



# GRIP.

AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND  
SATIRICAL JOURNAL.

Published by the Grip Printing and Publishing Company  
of Toronto. Subscription, \$7.00 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,

Solo Advertising Agent for the Middle and New England  
States.

## Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—Sir John has been obliged to call in the Doctor to save his Cabinet from dying of general debility. Sir Charles Tupper has a record just a trifle worse than that of any other member of the Government, but he is head and shoulders over all Sir John's present colleagues in mental force, and that, in the opinion of the Premier, is what is mainly required to keep the party in office. The calm assumption that moral character counts for nothing in Canadian politics is very characteristic of Sir John, and although somewhat exasperating to citizens who still retain some old-fashioned ideas of right and wrong, it is not an insult which in the present condition of public opinion anybody will take the trouble to resent. A country that stood quietly by and saw the reinstatement in office of the men who had committed a great public crime, for which they had never expressed any contrition, is not likely to express disapproval of anything that may be done at Ottawa. And surely if Sir Charles is a fit and proper person to hob-nob with Piccadilly swells as our representative (as the country quite agrees) he is good enough for a place in the Ministry. The laughable incident in connection with the High Commissioner's return is the "official" statement of the *Mail* that Sir Charles is simply coming over for needed "rest." Well, it is a little fatiguing to "assist" at dinners and garden-parties half a dozen days per week, but no society man is ever so done up by those onerous duties as to absolutely need an ocean-trip.

FIRST PAGE.—It has been pretty hot for Mr. Blake lately, but the experience will, no doubt, be good for his political health. Whatever may have been the pressure brought to bear upon him, he committed a grave blunder

in consenting to the "salary grab." We are now informed that, from the first, Mr. Blake was personally opposed to this transaction. Nobody who knows him at all will doubt this, but that does not mitigate the extent of the blunder he made as leader in giving way. By firmly standing against those of his followers who were in favor of the grab he would no doubt have risked a revolt on their part, but that would have been a less calamity than a general revolt of public opinion. It was a question of judgment, and Mr. Blake showed, as we think, very little political sagacity. The strictures passed by the press, and particularly by GRIP, have, as we learn, painfully affected Mr. Blake. He has felt it his duty, so far as we are concerned, to "stop his paper." We further learn that he regards our strictures as personal to himself. This does less than justice to Mr. Blake's intelligence. He must know perfectly well that, as the official head of a party, he stands, for caricature purposes, as that party—and is criticised in his representative capacity alone. He has simply no right to take refuge in his private character while leading his army in the political arena.

EIGHTH PAGE.—A correspondent of the *Globe* writing from Qu'Appelle exposes the most scandalous corruption perpetrated by the persons intrusted by the Government with the work of purchasing and transporting supplies in connection with the rebellion. The statements are most circumstantial, and come from a source friendly to the Government. The Bell Farm people, known to be special pets of the Ottawa magnates, are amongst the principal offenders, and it is well known that the far-famed Lieut.-Gov. Dewdney has a finger in the Bell Farm pie. A thorough investigation of the charges is demanded, and the exemplary punishment of the officials who may be found guilty of the wholesale robbery should follow as a matter of course.

## HOW THEY SQUIRM!

It is a source of satisfaction to GRIP to know that the thick-skinned beings, to whose backs he has sometimes to apply the lash, are not insensible to their punishment. The *Mail* winces under the cartoon we devoted to the Dominion printing jobbery, and, after a few weeks of solemn reflection, it attempts to break the effect of our blow by endeavoring to make out that GRIP's relations to the Ontario Government printing are of the same character as those existing between the Dominion Government and the journals named in the public accounts as enjoying illicit printing orders. Everybody (including the *Mail*) knows that the position of the GRIP Printing Company is, on the contrary, precisely the same as that of Messrs. Maclean, Roger & Co., the Ottawa contractors, and just the opposite of the jobbers it would fain defend. Every atom of printing done by the GRIP Co. for the Ontario Government is paid for upon the basis of the tender, regularly sent in and awarded, according to law, to the lowest

tenderer. In the case of the *Mail's* virtuous clients, the charges were in every case exorbitant, but even if they had not been so, the work was illegal, belonging rightfully to the regular contractors. Marvellous and incredible as it will no doubt appear to the *Mail* management, we have only further to say that GRIP is conducted by its editor without reference to its printing department.



## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

"Stirring Incidents in the Life of a British Soldier." By Thomas Faughnan. Such is the title of a 536-page volume which we have perused with much pleasure, and have no hesitation in recommending to the public. The book abounds in amusing incidents and laughable anecdotes. The author is an Irishman whose effusion of native wit and humor lends a charm to every page. His account of travel in foreign countries, especially through the historic land of Egypt, with its hoary ruins of palaces, mosques and temples, is both amusing and instructive. But the battle scenes of the Crimea, where he fought like a Trojan, and which he so graphically delineates, form the chief theme of the narrative and are of thrilling interest. There are many other commendatory features in the work that we have not space to notice. The present edition is enlarged to nearly twice the size of the first.

## 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, opp. Hay Market. You can buy a set of harness \$15 cheaper off 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.

## A GOOD CHANCE.

Mr. Mathison, the energetic superintendent of the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, writes us as follows:—

DEAR SIR.—There are many deaf and dumb children whose parents are not aware of the liberal provision made by the Province for such afflicted ones. Every deaf and dumb child in Ontario, of suitable age and capacity, may have instruction and training in intellectual culture and in some useful occupation, by attending the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, at Belleville. There were 240 pupils in attendance last session, but as a number completed their education and left in June, there will be room for all for whom admission is desired when the institution re-opens in September. Would you kindly mention the foregoing in your paper; it might, perhaps, meet the eye of some parent who has a deaf and dumb child and would like to send it to school.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND'S PEREMPTORY ORDER  
TO THE LAND GRABBING RANCHMEN.—*Hinc ille lacrymae*—Hence these steers!—*Chicago Inter Ocean.*

NEBULOUS PHILOSOPHY.

She came from Concord's classic shades, on Reason's throne she sat,  
And wove intricate arguments to prove, in language pat,  
The Whichness of the Wherefore, and the Thuisness of the That.

She scorned ignoble subjects—each grovelling household care—  
But tuned her lofty soul to prove the Airiness of Air,  
And twisted skeins of logic round the Whatness of the Where.

To lower natures leaving the dollars, and the sense,  
She soared above the level of commonplace pretence,  
And moulded treatises which prove the Thuisness of the Thence.

Her glorious purpose to reveal the Thinkfulness of Thought,  
To trace each line by Somewhat on the Somewhat's surface wrought,  
To picture forms of Whynot's from the Whatnot's meaning caught;

To cultivate our spirits with the Whyfore's classic flow,  
To benefit the Thereeness with the Highness of the How,  
To flood the dark with radiance from the Thuisness of the Now.

"What good has she accomplished?" Oh, never doubt her thus!  
It must be useful to reveal the Plusness of the Plus,  
To illustrate with corkscrew words the Whichness of the Us.

Mock not, poor common mortal, when thoughts like these appear,  
Illumining our labor with the Howness of the Here,  
And blazing like a comet through the Nowness of the Near.

Some day in Realms Eternal such grand mist-haunted souls,  
Inscribe their words of Whichness on Wherefore-antic scrolls,  
In that great world of Muchness which through the Maybe rolls.

Then shall we each acknowledge the Whyness of the Whence—  
Each understand completely with Sensefulness of Sense—  
The Thuisness of the Therefore, the Thaisness of the Thence.

—J. E. JONES.

MARION PULSIFER;

OR,

THE ADVENTURES OF A FEMALE FRENCH COOK.

(Continued.)

CHAP. IV.

I left my heroine—who, it must be remembered, had received an excellent education and, having lived for many years in Montreal and having been in a seminary for young ladies, spoke French quite fairly for one not a native of La Bella, etc.—standing in the presence of the great Mrs. E. Ponsonby Huggs.

GRIP, not being a journal like the *Week* that can afford to give space to long prosy statements and articles, insists upon having things boiled down. Accordingly, I must pass over a description of the interview between Mademoiselle de Petitpois and Mrs. Huggs, and state briefly that the former was engaged at a salary—being a French cook—of 4,000 francs—the Mademoiselle professed to be unable to reckon *l'argent Americain* properly—per annum; in short, \$800. Better to be a French cook than a governess any day. Ha! ha!

The coupé, which has been waiting patiently outside "The Oaks" all this time, was dispatched for the lady's trunks, and the new acquisition was duly installed.

Be it known that though the Huggs family fairly rolled in riches, their mode of life, when *en famille*, was exceedingly frugal, and though Mrs. E. Ponsonby Huggs was extremely desirous of cutting out all her acquaintances by letting them know that she possessed such an inestimable treasure as a French cook, and was willing to pay that individual handsomely, she was decidedly averse to incurring any extraordinary expenditure for costly comestibles, ingredients, and so forth, with which that treasure should show what she was able

to do. As she told her in their first interview:

"Maidmoyselly, what we wants is one choice French dish at dinner, but when I give a party, mind, Maidmoyselly, then I wants you to give us some of them there reshashy dishes, and plenty of them."

The Huggs family consisted of pater and materfamilias, Mr. Hubert De Courcy Monck Huggs (the son and heir), age 25; Mr. Cressy Piercy Selkirk Huggs, age 21; and Miss Ethelinda Esmeralda Maudina Huggs, age 19.

Great was the rejoicing that evening in the family of Huggs when it was announced that a real French cook had been procured.

"Ha!" said Mr. Hubert, rubbing his hands in great glee, "now won't we cut out those Smitherees, rather? They're always cracking up their cook and saying they wouldn't part with her for her weight in gold: ha, ha!"

"Seems rather a high figger for a cook, though," remarked old Huggs, who was pretty close as regards money matters, "She's got to dish us up something pretty tol-lol-ish for that money," and he looked rather disconsolate.

"Well, we shall see," said Mrs. E. P. H. "Them there French cooks most generally knows their business."

Dinner, next day, was looked forward to with much anticipation by the Huggs quintette. Breakfast and lunch, being inferior meals, were entrusted by the new *chef* (or *chêffe*, which is it?) to an underling. Dinner was her province. It came on. A soup was the first thing that made its appearance. It looked queer. It tasted queerer.



"What do you call this stuff?" asked old Huggs, after the first spoonful.

"I don't know," replied the lady, "but we will enquire. John," to the butler (!), "please step into the kitchen, and ask Maidmoyselly des Petitpois what the name of this is."

John retired, and returned with the information that it was a "booly ar lar shoes."

"Hevins!" exclaimed Mr. Hubert, "is this French cookery? Shoes, eh? Tastes something like old overshoes, too," and he took another spoonful. "Can't say I care for it; but she's a doosid pretty gurl that Frenchy, anyway; I got a peep at her."

Suffice it to say that no one could take any of the "bully ar lar shoes"—in other words, "cabbage soup"—only Mademoiselle had used a cabbage that was fast approaching decomposition. Poor thing! how should she know a good cabbage from a bad one, brought up as she had been in a Seminary for Young Ladies, and in her mother's drawing-room?

"They say French bread is excellent," remarked the senior lady, "and I told her as I expected of her to bake us a batch of them long French loaves. Ah! here's one now."

The bread was placed on the table intact, for no one had dared to cut it up as *la mode*. John and all his underlings appeared to have a wholesome dread of "them French kick-shaws," as John, a true Britisher, called them.

The loaf was about a foot and a quarter long, six inches wide in parts, but no precise rule seemed to have been laid down or followed as regarded general symmetry, and it had a

most rugged and uneven appearance. It weighed something less than five pounds. Old Huggs tackled it, and it slipped off the table and fell on his rheumatic foot. He fairly howled with pain and rage. He picked up the loaf and hurled it against the costly wall-paper—for he was a passionate man and a choleric. It did not rebound, but fell on the carpet with a d. s. t. Mr. Cressy P. S. Huggs rose from his chair and picked it up, John being absent bringing in the next course.

"Let's see what it's like at any rate," he said, and he proceeded to cut it. The knife went in all right, but came out covered with dough scarcely touched by the fire.

"If this is French bread, I'm a Dutchman," remarked Mr. Cressy. "I wonder how Mam'selle makes it; it looks as if it had been par-boiled. I don't think I care for any French bread to-day, thanks. What do you say, Hubert? Shall I give you a slice, or rather a 'dollop'?" Hold your glass, and I'll ladle some out.

"No, thanks, Cressy," replied Mr. Hubert, "but she's a doosid pretty gurl."



At this moment John entered with a large dish, which he placed on the table, and was ordered to remove the French bread, take it to the cook, and request her to boil it hard. The cover of the new arrival being removed, a heterogeneous and indescribable mixture stood revealed.

"I wonder what this is," remarked old Huggs, regarding the "mystery" with an air of suspicion.

"Whatever it is, Ponsonby," said Mrs. Ponsonby, "you may depend upon it it's one of them reshashy dishes."

"It may be, but I don't think I care for this French cookery after all," retorted the old gentleman.

"Ponsonby, we're the only fam'ly in the city as has a French cook, and we ought to be truly thankful," said Mrs. Huggs, rather sharply.

"Yes, and she's a doosid pretty gurl, too," put in Mr. Hubert.

"What is this, John?" enquired the head of the family, appealing to that functionary.

"I harsked the noo cook, sir, and she calls it mainays dee mootong, I think, sir," replied John.

"There, Ponsonby," said Mrs. Huggs, "I knowed we should get something reshashy."

Mr. Huggs grasped a 'adle, and proceeded to investigate the "mainays dee mootong."

—S.

(To be continued.)

"I always like a good sharp point to my pencil," says a paragrapher. That's right; a good sharp pencil is a good thing. Better have a point to your pencil, perhaps your paragraphs have none.—Maverick.

SCOTTIE AIRLIE.

THE WAREHOUSE, July 23, 1885.

DEAR WULLIE,—When Wullie Shakespeare said "There is a tide in the affairs o' men that taken at the flood leads on the fortune," I've nae doot but what he kent brawly what he was speakin' aboot, but I think when he was at it, he micht as weel hae supplemented it wi' the statement that it's only a e man in a thousand that kens when the tide's in, or has decession an' gumption tae seize the magic meenit an' launch himsel' fearlessly oot tae float or soom tae fortune.

Noo, for instance, when a' the fallows were listin' tae gang tae the Nor'-Wast this spring I negleckit an opportunity for floatin' mase! the like o' which I mayna get for mony a lang year an' day again. Losh sake! when I daunder doon Yonge Street, or tak' a stravaig along King, I could tear the vera hair oot o' ma heid tae think I'm juist a naebody—ane o' the common herd—instead o' bein' a glorious, patriotic an' immortal volunteer. What a blin' moudiewart I was last spring no tae tak' the flood o' the tide o' popularity an' gude luck, an' list for the Nor'-Wast wi' the rest o' them! Wha wadna hae been a volunteer yon Thursday, an' be cheered an' welcomed back like the heroes o' a hunder battles? When they gaed awa they were just ordinar' men like their neebors, Jack the clerk, an' Tam the souter, an Jock the tecler, an' sic like—some o' them white-faced, sickly luckin' fallows. But luck at them noo! The air o' the Nor'-Wast has developed the milk an' water citizens intae great, bronzed, bearded, brawny soldiers, heroes an' demigods, wha come marchin' doon aneath the airches that a gratefu' city has ereckit in their honor. What although their breeks be mendit wi' meal-bags an' their coats patched wi' auld blankets?—these are only badges o' honorable service an' gude conduct, an' I'm vera sure gin I had a pair o' breeks had seen siccan adventures by fire an' flood, an' come through as mony hair-breadth 'scapes, I wad keep them in honor o' the occasion, rowed up in camphor an' set on the parlor mantelpiece below a glass case. Wha wadna' hae been the men gaun hame tae their hooses a' decked up wi' flags an' evergreens, an that a'e man especially wha had "WEL-COME, JOHN" salutin' him on tap o' his ain door as he cam' awa up the street? tae say naething o' the poetry that's been written aboot them, an' the hunder an' fifty acres o' gude land, whilk mane has a better richt tae than the men wha preserved it tae the kintra! Hech! hech! an' tae think I've missed a' this, juist for fear o' bein' scalped by an Indian, or shot wi' a half-breed rifle!

Whether it was me feelin' sae cheap aboot a' this or no, I dinna ken, but I never cam' nearer breakin' the peace than I did when I saw a caricature o' the dead heroes, Fitch an' Moor, made use o' as an advertisement in a hat store. There they were, the braw fallows luckin' like frichts, an' a' surrounded wi' hats o' every kind an' color, an' aneath was the legend, "I have fallen for my country." Truly, says I to mase!, they hae fallen low enough when their gude-luckin' features are caricatured in an advertisement for cheap hats, an' wi' that, I up wi' ma fit, an' in ma patriotic indignation, was aboot tae gie vent tae ma outraged feelin's by kickin' the window intill a thoosan' pieces when the consideration o' the price o' a pane o' plate-glass flashed through ma mind, in time tae save me bein' clutched by the police an' maiched off tae the cells as a dangerous lunatic.

The undertaker's declaration that "WE MOURN OUR LOSS" maun be accepted as true, in the face o' the commandment that we maun live "by faith an' no by sight." For a' that, it's a fact that the auld Adam o' human nature will gie an oneasy fidge in his coffin noo an' again.

But it was a grand reception, a royal reception, tae oor royal volunteers, that set me athinkin' that the king was comin' the cadger's road afore lang; for when the people honor the people, an' pay respect tae themselves an' tae their ain bravery and worth, in sic grand fashion, the time is drawin' nigh when kings an' governors an' a' sic like expensive figure-heads can be safely dispensed wi'.

Amang a' the rejoicin's, hooveer, aye a'e thocht was uppermost wi' me, an' after I cam' hame I just tuk ma pen an' scartit aff thae twa-rec verses, which I sign

Yer brither,  
HUGH AIRLIE.

THE HAME-COMIN', JULY 23rd, 1885.

They're marchin' doon the crowded street,  
Our laddies bronzed an' braw,  
Through dangers dread, through frost, through heat,  
Hame safely through it a'.  
The bells ring oot, the people cheer,  
The flags are wavin' gay;  
Wi' joy we greet the laddies dear  
We sent in tears away.

I hear the throbbin' o' the drum,  
The blithesome martial strain,  
The trampin' o' the feet that come,  
Tae welcome hame again.  
But aye, mid a' the joy, the bliss,  
Awaitin' ane an' a',  
Frae happy lips that smilin' kiss  
The lads sae lang awa,

I think upon that field o' fame,  
'That far an' lonely plain,  
Where sleep they wha to love or hame  
May ne'er come back again.  
I think upon the tears that fa',  
The hearts bereft an' sair,  
The faces missed frae mang us a',  
'The lads that come nae mair!

OLLA PODRIDA.



MRS. BLUNDERBY.

"Ah, yes, poor fellow!" remarked good old Mrs. Blunderby, whose husband had been very ill, "he caught a severe cold, which settled on his chest and borax. The doctor said he wouldn't never have the right use of his pictorial muscles again, as the information would subtract them. He wasn't afraid of approaching desolation, and bore up wonderful, and finally recovered, so I shan't be a dissolute widow after all. Ah!" she continued, after a pause, turning over the pages of her illustrated Natural History, and gazing at a highly colored representation of a jackass skeleton, "we are fearfully and wonderfully made, bairn't we, Jo?" and when Jo saw the cut on which his another's eyes rested, he allowed we were.



OUR CLIMATE.

There must be a similarity, it would seem,

between the climate of California and that of Toronto, if Mgr. Capel be correct in his estimate of the climatic influence of the former, as stated in a newspaper, to wit: "Mgr. Capel says that the climate of California fosters irreverence, disbelief, lack of pure tastes, and meretricious morals." A walk up Yonge Street, and not only there, on a Saturday evening would verify that there is a similarity in one respect, namely, the "meretricious morals" part of the resemblance. Go and see.



THE SOLDIER'S RETURN.

Some of the gallant fellows who went to the Nor'-West find it impossible to obtain work now that they are home once more, though they held good positions which they were forced to resign when duty called them away. Verily, this is a grateful world.

Our Jack's come home from war to-day,  
And brown and bronzed is he.  
He tells of what he saw, away  
In Nor'-West Territ'ree.  
But he left a "sit" of a thousand dols.  
For fifty cents a day,  
And now he's lost his berth because  
He had to go away.

CHORUS:

Our Jack's come home to-day,  
Our Jack's come home to-day,  
But it is too bad that the "sit" he had  
He lost when called away.

Our Jack like fifty Trojans fought,  
His work and food were hard;  
And now he's home again he ought  
To get some fair reward.  
But what he gets is—nought to do,  
And fifty cents a day,  
For he's not a dab at a salary grab,  
So he merely takes his pay.

CHORUS:

Our Jack's come home to-day,  
Our Jack's come home to-day,  
Had he been sent to Parliament,  
He'd have drawn far, far more pay.



ONE FOR THE 10TH R. G.

"And do you love your grandmamma?"  
The good old lady asked the girl,  
As, 'midst the dust and noise and whirl,  
They watched the boys march home from war.

The maiden blushed—sweet sixteen's year  
Was that which she had reached—and said,  
As hanging down her auburn head,  
"Oh, yes! I love my granny dear."

SPRING, GENTLE SPRING.—Mama, come and get me some of those nice Boots we saw at West's, on Yonge Street.



## THE DOCTOR CALLED IN!

*Mrs. Premier.*—I HAD TO SEND FOR YOU, DOCTOR—THE POOR THINGS ARE GROWING WEAKER EVERY DAY. SAVE 'EM, IF YOU CAN!



GETTING DEMONSTRATIVE.

THE OPINIONS OF AN OWL.

When wisdom's lamp burnt rather low,  
And I was quite a baby,  
Some half a century ago,  
Or more than that it may be,  
So innocent was every son  
Of this most favoured nation,  
That many noble deeds were done  
With little demonstration.

If cause to fight was found, they rose  
And calmly went and fought;  
If cause to pray, they went to church  
And prayed as Christians ought;  
To work, except an idle few,  
They found their occupation,  
And coolly worked—and never knew  
The need for demonstration!

No longer one such pastoral dunce  
These happy realms contain;  
Now if a foe insults them once  
They dare him to again,  
And when that foe with jeer and flout  
Repeats the provocation—  
They send a fleet to cruise about  
And make a demonstration.

Or if the world is full of work,  
Yet none to them is sent;  
Or if they want to vote for men  
To talk in Parliament,  
Instead of seeking what they lack  
With calm determination,  
They walk about the streets with drums  
And make a demonstration.

And if they want to live a life  
Of goodly Christian manners,  
It seems that they must play the fife  
And march with drums and banners,  
Wear uniforms and shout. 'Tis faith,  
This wants consideration,  
They cannot go to heaven now  
Without a demonstration.

Perhaps I am a little blind,  
They say the age is wise;  
Were I of intellectual kind  
And saw with human eyes,  
Things might be clear that now are dark  
To me and my relations,  
For good, no doubt, is brought about  
By rampant demonstrations.

But being rather blind, I look  
At these immortal souls  
Parading yards of colored rag  
On varnished wooden poles,  
With childish beat of empty drums,  
And indistinct orations,  
And can't see much divinity  
In all their demonstrations.

It seems to me if there should be  
A something to be wrought,  
Or something that the wise agree  
The foolish should be taught;  
The thoughtful work of earnest years  
Must shape the reformation,  
But any Ass can lift his ears  
And make a demonstration.

Hampstead.

—A. St. J. A.

QUIZZICAL QUERIES.

BY OUR SPECIAL CHANK.

How is it that the eye which speaks volumes  
always drops the silent tear?  
Is not the man who has a screw loose, that  
is, in his nut, often nailing?  
What means should be employed to drag out  
a well that has fallen into disuse?

Can a person in the heat of passion safely  
follow culinary (cool an' airy) pursuits?

Is the editor who voices the sentiment of  
the people an organ tuner?

Has the basso who sings "A hundred  
fathoms deep" been known to leave his voice  
at the bottom of the C? If so, did he recover  
it by the aid of leger lines?

In musical circles is it the correct thing for  
the lyre to associate with the upright piano?

Should a susceptible young man when study-  
ing his music notes have anything to do with  
*billets doux* and *belles lettres*?

Would the girl who can rivet her gaze upon  
an object be of service in healing the sole of  
man?

Can the man who was ejected from a  
meeting by Oscar Wilde said to have been  
fired with aestheticism, and did he speak coolly  
when the fire went out?

To what better work could the person who  
dispersed a collection of coiners be put than  
to handle the offertory plates belonging to a  
rich congregation?

To musicians bibulously inclined: Why  
should you, when taking your rests, always do  
so before a bar? Is it because that is your  
drinking time, four measures to one dead-beat?



THE BATTLE OF BATOCHÉ.

(Concluded.)

COMMUNICATED BY CORPORAL GAS.

The morning of the battle of Batoche the sun rose amidst clouds. I arose in rather a cloudy condition myself, owing to the last night's vigils, but having immersed his head in a bucket of water, Corporal Gas "was himself again." Breakfasts having been cooked, we attacked the hard tack, and as hard beef, in a manner that only soldiers are capable of. Shortly after the men had finished their meal the bugles sounded for parade, and giving a last look to see that our rifles were in shooting trim, we fell in, and were soon on the line of march towards Batoche. I was nearly omitting to state that, with my usual dash, I had volunteered to form one of the rear guard, and the General, being aware of my intimate knowledge of that section of an advancing force, thanked me before the troops for my devotion. I will pass over the minor details of the march, to where the scouts first received notice of the presence of the enemy, by some shots being fired at them, at a long range. We now deployed and advanced in skirmishing order; by some oversight on my part, I found I had got in the first line of skirmishers, and I was soon exposed to a smart fire. I was now fully occupied in trying to make myself as small as possible; it is astonishing how large a man feels himself on such an occasion. The great wonder seems to be how the enemy can miss one! My comrades, around me, were begging me not to expose myself, and I didn't, any more than I could possibly help. I lay there thinking of the valuable advice contained in the lines—  
"He that fights and runs away, may live to

fight another day, but he that is in battle slain, shall never rise to fight again," but after the exchange of shots had gone on for some time, I began to feel that my position was getting monotonous, and peering carefully through some bushes that were in front of me, I could see the open oval space upon which Batoche's house stands. and I could perceive that the Indian Tepees (chiefs) were hurrying backwards and forwards, waving their gaily-colored shagapnies (war banners), and calling on the braves to stand their ground. My eagle eye took in the situation at a glance, and carefully making my way to where the staff were standing, I said, "General, they are wavering, give them the cold steel." He looked steadily in the direction of Batoche for the space of half a minute, and then closing his telescope exclaimed, "By the hokey, you're right!" and raising his voice, shouted, "The whole line will advance; up, Guards, and at 'em! Charge!" The gallant Midlanders jumped up with a cheer, and rushed forward, closely followed by the Grenadiers, and remaining troops, while, waving his hat, and standing up in his stirrups, "Charge, Williams, charge, O'Brien, on!" loud shouted General Middleton. In less time than it takes to tell it we were among the rifle pits, bayoneting and clubbing the foe by hundreds. While jumping over one pit, a ferocious squaw caught hold of my leg, throwing me down, and now commenced a life or death struggle, but the blood of a'l the Gases boiled in my veins, and I felt myself invincible, and, finally overpowering her, I tied her to a tree, by one of her hind legs, during which operation she howled horribly. "Squaw by name, and squawk by nature," observed a young officer who was passing. I now rushed on to the village. Our brave boys were dashing past the houses in pursuit of the rebels. I, however, entered several houses, in search of any of the foe who might still be concealed in them, but beyond a few plated forks and spoons, I found nothing worthy of my attention. Having put these in my pockets, I rejoined the troops, who were now resting after their late exertions. Ere long I heard my name being passed from mouth to mouth, and was soon informed that our gallant General was desirous of speaking to me. When we met he affectionately embraced me. "My brave Gas," said he, "it is to you this great victory belongs. You drew my attention to the difficulty the Tepees had in keeping their men to the rifle pits, which induced me to give the order to charge. Boys," continued he, "I call for three cheers for one of the foremost heroes of this campaign, Corporal Gas." All this time he kept wringing my hand, and the confounded spoons and forks rattled in my pockets like the very mischief, and I began to fear that they would spoil the harmony of the proceedings, as there had been a strict order issued against our looting from the rebel houses. However, fortunately, the ringing cheers of my comrades drowned the noise of the spoons and forks, and I was saved having to explain my reasons for annexing them. The General now insisted that I should accompany him to where his tent had been pitched, and opening a bottle of his very old particular, we drank a bumper to our noble selves, and future victory, and he confided to me that he would certainly send in my name, with a recommendation for the K.C.M.G. I have since been informed that my name was not submitted to Her Majesty, as an official of high standing was desirous of obtaining the honor for himself, and was fearful that if my name appeared his own might be passed over; so modest merit once more fades away before official pride, but the consolation is left me, that so long as the rebellion in the North-West is spoken of, in the British tongue, so long will be mentioned, with feelings of national pride, the name of Corporal Gas.

FINIS.



TALE OF THE DISMAL PANTS.

They made him his pants too tight and thin  
For a man so strong and stout;  
And the muscles stand out on either pin,  
And the pantaloen fabric is stretched like sin,  
Whenever he walks about.

But a change in those pants we soon shall see,  
And a rip we soon shall hear;  
For they're far too tight as it seems to me,  
And, doubtless, the very same thing thinks he  
As he walks in deadly fear.

For trousers so tight should by dudes be worn,  
And men who have legs like sticks,  
For such muscles as those that his legs adorn,  
Inflict such a strain as can never be borne  
By the lightest of summer fabrics.

Just mark how they stretch as his muscles are sprung,  
And his agony's awful to see;  
And his eyes stand out till a hat could be hung  
On his ocular orbs; and with nerves unstrung  
Like a haunted man goes he.

For he knows what is coming, as come it must,  
As sure as the crack of doom;  
He feels that ere long his trousers will burst,  
And with pins and the like the rent will be trusted  
Till he gets to his private room.

Ah! c-r-a-s-h! r-i-p! tear! it has come at last,  
And the dome of those pants is lost;  
And he homeward slinks by back streets as fast  
As ever he can, and he hurries past  
As one who had seen a ghost.

And he reaches his room and surveys that tear  
By the aid of his fire-proof lamp;  
'Tis of no avail, he can only swear,  
No stitching can that thin "trowsering" bear,  
So he gives them away to a tramp.

—Swiz.

A QUADRUPLE FORCE.

The reason why disease is so soon expelled from the system by Burdock Blood Bitters is because that excellent remedy acts in a four-fold manner—that is to say, upon the bowels, the liver, the blood, and the kidneys, driving out all bad humor, and regulating every organic function.

GRABBERS.

Whether it was the reflection of the "field" the ensign that drooped in graceful folds from the flagstaff overhead that gave a carmine tinge to his most prominent facial feature or not it hard to say, but certainly his nose was red, veiled. His eyes had that dreamy and fixed look indicative of deep abstraction. A plug hat some antiquity leaned like the tower of Pisa on the back of his head. His hair was bang straight over his forehead. In fact, altogether he had a banged, though by no means straight appearance, as he leaned against King Street lamp post and soliloquized sadly:

"Ye he murmured, "the race of grabber is growing more numerous, distinct and varied every ye. There is your—hic—land grabber who goes bakin' around the North-West Territories fil' out where a good spot of land

is, and then goes down to Ottaway, and gets in his work with old—hic—John A. Agin, there's the youthful grabber who squirms and wriggles through a crowd, and grabs the satchels and pocket-books from the wimmin folks. But the worst of all grabbers is the salary grabber. Now just look at them—hic—parliamentary cusses at Ottaway. They are not content with gettin' \$1,000 for the session, where most of them do nauthin' but howl like mad dogs, crow like roosters, and sing songs, but because they had to stay there a little over the reg'lar time, they vote themselves five—hic—hunder dollars, more. Why, confound their—hic—impedence I'd go down and stay there a year for less than their extra pay. Are we, the tax—hic—payers, agoin' to stand it? Guess not. Nothing now in the country but grabbers—"

"Here, come along with me," said Policeman Monahan, who came up just as the red-nosed man took a header from his post into the street. "Come up wid ye now, and come along," and he—the red-nosed one—found himself collared.

"Another grabber!" moaned the captured philosopher, and he wended his devious way toward the Court Street Station.

—B.

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.

SUITABLE COMMENT.

The newspapers inform us that "it has been decided in Ohio that the husband is the legal owner of his wife's clothes. So absolutely is the power vested in the husband that one man, who wished to deed his wife's clothes to her, could not legally make the transfer." Now, the same rule ought to work both ways, or what we mean is, a man ought to be the legal owner of his own clothes, and no power on earth ought to be able to transfer that ownership. But:

Breathes there a man with soul so dead  
Who never to himself hath said,  
When rummaging in month of May  
For duds which he had stowed away  
Last fall, "What ruthless female hand  
Hath strown those clothes throughout the land  
To some Italian with the mange  
And taken a plaster dog in change?"

Now, personally, we never know a woman to be guilty of thus bartering away our cherished garments for plaster-of-Paris statuettes, etc., but the American humorists say that women do, so it may be true, but no ordinary American newspaper man surely ever owns two pair of trousers, so their evidence can be but hearsay, after all.

Now that we are in the "heated term" a Crash Coat and Vest, or else of Alpaca Wool, will have the effect of alleviating the distress, and R. WALKER & SONS do them the best.

GRIP'S GOOD ANGEL.

In casting his eagle eye over the powerfully-written articles in his influential and largely-circulated contemporaries, GRIP encounters many peculiar paragraphs. He refrains from commenting on most of them, well knowing that the prostration of the writer is complete enough as it is, without GRIP precipitating himself violently—on the senseless form and beating it more with staves, so to speak. GRIP is ever merciful; and, besides, who knows but that a tearful article might on some luckless day rear its horrid headline on one of

his pages and afford his contemporaries a chance for an Awful Revenge?

But there are some instances of the *lusus typæ* which so irresistibly challenge attention that GRIP feels they were created purposely for him, and he would be abusing the confidence of his Good Fates if he let them slip.

For example, who was it but the Raven's own Beneficent Spirit that made the editor of the London *Advertiser* gravely sandwich in, between paralyzing denunciations of the new Franchise Act, the remark that "The Bill itself is a most necessary measure."

The Mills of our Western contemporary grinds slowly, but he grinds an exceeding fine funnysm this grist. The *Mail's* pessimist paragrapher may possibly discover this gem of purest rage serene simultaneously with GRIP; in which event he will be charged nothing for a partnership in marketing it. More possibly he will discover it only simultaneously with GRIP's publication; in which event the measure of his share in it is recklessly left to his conscience.

Now, again, why, if GRIP's Guardian Angel was not looking up chances for him, did he induce Alfred H. Guernsey, in the *Library Magazine* for July, to boldly assert:—"We certainly have no particular reason to care whether or no the Dominion of Canada shall or shall not be a dependency of Great Britain." The italics are GRIP'S; but happily the composition is not.

What possessed the London *Free Press* to refer to the Indian rebel chief as "Black Bear," unless some thoughtful Spirit had an impression that GRIP would be scanning that very copy of the paper in search of something original?

Explain the circumstance that the Paris *Star-Transcript* wound up a gushing tribute to the enterprise of the Park Association of that town by declaring that that self-same enterprise was "worthy of all condemnation!"—on any other grounds than that GRIP'S interests were being conserved!

The Barrio *Examiner* should be sampled only by the people of that wild district:—

The new Franchise Bill, which by this time has passed through committee, disfranchises the sons of all tenants. It treats them as unfit to be entrusted with the elective franchise; although we can see no reason why.

Some one be kind enough to demonstrate that the truly good and temperance Montreal *Witness* had not an eye out for us when it published this paragraph:—

THE REAL BEER DUTY.—Not to drink any—Punch.

That is precisely the sentiment of the noble-hearted "Liberal Temperance Union," otherwise Moscos Oates' Beer Brigade! Not to drink any punch is one's real duty to beer.

This suggests the reflection that not to miss any of these funnygrams is GRIP'S real duty to his constituents.

THE NERVOUS SYSTEM.

A morning paper says that foreman so-and-so, of the City Fire Brigade, is suffering from "a very painful cut in the boot, inflicted with an axe." Jove! what a ramification that man's nervous system must have! When Dr. Hammond committed himself to the statement that the rushing sound heard when one sticks a finger in his ear is due to his hearing the circulation of blood in the finger, an obscure "newspaper feller" rose to remark that he supposed when the same sound was heard on putting the end of a lead pencil in the ear, it must be caused by the circulation of sap in the wood of the pencil. Perhaps this is a parallel case. Next thing, we shall hear of Mr. Lardida suffering from an agonizing tear in his inexpressibles, and that Miss McFlimsey is tortured by an excruciating rip in her flouuces, received at last night's lawn party.

Punch, a monthly comic short-hand magazine containing 32 pages full of fun. Photographic Books 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 Arcade; Branch, 26 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 fellow of our Corresponding Society, and also enclose 15c. for sample copy of "Photographic

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



ENOUGH TO MAKE THE GHOST OF TWEED BLUSH.

OFFERING IT TOO LOW.

Poet (to editor).—"I will let you have this poem for \$10."

Editor.—"You can do better than that with it."

Poet.—"Yes, where?"

Editor.—"Take it to a magistrate. He will give you \$10 and thirty days."—*New York Sun.*

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.

SPECTACLES THAT will suit all sights. Send for an Illustrated Catalogue, and be convinced. H. SANDERS, Manufacturing Optician, 185 St. James Street, Montreal.

QUEEN CITY OIL CO.



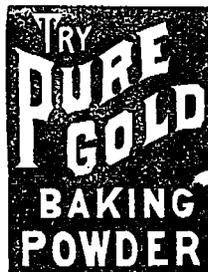
5 GOLD MEDALS Awarded in the Dominion In 1883-4 for PEERLESS AND OTHER MACHINE OILS:

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.

PURE GOLD MANUFACTURING CO. 31 Front-street East, Toronto.



AT THE FRONT.—While our gallant volunteers are now at the front facing our country's foes, J. BRUCE, the well-known Art Photographer is, always has been, and intends to remain at the front in every branch of the Art. Ready, eye Ready, at 118 King Street West.

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

COOK & BUNKER, 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.

WHAT are you thinking of? Others claim to be Kings, and Crowns, and Perfect, but we claim to be only a DOMESTIC, but one that no lady will part with. Found only at 98 Yonge Street, Toronto. Call and be convinced.

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 WALCH & THORNTON'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.

THE QUEEN'S LAUNDRY BAR.

ASK FOR IT AND TAKE NO OTHER. BEWARE OF IMITATIONS. Trade Mark. Made by THE ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO

GOVERNOR'S Fragrant Carbolic Toilets Wash cleanses and preserves the teeth, hardens the gums, purifies the breath. Price, 25c. Prepared by G. J. GOVERNOR & CO., Montreal. Retailed by all Druggists; wholesale, Evans, Sons & Mason, Tor.

CLOTHING. J. F. McRAE & CO., Merchant Tailors, 166 Yonge-street, Toronto.

PHOTOS—Cabinets, \$2.50 per dozen. J. D. M., 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.

P. BURNS, Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Goal and Wood, ESTABLISHED 1856. Telephone Communication between all Offices. TORONTO. OFFICES—Cor. Front and Bath Street E., 104 Queen-street W., 330 Yonge-street.

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, 31 and 33 King-street West, Toronto. SOLE AGENTS FOR CANADA.