

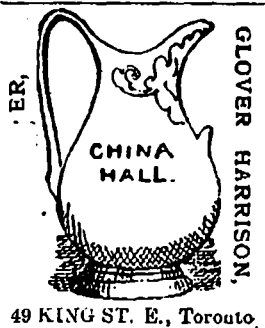
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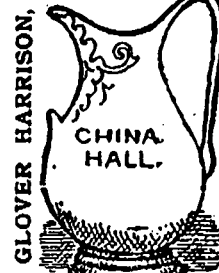
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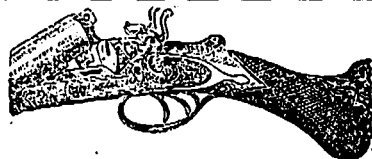
TORONTO, SATURDAY, OCT. 4, 1884.

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THE REFORM POLICY.

Sir John.—If you have a Policy, where is it? Hon. Ed.—That's it you have. When you get through, I just mean to reverse it.



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GRIP.

AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL.

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

J. W. BENGOUGH

Editor.

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

GRIP'S CANADIAN GALLERY.

(Colored Supplement given gratuitously with Grip once a month.)

ALREADY PUBLISHED:

No. 1. Rt. Hon. Sir John A. Macdonald.... Aug. 2.
No. 2. Hon. Oliver Mowat..... Sep. 20.

No. 3. Hon. EDWARD BLAKE:
Will be issued with the number for Oct. 18.

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—The political situation in England is fairly represented by our sketch this week. That pampered child of the British system—the House of Lords—refuses to pass the Franchise Bill without an accompanying measure for the re-distribution of seats. Mr. Gladstone declares it as his belief that to unite the two measures would endanger both, and almost certainly defeat the franchise portion of it. Moreover, he suspects that this plea on the part of the peers is only put forth to gain time, and he summarily refuses to grant it, holding out the threat that if the Franchise Bill is not forthwith passed as presented he will proceed to more summary measures with their lordships.

FIRST PAGE.—GRIP, having lately come into possession of an important piece of political information, proceeds to divulge it *pro bono publico*. He has found out what the Reform policy is! It is the intention of Mr. Blake, when he gets into power—mind you, when he gets into power—to take the present policy of Sir John, especially the portion of it relating to railways and canals, public works, justice and emigration, and turn it upside down and let the country have it backwards. The most astounding blessings to the people are anticipated! Just wait till Blake gets in!

EIGHTH PAGE.—These sketches, having been contributed by an eagle-eyed observer, are sacred from comment here. Mr. Mowat, however, may pass an opinion upon them, if he pleases.

Mr. John Hague, of Toronto, brings, in the *Current* of September 27, to a notable and abruptly-effective close the controversy as to the authorship of that grand hymn, "What is Prayer?"—the credit of which the friends of the late Wilhelmina Cresswell Dawson have recently strenuously claimed as her due. Mr. Hague presents such absolute evidence in favor of James Montgomery, the long-reputed author, as to utterly overthrow the Dawson claim. He comes into the discussion with the advantage of having personally known Montgomery, and his testimony is that of an eye-witness, corroborated by the weightiest possible collateral evidence.

THE FAIR SEASON.

Oh! what a row, what a bustle, what a riotin'
Those endure, you may be sure, who go to see the Fair;
Toronto, at that time, is a place you can't be quiet in,
Every unit of humanity of noise kicks up his share.

All the streets are crowded; there are bumpkins from the county,
Who roan about with mouths agape, and quite bewildered air;
City youths address the "gals" with unabashed effrontery,
And at the rustle damsels, with a winking optic, stare.

Guileless Roger from the farm, comes in to see the frolicking,
On his arm hangs Mary Anne with rosy cheeks a pair;
Roger treats to lemonade, for now's the time for rollicking;
It's only once a year, you know, he gets to see the fair.

Wary peelers peel their eyes; look business-like and serious;
Detectives, sleuth-hounds of the law, assume a knowing air;
The less they know the more they wear that look profound, mysterious,
As they hunt about for clues amongst the people at the fair.

They find their clues, they trace them up, astounding their sagacity;
Straight, straight those clues appear to lead to whiskey sellers' fair;
Down goes the beer, the victim of detective perspicacity;
There's no such word as "thirst" for our detectives at the fair.

The keeper of the boarding house hunts up old bedsteads rickety,
And for the city's visitors he sets him to prepare;
Outside his domicile he puts a placard or a ticket, he announces "Best of Board and Beds" for people at the fair.

Crooks reap plenteous harvests as pockets they manipulate,
Roger loses all his wealth, and wears a downcast air;
He goes back home with Mary Anne, and says he "didn't stipulate
To lose a full ha'f-dollar a visitin' the fair."

All things have an end at last, and so the Ex-po-si-ti-on is closed, and everything assumes, at length, its normal air.
But in twelve months again we hear, The World's Great Ex-hi-bi-ti-on
Will be enacted o'er again; the same old thing, the fair. —S.

A ROMANCE OF TO-DAY.

Gerald Graham was a young man of peculiarly prepossessing appearance; tall, broad-chested, thin-flanked, good-looking; just such a man as I could show you, did not modesty, in the words of Wilkie Collins, declare "I say no." Gerald, though rich in personal charms, was poor as ecclesiastical rodent—Bostonese for church mouse.

Mr. Benzine Cornerin pork was a most effluent and aristocratic stock-broker or something; father of a lovely daughter, a girl of that proud, peerless beauty that is so often seen in the scions of American aristocracy, a maiden with that willowy grace and gliding walk which is the birth-right of Castilian scioritas and such, more especially the such, who inherit this graceful motion from ancestors who have acquired it through the bearing of heavy burdens on their heads and shoulders, such as the Hindoo and Egyptian women and hod-carriers, and Miriam Cornerin pork's grandfather had belonged to the latter profession.

Gerald Graham frequently beheld the charming Miriam—but at a distance; the two were separated by the yawning abyss of poverty, Gerald's poverty. But as no man ever saw Miriam but to love her, Gerald loved her. But how to win her love? That was the question. When Gerald retired to sleep, perchance to dream, this momentous thought was ever before him. And he got thin worrying about it; and his broad chest became less broad and his thin flanks more thin.

But fortune favors the brave, and when Mr. Cornerin pork advertised for a coachman Gerald applied for the position and obtained it.

He is still in Mr. Cornerin pork's employment.

What? I hear my reader exclaim; what! didn't he elope with Miriam and she with him? Not a bit of it; this is a commonplace, everyday statement of facts that would not call a blush to the cheek of an advertising agent, and no sensational, Yankee affair.

Isn't someone rather sold; someone who knew just how this thrilling, ably-written tale was going to end?

MR. M. J. G.'S FAREWELL LAMENT.

I am going, Bunting, going,
I am leaving you at last;
From my eye the tear drop's flowing,
As I think upon the past.

I have striven, Bunting, striven,
In my highly cultured way,
To educate those given
In vulgar paths to stray.

I have pointed out the errors
Of the naughty Grit young man;
Called them baby-chewing terrors,
Termed them piglets in a pen.

And the columns of my journal
With their odious conduct rang;
I warned them of th' infernal
And debasing use of slang.

I called them whiskey guzzling,
Air polluting, low canaille;
And to me it's very puzzling
That they didn't like my style.

On Christmas eve at midnight
I warbled forth in verse;
And the Tories said I did right,
But the Grits I'd ne'er done worse.

I thought it little mattered
To abuse the vulgar throng;
If aristocracy I flattered,
I did not deem it wrong.

But low rhyesters in the papers,
Laughed my poetry to scorn;
And their apo-like, mimic capers,
Made me wish I'd ne'er been born.

But really, Bunting, really,
The fact must now be owned
That my editorials merely
Have been always too high-toned.

When my lines I've been inditing,
In such cultured style as mine,
I felt whilst I was writing,
I was casting pearls to swine.

What can you, Bunting, can you,
Expect of folks so rude?
I'm sure it would unman you
To be called a scribbling dude.

I am nearly broken-hearted,
As I'm writing here to-day;
For the graceful style I started
Has been labor thrown away.

You'll find many of my phrases,
(You won't look them up I hope),
In the writings (and they're daisies)
Of Addison and Pope.

I am not appreciated
By the vulgar, growling mind;
But the great are under-rated
By the small, you'll ever find.

I have cast my gems of beauty
Before plebeians vile,
Who considered it their duty
To condemn my polished style.

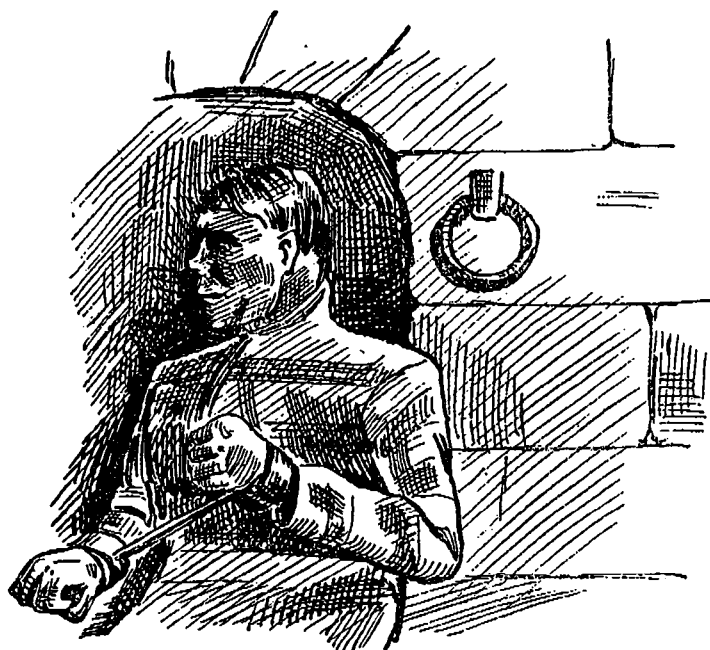
And when I soared above them,
And flattered men of rank—
Lord pity them and love them—
They said I was a—crank!

'Tis ever, Bunting, ever,
Impossible, you'll find,
Low, vulgar thoughts to sever
From a base plebeian mind.

On my wrongs no more I'll ponder,
O'er my grief no longer brood;
For I could not—little wonder—
Educate a class so rude.

As these people who have hated
And abused me; thick-skulled swine!
They must now be educated
By another pen than mine.

For I'm going, Bunting, going,
And the tear-drop dews my face;
I can't stem the torrent flowing,
For Ned Farrar takes my place.



A MAINE CITIZEN.

Frightful result of the Prohibitory Liquor Law. *Vide E. King Dodds, et al.*

LESSONS IN AMATEUR GARDENING.

By an Experienced Sufferer.

NO. II—RAISING TOMATOES.

Standing close up to oysters in the rank of palatableness are tomatoes; although I have no doubt but that if one were actually forced to choose between the two as a regular diet he would, on the spur of the moment, give the oysters the preference, at the same time lamenting sorely the fate which cruelly separated things that should be indissolubly paired—the one in its virgin state, the other in the shape of catsup.

[Note:—The name "ketch-up" is also applied to this preparation, and very properly so, too. It is a standing challenge to all other sauces to catch up to it, if they can.]

Viewed from any standpoint imaginable—with but one exception—there is no valid reason why the amateur gardener should not raise tomatoes. That one exception is—but I must not be too precipitate. To start, you of course, buy your tomato plants. The first lot you procure never grow. You could not expect them to, either. They are what the green-house man makes his profit on, and besides that it is his only means of discouraging a proportion of amateur gardeners and thus confining the tomato product within reasonable bounds.

Four or five hundred plants are enough to set out at once—the nursery-man keeps them growing in little boxes and you can easily drop in a day or two later and repeat the order; and so on until you begin to think you have about enough. Do not be haunted by anxious fears of raising too many of the vegetables. You will eat them in season right straight along; your admiring friends who have no garden will expect an occasional basket; there is catsup, and governor's sauce, and chili sauce, and chowchow, and canned stuff to put away for winter; and whatever surplus there may be, why, sell and recoup yourself for time and money expended.

Plant close. Ground is ground, but buying tomato plants is not going to bankrupt you; and, anyway, later on you can pull up super-

fluous plants or trim the vines down to the right thing. You will need shingles around each plant for several days. Professional gardeners say that the object of this is to prevent the plant from realizing, by a look at the surroundings, that they have been transplanted, until it is too late for them to wilt at the dodge that has been played on them. Four shingles to each plant is usually enough; but the careful gardener will also batter up the cracks to provide against possible contingencies.

Morning and evening you must cautiously remove every shingle from, and pour a watering-can full on the plant before boarding it up again. Possibly your well will soon run dry, but there is the soft-water cistern and before it gives out maybe a shower will happen along. At any rate, don't fret about it. Send the washing to the laundry for a few weeks and hire some boy to carry well-water for the household supply from your nearest neighbors. What do such trifles signify when the very life of your tomato plant is in the question?

Having nicely accommodated themselves to the new soil, the plants will be required to be heavily manured with first-class fertilizers, for which consult the best-known authorities, and employ every description suggested. By so doing you will be sure to hit on the right kind of stuff for your particular soil.

Then you must hill up every plant, and keep on cultivating the roots and adding to the hills, every chance you get from the rest of your garden work. Leave the rest of your garden work sooner than neglect the hills.

To keep off insect pests is likely to test both your back and your patience pretty severely. Ashes is a good thing to sprinkle around the roots; so is salt; so is a decoction of tobacco leaves; so is soot; so is turpentine; so is soap-suds; so is alum water; so is coal oil; so is—but probably you will discover what suits you after faithfully giving these few remedies a trial.

Don't leave vines without frame-work to support them and keep the tomatoes off the ground when they are ripening. It really is not difficult to construct frames if you have lattice-work strips, light scantling, shingle

nails, a good saw, a sharp axe to point the scantling, a hammer, a mortice-box, a level, a rule, a big lead pencil, a draw-knife, a chisel, gimlet and a few other little tools that will occur to you during operations.

Be sure and have your material nicely planed, and after the frames are made paint them—the posts a myrtle green and the rails a sunflower yellow. Everyone doesn't do this, of course; but think of the neatness and the effect of the job!

It isn't safe to have too much growth to the vine nor yet to cut it too close. If there is too much growth it prevents the vegetables forming and also retards their ripening; if you prune indiscriminately you are perhaps cutting what would be your best tomatoes. But if you fancy you can do it just "so-so" with these brief directions, why, get to work at once with your shears and lop away. Many amateur gardeners say they don't regard it as absolutely necessary to prune; they like to see the vines climbing and they are content to take chances on the yield. But they take big chances, I assure you. Now, we'll say your tomatoes have escaped the blight, the frost, the worm, the rot and all those other dangers that menace them. You must be patient while they ripen.

If you let your hens run it will be necessary for you to station yourself or your wife in the midst of the vines from break of day until the hens go to roost, prepared at regular intervals of five minutes to get up, brandish a broom widely, and "shoo!" with all the vigor of which you are capable.

If you or your next door neighbor happen to own children under seven years of age, an equal amount of vigilance will have to be exercised.

It will also be just as well that you make your calculations as to the undisputed enjoyment of your tomatoes with the prospect constantly before you of some stray pigs or a vagrant cow gaining access to your premises while you are sleeping the sleep of an amateur gardener—which, by the way, is occasionally rather sound.

In conclusion, and leaving you in possession of your tomatoes, I shall return to the exception spoken of, to the rule that the amateur gardener should raise tomatoes.

But—on second thoughts I shall say nothing about it. I do not want to utter one word that is calculated in the slightest degree to dampen the odor of or even temporarily discourage the amateur gardener who proposes to grow this most toothsome vegetable.



Madame C. C. Rossiter, a pianist of remarkable brilliancy, gave a very acceptable concert at Temperance Hall on Tuesday evening, being assisted by Miss Beaver, contralto. Madame Rossiter, in addition to her mastery of the piano, is one of the most accomplished concertinists of the day, as well as a good vocalist. We hope she may often be heard during the coming season.

"Romany Rye"—like some of the rye they sell in the groggeries—is very poor stuff. This week the G. and presents the "Silver King," a masterly melo-drama, with a consistent plot, possible situations and an excellent moral. Go and see it, everybody!

Prof. Cahay in "Illustrated Art Jaunts" at the People's Theatre this week.



THE MOWAT YOUNG MAN.

(From designs by the Mail Editor.)

“The (hic) traitor’s haa’ is on thy throat, On-tay-ree-o!” (hic).
(Suspended animation.)

THE TRIALS OF GENIUS.

CHAP. I.

I am beginning to think that, perhaps, after all, I am not so clever as I imagined I was. From my earliest infancy, or rather from the period as far back as I can remember, I had been encouraged by my fond mother and relations in the belief that I was a prodigy of genius—with the exception of a crusty old bachelor uncle, who declared that I was a something stronger than confoundedly precocious, forward young brat. Sober reflection in later years has forced me to confess that my avuncular relative may have had good foundations for his assertion.

I was constantly reminded by my dear mother that poets usually commenced to write—to try their pinions—at an early age, and I resolved to take a few experimental flights myself. I read Byron, Shelley, Keats and others. I read their biographies and was rather astonished, not to say alarmed, at finding that death claimed those bards for his own whilst they were yet young. I hoped that I should not be, likewise, cut off in my prime though I have since discovered that many of those professing to be my friends, the crusty old uncle amongst the lot, were ever devoutly praying for such a consummation. At any

rate I did not wish to die before I had made a name for myself, and accordingly I set about its manufacture at once. I was then thirteen. I still have the faded, yellow manuscript of my first effusion. It began thus:

“ODE TO THE MOON.

Oh! moon how pale thou art: how high
Thou gleamest in the brite nocturnle sky.
Oh! moon tell me art thou but a moon,
Or shall we find in thee another world soon.
Shining up yonder, thou great orb of night,
Aid thy bard in his poetic flight.”

And so on, and so on, and so on. My mother embraced me as she read these beautiful lines, and called me “her budding genius,” “her inspired philosopher.” My uncle called me “a confounded young fool.” I am inclined to think, now, that my uncle must have been inspired in his selection of epithets.

As time passed on I continued to tempt Providence by writing poetry, and was referred to by the editor of the country town paper to which I contributed as “our talented young fellow townsman, whose graceful strains in these columns have so often held enthralled the senses of our appreciative readers.” I wrote on all subjects, and I remember I alluded to the blacksmith of the town—in a poem of some four hundred lines, descriptive of my

native place—as “The dusky Vulcan, Scroggins him we call.” Mr. Scroggins, whose mythological education would appear to have been overlooked, chose to take offence, and swore roundly that he “wasn’t going to be insulted by that—scribbling young whelp, and called no such blackguard names,” and as he was a man of huge biopital development, and Herculean size, I was, for several weeks, compelled to make a detour of nearly two miles through the fields to get past his smithy, for he had been heard to avow that if he got hold of me he would surely wring my neck, which threat my uncle applauded to the skies. The belle of the town, Miss Soplly Tarbutt, of course came in for a share of my attention. I referred to her as the “fairy nymph who trips the cowslipped mead,” but the intelligent compositor brought her out as “the fiery nymph who sips the cowslipped mead,” (mead being a very popular beverage in which cowslips were often used to give a delicate flavor) and consequently I was subjected to a terrible thrashing and subsequent ducking in the horse pond by her lover, the young man who acted as shopman at the haberdashery, and his friends, who determined in their bemuddled minds that a fiery and mead-swilling nymph was a lady who was no better than she should be. This unfortunate affair drove me from the home of my ancestors, and I determined to court fortune and the Muscs in a neighboring city, the people of which would, I felt, recognize me as I deserved, and hail me as the genius I imagined myself to be.

(To be continued.)

OUR SECRET SERVICE CABLE.

By secret telegraph GRIP’s ambassador to Warsaw sends the following, for which it is claimed that it has the merit of being as true as many other wirings from the same quarter: “WARSAW, Sept. 18th.—The self-constituted triumvirate of Russia, Austria and Germany, while indulging in liberal potatoes of muddle-weller, a compound of vodka, lager and acid-sick, forgot their usual caution and spoke loud enough to be overheard. The subject of their discussion was the recently created Canadian standing army. This was voted to be a menace to the world’s peace; another British outrage, one more proof of the all-absorbing policy of the hated England, whose persistent defiance in colonizing every available spot of earth, and crowding every sea with her keels, must be at any cost opposed. He of Austria was particularly lugubrious. “Our history,” said he, “has been one of misfortune; thrashed by the Turks; chastised by other folks (here he bowed twice), and wholopped again by the French whenever opportunity offered, what should we do in the event of a collision with that Canada? Fancy her troops battering at the gates of Vienna!” “Peace, my brother,” gently whispered the conciliatory Kaiser, “we have nothing to fear from these colonists. Should they threaten, make an ally of the United States, and Uncle Sam’s fleet will prove sufficiently potent to keep the Canucks at home.”

“Bravo!” shouted the Czar excitedly, “we have emptied our glasses, and in the words of the old song,

“I think there is a good reason why
We should fill and drink again.”

GRIP’s ambassador may not be extra clever, but judging all parties by their antecedents, the raven’s caput is equal to half a dozen eagle’s heads, though mounted on imperial shoulders.

A Gorman newspaper contains the following advertisement: “If Charles Frankerber will either call on or write to Karl Schmidt, on the Kaiser Strasse, No. 26, he will hear something to his advantage. His wife is dead.”
—Texas Siflings.



J. W. Benson

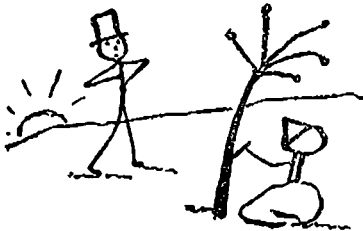
THE SPOILED CHILD.

Mother Gladstone.—EAT THAT PIECE INSTANTLY—YOU'LL GET NO JAM WITH IT—OR DOWN THE CELLAR YOU GO!

DE RAGANBOTTLES' REVENGE.
A LEGEND OF PORT STANLEY.

'Twas in the afternoon; the sun
His downward course had just begun.
The place—Port Stanley. Henry John
De Raganbottles stood alone,
Save that behind a beechen tree
A scrap of muslin he could see;
And from the color did surmise
The wearer was the fair Elize
Magoogal.

Up from the centre of his chest
A sigh went sailing to the west.
He smote his thunder-mantled brow,
And hoarsely muttered: I will now
At once—explore—discover—see,
And ascertain what she can be
A-doit'.



As Onondaga on the trail,
So thin, so slim, so short, so pale;
On through the glade and thro' the gloom,
Resistless as the wild simoon,
Reckless of briar, brake and fen,
Obstinate as a setting hen,
He drew nigh.

De Raganbottles sought his prey,
And gurgled glumly: By my fay
She hath her dry goods on to-day,
In great style.

He halts, he grabs himself, he gasps!
For in her hand a knife she clasps.
Can it be suicide? he thought,
While every hair stood stiff and taut,
And like twin billiard balls, his eyes
Be-gazed upon the fair Elize,
Together.

But no! As fair and innocent
As liberty upon a cent,
Elize did clumsily endeavor
(I blush to state she wasn't clever),
To carve some letters on the bark.
All this did Henry John remark:
Ha! ha! quoth Henry John, 'tis well—
I see the knife, I feel the spell;
Immortal doughnuts! can it be
That thou for such a wretch as me
Gan'st cut on bark of beechen tree
The initials with a capital D,
Of De Raganbottles?

He shrank, or shrunk, he scarcely breathed,
His brain with balmy visions wreathed;
Callow was he, and dumb and blind
To pincies going on behind,
And elsewhere.

At last she rose up like the moon,
Or like a hydrogen balloon;
That is, (excuse the metaphor),
I mean the fair young creature wore
A crinoline.

Hast seen the tiger seize his prey?
Well, in a sort of similar way
De Raganbottles reached the tree,
And gazed upon it fixedly.

But why this roar of bitter woe?
Oh! why this hopping to and fro?
Oh! Saturn, Juniper and March!
Eliza Jane hath ta'en the starch
Out of De Raganbottles.

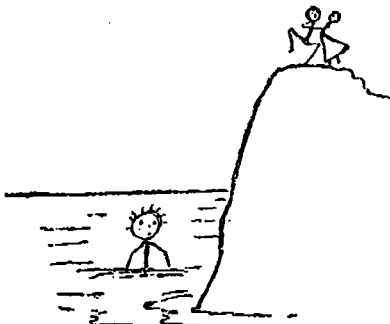
Ah me! the cruel fact! he saw
In carved letters new and raw,
P. C.—

His hated rival—fearful smash,
Castle come down with cruel crash!
How can the sun keep shining on
Above the head of Henry John?
Now, by my halldome! quoth he,
I will revenge me after tea
On Peter Coggins!

YE REVENGE.

He did! When Peter went to swim,
De Raganbottles followed him,
And hid his shirt, and pants and all,
And left him not a rag at all,
Good, bad or indifferent.
So Peter had to swim (though pale),

Till shades of evening did prevail;
While on a high and lofty bank,
(Gazing like froglet from a tank)
He saw De Raganbottles prance,
And with the fair Magoogle dance
A polka.



When fiery sol had quit these scenes,
To a farmer of the name of Beans
He sneaked him.

But Beans' Towzer made him run,
While Beans with lantern and a gun
Pursued him.



Not finding his mistake at last,
Quickly in charity he cast
His duster on the form of Cog,
Laid down his arms, called off his dog,
And apologized.

And here I might lay down my pen,
But will not do it, for that then
I could not very well narrate
De Raganbottles' final fate.
Coggins explained; Elize believed,
And o'er his hard experience grieved;
And Wednesday evening Skyoglo
Announced the wedding, E. Magoogal
To Peter Coggins.

Then up arose the maddened Itag,
Took up his walking stick and bag,
Became a furious woman later,
Ran for the New York Legislature,
And is a Fenian agitator,
At present.

A GENTLEMAN'S GENTLEMAN

IS SADLY DISAPPOINTED IN THIS CANADA OF OURS.

MISTER GRIP, DEAR SIR,—

I must pawsitively give igspresshn to my folinks of disgust by riting to your reely had-mirabile peerodikle to tell you what i have aufered since comming to this country—this "Canady of hours," as the beknighted pop-lashn declairs. Nedlees to say i have bin disapinted hin the hentire boutfit of this continent. As a gentleman's gentleman, in which capassity i caim here with a prominent member of the british asotiation, whose name shall be naimbles for hobvious reasons, i ave bin brort up in a suttin speare of luxry, hand the ardaships i ave bin conpeld to hundergo in Canady surpases boleaf. Wy, i read at scool that this country wes a land of perpetual snow like the halps, a land of hicc and glashceers, and i cum prepared actordin as, *onter noo*, did some of the hexlent gentlemen of the b. hassotiasion. Wot ave i found hin place of hicc, of snow and haretic frosts? Wot, hindeed! Why eat. Eat as as maid me drop igsastid beneath my flannins and sirs with wich i was perwid. I adnt nothink in the shaip of summer close, not hexpectin to find such intolerable cat as i ave egspeareced. O ow i long for one moor look at a dear hold henglish fogg. none of your heternal bloo

skys for me. i have been forced to hexpend several lb. in the purchas of sootable cloas or perrish with oarwhielmin pruspishashin. i must say i am greevsly disapointed with Canady, no bares, no wolfs, hand but few injuna, an thom few of whom the least said the soonest mended. the peple, suttinly, is tollby hinteligen, and as for your heditors they seem farely well hinformed fellers, but cors in their igspresshns, and not much stile except the heditor of the *Male*, some of whose perduk-shuns i ave red in the *Times* before now. I will say, however, that Canady has a fine rivver, the st. laurents bein i am perswaided fully ekal in bredth to the tems in sum parts. yure whisky i cannot apreshiate, hand yure bere his hojious. you ave no haristockasy and your knites is omcmaid, and has a rool the himmates of the survants all, ware there is a servvants all, is low, disgustin, overbarin, hindependent broots. ow you cum to perjuce a man like Anlan i cant see, probly he is wun of them frekes of maycher wich crops up hevverywair, an hexception to proov the rool. wen i return ome and relait that i hackshly see no snoe hout here, my words will not be beaved, for my frends was fully convinced that i shood come back with the hend of my nose minus, hand sever frorst bites about my pusson genrly. but wot av i to shoas; paw-sitively nothink but a moast alarmin loss of flesh and a fearful decreas in waste meashure-ment. you are not haltogether to blame for your climit, for doutless you do your best, but i ashure you i wasn't the honly member of the hasotiasion has was sapparized, for we was moastly hall prepared for several feat of depe snoe. your shops or stoars as you call them is tolle fare, but the shopmen hinslent and patternizin with the hordasity to hackehly talk to thare customers has hif they was thar ekwals, i never see the like. your sassiety wants reformin and them fellers kep in thare plices. thare far two hindependent, for a shopman is a shopman whether he calls iself a clark or a cashere. i should like to give you my further vues in another episle, hand will do so with your kind permishn.

yures fathefly,
SAMUEL PUMPS, M.B.A.

TOPICAL TALK

ABOUT THINGS HERE, THERE AND EVERY-WHERE.

During the Czar's Warsaw visit hundreds of policemen were detailed for special work. You would actually think the Czar was afraid of something!

American papers assert that, in the campaign over the way, "C. Roscoe Conkling will not stump." As he does not appear to have a leg left to stand on, it would seem as though that was just what he would do.

"Perhaps the driver of the locomotive is a 'civil engineer,'" remarked one traveller to another; "but that young man talking to the candy-butcher at the other end of the car is no civil brakesman, as I am ready to testify after getting his answer to my question."

There are two reasons, says a writer, why some people don't mind their own business. One is that they haven't any business, and the other is that they haven't any mind. Very good. But there is a third reason—they don't want to appear singular.

It is rumored that a new branch of education is to be instituted in American colleges, and a coachman's duties will be thoroughly taught the students. A list of millionaires with handsome daughters will be kept at every college, and the student graduating with the highest honors will be allowed the first choice of a position. The number of young men already enrolled in the Jehu class is reported as something extraordinary.

Of all the rosy-tinted forecasts made respecting the Mowat demonstration the editor of the *Barrie Gazette* got in the rosiest:—"The Demonstration promises to eclipse any political gathering ever held in Canada, and will be the crowning event of the Toronto Exhibition." And yet Mowat didn't take a prize!

Now they say the electric light has spoiled flirtations at summer resorts, and turned the secluded piazza corner into a snare for the unwary whispering lover. The cry is, "Give us back our friendly, if feeble gas, or else the ancient lantern." In a word, the summer resorts want something that will emit, and also permit, sparks.

I can scarcely bring myself to credit it, but the sad truth is only too patent, that it really was a *Globe* reporter, who speaking of the investigation into the Parkdale school board little unpleasantness, remarked: "The prisoner retained throughout the proceedings an expressionless demeanor. He looked very wretched."

"Six thousand starving Indians at the Poplar River Agency, Montana, threaten to take the war path," is one of the latest sensational news items. Well, if the war path is good enough for them let them take and enjoy it; though it strikes me if they were to take the cow path they would come on something more satisfying.

Muscular christianity has its uses. A Sutton clergyman, annoyed during church service by some ruffians, picked one of them up and carried him outside the church. The only disappointing feature of this incident would seem to be in the fact that the muscular christianity manifested itself in the simple carrying of the rowdy out. But probably the rowdy's ear did not afford a fair grip.

The only evidence of insanity in the case of a lady inmate of Lougue Pointe Asylum is ungovernable fury at the sight of her husband. If this be good and sufficient proof of insanity, I ask any married man to ponder the mental condition of his wife after he recalls the reception she recorded him a few days ago when he came into the newly-scrubbed kitchen without using the door-mat!

I see that the anguish and sorrow endured by Miss Fortescue through the fickleness of Lord Garmoyle is likely to find a counter pain in the person of a gentleman named Quilter, who is to marry the actress in a few weeks. I hope the gentleman will make a good husband, never appearing before his estimable wife three sheets in the wind, which is a most reprehensible thing for any man to do, *blank it*.

THE RESOURCES OF THE SCIENTIST.

Except Darwin's famous "survival of the fittest," no theory has had in our day a wider effect on thought than that of Sir William on the dissipation of energy. He has shown that the universe tends to a condition of inertness, because all forms of energy are easily convertible into heat, whereas the conversion of heat into other forms of energy is impossible of perfect, and always difficult of partial attainment.—*Globe*.

This is Moses Oates' plausible excuse for being lazy, but we can tell him it won't do.

Our city water is evidently not what it should be. We may say what we like about the evils of drunkenness. Doubtless they are many and great, but it is a toss-up whether some of the old toppers in Toronto have not shewn considerable wisdom in eschewing the city water. A glass of beer would seem to be preferable to a compound of diluted sewage, liquified cats and dogs, and the refuse of the charming river Don.

I would humbly suggest to Canadian bankers who do not feel that they can trust their native cashiers, that it would be a safe move for them to engage some of those gentlemen who are now visiting us from the other side.

Our American guests would be unable to revisit the land of their birth, for reasons which need not be given, and would have no Ilysian fields in view should they feel a desire to hypothecate the funds of the banks employing them. A man can, really, be moderately honest when it is impossible for him to escape with the fruits of dishonesty. If we are to harbor all the defaulting cashiers over here, by all means let us make use of them whilst we have them. But Eux' of this subject.

The only instance on record, in my experience at least, of people feeling good over a fire—that is to say, not one in an able-bodied coal stove when the mercury was dribbling out of the bottom of the thermometer, but a regular "destructive conflagration," as the newspapers put it—is that of the inhabitants of Woodstock, when the railway station buildings, including baggage-room and contents, were consumed the other night. The grief-stricken narrator of the occurrence, as he wipes the tears from his eyes, closes his paragraph to the papers thus:—"The citizens rejoice at the certainty of the erection now of station accommodation more in accordance with the needs of the town." How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a fire that burns nobody good.

I have always, heretofore, been of the opinion that the British House of Commons was quite justified in preventing Mr. Bradlaugh from taking his seat. I see, however, that the unbelieving member for Northampton has stated that he will make one more effort to take his seat, and now I sincerely hope and trust that he will be successful, for if the opposition to him still continues he declares his intention of coming to America on a lecturing tour. I now think, therefore, that the obdurate House should receive him with open arms, and Americans and Canadians will rise up and call it blessed. We have plenty of infidels out here already, we have been inundated with British lecturers and professional beauties—male and female, and though Mr. Bradlaugh can hardly be classed as a beauty, professional or non-professional, I think we can manage to get along without him.

When the disease of writing poetry gets into and takes complete possession of a man he is lost forever, as witness in the case of the doughty Baron D'Eyncourt. From a remote period it has been the custom of the British sovereign, when a subject has given evidence of being badly possessed of the poetic mania, to make him a poet-laureate at a salary of \$41.80 per month, with a present of a pipe of wine each year, the intention evidently being to induce the poet to either drink himself to death or drown himself in the liquor. Mr. Tennyson did neither, but simply drank his wine in moderation and squandered his £100 a year, and continued to write poetry. Then he was created a peer of the realm. But it did no good. He is at it again, and will soon produce another poem. The only way I know of to get rid of poets is to publish all their effusions and let the public shoot them to death with a meat-axe.

And now comes a thoughtful correspondent of the *Globe*, who assures us that "the result (of the Boundary Case) was not doubted by the majority of our countrymen. It was to all proper minded a foregone conclusion." When Mr. Mowat ascertains the name of this prescient person no office in the gift of the Government will be too good for him, although possibly the Premier may playfully chide him for making it so public that he went over the ocean just for the fun of the thing. Keen discernment, closely allied with sound common sense, is what I like to distinguish in letters to the press. There is only one thing it occurs to me to observe in conclusion, which makes Mr. Mowat sorry he didn't simply send

over his Boundary Case papers with "no defence" marked on them, and that is the circumstance that he was not on hand to hear Sir David Macpherson's courtly disclaimer before the judges *re* the Registrarship.

Three facts are clearly established to my mind in the case of the trio of gentlemen who constituted themselves a committee of the whole with power to add—or rather with power to diminish, the number of dudes in our once reputable and happy city. They are, first, that a dude is a real entity; second, that he has feeling; third, that there are persons to be found who really sympathize with, and would protect him. The first thing fills me with sadness, as a stigma on the human race; the second thing, in view of the first thing, brings sweet consolation to me, because feelings are amenable to—well, to quite a number of influences, both physical and mental; the third thing would plunge me in direst grief again, only I remember that the sympathy and protection came from the officers of the law, who were bound to manifest it. There are other reflections on this stirring incident which present themselves, but I am not calm enough to give them placid expression. In conclusion may I be permitted to entertain the hope that public indignation will not culminate in driving the two policemen and the magistrate to a foreign country.

The poets are hard at work turning out Mowat Commemoration Odes. The inspiring rhythm of such popular melodies as "Johnny Comes Marching Home!" "Jolly Dogs," "A Life on the Ocean Wave," "Come Landlord, Fill the Flowing Bowl," and several other ballads typifying victory, joy and enthusiasm, is being followed by the poets with more or less happiness of result in both rhyme and measure. The anonymous peans are, of course, the work of Laureate Edgar, who will never die contented until he has produced a companion song to "Ontayreo! Ontayreo!" which will, like that beautiful composition, be immortal in the annals of Canadian verse, not to say Canadian History. The Premier's name is perhaps the most formidable obstacle in the way of chaste and felicitous rhyme. "Oliver," you see, has to be made rhyme with "Bolivar," though by a little poetic licence you might also bring in "Gulliver" or in fact "soldier"; but you would really have to draw the line before employing "sockdolager," however appropriately the word might fit in. But with "Olly" a greater variety of correspondent words suggest themselves at once. Then take "Mowat," and about the only apposite and of a really distinctive character that occurs to you is "John O' Groat." Dismayed by this paucity of rhymic cadence many a well-intentioned poet will give up in despair, saying he is no more of a poet than a sheep is a goat. If it be any consolation to these vanquished versifiers to know it, I fancy I may assure them that Mr. Mowat can stand the disappointment if they can.

A stockholder in a Western narrow-gauge railroad made a call at headquarters the other day, and remarked to the president, "I notice that the gross receipts for October show a decrease over September." "Can you explain the matter?" "Certainly, sir. In September we carried a family of seven persons from Dashville to Blanktown, and the receipts were swelled. During October we only got hold of a blind man, two cars of lumber and a dozen barrels of salt, and the receipts shrank." "And what is the outlook?" "Splendid, sir. So far this month we have more than paid for the wood and oil for the locomotive, and if we get a shipment of six hogs, as promised us yesterday, I believe we can pay the conductor at least five per cent. of his back salary.—*Wall Street News*.

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THE MOWAT DEMONSTRATION VIEWED FROM THE MAIL TOWER.

A MARKET DITTY.

Billy had a little ram,
It's fleece was just so-so :
It took its way—this is no sham—
To the mart of To-ron-to.

A butcher man espied the sheep;
It took his eye at once ;
He said, "That beast I'd like to keep,
Or else I am a dunce."

He sharpened up his trenchant blade,
He whet it on a stone,
And when one lunge he fiercely made—
The little lamb was gone.

Where is that sheep? Where is that ram?
I'll tell you if you'll know ;
It passes now as first-class lamb
In the mart of To-ron-to.

WORKED HIS WAY.

A stout farmer, the other day, applied to a conductor of a freight train for passage from Bald Knob to Newport.

"I ain't got much money," said he, "but I'll give you a dollar to take me down. I never rid on one o' these things an' I am right anxious ter see how she goes."

The conductor agreed, the old fellow climbed into the caboose, and when the train started with a jerk, he seized the stove and held it with a determination born of extreme fear. The road was rough, and it was about as much as an experienced railroader could do to keep his seat. The old fellow did not release the

stove until the train stopped. He was dripping wet with perspiration, and seemed to be greatly fatigued.

"Here," said the conductor, "pay your fare before you get off?"

"Podner, I don't owe you nothin'. I have worked my way, an' I am as tired as if I had split four hundred rails. Sorry to disappint yer, but it is ergin my principals ter pay er man for the chance to work."

A medical paper advises young doctors not to prescribe "shot gun mixtures" too freely during the summer, as certain combinations of drugs are apt to decompose each other in hot weather. A shot gun prescription is composed of a variety of different drugs, in the expectation that one of them may hit the mark, and effect a cure. It occupies about the same place relatively in pharmacy that the sausage does in the butcher shop, being composed of the odds and ends of everything left over from regular business, but probably does not hit the bull's eye as often as the latter.—*Peck's Sun.*

FIRST AID TO THE INJURED.

1. Turn the hose on him.
2. If the cuticular integument be not broken, make a mixture of sweet oil, vaseline, molasses, and soft soap, and bathe the affected part with a cloth dipped in the mixture.

3. If the cuticular integument be broken, make a mixture of alcohol, rum, oxalic acid, and Cheyenne pepper, and squirt the affected part with it by means of a syringe.

4. It should be noticed that the proportions in which the liquids are mixed makes no difference. No doctor who really loves his profession ever descends to such trifles.

5. Bind a tourniquet about the part affected. Of course every one knows what that is.

6. Read to him Mr. Arnold's essay on "Numbers" to serve as an anesthetic.

7. If he have nothing of value about him, leave your card in his pocket after he is anesthetized, that he may have the satisfaction of knowing who his benefactor is.

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