

STUART W. JOHNSTON, Dispensing Druggist, 271 KING STREET W., Toronto, Ont.

**DOMESTIC HOT AIR FURNACES** Are the best Heaters, and Consume Least Fuel. ROOTS & PENTON, 55 Adelaide St. E., Toronto

IMPORTER,  
GLOVER HARRISON,  
CHINA HALL  
49 KING ST. E., TORONTO



IMPORTER,  
GLOVER HARRISON,  
CHINA HALL  
49 KING ST. E., TORONTO.

VOLUME XXV. } TORONTO, SATURDAY, OCT. 3RD, 1885. { \$2 PER ANNUM.  
No. 14. } 5 CENTS EACH.



**A TOAST (IN COFFEE).**  
THAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN PROPOSED BY THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL AT THE AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE DINNER.  
"Here's wishing the Government of Ontario more sense, less toadyism, and more regard for the temperance sentiment of the community."

**BRUCE BROS.** THE LUMBER MERCHANTS AND BUILDERS. Save Notice by being your own Landlord. Houses built quickly and on easy terms. Call and see us. Corner Berkeley and Front Streets, TORONTO.

\$10. \$10.  
Genuine Diamond, set in solid 16 karat gold.  
DIAMOND SIZE OF CUT. RING MADE TO FIT.  
**50 Per cent. reduction**  
on old catalogue prices. Send for '85 catalogue, 120 pages, contains over 800 cuts illustrating more goods than can be found in a dozen ordinary jewellery stores.  
**CHAS. STARK,**  
52 Church Street, Toronto, near King.

**JOHNSTON'S**  
**FLUID BEEF.**

\$20. \$20.  
Genuine Diamond, set in solid 16 karat Gold.  
DIAMOND SIZE OF CUT. RING MADE TO FIT.  
**50 Per cent. reduction**  
on old catalogue prices. Send for '85 catalogue, 120 pages, contains over 800 cuts illustrating more goods than can be found in a dozen ordinary jewellery stores.  
**CHAS. STARK,**  
52 CHURCH ST. TORONTO, Near King.

**ELIAS ROGERS AND CO. - COAL AND WOOD. - TORONTO.**

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

MONTREAL AGENCY - 124 ST. JAMES ST.  
JOS. S. KNOWLES, Agent.

NEW YORK AGENCY - 150 NASSAU ST.  
AZRO GOFF,  
Sole Advertising Agent for the Middle and New England States.

**BACK NUMBERS OF GRIP WANTED.**

We wish to obtain the following back numbers of Grip: Vol. XIII.—Nos. 1 to 26; Vol. XIV.—Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 23 and 24; Vol. XV.—No. 12; Vol. XVI.—2, 3, 4, 7, 8, 9, 10, 13, 14, 15, and 16. Will subscribers having any, or all, of the above numbers please communicate with us, stating particulars. We would be prepared to purchase the bound volumes from May, 1879, to May, 1881. Address: Publishing Department, Grip Office.

## Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—When we read, some days ago, that Sir Hector Langevin had submitted himself to the process of vaccination at Ottawa prior to leaving for the city of Montreal, we couldn't help reflecting on the progress of enlightenment. As a reward for his intelligence in this matter we can promise Sir Hector that he will not fall a victim to smallpox. But physical smallpox is not the only virulent disease that is to be found at present in the Province of Quebec. There is a political species of the disorder, which manifests itself in hatred of the English language and aversion to everything British. We could not help reflecting, on reading the paragraph referred to, what a grand thing it would be if it were only possible to inoculate Sir Hector and all his followers with a virus which would save them from this political smallpox. For, although the anti-English sentiment may be pretty general in Quebec, it is undoubtedly true that it is manifested most viciously by the party of which Sir Hector Langevin is the acknowledged leader. Sir Hector himself does not indulge in the boast of his predecessor, Cartier, that he is an "Englishman speaking French," and from all indications, in this particular, Sir George is quite without a successor. It would be a grand thing for

Canada if this miserable matter of race-antipathy could be thoroughly overcome; it is a problem worthy of the most pious and devoted effort. Is it within the range of possibility to overcome it? Not, we sorrowfully believe, so long as Canada has two official languages. Let Quebec learn English, and speak English, and think English; or else let the rest of us learn, speak and think French. Either one or other miracle must be accomplished before this Dominion can be a nation in any proper sense of the word.

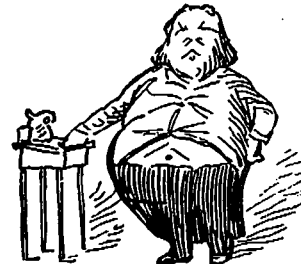
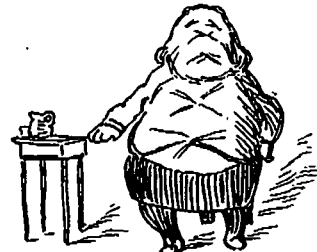
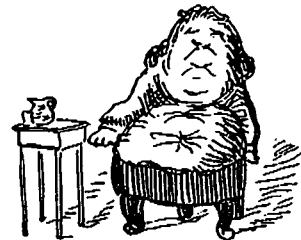
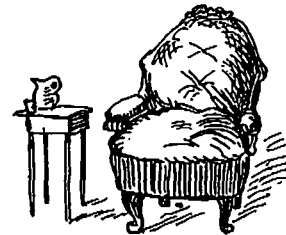
FIRST PAGE.—Lord Lansdowne visited the Agricultural College at Guelph some days ago, and to conclude his visit pleasantly it was thought well to give a banquet in his honor. The college is in a Scott Act county, and the temperance sentiment, both in the institution itself and in the vicinity, is strongly anti-liquor. With a rare mixture of stupidity and munificence, the Ontario Government provided an assortment of intoxicants for the occasion. Against this the principal of the college strongly protested, but with persistence worthy of a better cause, our highly moral and exemplary Cabinet overruled their official, and the "cup that inebriates and makes one feel like cheering" duly (dis)graced the banquet board. Just here, however, is where the beautiful and deserved snub of the Government came in. The temperance clergymen present rose and left the table in a body, thus politely marking their disapproval of the grog. It only remained for Lord Lansdowne himself to studiously avoid the decanters and stick to coffee throughout the evening to complete the reproof, and this he did. There is a lesson here for officious governments, which we hope may not be lost.

EIGHTH PAGE.—Mr. E. E. Sheppard, of the News, was taken to Montreal and tried for malicious libel, the Province of Quebec being the prosecutors. He succeeded in proving that he was personally innocent of the charge, and the jury imposed a fine of \$200. Mr. Sheppard's manly bearing throughout the trial, and his magnificent speech in his own defence—an oratorical effort which we believe could not have been equalled by any other man in Canada—impressed all who can appreciate such qualities, very deeply, and on his return to Toronto he was received by an enthusiastic concourse of our citizens, who escorted him from the station. The editor of the Telegram, and its proprietor, Mr. Robertson, took a prominent part in the proceedings of the occasion, but the representatives of the other city dailies were conspicuous by their absence. Next morning, not a word of the big item appeared in any of these alleged "news" papers. The fact seems to be that the Globe, Mail and World don't know a Man when they see one. It isn't Sheppard's fault if his heart and brain are bigger than theirs; they shouldn't show their jealousy to all the little boys.

"Aren't you dancing at all, this evening, Mrs. —?" "Not till after midnight."  
"Why this abstinence?" "It's the anniversary of the day I lost my poor first."

## ESPRIT DE CORPS!

The Globe and the Mail and the picayune World, Friday evening happened to meet, And they found a vast concourse, with torches and bands, Assembled and crowdin'; the street.  
"Now, what is all this?" asked the Globe in amazement, "It looks like a pop'lar ovation."  
"Yes, Sheppard's come home," quoth the picayune World, "He's the golden-haired boy of the nation."  
"Dear brothers in meanness and smallness of soul," Says the Mail, grasping each by the hand, "Let us here swear an oath that no item of this We will publish, and so give command."  
"Agreed!" said the World, "for Sheppard's a man!"  
"Agreed!" said the Globe, "for he's brave!"  
"Agreed!" said they all, "for like us he won't crawl In the dust as Quebec's humble slave."  
And, strange to relate, they all three kept their word, And next morn' when their papers came out, The readers in vain scanned each column and page To learn what the fete was about!



THE ORIGIN OF SPEECHES.  
EVOLUTION OF THE CHAIRMAN.

## DECIDED AT LAST.

A decision has at last been reached in regard to which is the cheapest place in the city to buy harness at. The name of the firm is the Canadian Harness Co., 104 Front Street, opposite Hay Market. You can buy a set of harness \$15 cheaper of them than any other firm in the city. They have the advantage over small dealers as they manufacture in large quantities; 200 sets to choose from, all hand-stitched.

CLOSING ON A CHESTNUT BURR.

AN AMERICAN COUNTRY STORY.

BY E. PEA ROW.

Of all seasons of the year none are to my mind half so charming as the American autumn. See the apple orchards laden with their wealth of splendid fruit, suggestive of toothsome pies and luscious "sass"—fruit to be looked upon but with one painful thought, that is, of the unregenerate making of a great portion thereof into the noxious and soul-corroding apple-jack and hard cider. Autumn in America is undoubtedly the festive season. Summer brings its strawberry festivals, its pleasant tea-meetings and its rural picnics, but the innocent jollities of autumn are undoubtedly more pleasurable. What merriment at the jovial paring-bee, what shouts of happy laughter rise to the rafters of the old-fashioned kitchen at a corn-husking, and what innocent joy beams from the radiant faces of the young men and maidens as they walk in a circle hand in hand, singing "We are marching to Quebec," or engaged in the childlike games of telling fortunes or spinning plates. Ah! it is hard to think that these innocent gaieties are becoming rapidly superseded by the tame quadrille, the romping cotillon and the voluptuous waltz.

It was at one of those happy gatherings last fall that Jehial H. Pettigrew met Martha Jane Doty. Jehial was in every respect a young man worthy of admiration. He was at that time teaching school at the brick schoolhouse at the intersection of the Town Line with the 10th Concession Road, and Martha Jane Doty was his favorite pupil. His scholars, boys and girls, numbered about thirty, at different stages of advancement, and far above them soared aloft in all branches, reading, writing, spelling, geography and arithmetic, Martha Jane Doty. Martha Jane was a pronounced blonde, with hair of that lovely golden red so sung of by the ancients. Her nose diverged slightly from the Grecian, and was of that type styled by the French *retroussé*. Short in stature, she was nevertheless bountifully developed, even to *embonpoint*. True, some of the rude boys would often call her "sorrel top" and "bolster," which provoked the wrath of Jehial to no small degree, for in truth Jehial was in love with Miss Doty, and Miss Doty in love with her tutor.

"What say you, Martha," said Jehial to that lady one Saturday half holiday, "to spending an hour or two this delightful afternoon chestnutting?"

"I should like it above all things, Mr. Pettigrew. Hank, my little brother, will bring a basket to carry the nuts home in. Wait a moment till I get my hat, and we'll be off," returned Miss Doty, with animation.

Away the lovers started for the chestnut grove, attended by their Esquire Hank with the basket. The ground beneath the stately trees was fairly littered with fallen nuts, so they in a short time filled their basket and sat down together at the foot of a huge tree to rest and, if the truth is to be told, to "talk soft nonsense."

"Well, we've had a delightful afternoon, Mr. Pettigrew," said Martha Jane, smilingly.

"Martha," replied Jehial, solemnly, "call me mister no more. Call me Jehial. Matters have proceeded too far between us to allow of the ordinary conventionalities of society. Martha," he continued, "I got a valentine last February where I was described as 'a lank, long-haired, big-footed crank.' Martha, is that a truthful description?"

"Why, Jehial, no!"

"Then you do not spurn my addresses?"

"No, Jehial, I don't."

"Then, dear Martha, we will go home; I will speak to your father at once," said the happy Jehial as, hand in hand, he and his fiancée returned to the parental mansion.

[It may here be necessary to state that while Jehial was reclining on his left side in the grove, wooing his inamorata, Hank, with that inherent love of mischief peculiar to boys of his age, stuck a huge chestnut burr of the dimensions of a small porcupine and almost as formidable, to the rear of Mr. Pettigrew's tightest-fitting garment.]

"Wall, laws a massoy mo! Mr. Pettigrew, why, how do you do?" was the greeting he received from Mrs. Doty.

"Why, how de do, Mr. Pettigrew? Glad to see ye," said Mr. Doty. "Take a chair."

Jehial obeyed. He sat down rather suddenly on one of the old-fashioned basswood chairs, when with a yell that brought the big bulldog to the door and scared the chickens off their roasts, he jumped almost up to the ceiling.

"Great gosh! Crotch all hemlock! Hades!! I'm bit by a gol darn snake! Let me git! Let me git!" and Jehial bolted through the door and never stopped till he reached his own home, and since that day he has never looked upon the face of his Martha, but has given up his school, and has sought a home on the prairie where there are no trees of any kind to remind him of his misadventure in

CLOSING ON A CHESTNUT BURR.

At the Toronto Exhibition the first prizes in all classes of clothing were awarded to R. WALKER AND SONS. Their stock of Fall and Winter materials is now complete. Place a trial order for a suit or overcoat.



A PRETTY COMPLIMENT.

Clara.—I understand that Mr. Fotherly paid me a very pretty compliment to-day.

Ethel.—Yes! What was it?

Clara.—He said that among the most beautiful young ladies at the party was Miss Clara Smith.

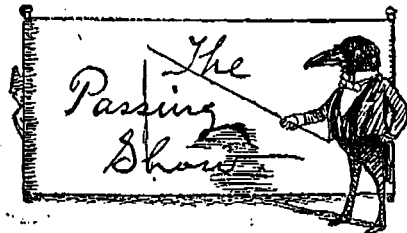
Ethel (with a cough).—Yes, I noticed you among them.—N. Y. Sun.

A NEW WORK IN TWO VOLS.

"I am introducing just now a new work to the public," said an energetic book agent to old farmer Barnstubble, who lives out on the town line of York and Peel, the other day. "It is entitled 'Canada from Jacques Cartier to the Young Liberal Convention.' It is by Professor Goldine Smygthe, and is considered his best and most interesting work. The price is only \$12, and the illustrations alone are worth double that amount. You will scarcely feel the outlay, as the payments extend over a year. Here is the new work, sir. Look at it! Elegantly bound in Morocco and calf."

"Young man," said old Barnstubble, solemnly, "I don't want it, and I won't look at it. Perhaps you wouldn't think it, but I am about introducing a new work, 'On the Understanding,' by Professor Shoemaker, bound in cow-hide. You need not look at it, but I will make you feel that it is a solid work."

So saying, the grim yeoman arose, seized the E. B. A. by the top of his coat, and kicked him through front-door and "stoup," down garden path, and finally with one fell swoop lauded him in the middle of the Queen's highway. Then, slowly returning to the house, he mused, "I have the second volume left for the next pesky critter that comes round."



Mlle. Aimée, in the sparkling comedy, "Mamzelle," is delighting the patrons of the Grand this week. The play is very good, and it is needless to say that the leading role is performed with the *chic* and *abandon* for which Aimée has long been famous.

A GLORIOUS TIME.

OUR VISITING BANK PRESIDENTS, CASHIERS, EMBEZZLERS, ETC., HOLD HIGH REVEL IN CAMP.

Exclusive Correspondence to GRIP From Our Very Special Commissioner Drum.

HARMONY CAMP, ONT., Aug. 31.—First Day.—Amongst the many camp meetings which have been held in Canada, that which opens here to day promises to be the most novel and interesting. The location of the camp is eminently suited to the tastes and requirements of its patrons. The auditorium, which is open to the sky, is enclosed on its sides with high banks, which run to a point at the further end, thus holding in check any drafts that might otherwise collect. The camp is crowded with visiting, it is not safe to mention the word defaulting, bank presidents, cashiers, tellers, embezzlers, and till tappers, accompanied with their sisters, cousins, and aunts. All wear their broadest and beamiest smile and choicest raiment, and stroll contentedly around humming, "It is our opening day."

At one o'clock those present made their way towards the public platform to take part in the opening ceremonies. The chair was occupied by ex-President Youkno, U.S., who was supported on all sides by the *crème de la crème* of the visiting banking fraternity. A choir, composed of the sweetest-voiced till tappers and embezzlers obtainable, assisted by a select number of the sisters, cousins, and aunts, and conducted by Professor Noteworthy, led the singing, and distinguished themselves in several choice selections during the camp.

The chairman, after formally opening the camp, alluded in feeling terms to the suddenness with which most present had had to leave their homes. Yet their sorrow was somewhat alleviated; in fact, he might safely say, judging from the smiling faces he saw before him, their sorrow was *altogether* alleviated by the reception they had received from the kind-hearted Canadians. There was not to look back, but rather to look hopefully to the future, deriving consolation from the charming couplet:

"He that steals and runs away,  
Lives to steal another day."

May that day soon come. (Uproarious laughter and cheering.)

The choir having sung with much feeling, "I know a Bank," ex-Cashier William Ledger, secretary of the camp, addressed the meeting. Why, he asked, should not all smile and be happy? Why should we be sorrowful? We have left that kind of thing behind. (Laughter.) Some had called him a dishonored Bill. What of that? He would be taken up some day. Let those sorrow who choose, he would not. He had come to Canada for a good time, and nothing short of a sudden journey back should prevent him having it. The secretary closed his remarks with the announcement that the camp would remain open for two days, and he hoped all would enjoy themselves.

Mr. Algernon Scuttlewell, a smart and prim-looking bank teller, was the next speaker. He rose, he said, to represent those of his class, at all times a most jovial class of men, but on an occasion like the present, the very quintessence of good humor and devilry. As he had always been considered an excellent vocalist over the line, he might say the leger line, if they did not bar out an attempt at a pun, he would, with their permission, sing a little lay appropriate to the present happy occasion.

Mr. Scuttlewell then sang from notes in a telling manner a song to the tune of Sally in Our Alley, of which the following was the first verse:—

"Of all the countries we love best,  
There's none like fair Canada;  
Where all is peace and joy and rest,  
Ouvrivaling old Grenada.  
When safe our lot, we clear the deck  
With haste to some appalling,  
For nothing can our ardor check,  
When Canuck friends are calling."

At the conclusion of his song, Mr. Scuttlewell was the recipient of rapturous applause. Several speakers followed, the burden of their remarks being the superiority of Canada as a dwelling-place over the United States. So strong became this feeling that when one of them ventured to whistle the "Star Spangled Banner" he was hooted down and bade take a back seat for his impudence.

The meeting closed with the choir singing, "What is Home Without a Dollar?"

The evening's gathering was devoted to five-minute speeches, when a number of the smaller luminaries of the profession shed much light upon the dark phases of a bank official's career.

Tremendous enthusiasm was aroused when the chairman rose and said:—"Dear friends, I have just received a telegram which reads: 'Expect me to-morrow. Circumstances have arisen which give me this heartfelt opportunity of visiting you. THEPHANIUS THUMBS.'"

"I need scarcely tell you that Thephanus Thumbs, Esq., is, or was, the president of the celebrated Shinville Sliding Bank. His presence, I am sure, will prove an inspiration."

The meeting then adjourned.

Everybody appears remarkably free from constraint, and gaiety is apparent everywhere.

Second Day.—The proceedings opened with a conference of workers, at which such questions as "How best to arrange matters so as to leave home as quickly as possible with the largest amount of money?" and others of a kindred nature were discussed at length, and many startling plans suggested.

At two o'clock a platform meeting was held with President Thephanus Thumbs in the chair. After the choir had sung "Parting and Meeting," the chairman addressed the audience. He complimented them upon their excellent camp ground, and regretted that he had been unable to attend the day previous, but those before him knew full well that in these affairs no one knew what a day may bring forth. (Hear, hear.) However, now that he had come, he was here to stay.

Already he had begun to admire the Dominion, the feeling curiously springing up as he crossed the mighty Niagara river. He had, as it were, been drawn at sight to it.

Mr. Alexander Alimony, a hastily retired cashier, next spoke for twenty minutes upon the benefit of a flight into Canada with \$20,000 belonging to some other person in your wallet, and roused his audience to a high pitch of excitement with his fervid utterances.

As a relief to the minds of the audience, the chairman asked all to join in a little song, "Over the Border Line," to the tune, "Over the Garden Wall," well known to most present. He would line out the verses. The following was the chorus:—

"Over the border line,  
In weather rough or fine,  
Oh you may bet, we'll never forget  
The time our hands on the bank notes met,  
A happy time, but we'd soon to get,  
Over the border line."

As the last notes died away a commotion was observed in the back part of the audience, and a shabbily-dressed, heavy-featured man made his way to the platform. When he reached it these words fell from his lips:—"Gentlemen, wot I wants to know is this, wot can you do for me? I'm no bank president or cashier, I'm a gentleman of fortune. Latterly I've lived retired from the world, and am short of the needful. Who'll help me? We're all brothers in misfortune, only I've seen the inside of a jail and you haven't." The highly polished ones looked aghast at the man who dared to address them thusly, but not for long. Half a dozen athletic bank clerks seized him and deposited him outside the camp ground, where he soon lost all interest in the proceedings and, as a matter of principle, made for new pastures.

This unlooked for incident so unsettled the audience that it was deemed advisable to close the meeting.

A confidence and consolation meeting was announced for the evening, but your commissioner believing his mission accomplished, departed to attend the Convention of Enthusiasts for the Preservation of Catskins held on the Catskill Mountains.



THE DIFFICULTY SOLVED.

Tomnoddy, after profound study, hits upon a plan whereby he can "see a man" between the acts without running the risk of being shut out, in accordance with the new order in force at the Grand Opera House.

A young hopeful just in from school cries out:

"The autumn winds do blow,  
And we shall soon have snow."

Father, hadn't you better get me a pair of Wm. West & Co.'s lace boots. They have some beauties of their own make, just fit every boy that goes, and they're all going."

OCTOBER.

BY OUR OWN ESSAYIST.

Now is the season of the sere and yellow leaf. This is a poetical expression much used by bardlets. It is now that the leaves begin to fall, and the fall begins to leave. It is now that the erudite prophet of the Bond Street church pores over musty, yellow parchments delved from the catacombs or elsewhere, with the view of holding forth to his congregation during the long winter months. As we see the great doctor thus studying these ancient leaves from antique tomes, we have yet another instance of the "seer and yellow leaf."

The air of October is, as a rule, cool and bracing; and staid and steady citizens feel its rejuvenating influence. History tells us of this peculiar effect of the atmosphere, for it was during the month of October, two hundred and sixty years ago, that Sir Walter Raleigh, usually so serene and collected, lost his head entirely, and though he was anything but a stupid man, he seems to have been a bit of a block-head. Never a very great epicure during his life, his last moments were in keeping with his simple tastes, for, having been served with a cold chop, he died. Cool and collected when living, he was cold when the two portions of his anatomy were collected and stowed away in a vault, his vaulting ambition being thus satisfied. Sir Walter is known to have entertained a strong affection for the Irish race, who reciprocated this sentiment, especially the Murphies, of whom he made a complete "mash." He seems, however, to have treated these latter somewhat hotly at times, for he is related to have frequently ordered them to "go to pot." These Murphies appear to be an unhealthy race, for even to this day they break out in "boils." Everyone has probably heard how Sir Walter became a favorite of good Queen Bees. For fear that there should be some of my readers who have not, I will briefly relate the story. On the corner of King and Yonge Streets was a large pool of mud. This in itself was an extraordinary thing, mud being a rarity in Toronto. Queen Elizabeth, who was returning along King Street from the Civic Parliament in the City Hall, where she had listened in amazement to the eloquence of the gallant aldermen, came to the mud-puddle mentioned. She paused and took a few steps backward in order to make space for a little run to gain impetus for a spring. Sir Walter Raleigh, then but a humble contributor to GRIP, immediately stripped off his ulster (regardless of the fact that the deficiencies of his wardrobe were thereby exposed, and that the populace were made aware that he had on naught else but a collar, an undershirt, and a pair of long boots), and throwing it across the miry spot, thus enabled his sovereign to pass over clean-shod. The young man was at once taken into royal favor, the Queen procuring for him the post of royal associate editor of GRIP, and it is to this fact that he owed his untimely fate, for, publishing one day a sketch about a plumber and a goat, the Queen was so incensed thereat that she ordered the unhappy editor to be at once decapitated. "Would that instead of being deprived of my head," exclaimed poor Raleigh, "I could be supplied with another. I should thus be a double 'eaded editor-ryal.'" His wide-brimmed hat with drooping plumes was taken from him and a little white cap given him to wear at his execution. "Ah!" he exclaimed, "do you always thus strike off an editorial heading in small caps?" "We do," was the reply. "Well, then," answered poor Raleigh, rallying himself for a final effort, "I think that by thus spilling innocent blood you choose a mighty poor method of increasing the circulation," and laying his neck on the block, he fell asleep.

October, being the tenth month, takes its name from the Latin word *octo*, eight.

"WE CAN NEVER BE A GREAT AND UNITED PEOPLE UNTIL WE HAVE ONE LANGUAGE AND ONE AMBITION."

- SHEPPARD'S Address To the Montreal Jury

ENGLISH LANGUAGE  
BRITISH IDEAS



J. W. Benson

**THE INOCULATION HE NEEDS!**

(SIR HECTOR LANGEVIN WAS VACCINATED BEFORE LEAVING FOR QUEBEC.—Ottawa paper.)

ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS OF MEN.

I. THE MAN WHO GIVES ADVICE.

Of course you have met the man who gives advice. The world is full of him. He goes about seeking whom he may deceive, often unintentionally, but the result is the same for the person who receives the advice and is fool enough to act upon it. Curiously, the man who gives advice never acts upon it himself; and it is here where his true genius comes in, for would he but once follow his own prescription he would soon be past giving another human being advice.

He is to be found in great variety. There is the "bad cold" man. You meet him and incidentally remark you have a bad cold. Immediately the "bad cold" man seizes you and in impressive language insists upon you following out the prescription he always uses. This varies from rubbing your nose with goose fat or swallowing huge doses of some horrid herbal decoction, to swaddling your head in hot flannels or sitting with your feet in hot mustard and water until the skin peels off. If you are at all observant you will see that when this man falls a victim to a bad cold he goes around snuffing and sneezing, and groaning over his bad condition, utterly oblivious of the valuable prescription which he so assiduously thrusts upon others. Another fine specimen is the "have it out, man" adviser. You have toothache and directly he knows it, he strongly advises you in the coolest possible way: "Have it out, man; it is soon over and a sure cure." You dread having your jaw broken, but undergo the torture of tooth pulling, only to hear, by a side wind, that your heroic adviser has been saying he would suffer from toothache all his life rather than have a tooth pulled, and it is a dollar to a hay seed that some day you will meet him with a face as long as a fiddle and wrapped in a yard of a flannel.

What has been said of the "bad cold" and "have it out" advisers can be said of hundreds of others who are ever ready to advise suffering humanity upon all the ills that flesh his heir to. Another is the "I know what I should do" man. You have been grossly insulted by a neighbor and consult the "I know," etc., man about it. He immediately bristles up with importance and tells you what he would do. He would go right into that neighbor's house and demand an explanation, and if that were not given he would proceed at once to something very desperate. The "I know what I should do" man is good as a general, useless as a full private. Were he in such a position as the one upon which he advises so strongly, he would lock himself in his house, barricade every door, and take observations of his enemy's movements from the garret window; and when he found the insulter gone to live a dozen blocks away, he would emerge with the old "I know what I should do" expression breaking out all over him. Leaving individualizing, for space will not admit of more, the reader may depend upon it that the man who advises you to attend church regularly may be found any fine Sunday morning prowling around his garden, or reading the secular sheets to the accompaniment of a short clay pipe; depend upon it the man who advises you to be moderate in your use of drink and join the Liberal Temperance Union, goes home occasionally the worse for liquor and beats his wife; and depend upon it the man who advises you to be honest at the polls and never accept a bribe is just the man to accept anything from a dollar bill to a timber limit.

II. THE PSEUDO-PHILANTHROPIST.

"Charity covereth a multitude of sins," we read, and verily the pseudo-philanthropist is the greatest sinner who weareth the cloak. The pseudo-philanthropist never gives a subscription if it will not indirectly benefit him in worldly matters. He is most particular that

his giving shall be blazoned forth to his immediate world. "Sir," he says, to one who has called upon him for a donation, "I will give you \$20 if you will acknowledge its receipt in the columns of the daily press." Accordingly the next morning there appears in the papers the following: "The treasurer of the Society for the Support of Infirm Sweeps begs to acknowledge a donation of \$20 from Jonadab Grasper, Esq., towards the funds of that institution."

Each sweep in town reads the announcement with melting heart and votes Jonadab Grasper a kind-hearted gentleman, and as Mr. Grasper runs a store on a front street, all the sweeps ever afterwards patronize him.

Others of the p.-p. order give their \$400 and \$500 so that their names may appear at the head of the subscription list, and they may receive their due proportion of thanks from the fund raisers and well-to-do public. Should a poor one of man call upon these head-of-the-column philanthropists and beg for just one dollar to keep his wife and family from starving, the needy one would quickly be told to go to the charitable institutions, they made no practice of giving to unknown beggars.

The p.-p. is also pretty liberally sprinkled throughout the humbler classes—a worthy sample being the grocer who, in subscribing one dollar to a church social, added after his signature: "The only place in town where you can buy sixteen pounds of sugar for one dollar." He was as equally determined to have the value of his subscription as the head-of-the-list or newspaper-puff philanthropists.

Dare some of these gentlemen do so, they would send around the bellman every day in the week to proclaim to all their unbounded generosity and that theirs was the only place where one could get sixteen pounds of sugar for one dollar.

There are many others of the p.-p. class, but we will leave them to revel in the mire of their own narrow-minded charity, thankful that there are very many of the true philanthropic kind in our midst.



ONE WAY OF PUTTING IT.

"Grandpa, dear, we have come to wish you many happy returns of your birthday, and mamma says if you give us each a dollar, we are not to lose it on our way home."

A SAD CASE.

The poor victim of chronic dyspepsia apparently suffers all the ills of life, living in continual torture. Regulate the liver and the bowels, and tone the stomach with Burdock Blood Bitters and the dyspeptic's trouble is soon gone.

LEAVES FROM THE DIARY OF A NERVOUS MAN.

I have come out into the country for rest and change. So far no rest—plenty of change. Even my mind has changed, for when I came here I fully intended to remain a fortnight; now I have decided to return home this afternoon.

Arriving late last evening, I was shown into a room which said as plain as room could say, "All hope abandon, ye who enter here." I immediately abandoned all hope. A breeze from the open window blew out my lamp. Darkness came over me, as the hymn says. Never mind; it was a smoky old thing, and I could go bed in the dark. I began a sonnet with the words "No light, no hope," but got no further than that. I found the bed, and once inside began to study the geographical peculiarities of the region; its hills and valleys, the sharp declivity which marked the descent from one side of it, and the gentle slopes which facilitated approach to it on the other, the curious geological formation of the lower strata,

"Rock-ribbed, and ancient as the sun,"

and the picturesque ravine which formed the dividing line between the end of the mattress and the footboard. In the course of my investigations something round and smooth rolled from the bed to the floor with a soft, smashing sound. Two or three more followed in its wake. I, being awake already, was of course interested in this other wake. Each of the things as they reached the floor uttered the same soft expostulation. Then I discovered an old hen on the foot of the bed. Now, I am not much of a farmer, but I know that hens don't lay eggs by the light of the moon. Consequently this hen must be sitting. I decided to vary the process, and the next moment that sitting hen was standing—outside the window, and the moment after she was walking—back to the bed again. Inspired by the mingled odors of broken eggs and the lingering fumes of that smoky lamp, I flung her out again. But she came back, pausing for a moment on the window sill in the moon's pale rays, with a look which plainly said, "I will never desert Mr. Micawber." Then I lost all patience. I am accustomed to having angels watch over me, but no other feathered being shall ever guard my slumbers. How still she sat! Since there were no chickens to hatch what the mischief might she not be hatching? The clown who occupies apartments in one portion of my brain immediately remarked: "Ow henterprising this is! What henergetic henterprise, hendurance, and henthusiastic hendeavor are manifested by this 'umble 'en." In sheer desperation I began to kick and create a small earthquake under my enemy, which she mistook for chickens, and showed her pleasure by promenading the bed and clucking. This was unbearable. I seized that old idiot and aimed her at the farthest star. Then, notwithstanding the stifling atmosphere of the room, I shut the window with a bang. She tried to walk in through a pane of glass, but failing in that, contented herself with making that sort of noise that hens make when they have laid an egg. Perhaps she had laid some, but it was long, long ago. Eons since! The unusual sound of cackling at 11 p.m. aroused the boys overhead, and their dialogue was distinctly audible:

"Hi, Bill, you asleep?"  
 "Yas, I be."  
 "Wot's that hen cackling about?"  
 "Cackling about the house."  
 "Well, wot fur is she cackling?"  
 "Just fur cussidness."  
 Long silence. Then more conversation:  
 "Hi, Jim, you awake?"  
 "Naw, I beant."  
 "Who's a stealin' our chickens?"  
 "Some thief, I guss."

"Wal, aren't you goin' to stop him?"  
 "Druther stop you. Yer worse than a billion hens."

I partly open the door into the best room (heavens! what must the worst room be like?) in order to breathe. No sooner have I settled down to sleep than a baby somewhere about the house begins to cry. Probably it is teething. Pity it couldn't teethe and sleep at the same time. The front gate clicks. Miss Araminta's young man has accompanied her home. He accepts her invitation to come in. Evidently she has forgotten my proximity, or thinks me asleep. They sit down on the sofa. Dead silence. At last he says:

"Wal, I must be gitten home."  
 "Oh, it's early yet."  
 "Yas; early in the mornin'!"  
 Both laugh. Then ensues solemn silence. He heaves a deep sigh. "Wal, this won't bring the baby a new—I mean, I better be gitten home."

"Yas, I guess you had better." Evidently the young lady is going to try the effect of pertness.

"Now, yer don't really want me to go, do yer?"

"Yas, I do."  
 "Wal, that's tormented mean!"  
 Long pause—long enough to preach a funeral sermon in. Then she says:

"What makes yer think I don't want yer to go?"

"Because yer said yer did."  
 No response. Clock ticks 17,945 times.

"Wal, I must be gitten home. It's most breakfast time, and the corn's sufferin' to be cut."

"Guess yer're sufferin' to be cut. Pity I hadn't cut yer long ago."

"Yer cuttin' me all the time with that sharp tongue of yourn. Yer don't care a straw for me."

"Yer know a lot about it, don't yer?"

He stalks out of the room. She follows with his hat, which he has, probably for reasons of his own, forgotten to take. Now, perhaps, I can sleep. No; the baby begins to teethe again. Clocks tick and strike, and each gives a cluck five minutes before it strikes. The dog bays the moon. Some cats start up and bay the moon too. The moon is the only quiet thing in the community. I can't breathe. I open the window, and the hen steps in and sits on my feet. I am too weak to resist. Baby still teething; cats fight; chickens wake up. The School of Poultry Elocution and Oratory opens promptly at 1 a.m. The efforts of younger members receive loud applause from neighboring barnyards. Encore follows encore. For one immortal moment perfect silence reigns. I turn over gratefully. The hen thinks she has hatched out again, and walks up and down me, clucking as she goes. I would like to kill that hen. Some mosquitoes come in through the open window and study my case. They probe it thoroughly. Daylight comes, accompanied by lowings, squealings, bleatings, quackings and bawlings. Probably the animals want to be fed. Some one stands at the foot of the stairs and calls:

"Bill, got up."  
 "Am up as high as I can git."

Sounds of stirring porridge, frying pork, rattling dishes, prattling tongues and hurrying footsteps come from the kitchen. The baby is teething. Some one calls again:

"Bill, are you acoomin'?"  
 "Yas; after I git started."

Breakfast is ready; the pork is fried. As the last piece is put into the dish there is a temporary lull, broken by a tremendous hissing, as some one pours hot water into the exasperated pan. Some one says:

"Bill, will I have to call you again?"  
 "Ya-as."

It is now the middle of the forenoon. One of the young ladies, who is to recite a piece

at an entertainment to-morrow night, is busy learning it aloud. Another has gathered all her powers and is wreaking them on the melodion, while others stand around her and sing Salvation Army songs. Bill is teasing the dog, who keeps up a continuous growling. A neighbor has called in and is telling the story of her woes. The cats are hungry and yowling to be fed. The baby is teething. "Wal, I must be gitten home."

—A. E. W.



EXPERIENTIA DOCEAT.

*Lady Jane Grandeshanches.*—My dear Tom, what is the matter with you this evening?

*Mr. Tom Storks.*—If there is anything in this world that is likely to irritate a fellow more than another, it is a pair of misfitting trousers.

*Lady J. G.*—Why, what's wrong with them? Aren't they comfortable?

*Mr. T. S.*—Comfortable? Just you try them on!

The State of Maine carries off the palm for matrimonial infelicity. In 1880 there were 578 divorces.—*Ex.* Suppose there are a divorcity of reasons for this, but as it is a Prohibition State, and a man who has a wife is not allowed to lick'er, it seems strange.

PEARS! PEARS!

Of all the noisy nuisances,  
 Of all the horrid bores,  
 That tantalizo our citizens,  
 Is that weird man who roars  
 From early morn, till late at night,  
 The war whoop of his wares—  
 The man who travels round the streets  
 And tests his lungs on "Pears!"

"Five cents a quart! Five cents a quart!"  
 The burden of his song,  
 "Oh, here's your pears, five cents a quart!"  
 He bellows all day long,  
 He'll halt before some dry goods store,  
 And stay there for an hour,  
 And roar and yell, he's bound to sell  
 His gritty fruit so zour!

His poor old nag can scarcely drag  
 Its weary way along,  
 It nods and blinks as if it thinks  
 It's boss comes out too strong;  
 But there he still is at his "biz,"  
 His clarion voice still blares,  
 And hoarse or shrill, his cry is still,  
 "Five cents a quart! Five pears!"

Yet after all, though he may bawl,  
 In tones to pierce our ears,  
 He's other cares besides his pears,  
 Has other doubts and fears;

When tired and lone he reaches home  
 Perhaps he says his prayers  
 In thankfulness, for gaunt distress  
 May rest there, but for pears.

The world is wide, let's not derido  
 The coater with his fruit,  
 Which like his voice is not so nice  
 As dainty folks to suit;  
 For he, perhaps, has little chaps  
 And wife with whom he shares  
 His five-cent bits, as down he sits,  
 Free from all business cares.

—B.

UNPALATABLE TRUTH.

Our cartoon suggesting a design for the Rebellion medal seems to have struck 'em very hard. Listen to the Peterboro' Review:

"The comic organ of the rebels has for its principal cartoon a design for a medal in honor of Riel and in disparagement of the Canadian forces and the Canadian constitutional authorities. To keep up its shallow pretence of impartiality, GRIP has another cartoon representing Mr. Blake hustled on by the young Liberals, but this is only done in the interest of Mr. Mowat, GRIP's very liberal paymaster, who is being stendily boomed by his personal organ at the expense of the Reform leader."

Evidently the *Review* was so badly hit that it could only relieve its pent-up feelings by getting off a couple of lies—one of them original and the other secondhand. We have invariably found that our cartoons tell just in proportion to their truth, and we certainly never published a more truthful one than the "medal" design. The *Review* knows—as does every intelligent individual in Canada—that the cartoon in question set forth the historical facts as to the rise of the late Rebellion, and that is all it purported to do. If the *Review* believes that these facts redound to the honor of Riel, so much the worse for the Ministry it seeks to defend. As to the Volunteers, when we "disparage" them by sending them to the field half-clad, subjecting them to unnecessary hardship and suffering, and then on the conclusion of their gallant labors, recompense them with a beggary pittance, while we give thousands to thievish contractors, it will be time enough for organs that uphold the Ottawa Government to find fault. It need hardly be said there was nothing whatever reflecting upon the Volunteers in the cartoon. The *Review* and its allies are very tender on the subject, however, and no wonder, after the manner in which the Government has treated the "boys."

The paragraph concludes with one of the *Mail's* cast-off lies, which the *Review* and other little country sheets are now expected to chew over. GRIP proposes to continue to treat Mr. Blake and Mr. Mowat just as their public conduct deserves; and this is how it intends also to deal with the *Review's* "very liberal paymasters" at Ottawa. Meantime, if it believes that there is any ground for the charge that the Ontario printing is not performed and paid for in accordance with the contract awarded to the lowest tender, there ought to be no difficulty in having the matter investigated by the proper committee of the Legislature. No step of the sort will be taken, of course. The *Review's* stomach has merely been turned for the moment by the injection of the unpalatable truth in our cartoon—something the Organ's organ is not used to.

SOFTLY OVER THE LAKE.

BARCAROLLE.

Softly, softly over the lake  
 The vessel sails on with its shining wake;  
 Softly, softly sinks the sun,  
 Showing the world that the day is done;  
 Softly, softly and hand in hand,  
 Two lovers stepped down to the rippled strand.  
 "How soft and bright seems everything here!"  
 He said to the one that he loved so dear.  
 "Oh, soft indeed," she made reply,  
 "Oh, very soft," she said, with a sigh;  
 "The sun sinks soft in its rosy bed,  
 But not so soft, I think, as your head,"  
 And the young man groaned as he heard the snub—  
 And they both went home to their evening grub.

—B.

Punch, a monthly comic short-hand magazine containing 32 pages full of fun. Photographic Boots supplied Wholesale and Retail. Short-hand thoroughly taught by mail. Teachers sent to country towns where classes can be formed. Address all letters, etc., to the head office. THE ONTARIO SHORTHAND SOCIETY, Head Office, 35 Adelaide-street East, Toronto.

Engineering. Certificates granted and situations procured. School teachers and advanced students will find this a very valuable school to attend, and should at once send in their applications so as to secure the advantages we now offer. Short-handers should send for application form to be enrolled a follow of our Corresponding Society, and also enclose 15c. for sample copy of "Photographic

Short-hand. Type-writing. Book-keeping. Commercial Arithmetic. English Grammar, Writing, Languages, Matriculation in Law, Medicine, Arts, and Civil



SHEPPARD'S RECEPTION BY HIS JOURNALISTIC BRETHERN.

A Montreal merchant put a card in his window, "Smart Boy Wanted." A youth observing it went in and claimed the sit. The proprietor looked him over and said, "You look like a lazy boy." "Betcher life I was til yesterday when dad giv me a lickin' that made me smart all over." He got the sit.

MRS. PARTINGTON'S RECORD BROKEN.

The Hon. Mr. Snooks, of the N.B. Legis'ative Council, during a recent visit to Montreal, speaking of the new cantilever bridge over the Falls, said: "The test was thoroughly satisfactory, for when it was covered with cars filled with gravel, the reflection was only four inches."

A CURE FOR DRUNKENNESS, opium, morphine, and kindred habits. Valuable treatise sent free. The medicine may be given in a cup of tea or coffee, and without the knowledge of the person taking it, if so desired. Send 3c. stamp for full particulars and testimonials. Address—M. V. LUBON, Agency, 47 Wellington Street East, Toronto, Canada.

**QUEEN CITY OIL CO.**

**5 GOLD MEDALS**  
Awarded in the Dominion in 1883-4 for

**PEERLESS**

AND OTHER MACHINE OILS:  
TORONTO.

**CATARH**—A new treatment has been discovered whereby a permanent cure of this hitherto incurable disease is absolutely effected in from one to three applications, no matter whether standing one year or forty years. This remedy is only applied once in twelve days, and does not interfere with business. Descriptive pamphlet sent free on receipt of stamp, by A. H. DIXON & SON, 305 King-street west, Toronto, Canada.

Go to Kingsbury's, 103 Church-street, Toronto, for fine Cheese and Groceries.

**SPECTACLES** THAT will suit all sights. Send for an Illustrated Catalogue, and be convinced. H. SANDERS, Manufacturing Optician, 186 St. James Street, Montreal.

**RUPTURE.**

**EASE AND SECURITY.**

The "Tucker" Truss conveys a natural Inward and Upward pressure, gives Permanent Relief, and is a most perfect Retainer. Never moves out of place, worn with greater ease, and holds where others fail. Patronized by our best doctors.

Single Truss Try it. Illustrated pamphlet free.  
No Address, TOMS & CO. (Druggists),  
Body Spring 274 Yonge St., Toronto.

**BRUCE IS STILL AT THE FRONT AS** heretofore, and always on hand to attend personally to his patrons. All work in the highest style of the *Photographic Art* at bottom prices.  
227 Studio, 118 King Street W.

There is no disputing the fact, said Mrs. Talkative to her neighbor, Fizzler's is the place to buy carpets, and in no house in the Dominion are they as well made or put down.

COOK & BUNNERS, Manufacturers of Rubber and Metal Hand Stamps, daters, self-inkers, etc., etc., railroad and banking stamps, notary public and society seals, etc., made to order. 36 King-street west, Toronto.

**A BIG OFFER.**—To introduce them, we will give away 1,000 Self-Operating Washing Machines. If you want one send your name, P. O. and express office, at once.  
THE NATIONAL CO., 23 Day St., N. Y.

**LEAR'S**  
NOTED GAS FIXTURE EMPORIUM,  
15 and 17 Richmond-street West. Proprietor, having business that calls him to the Old Country in June, has decided to offer for the next two months inducements to buyers not often met with. Ten Thousand Dollars Wanted. Cash customers will find this the golden opportunity.  
R. H. LEAR.

A GOOD INVESTMENT.—It pays to carry a good watch I never had satisfaction till I bought one of WELCH & TROWMAN'S reliable watches, 171 Yonge-street, east side, 2nd door south of Queen.

**MORSE'S** SWEET BRIAR, BOUQUET, WHITE CASTLE, PRINCESS LOUISE.  
Best Toilets in the Market.

**BURTON'S**  
**ALL HEALING TAR AND GLYCERINE SOAP**  
Cures all Diseases of the SKIN in MAN or BEAST. Makes the hands soft and smooth.  
ASK FOR BURTON'S.

**COVERNTON'S Fragrant Carbolic Tooth Wash** cleanses and preserves the teeth, hardens the gums, purifies the breath. Price, 25c. Prepared only by C. J. Covernton & Co., Montreal. Retailled by all Druggists; wholesale, Evans, Sons & Mason, Toronto.

**CLOTHING.** J.F. McRAE & CO., Merchant Tailors, 156 Yonge-street, Toronto.

**PHOTOS**—Cabinets, \$2.50 per dozen. J. DIXON, 201 to 203 Yonge-street, Toronto.

**VIOLINS**—First-class, from \$75 to \$3. Catalogues of Instruments free. T. CLAXTON, 197 Yonge-street, Toronto.

**TENTS** and Camp Furniture. All kinds for Sale or Hire. Send for catalogue. Tent and Camping Depot, 169 Yonge-street, Toronto.

**COOK'S AUTOMATIC POSTAL SCALE.**

NOVEL, SIMPLE, CONVENIENT, ACCURATE. Indicates instantly Weight and Postage on LETTERS, PAPERS and PARCELS. The trade supplied. Send for circular.

**HART & COMPANY,**  
81 and 83 King St. West, Toronto.  
SOLE AGENTS FOR CANADA

P. BURNS, Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Goal and Wood, ESTABLISHED 1856. Telephone Communication between all Offices. TORONTO. OFFICES.—Cor. Front and Bath-urst Sts., Yonge-street West, at King-street E., 154 Queen-street W., 590 Yonge-street.