other's mind from the contemplation of such a fearful possibility.

"I—I—I—well, I don't know: nurse which is which?" enquired the perplexed parent.

"This is Caleb," said nurse No. 1, indicating the mite on her right arm.

"And this is Floss," interrupted nurse No. 2 poking her chin towards the bundle in her hand.

"And this is Mary," chimed in Nurse No. 1.

"And this is Jos," concluded No. 2.

"Ha, ha, ha," laughed the interviewer; "good, good, let's see, how does it go?" and he chanted,

"This is Caleb,
And this is Floss,
And this is Mary,
And this is Jos,
Capital. Say, old fellow," he went on as a thought struck him. "What is the difference between unmarried life and the present state of the house of Stockwell?"

"I give it up; I can see that there is a difference—a big one—explain."

"Why, one is celibacy and the other is Calebacy; dy'e see," but Mr. Stockwell had swooned.

"Would you like to take the little dear in your arms, sir?" enquired the nurses, both together.



"Well, I—I—yes, some of it, not all at once," replied the GRIP man, somewhat embarrassed.

"Give me Mary," and he held out his hands.

"This isn't Mary," replied Nurse No. 2, "this is Cale—no, this is Jos, no—my gracious, Kitty," she said to Nurse No. 2, "you've got Jos and Caleb and I've got Mary and Floss, or you've got Jos and Mary and I've got Caleb and Floss, or—oh! dear, oh! dear, they're mixed, they're mixed. Mr. Stockwell, mister Stockwell, do'ee come to, and tell us which is which. You're quadruplets is all mixed up and we don't know which is who."

"Female," roared the now reviving parent, "take the offspring away," and the two nurses left the room in a fearful state of excitement.

"I must say good-day, sir," said the GRIP man, rising, "I sincerely trust your children will thrive and do well."

"They won't, if they follow their miserable father's calling," returned the other, in a lugubrious tone.

"Why, what d'ye mean?" hurriedly enquired the interviewer.

"They could not live, was the answer.

"Why?"

"Because they would dye," howled the champion papa, as GRIP's representative fled like one who sees a wrath.

S.

Weak lungs, spitting of blood, consumption, and kindred affections, cured without physician. Address for treatise, with two stamps, WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

POEMS OF LIFE. No. 3.

THE INEBRIATE.

BY MCTUFF.

Bundled up in a bar-room chair,
The sterling pride of manhood gone;
A human wreck is slumb'ring there,
A pitiful sight to gaze upon.

Mud-stained, ragged, unkempt, unwashed,
Nothing more abject could you meet;
In his sad condition, unabashed,
A toy for the urchins of the street.

Now reeling along 'neath his heavy load,
Or stretched in the shade a senseless sot;
The sidewalk being too narrow a road,
A bed in the wayside mire he's got—

And fellow beings pass him by,
Nor think such heedless act a shame,
Yet soothe their conscience with a sigh,
And say he has none but himself to blame.

Himself to blame! O! could you but know
The fiend who has bound him hand and foot,
Your heart with pity would overflow,
Your eyes fill up, and your tongue be mute,

Unless to speak a kind word of hope,
And help him to curb that fierce desire,
For without your aid he cannot cope
With the scorching flame of that inward fire

That is burning his very vitals up
And driving out self-respect and shame,
For nought can equal the poison cup
To ruin the soul and rack the frame.

O! give him your hand, do not pass him by,
Hope should not die, whilst life remains;
Through kindly aid he may yet defy
The demon and his powerful chains.

For once he was young, and pure, and free,
Before the scoffer with devilish smile,
"Doubting if ere a man he would be,"
Lifted the cup to his lips the while.

The generous youth to guile untrained,
Led astray by unprincipled men,
The fiery draught to the dregs has drained,
Repeating the act again and again.

O, run fiend, heartless probrante!
How dreadful the ruin that thou hast wrought,
What happy homes made desolate,
What souls to the depths of infamy brought.

And this poor man in the bar-room chair,
Free middle age, all manhood gone,
Is sitting the picture of blank despair,
A pitiful object to gaze upon.

Early English—baby talk.—*Boston Transcript*.

"Is that dog mad?" he asked the boy as the animal dashed by. "I guess he is," replied the boy; "I just see a butcher take a piece o' meat away from him and kick him six feet in the air. Wouldn't you be mad if that was done to you?"

"Any good shooting on your farm?" asked a hunter of a farmer. "Splendid," replied the agriculturist, "there's a dry-well man down in the clover meadow, a cloth peddler at the house, a candidate out in the barn, and two tramps down in the stockyard. Climb right over the fence, young man, load both barrels, and sail in."

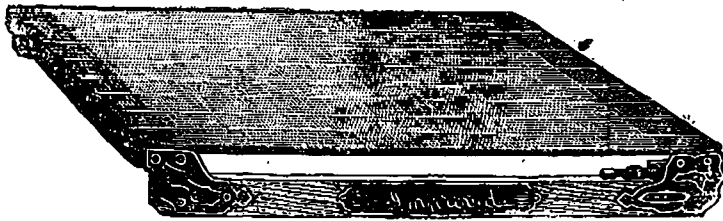
He had at last screwed his courage to the sticking point and had come determined to pop the question. "Is Miss Blank in?" he asked of the new girl. "Indade she is that?" "Is she engaged?" "Bless yer sowl, but you'd think so if yez could see her and a young man on the parlor sofa just now. Do you want to see her?" But he had fled.

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Rule for church fair oyster suppers--Twice one is stew.—*Philadelphia Herald.*

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A palpable hit at the social gaities of undergraduates is made by the heartless Figaro, which declares that except at weddings kids will no longer be fashionable.—*Ex.* Yes, and about a year after weddings.—*Ex.*

The *Palnud* says that bile may be avoided by an early breakfast of bread and salt and a bottle of water.—Don't care about the preventative, thank you, Mr. *Palnud*; let us have the bile, by all means. By the way, should the water recommended be cold or bilin'?

The coins paid for beer are the bar nickles of society.—*Marathon Independent.*

"A Drop of Joy in Every Word."

Dr. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.:—Three months ago I was broken out with large ulcers and sores on my holy, limbs and face. I procured your "Golden Medical Discovery" and "Purgative Pellets" and have taken six bottles, and to-day I am in good health, all those ugly ulcers having healed and left my skin in a natural, healthy condition. I thought at one time that I could not be cured. Although I can but poorly express my gratitude to you, yet there is a drop of joy in every word I write.

Yours truly,
JAMES O. BELLIS, Flemington, N.J.
"Discovery" sold by druggists.—*Ex.*

Somebody put a small mud-turtle, about the size of a silver dollar, in a bed at a New Jersey hotel, and the stranger who was assigned to that room, on preparing to retire, caught sight of it. He at once resumed his clothes, remarking: "I expected to have a pretty lively night of it, but if they're as big as that, I don't propose to get in with 'em."—*Ex.*

GRIP'S CLIPS.

Six months after marriage: "Weel, weel, Sandie, how d'ye like the little leddy?" "Ah, weel, Derry, I'll na deny that she's ha' fine conversational powers."

"What a wonderful age of invention it is," said Mrs. Peterson; "I see they are now making wire cloth, and I'll have some this very week to put a seat in Johnny's every-day pants."

"The things we call women" are, according to Mrs. Swishelm, of Chicago, "simply small packages of aches and pains done up in velvet and lace and topped off with ostrich plumes."

The colored brethren are down on one of the city papers because, when one of the reporters spoke of a certain meeting as a "swell crowd," the paper had it printed a "smell crowd."

"Will you spend the summer at Saratoga as usual" was asked Brown. "No, I have just gone into bankruptcy." "Shake, old man, I expect to take a trip to Europe myself. We will go together."



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