

IMPORTER,  
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• GRIP •

AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL.

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J. W. BRIDGEMAN Editor.

The gravest beast is the Ass; the gravest bird is the Owl; The gravest fish is the Oyster; the gravest War is the Fool.

Cartoon Comments.

**LEADING CARTOON.**—The successive defeats sustained by Sir John at the hands of the Privy Council, have by no means demolished his reputation as a constitutional lawyer in the opinion of his faithful followers; but it must be clear to the Chieftain himself that his standing as a legal authority is at least badly damaged. Our own belief is that Sir John's disasters have been sustained purely in the interests of his party; that in none of the cases submitted did he for one moment believe that his view was a sound one. He went before the Privy Council on each occasion on the hazard of a die, prepared to take the consequences if defeated, and to reap untold glory if, by a fluke, he succeeded. Sir John knows far too much constitutional law to be surprised at his ill-luck, while his devotion in risking so much for his party should intensify their attachment to him, if that were possible.

**FIRST PAGE.**—Hon. Alexander Mackenzie is at present enjoying a trip to the Northwest, where, we may well believe, the hospitable citizens, regardless of party, will make it pleasant for the "graud old man." He arrives in time to gaze upon a magnificent harvest ready for the reaper, and if he is accompanied by a gentlemanly representative of the C.P.R. in his tour of inspection, he will no doubt take the opportunity of speaking the "word in season" which we have placed in his mouth.

**EIGHTH PAGE.**—Mr. Blake, who should, according to announcement, have been in the Northwest along with his trusty colleague, is bathing at the seaside—a change in the programme suggested, it is understood, by his physician. We have taken the liberty to let the world see what the Opposition leader looks like in his bathing costume, and at the same time—as we never lose an opportunity of idealizing the prosy affairs of life—we have given the matter a politico-allegorical rendering.

ECONOMY THE ROAD TO WEALTH.

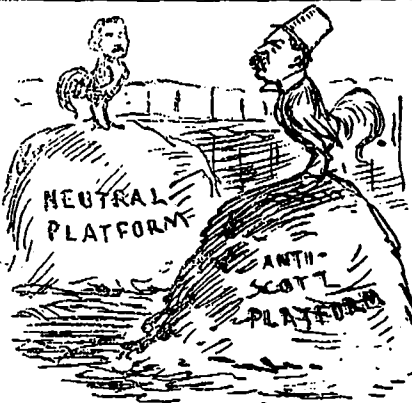
Restaurant keeper—"John, what kind of meat did you order to-day?"

Steward—"Veal, sir."

"Only veal?"

"Yes sir."

Then he sat down and wrote on the bill of fare: "Chicken pot-pie, chicken salad, Irish stew, roast veal, beef a la mode, corn beef hash, veal pot-pie."—*New York Graphic.*



A VALIANT KNIGHT.

King Dodds refuses to accept challenges to argue the Scott Act on any platform but his own—where the temperance speaker is sandwiched in between two anti-orators. Brave bird!

A STRANGE COUNTRY.

In the reign of Haroun el Raschid, there entered into the City of Bagdad just before the closing of the gates thereof and leading an ass with laden panniers, a stranger of uncouth and foreign garb, and of wierd and hostile look.

The stranger stopped not at the gate which is called the "gate of the eye opener" which he had entered; but with erect steps marched boldly forward into the centre of the city, where the guard of the Grand Vizier who had just awaked, halted him.

"Halt! who come there!" shouted the Captain to the Guard.

"Me!"

"Who?"

"Me!"

"What?"

"Me!"

"Bismillah! Effendi, El Kebar! what son of Shaitan is this, that don't know the pass word! who says 'me' instead of 'Woolsey'?" roared the officer. "Guard, seize him!"

"What is the matter wid you, sor? and who are you, sor?" asked the stranger.

"What does the son of a dog say? By the holy rag carpet, he'd better hurry up and explain or he'll find himself in the Euphrates before morning."

"Oh most devout and valiant captain, I believe he is a Frank and a traveller in distant lands, and knoweth not the ways and customs of the faithful. If, most potent captain, he should be brought before the Grand Vizier who is holding a swell *Conversazione* to night, he might serve to amuse his Royal Nibs and—his head can be removed afterwards if it be His Highness's pleasure," suggested the Lieutenant of the Guard.

"Jimjami, well said—on my eyes be it! Let the dog be brought before His Highness."

So saying they passed a bight of a two inch line around the wayfarer and his stud. The hewgags and drums struck up the *Turkish Reville*, and away they started for the palace of the Grand Vizier.

"Halt! who come there?" challenged the sentry at the palace gate.

"Rounds!"

"What rounds?"

"Turkish rounds!"

"Stand Turkish rounds! advance one and give the countersign."

"Woolsey!"

"Pass Woolsey! all's well!"

And the stranger and the ass were marched into the palace guard house to "await orders."

Now among the guard at the palace was a man of rather low stature with a *nez retroussée*, thin visage, and his hair and beard were of that brilliant color usually seen in the East on a threatening morning.

Long and with open mouth he gazed upon the stranger and the ass, and at length muttered to himself "Who and what the divole is he onyway? Yer a quarc lookin' cove who ever ye are!"

The stranger looked up,—his eyes brightened, "Mother of Moses!" said he, "do I hear me native tongue again?"

"Are ye an Irishman?" said the guard.

"I am."

"An' yer name?"

"Davin"

"And what are ye doin' here?"

"I don't know!"

"Then I'll tell ye, they want yo to tell them a story of your travels. I'll try and get to be interpreter and mind you give it to them strong, or off goes yer head, d'ye moind!" and the friendly "Saracen" turned away, for he heard the steps of the Sergeant coming.

"Lave me alone for that," replied the stranger with a wink.

"Fall in," said the officer of the guard, and the stranger was marched before the Grand Vizier.

I was going to say that the scene was of more than Oriental magnificence, but it couldnt, for it was the real O. M. itself. Seated on a gold throne, or an ivory—but no, space will not allow a lengthened description of the scene, suffice it to say that there were Peris from Persia, Peers from England, Dudes from New York, and Duffers from Ottawa and Toronto, Bashi Bazooks, and Niggers from the Soudan, and it would take an hour to count all the houris present.

"Allah is great, and Mahomed is his prophet," said the G. V., as the prisoner was brought before him, "but who in the name of the Prophet is this ill-favoured dog of a Giaour?"

The prisoner's case was explained. He was captured by the guard. He had been a great traveller, and a recital of his adventures might serve to entertain His Highness.

"What tongue does the dog speak?" queried the G. V.

"English, most excellent Highness, so says private Mustapha Riley."

"Then let Riley be produced and let the son of Belial fire away, or else I'll get rily myself."

Mustapha was forthcoming, and the prisoner commenced his story. He spoke of the great St. Lawrence that had its source at the Banks of Newfoundland and ran up hill to the top of the Rockies. He told them of amethists (Luke Superior) that would weigh a ton. He described the battle of Rat Portage, where 100,000 combatants lay in their gore, so graphically that His Highness involuntarily grasped his sabre. He told the wonders of the N. P. and the Boundary Award, and then paused.

"Why does the slave stop?" asked His Highness, much interested.

"He wants a drink of Old Rye," replied the interpreter.

"What in the name of Shaitan is that?" roared the G. V.

"It is a beverage drank where the prisoner comes from. It is more potent than the poisonous wine of Cyprus. Men who drink it get mad, beat their wives, starve their children, lose their character and all hope, commit felonies and are sent to prison or die on the streets. Its effect is worse than that of the Upas tree of the East."

"Bismillah! Allah is Great! But the Governor of these wretched Giaours prevents its sale."

"No, Your Highness, it is allowed by law on payment of divers piastres."

"By the beard of the Prophet the dog lies. He is spitting on my beard. I will not believe it. Take the bald-headed snipe of the valley before the Cadi, who will give him one hundred strokes of the bastinado. Bismillah! on my eyes be it!"

A SEWAGE ROMANCE.

(Dedicated to the City Health Office.)

CHAPTER I.

"Oh rivulet, that glidest, &c."—*A Leaf from a Diary.*

When I was young and knew no better, I used to think that a rivulet or running stream was one of the most refreshing sights one would want to look upon on a dry and dusty day. It is so nice to fancy them purling prettily along—between mossy banks "where the wild thyme grows," where the golden feather glows in the summer sun, and the sweet-briar rose "wastes its fragrance on the desert air." But rivulets on the sidewalks are cats of a different color. Let me record how the happiness of my life was well nigh wrecked at the delta of several rivulets which seemed to issue from a forest of radishes, onions and parsley, intersected by a miniature iceberg, which somehow had floated thither and grounded in the doorway among sawdust.

It was ten o'clock a.m. in the month of August, 1884, just after the great New York earthquake. It was hot, hazy and lazy; the atmosphere seemed to close in around one, like a crowd where some one has fainted. I really did not feel like getting up a hot dinner, so ma said we'd just have something cold. Ah! my mother, your speech was prophetic. Suddenly the door bell rang. I shook down my Mother Hubbard, and tripped singingly to the door. It was a letter from Alcibiades. "My dear Miss Enthusia. I must have your decision to-day. Come and have a nice trip to Hamilton and back, it is beautifully cool on the water. If you come I will take your presence as consent—if you do not come, then farewell for ever! A. R. R." Good gracious! didn't I just rush up stairs and frizz up my hair in double quick time, tore off my Mother Hubbard, popped on my lovely new white muslin, fluffed all around me like a cloud, buttoned on my new high heeled boots, and before ma could get time to ask what all the cyclone was about, I rushed down stairs, snatched my fan and parasol, threw Alcibiades' note into her lap, and was out the front gate quicker than winking. Ma screamed out of the window that she would lock up the house and take the cars to Parkdale for the day. But I heard her as in a dream, and kept posting down Yonge-street for all I was worth. Ye gods! What if I should be late—and I had loved him so long—my Alcibiades, the best fellow that ever wore a felt helmet. Oh! in fifteen minutes more he will know at last.

Was it fate? I had come to a group of rivulets, I slept, slid, flopped, like a white swan! Some one ran out and lifted me up; I tried to stand—but I reeled and knew no more!

CHAPTER II.

"And to be wroth with one we love  
Doth work like madness in the brain."—*Coleridge.*

Alcibiades Rufus Ruddythatch paced up and down Milloy's wharf with the restless impatient ante-dinner air of the lion in the Zoo. A thin line of smoke darkening the haze that hung over the Humber, denoted the approach of the Southern Belle. Alcibiades noted this, and his dark-rolling eye turned up towards Yonge-street with an expression of hope versus despair. "She cometh not, he said." What to him was the coming of the Southern Belle, so long as the Toronto Belle came not. That was what he wanted to know. Down poured the crowds—stout maters, fat paters, slim daughters of Eve—of all complexions from the spirituelle blonde to the buxom *la belle Africaine*. And yet, "she cometh not, he said." And now the twin funnels of the boat are distinctly visible, prospective passengers pre-

pare their paper parcels, maters hunt around for that boy—but yet Alcibiades paces the wharf—alone. He perspires! he agonizes! He lifts his helmet, revealing a broad, high forehead, so high and broad that it extends clear to the crown, he mops it, and settles the helmet on again. He sets his teeth, he faces toward Yonge-street, and, climbing up on the high gate post at the top of the wharf he gazes long and earnestly. The Belle is now in, the cargo is being unloaded, and the passengers to Hamilton are fast filing along the gangway. Alcibiades descends from his coign of vantage, but his face is drawn and white, his moustache droops, a wild look is in his eye, and his countenance bears the impress of despair. Nevertheless, he makes a bee line for the Belle, crosses the gangway, tumbles somehow up stairs, and takes a seat on the deck with the air of one booked for shores Plutonian under the ferryman'ship of the venerable Captain Charon. And now his lips move—listen—"False, heartless, flirt! but you shall not, no, by Heaven! you shall not get the chance to mock at my misery. I will end at once the existence you have rendered intolerable by your heartlessness." With these words the unfortunate man made a rush to the prow and threw himself down headlong. "A man overboard!" was shrieked by a thousand throats, as the people made a rush to the stern of the vessel; but what was their surprise to find Alcibiades sitting upright in the water, which only yielded to his weight like a softly padded lounge, while with both hands he held his nostrils tightly, as if to exclude some subtle essence that shocked his olfactory nerves. The cause of this singular phenomenon was soon explained. When Alcibiades in desperation leaped from the vessel, he found that, instead of sinking to the bottom as he intended, he merely made an indentation on the surface, the abundance and solidity of the sewage flowing in at this point being such that it had formed a kind of oily gelatinous cushion, several yards thick, and of such rubber-like elasticity as to support not only one, but any quantity of men. To sink was impossible. On the whole Alcibiades might have been worse, but scarcely had he time to take in the situation, when his nasal organ, which was unusually vast, was saluted by the most infernal combination of smells ever experienced by mortal olfactories. Instinctively he seized his nose with both hands, he sickened, swooned, and the summer sun shone down on Alcibiades Rufus Ruddythatch lying still and helmetless, on the bosom of the sewage receiver in Toronto bay!

CHAPTER III—AND LAST.

"Oh! is it thus we meet?"—*Jean Ingelore.*

"Do I dream? What voice is that I hear in the female ward?" said Alcibiades feebly, as he opened his eyes next morning in the hospital to which they had borne him all unconscious from the bay. "Oh! that's a young girl who got her ankle sprained yesterday, and they are going to take her home now. She got a letter from her beau to meet him at the Southern Belle, and when the poor thing was hurrying down to meet him her foot slipped in one of them darned swamps in front of a green grocer or butcher's door. She fainted, so they brought her here. She raved all night about Alcibiades somebody—" Here Alcibiades leapt clean over the head of the garrulous nurse, pulled some clothes on himself, and running his fingers through his hair, he staggered into the female ward. A wild shriek rang through the corridors—"Alcibiades!!" "Enthusia! oh, is it thus we meet," and, thus were reunited two faithful hearts, who had well nigh been divided for life by a sidewalk rivulet.

JAY KARELLE.



THE DRESS REFORM.

How do, Mr. Brown?

You have the advantage of me, sir.

Don't you "Sir" me! Don't you know your own wife, just because she's adopted the reformed dress?

WANTS AND THINGS.

The "Bartender who is well acquainted with the commercial trade," didn't want to say he was used to staying up all night waiting for the game to finish: but he means that.

A man who wants a cutter requests applicants to "enclose testimonials, and salary expected." It is an understood thing that he would return the testimonials, but most persons would prefer a guarantee that he would send back the money.

An unemployed youth seeks a job as bartender, saying "wages no object." This will admit of a variety of constructions, prominent among which is the one that although the young man is indifferent to wages he might be able to avail himself of chances.

The condition of the poor fellow who, "as office clerk or copyist—would fill the place of one leaving for holidays," may better be imagined than described. His trouble will be to find a "copyist or clerk" who can afford to take holidays and pay for it—that is, outside the civil service.

"A young man (married) desires a situation as bookkeeper or correspondent." You are puzzled to know whether the bracketed word is apologetic or used as an extra inducement. It is a fact, however, that a married man is generally the better bookkeeper—if his wife gets hold of the books.

A situation is wanted "by a young lady—as music teacher or help for young family." You see she has such a taste for music she wants to be identified with it either as producing it herself or being around when making it. She will succeed.

The young man who pines for employment as "collector, cashier, or any position of trust," seems to think it necessary to add that he can furnish "references and security, if required." Of course no such thing as that is needed in these days. Any wide awake cashier can find security in Canada, if he comes from the States—oh, Eno?—and as to references, well, the newspapers will supply them.

"A young gentleman lately out from England, wishes to acquire a practical knowledge of farming, and is open for a year's engagement on a large farm." There is no mistaking the sort of a chap this is. He means to eat with the family, have meat three times a day, and no opposition to seeing the old man's best-looking daughter to and from church and singing school.



WIPED OUT BY THE BOUNDARY AWARD.

Attorney-General Miller.—Have you seen the constituency I represent? It used to be around here, somewhere.

DAN DOODY OFFICIATES AS AN UMPIRE.

(Respectfully dedicated to the Hamilton Clippers.)

"THE EMPIRE IS PEACE.—Napoleon."\*

Throth I've had enough av it. I waz re-kushted to adjewdicate an mortal collusion bechuxt the "Goslins" an' the "Sloggers" av Doody's Corners, for 50 cints an' a tarrier pup. I felt onasy. I'm not on spakin' tarms wid the shport, but thought a Justiss av the Peace end decide annythin'.

I was mistuk. But I consaled no suspishions from meself, an' hoired Julius Sayer Parkins (a naygur) to give me a pointher, an' insinse me intil the trigonometry av the rakryashun. The nagur finished moy cjew-cashun an' three bottles of "Hennessy's" rejewvonathur, at 4 p.m. An' I snatcht a snooze an' sallied forth like a pup afther a butherfly, at hap-pasht tin. To tell the tretw Parkins an' me had tummelt intill a bar'l to await the ivint. I shlep the shleep av the onjust, I drempt I wuz Shporty-cuss, the Roman glud-i-ate-her, proddin' Forepawse black-an'-tau elephant wid a darnin' needle. It purty nigh came trew. I towld Parkins, for the sake of me karakther, to shtick to me, for the reshponsyibilities av the office was thrumenjis. I opened the game wid a speech, an' eulogised skill over soyance in all physical phenomena. (We pled the Markiss or Koonsbery rules.) I was invesheted with the insignia of office, a wire muzzle an' a green gingham umbrella and felt like a flyin' fish.

The gatherin' was enormous (46 all towld). Barney Google's daughters was got up in de most expensive tashte. The Fogarty gurl's was no where. A freckel-nosed imitashun av a human jackass, called Shlatthery, was prothrudin' his ignorance to the purty Luney Google.

I roored play, and the Goslin' pitcher shtruv to luk like an' idiot, an' succeeded. He loked at the ball till I thought he wuz meshmerized. Thin he loked at the shky till the tears cum in

me eyes. Suddenly he was ketcht be a spasm and Parkins an' me did some very quick dodgin'. Call "one ball," sez me tuthor, as soon as we got up. I folly'd instructions.

The Googles and the Fogarty's giggled. "Luk out," sez Parkins. The pitchin' contortionist was loaded up. Faix he unloaded too suddint for us, me an' Parkins was prostrated, the Dimocracy was plased. I thought I had the collyer-marbles, but I was pumped an' fetched round.

"Is there much more of this," sez I. "Call a strike," telephoned Parkins. "There's no occashin'," sez I. "Call it," sez he. The Shlogger's boss disputed the decision. I offered to bet him even and leave it to Parkins. He treated to write to the sakretary. I boor the tret wid complaysense, sorra a Shlogger can write a shstroke. I boor it loik a mud turtle, but I beseeched them to resign me—they wuddent, they were an impackable lot of cannybills. Faith twaz prekarious, but I had me revinge, I gev the Goslin' boss out an three strikes, the rusht three balls that waz pitcht. The Shloggers sid I was a jaynius, the sharpest empire ever pransht an a goose pashter. Throth Parkins was proud av his poopil. Fwthin I seen I euddent get out av it I resoygned neself to the un-dodge-able like a Faynian and a marthyr. I called time, an' Parkins and me fortyfised ourselves at the grocery, at the Shloggers' expense. The Goslins thought this was unusual—faix it is, sich generosity ought to be immortalised.

I barrykadid me prowessenium wid a couple of ironin' boards an' we renewed the voluptuis amusement. Musha! the athernune was warum. The boards gev out, an' the timper av the Goslins folly'd shuit. Me an Parkins was the victims av mob law. Fwbat is Amerikky cummin' to, at all? The bombardmint of Alexander was a fool to it. They attacked uz frint an' rare and an both flanks. We fought like manyacts and striv like sarpints. 'Twas all no use. We thrird prsawashin', an' bribery, an' corruption, but 'twas all

up. We wint out an' fowls and shstroykes. I had half the flock of Goslins to contind wid. Parkins had a game of fut-ball wid the remayndher. Parkins was the fut-ball. The constable failed to reshthrain order. He arrested a three-year old child an' dhragged him to injusticc. Fwthin the Goslins got trew wid us me an' Perkins was principally rags an' bottles. I'm shut an baste ball. Sose Parkins. We're goin' to emport a Spanish bull foightner for the empire.

POM'RY.

Oh Baste Ball, an' fwhere is the charruns Fwch the Clippers has seen in thy face? I dinounce in onquollyfied tarmins The game av the Ball and the Baste. (I do so!)

D. DOODY, *Ex Empire.*

[Address me owld apple orchard, I'm re-cruitin' at the seaside.]

\*NOTE A REAN.—I'm towld they has'nt a base ball empire in France.—D.D.



Aw—Wrecka! our Goldwin has discovered it. Inland is—aw—saved! With one stwoke of his pen he simplifies this vexatious and—aw—time wavn pvoblem, and he has—aw—done it in his own complete and masthely style. Aw—Paddy must go—"git"—out of his own country, bag and baggage—not the trace of an owld dudheen left behind. Then after the pooh devils have been shipped to—aw—aw—by the by—where to? Goldwin pwoposes to turn the whole land into past-chaw. That, he says, is all Inland is fit fa—aw—if a fellow might speak and live—he—aw—would suggest vewy humbly to Goldwin—that to cwown this happy picthaw—he ought, in poetical justice, to tuhnn out the land-laws, like Nebuchadnczzah, to eat the gwass. Aw—ya-as—whatevaw happens to Paddy, the—aw—landlaws will manage to be in clovah. Having disposed of this twifing mattaw, he takes unto himself the wings of a fly and once moah alights on Gladstone's nose, evidently with the intention of waking him up to the fact that Bismahk is fwowning at him, Fwance looking askance, while the pots in Egypt and elsewhere are simmewing and stewing—at a time when, in Goldwin's opinion, the dinnsh ought to be dishd and on the table. Aw—let the old man alone—he knows the value of masthely inactivity—when the houah stwikes he will be there, wight side up, and exceed-ingly obliged to Goldwin for all his sage advices—ya-as—aw—by Jawve you know. Aw—when we send our wewpewesentative to the House of Lawds—his name must be Goldwin—aw—he'd stwaighten evewything out slick in no time—aw—no doubt.

Aw—the Gweely palty—ya-as—poah fel-laws—aw—too bad. I faw one woldn't pwe-sume to pass judgment on them. Aw—"put yourself in his place," is a vewy good motto to beah in mind in listening to all such stowies. Cihcunstances altaw cases—man is animal aftaw all, when it comes to eat or be eaten, aw—only those who have been through the mill know—aw—how it feels—and—aw—no one else can possibly pwonounce a wighteous judgment—aw—pooh fellows—aw—guess they won't want to go back any way, aw—no—I should think not.



JOHNNY, I HARDLY KNEW YOU !

*The damaged party.*—DON'T RECOGNIZE ME ? WHY I'M YOUR OLD CONSTITUTIONAL REPUTATION.

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.

HURT HIS GOOD NAME.

"Yer mout offer me er humnered dollars ter vote fur yer in de convention an' it wouldn' hab no 'fluence wid me," said an old negro in reply to a candidate who had asked for his support.

"Oh, I wouldn't offer you money," rejoined the candidate. "I believe in conducting a campaign fairly and squarely. Corruption in office-seeking has cast a dark cloud over our institutions. I wouldn't think of offering you a hundred dollars. I haven't that amount of money, any-way."

"Yer ain't? Wel den, dar ain't no usen talkin' ter me. How much is yer got, nohow?" "I've got five dollars."

"Uh, huh, no usen talkin' ter me. I ain't gwine ter sell myself ter no white man."

"Of course not."

"Look heah, whut yer gwine ter do wid dat five dollars?"

"I'll make good use of it."

"Heah, lemme hab it. Dem folks think dat I'se dun sold out. I 'clare ter goodness, white man, it hurts er pusson's good name ter be seed er talkin' ter yer."

GO SLOW AT FIRST.

Learn to walk, young man, before you try to prance. Don't hunger and thirst for a boudoir car while you are the junior clerk and have to sweep out the store and sleep under the counter. If you are a young physician, don't expect to make it all in the first year. Your father rode four or five horses to death before he was able to put an Axminster on the office floor, and lean back in his sleepy hollow chair, and announce that he would answer no calls after 6 p.m. If you are practising law, remember that the old attorney whose office you are sweeping out wore white hair, and not much of that, before he began taking whole farms for single fees in small cases. And bear in mind, too, that they didn't spend every cent of it as fast as they got it.—*Robt. Burdette.*

IN THE ASTOR HOUSE ROTUNDA.

Anglicised American (to ordinary citizen friend)—Aw, hawdoo, ol' lallah! Going y'awhiting this suummah?

O. C. F.—No; I find I can't spare the time. I've just bought a schooner, but think I can dispose of it right away at a profit.

A. A.—Ye don't say! That's-aw-deuced rough, ye know. I should like to see the schooner befo' ye part with it.

O. C. F.—You can see it, but I fear you misunderstand me. I'm not going to part with it. Here it comes now, over the bar. Will you join me? No. Well here goes then.

An unctuous pause.

A. A.—Ah, profitably disposed of, I see! I hope you are not hurt. Good-day.—*New York Judge.*

HUMAN NATURE.

"Johnson has been arrested for stealing," said a gentleman, meeting an acquaintance. "Saw him just now going around with a constable, trying to get bond."

"Well, I shall go on his bond."

"You don't mean it."

"Yes I do."

"He must have done you a great favor."

"No; I did him a favor several years ago, and since then have had an interest in him. Had he done me a favor, it would now stand me in hand to keep out of his way."

A BRAVE MAN.

"There goes a brave man," said a citizen, pointing to a passer-by. "He is one of the bravest men I have ever seen."

"Was he in the army?" some one asked.

"I don't know."

"Then I suppose you have known him to distinguish himself in personal encounters?"

"Not particularly."

"Why then do you regard him a brave man?"

"Well, you see, sometime ago, I got a divorce from my wife."

"Yes."

"That man married her."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

"Is Mrs. McSnifter in?" asked Mrs. Yegger of the servant who took her card at the McSnifter mansion, on Austin avenue.

"No, she done went out about an hour ago."

"I am sorry to hear that she is out. When will she be back?"

"I don't know when she gwinter come back, but I kin run up stairs and ax her for you." *Texas Siftings.*

VERY LITTLE.

"How can you account for those fine stalks of corn coming up in the fence corners?" asked a man of a farmer.

"That's not corn," the farmer replied.

"Only weeds."

"Ah, how singular."

"Don't know much about farmin', I reckon?"

"Very little. I am the editor of an agricultural paper."

In last week's issue of the *Current* (August 16), Robert Collyer discourses in his pleasant and most entertaining manner "Of Note-Books and Journals," giving several quaint illustrations of the friendly and serviceable value of the latter series of delightful sketches entitled, "Roundabout One Village," from the pen of Hannah Hearn, is begun; Chapters XIII. and XIV. of Edgar Fawcett's serial, "Mildred Allaire," are given; "My Birds" is a pleasing sketch by Kate H. Esterly; John McGovern, one of the editors of the *Current*, contributes a paper entitled "Self Support," impressing the greater value of actual independence as compared with an unthinking ambition; Chapter V. of the remarkable fascinating short serial "Dolores," by Ada Langworthy Collier, is given; Chapter XL. of Joaquin Miller's serial is presented; Alfred E. Lee begins a short series of sketches on "A Winsome German City," in which he recounts happily the legends, commercial traditions and historic associations of Frankfort-on-Main; Edgar Alfred Stevens, of Alabama, contributes a paper on "Morality in politics," holding that party principles, rather than personal morality, should be chiefly considered; and Frank I. Jervis, continuing his "Peeps Through English Casements," in "Sam, the 'Methody,'" gives a rare picture of an old-time, dissenting English rural preacher.

The poems of the number comprise "La Mort" by Augusta D. Dunn, an answer to Ella Wheeler's poem of that name, "Apollo," by J. W. Kelley; "Whispers," by Marah Ellis Ryan; "Mia Stella," by Edward Preiberger; "Loss," by Emma Carleton; and "At Dawn," by Maude Meredith.

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.



Something prompts the editor of the *Canadian Gazette*, London, Eng., to remark that his contemporary of the *Globe* "would be happier and more useful" if he "gave up less to party and more to country." He would be happier, I guess; but I have my doubts about the rest of it.

After all that the *Globe* has been saying of titles, Sir Richard Cartwright had better resign his order and get visiting cards printed with plain "Dick Cartwright" on them. In no other way can he restore himself to his old place in public estimation—except he use his influence in getting the editor of the *Globe* knighted.

The British Government really mean to rescue General Gordon; all they want is a chance. Now, it has been definitely decided to abandon the proposed railway and make an autumn expedition up the Nile. The abandonment of the railway scheme doubtless is due to the idea which occurred to a British statesman just at the last moment, and when the Government were about to buy rails, possibly in a falling market. The idea was that they would have to grant so many free passes on the line to newspaper reporters anxious to interview Gordon, that it really wouldn't pay. As to the General's "critical situation" I don't take much stock in the reports about it. My private opinion is that he is having a pretty good time off out there near some place with an unspeakable name but lots to eat in it. And I venture to say that when the relief expedition arrives with cannons, and drums, and bag-pipes and things, they will find General Gordon either playing euchre with a couple of the warlike chiefs or else digging worms to go off fishing with.

The editor of the *Mail* frankly recognizes the tacit challenge of the editor of the *Globe* to have the next general election waged strictly on the line of the N.P., and cheerfully picks up the gauntlet. So the whole business is arranged without further trouble. It is a grand thing to reflect that Canada possesses two men who can thus coolly and collectedly settle upon the real issue of an election campaign without asking anybody about it. You and I and the rest of us will, therefore, please take notice that the next time we go to the polls we shall be furnished with ballot papers duly stamped "N.P. or N.G." and according as we make our mark on them the country will go to the dogs or the Tories. I am glad that the issue-makers have given us the straight tip so early in the season. It saves time, and will enable us to stop our subscription to the *Toronto News* conscientiously and without delay. We needn't study Independence; Commercial Union should not disturb our rest any more; Provincial Rights had better be dropped at once; Manitoba Management must not be thought of; the Pacific Railway ought to be buried out of sight; there must not be any more talk about Tory extravagance, corruption, jobbery, nepotism and other political virtues which the Reform Party does not boast. The *Globe* and *Mail* editors have settled preliminaries and chosen the weapons. It is a good thing we have these editors—to laugh at.

A pretty little romance comes from Ottawa to the effect that a seventy year old civil service employee and widower, and a sixty year old wealthy California widow, have become reunited after long, long years of separation, during which the tender passion engendered for each other in youthful days slumbered but never altogether died out. They met, loved, parted, got married and eventually drifted into each other's arms once more, never to go again. This reads like a duly authorized novel; but yet the narrator is painfully silent about material particulars. Was it not a fact that the high-spirited and noble-minded young lady discarded her lover because he was a politician and office-seeker and refused to turn from his evil ways? Did he not then in a fit of desperation take to idleness and a secretaryship in one of the Departments? Afterwards, when she had learned that he might have got a Registrarship, if he had only waited, did she not become desperate and make his dismissal final? These are queries that may present anachronisms to the student of Canadian history, but I am only addressing myself to the sentimental and fiction-reader, and shall look coldly on any interruption from students or other suspicious persons. After all, however, there is a great moral as well as a tender side to this little life episode. *Nil desperandum!* When you have lost both your ambition and your girl, live on happily for fifty years or so and maybe you will get back one of them, and she will own enough to enable you to worry along the rest of the road without the other.

Bro. Griffin does not object to a Provincial Rights Demonstration; the only thing that perplexes him is that Mowat should not be the subject of it, but Meredith. This is an idea that perhaps has not struck many of us, probably because we have not given the matter sufficient thought. Now, upon mature reflection it occurs to me that Mr. Mowat has had quite enough enjoyment out of this Boundary affair and ought to give some one else a show. Here, he has been given leave of absence without having his wages docked; he has had a free pass across the ocean and his board bills paid; no doubt also he has got his theatre, horse-races and prize-fights expenses marked down against this Province, and I would not be surprised if he had actually charged up a new walking cane. On the other hand Mr. Meredith, his duly authorized rival, has been obliged to remain at home, pay his taxes, receive Weekes and Wilkinson at stated intervals, read *Mail* editorial, cut kindlings every night, and in other respects go the rounds of this work-a-day world as if he were some common person and did not have at heart the true interest of this Great Province. By all means, then, let us take Bro. Griffin's advice and give Mr. Meredith the reception. No one doubts but that he wants to do something for Ontario, but it seems as if we were not disposed to give him a chance.

This is emphatically an age of rampant selfishness. In saying this, reference is not had to the rampant sell-fishers, or at least fish-sellers, who disturb our otherwise peaceful homes, and fill us with a desire for blood, but to the existence of the almighty "me" sentiment, which renders people unable to understand how anybody but themselves can have a soul or a body, or an ambition or an appetite. As a passing illustration let me give this advertisement from one of the dailies:—"Wanted—Good, sound, family horse, must be quiet and kind in harness." It makes no difference, you see, to this estimable family, how often the horse, when off duty, chews the ear or destroys the diaphragm of the stable-boy, so long as it exhibits an amiable disposition while the owner, or his wife or daughter, handles the reins. At this rate of procedure who will be surprised at coming across such advertisements as, "Wanted—

Lamp—Warranted to explode only when visiting mother-in-law or useless hired girl is filling it;" or "Wanted—Lawn-mower, guaranteed to ruin any other lawn than the owner's." About the only thing now-a-days that a man does not propose to keep strictly to himself is his Canada thistle patch, or the big fish story of which he was the hero. I firmly believe the time is not far distant when a man will coldly refuse the wife of his bosom the use of his tooth-brush!

A Manchester girl who keeps a diary devoted to noting down the visits of her beau, calls it her Court Journal. Following her example the professional slugger would naturally call his record of victories his scrap-book. I suggest this amplification of the Manchester girl paragraph, not so much because there is any paralyzing fun in it as because there is a very modern slang word in it, which constitutes the essential principal of its latent humor. Only a learned and experienced philosopher or a newspaper reporter could ever, unaided, trace the analogy between "fighting" and "scraping," and yet, in the vocabulary of latter-day sport the two words are synonymous! This is one of the most startling illustrations of the subtle instinct and rife scholarship characterizing the authors of the expressive and beautiful language of the Tongs. I see the tall young man with the sporting Mind who belongs to the *Mail*—or is it the *Mail* which belongs to him?—has adopted "Scraps" as a heading for slugging match items. It proves that he means to keep abreast of the times. It also proves that in more than one department of the *Mail* luscious slang is appreciated. But it is a wonder the editor-in-chief permits the use of such a word as "scraps;" not because it is slang, but because it is so painfully suggestive of that other word significant of what both he and his boss have been getting themselves into lately.

A *Globe* special cable announces the gratifying intelligence—I presume it will be considered "gratifying" by those who are likely to consider such intelligence gratifying—that the presence of an English team at the artillery competition at Quebec is assured, the Queen having subscribed £100 and the Prince of Wales £25 toward the expenses of the proposed visit, and thus make up what was lacking in the estimated cost of the trip. The special cable about such a matter as a volunteer artillery team's visit to Canada is hardly provocative of surprise, for the *Globe's* special cablegrammer often makes a singular choice of subjects for his powerfully written advertisements, in doing which, it is believed, he is only striving to emulate the *Globe's* special editorial grammar,—or more properly crammer. But the surprise must come in at the reference to the Queen's subscription, which does not contain the customary sneer at Her Majesty's alleged "niggardliness," "parsimony," and all that sort of thing, which the true-born British Radical delights to deliver himself of at stated intervals between glasses. The *Globe* missed a grand opportunity this time to tickle its Radical readers. But maybe the editor had a shrewd suspicion haunting him that if he should say anything rough the artillery team might take it into their heads to come up to Toronto and have a pop at the old *Globe* rookery.

HILARIOUS.

Educated Young Lady—Mother, that gentleman with the heavy moustache is a foreigner, isn't he?

Mother—Yes, he is an American.

Daughter—Ah, he is quite a remarkable man. He has only been in this country a few weeks, yet I have no trouble in understanding him.

Mother—Well, I suppose he must have studied our language before he came.



GLADSTONE CRUSHED!

W. E. G.—I beg pardon, Mr. Griffin, I didn't know you were in the peccage. I shall cease my efforts to reform the House of Lords.

FAUSTOPHELES THE ALCHEMIST,  
AND THE AWFUL THING HE PRODUCED BY THE  
BLACK ART.

CHAP. I.

"Faustopheles!"  
"Anon, anon, m'liege."  
"Anon me none of thine anons, thou cuttill, but hither to oncet," roared the puissant Juke Fitz-Hamfatte, "hither, I say, thou crucible-boiling varlet, thou compounder of vile and obnoxious stanches, or thy head pays forfeit for thy delay," and the Juke, rising and hurling a malapert foot-page who stood in his way, through the open mullioned window, advanced into an inner chamber and dragged forth his dilatory alchemist by the collar of his flowing robes, and thrust him into his own reception hall.

"I crave ye pardon, m'lud," whimpered Faustopheles. "I did but tarry one second, for even now I have discovered the secret of extracting attar of roses from the refuse on the margins of the river Don, and I—"

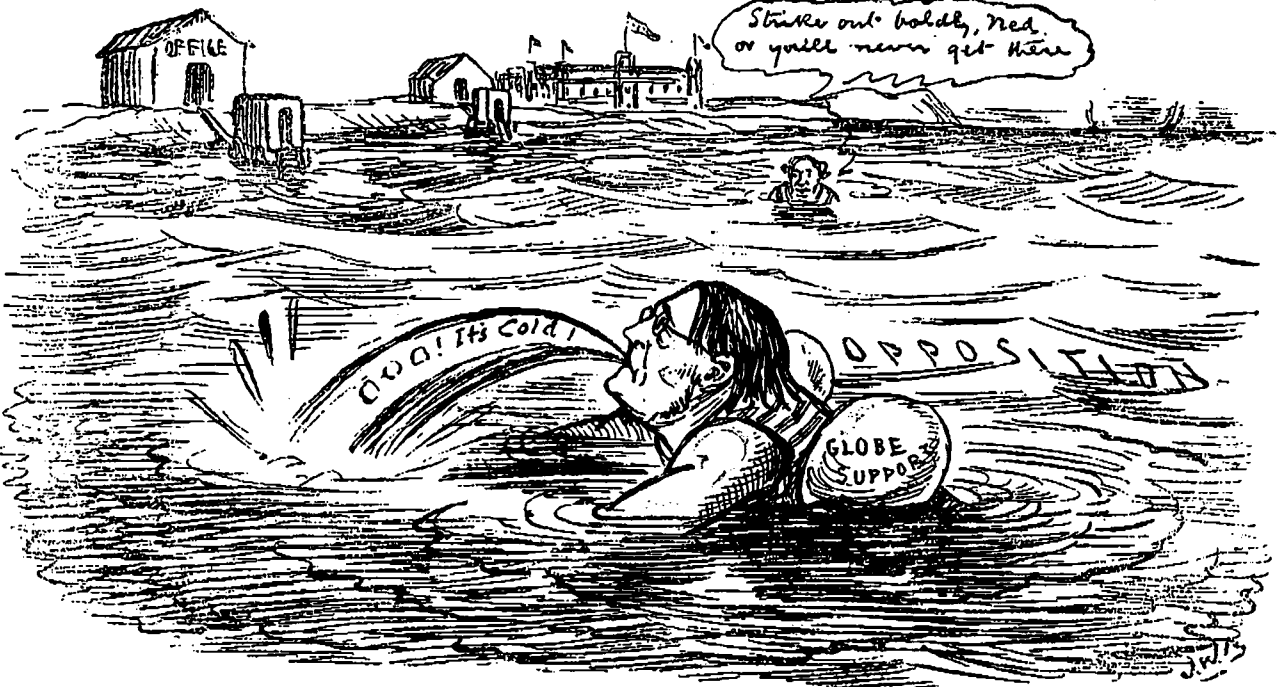
"Hist, sirrah," bellowed his liege lord, "Waste not further time with these base experiments, for even now the doughty Earl of Guzzling Gulch is on his way with ten thousand horse to attack this my castle: Knowest thou not that my retinue numbers barely fifty archers and arquebusiers? To strategy, man, to strategy! Back to thy laboratory; back to thy pots and crucibles; back to thy volumes of the Black Art, and evolve me some fearsome thing that may strike terror into the advancing host. Back, I say, and ere you dial marks the hour of three produce me thine invention. Begone!" and the Juke kicked the cowering alchemist back into his den, and took an immense quid of tobacco into his cavernous mouth.

CHAP. II.

As far as eye could reach from the ramparts of Castle Hamfattee naught could be discerned but the waving crests and glistening armor of the advancing forces of the Earl of Guzzling Gulch. Even now the proud Earl himself

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**P. BURNS**



MR. BLAKE AT THE (POLITICAL) SEASIDE.

was but a scant half mile from the sliny moat which surrounded the castle, and the blare of the trumpets of his followers smote upon the ears of the Hamfatte soldiery ensconced within the castle walls.

The Juke himself paced impatiently to and fro between the port-cullis and a cask of Malvoisie, and regarded the approaching foe with ill-concealed trepidation.

"An Faustopheles deceives me and prepares me not some fearsome work of the Evil One wherewith to disperse the forces of yon proud braggart, he dies by this boot," he muttered, regarding his hob-nailed football brogans askance.

"Art ready, Faustopheles?" he bellowed in a voice of thunder through the telephone tube.

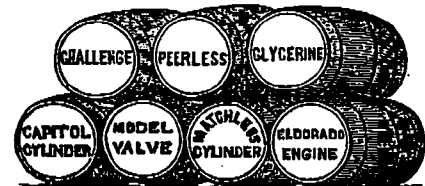
"You bet," replied the saturnine alchemist from within.

CHAP. III.

Faustopheles, on receiving his grace's mandate, had at once devoured two immense lobsters, a bushel of cucumbers, a peck of green apples and a pound or more of raw tripe, washing down the repast with a huge sagon of sour milk.

Then he laid him down to slumber, and as he slept he dreamed a dream.

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SAMUEL ROGERS, Manager.

30 FRONT STREET EAST.

And lo! what he saw in his dream was a thing so hideous, so frightful, so awesome that he uttered a loud yell and awoke with the beads of cold perspiration standing on his brow. Verily it was a fearful nightmare that visited the alchemist, but he set to work and reproduced with rare skill what he had seen as he slumbered. And lo! it was so terrible a thing to look upon that even Faustopheles, a disciple of the Evil One and a dealer in the Black Art from his youth, was sore afraid when he beheld it.

CHAP. IV.

Screams and shrieks of terror rose to the blue vault of heaven from out of the host of the Earl of G. G. Not one foot nearer dared they advance toward the castle of the Juke, but each man stood for a space as if transfixed, an ashen pallor overspreading each warrior's visage, and even the war-horses neighing and snorting with terror.

Then, as one man, they wheeled about and fled in disorder, uttering such awful cries as only man will let out of him in his hour of mortal fear, and soon the whole army had disappeared, and the Juke was victor.

PREVENTION BETTER THAN CURE.



Docrot.—This might have been avoided if you had seen that your bedding was properly cleaned. More diseases arise from impure bedding than from anything else. Send it at once to

N. P. CHANEY & CO.,

230 King St. East, - - Toronto.

CHAP. V.

Aloft on the summit of the towering castle keep stood Faustopheles the Alchemist waving a weird garb in his hand.

It was a Mother Hubbard dress!

It was this he had seen in his dream, and the like of which he had cunningly wrought, and by its aid had won the day for the gallant Juke Fitz-Hamfatte, who sent his alchemist to the sovereign at once.

And she, learning that he was a Canadian, made him a knight.

But of the wondrous garment she made a (k)night gown.

S.

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