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NINETEENTH CENTURY CIVILIZATION;
OR, LIFE AT THE "INTELLECTUAL CENTRE OF ONTARIO."

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• GRIP •

AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL.

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J. W. BRNGOUGH

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.

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—“The Prime Minister’s proper course is”—not to do this, “his proper course is”—to do the other thing—“but this apparently is beyond the range of his statesmanship, or that of any other man now upon the scene.” Thus speaketh the oracular *Bystander* in the Week, the person spoken of being one W. E. Gladstone. Now, *Bystander’s* statesmanship is no doubt profound, and Canadians, at all events, cannot doubt that he knows exactly how to arrange things, but at the same time, if the learned gentleman will pardon GRIP for saying so, there is something exceedingly funny about the idea of Mr. Goldwin Smith giving Mr. W. E. Gladstone lessons in parliamentary tactics.

FIRST PAGE.—The daily papers, both in and out of Toronto, have had something to say about the late prize fight in Albert Hall, and all of them comment in deservedly severe terms on the fact that the Chiefs of Police of Toronto and Hamilton were present on the disgraceful occasion. That the affair was a prize-fight pure and simple, differing from the outlawed species only in being, if possible, more brutal,—is beyond question, and it is simply scandalous that such “exhibitions” should be permitted in a civilized community, much less patronized by the persons who are supposed to embody the dignity of the law. From all that appears, the police officers were present simply as spectators; it is not recorded that they made any effort to keep the “sport” within bounds. They deserve and ought to receive censure from their superiors. Our picture may serve to send down to future generations as an illustration of fashionable society in the “Intellectual Centre” of Canada in the nineteenth century.

EIGHTH PAGE.—Mr. D. L. Macpherson has been knighted, Queen Victoria only knows what for. It looks very much like a piece of quiet fun on Her Majesty’s part—certainly as a joke it has been successful, for it has raised a laugh all over the Dominion. If any real honor is intended, what excuse has the Queen for stopping at Mr. Macpherson? Why not knight every other respectable citizen of Canada who will accept the dignity?

PUCK ON WHEELS brightens our sanctum again. It is a continuation of the same dazzling display of literary and artistic genius, and in all respects up to the high standard of Keppler & Schwarzmann’s publications. Get one before you start on your holidays. You needn’t care then whether the fish bite or not.

ART NOTES.

Mr. W. A. Sherwood appears to be making good progress in his art. One of our Orillia exchanges speaks very highly of a couple of portraits he has recently done for prominent gentlemen of that town, dwelling particularly on the freedom of his work from stiffness, the common defect of young painters.

Through the energy of Mr. Arthur Cox, a club has been formed in this city for the encouragement and development of the delightful art of etching. An exhibition is to be held in the winter, which cannot fail to be interesting. No process equals etching for downright beauty, and we hope the Club will prove a permanent institution.

GENEROUS.

In a report of the regular meeting of the Brussels Village Council we read as follows:

“Moved by James Young, seconded by J. Wynn, that the tenders named not being satisfactory, the Clerk advertise for fresh tenders for building tanks in the *Brussels Post* for two weeks, to be in by Mouday, Aug. 4. Carried.”

We extend congratulations to our contem. of the *Post*. It isn’t every editor who can have tanks built in his office at the expense of the Village Council.

POLITICAL.

Mr. Dill is not so ill,
Let’s say, as Mr. Fowkes;
You see a large majorities
Will send him from Muskoker
To his soft seat down on Front Street
In the red brick ramshackle
House so old, where for base gold
The Tories he may tackle.
Old Ol. will smile in the old pile,
And so will Sturges Hardy;
And cry huzza! and shake the paw
Of Lardy and of Dardy.

’Tis to be hoped he has not roped
The voters in with whiskey
Froze into ice, it is not nice;
If so, his case is risky.
But yet perhaps he’s stood the chaps
The mild Apollonaris
For a campaign without champagne
Or “suthin,” very rare is.
So look out Dill, ’twould be a pill,—
A bitter one to swallow.
If on appeal you have to squeal,
And then are beaten hollow.

WHO’S BOSS HERE?

A MUSICAL MOMENTO.



FEW days ago a most important meeting was held in Toronto by the Society of Musical Instruments, the report of which did not appear in the daily press. GRIP, as the protector of the public interest, is determined that the record shall not be lost, and therefore presents a brief report of the proceedings.

It appears that for some time past there has been a want of harmony amongst the members of the above society. Their hearts have not beat in unison. The chord that so long had tied them together had become lost, and not even the science of a Sullivan, musico, not sluggist, could discover it. Discord, or rather the want of Harmony, eventually resolved itself into the common question: “Who’s Boss Here?” and it was for the discussion of this question that the meeting was called. The seating of the large number of instruments that thronged to the discussion occasioned considerable trouble. The Double-bass complained that the Slide-trombone was kicking him in the ribs; the Fife shrieked out that the Triangle was strangling him; the Drum swore he

would not be sat upon by anyone, and evicted the Bombardon, who had reclined himself upon the Drum’s parchment; the First Violin declared there was a conspiracy amongst the other violins to make him play second fiddle in the discussion, but with a turn and a shake he stated his determination to stick to his post; the Kazoo said he’d be blowed first, rather than give way to the Violincello, who was elbowing him into a corner. After these and other differences had been settled, the noble Contra-basso was called to the chair, it being the opinion of the meeting he would fill it so well.

The Contra-basso said that the question that called them together was “Who’s boss here?” or in other words, which member of the society should be acknowledged king. He hoped the question would be fully ventilated.

The First Violin was the first speaker. He claimed the honored position. Did he not lead in all grand works, was he not next the conductor, and having so many airs he thought himself the right party. During his peroration the First Violin broke two strings in his excitement.

The Slide Trombone next had the floor. He pooh-poohed the last speaker’s argument. The First Violin’s music was sweet, but where was its power? He would back himself against a dozen Violins and a Double Bass thrown in. The chairman asked him to withdraw the latter portion of his remarks, which, after much wrangling between the brass and string parties, the Trombone agreed to do. Concluding, the Trombone pressed his claims to the coveted position, and with a graceful sweep of his slide knocked down the Oboe and Piccolo, who had taken exalted positions to watch the discussion.

The Drum here mumbled that he wished to say he would not be beaten in the discussion. He gave forth no uncertain sounds on the question; he should stick in his claim as boss. His remarks were received by derisive laughter from both wind and string.

The Flute in graceful tones next offered himself as principal. His was the music to reach the heart; the Violin had mentioned airs, he wished to say that airs were as much in his way as the Violin’s, and he considered himself fully equal to the honor. During his speech, which had commenced on low C, the Flute worked himself chromatically to his highest A, and endangered the lives of those around him, who expected each moment to see him fly into small pieces.

The Cornet next launched into the discussion. Who rang the martial strain? he asked. Who called forth manliness, bravery, heroism for a country’s good? (Loud cheers from the brass). What would the world do without the inspiring call of the Cornet. (The Bassoon was observed to fidget restlessly, and groans escaped his lips). After tooting in this strain for several minutes the Cornet sat down, every key quivering with excitement.

At this juncture Chairman Contra-basso stated it as his opinion that the discussion had gone far enough. He should now call for a vote. This was a signal for an uproar that could not be excelled by any Chicago Convention. After wrestling with the malcontents for upwards of an hour, the Contra-basso was obliged to seek the aid of several policemen, who cleared the room. Thus the great question remains an open one.

An exchange says a man begins to occupy half a seat when he gets married. This is true, and after the first baby comes he begins to occupy half of the outside bed rail, and sometimes, when the baby is particularly restless, he is glad to grab a quilt and sleep on the floor. —*Branville Argus*.



BABY-FARMING.

Doctor—(aside)—Hum! This looks scaley. Iv'e half a notion to mention this to the authorities.—[But he doesn't.]

REMARKS 'BOUT DE DEBBIL.

MISTAR GRIP:—

Now dat we hab a year's respice afo de cholera comes sho, an' seclin' dat de wool on our heads am' beginnin' to curl up close agin', it am in order to talk about or'nary things. De mos or'nary thing I know at present am de debbil. He am de mos' or'nary individual goin' de'c days, an' in some quarters seems to hab it very much his own way, tho' at de present time, he do seem excited at de way de Salvation Army, an' de prohibitionists are runnin' upon his agents in dis yere kentry. However it ain't my pupuss to cry him down, on de contrary I ax you to consider how much we are indebted to the name of this heaven-bawn pussonage fur comparison, opletive, force an' general emphasis. De word "debbil" is so mighty easy to say, so round an' full an' omphatic. It is as soft an' liquid as was dat dar speech of him to Moder Eve which was de means ob bringin' "death into de world and all our woe." It am a great pity dat sich a round slick word should be owned as a name by de fader ob lies.

Did you eber hear what a minister ob de Scotch kirk ob de olden time thought ob de word?—he wasn't at all in love with it, I 'shore you—here am his way ob anylizing it:—"Tak the D frae him an' he's evil; tak the E frae him an' he's vil; take the V frae him an' he's ill—so he's naething but an il, vil, evil, devil." Now wheu he went so far as dat ho mout hab just taken de I from him too, an' dat would hab left his place ob habitation. Some folks hab a reverence fo' dis name almost equal to dere reverence fo' de name ob de Deity. "Sah," said one gentleman to anoder who had used the word Debbil in conversation "you am profane." "Ah! I beg yo' pardon," replied de oder politely, "I see I hab taken de name ob yo' God in vain." We am nowhar fo'biddon to take dis name in vain, dere am nothin' sacred about it by any means, only, dere am so much mention ob de name in de

sacred narration dat we kind of 'sociate him wid sacred ideas, an' on de hole I confess such a seclin' won't hurt anybody badly.

De debbil am evidently considered a pussonage ob varied attainments, also subject to great changes ob temperature. Yo heah people say "as hot as de debbil" "or "it's freezin' like de debbil," and while I hab no doubt dat dat pusson can appreciate change ob air, as well as oder people—still de idea ob him freezin' wants a po'wful imagination to grow in. Folks "work like de debbil," dey are as "lazy as de debbil," as "cute as de debbil," some kick up a "debbil ob a row" an' den some po' debbil hab got "de debbil to pay." Yah! yah! it am amooosin'. Las' night dis chicken heard two young fellers talkin' on de cawner ob de street. One of dem, evidently a yachtsman, was solemnly 'surrin' tother that it was "blowin' like de debbil." Dat struck me, as an employment he am not likely to engage in, it might make matters wuss in a combustible homestead like he owns.

However nations may differ dey all own de one debbil. De Scotch talk ob dere "deil" wid de mos' comic familiarity, an' Paddy's yarns would be nowhar without a spice ob de "divil" in 'em. De German vociferates "Ter Teufel" when he am mad—an' at de mention ob "Diavolo" de Italian shrugs his shoulders, elevates his eyebrows, and spreads his two palms. De Frenchman glares and mutters "Le diable" in a way dat admits ob no mistake, but fo' genuine emphasis give me de ole English "Devil."

For all dat de mos' polite way to treat him is to give him a wide berth. Slingin' ink-bottles at him like Luther oid, won't do any good, de art ob slingin' ink bottles an' blackenin' folks all over, am in dis age confined to political editors sich as de *Mail* fo' instance. In common justice I mus' say dat de debbil gets de blame ob a good deal he don't do; he am de scapegoat ob de human family, but ef he is, he is also the stickiest pusson I know; you let him tackle on to you once, ten to one

if ever you can shake him off. To keep even with de debbil, yo hab got to sleep wid one eye open an' de oder close up to de knot-hole ob de fence. Some day you will meet him un-awares, an' yo' will find him to be the nicest, smootheest-spoken gentleman yo' evor clapt an eye on; he sees things just as you do, he will r-ason an' argify just to yo' mind, yo' begin to doubt if he am as black as he am painted,—but, when you come to dat point, stop. He am de debbil all de same—if you give in you am a gone coon—sho!

JAY KAYELLE W. WHITE.

THE LAW STUDENT.

He is ubiquitous. If you feel any doubt as to a youth's occupation put him down as a law student. You are sure to be right. If as Aristotle tells us true happiness is the object towards which all men direct their energies, then without doubt the study of law is the *summum bonum* of our day, and the law student the happiest of mortals. Yes, young man, if you want true happiness, study law. If you want to be popular, a laudable desire surely, join them, the great majority. Don't, however, feel discouraged if you grow wealthy too fast. There are certain peculiar qualities which are considered absolutely necessary to ensure the success of the law student. Fortunately these are easily acquired. First of all he must possess the combative and social elements in active combination. He must be ready at one moment to abuse his best friend, and braud him with every epilet of scorn, derision, and contempt, with which the vocabulary of modern civilization has so kindly furnished us; the next moment to invite him to the nearest bar, not legal, but licensed. Sensitiveness to abuse is something that no law student proper was ever known to experience, ergo their success in advanced years in party politics, and the numbers of lawyers now members of parliament. Thorough dishonesty and roguery are by some considered indispensable requisites; still, in view of the corner on these products which Bank Presidents appear to have, a young man need not feel that he is absolutely unfitted for the occupation of a law student should he be in a measure without them. He must be prepared to make great sacrifices. For instance, he can have no hopes of obtaining credit to the extent of \$16,000,000 on \$60,000 assets, as the late highly trusted firm of Grant & Ward, the eminent financiers. It is true, they have beaten the record, but it is generally conceded that the law student is shut out from the millionaire racket except on the ten cent scale. He must be willing to live, and possibly, like a Boston youth lately, to die, on an emaciating diet of crackers and city-water. He must school himself to the idea, that, during many seasons, his poverty may compel him to be an unwilling guest of the city. Work from nine o'clock in the morning till six at night in an office, and then after tea, presuming he has the wherewithal to get tea, or that some kind friend has taken compassion on his misery and set it up for him, work again at legal textbooks, whose interest is in an inverse ratio to their length, is his daily portion. Be he ever so careful, conscientious, and pains-taking, he must look forward to, and expect, the maledictions of his principals. This is absolutely necessary to his education, and he can be perfectly assured, it is the one part, not mentioned in his articles of apprenticeship, which is certain not to be neglected. To those who want to get on and win the respect, love, and esteem of their superiors, we would say be sure and put the blame of any error on yourselves. They will readily forgive you. It will be as a soothing balm to their wounded vanity. Above all, never ask your principal a question. You might force them to expose their ignorance, or become the objects of their

biting, inventive and satirical abuse. Inquisitiveness is always productive of evil, and omniscience is the least of all the qualities a law student is expected to possess. Varily the polymath of old was as nothing compared with one of you. With a protean character that must change to suit all sorts and conditions of men, with a versatility of genius that as a financier would enable you to prove the ruin of all your friends, with a persevering industry compared with which the labors of Hercules were but child's-play, with a power of consuming summer drinks and letting others pay for them, that would make the proverbial prince at the sea-side resort weaken and die, with an honesty that has its limits defined by the chances of undetected dishonesty, with all these virtues and others many and manifold, ignorant people might imagine that the commercial value of the law student would be, to say the least, \$20,000 a year. There can be no doubt it should be; but such is the blinded prejudice and primeval stupidity of mankind, that you can buy just all you want of the commodity for a price varying from nothing up to the munificent sum of \$200 a year. The price, however, is generally nothing. But his impecuniosity has this benefit that, unlike his natty rival the bank-clerk, he cannot, if he would, become a dude and a Pharisee.



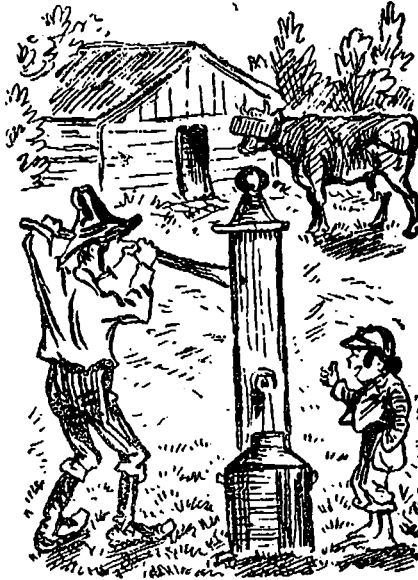
VERY LIKELY.

Bootblack—Shine, Sir?
Dude—No. My servant at home cleans my shoes.
Bootblack—Your old mother, I s'pose, hey?

THE ISLAND SANDS.

They sat upon the Island,
Upon the sand together;
They had wandered many a mile, and
Doubtful was the weather;
For the wind o'er Lake Ontario
Was blowing from the East;
And both of them looked scary
As they wrestled with the feast
They had brought o'er in a basket—
It was sandwiches and pop.
While they hummed an air from *Mascotte*,
Lo! the rain begins to drop;
See now the gallant feller
Whom the lady was to wed,
Open up his umbrella,
And now holds it o'er her head.
But the freshening blast did strike it,
And turned it inside out;
And away they both did pike it,
And the lady loud did shout,
And wailed, and cried, and blubbered,
As she held up both her hands;
For she spoiled her Mother Hubbard
On the melancholy sands.

"One thing at a time," said the man, on being informed that he was the father of twins.
—*Pertzel's Weekly*.



EXPLAINED.

Small Boy—Wot do you hev that board over the cow's eyes for, Mister? D'ye think she'd blush if she saw you doin' this?"

THINGS YOU CAN BET ON.

That some of the striking wage-earners are now sojourners.

That the party organs will not let the Boundary Award settle, Privy Council or no Privy Council.

That no matter what else you have to say about Hon. Bella Flint, you must admit that he has a hard name.

That the Manitoba Farmer's Union mean to save the country, but do not intend to let the crops spoil in carrying out the job.

That the buns served out at most of the political picnics are fairly entitled to super-annuation, together with the speeches.

That the M.P.P. elect for Algoma understood that the Tory party understood that he understood how he stood, before he gracefully stood down.

That the inquiry of the Royal Commission into the bribery business was, in so far as the brawling brood could make it, a non est proceeding.

That a certain eminent statesman, but somewhat unsuccessful politician, knew what he was doing when he indited a column article for the *Mail* formally setting forth the reasons why a telegraph company were not legally bound to preserve copies of the despatches passing over their wires.

DAN DOODY ON LACROSSE.

Lacrosse comboyne's physical pertynacity wid mental combasity. Yez play 't wid a crukkid slitick criss-me-crossed wid fiddle shtrings. Ye musht run like a fawn, and foight like a forret. Ye must havo the hardy-ness of Harkules and the sacraacy av Socrates. Dead, yis.

The sphort is iminse. Its shweet and confusing loike fwiskey punch.
And the possybillyties is prodigyus. Sum

av the possyibilities is moighty mistyfoyin. It requoyres a dale of talent to know whin to thrip up yere oppowment and whin to lace him over the head. The lasht koorse is the safest, for if ye miss thrippin him he'll be afther thrippin ye, and the result is surpoyysin.

Av koorse ye can play a noice ginteel game, oh, yis! But ye'll be bate like a brass gong. Shillelah and lakrass is thwin sports, only the lakrass is the youngest an' the shportyest. Yiz kin get a college degree widout an experimental knowledge of lakrass, but I'd rather be Rossh Mackenzie nor the Provost av Thrinity wid the fakilty thrown in.

Body-chuckin' is an ornymant av the game; 'tis very divartin'. I'm short two teet wid it. I shtruv to bodychuck Barney O'Boffin, and I got a shquint av ashthronomy.

He tassed me up like a cat in a blanket—I seen the satelites of Jupither.

Barny's a Bingawl toyger av lakrass.

Let others prayze wid genial lays,
Lawn-tennis and croquay;
Ye muses nite, the tash be moine,
Ma duty for to pay
To the lacrass, the king and boss,
Of every shport and play—
Luk at that now!

DAN DOODY.



"MIXED DRINKS."

Highland Waiter (who has received an order for two cups of coffee and one of tea) shouts down to kitchen—Tea for coffee, ant twa for wan!

"WOOL GATHERINGS" OF PROVOST ARISTIPPUS GUNWHALE.

An aquasintanc wid de leguminousness ob vegetables am not essential to de recognition ob beans.

De bull-dog am capable of forming strong attachments.

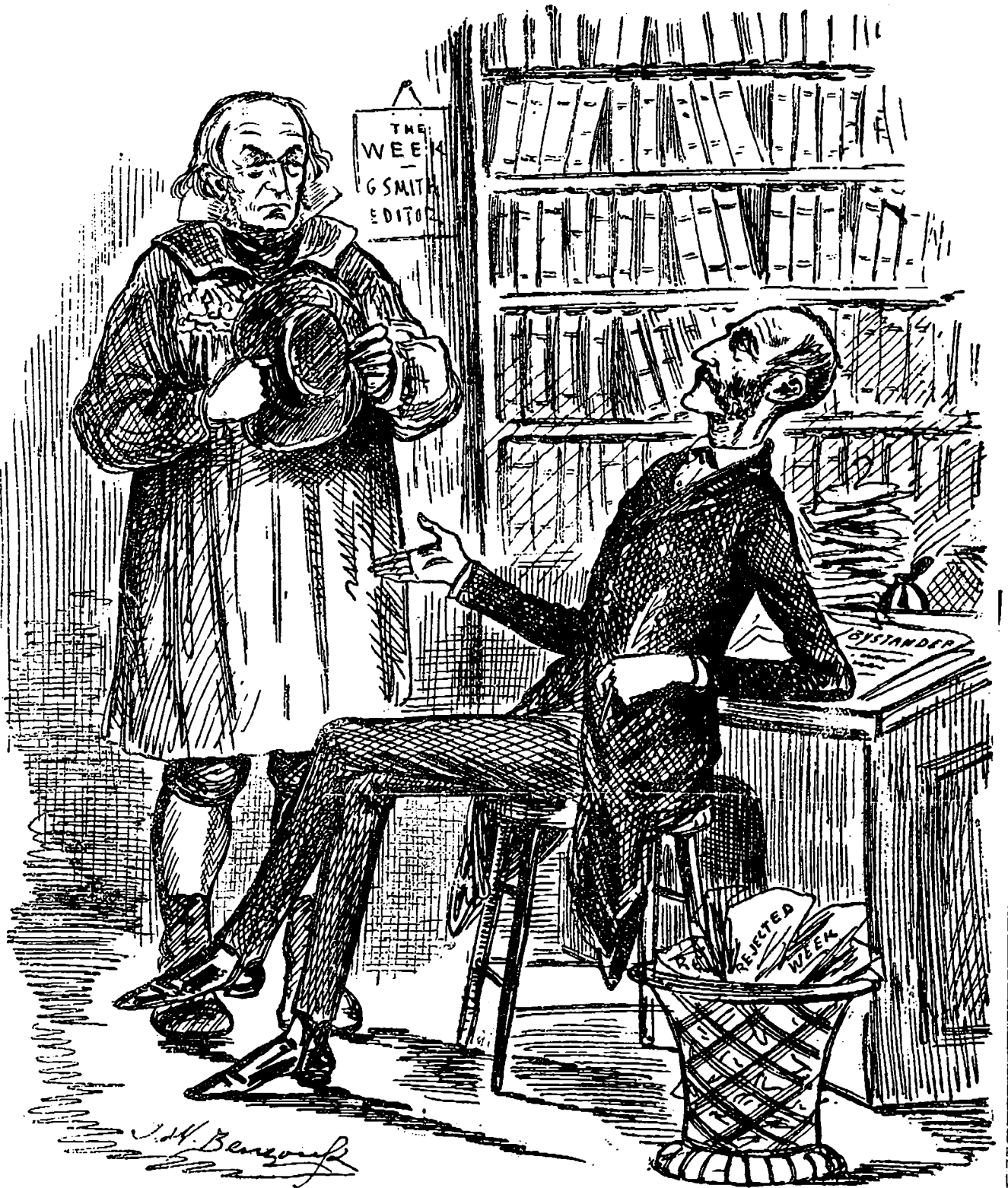
De educated hog am occasionally a biped. Dexterity wid de dinner-knife am a doubtful accomplishment.

A clean collah am even mo' necessary to de formation ob character dan a clean conscience.

De old soaker am no more capable of legislatin' dan a swill bar'l.

De butcher's boss ken expreciate de luxury ob wo!

"Soled again!" exclaimed the young man as he went flying down the front steps for the third time inside a week, propelled by the vigorous foot of his charmer's papa.—*Burlington Free Press*.



THE PROFESSOR AND THE YOKEL;

OR, BYSTANDER GIVING GLADSTONE A LESSON IN STATESMANSHIP.

Grip's Clips.

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

DO CARICATURES COUNT?

The effect of caricatures on national and other questions is very differently estimated by different people and one of the papers with whose judgment we disagree is the *Denver Inter-Ocean*, which says:

"There is considerable debate going on as to what influence the caricaturists will have in the Presidential campaign. The two that have stood highest in popularity are Joseph Keppler of *Puck*, and Thomas Nast of *Harper's Weekly*, and both of these are bitterly satirizing the republican candidates. We doubt if laughter hurts any candidate, and certainly persecution does not. Except in cases where life, property and liberty are at stake, as was the case during the war, the American people do not take kindly to bitter assaults of any kind, and very few extremists have been successful in American politics. We have watched the staunchest of republicans as they laughed at *Puck*, and not one was at all influenced in his support of Blaine. The success of humorous literature in this country is proof that the people enjoy broad burlesque; but the comedians, though they fill their purses, do not carry elections. A man may laugh at a joke even if it be at his own expense.

True it is that "comedians do not carry elections," but in elections as in everything else ridicule has a certain weight which should not be underestimated. That astute politician, William M. Tweed, attributed his downfall more to the graphic pencil of Thomas Nast, than to any other one cause, and is reported to have said: "I don't care what they write about me, but I hate the pictures, for my constituents can understand them." What was true then is true now, and the man who refuses to read a line against his favorite candidate will examine and laugh at the cartoon attacking him in a humorous way, until that very cartoon provokes investigation, and investigation leads to a change of heart. We differ with the *Inter-Ocean*, and when we run for president we hope to have the caricaturists on our side.—*Chaff, Detroit.*

WANTED A BIRD.

Colonel Clockwell is very proud of his little son and never loses an opportunity to exhibit his precocity. Several nights ago the colonel had company. George, the bright youngster, entered the room.

"Don't you see the ladies and gentlemen, George!"

"Yes."

"Well, why don't you speak?"

"Cause I don't want to."

"You must not talk that way. What have you learned at kindergarten?"

"Ain't learned nothin'."

"Oh, yes, you have. Who is the President of the United States?"

"Arthur."

"That's right."

"Say," said the boy, looking up with an air of sudden interest. "I want you to get me a bird."

"What do you want with a bird?"

"Ride on it."

"You can't ride on a bird, son. You are too heavy."

"No, I ain't, 'cause mamma said you went on a lark."

The examination was brought to a precipitous close.—*Arkansas Traveller.*

The roadster takes his summer sport industriously.—*Yonkers Gazette.*

WHY HE WENT TO THE CIRCUS.

There was a circus in the city and old man Primus, who had braved the blasts of seventy winters, took a front seat at the performance. A young acquaintance, who came in and took a seat beside the old man, exclaimed:

"Why, Mr. Primus! I am surprised to see as old a man as you at a circus performance."

"I always come," said the old man quietly.

I care nothing for the general performance, but I came to hear the clown."

"So you come to laugh at the jokes?"

"Oh, no! I don't laugh at them any more," replied the septuagenarian, "but I enjoy the jokes because they revive old memories, and take me back to my childhood days, when I used to sit on my grandfather's knees and hear him tell them as they were told by the clowns when he was a boy."—*Chattanooga People's Paper.*

WAS IN A HURRY.

"Say Bill, remarked one messenger boy to another, as they started out from the telegraph office; "what time is it?"

"Just nine o'clock. Why?"

"The boss is gittin' awful pertic'ler. Here I've got to go six blocks, an' he says ef I ain't back before night he'll bounce me."

"Well, I should smile, but he's puttin' on lots of style. Ef he keeps on that way, fust thing we know, he'll want us to run ourselves to death gittin' 'round a block in less'n half a day."

"Wouldn't be surprised. It's allus the way with some fellers. When they get a little authority, they expect poor messenger boys to skip about quicker'n a lightning express. An' the circus comin' next week, too. I think I'll resign."

"Well, let's resign, and go to the circus."—*Texas Siftings.*

The policeman is an arrestive sort of a character.—*Marathon Independent.*

Young Mrs. Grasswidow says she separated from her husband for divorce reasons.—*Hatchet.*

A man asks a girl for her hand before marriage and often gets her fist after it.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

The banana skin, though crushed to earth, has the power to take somebody with it.—*Oil City Derrick.*

Ships now-a-days are steered by a rudder, but the first ark was guided by an Noah.—*Marathon Independent.*

"I'll be blowed if he buys me," said the cornet, as a man asked the price of the instrument.—*Boston Times.*

It is strange but true, that a lady having a pretty foot and ankle can always get up stairs easily.—*Evansville Argus.*

The man who runs for congress, often finds that he might as well have walked, and saved his wind.—*Boston Times.*

A man doesn't need to understand card playing in order to play the deuce with other people.—*Karl Towne in Boston Times.*

"Erastus"—No, a "literary bureau" is not made of mahogany. It is a headquarters for campaign taffy.—*N. Y. Journal.*

Never tell a lady that she is plump as a partridge, for she will be certain to think that you are making game of her.—*Pretzel's Weekly.*

Aestheticism is nothing new to the goat. From his earliest history he is known to have been just so awfully all butt.—*Yonkers Gazette.*

Watermelons are said to have cost \$2 50 a piece in Columbus; two dollars for the doctor and fifty cents for the melon.—*San Antonio Daily Times.*

A book agent was struck by lightning last Tuesday night, and on the spot where he stood it looked as if a brass cannon had been melted.—*Paris Beacon.*

Thousands of painted sparrows are sold in London for canaries. Wonder if John Bull will make fun of wooden nutmogs any more.—*Brooklyn Times.*

"Them's my sediments," as the Mississippi river remarked to the astonished farmer who awoke one morning to find a bran-new island deposited in front of his very door.—*South and West.*

A gentleman coming into the room of Dr. Barton, told him that Mr. Vowell was dead. "What," said he, "Vowell dead? Let us be thankful that it was neither you u nor i"—*Bugle.* This was old before the editor of the *Bugle* was born.

No matter what your private opinion may be it isn't safe to call a big man a liar right out. Get a man of his size to make the announcement publicly, and then watch the fun from a third story window with the door locked.—*Painesville Democrat.*

Billows tells one on himself. He says that when he was out west he encountered a severe wind storm, but his dwelling withstood the tempest, and the only reason he can give for it doing so is that there was a heavy mortgage on it.—*Warsaw Wasp.*

Rev. J. G. Calder, Baptist minister, Petrolia, says:—"I know many persons who have worn Notman's Pads with the most gratifying results. I would say to all suffering from bilious complaints or dyspepsia: Buy a pad, put it on and wear it, and you will enjoy great benefits." Hundreds of others bear similar testimony. Send to 120 King St. East for a pad or treatise.

"Well, I can't make anything here it seems," said a German peddler, who had dropped into Crimson-beak's office the other day to demonstrate to him the importance of buying some of his goods.

"Yes you can," replied Crimson-beak, glancing in the direction of the door.

"What?"

"You can make your exit."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

"At Niagara they throw the electric light on the falls through different colored glasses, and the effect is described as magnificent," says an exchange. Very likely—moonlight has gone out of fashion in these degenerate days. The moon is getting entirely too irregular in its habits to suit the demands of the Niagara hotel-keepers, and the electric light is called in to take its place. Let us who are old enough to remember the falls before they were adorned with the stage gilt and tinsel, thank our lucky stars that we were born before the era of conventionality was ushered in.—*Detroit Chaff.*

Over in Toronto the other day, a Hoosier scribe got acquainted with a portion of the press gang of that handsome Canadian city, and was made happier by learning that the boys over the line are tip-top, sociable fellows. If space would permit, the Hoosier would like to say a good deal about Toronto things, and about the girls in particular. The girls of Toronto have a way of looking a fellow square in the face with a fearless "how'd'you do" smile that makes him stop and wonder where in the world he ever got acquainted with her. It is a pleasant novelty, and makes the observant stranger feel very much at home. Alderman Harry Piper, manager of the Zoological Garden, presented the Hoosier with a season ticket to his popular place of amusement, and other genial gentlemen assisted to make the visit so pleasant that the scribe will hasten to call on them again.—*Hoosier, Fort Wayne, Ind.*



The St. Quinten Opera Company, re-organized under the management of Mr. Harry J. Norman, is playing a successful engagement in the pleasant Summer Pavilion, York-street. The company is headed by the sprightly English artist, Miss St. Quinten, who is supported by Mr. Wm. Wolf, the popular comedian, and a good company. On an early date Mr. Bengough's successful operatic medley, 'Bunthorne Abroad', will be put on, with Miss St. Quinten as 'Lilhel'. The other parts will be carefully cast, and the orchestra will be under the leadership of Mr. Wm. Obenier. The libretto has been materially improved since the first production of the piece, and a repetition of the decided success scored on that occasion is assured. Popular prices rule at the Pavilion, and tickets (during this engagement) are on sale at Nordheimer's.

The musical portion of the service at the Island church was rendered by a quartette composed of Mrs. Thompson, Mrs. Cummings, Mr. Boyce and Mr. J. F. Thompson, last Sunday. These ladies and gentlemen will furnish the music at each service there during the remainder of the month, and we hope they may be secured by some city church for the winter season. There is certainly no music which can compare with a good quartette in a church service.

THE SCALPEL.

WORSE AND WORSE, AND MORE OF IT.

"About 12,000 more persons in all came from the United States to settle in Canada during the past six months than went from Canada to the United States for that purpose."—Mail Sub Editor.

Going from Canada to the United States "to settle in Canada"—or "for that purpose"—is something remarkable. Surely those border emigration statistics were mixed enough without a Mail young man taking a hand at stirring up the stuff into a worse mess. What some people want is more schooling if not discretion.

MAN'S INHUMANITY.

"Germany has an organization destined to assist bankrupt noblemen to emigrate to Chili."

Pretty tough! sending 'em to Chili when it comes a cold day for 'em!

BEAUTIFUL MUTUALITY OF IT.

"The hope of the Liberal party is in the political education of the people."—Reform Correspondent.

Just so! And the hope of the people is in the political education of the Liberal party.

KNOWS A LITTLE ABOUT IT HIMSELF.

"William L. Scott, of Pennsylvania, who gave \$100,000 toward the election expenses of Gen. Hancock, says he will contribute as liberally to elect Governor Cleveland."

Our own Mr. Fauquier will be able to appreciate this. He was a poor, but deservedly assisted young candidate himself—one time.

BY WAY OF CONTRAST.

"When THE MAIL is attacked or personalities are sufficient showered at it, we rest on our own account to the serene conviction that brand those for whose deour views are those of allfance they are intended."—The Editor. World.

Merely a difference of opinion. But the contrast is striking, and whichever way you take it you leave room for a vast amount of thinking.

"OUR COLUMNS ARE AN OPEN FIELD FOR ALL OPINIONS."

EDITORIAL SANCTUM OF The Hebdomadal.

Enter individual with MS. in hand—Good morning. The editor, I presume.

Editor—You are right, I have that honor.

Individual—I have here a manuscript I should like to see in your very excellent paper. It is intended to show up the folly of those Total Abstinence and Prohibitionist fellows in supposing that they are teaching temperance. The idea is absurd, you know; how can a man be temperate in a thing he objects to touch? It's all nonsense, you know, that because a lot of low creatures lose their heads and become worse than brutes, you and I should be forced to give up our good wine and take to tea and cold water. Don't you think so?

Editor—Certainly! Certainly! just our views. I shall be happy to give your MS. space in our next issue.

Individual—Thanks, I'm sure. Good morning.

Editor, bowing deferentially—Good morning.

Exit Individual.

Enter Contributor whose MS. has not appeared in last issue of "Hebdomadal"—Good morning, Mr. Editor.

Editor, coldly—Good morning.

Contributor—I see that my letter on behalf of total abstinence as a duty to our fellows did not appear in your last issue.

Editor—No sir; I have been compelled to refuse it.

Contributor—Indeed, how was that? Was it not well written.

Editor—Oh, yes.

Contributor.—Was it not fair and temperate in tone?

Editor—Quite fair, I have no doubt.

Contributor—And are not your columns open to the expression of opinions?

Editor—We have expressly stated so.

Contributor—Then may I ask on what ground you refuse the expression of my opinion on Total Abstinence and Prohibition?

Editor, curtly—Your opinions are not ours, you see, and our space is limited.

Contributor—Oh, I see; limited to your opinions. Good morning. Exit.



By Jawve! aw—I tell you, it takes a fullah's hweath away—to—aw—heal the way our Goldwin dictates to Gladstone—Phew!—whow!—aw—makes me sweat to think of it. Heah, when poor Gladstone is getting weady to stomp it, our Goldwin has got the whole pwogwamme cut and dwied. Talks about weivising the English Constitution and "bwinging its sevowal pahnts into hawmony"—just as a fellow would talk about a tailaw turning an old coat faw you. By Jupiter! what a head he's got! Howevaw much Gladstone may be inclined to follow the advice of our sage bystandaw—aw—I wathaw think he'll see that Fwanchise bill thwough first,—

ya-as—aw—if it were only to pwevent what, Goldwin fears—aw—a "too easy admission" into the house of Commons—"in a country where social influences are so stwong." Well—now I wonder whethaw Gladstone knows what he is about? At pwesent he is down on the floor fighting the beah—and we hope he will gwatefully listen to our Goldwin, as he sits up among the wafawms—shouting—"hit him on tother side Betty," "Give him a clout on the head Betty," "'That's the way!" Ya-as—by Jawve—I think I'll have some ice wataw and lie down awile—now aftaw that—aw—ya-as indeed!

Aw—I feel bettah now—aw—don't you think it stwange that doctaws who are genewally considered a vewy humane class of men, should keep silent on the subject of pwescribwing fawms they are in the habit of pwescribwing faw. Had it not been faw the death of this—aw—unfawtionate youngstaw—the wholesale murder of these innocents might be—aw—going on yet—as—aw—I believe in othaw pahnts of the city. Is it not stwange that while all evidence went to shew that the childwren were in an indecwivable state of filth and stalvation—one doctaw should say they were in a comparative state of cleanliness. Now what was that medical man afwaid of? Why didn't he speak out and donounce this wholesale murder of infants. That's what I—aw—would like to—aw—find out. Four or five babies—sucking away at empty bottles—and nothing but sour milk in the house—aw—where is the society for pwotection of animals—aw—dumb—animals like infants—who have "no language but a cw'y"—as Tennyson puts it. Ya-as—we are a wonderfully humane body we medicos—we are—aw fact.



The city papers have evidently made up their minds to so familiarize folks with the plague that they will come to regard it as rather a sanitary boon. If I am wrong, will the genial author of a local paragraph referring to the municipalities buying from Dr. Bryce "large numbers of the cholera and other Health Pamphlets" please step out and explain himself?

There is nothing like getting at the solid bottom of the facts, and if a Globe reporter cannot do it on any given subject, no other aspirant for the job need try his hand. A correspondent of that valuable and beautifully illustrated—on its advertising pages—journal writes from St. John, N.B., after mixing with the people by the sea and "arriving at a tolerably correct idea of the general condition of political feeling." The correspondent says: "There is little feeling in either Nova Scotia or New Brunswick favorable to a severance of the Canadian Confederation in order to the substitution of a union with the United States. * * * In Nova Scotia, however, there is an evident annexation sentiment, and I conversed with not a few persons in this Province who boldly avowed their belief that the material interests of the people would be placed on a vastly improved footing if the Province was absorbed by the American Union."

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HINTS FOR VOLUNTEERS.

SOME POINTS FOR THE CONSIDERATION OF OFFICERS, NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS AND MEN WHO WEAR "THE WIDOW'S" BELTS AND EAT HER RATIONS.

Mr. GRIP had a long and special interview a few days ago with the new Commandant of Her Majesty's forces in British North America, Mr. GRIP not being a *militaire* himself feels himself incapable of giving an exhaustive statement of the interview, but is forced to give but a summary of the remarks and advice of Gen. Middleton, which are, as near as he can remember, as follows:

The Lieut.-Colonel or officer commanding a Battalion when mounted should have his boots "shined." He should likewise always wear spurs, though not necessarily of the "Jack" order.

It is bad form for him to smoke an indifferent cigar while on parade. Field officers such as majors and adjutants are instructed to do likewise. Company officers should keep their tunics buttoned when on duty, and should refrain (when in uniform) from carrying grocery or other packages through the streets. Smoking a pipe is also considered bad form on the streets. The sword should be worn on the left side, otherwise they would

have to wear their waist belt upside down, besides there are few soldiers who are left handed. Should any captain or subaltern be promoted to the adjutancy, it is wise to know that he should not wear jack spurs with prunella boots. Sergeants or other non-coms should not wear out the sleeves of their tunics on a bar room counter, or hob nob with privates. Such a hob nob is not nobby. Neither should a sergeant get overpowered by the dignity of his position and get too nobby, or he may get "one for his nob," for although the leopard's spots can not be changed, the sergeant's stripes can—on to the sleeve of somebody else.

The "men," if light infantry, should wear white belts, never maroon or of olive green color. This can be accomplished by the aid of a piece of pipe clay and a rag, used, say once a month. Rifle battalions should not pipe-clay their belts or havresagues, white belts would not harmonize with the color of their uniform, and the column of route might be mistaken by civilians for a funeral. Black belts are more becoming, and all belts should be put on above the buttons on the western part of their tunics. It would not be out of place for them to occasionally oil the locks of their firearms, and once in a while fire at some-

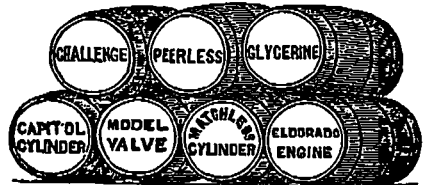
thing, say a target. Otherwise, when in action, instead of shooting anybody they may possibly get shot themselves. The bayonet is not always to be depended on, especially when men are extended as skirmishers.

Buglers, drummers, and pipers should, when convenient, practice late in the evening, say from 11 p.m. until midnight. Everything is quiet then, and the neighbors will enjoy it. If not served out with their regimental instruments, beginners might practise on the Kazoo.

The cooks of each company—well never mind the cooks, cavalry or field batteries just now. Mr. GRIP will enlighten them in their duties after his next interview with the General.

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