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THE GAME AT IRAT PORTAGE.
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S. J. MOORE, *Manager.*

J. W. BENGOUGH

Editor.

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

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.—Mr. Blake has just returned from the Old Country, and he must, as a new arrival, feel rather puzzled to know which set of bulletins to believe on the subject of the Rat Portage war. The *Mail* says everybody up there is against Mowat—the *Globe* of course, says just the reverse. If Mr. Blake were an average Grit he would instinctively swallow the *Globe's* news, but it is somewhat notorious that, notwithstanding the new management, the leader of the Opposition has a wholesome disinclination to go the "whole hog" with any newspaper organ.

FIRST PAGE.—The game of "King of the Castle" still goes on in the Awarded Territory,—the odds being in favor of the Ontario Government. Warlike rumors are again in the air—genuine war this time. It is reported that the Dominion Government has ordered troops to the scene of action to aid the Manitoba authorities. We refuse to believe this; if Sir John Macdonald is the 'cute politician he is generally reputed to be, he would as soon think of cutting off his own head as taking the action here indicated. It would certainly pitch him out of office, but, what is worse, it would, in case of bloodshed, brand him for all time as a murderer. This matter can be settled without an appeal to arms, and the first man who shoots a fellow citizen at Rat Portage, whether under orders or not, ought to be hanged.

EIGHTH PAGE.—Our sympathies are entirely and enthusiastically with the Telegraph strikers. As we have often stated before we abhor Monopolists of every grade, and especially such heartless money-bloated grabbers as Jay Gould. We learn with pleasure that the Monopoly in this case is likely to be beaten. With the best representative papers of both parties, we declare in favor of Government control of telegraph lines—and would

also like to see the railways, one and all, put under the same auspices.

Our Leading Article.

Supplied each week to GRIP, gratis, by a Syndicate of
Grit and Tory editors.

THE BOUNDARY QUESTION.

The prompt and decisive action of the popular Ontario Government in enforcing its authority over the disputed territory is being followed by disastrous results. The people from end to end of district are up in arms against this most unwarrantable and outrageous intrusion. In Rat Portage, where erstwhile anarchy and lawlessness reigned supreme, the change for the better is most apparent. Here are the officers of three separate Governments, each endeavoring to assert their right to rule. As a consequence, the residents are unwilling to submit to any one of the three contending factions. Property is being confiscated, debts cannot be collected, and the prospect is gloomy in the extreme. Mr. Mowat's course has greatly disconcerted Sir John Macdonald and his advisers, the Quebec Bleus. The latter, in utter despair of being able to deprive Ontario of a portion of her most valuable territory, are, it is said, seriously contemplating a resort to force. The idiotic and senseless statement made by some journals that the Quebec Bleus are in anywise interested in this dispute has been forever disposed of. The most determined and in fact only opposition to the final settlement of the difficulty comes from the residents themselves, who strenuously oppose Mowat's right to exercise governmental functions. It would certainly have been a dereliction of duty on the part of Mr. Mowat to have refrained any longer from taking possession of this territory. With the people of the district appealing for his protection, and the whole Province of Ontario clamoring for her rights, in the course he has pursued Mr. Mowat has displayed his usual foresight and statesmanlike ability, and added more than ever to his popularity. Upon his head rests the terrible responsibility of being the prime cause of so much misery and destitution. Everywhere crime is rampant, business is disturbed, murder and rapine abound, and all because of Mowat's attempt to take forcible possession of a piece of worthless territory to which the Province of Ontario has not the slightest claim.

The Syndicate

[No article genuine without this Signature.]

ROYALTY HEARD FROM.

MY DEAR GRIP,—As the time for my departure from your shores approaches, I begin to feel how sad it is to part. My grief at leaving Canada will be great, but you can contribute to its assuagement by continuing me as subscriber to GRIP and GRIP-SACK. By the way, will you kindly forward me half-a-dozen copies more of this year's SACK, as I wish to present the Queen, Wales, and some other friends each with a copy. (Sgd.) LORNE.



Our
First Person
Singular.

"Man was made to mourn" the loss of his new silk umbrella.

Barnum's big elephant, Prince, has been removed by the jaws of death. (Some editors say "hand of death," which is very bad form). His remains, it is said, are to be transferred to Toronto University. Just what the faculty propose to do with them remains to be seen.

Jemima H. writes me as follows.—Will you do me the kindness to "show up" the intolerable nuisance of allowing those horrid perambulators on the streets. Last evening when going down Yonge-street with my little dawg Fitz, one of those wretched things ran right over his dear little tail." My dear girl, you have my loving sympathy in this dire misfortune. Of course they should keep their babies at home. In fact they ought not to be allowed out of the house until they are able to walk. Your sweet little dog must have a breath of fresh air occasionally, and it is outrageous that he must be tortured by those nasty baby carriages.

As a parallel case to that mentioned last week of the supreme ignorance displayed by foreign journalists of the topography of this country, I quote the following from the Dundee *Advertiser*. Referring to the new steamers now building on the Clyde for the Canada Pacific Railway, this "green un" says: "In the meantime the vessels are being constructed each with seven water-tight bulkheads, but when they arrive out at Montreal the vessels will be cut in two, so that they may the more easily descend the St. Lawrence canals to the lakes. What may be regarded as the mid or odd bulkhead will serve but a temporary purpose, as it will be taken out when the two halves of the vessels are put together again on the shores of Lake Ontario." Descend the St. Lawrence Canals, eh? This editor seems to know as much about the direction in which our great rivers flow, as does the London *Times* :

Mrs. Langtry is writing a book of her experiences in America. It will likely be entitled "What I know about the Americans." If she knows as much about the Yankees as they appear to know about her, and she tells it all, the book will be a voluminous one.

Although it is only some few days since Grip opened his office at Mikahaboo, E. C., on the Victoria Nyanza, the following names have already been registered:—W. C. Battakih, Ottawa; Sir Chas. Tupper, K. C. B., Baguta; F. J. Cetewayo, Jr., Toronto; Hon. Oliver Mowat, Krangolabi; J. Burr Plumb, Senator, Poentireoo; Mrs. Hanki Hastilangby, Maguia.

I understand that Mr. Harry Cliff—whom everybody knows and likes—is an applicant for the City Engineership, vacant by the death of Mr. Brough. Mr. Cliff has been for a long time in the office of the City Engineer and was the late official's right-hand man. It may therefore be assumed that he is well qualified for the position of chief—aside from the fact that he commands first-rate professional testimonials. Mr. Cliff's many friends will be glad to hear of his appointment, and the city would also have reason to feel gratified in such an event.

Mr. Piper was only able to send the London sufferers a cheque for fifty dollars as the result of the Band Concert given at the Zoo Gardens—and even of this small amount Harry drew upon his private purse for about twelve dollars.

This is far from creditable to the city, more especially as the concert was well worth hearing, aside altogether from its charitable object.

I hardly know what to say of poor Webb. I will say nothing, beyond submitting a few lines "In Memoriam," written by a poetical friend:

The cruel river leaps in angry glee,
Showing white teeth, and scoffing at the dead;
"He dared to try his puny strength with me—
To battle 'gainst my rocks and rapids dread.
Ha ha, he's conquered! 'Twas a vain exploit
For fame and honor transient as my foam—
Go bear his shattered body from my sight—
Weep for the brave, and take the lesson home."

I am glad to see that the *Globe* is trying to wake up the City authorities on the subject of cleaning the lanes and cesspools. They require a good deal of sharp prodding, and I hardly venture to hope that they will thoroughly arouse until we have a few cases of unquestionable cholera. Meantime may I enquire what we are paying such heavy taxes for?

The Press Association Excursion starts on the 6th inst, to Montreal and Quebec, thence up the Saugeny. A royal good time will of course be enjoyed and I'm awfully sorry I can't go. Our editor is going, though, I understand, and no doubt he will give us his usual pictorial account of the doings of the party in the next issue after returning. *Bon voyage.*

The late rains seem to have had the effect of causing the crop of claimants to the Mercer Estate to spring up very rapidly, and now it promises well. As the Privy Council has awarded this estate to Ontario, these Merc(e)rinary individuals might save themselves the trouble of pursuing the matter any farther.

I notice with deep regret that the sea serpent has again appeared. I am sorry for this. The trouble and anxiety which this monstrous fraud has caused the human family is unparalleled in this or any other planet. For my own part I have never truly believed in the sea serpent, but now we have the story on the authority of some newspaper men, and of course skepticism is at an end.

The Khedive of some Scottish Insurance Company was in the city on Monday. For his benefit the fire brigade were called out to give an exhibition. I am disposed to question the wisdom of these free exhibitions. But if the party for whom the display is made, pays for the broken reels, I suppose I need not object.

Jay Gould began life as a cow boy. Perhaps this accounts for the extraordinary faculty he has developed for watering stock.

The steamer *City of Toronto* now runs a regular Sunday excursion to Niagara and Lewiston. I have investigated the matter and find that she carries only perishable freight.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SUBSCRIBER, Tonquin.—No. We know of no oarsman by the name of Courtney. At Union Springs, New York, resides one Chas. E. Courtney. This gentleman is a carpenter by profession, and enjoys an enviable and well-earned reputation for his proficiency in the use of the hand saw.

BELINDA, Bathurst-street.—If the "horrid music" you speak of resembles the report of an eighty-ton gun, it is without doubt the echo of the ice cream vendor's horn, wafted in gentle cadences from the vicinity of Jarvis-street.



IN THE "GARB OF OLD GAUL."

SCENE: The Caledonian Games.
Sandy is waiting his turn to play in the Bagpipe Competition, and thinks he might as well have a smoke. Now, Sandy has been long enough in Canada to learn how to light a match, and the consequence is . . . *Sandy loq.* "Goash! A forgot A hadna ma troosers on!"

ANSWERS TO ENQUIRERS.

DRAUGHTS OF INFORMATION FOR THE DROUTHY.

"I wish you would tell me," writes D. B., "why the antipathy to pay a tailor's bill is so universal."—We will, and it is because tailors will persist in asking money from their customers. The absurdity of this practice is so generally acknowledged that in all ages and amongst all people since the figleaf pattern went out of date, very few have been found daring enough to consider the refusal to pay a tailor's bill either a crime or a misdemeanor. Read "Sartor Resartus," by the late Thomas Carlyle. His Imperial Majesty, of Tongataboo, and his loving subjects, were never known to pay a tailor's bill. Neither did our great ancestor Adam.

LINGÆ asks whether there is any record of the last day at Babel; and if so, if we would give him some information about it.—There is, and we give it as we read it ourselves, as follows:—"Sir, what's that your perusing?" said Johnson to Boswell. "'Plutarch's Lives,' sir," replied Boswell. "Sir, you may read a fragment for me," said the lexicographer. "Consternation reigned triumphant; a universal strife ensued; the inferior peoples, on whom limited linguistic favors were conferred, gazed helplessly at their compatriots. The original Gaelic clan gathered round their leader, one Jackamaron (evidently Cameron, a very ancient sect), who addressed them thus, in the last recorded words spoken at Babel: "Ma freens, there's nuckle sair wark here th' day! Yon's a bonny heap o' stanes, but there's nae mair siller intull't. Get what ye may frae the loons about ye; bake yer bannocks; fill yer meal-pocks; gang warily, tak a taste for luck, an' noo, 'Tonal'd More, gie us 'O'er the Hills an' far Awa,' and say 'Farewell tae Babel, oh!' The tribe to which the Columbian dialect was given immediately elected a president and a committee of ways and means, annexed the goods and chattels of their neighbors under the plea of manifest destiny, canvassed and took payment in advance for a his-

tory of the work, embellished with chromo likenesses of Noah and his family: and procuring teams of horses and oxen, mules and mustangs, which were now for the first time so used, and preceded by an armed cavalcade, mounted on horses, started, under the guidance of a baldheaded eagle, for the west." "Sir, stop there," said Dr. Johnson, "Plutarch and I do not agree." "Sir," said Boswell, "Plutarch lived many centuries nearer to that period than you, sir." "Sir," said Johnson, "respect for the opinions of your seniors is not one of your virtues."—CHAOS.

"Please tell me what the Monroe doctrine is," requests HISTORICITTLE.—This characteristic document is worded to this effect: "That no foreign power shall have, or possess, or obtain, or purchase, or get, or hold any possession, land or water on the continent of North America in excess of what they now possess, or make laws or treaties, or do anything without the full concurrence and approbation of the United States in Congress assembled, as it is the manifest destiny of all such possessions to become part and parcel of those United States, and all powers, and kingdoms and empires, and grand duchies and republics are hereby notified that resistance to this declaration will necessarily lead to their total annihilation. Formulated by us, the committee. Aristophanes J. O'Connor, General U. S. A., Epaminondas Nehemiah Doolittle, General U. S. A., Ichabod Asa Bugg, Senator U. S., Washington Zebedee Fish, U. S. N., Peleg McLaughlin, Clerk of Works." This document was approved at Philadelphia during the Centennial by the Screaming Eagle branch of the Woman's Rights Association, and signed by the following representatives: Mehitabel Man-chayser, Belinda B. Bargewell, Prudelia Pngglethorpe, Vanessa Vanderscratcher, Committee; Susan B. Anthony, clerk; Tilly T. Toughun, moderator. The effect of this manifesto was astounding. Russia ceded Alaska, Britain relinquished her claim on the state of Maine, France said the U. S. might have her share of Canada, the Chinese lessened the duty on tea, and Popocatepetl exhausted itself in improvising pyrotechnical displays in honor of the event. The Monroe doctrine is a fixed fact, and the effete tyrants of Europe bend beneath the yoke, and unanimously ejaculate, "Hail, Columbia."—UNCLE SAM.

SYNTAX EXTRAORDINARY.

Lost—On June 24th, a red cow and calf, with right horn turned in two, sawn in half. Anyone finding her will be rewarded. Address A. Watson, Post Office, Winnipeg.—*Winnipeg Times.*

Here is a puzzler! Was the red cow and calf one Siamese-twin-like animal, as this advertisement makes it appear, and had that one animal the right horn turned down, or was there a red cow and a calf, with only one right horn between them, or how was it? And what was sawn in half? Was it the horn, or the cow, or the calf, or all three? and if the cow or the calf, where is the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals? The idea of a cow or a calf wandering about in a bisected condition! and what a set of inhuman beings must exist up yonder towards the Occident, who permit such a state of things. We can easily understand the "horn being turned down." That's all simple enough. The Winnipeg people have gained a somewhat unenviable reputation for "turning down horns" pretty freely; but we are puzzled about this weird and mystic animal. It was, probably,—and this seems the most feasible explanation— one of those hallucinations that occur to individuals who indulge in the pleasant pastime of "turning down horns," and who are said to see still more extraordinary animals than a red cow and calf, sawn in half.

TWO PICTURES BY A NEW ARTIST.

The moment he entered the aperture of our cave we felt we were in the presence of a genius.

The heavy, ponderous tread of those large protruding feet denoted the superior physical development which invariably accompanies the powerful intellect.

"Want any pictures for GRIP?"

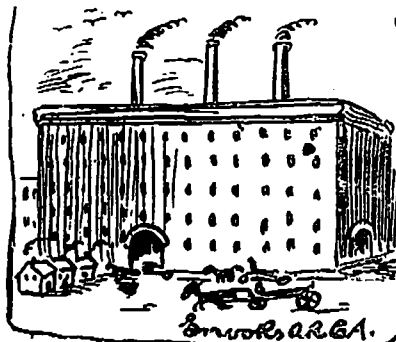
Could anything be more opportune? Here we were sweltering under the combined heat of Old Sol and Peck's Sun. Our staff of twenty-nine trained artists were spending their two weeks' vacation at the Island. Pictures just at this moment were more to be desired even than ice-cream. But we did not wish to appear too anxious, and so with great dignity we invited the stranger to be seated. On his way down to the inverted paste-pot his hand sought his capacious breast-pocket, from which he produced an extensive piece of "double elephant."



"This," said the artist, "is a beautiful and faithful representation of one of those calm pastoral scenes which about the summer of 1881 were so frequently to be found in Ontario. The moss-covered and dilapidated-looking building in the back ground might at first glance be mistaken for an old English Abbey of the fourteenth century. Such, however, is not the case, for within those crumbling walls at one time was heard the hum of machinery, and where now nought breaks the stillness but the creak, creak of the cricket, or chirp of the birds, the voices of hundreds of workmen and the tramp of many feet reverberated from floor to ceiling. But now the peaceful quiet of this delightful spot is indeed charming. How inviting that clump of trees. Beneath its shade repose the lowing herd, and in the branches overhead the music of a myriad feathered songsters adds to the entrancing—"

"All right," we said, "the exceeding great beauty and depth of finish of the picture is quite evident to our artistic eye."

The artist continued: "To find a subject for a companion picture I travelled several years. I visited the large manufacturing centres of England and Europe, but all in vain. At last, despairing of securing an appropriate subject, I came to this Province. An article in the Toronto Mail directed me



to the spot where I produced this picture. A careful study of the drawing will convince

you that it is a true illustration of industrial life. The animated scene here depicted becomes the more apparent as we view the calm and holy quiet of the former picture. The large iron structure with its tall chimneys, gigantic domes and gorgeous minarets, is a standing monument of the untold wealth and prosperity of your country. Within are fifteen hundred operatives, all happy and contented. And so they should be, for they are liberally paid and have only to labor six hours per diem."

Here we took occasion to remark that the domes and minarets were perhaps a little out of place, but our words were useless, and the stranger proceeded.

"The long row of neat and cosy cottages to the left have been erected for the employees in the factory, and are given them rent free. The company think not of amassing wealth for themselves. Their only anxiety is to provide employment for the people. The numberless drays and vehicles hurrying to and fro are laden with the fruits of the workmen's hands. Everywhere is life and animation. A most striking contrast to the serene and peaceful hush which pervades the other scene. Yes, sir; would you believe it? Both pictures were drawn upon the same spot, the former exactly two years before the latter."

"How much?"
 "Twenty cents."
 "Here you are."
 "Thanks."



MONTREAL'S SENSATION.
 Portrait of the newly arrived emigrant who was believed to be Carey.

GRIP'S FABLES.

FOR ALDERMEN AND THE VERY YOUNG.
 THE OBSERVANT YOUNG MAN.

A Certain Young Man once upon a Time gained for himself a Great Reputation on account of a Habit he had of Turning his Head first to One Side, then to the Other, and then Looking Back over his Shoulder, and again Peeping up every Street he crossed, and so on; for the People were Amazed when they Beheld him and said, "Lo! this must be some very Acute Observer, and he is probably some Author, or perhaps a Reporter on the Mooch for Items, or possibly he is some Great Philosopher who sees on every hand Ad-di-ti-on-al Evi-dence of the Folly of Mankind;" and they stood Afar off and Regarded the Youth with Awe. But the Young Man was far too well Dressed to be a Philosopher, or even a

Reporter, for he was got up Regardless of Expense, as Circus Posters and Old Fashioned Journalists say. Then what was he? This was a Mystery, till One who Knew him was asked who he was and why he Looked on all Sides of him as he Progressed through the Streets: and the one who knew him said, "Lor bless yer, he ain't no Perlospiper nor yet Reporter; he's a Dead Boat, and he looks round that way to see if there are any Duns in Sight so that he may give them the Grand Go-by: dy'e Tumble?" And they Tumbled.

MORAL.

Things are not what they seem.

THE TELEGRAPHERS' STRIKE.

LATEST NEWS CONCERNING THE TROUBLE.

STATEMENT BY MR. DWIGHT.—The strike has not caused us the slightest inconvenience. All our offices are working as usual, and messages are despatched with the utmost regularity. Indeed, were it not for the statements that appear in the newspapers, we would scarcely be aware that a strike had ever occurred among our operators. It is true that in some of our offices the staff has been a little reduced in numbers, but this is to our advantage. The volume of business is quite as large as formerly, and the outlay in wages is appreciably less. Business men are complimenting us upon our ability to resist the high-handed demands made by the operators.

STATEMENT OF OPERATORS ON STRIKE.—It is only a matter of a few days, and the Company will be at our feet. Business at the principal offices is dreadfully behind. Grave fears are entertained that an opposition line will be constructed. Business men who are compelled to make daily use of the wires, and whose interests are consequently suffering, are justly indignant that our very reasonable demand was not complied with. The loss to the Company is enormous. To have immediately given us the advance asked would simply have been carrying out the first principles of economy. As it is, the annual meeting of the shareholders will perhaps be the scene of riot and bloodshed. Cause—no dividends.

O, WHO COULD RESIST, ETC.

In reply to:
 THE DAILY TELEGRAPH—THE WEEKLY TELEGRAPH.

ST. JOHN, N. B., July 16, 1883.

ESTEEMED COLLABORATEUR,—We do not grow fat. Why? Because we do not laugh. Why do we not laugh? Because we never see GRIP. Why do we never see GRIP? This last question your mail clerk must answer. Regularly is the Telegraph mailed to you, and regularly does GRIP fall to reach us. Why is this thus, and will you not see that hereafter it is otherwise? What if strawberries are 10 cents a box, with big ones all the way to the bottom? Can the fruit of the soil fill the place of the product of the mind? Nay, verily. Therefore send us GRIP.

DAILY TELEGRAPH.

We beg to notify our maritime contemporary that the aforesaid mail clerk's life insurance was promptly paid over, and GRIP will now go regularly to the Telegraph sanctum.

Those who attempt to climb a greased pole for a prize seldom make ascent in the operation.
 —Wheeling Leader.

Young, middle-aged, or old men, suffering from nervous debility or kindred affections, should address, with two stamps, for large treatise, WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo N. Y.



THE PUZZLED NEW-ARRIVAL.

"GLOBE, SIR—MOWAT TRIUMPHANT!" "MAIL, SIR—ALL ABOUT MOWAT'S DEFEAT!"



HIS IDEAS ABOUT 'RASIN' CHILDREN.

A good many folks has somehow gotten the notion that the youngsters of this here age is just about as bad as they was afore the flood. I am only a plain farmer feller, but I have observed a few things, and I don't agree with those people. The boys of to-day ain't no wuss than they ought to be considerin' the trainin' some on 'em gits. I was only 'tother day tellin' naylor Skinner that he was makin' a big mistake with his boys. Skinner's a good farmer—none better. He farms scientific. But he don't know the science of bringin' up a youngster. Children thrive best in the light sandy loam of kind words, where it is allus warm and cheery like. After a while, when they gits middlin' strong they ought to be transplanted to the heavier clay of common sense and self-reliance. This will give 'em a will of their own—strength of purpose, you know. I like to see a boy with a will of his own. Some parients is allus a feelin' bad when they sees the younguns actin' stubborn like. Then they go to work to break that stubbornness with a barrel hoop or hickory switch. They thrash and pound 'em until they beat out everything that's good, and there's nothin' left but a lot of worthless chaff that you can blow anywheres. It's fearful foolish, that. If the parients had only got the child's will under control instead of knockin' all the spunk outen 'em, their boys would have been some use to the kentry. The boys who makes successful men is those who have got lots of push and go-ahead, which is nothin' more nor a good strong will that has to be trained to grow straight. Another mistake—and naylor Skinner's makin' it—is to want all your boys to learn a pufession. You might just as well try to make a wagon-pole outen a tooth-pick, or a barn door outen a shingle. They would be dead failures. If you have had to work hard, the boys can work hard too. Some of the boys wou't make good farmers, and them's the ones to make store-keepers, book-agents, or lawyers of. But whatever you do don't choose their pufession. Turn a sheep out in the bush and it'll find the best grass and purest water. Give your boys a chance, and when they go into the thick woods of life, they'll in nine cases outen ten come out to the clearin' right side up.

EXCRUCIATING.

College papers please copy.

"I say," said little Spiffkins to his chum, Jack Grinder, B.A., "who was that fellow in the classics that tried to fly? Dardanelles, or some such name, was'nt it?"

"I suppose you mean Duedalus," replied the other.

"That's the chap. Came to grief, too, didn't he. Queer case he must have been."

"Well, I don't think he was a 'case' at all. He must have been intensely intense, I should fancy, as he was one of the 'first aristors' of which we have any record."

"Spouse that's a joke, but I can't see it," muttered Spiffkins: "but as he seems to have got high up in the world I should say he was decidedly aristocratic."

A New York girl, while walking up Fifth avenue, stopped and kissed a horse. Just see to what straits the dudes have brought the girls.—*Hartford Post.*

GRIP'S REFLECTIONS.

The duck of a lover makes a goose of a husband.

There are companions in arms but few in letters.

Men who speak ill of women have never known any.

Whereas the Romans urned their dead we earn our living.

Men who fish for compliments don't care how dirty the water is.

The woman who has three or four lovers has many more enemies.

The man who would strike his wife would murder his mother-in-law.

Be as clever as you can but don't let people become aware that you know it.

There is one thing a woman never believes, and that is that she has any faults.

Of writing books there is no end, and, with many of them, of reading there is no beginning.

When a man begins to think that his mind is going, it is a sure sign that it has already gone.

When butler and housekeeper agree their unanimity is wonderful—to swindle their master.

When a man lays down a lot of wine, in time it probably will take its revenge and lay him up.

When an actor speaks well of a rival's performance you may be sure that he is complimenting himself.

It has been said that coquetry is a steel spur strapped to a satin shoe: it is quite as often an insecure bit attached to a vicious mouth.

Men will ask advice from those for whose opinions they have the greatest contempt—in the hope of getting their own views confirmed.

GRIP'S CLIPS.

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

A bright beginning—Sunrise.

An old suspender—Marwood.

The dude of flowers—Dandy-lion.

It takes the moon to bring a dog to bay.

Border troubles: Too much hash; not enough raspberries.

A Georgia Justice of the Peace told a Granger that the code allowed him two dollars for marrying a couple. "Well," said the newly made bridegroom, "here is one dollar, that will make you three."

Woman who has been looking over blankets in a Main-street store: "Well, I didn't mean to buy. Am just looking for a friend." Clerk, politely: "Don't think you'll find your friend among the blankets. We've looked 'em all through."

"There is one thing connected with your table," said a drummer to a western landlord, "that is not surpassed even by the best hotels in Chicago." "Yes," replied the pleased landlord; "and what is that?" "The salt."—*Rochester Post-Express.*

GRIP's back page cartoon represents John O'Donohue on his knees imploring Sir John to take him into the Cabinet. Sir John, with his head on one side, his hands spread, says, "Take you in? Why, my dear sir, I have taken you in most beautifully." This reminds us of a bon mot of Lord Dufferin. A Conservative politician said to him some months after the Pacific scandal, "My lord,

I think it is now clear that Sir John never sold the charter." "Yes," said Lord Dufferin, with his lisp, "he only sold Sir Hugh."—*Regina Leader.*

The following effort went the rounds of the press about fifteen years ago, and at the request of a friend we reproduce it. At first glance it might be taken for an American yarn, but it is a genuine Scotch story:

Concerning the long-bow, no American effort can surpass one that comes to us from Scotland:

"It was told that Colonel Andrew M'Dowell, when he returned from the war, was one day walking along by The Myroch, when he came on an old man sitting greetin' on a muckle stane at the road-side. When he came up, the old man rose, and took off his bonnet, and said,

"Ye're welcome hame again, laird"
"Thank you," said the colonel; adding, after a pause, "I should surely know your face. Aren't you Nathan M'Culloch?"
"You're richt, 'deed," says Nathan; "it's just me, laird."

"You must be a good age now, Nathan," says the colonel.

"I'm no verra aul' yet, laird," was the reply; "I'm just turnt a hunner."

"A hundred!" says the colonel, musing; "well, you must be all that. But the idea of a man of a hundred sitting blubbering that way! Whatever could you get to cry about!"

"It was my father lashed me, sir," said Nathan, blubbering again; "an' he put me out, so he did."

"Your father!" said the colonel: "is your father alive yet?"

"Leevin' ay," replied Nathan, "I ken that the day tae my sorrow."

"Where is he?" says the colonel. "What an age he must be! I would like to see him."
"Oh, he's up in the barn there," says Nathan, "an' no in a horrid gude temper the noo aither."

"They went up in the barn together, and found the father busy threshing the barley with the big flail and tearing on fearful. Seeing Nathan and the laird coming in, he stopped and saluted the colonel, who, after inquiring how he was, asked him what he had struck Nathan for.

"The young rascal!" says the father, "there's nae dooin' wi' him; he's never out o' a mischief. I had tae lick him this mornin' for throwin' stanes at his grandfather!"

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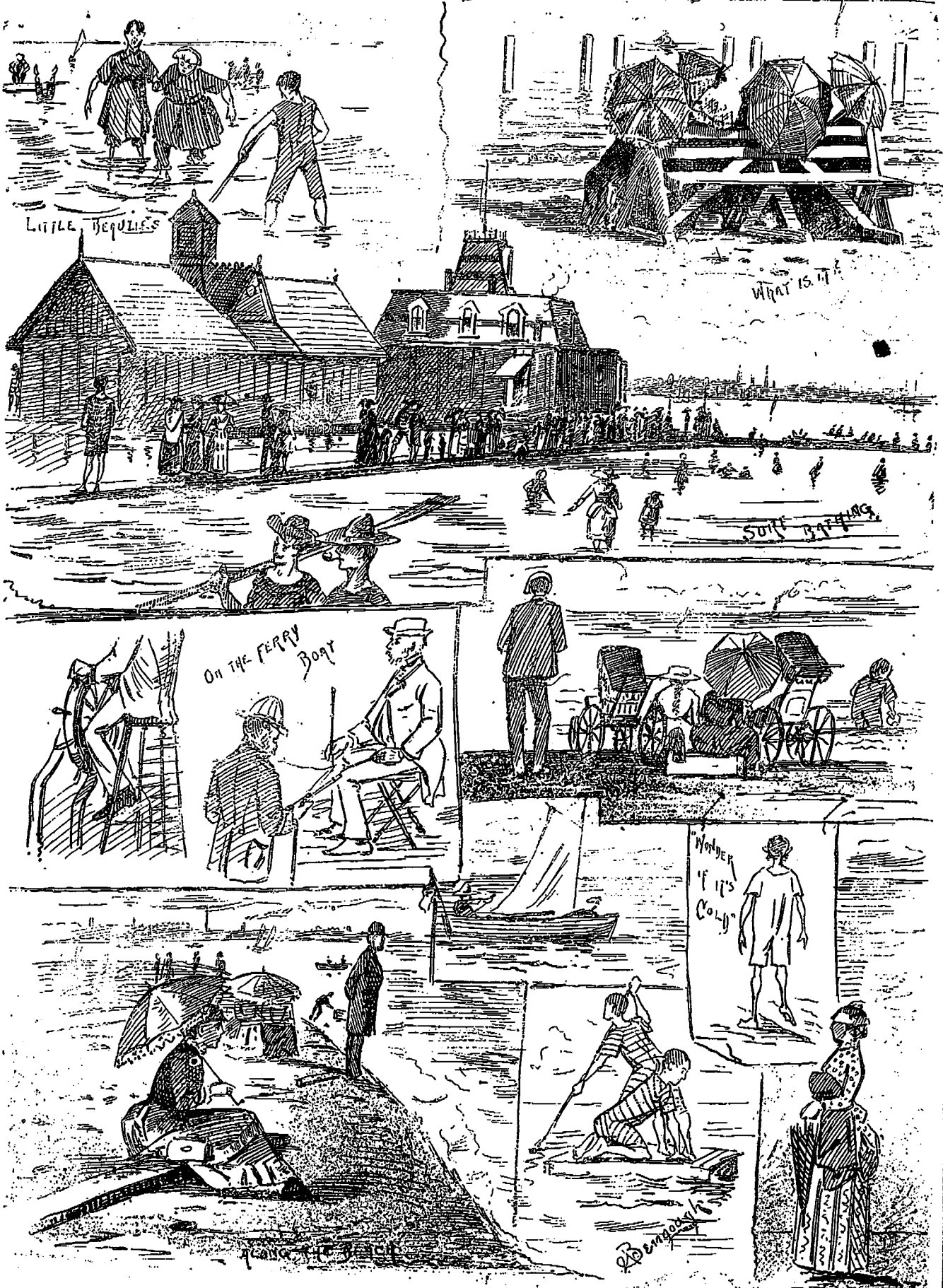
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"I expect to be in Canada shortly, and the greatest pleasure I anticipate is being able to secure a copy of the GRIP SACK.

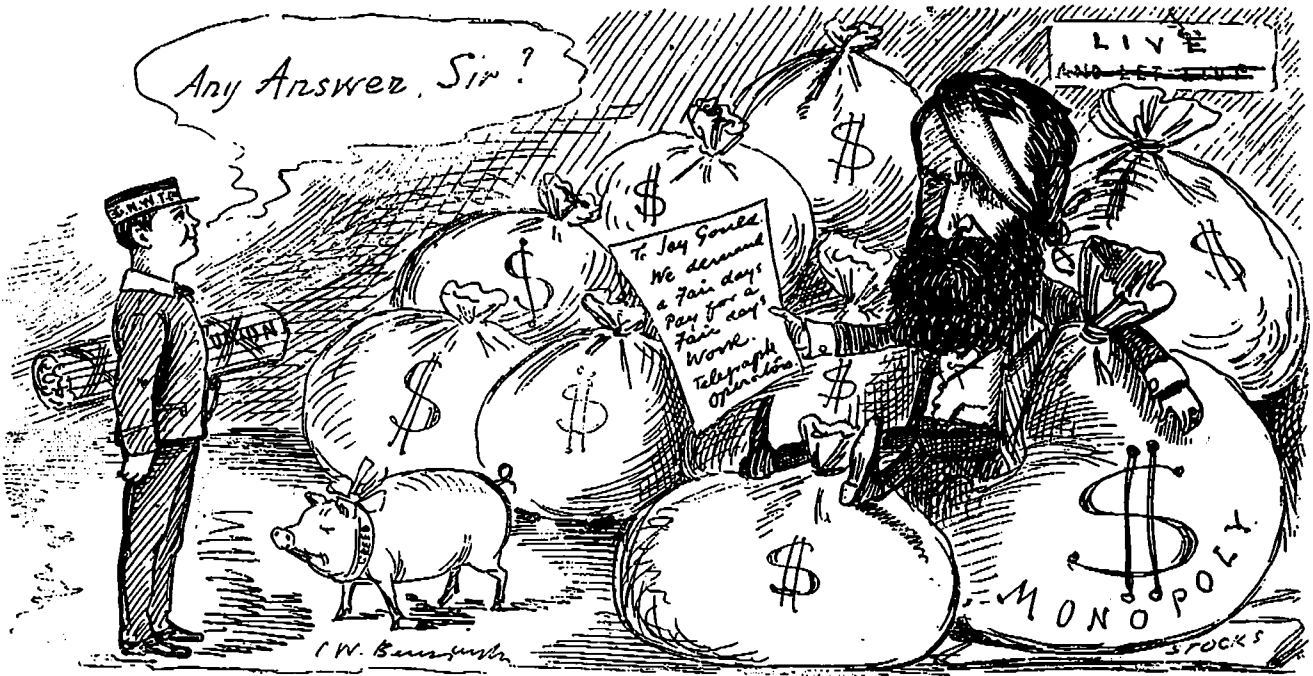
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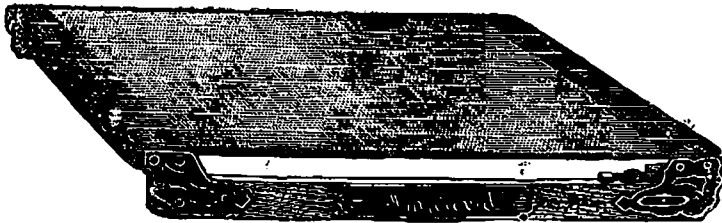
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Rapid exit of vagrant—*Funny Folks.*

"Is that dog mad?" he asked the boy, as the animal dashed by. "I reckon he is," replied the boy; "I just see a butcher take a piece o' meat away from him and kick him six feet into the air."

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School committeeman (examining a scholar): "Where is the North Pole?" "I don't know, sir." "Don't know! Are you not ashamed that you don't know where the North Pole is?" "Why, sir, if Sir John Franklin, and Dr. Kane, and Captain De Long couldn't find it, how should I know where it is?"—*Ex.*

Can a man marry his deceased wife's sister in any part of America?—*Englishman.* Not unless the sister is willing, and as a general thing she isn't. She knows him too well.

An aqua tint by the *Marathon Independent* artist: "We washed our office windows last Wednesday afternoon, and if we don't catch cold are going to wash our towel the week after next."

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