

GRIP

EDITED BY J. W. BINGOUGH

GRIP END



A PRACTICAL QUESTION.

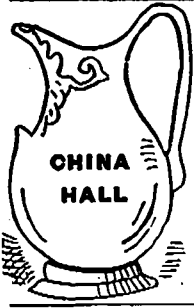
Why shouldn't there be a commercial union of the *Globe* and *Mail*? They stand on the same platform, with not even an imaginary line between them, and such a union would save office expenses, and vastly benefit the subscribing public.

The gravest beast is the Ass.
 The gravest bird is the Crow.
 The gravest fish is the Oyster.
 The gravest man is the fool.
 Joe Miller

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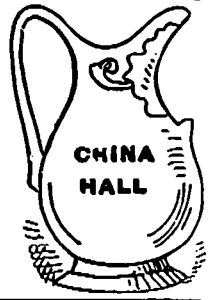
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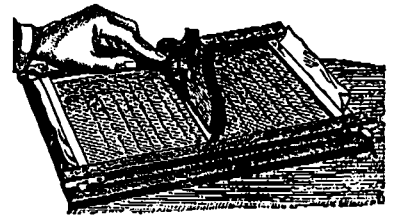
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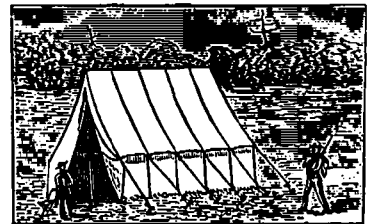
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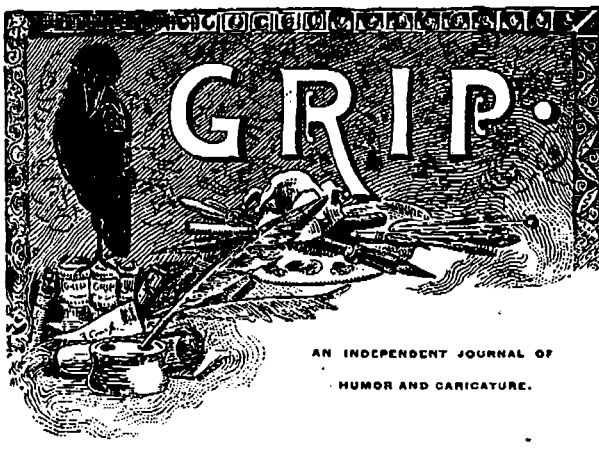
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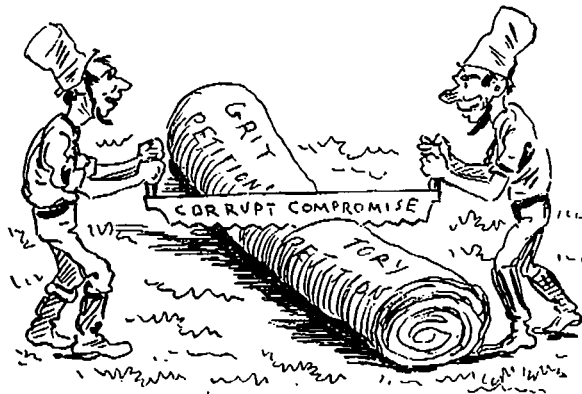


A NEEDFUL EXPLANATION.—GRIP has no sympathy with religious intolerance of any kind, and will continue in the future as he has in the past, to stand up firmly for even handed justice to all churches and creeds. We hope, therefore, that there will be no misunderstanding of the reproof he feels called upon to give Lt.-Gov. Campbell for his toadyism in extending special honors to Cardinal Taschereau. The Lt.-Governor is the official head of the people of this Province, and he knows perfectly well that as such he has no business to recognize any Church. He has no more right to extend the courtesies of Government House to Mr. Taschereau as a Roman Cardinal, than he would have to give Principal Grant a dinner as a Presbyterian. So long as he occupies the official residence, Sir Alex. Campbell can only act in his official capacity, and he has no right as Lieut-

Governor to give a dinner to either of these gentlemen as a Churchman. If Mr. Taschereau has claims to distinction on any other ground, well and good; if, for instance, he is noted as an Educationist, like Dr. Grant; or as a literary man, like Rev. Jackson Wray, let him be entertained in that well understood capacity in the name of the people of Ontario, but to entertain him as a member of a certain Church is simply an outrage of the plainest rule of our constitution. It is safe to say that Lt.-Gov. Campbell would have respected this simple rule in the present case (as he has hitherto

done) if it had not been for the fact that Mr. Taschereau has been recently decorated by the Pope of Rome—a potentate entirely unknown, officially, to the Government of Ontario. Herein is the toadyism. It is to the Red Hat, not to the man, that the dinner is given—in other words it is an official compliment expressly and exclusively to the denomination which the Red Hat represents. Much greater men than Cardinal Taschereau have come to Toronto and gone away dinnerless, so far as Government House is concerned, and some of them happened to be clergymen, too, so that it is quite clear that the Red Hat and nothing else attracted the Governor's eye in this case. And the Red Hat is a thing which a constitutional Governor in this country does not know from a Tam o' Shanter or a Christy stiff. It is right that the Cardinal should be duly honored, but let it be done by the citizens who feel like doing it, in their private capacity and at their own expense.

A PRACTICAL QUESTION.—It has been a matter of comment for some time that, so far as Canadian questions are concerned, the *Globe* and *Mail* are entirely at one. The delicate compliment paid to the former in the acceptance of its entire platform by the latter is something with which we haven't so much concern, but looking at the present position from a strictly business stand-point, we can see great things in a Commercial Union of the two journals. They are both well posted in the advantages of Commercial Union, and every argument they have used in advocating the abolition of the imaginary line between Canada and the United States is equally forcible in support of a similar wiping away of the less than imaginary line between themselves. Gentlemen, let us see you illustrate your own doctrines in a practical way.



THE "SAW-OFF."

LATEST "INSTITUTION" OF OUR NATIVE POLITICS, AND HIGHLY POPULAR WITH THE ABANDONED OF BOTH PARTIES.

THE WORM I' THE BUD.

"Pa, listen; isn't this a very pretty poem. It is from the German," and the scholastic daughter, just home from the "Female" college, adjusted her *pince nez*, and read as follows from the *Globe* of Oct. 3rd:

"The heart that chambers twain
 Wherein doth dwell
 Twin brothers, Joy and Pain.
 When walketh Joy in one
 Still calmly
 Pain slumbers in his own.
 O Joy, thy bliss restrain,
 Speak softly,
 Lest thou should'st waken pain."

"Well, go on!" demanded her experienced parent, "read the rest of it."
 "Why, that's all, really pa, I think one more word would just spoil it."
 "Perhaps so," he rejoined, "but are you sure there isn't anything about Quinn's Heart Disease Cure, sold by all druggists?"

Day-Song.

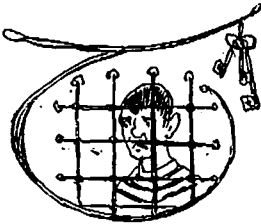
Now Morn is ascending from out the dark sea,
 A light crimson veil hanging o'er her;
 The lark leaves her nest on the bonny green tea,
 And flutters aloft to adore her:
 And oh how the living beams revel and leap!
 In purple and gold to unfold her;
 And how the wild cataract roused on the steep,
 Is shouting with joy to behold her.

The black steeds have vanished away from the view,
 That up from the dark ocean bore her;
 And how sweet and tender the smile breaking through
 The golden gates op'ning before her.
 Behold the great mountains start up from the vale!
 And rend their night-mantles all hoary,
 And join in their joy with the general "all hail"
 To day in her garments of glory.

ALEXANDER M'LACHLAN.

PRISON LIFE AND LABOR;

OR, HOW A GRAND SCHEME HAS BEEN NIPPED IN THE BUD.



HE writer of this article has given his valuable services to this paper for a three-fold purpose: first, with the idea of gaining a bloated notoriety, which a paper having fifty thousand circulation will give him; secondly, of earning sufficient to pay taxes on an income of five hundred; and thirdly, etc., for the purpose of exposing the inner workings of that infamous den of thieves and robbers, the Central Prison. We have long been under the impression that some exceedingly obnoxious individuals are given food and lodging there, and being thoroughly convinced of this, we looked about us to find the proper person to make an investigation for the benefit of our 50,412 readers. We desired a man who had never been inside a police station or a court house; who knew no more about law than Sir John A. Macdonald is reputed to know; who could write dispassionately upon any subject, from a dose of cat-o'-nine-tails to one of ipecac; and who had a head sufficiently large to manufacture a high range of volcanic mountains out of hills and hollows in the sidewalk near the *Globe* office. He must not be addicted to drink, and must be prepared to leave town immediately upon the conclusion of his investigations. Such a man we have found in Mr. Sam Stubbs, and will now leave him with our readers, trusting they will duly appreciate the enterprising efforts of this journal.

PREFACE.

When first requested by my superior to invent some plan whereby I might become an inmate of the Central Prison for a short term, I remarked that he must be a ravin' and that it would be a-robbin' the daily newspaper reporters of a good thing for me to go on this lark. But the managing editor said that, without wishing to crow over my abilities, there was no other man on earth so competent as I—the reporters on the daily papers all drank more or less, and could never be depended upon to leave town for the next forty years, unless some influence were brought to bear on the old man who runs the antiquated mowing machine, and whose meadow is the world. The shortest term at the Central was three months, but should I succeed in getting myself immured

there, the gentlemen who owns this paper said, they would guarantee a pardon for me at the end of three weeks, and in that period I would collect sufficient material to furnish GRIP with sensation for a year. Upon these conditions I condemned myself to a felon's cell.

CHAPTER I.—GOING TO PRISON.

Having decided that my whole duty to suffering humanity was to become the guest of Warden Massie for three weeks, I searched around for the most feasible plan for securing an invitation. I thought of it by day and dreamed of it by night. I concluded at one time to become a tramp and steal a ride on the Grand Trunk; then I decided to get on a street car and yell "Rats!" I also thought of impersonating McGarigle and delivering myself over to the authorities. None of these plans met the approval of my employers. It was ten to one I would get six months or a year, and a pardon for these offences was an impossibility. I was in a state of great dejection when Providence smiled once more and my object was attained in a manner quite unexpected.

There called at my house during my absence a gentleman, who carried a mysterious bundle under his arm. He requested an interview with Mrs. S. This was accorded him, and he hurried away without the bundle. When I returned my wife informed me that she had purchased a sealskin sacque for ten dollars from a poor man

**BENEVOLENT MR. GRIP**

TAKES COMPASSION UPON CERTAIN STATESMEN OUT OF A JOB, AND GIVES THEM LIGHT AND PROFITABLE EMPLOYMENT.

who wanted money. Just one week afterward I was taken in charge by a detective for the theft of that sacque. This, I understood, was the scheme of my employers, and I gleefully simpered "guilty" to the indictment. The sentence was "one year at hard labor." What joy! Did prisoner ever feel such pleasure as I experienced at that moment? My immortal name was made—my great life work about to commence. The grand fields of the

criminal world were ripe for my sickle, and when I got through with them they would require to be summer-fallowed before another crop was raised.

CHAPTER II.—MY IMPRESSIONS.

Friday, Sept. 2.—The iron doors have closed. Don't think my chance for writing is good. Too much work. Got a new suit.

Saturday, Sept. 3.—Have had no lengthy interview with my host as yet. Started to-day to learn blacksmithing. Taking mental notes.

Sunday, Sept. 4.—Locked in cell all day because they were not sure but that I might be dangerous.

Monday, Sept. 5.—Told my overseer I would prefer to learn the culinary art, as it was not so laborious as blacksmithing, but he would not allow it.

Tuesday, Sept. 6.—Confound this literary venture! I want to get out. No time to devote to composition. Still, I take a few mental notes.

Friday, Sept. 16.—Still taking mental notes. Have not heard anything from my employers. Have smuggled a note out to them. Here is a copy:

“Central Prison,
“September 16.

“Get me out of here!! SAM STUBBS.”

Friday, Sept. 23.—Still languishing in this prison. Will die if not rescued in three days.

[NOTE.—We have received the foregoing from the hands of a discharged prisoner. While we are sorry that our plans have resulted so disastrously, we must disclaim all responsibility in the matter. We knew nothing whatever about the sealskin sacque scheme, and now find ourselves powerless to interfere in the carrying out of the full penalty. We can only hope that by the end of the year our reporter's "mental notes" will have accumulated sufficiently to form a foundation, at least, for the construction of the grand sensational article we are longing for.—ED. GRIP.]

ANECDOTE OF HERRMANN.

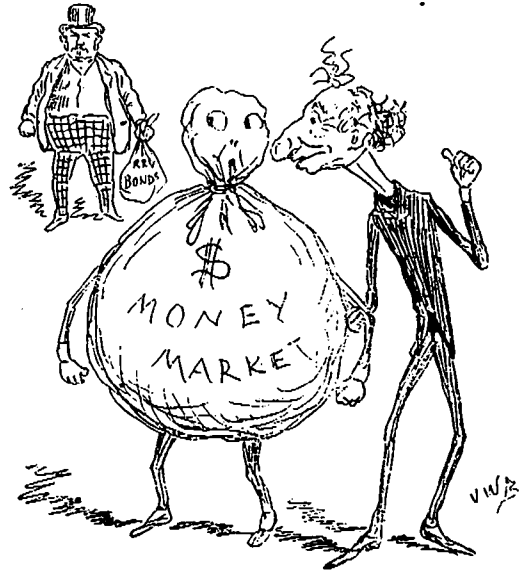
CONTRIBUTED BY OUR OWN ROMANCER—WHO IS IN HIS ANECDOTAGE.

WHEN Herrmann, the Great Wizard, was in town the other day, he visited the Reform Club, where he met a member of the local party leaders. Very naturally there was a general desire to have him perform some trick for the amusement of the company, and the wish having been made known to him he very good naturedly assented. "I have here, by chance," said he, "the platform of the Tory party, which was handed to me at my hotel this morning as a Canadian curiosity," and he produced a card upon which the alleged principles of that political organization were printed. "Now, can any gentleman oblige me with the Reform platform." Hereupon, Mr. Preston, the indefatigable secretary, rushed up stairs to his office and returned in a moment with the desired article—also printed on a card. "Thanks," said Herrmann, "and now may I trouble some gentleman for the loan of his silk hat." A shiny plug was immediately provided. "Now, gentlemen," said the Professor, "you have only to watch me closely." So saying, he placed the two cards in the hat, and shook them up slightly, after which he turned them out upon the table with the hat over them. He then made certain mysterious Black-Art "passes" over the hat, lifted it off, and politely handed it to its

owner. "And now, gentlemen," said he, "I am finished. The point is to tell, if you can, which now is the Tory platform and which is the Grit." The members of the Club and their friends have been puzzling over this ever since, and not a man of them has been able to tell which is which.

WORK FOR THE DETECTIVES.

MR. CHAUNCY DEHASS, who was sitting in the Grand Stand at the base ball match the other day, was struck on the head by the ball which glanced from the strikers bat and flew over the wires. "Fears of foul play are entertained."



THE SECRET OF IT.

Norway—There it is, you see! How can they expect me to raise the funds, when the enemy of the Province is whispering lies into the ear of the money market?

SHAKESPEARIAN CHESNUTS.

SHE was a widow—but ah! such eyes! such a face! such grace! such suavity of manner—she twirled me round and round her finger as helplessly as she did her No. 6 kid glove. Had I previously read the biography of the immortal Samivel I might have lighted upon the magic phrase "Beware of the Vidders," and been saved, but, alas! I read of Samivel too late. She talked—how she talked! eyes flashing, hair gleaming in the sunlight, or gaslight as the case may be, and every flash, every gleam another wound, a "deadly stound" in my poor lacerated heart. Dear me, she was a wonderful creature. We had gone over all the poets, and had just collared Shakespeare—but Shakespeare himself, alas! could not save my bacon. She admired Shakespeare's women, she said. I responded by asking how she could do otherwise than admire the women who inspired such passionate, such appropriate words as "Doubt that the stars are fire, but never doubt my love"; and as I quoted the divine Ignatious Bacon, I threw all my soul into my words, and all my eyes into hers. She smiled, blushed, and bit her lip! Emboldened by these symptoms of the grand

passion, I went further, "Can you doubt *my* love, Mrs. Floribel?"

"Prove it," she said with an arch smile.

"Tell me how," I breathed in a fervor.

"By proving your knowledge of Shakespeare."

"Try me."

"What was it the sailor's wife had in her lap, and munched, and munched, and munched?"

"Chesnuts," I responded promptly.

The mockery of that silvery laughter haunts me yet—though that occurred two years ago, and I have not seen her since. But the presence of modern slang in Shakespeare's plays is sufficient to prove that no philosopher ever wrote them. Fancy Bacon using that vulgar word "chesnuts!" I hate the sound of it!

SONG OF THE MONTREAL BOODLE COMMITTEE.

(AIR—"Climbing up the Golden Stairs.")

OH! Montreal's the city
Where the jovial light committee
Played the little boodle game;
But a twinkling little *Star*
Spied their actions from afar;
Wasn't it a beastly shame!

Chorus—Then hear Sly Joseph singing,
Oh, list to Forget laugh;
Whilst Aldermen are ringing
Hosannas to the "Golden Calf"!

Said Rainville to Jeannotte,
"You might just as well as not
Help the city gas *tres bon*;
It won't cost you a cent,
And to show my good intent
Here's a hundred shares—*go long*."

Chorus—"Then hear Sly Joseph singing," etc.

And Beausoleile's another;
The fair Moore's handsome brother,
Helps the little game ahead,
His brilliant light, alas!
Will be soon eclipsed in gas,
For the little boodle game is dead!

Chorus—"Then hear Sly Joseph singing," etc.

But sound the news afar!
There's a member of our "Bar"
Hopes to help the boodlers pass;
And, without hope of reward
Came, just of his own accord;
Wonder if he's *long* on gas?

Chorus—"Then hear Sly Joseph singing," etc.

That's all now for to-day,
But perhaps next week we may
Have another stanza new;
And no doubt before we're over
Boodler's will not be in clover;
It's *au revoir* and not *adieu*.

Chorus—Then Joseph won't be singing,
And Forget he won't laugh;
The "Fathers" won't be ringing
Praises to the "Golden Calf."

FELIX O'HARA.

HA, ha, Commercial Union is done for now," said a jubilant Anti. "Have you seen those letters of the Hon. Jas. Young?" "Yes; I've read 'em carefully." "Well, what do you think of his arguments?" "I think it's evident he's very—er—well, very Young, so to speak."



HE REQUIRES COAXING, YOU KNOW.

(Sir John Macdonald has not yet indicated his acceptance of the Fishery Commissionership.—*Ottawa Telegram*.)

The Premier—Oh, come now, Sir John, do accept the position; I'm sure there's nobody I consider half so well qualified for the duties.

Sir John—Well, give time, old fellow; let me think it over!

BROTHER JONATHAN'S DIMES.

A STORY OF ADVENTURE BY A HAGGARD WRITER,
AUTHOR OF "HE-SHE-IT," "ALLAN DOLLARMAIN," ETC.

CHAPTER III.

THE UNKNOWN LAND.

AFTER travelling for a while we struck into the wilderness known as John Brown's Tract. It wasn't a religious tract, or even a political one, but just the vast howling wild, this side of the Adirondacks. Soon we felt hungry and came to the village called Buck-wheat-pan-cake. Here we had a good breakfast, and knew we must be pretty near Brother Jonathan's Dimes. Climbed the mountain and struck into a road running down the other side cut into the rock and walled by smooth and high rocks on one side. There were curious hieroglyphics on them, and Um-slope-the-glass, our Zulu guide, translated them into these strange words: "Warner's Safe Cure," "Burdock Blood Bitters." We felt more than ever convinced that this was Brother Jonathan's work, and that we could not be far off the Dimes.

As we walked down the road we saw approaching us a group of natives, lank and yellow. It turned out to be the President's son Scraggy and suite, picking blue-berries. They were about to spear us, when I took my Winchester rifle and shot the plume off Scraggy's head. "Put up your speaking tube, with voice of thunder, which kills from afar, O men from the stars," he said, "and we'll take you to the President's kraal." We reached the kraal, which had a population of about 50,000, and were taken to a big white house where the President lived. He gave us a reception in the blue room, with Scraggy on one side, and Mother Barnes, the Witch of Plum Hollow, on the other. "Wall, I'm just right glad to see you folkes," said the President, "and I'll give you a bid to the Witch-hop to-morrow." Four o'clock next day

found us at the Witch-hop. There must have been about 100 witches, the prettiest girls we ever saw. They bewitched the men so that when the band struck up a waltz they put their arms round their waists and went whirling round the room. In a little while the President said, "Now, Scraggy dear, jist you kill the prettiest looking critter you can find, as a sacrifice to the old silent nigger who keeps the door of the mint where Brother Jonathan's Dimes are." Scraggy picked out the very girl, Maud, that Bully-boy was dancing with. I saw Bully-boy tremble and feel for his revolver. "I won't allow this rudeness," he exclaimed. "Mind what you are saying, man from the stars," said the President, "jist you keep kool, or Scraggy 'll fix you too." Bully-boy came over to the corner where I was. "What is to be done," he said? "Have you got your Almanac?" "Yes, Ayer's Almanac, never fails." "Look up the weather for to-morrow, 5th August." "Snow storm, by my glass eye!" "That's the card for us, then. We'll threaten them with our magic, and foretell the snow-storm." Advancing to the President I said, "If Scraggy kills Maud, we'll blast the country by our magic." He quailed, and said "How, O man from the stars?" "See, this is mid-summer! We'll bring winter to-morrow." "Let's see you do it," said he. "Let's see you do it," said the old witch, Mother Barnes, hobbling up. "Whether she's killed or not you can't. Blood, blood, blood! I smell blood, b-l-ood, b-l-o-o-d!!!"

(To be continued.)

THE GREAT LABOR PROCESSION.

THE labor demonstration in this city on Saturday, Oct. 1st, was a fine success as a street spectacle, and we trust also a pleasant affair for all concerned. While Mr. GRIP watched the hardy sons of toil file past, he saw a great deal more than the ordinary spectator. To him the procession was a type, in miniature, of the grand march of labor now in progress throughout America. And, for the information of those who are blind to the signs of the times, the route of the labor multitude may be here stated: From Ignorance, along Agitation Avenue to Organization, thence by way of Strike Lane and Boycott Alley to Ballot Street, along Ballot to Intelligence Park, where the hosts of labor are joined by their natural allies, the forces of capital, thence the united bodies move by way of Political Power Avenue to Single-Tax on-Land-Values Street, thence, past Landlord Cemetery, to Justice Place, where a grand jubilee will be held in honor of the abolition of poverty.

THE CARDINAL'S VISIT.

OUR Roman Catholic friends in Toronto have had a grand time over the visit of the Quebec Cardinal, and their Protestant neighbors have, for the most part, been interested and sympathetic spectators. As Mgr. Taschereau was made a Prince of the Church presumably on account of superior spirituality, it is not unreasonable to hope that the people of his Church here have got some blessing by coming in contact with him. If his visit has in any measure helped any of our fellow-citizens on the way to the better land, it has more than justified all the elaborate preparations. We trust the visitor has no grounds of complaint so far as Protestant courtesy is concerned. He has been treated as kindly, we presume, as the Roman Catholics of Toronto have treated Rev. Dr. Munhall—which is the exact measure of his rights as a

visitor. His title means nothing at all to Canadians in their civil capacity, and still less to Protestants, and herein is our ground of complaint, stated elsewhere, against its recognition by the Lieutenant-Governor, who forgot in the flurry of the moment that he represents a Government which knows no Church.

THE BOY THAT STEALS THE PAPER.

THE meanest cuss round this 'ere town,
The meachinest sneak that's out,
I don't care who or what he is,
That hooks and fakes about;
I call him the meanest kind of a thief,
Don't care if he never swore,
Who comes on the route-boy's track and steals
The paper from the door.

Here we are, up at the break o' day,
When them fellers are sound in bed,
An' down at the office in rain or shine,
For whether we're living or dead
We got to be there on time—you bet!
Or be kicked right out of the store;
An' when we get round—this skunk, he steals
The paper from the door.

Next mornin' there's a complaint as how
The *World*, the *Globe*, or *Mail*,
Was missed, though I put it there myself
Right straight inside the rail.
Then 'coorse the man's respectable,
An' us coons—well, we're pore;
Oh, I could choke the sneak that steals
The paper from the door.

I know a boy that once got sacked:
He didn't cut no caper,
But he just laid low, with both eyes skinned,
For the boy that stole the paper.
The feller came sneakin' along the fence,
When Jack sprang up with a roar—
"I caught you at last! I know your tricks,
Stealing papers from the door!"

"You sleek-faced sneak! you dirty thief!
Take that—an' that—an' that!"
An' he bunged his eyes, an' bled his nose,
An' shook him, sir, like a rat.
He dug his fists in right an' left,
'Till you bet his hide was sore;
Says he, "maybe *next* time you'll steal
The paper from the door."

"Will ye do it again? Will ye do it again?"
An' the feller a-yellin' "Oh!"
An' tryin' to wriggle away—but Jack
Says he, "No yer don't, oh no!"
An' he hauls the skunk by the scruff of the neck,
Right up to the office door;
"There, — you've got to go in an' tell who stole
The paper from the door."

That Jack's a rich gentleman now, you bet.
An' now I'm just goin' to blow,
The first complaint that's laid on me,
Just see if I don't lay low!
For the sneakin' cuss that tracks my route,
An' you bet I'll make him roar;
He won't be in no hurry again to steal
The paper from the door. JAY KAYELLE.

A COUPLE OF SUGGESTIONS.

WE would respectfully suggest to the "authorities" at Montreal that they get the Sheppard warrant copper-bot-tomed and bound in brass—say from the cheek of Major Dugas—or the precious document will be so worn away by time and adjournments that the Police Magistrate won't be able to sign it when he is finally ordered to.

We would also like to direct the attention of the gallant 65th to the flagrant outrage upon their dignity which has been committed by their townsman, Mr. Beaugrand. Perhaps they haven't noticed that Beaugrand has modelled his new paper, in name, size and style after the Toronto *News*, the organ of the unspeakable Sheppard! Up, Guards, and at him!



PROPOSED NEW UNIFORM

FOR THE 9TH REGIMENT OF NEW YORK, TO COMMEMORATE THE FACT THAT THE YANKEE VOLUNTEER GOT AWAY WITH THE THISTLE.

LITERARY NEWS.

Wordsworth, the author, is known by every child as the poet who wrote, "We are Seven," and "The Wreck of the Hesperus." —*Educational Journal.*

WELL, yes, every child—that is, every young child—may be laboring under the impression that Wordsworth wrote "The Wreck of the Hesperus," but we highly educated, grown up folks know well enough that the author's name was Longfellow.

NEW CANADIAN POEM.

MRS. CURZON'S book of poems, long looked for by her friends in Toronto, has at last appeared from the press of C. Blackett Robinson. The printer has done the lady honor; nothing tidier could be wished for in the way of typography or binding. The leading feature of the contents is a drama founded on the life of the celebrated Canadian heroine of 1812, Mrs. Laura Secord. This

theme Mrs. Curzon has treated worthily, her fine poetic instinct being evidently inspired by an almost personal love. The other poems in the volume range from grave to gay, and all are dainty works of art. We hope this latest addition to our native literature will be as widely appreciated as its merits deserve.

THE WRONG BIRD.

MR. SWAN, the grocer, having, with mad impetuosity, sold more than twelve pounds of sugar for a dollar, has been cut off as a reprobate by the wholesale grocers trade, in accordance with their boycott scheme. They refuse to sell him anything at all. Mr. Swan proposes to sue these high and mighty wholesalers for conspiracy. It appears to us he has a splendid case under Canadian law, and it is certain he will have the entire sympathy of the public in his fight against monopoly. The grocers' guild will find out that there is a big difference between a goose and a Swan.

THE KING STREET EXPLOSION.

OUR Own Investigator assures us that, after careful inspection, he is satisfied that the explosion at Messrs. Hime & Co.'s and *The World* office on King Street was not caused either by gasoline or sewer gas. He has found out exactly what *did* cause the blow up. On searching around in the rear of the premises he discovered that the editor of the *World* (whose office was in the damaged building) had been in the habit of throwing out old copy in the back lane. Amongst this there was a very large proportion of anti-Commercial Union rubbish, which as readers of the *World* are aware, was fairly surcharged with a malignant sort of gas. How this became ignited is still a mystery, but Our Own Investigator's theory is that the anti-Prohibition editor perhaps inadvertently put his head out of the back window, and the reflection from his nose did the business.

REASSURING.

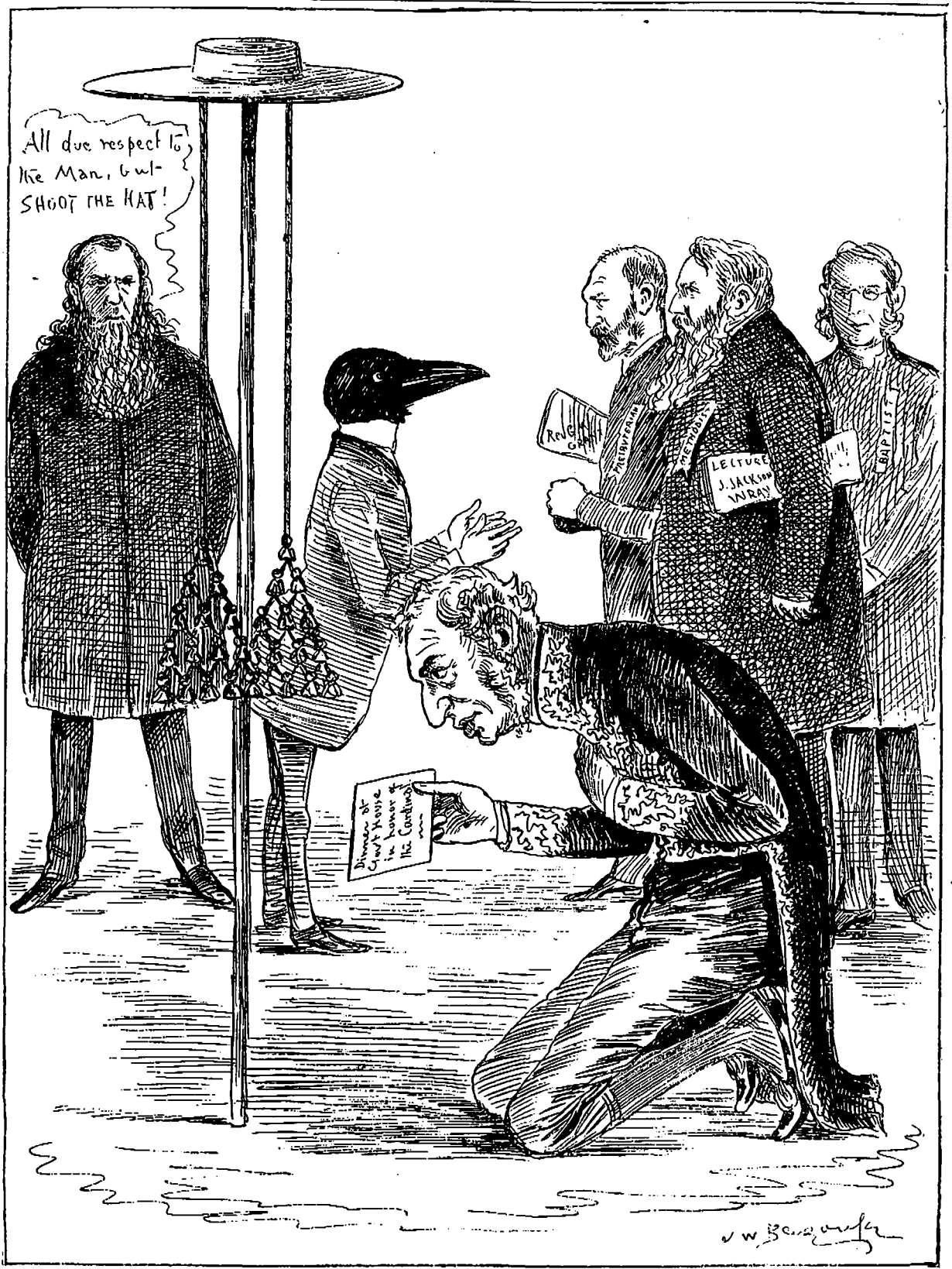
A ST. THOMAS paper, referring to the approaching marriage of Miss Brownlow, Maid-of-Honor to the Queen, and the customary present of £1000 on such occasions, says:—

"This will be the second \$5,000 within six months, as Miss Brownlow's predecessor, Miss O'Koever, whose postponed marriage with Sir Andrew Barclay Walker is really to take place next month, was given that amount when she resigned in consequence of her engagement.

"Another turret ship, exactly like her and of her dimensions, is building at Pembroke, to be called the Nile."

The latter paragraph is reassuring, though somewhat vague, as neither the photograph nor "dimensions" of Miss Brownlow are given. It is pleasant, however, to know that the sentiment of the old sailing days, when the sailor compared his sweetheart to his ship, has not vanished—since even the Admiralty are building an iron-clad "exactly like" a Maid-of-Honor. And we rejoice to have the assurance that, although the "Brownlow" and the "O'Koever" have "gone out of commission" immediately after their first "engagements," Her Majesty will not be left quite without a convoy.

Let us hope that the new Ironclad-of-Honor—we mean the new Maid-of-War—but there—we give it up!



A NEEDFUL EXPLANATION.

Mr. Grip (to other distinguished visiting clergymen)—DON'T BE JEALOUS, GENTLEMEN; IT IS THE HAT, NOT THE MAN, SIR ALEXANDER HONORS.

HIS KNOWLEDGE, AND HOW HE AIRED IT.

A BEVY of girls—two University undergraduates, Lizzie and Jennie; Martha, keeping house; and Margaret, a third year medical student.

Martha—Oh! say girls—my cousin 'Dolph has just returned to town; I'm going to ask him up to meet you some of these evenings. Pa and ma said I could if I liked.

Jennie—Is he that country cousin you introduced me to last winter—the medical student?

Martha—Yes; don't you remember him, Lizzie, how he told us all about his clavicle?

Lizzie—Oh, *that* hayseed. Yes, I think I do remember him now—first year med. wasn't he?

Martha—Yes—rather nice fellow. Wouldn't you like to make his acquaintance, Meg?

Margaret—'M—well—n—no—I think I'd rather not. That is, unless on one condition.

Martha—And what may that be, pray?

Margaret—That you don't let on that I'm in the same profession. I hate to talk shop unprofessional hours.

Lizzie—All right, Meg, Mattie won't give you away.

Enter Bridget with a card—A gentleman, mum.

Martha—Well, I do declare! Speak of the ——. There he is now! Just show him in, Bridget. (Exit Bridget.) Say girls, its 'Dolph Lancim!

Lizzie (with a little shriek)—Shade of Esculapius! lets run.

Jennie (in a stage whisper)—Our bangs, Lizzie! Do I look a fright?

Margaret—Remember my conditions, Martha!

[Enter Adolph Lancim, Med.]

Martha—Oh, how are you, cousin? So glad to see you back again. Allow me to introduce my— (a general introduction follows. By a strange fatality 'Dolph finds himself *vis-a-vis* with Margaret).

Margaret—I suppose the town will be swarmed with all kinds of students now. I heard some of them singing "Adieu my friends, adieu!" the other evening.

'Dolph (eagerly)—Oh did you! that was some of our fellows; the meds., you know.

Margaret—I suppose so; you are a med. yourself, Mr. Lancim?

'Dolph—Oh *yes*, of course. I find it a very interesting profession. (Here Martha stoops to lift a small footstool; unintentionally strikes Margaret's elbow, who with a grimace cries "Oh, my funny-bone.")

'Dolph—Excuse me; it wasn't your bone at all, it was the ulnar nerve that made you wince like that.

Lizzie—Well, now; what it is to be a medical student! I believe I'll go in for medicine myself.

'Dolph—Wouldn't advise you, Miss Lizzie. I don't believe in girls being unsexed by going into the medical profession.

Lizzie—Why, no, of course not. Did it unsex you Mr. Lancim?

'Dolph—You are too many for me Miss Lizzie. But speaking of bones, when I broke my clavicle last year—the clavicle, perhaps you know, is the collar bone?

Margaret (dryly)—Yes, I have been told so.

'Dolph—Well, at first they were afraid that the epidermis—

Lizzie—What's that?

'Dolph—The skin, of course. Well, you know there are a set of nerves which—ah—well—I don't know which would be the best way of explaining, so you could understand clearly.

Margaret (encouragingly)—Oh, I think I could.

'Dolph—Ah, that's it, you *think* you could, but it's not so easy, I tell you, to follow up all these fine nerves. Medicine is a terrible hard study. The exams. are *frightfully* hard.

Margaret—I didn't find it so.

'Dolph—You! you did— Do you mean to say you have studied medicine!

Margaret (laughing)—Well, yes—I have, and do study it yet.

'Dolph—You don't say! 1st year?

Margaret—No; 4th year.

'Dolph—Oh! ahem! Well ladies, I must be going—good-bye. [Exit 'Dolph.]

[Half an hour afterward exit Lizzie, Jennie, Margaret, with eyes red as from recent weeping.]



"ONLY WAITING."

The Professor—Well, there's nothing to do now but wait for Uncle Sam's decision on the subject, and if he doesn't believe his proverbial sense he'll decide, as Canada has, in favor of the project.

SHAKESPEARE FOR LIEUT. BROWNING, G.G.B.G.—"A horse! a horse! My kingdom for a horse!"

If one who delights in relics is called a reliquary, ought not an antiquary be one who delights in antics?

Stevens, bicyclist, has gone over nearly all the earth. But then we have seen a beginner very nearly succeed in doing this on his first attempt.

"Yes," said Dumley, "I only see my landlord when he comes for the rent. He comes promptly the first of every month." "And then you don't see him again till next month?" "Oh, yes, I see him often during the month."—*New York Sun*.

"I SEE the *Volunteer* has got a new boom," said Fitz Dudekin, who is an enthusiastic yacht club man. "A new one? Why the Yanks have been booming her ever since the match was made," responded Heler, who is something of a ward politician.

"HAVE you seen my beautiful yacht!" "Have I seen your beautiful whacht?" "Beautiful yacht." "Beautiful whacht?" "Yacht! yacht! yacht!" "Oh! no, I have nacht." "If it's nacht too hacht let's tracht down to the spacht where I keep my yacht." "I wacht that you have nacht gacht a yacht; Great Scacht! I know your placht; you ought to be shacht; I'll nacht stir one yacht; your yacht is nothing but an old tuchbub."

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JOHN WELSH, Jeweller.

THE author of "Grandfather's Clock," E. C. Bertrand, is dead. He died in a London hospital. This, indeed, is a terrible retribution. Justice may travel with a leaden heel but she smites with an iron hand. What fate can be in store for the authors of "White Wings" and "Sweet Violets?"

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. 25c. a bottle.

"Is any one waiting on you?" inquired the polite salesman of a Westville maiden. "Well, I can't hardly tell," she blushingly replied. "Sometimes I think there is and then again I ain't certain, but Will's so sort of funny, you know," and then she blushed again and asked to look at some lace collars. —*New Haven News.*

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ALICIA (*plaintively*): Reginald, why do you not caress me as of yore? You used to tell me that I was dear to you. Reginald: That was before our marriage, Alicia. "And I am not so now? Oh, heavens!" "Nay, nay! sweet. You are still dear—in fact, about nine times as dear as you used to be."—*Philadelphia Call.*

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Jobbles—Thasso! I'm goin' a kiss you, olgal!



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Jinks (broker)—Yes; I know Plunger has a million, but whether it is in property or debts, I couldn't say.

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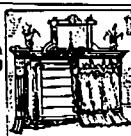
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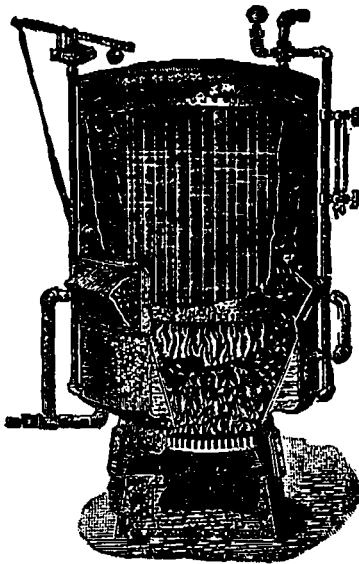
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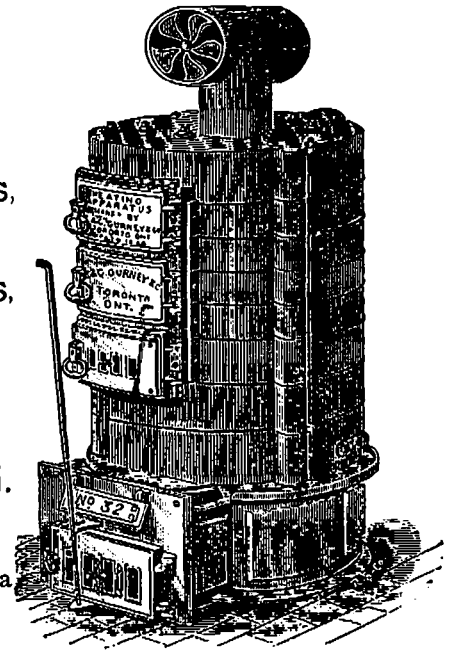
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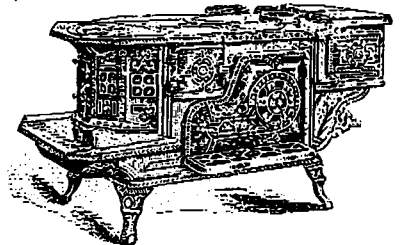
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Under Secretary of State.

OTTAWA, 19th Feb., 1886

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