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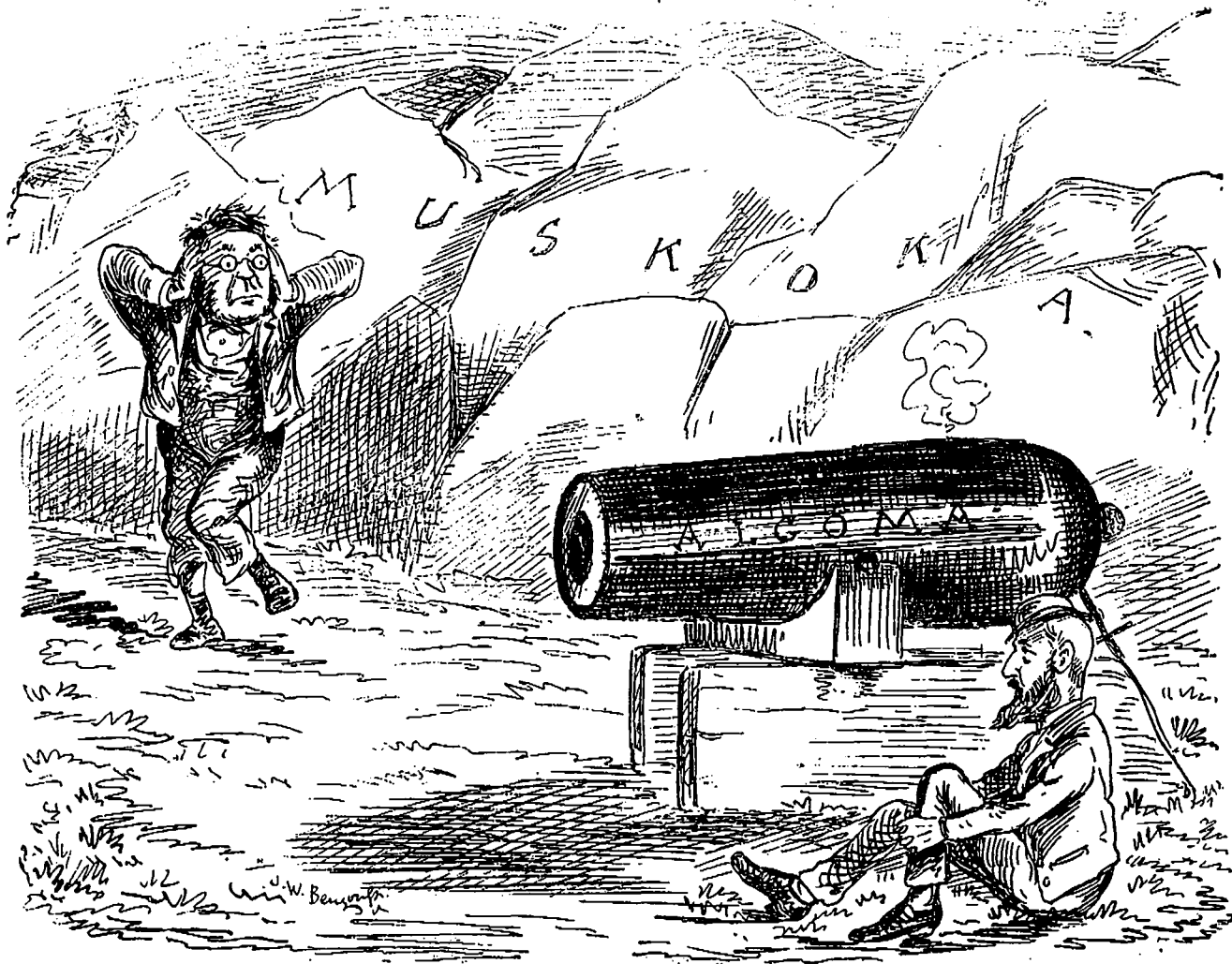
The Gravel Boat is the Ace.
 The Gravel Fish is the Quiver.
 The Gravel Man is the Fool.

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AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL

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FRED. SWIRE, B.A. Associate Editor.

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

Please Observe.

Any subscriber wishing his address changed on our mail list, must, in writing, send us his old as well as new address. Subscribers wishing to discontinue must also be particular to send a memo. of present address.

NOTICE.

Our attention is called to the figures given in Rowell's Newspaper Directory representing the circulation of GRIP as 2,000 weekly. We beg to state that this estimate was furnished to Rowell two years ago, since which time our weekly circulation has increased to between 7,000 and 10,000, with an average weekly increase of about 100, and the paper is perused by fully 50,000 readers every week. Intending advertisers will do well to take notice of these facts.

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—Last week we had the pleasure of publishing a cartoon on the subject of the New Dominion License Act, and in connection therewith we remarked that, if passed in the form in which it left the hands of the Committee, the measure would be satisfactory to the temperance public,—that is, to those who are not in favor of any extension of the liquor traffic. It is our unpleasant duty this week to record several injurious changes in the Bill during its passage through Committee of the whole—changes which may be traced directly to the influence of the Licensed Victuallers' Organization.

FIRST PAGE.—The last gun of the local general elections is soon to be fired in Algoma. The leaders of the Legislature are awaiting the report. Mr. Meredith is all composure; Mr. Mowat is more or less agitated. GRIP does not pose as a prophet, but these attitudes are probably significant. Wait and see.

EIGHTH PAGE.—His Holiness the Pope has forbidden the faithful, clerical and lay, to contribute further to the Parnell testimonial, or to persist any longer in overt resistance to the British Government. It is now a question of Pope or Patriot. While thousands of good Catholics will instantly obey the Father, it is questionable if the ultimate result of this interference will be beneficial to Imperial interests.

Pressed for time—mummies.—Ez.



Those Hamilton Spectator and Dundas Banner men need not imagine that, because they are beautiful, they are consequently the only ones that are so.

We understand that the London Advertiser has published a map of Egypt or somewhere. We have not seen it, but we have seen some previous efforts of the Tiser in the map line, and such being the case we are very joyful that we haven't.

"Very full neck ruchings are in vogue."—Fashion Journal.

We advocate ruchings and have no objection to seeing them moderately full, but one that gets full to the neck is no gentleman and should be ruched without delay, or sent to Roosher. Oh!

We consider, and we hope justly, that it is an insult to Canada and her people, that the best thing the Old Country could do for her, is to send out a Petty Fitzmaurice as her new Governor-General. We should have preferred a large Fitzmaurice, or at least a medium-sized article, but a petty one: bah! our soul recoils at the thought, and smashes all the windows in the neighborhood.

Last Monday will probably long be remembered as the brightest, most genial and beautiful spring day that has ever struck Canada. It makes us poetical and bosomically tender when we think of it. The birds sang—in other climes than ours; the blossoms blossomed—on that tall policeman's nose; the sun shone.—as Longfellow beautifully remarks:

"Be still my heart and cease repining,
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining."

All of which shows that this may be "rote skarkastical," but that there are spring poets lurking around who will rise up in their might some day soon and astonish the waste paper baskets of this country. Let them rise, but please permit the sun to do so sometime.

Those 'unco guid' folk who have been in the habit of decrying George Peck's now famous Milwaukee Bad Boy as a youth who is doing so much to demoralize the rising generation, ought, if they read of his actions as set forth in last Saturday's Sun, to immediately take a seat somewhere as far back out of sight as possible, for anything that the horrible youth may have done before that, must be redeemed by his conduct on the occasion referred to. Gentlemen of the melancholy and elongated physiogns, instead of running down that boy and his doings, try and be a little more charitable after this, for he has proved himself a hero, and if you more nearly resembled him you would do well. But perhaps after all there is no such boy.

Speaking of Tugs of War, the St. Catharines Journal says:—"This seems to be a popular game instituted by the police forces of Canada. A few days ago it took eight full-sized Hamilton peelers to bring three drunken roughs to the cells. The act did not show much tug of warism."

The St. Catharines Journal errs in this case, though it is usually as near the truth as village papers generally are. It is not with a desire to bring disgrace on the profession we adorn, but a love for that veracity which has ever been our distinguishing feature, which compels us to give the truth. Instead of "three drunken roughs" please read three newspaper men, as was the fact, and it will be seen that it was a wonder that eight policemen could ever get them there at all. Tut! tut! Eight policemen indeed! when we get that way we knock them out one after the other just as fast as Mitchell placed poor Sullivan hors de combat the other day.

CHARADE.

My first is a kind of significant grasp
Much in vogue amongst secret societies,
Which their members employ as their hands they clasp,
And of this there are many varieties.

My second's a name for the bounce or discharge
As clerks and employees can tell you,
And my whole is a thing, neither little nor large
Which for twenty-five cents we will sell you.
ANSWER ON SEVENTH PAGE



ISABELLA GORDON.

In the village of Todmorden, near the deep and flowing Don,
Dwelt Miss Isabella Gordon, who used to live in Vaughan,
She was tall,
She was stately,
Indeed, all
Admired her greatly,
Especially one young man who entirely was gone.
On Isabella Gordon of Todmorden on the Don.

She moved not in society, nor was she de bon ton,
But noted for her piety was this young girl from Vaughan,
She'd recite
Lovely sonnets,
Dressed in white,
And whew! her bonnets
Were the envy of the maidens fair whose bright eyes
looked upon
The bonnet of Miss Gordon of Todmorden on the Don.

She could write such pretty verses of the sacerdotal sort,
Rhymes for children's nurses, or critiques upon "high
aut."

Each fine day
Might be seen,
On her way
To the green
And mossy banks adjacent to her aunty's spacious lawn,
Miss Isabella Gordon of Todmorden on the Don.

She would work such pretty mats and pincushions for
bazaars,
She'd exhort the wild young flats to avoid all tavern bars
She was sweet,
She was nice,
At her feet,
In a trice,
She brought down all the bachelors from Markham, King
and Vaughan,
For they doted on Miss Gordon of Todmorden on the
Don.

One bright and lovely morning in the pleasant month of June,
Wild flowers the hills adorning, while the feathered songsters' tune

Made the scene
Quite artistic,
While the stream,
Calm and mystic,

Reflected on its surface the lithe and graceful form
Of Isabella Gordon of Todmorden on the Don.

Oh, fate strange and most beautiful! about the self-same hour,
An artist plodding dutiful upon a sketching "tower,"

Saw the lady
Graceful sit,
And then said he,
"Here's a bit

Of figure for my foreground, she's as graceful as a fawn,
And he sketched the fair Miss Gordon of Todmorden on the Don.

There every morning early came the heartless painting wretch,
And so surely the dear girl he would just as surely sketch,

He watched her
Every motion,
Till he cotched her,
And no notion

Had this innocent young damsel of the artist's goings on,
Ingenuous Miss Gordon of Todmorden on the Don.

At length the fiendish painter completely lost his heart,
Sometimes he'd nearly faint for he'd lost his taste for art.

His blues
And his greys
He'd confuse
In all ways,

So he resolved to propose, for his heart was fairly gone
On Miss Isabella Gordon of Todmorden on the Don.

He approached Miss Isabella and he made her an address,
"Fair lady, I'm a fellow of the famed R.C.A.S.

You were sittin'
Where you are,
I was smitten
From afar

With your lovely form, your graceful pose, your suit of snowy lawn."

"Git out!" replied Miss Gordon, of Todmorden on the Don.

"Be off, you pigment slinger, with your easel, tubes, and brushes,
Git out, or I'll soon bring here one who'll throw you in the rushes,

I'm his baby,
You just bet,
And a lady,
Don't forget.

He has been my steadfast lover since I left my native Vaughan,
So git out," replied Miss Gordon of Todmorden on the Don.

"Ha! ha!" cried the dread painter, "Then thou lovest this catiff knave,
Revenge!" Her screams grew fainter as he bore her to the cave.

Jaffrey's cave,
Jaff the grocer,
"Save me, save—
Oh, sir I oh, sir!

Let me go and I'll relinquish him, no more the swain from Vaughan,
Shall behold me, Bella Gordon, of Todmorden on the Don."

"Tis well," said young R.C.A.S., "now let us plight our troth,
Your aunty will both of us bless, except, indeed, she's wroth,

But she don't
Know of the cave,
And she won't,
If you behave

With your usual discretion, as when the log upon,
I sketched you, dearest Bella, of Todmorden on the Don.

He continued, "Dearest dovey, to-morrow straight we'll
To where St. James's, lovey, points its steeple to the sky.

I will bring
My darling sweet
A gold ring,
And all complete

Will be our store of happiness, our sorrow past and gone,
And there'll be no more Miss Gordon of Todmorden on the Don.

To borrow a phrase—Jack: "Say, old man, will you let me take your hat and top-coat to-night; mine are looking a little the worse for wear?" Chum: "Certainly you can have them; but don't you call that taking your partner's best and going it alone?"

—Ez.



(We do not approve of this society gossip now so prevalent, and we had resolved to sit down heavily (2024) on it,

and, setting our face against it, strive by our example to root it out of the columns of our respected co-tems. But that summer clime which is not ours is said to be paved with good intentions—not the clime itself, exactly, but the country where eternal warmth and geniality reign—and our resolutions are no stronger than those of other great and good men, and we were forced to succumb to the earnest solicitations of several of our best, most wealthy, poorest and consequently most honest, fellow citizens, and, putting our fractured resolutions in another person's pocket that was empty—we know, for we had just felt to see if he had lost anything—we once more gladden the hearts of society people with a dose of gossip about upper tendom).

Some of the Smiths are out of town.

Quite a flutter of excitement was caused at the hunt last Saturday. Miss Joodespreet of Dude Avenue dismounted from the magnificent mule on which she was following the hounds, and running forward to where the fox was lying asleep, grabbed him by the tail—no, brush, and whilst holding him up at arms length, the poor animal's tail—caudal appendage, no, broom, no, that's not right, ah! brush, came out and the fox expired with a peaceful, happy smile on its face,—no countenance. (This item was communicated by a member of the hunt.)

As Mr. Bullseye, the popular, genial, energetic, urbane, and well-known policeman was standing under the lamplight's glare late a few nights ago, in the northern portion of the city, passers by remarked a low, muttered rumbling as of a distant cataract's roar, which seemed to proceed from the immediate vicinity of Mr. Bullseye's nose. What the strange sound was must ever remain a mystery, as Mr. Bullseye avers he heard it not, and the whole force unite as one man and laugh to scorn the possibility of that gentleman being asleep on duty. Parish the thought.

As Mr. Jerrome de la Diddler, perhaps the most aristocratic bank cashier on this continent, was about to leave the city on Tuesday last, he was requested to defer his departure for an indefinable period, as some infamous hound had been altering the figures in his books. It is believed that the culprit is known; at any rate the detectives have a clue to his whereabouts. Mr. Jerome de la Diddler is residing across the Don till the culprit is brought to justice.

On Monday last Drs. Gollop, Cofeen and Spatule of this city, visited Mr. James Ogilvie of Gerrard St., who was suddenly seized with severe cramps on that day, in company. Mr. Ogilvie is doing very well, though he does not express much confidence in his medical attend-

ants' skill. His last words were, "There is too much!"

Mr. Bangup, of Dummer-street, and Miss Matilda O'Neil, of the same place, are to be united in matrimony as soon as the funds can be provided to procure the to-be bride a pair of shoes for the wedding ceremony.

Miss Jones is well.

The medical student in the hospital who, a few weeks ago, applied a bi-aural stethoscope to a patient's head to hear the latter's heart beating, has since discovered that the heart is not in the head. Time and experience do much.

Some of the Smiths are in town.

A POEMLLET.

SUGGESTED BY A RECENT CIRCULAR.

The wretchedest person beneath the skies,
Is the poet who frenziedly rolls his eyes
As, to build up a poem he manfully tries

For a prize;
He aims to write something uncommonly smart,
And plies all the tricks of the minstrel's art,
And his eyes bulge out as though they would start
Apart

From their sockets: his brain convulses and turns,
His judgement his jingling rhymeless spurns,
As his breast at the thought of the big prize burns,
He learns

That, tho' it is easy to sometimes write
When a prize for his poetry's not in sight,
That then his endeavors will not end right
Out of spite.

He is hampered by thoughts of that prize or stake,
And he feels that though brain cells and heart may ache
He will fail in the end as the winner to take
The cake.

Ye bards who are anxious to win a big prize,
Take the best I can give, that's a fool's advice,
And don't try for to write and go rolling your eyes
In rhapsodies
And fine frenzies
Be wise.

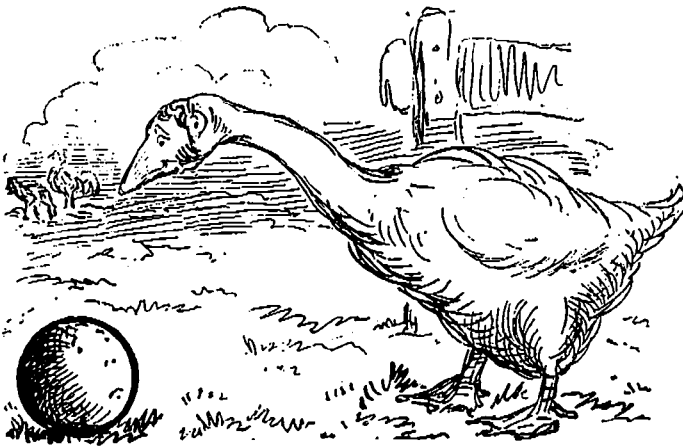
THE PASSING SHOW.

Whoever is managing the Sheppard benefit—of course it isn't O. B. himself—understands a thing or two. The performance is to be given as a testimonial of Mr. Sheppard's "popularity," but great care has been taken to have good actors announced—names that would draw whether the beneficiare were O. B. or Doc., or any other man. The fact is that no theatrical manager in Canada is so thoroughly unpopular with the profession and the public as the present incumbent of the Grand.

"The Government House," Baker and Farron's new piece, was produced before a good audience on Monday night. It went very well, all things considered. Of course the leading parts were funny—Baker and Farron could make *Othello* a screaming play if they undertook to—but it must be said that the "The Government House" will require some attention in detail before it is good enough for these inimitable comedians.

Mr. J. F. Thomson's name is already a guarantee for the excellence of any entertainment under his management. The Minnie Hawk concert having been postponed till June 1st, the music loving public now turn to Mr. Thomson's new poster announcing the Nashville Students, an organization of coloured singers equal in every respect to the very popular company from Fisk University. They appear at the Pavilion Friday and Saturday evening, 25th, and 26th, with Saturday matinee.

Let it be borne in mind that the exhibition of paintings is now open at the Normal School building. The forces of the R. G. A. and Ontario Society have been united for this occasion, and the display is consequently very attractive. We will pay our respects to the Exhibition more at length in our next issue.



"THE GLOBE" AND "THE MAIL."

A CONDENSED ACCOUNT OF OUR TWO LEADING ORGANS.

A DISMAL TALE

OF WOE, AND LOVE, AND MITERIE.

In the evening gloam I loved to roam beneath the leafy shades
Of the forest trees so dark and cool: 'twas there I met my Fate,
In the form of an airy feminine fairy in those darksome wooded glades,
And my heart went out toward her, as I'm about to state.

And oh! she was fair to see,
So shapely, slender and tall,
And the delicate grace of her beautiful face
Held my smitten heart in thrall.

Day after day as I went my way, I met her and passed her by,
I dared not speak, for I knew her not, tho' Cupid's dart had sped;

Aye, his quivering dart had pierced my heart, and I could but look and sigh,
As "she walked in beauty like the Night" with graceful, lightsome tread.

She walked for exercise,
For the selfsame reason I,
But I durst not speak though I felt my cheek grow red as she passed me by.

So time flew on and well nigh gone were the glorious summer days,
And still I'd never spoken, though with love my heart was laden,

and every day I would fondly say, "I will mend my bashful ways,
And will tell the love that is in my heart to this most bewitching maiden."

But when once more we met,
I had not the courage to stop,
For that courage high oozed out with a sigh,
And my heart sank down with a FLOP

But at length one day as I took my way through the wood where I met my love,
The fate seemed more propitious, for, before me on the grass,

on the greensward soft where we met so oft lay a dainty little glove,
In the very spot where she always walked and I'd daily seen her pass.

With a bound I secured my prize,
And kissed its finger tips,
And I poured my love on that delicate glove
As I held it to my lips.

Three days, I pressed to my burning breast that scented, perfumed thing,
And at night, beneath my pillow I placed it as I slept;
"That glove my plea to speak shall be," I said, low muttering,

And on the fourth day's morning to the forest glades I crept.

And I saw her drawing near,
And I bowed as we came abreast,
And I hotly flushed as the maiden blushed,
For my heart refused to rest.

With many a pause I pled my cause and told what I had found,
And begged her to allow me to render her again Her dainty glove. I spoke of love; she smiled as she half turned round,

Half hiding those fair features which had overthrown my brain.

Then she spoke in accents sweet.

So gravely and sedately,

"I will take it, sir, to my aunt, to her
It belongs, and she lost it lately."

Her aunt! that shady old maiden lady, I had seen with her sometimes;

Oh! heavens! I felt a weakness and a trembling at the knees;

Her aunt! oh! hard was the fate of the bard who writes these jingling rhymes,
She took the vile old hideous glove and vanished thro' the trees.

As for me, I weep and moan,

And I mourn my lost, lost love;

And I think of the waste of the kisses I'd placed
On her maiden aunt's old glove.

LATEST FROM RUSSIA.

A SHORT DRAMA.

Czar discovered sitting gloomy and morose in his bomb-proof suit, in his chamber.

"Ha! the fateful day draws near. I wish it was over. Oh! for the twenty eigh—"

(Terrific explosion heard in next room.)

"Heavings alive. Great sakes! what's that? Oh! how I shake and quiver, but methinks 'twere best to know the worst, so I will 'een peep in and see what damage is done."

He cautiously creeps out and peers through the crack of the door. His most faithful attendant lies stretched upon the floor in the last agonies of death.

CZAR—"What do I behold? Chawmilugsoff gone! Oh! woe, oh! misery. What ho! there, Wienanwiski. Sucezipoff, Come hither to wonst."

(Two generals enter running.)

CZAR—"See what the fiends have done? blown up my faithful Chawmilugsoff."

(The generals stoop over the prostrate man and then exclaim spontaneously):—

"I see, I see what 'tis. Lord Dufferin has lent his copy of GRIP to this poor fellow, and he has exploded in laughing at the jokes therein contained. This accounts for the noise your majesty heard."

(All retire much relieved.)

A MAN overboard.—Ourself, by spring poets—*Baltimore Every Saturday.*

It is feared that the Brooklyn bridge will be a failure because the footpath is in the middle, and the American citizen is thus deprived of the pleasure of leaning over the outer railing and sitting on the ferryboat.

REMARKS ON PHRENOLOGY.

Right here and now we wish to put our foot down on these scientists who are going round endeavoring to scare us and other imaginative intellects into lunatic asylums, and premature sepulchres. Before us lies a work on phrenology, the frontispiece of which is a human head, the hair and skin having apparently not come back with the week's washing at the time when its owner sat for his picture, and the osseous formation which we have always been under the impression protected our brain from the prying inquisitiveness of peering worldlings being, as we suppose, temporarily mislaid. We object, and refuse to believe that we are carrying round with us in our daily labor of enlightening the world, any such picture gallery as this phrenological work endeavors to convince us we are. How were those pictures placed on our brain without our knowledge, and what do these scientific gorillas mean by springing such things on us at our time of life? Of what use, again, are these works of art, shut up between the parietal, frontal and occipital bones of our cranium? We should not feel so indignant as we do, if, conceding that these pictures really are to be found on our cerebral convolutions, we could, in our moments of relaxation and idleness, take our head off our shoulders and contemplate the engravings, with a view to obtaining amusement or instruction, but we really fail to see what good end is obtained by a man wandering about with his brain beplastered with etts and engravings like a screen in the children's ward of a hospital, or a dead wall extensively patronized by bill-stickers, and unable to view these same embellishments without first removing the bones and other opaque matter which so jealously guard this fresco work from the eye of the owner of the brain on which these scientists endeavor to convince us that the said embellishments exist. Can we say more? We think not, unless it be to explain that the charts to which we refer are those which any observant eye may "spot" in almost any bookstore.

If you want to see a man indulge in the maizey dance, tread on his pet corn.—*Ec.*



SIX O'CLOCK, A.M.

SCENE.—Garner House, Chatham. (Fact.)

HOTEL PORTER.—(Arriving at 115 in response to the bell.)—Are you the gentleman that rung for me to wake yez to catch the thrain?



SIR JOHN SURRENDERS HIS SWORD.



"So the world wags."

I see Commander Cheyne, R. N., keeps pegging away at his Arctic expedition project. A committee of leading citizens was lately formed in London, to assist in carrying out the views of the explorer. Whereupon the *Cleveland Leader* pokes fun as follows:—

"The little city of London, Ontario, has a yearning for fame, not ordinary, cheap notoriety, but the glory of high achievements. So far as has been discovered, fame does not grow around London where the city can go out and gather it at will, and if it does, the quiet little Canadian town will not be apt to look for it. Indeed, there is no evidence that a single person in the municipality would have thought of getting anything of the kind if it had not been for outside interference. It was a lecture that roused the dominant appetite for renown, and a lecturer that gave it direction and stimulated it to bold endeavor. The feat to be undertaken is nothing less than the raising of money by subscription, money to buy glory. Commander Cheyne, of the British navy, has been talking of balloons and the North Pole, and he is to earn the fame the city pays for. The gallant Cheyne proposes to go to the most northern settlement of Greenland, and thence carry himself and the fame of London, Ontario, to the much sought and long unfound end of the earth's axis, in a balloon. Wafted on the wings of a zephyr from the sunny South, temperature say twenty below zero, the English adventurer and the glory of the Canadian city will go sailing over ice and rocks; yea, over the famous open Polar Sea, if it exists, and just at the proper spot they will alight together and plant the standard of Britain on the very bit of sea or land so many heroes have died to reach. After the interests of science and London, Ontario, have been carefully attended to, the balloon purchased by Canadian money will take advantage of a strong north wind, or rather, a wind from the other side of the pole, and fly away with its freight of fame to the zone of ships and Esquimaux huts. It is a beautiful and poetic scheme, but is not London, Ontario, allowing its enthusiasm to get the better of its discretion? Why should it rush in where great nations and the *New York Herald* have failed? To be sure, there would be some novelty about paying for Arctic ballooning, but we fear that if the public spirit of London, Ontario, should actually result in another expedition to the northern waters, and in the loss of more brave lives, the city would not enjoy the advertising it received. The thirst for fame is well enough, but those who seek to buy it should be very careful to get what they pay for. The world will watch anxiously to see how the bargain of London, Ontario, turns out.

Everybody will agree with me as to the truth of the following verses, and it is wholly unnecessary for a poor motley fool to make any remarks on them.

NO TIME TO QUARREL.

Life is not long at the best count of years,
Of at its close man is debtor,
And in its twilight remembers through tears
Much that he might have done better.
But of all the wearisome things we know,
It is, when regret won't smother,
To recall the rash words that made a foe
Of one we had known as a brother.
There's a time to rest and a time to run—
To win or to wear the laurel;
There's a time for most things under the sun,
But not one moment to quarrel.

Are there not mountains or trouble to climb?
And seas of distress to cross over?
Were it not wiser to walk through time
With a will life's wounds to cover?
True greatness lies not in poor, vanquished foes
Or the gold your heirs inherit;
But the calm, bright memories goodness throws
Around the life-weary spirit.
There's a time to rest and a time to run—
To win or to wear the laurel;
There's a time for most things under the sun,
But not one moment to quarrel.

—*Rochester Post-Express.*

* *

I, as the man of the cap and bells of *Grip* cannot but feel proud at any encomiums passed upon that paper. Underneath is a little "taffy" from that excellent paper the *Arkansas Traveler*, than which I believe, no more welcome exchange ever enters *Grip's* sanctum. I am inclined to think, however, that there is a spice of sarcasm in the *Traveler's* "taffy": Maybe I am wrong, but at any rate I am sure there are no hard feelings between that paper and *Grip*; if there be, they are certainly not on the side of the latter; can I say more? I cannot; so I will give what the *Traveler* says about us, for I take pride in identifying myself with "one of the most prominent humorous papers in the world." Ahem! I take off my cap to you, *messieurs les redacteurs* of the *Traveler*, and its bells jingle with a musical delight at so much flattery.

"The *Traveler* was by no means angry. It merely called, by private communication, the attention of *Grip* to the fact that some one of its contributors had "worked over" an article. It was done in a spirit of kindness, and as such it was no doubt accepted. We could not see why one of the most prominent humorous papers in the world should appropriate the work of an acquaintance and pass it off as original. The "Touchstone" article may not have been intended as original, but we were not aware that any such notification had ever been made. The following, kept standing at the head of one of *Grip's* departments, caused the misunderstanding: "We invariably give due credit to all selections and outside contributions appearing in *Grip*. The one not so credited are our own productions, though we are sometimes half ashamed to own to the fact." So, you see, gentlemen, we were right in notifying you that your excellent paper was being imposed upon by a contributor. No paper, despite the closest proof-reading, is infallible. To-day we may give credit to Jim when it is due to Tom, and to-morrow we may give to Tom, what is due to Jim. *Grip* is widely known for its honesty, as well as ability; hence these few lines, which we hope will find you enjoying yourselves in that exalted degree which nature intends shall bubble up from the transparent spring of a clear conscience.—*Arkansas Traveler.*

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.

"Kind words cost nothing and go a long distance." We knew a letter containing a few that went from New York to Philadelphia, and then came back to the sender's wife, and caused a divorce suit.

It is said that a young lady can never whistle in the presence of her lover. The reason is obvious. He doesn't give her a chance. When she gets her lips in a proper position for whistling, something else always occurs.

"Jane," said a father, "I thought you hated stingy people, and yet your young man—" "Why, pa, who said he was stingy?" "Oh, nobody," replied pa; "only I could see he was a little close—as I passed through the room."

They were courting. "Don't sit so near me." "I ain't near you," said he. "You are." "I ain't." "But you will be." "No, I won't neither." "Then you'd better go home, for I hain't got no use for you." No cards.

In Modern Egypt a young man is not permitted to see his wife's face before marriage. Whoever has invested in prize packages can imagine the feelings of the average young Egyptian as he gazes on his trinket for the first time.

Two ladies were coming out of the theatre. Seeing the other drop her playbill one of them exclaimed, "Why, Mrs. Blank, do you always throw your programme away? I should think you would like to keep it for a momentum!"

A Scottish laird surprised his friends at dinner by affirming that the finest grapes he had ever eaten were grown in the open air in Fifeshire. Their surprise was moderated, however, when he returned to the subject and added, "but I maun premise that I prefer them soon."

Priest: "Pat, I understand you are going to be married again." Disconsolate widow: "Yis, your riv'rence." "But your wife, Pat, has only been dead two weeks." D. W.: "Yis, your riv'rence; but shure ain't she as dead now as she iver will be?"—*Harvard Lampoon.*

Women can keep secrets. A Worcester girl on a friend's solemnly promising not to tell, told that she was going to have four new dresses costing sixty dollars each. The friend religiously kept her promise not to tell, and the first mentioned young lady doesn't speak to her now.

If you experience bad taste in mouth, sallowness or yellow color of skin, feel stupid and drowsy, appetite unsteady, frequent headache or dizziness, you are "bilious," and nothing will arouse your liver to action and strengthen up your system equal to Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." By druggists.

A German heard a man say that he had a duck of a wife. He thought that the remark was very pretty, and when he got home he attempted to make use of the expression, and he observed, "I got me a frow for a duck." His wife picked up a rolling-pin and replied, "Vell, mebbe you besser go mit your ducks out."

Two negatives:

I gave him his first rejection,
At Newport a year ago;
At Christmas, with proper reflection,
Again, in New York, I said "No."
There's in grammar a rule, I remember—
Two negatives—how does it run?
So the cards have gone out for September,
And my white satin gown is begun.

Epitaph on a tombstone in Chautauqua county:

Neuralgia worked on Mrs. Smith,
Till 'neath the sod it laid her,
She was a worthy Methodist,
And served as a crusader.
Friends came delighted at the call,
In plenty of good carriages,
Death is the common lot of all,
And comes more oft than marriages."



STARS OF THE SUMMER NIGHT.

A TALE OF FOUR CHAPS IN FOUR CHAPS.

CHAP. I.

Twankle twankle twank a twank a twank twank twank.

Hist!

Borne on the midnight breezes of the month of July, odorous with the fragrance of a million roses and freighted with the sense-cathrilling perfumes of a fish that had seen better days, and whose spirit had winged its flight from the shores of the Present to the boundless confines of the Hereafter some two weeks previously to the hour when this romaunt opens, came those sounds of melody mellifluous, disturbing the sleeping echoes of yonder bosky dell, and mingling their twankle twankle twanks with the booming resonances of the warbling bullfrog's kloop-a-kloop, kloop-a-kloops.

'Twas very peaceful.

The shrewd reader will have surmised from my mention of midnight breezes that the hour was midnight.

It was.

Enclosed by high stone walls and embosomed in the leafy obscurity of noble oak, elm, bamboo, hazel, acacia, maple, asparagus, basswood, and other forest giants, stands a plain but comfortable house. 'Tis the dwelling-place, the home of Florence Speckles.

Launcelet P'oulin de Boulogne, a fiery, untamed youth, has vowed by his spotless escutcheon to win her hand, and, knowing that the peerless Florence is of a romantic temperament, has resolved to serenade her, which project he has confided to three bosom friends, who have determined to see him through, and have accordingly, having found the entrance gate of the grounds secured, scaled the walls, bearing their instruments of torture, a flute, very asthmatic, an accordion, broken winded and well-nigh keyless, and two guitars, the manipulation of which was a dim and vague mystery to those who carried them, and now stand beneath the lady's window with the instruments of torture from which emanated those twankle-twankle twanks which open our tale, and which, borne on the midnight breezes of the month of July, etc.

CHAP. II.

"Stars of the summer ni-ight,

(twankle, twank twank, a booin a boom, tootle tootle tootle toot toot)

Far in yon azure dee-heeps,
(tinkle tink, tink, tink)

Hide, hide your go-holden li-hi-ight,
(twankle twank a twank tootling)
She slee-heeps, my la-hady sleeps,
She slee-heeps, she slee-heeps,
(twankle a twankle a twum twum twum)

It is Launcelet who is singing, whilst he accompanies himself on his guitar, and his comrades thrum and tootle and jam in a note or two as opportunity occurs. Florence's window still remains closed, and the blind drawn down. Excuse me, reader, but my forte is descriptive writing, and I must have another shy at it. Have at ye.

Afar off the village clock chimes two: beyond the distant eastern hills pale Luna now appears, and casting her tempered rays around brings objects from the obscurity in which they were wrapped.

Launcelet and his friends have stood for three mortal hours beneath the loved one's trellised casement, and yet no sign that she has heard has been given. All four are weary, angry and dispirited.

"Possibly," suggests Launcelet, "she may have moved to the other side of the house during the hot weather. Let us go round." They went.

CHAP. III.

"Mou-hoon of the su-hummer ni-ight,"

and so on, with guitar accompaniment, for another weary hour sings Launcelet, and daylight begins to streak the Orient horizon. No signs of Florence; not so much as a snore. All is silent and still. Every blind in the house is drawn. The increasing daylight reveals this fact.

The morning breeze fans the fevered brows of the serenaders and, sporting by, mingles its whispers with the clarion cock-a-doodle-doo of proud chanticleer at yonder low-thatched farm house.

Arthur Measlymug, Launcelet's sworn friend, advances closer to the front door, now visible in the deep old-fashioned porch o'er which the myrtle and the honeysuckle twine, and stands before it, having apparently made a discovery, for, ere long, he shouts to his companions, "Come here, you fellows: well, I'll be jiggered." They advance to the door.

CHAP. IV.

"To LEE for 3 months.
Family at the sea-side."

Such is the placard which greets the four pair of eyes that are fixed upon it.

Two minutes later four worn-out, up-all-night serenaders skulk down the avenue leading to the outer road and in a few seconds are 'over the garden wall.'

WHAT WAS THE MATTER WITH HIM?

"Good morning, Sergt.-Major," said we as the old gentleman dropped in for a bit of a chat, we refer to Sergt.-Major O'Shaughnessy, whose story of the hero of the Tubberingoooley Cavalry was related last week. "How do you find yourself?" "Well, sorr," responded the old fellow, "I can't say that I'm feelin' partickler well to-day." "Sorry to hear it, Major; what have you been doing?"

The old gentleman looked uncommonly sly as he replied, "Ax me no questions and I'll tell ye no lies, but I feel much as my uncle said he done after he seen the marmaid."

"Come, come, Major: with all due respect for your uncle's veracity, I must disagree with him in this one matter." "Shure an' it was something besides yerself as disagreed with him the time I'm spakin' of." "Well, tell us all about it: what was it?" we asked.

"The way av it was this: my uncle not only seen one but he held discorse wid her, an' I've heard him spake av it, many's the time; an' it's truth, ivery word av it. My uncle was a Kerry man, an' was returnin' home late wan evenin' afther payin' his rints—" "Ha, ha!" we laughed, "why man I've caught you out already: I thought this was to be a true story: the idea of a Kerry man paying his rent: tell us something else." "It's truth I tell ye sorr; my uncle was a gentleman, ivery inch av him, an' always paid his debts an' was what ye'd call a prominent citizen here, though he wasn't a bankrupt onct, an' he was comin' home along the cliffs above Dingle Bay, an' the moon was shinin' bright as a new tinsaucepanan' glittherin' on the water like anythin' when, feelin' overcome wid the heat, it was summer, he sits down on a bit av a rock close handy to Roshen Point an' pulls out a bottle from his pocket an' takes a sup, an' feelin' it done him good, he takes another, when up, right fornist him out of the say, pops the purtiest slip av a craythure an' looks at him-wid her eyes like dimints an' hair all sthramin' over her shouldhers like goold; an' thin she takes a bit av a lookin' glass from under the wather an' a coomb all shinin' an' falc goold an' begins combin' her illigant hair. 'Cush-la machree,' said me uncle, low like, 'but yere a purty darlint,' sez he, and he takes another gollyogue out av his bottle. 'Will you come wid me, Phaylim?' sez she, 'It's yerself is the boy I'm waitin' for' sez she, 'Shure an' I'm married,' sez he, an' he looks over his shouldher for she was a rale purty beauty 'That's nothin',' sez she, an' thin the marmaid commenced singin' the sweetest song my uncle iver heard. It was a mixther of Aileen Aroon an' Lanigan's Bawl, an' my uncle felt his legs begin to thrimble an' thin to dance, aisy like at first, but soon he was welfin' away on the rock till he got closter an' closter to the marmaid, whin she ups an' pulls him into the say wid her, an' they sank an' sank an' sank till they come to a big palash, an' there was millions of marmoids and marmoin sittin' round a table covered wid jools an' whiskey, an' illigant stuff it was, my uncle said, an' lashins of it; 'Hurrah for Phaylim O'Shaughnessy,' they cried, 'he's one av us now, an' the colleen as brought him had him fasht by the waist an' he couldn't escape av he'd wanted to, an' down he sits an' ates an' dhrinks an' fills his pockets wid the jools, an' such dancin' as there was, an' the harps they danced to was all pure goold, an' they danced an' danced, down the middle an' back agin. Whoops! but it bate my grandmother's wake, my uncle said, whin suddinly he thinks of the mistress at home, an' he ups an' said he must lave 'em, but the purty creature wid him began to cry. But he tore himself away an' was off like mad wid all the crew afther him, an' the next he remembered he was sittin' on the rock, an' the say was lappin', lappin' at his feet, an' his bottle was lyin' by his side, inupty, for all the stuff had run out whin he put it down on its side, an' the sun was shinin' an' my uncle was all stiff an' sore wid dancin' an' bein' under the wather so long, an' whin he felt for the jools they was all gone, an' he knew he'd dhroped 'em whin he come away in such a hurry an' if ye don't believe it sor the rock's there at this minit." The Major paused here. "Is that all?" we asked. "It is, sorr, an' I feel just like my uncle said he done." "Didn't you say your uncle was a perfect gentleman?" we asked. "It's that he was," answered the old fellow. "Then why did he pocket those jewels?" But Sergeant-Major O'Shaughnessy was gone.

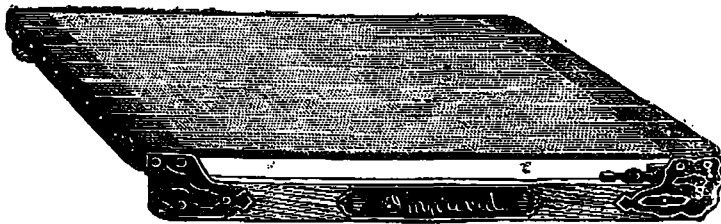
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"GRIP-SACK."



POPE vs. PARNELL; OR, THE IRISHMAN'S DILEMMA.

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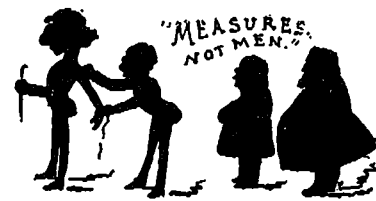
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