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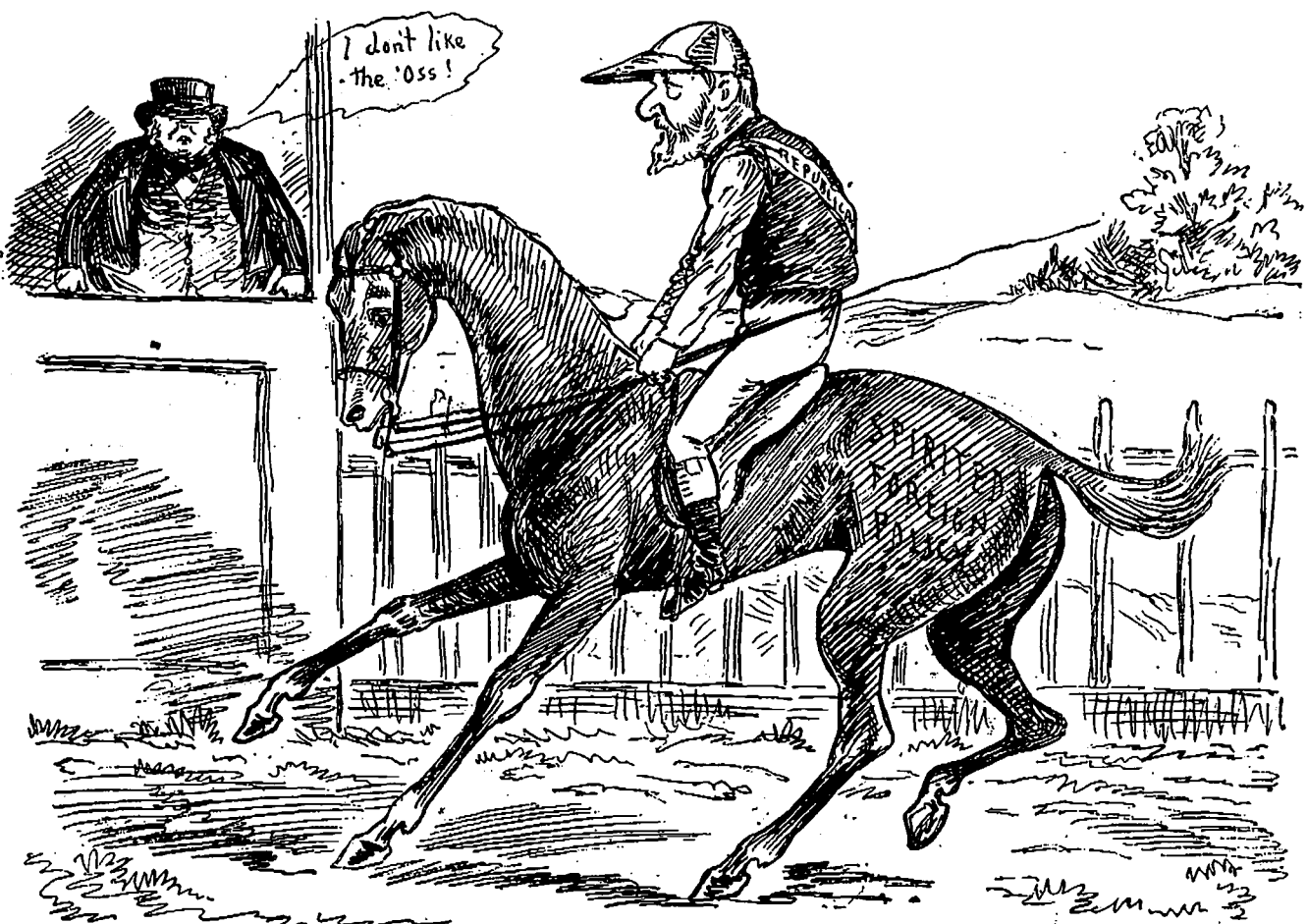
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J. W. BRNGOUGH

Editor.

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

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—Notwithstanding the frantic efforts of the friends of Rum, their cause in this Province is doomed, and the day is not far distant when that unspeakable desperado, the Liquor Traffic, will be summarily lynched by a long-suffering community. It is tolerably certain that a goodly proportion of the counties now being contested will be carried for the Crooks' Act, and the workers for that end ought to be inspired by the knowledge that as soon as a majority of the counties declare for Prohibition, the government is bound to grant it. In the meantime the campaign is going on briskly, not a little help against the traffic being furnished by the disinterested members of the Exceedingly Benovolent Trade, who are so injudicious as to attempt an argument in the public press. Nothing is better calculated to convince an intelligent reader of the indefensible character of the whiskey business than the labored apologetics of its votaries.

FIRST PAGE.—The nomination of Mr. Blaine by the Republican convention is regarded with considerable disfavor in England, on account of that gentleman's past record as a "Jingo." On a recent occasion he gave the country a slight taste of his "spirited foreign policy"—a phrase which he appears to understand in a Beaconsfieldian sense—and it is quite possible that, as President, he would be inclined to go in that direction. But he is not President yet. His nomination is by no means universally popular with the Republican party, and if the Democracy have the good sense to nominate a first-rate man, the "plumed knight" may be left at home in the forests of Maine. At present all eyes are turned in the direction of the Democratic paddock, watching for the dark horse that is to try the mettle of Blaine's flyer.

EIGHTH PAGE.—Miss Canada is beginning to roll her eyes suspiciously in the direction of a third party—the Independent, who propose to do away with the useless lumber accumulated by the Grits and Tories, and to bring in an order of things that will result in giving the people of this Dominion a good deal more for the money they pay. In our picture we have put our picturesque contemporary of the *News* as representative of the Rising Party.

Not that he aspires to be a leader of the movement, but simply because he is handsome, and looks like a party who would be very likely to make an impression on a susceptible girl like Miss Canada. All this is purely figurative, of course, for to come down to the prosy facts of the case, our esteemed contemporary, Sheppard, is a steady-going married man, and was never known to flirt.

OUR CROW.

The other afternoon as the editor was sitting in the office, wrapt in profound cogitation, suddenly a cloud came between him and the sun. "Moses Oates!" he exclaimed in alarm, his mind at once reverting to that ever-coming tidal wave. It was a tidal wave. A wave of waifs, wanderers, migrants, from the far famed land of mist and heather. They were dusty, travel-stained and unshaved, and they were gathered round the window, some laughing, some crying, but all gazing in untiring admiration at GRIP's statue, the stuffed crow.

"Luck at the crow!"

"Losh! luck at the crow!"

"Whaur did he come frae?"

"Puir sow! He lucks like as he was thinkin' o' the days when he was wout to stride out ower the bonny broon furrows, gobblin' up worms at the peugh tail."

"Luck at him winkin', wad ye!"

"Wait, gie some barley here, I'll go in au' speer gin they'll let me gie him a pickle."

"Steek the mau's door ahint ye, or the crow'll flee oot."

Such were some of the exclamations that greeted the ear of the editor as he gazed out dumbly on the critical crowd.

Nor was his astonishment lessened when the office door opened and a Scotch Hercules strode in, proffering a fistful of barley to the crow. "Will ye gie that to the crow?" he said, dumping on the desk about a quart of barley-seed.

"Why sir" cried the editor, rising to the situation, "that's a stuffed crow."

"A stuffed crow!" cried the fellow, staring with all his might. "It's a stuffed crow"—he repeated to the crowd as he went out—and immediately the party dispersed.

"Is your mother in?" asked a visitor of a little Mormon boy who opened the door. "No, ma'am," the little boy replied, "but my brother's mother is in."—*Ed.*



BEN BUTLER

TRYING ON THE DEMOCRATIC NOMINATION BOOTS.



That little unpleasantness over the leadership of All Saints' Church choir has, I see, been happily settled, and now a state of harmony presumably exists calculated to make the outside world fancy the members are a choir of All Saints as well as an All Saints' choir. This incident demonstrates the possibility of church choir differences being amicably adjusted before the organist is assassinated, the leading soprano driven crazy, and the pastor of the congregation hurried into a premature grave.

And now the "independent" papers are thinking that Sir Charles Tupper has had enough and ought to be let alone. This is a piece of advice which the *Globe* and the *Grit* press generally might ponder. Any public man who has been so ruthlessly pursued by antagonistic journalists that he has at last been obliged, in sheer desperation, to fly to a foreign country and drag out a miserable existence as a Penitentiary with \$10,000 a year and nothing to do, has assuredly had enough and may well be let alone.

The editor of the *Globe*, whose duty it is to dwell on scandals and crimes and all that, and so hold up the moral side of the paper, writes about the bold, bad bigamist Neville:—"Any casual adventurer with a glib tongue

is turned loose in people's drawing and dining rooms, till in due time it is found that the wretched fraud is some flunkey out of work, or some impudent scapegrace who will never get his desserts till he receive a good trouncing at the cart tail." In the excess of his virtuous indignation the good man overlooks the fact that if such a peculiar person were to have the run of the dining room he would naturally get his "dessert."

These two interesting females, Sara Bernhardt and Marie Colombier, have been forced to suspend hostilities in the publication line by the action of the Paris Courts, in which they have each been fined for the injudicious employment of a poisonous pen. Marie, you will remember, wrote a nasty book about Sara, to which Sara responded with a nastier book about Marie, and there is no telling how much more of this sort of thing would have yielded only the Law interposed and put a stop to it. The ladies, treated so cruelly in Paris, might have enjoyed unlimited freedom in the printing business if they had come over to Canada and started newspapers. Think of the unbounded liberty allowed to the editor of the *Mail* in abusing the editor of the *Globe*! And then turn around and reflect on the free pass given to the editor of the *Globe* in his attitude towards the editor of the *Mail*!

There is nothing like tapering off—now and then, at all events. I qualify this declaration so, in anticipation of the many persons who are prepared to illustrate the merits of the contention by the story of the dog and the tail, and the axe and the boy. The particular tapering off I have reference to is beautifully exemplified in the course of the *Mail* on the

bribery business. You know while the agitation over the matter was at its height, the *Mail* persisted in calling it "the Grit conspiracy." While the case was before the Assize Court the heading was modified to "the Bribery plot." Since the relegation of it to the Queen's Bench, "the alleged conspiracy" has been found to answer nicely for a caption. Presently, on the theory that postponement makes the recollection grow weaker, "the rumored Conspiracy" will be ventured on: and, that evoking no challenge, the whole thing will be quietly dropped. There may be some doubt as to the correctness of the editor of the *Mail*. But, as a matter of fact, all he really wants is a chance.

I noticed an account in one of the papers the other day of a steamboat race—"an exciting trial of speed" between a couple of vessels on the Upper Lakes. It is quite inspiring, I know, to read the duly authenticated version of an old time Mississippi steamboat struggle, when they used to fire up with fat bacon and hang a colored deck-hand on the safety-valve down below. But I think I could worry along through life without having even so close an experience of a contest of this kind as to just read about it; and I somehow imagine I could pick out a person here and there who doesn't actually hanker to take a prominent part in one except at a reasonable distance. There must be some fun in a full-pressure, all-sail, bound-to-beat steam-boat race, else one would never be engaged in one. But the objection I have to them is that it is quite possible the fun might terminate too abruptly, and without giving you a fair chance to definitely ascertain whether yours or the other boat got in ahead. In other words, I always like to be on shore and alive at the conclusion of a steamboat race. So, while for those who like a steamboat race, a steamboat race is just the sort of thing they like, whenever they propose one on board a boat which I patronize, I shall respectfully but firmly insist on my rights as a British subject and journalist to get off and walk.

The only thing I can think of just now as illustrative of the deliberation of the Grit party in the final selection of a political Moses, is the spectacle of a young man from the back townships choosing a pair of boots from a one-price job lot in a big packing box. The use of the word "Moses" is of course purely metaphorical, and has no reference to the distinguished weather prophet whose other name is Oates. As an out-and-out party man, I could cheerfully recommend Mr. Oates for the Leadership, but the fatal likeness he bears to Mr. Blake would unquestionably spoil him, not to mention the possibility of his being engaged too often hunting for new kinds of weather, and making mysterious almanacs and things when he should be hard at work solving such abstruse problems of State as to whom to give government contracts and shrievalties and new Post Offices. Here is Sir Richard Cartwright in the ring with the Judges' eyes critically upon him. He has good action, but his staying powers, in view of his political instability, are against him. And furthermore, he is so confirmed a Democrat that the *News* says it is going to call him hereafter plain Richard Cartwright. Perhaps this is due to the fact that the proprietor of the *Own* and *Only* Democratic organ hates to be obliged to continually address the heaven-born financier as "Sir Richard," and in turn be treated to the familiarity of "say, Shep!" But at all events no common "Mister" is going to guide the Great Reform Party to the Land of Office while the other side boasts any number of present and prospective well-regulated Knights.

As the law now stands, a woman who prosecutes her husband for non-support—or rather sues him for support—is not a com-

petent witness. If the poor neglected wife who sees her unfaithful husband's wages—that is, providing the scamp earns wages and she ever sees them at all—squandered for drink or to gratify some other brutal appetite of the man, whose duty, legal as well as moral, it is to provide for her wants, is not the proper person to testify to the neglect of which she complains, it would be a more than interesting question to know just who is. Some other woman and the husband himself would probably know as much about the charge as the complainant; but it does not seem quite clear that the law contemplates that the merits of the case are to be decided solely on the testimony from such sources. It therefore appears that there was some reason for the representations made to the Department of Justice by York magistrates who have had an experience of such cases. Alderman Baxter, who led his brother Justices in the *exposé* of this legal anomaly, has received assurances that the Government will not much longer allow it to exist. By the way, it would be a very extraordinary request that any government would care to refuse to a man of Mr. Baxter's well-known good qualities and sound sense—and appearance. This worthy citizen is never backward in coming forward to show himself a gentleman, philanthropist and humanitarian, although an Alderman. If the price of cloth would fall I could cheerfully express the hope that Ald. Baxter's shadow might never grow less.

All this great shaking up of the Wall street hive has made an awful buzz and revealed to the world that all is not honey that you think you see in the comb. If this is not an appropriate figure of speech under the circumstances it ought to be—there now! Knock off the crust from the toothsome-looking millionaire pie and you often discover that you would prefer another dish. I don't intend to preach a sermon on the big burst among the brokers, but no man can proceed to write a word about it without feeling it a solemn duty to point out what was at the bottom of all this financial earthquake, what has been the origin of ninety-nine and three quarters per cent. of people's troubles since the world began, and what is destined to work quite as much misery and wickedness and woe while the world lasts. It was and is and will be *Selfishness!*—with a capital S, italics and exclamation point. The money-getter, for instance, gives his selfish propensities full play, and if he could come to own the whole world he would be miserable till he also had a clear deed of the sun and every one of the known planets; and even after that it is morally certain he would be hiring astronomers to poke the sky full of holes looking for more. And so with every phase and aspect of the insatiable Me and My. He who knows when he has had enough of anything is a man and a philosopher. He who doesn't is either a hog or a fool. Take your choice, gentlemen of Wall-street, without extra charge. The man who goes through life with a soul above Self may not have so much money as one of the opposite type, but he has whole loads of solid joy and comfort.

They say if the hotels cannot afford to supply as good and cheap fare without their bars, temperance people ought to establish temperance hotels and endeavor to prove the contrary. This is about as easy a way to settle this point as I know of. Every temperance man need not go right off now and open a temperance hotel, just because I have endorsed this means to the solution of a perplexing problem; but yet a considerable few of them might begin operations without delay and run no great danger of crowding each other in the business. Take Toronto, for example, and you can count the number of temperance hotels in it on your fingers—or, to be more

particular, on one of your fingers. And if Toronto be a fair sample, it really does not seem as if the proportion of temperance hotels to other hotels in Canada is abnormally large. There is one rule I would make my best efforts to observe if I were to start a temperance hotel, and that is to cater for people as though it were *not* a "temperance hotel"—as the term is now commonly understood; I would consult my conscience in fixing prices; I would give my better tastes a show in furnishing and fitting apartments, and I would hire a cook who knew something, take him into my confidence and dismiss him to the kitchen with the injunction that that day, and till further orders, every guest expected him to do his duty. In thus unbosoming myself, recollect that I have in view the temperance hotel in the abstract, and make no allusion to any establishments here and there in the land the proprietors of which will not have to go down to the grave haunted with the knowledge that their well-developed rates and attenuated table have driven to the whiskey-selling houses many a well-meaning temperance man, possessed of reasoning powers and a healthy stomach.



THE CODFISH ARISTOCRAT'S "DARTER."

Let me warble and sing of a charming young thing,
An exquisite, beautiful girl; ah! ha!
She could play the pnyanmer: like pussy-cat sing,
And she had a most wealthy papa;
Ah! ha!
She had a most wealthy papa.

It is telling no grammar to say that her grammar
Was not Lindley Murray's (whom every one knows);
For though the pnyanmer this beauty could hammer,
She always said "them there" and never said "those,"
Oh! no!
She never, no, never said "those."

The smattering of knowledge she'd picked up at college—
Or "collidge" she spelt it—was terribly slim,
For, like old Snirey Gamp for "abolish" "abolidge,"
This darling would say for "that's he" "why, that's him."

By Jim!
She would say for "that's he," "why, that's him."

I would very much rather not mention her father,
So I won't, save to say that this dear called him "paw."
She'd talk of "Yur-rup," and many a spa there,
And exclaim "Oh; I seen," when she should have said "saw."
Oh! law,
She'd say "Oh! I seen," for "I saw."

Her beau was her "feller;" and "yellow" was "yeller;"
She'd murmur "I'd went" for "I'd gone;"
She spelt cat with a "k" (a remarkable speller.)
For "I did" she would e'er say "I done,"
What fun!
For "I did" she would e'er say "I done."

But for all this she married; it was on honeymoon carried
To Yur-rup, thro' Frawnce, back to Ni-ag-a-rar,
How was it? (Too long on this subject I've tarried);
How was it? Why, simply she had a rich pa.
Ha! ha!
Why, simply she had a rich pa.
Ta-ta.



A SIMPLE REMEDY.

THE ADVENTURES OF A BRAVE MAN WHO WAS DECEIVED.

As I was glancing over my paper a few days ago I came across the following paragraph: "The very simple remedy of holding the head down parallel with the knees, is an excellent means of removing cinders from the eyes." Now, some how or other, my eyes seem to have a peculiar attraction for cinders and flying sparks and dust and flies and what not, and I am always getting something or other into them. Occasionally the something is a man's fist, but I have always found that, in a case of this sort, it is better to act on the "prevention is better than cure" principle, and so, to avoid a repetition of the disease, I usually exert my powers as a sprinter (for I am very fleet of foot as many a creditor and policeman can testify), and flee when no man pursueth. I have found that, when a fellow gets another fellow's fist in his eye, the bunch of fives is ordinarily withdrawn before "the very simple remedy of holding the head down parallel with the knees" can be put into execution, so of course the recipe I saw in my paper only applies to cinders, ashes, dead cats, eggs whose youth is past and gone, and other small fry. Though I have mentioned this little matter about fists *en passant*, I would not have my readers infer from what I have said that I am a coward. Oh the contrary, I am as brave as a lion:—that one, for instance, exhibited a few weeks ago in a dry goods store window in this city, and which was about as mangy, dismal, dyspeptic and one-foot-in-the-grave-looking a lion as I ever saw,—for I have seen several lions and I would as lief walk up to a lion and place my extended fingers to my nose at him as not; that is if he was a stuffed lion or one of those stone animals you see at the door-steps of citizens reputed to be wealthy, but who may, in the secret cavities of their own hearts, be expecting a financial bust-up at any moment. Yes, I am brave, and come of a brave race—a race of warriors, and I inherit my sprinting proclivities and fleetness of foot from my glorious old ancestors, who could make faster time out of a battle field than ever Courtney made in his little boat, but who could so moderate their enthusiasm, and celerity as to invariably be the last to put in an appearance when the foe was waiting for them.

So much for myself, then, and now to my experiences with that remedy for cinders in the eye.

On the very next day after reading the recipe mentioned, I was taking a stroll along the street when a servant girl came out of a

house with a pan of ashes in her hand which she cast across the sidewalk into the street—the ashes, not the pan. Naturally the wind was blowing in my direction and I received several ounces of fine cinders in my eyes. Down went my head, parallel with my knees, and there I stood in the attitude of a boy giving another a "back" at leap-frog. I remained in this position for at least two minutes without experiencing any relief, when a philanthropic temperance exhorter coming along and assuming that I had been looking on the inebriating bowl, administered such a powerful kick in the rear of my person, which, as will be seen, was by my attitude fully exposed for the operation, that I rolled over into the gutter with a sepulchral groan. A policeman assisted me to my feet, and judging from the red and inflamed appearance of my eyes that I must be drunk, in which conviction he was confirmed by my conduct—for my inherent bravery was attesting itself, and I was dying to avenge the wrong done me by the temperance man's kick, and I wished to rush on him (in an opposite direction to that in which he was still standing) and annihilate him—he ordered me to "come along o' him," and so, though I am exceedingly brave, I felt that it was futile to resist the strong arm of the law, I accordingly proceeded to accompany him. By some strange gleam of intelligence, however, this policeman gradually let the fact dawn on his mind that I was *not* drunk, and, when I had explained matters, he released me, and the temperance exhorter, apparently repenting him of his precipitancy and rashness, and evidently seeing that I was a man of no ordinary courage, and fearing for his life, drew forth his (water) flask and proffered it to me. I took it: the policeman took it—instead of me—and serenity's beams shone on all three of us. Thus ended this little episode. I got the cinders out of my eyes when I reached home.

The very next day I sauntered into the market, and seeing some fine chickens in a wagon I mounted the vehicle to examine them. As I was regarding the one I intended to purchase, a speck of dust flew into my left eye. No sooner did I feel it than I assumed the position recommended in my recipe: at this moment the horse attached to the wagon started off, and, my attitude not being conducive to the maintenance of my equilibrium, I was cast, head first, into a basket of eggs belonging to a very vicious looking old market woman, my feet descending with terrific force amongst a lot of bottles of pickles and tomato catsup standing on a table within their reach. Fully three dozen eggs were ruined for ever and the usefulness of at least eight bottles of catsup was gone, in addition to this the virago who owned the eggs picked up an over-ripe pumpkin and snote me with fearful energy on the head as I rose, the interior of the vegetable—the pumpkin, not my head—being distributed over my person and mingling with the egg-juice and tomato catsup with which I was already copiously deluged. I was a horrible-looking sight, and must have looked like an Indian who had recently scalped a million antagonistic braves. Pumpkin pulp, yolk of eggs, and catsup from head to foot! No wonder the market constable ruthlessly seized me and rushed me to the police station, where I was locked up on a charge of being "drunk and disorderly, and doing malicious injury to property." The magistrate would take no excuse next morning, for my appearance testified too strongly against me (I had been afforded no opportunity for removing the villainous compound with which I was he-plastered), and I was incontinently fined "\$5 and costs, or sixty days." I paid the fine, but I am on the war-path for the man who sprung that remedy for cinders in the eye on a guileless and unsuspecting fellow-being.

When I find him he dies by the hand of a brave man.

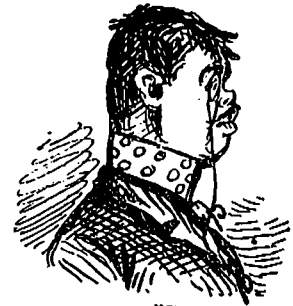
BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.



This is the Beauty all frizzled and curled,
That dazzled the eyes of the masculine world
With her face so sweet,
And her figure so neat,
Attired in a costume that fits her complete,
As she sits in the house that her dad built.



This is the young man that the Beauty adored,
Who looked always as tho' he were frightfully bored;
So tall and so slight,
So graceful and light,
With moustache, cane, and eye-glass so tony and bright,
When he called at the house that her dad built.



This is the fellow the Beauty called "Beast,"
Whenever attention he'd pay her the least,
A mixture of dog,
Man, monkey and hog;
He was vile, he was coarse, but his dress was the vogue
When he drove to the house that her dad built.

But alas! the young man, he was good—that was all,
His purse it was short though his talk it was tall,
About loving forever—
About earnest endeavor—
About all that hard work and a true heart would give
her
When she left the old house that her dad built.

The Beast he was rough, vicious, ugly, 'tis true;
But the Beast he had money, its value he knew,
So with fine horse he plied her,
With ponies supplied her;
With jewels, with servants, in fact nothing denied her,
Save love—and—the house that her dad built.

So the Beauty she sighed, and the Beauty she cried,
"Why should I be of love or money denied?
And now I must choose,
One or other to lose;
Heigh-ho! love is sweet—but 'tis sweet, too, to muse

"On my carriage, my dresses, my jewels galore;
But then—ah! my love I must see you no more—
Well, I'll marry the Beast,
He has riches at least;
Good-bye love forever!—we're off to the priest,
So long! the house that my dad built."



A JUSTIFIABLE LYNCHING.

HOW HE WROTE UP THE FIRE.

"I had barely connected myself with the editorial corps," he observed, with graceful abandon, as he helped himself at the free-lunch counter, "when the conflagration occurred. Although naturally expecting to be assigned to a more important position than the reportorial staff offered, I could not but consent when the city editor begged me as a special favor to write an account of the fire, which task, he declared, he felt he could entrust to no other journalist about the building except Mr. Griffin himself. I—yes, thanks! I shall try another, but really you—aw! Kindness—aw!—and—aw!—courtesy—aw! to an utter stranger is most—most—aw!—remarkable. Well, as I was saying, I set to work with a right good will and in an astonishingly brief space of time I had prepared a careful, exhaustive, and elaborate introduction, leaving the formal particulars and minor chronicles to be gathered by a mere reporter. I shall read you passages here and there from the MS., which I still retain. For instance, I open with these beautiful passages—

"We have been threatened with a dire, a dreadful calamity! We have been standing on the very verge of an awful, an appalling chasm! The fork-tongued Demon has reared his horrid head on our very premises! The ruthless fire-fiend has boldly invaded our very precincts, and if it were not for instance and the fact that the elevator man is safe, we would now be plunged in the very profoundest depths of melancholy and our gentle readers would this morning be without the *Mail's* special despatches, which are obtained at enormous expense and presented as an earnest of the vow we have registered to give the public news, if we have to strain the Atlantic cable in the effort."

"I like the free flow of the language in those sentences, and I make bold to say that the association of ideas is as happy as it is—Well, perhaps you had better replenish my goblet just this once!

"Now, after this I go on to describe how the fire looked when nicely under way:—

"As the Devouring Element licked with its lurid breath the seemingly Doomed Structure, every face in the vast and surging crowd of on-lookers wore a regular May-Day pale, and the chief of the Fire Brigade swore in a double-barrelled style that under other circumstances would have challenged wide admiration. Higher and higher leaped the hungry flames till it seemed as if Ald. Piper's efforts were going to prove futile and the whole magnificent structure, which contained Mr. Meek's office as well as Mr. Runtling's sumptuous suite of rooms, was to furnish a veritable holocaust before the gaze of a gang of glaucous grits, and the proprietor of the *Telegraph*, which latter personage stood by with a cigar in his mouth and a sardonic smile on his classic features."

"There is a gorgeous description of an impromptu character and so strikingly true to the facts—Another? Well, pour it out, please, and I'll try to oblige you by getting it down."

"I finally, after quoting some verses which appear to me as particularly befitting the occasion, see an opportunity to make a little political capital out of the fire and thus take advantage of it:—

"In concluding these introductory remarks we beg to intimate that we have a good clue to the perpetrators of this villainous act to destroy our unparalleled building and deprive the public of a journal which has the largest circulation of any paper in Canada and does job work really cheap. We do not say that either Mr. Mowat, or Mr. Hardy, or the man Fraser actually put the incendiary's torch to the structure. But we see the unmistakable traces of an Ontario Cabinet job in the dastardly deed, and mean to hunt the scoundrels to their very holes, having which object in view we have decided not to employ any Toronto detectives."

"With this in my hand, I walked to the chief editor, left it, and took a stroll for appetite's sake. When I returned a note awaited me to the effect that the decision to secure my services had been re-considered, and that I might consider myself at liberty to look up another engagement in which I could be more adequately remunerated than by the *Mail Printing Company*. I am now applying for a position in one of the leading banks, having, after mature reflection, concluded that banking offers more facilities and leisure than jour-

nalism. I have an appointment with a well-known banker in exactly eighteen minutes from now, and so with many thanks for your hospitality, I shall go. Next time, my friend, remember that I shall insist on extending the courtesies of the bar to you, and I hope that I shall not fail to be suited with your brands of Champagne. *Au revoir!*"

Half-an-hour later this sore-eyed and seedy person could have been seen in a second-hand store offering his vest for sale, and eloquently protesting that it was worth more than eight cents.

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.

THE MODERN SHAKSPEARE.

"Andromeda! But yestere'en I were a very Nimrod, and did the mountain trout engage in artful angle."

"O fickle one! why giv'at thyself to that which doth thy tongue so tang with fable that e'en thy tales erotic can nevermore wear guise of truth?"

"Nay, and thou wrong'st me gentle one! Here is a being so with truth entwined that e'en with rod and reel he can commingle and thereafter find his nature vacuous of guile."

"Tush thee, thou boy! This angler's faculty doth like a vapor win its victims—by absorption, sweet my lord; and witless of its poison thou would'st outdo Munchausen in thy tales and swear to it that scripture and St. Paul thy sponsors were."

"But had'st thou seen, sweet maid?

"With lens of fishermen, Henrico, of course I would thy captures magnify."

"Nay, an' I would not on this sacred morn with fiction hoyden. I will concede thee, dame, that there be those who hie them to the salty deep and with plebian cod and mackerel so engage them that they be forced to antidote the same with liquid potions that do distort their speech and give inventive semblance to their tales. But whose loftier nature woos him to the bounding brook, where coy and crafty comes the cunning trout, and every pulse of sylvan breath doth whisper holy promptings, and dip the very soul in truth's own fountain, he cannot, an' he would, prevaricate."

"So, good my lord? Then give me this, thy finny narrative."

"Andromeda! I cannot yet the tale entire give, because as yet the tail ungarnered is. But, I do swear me that when first me bait I dipped, a monster trout did batten on the same, and straightway did I seek to harvest him. Yard after yard thereof did I in patience reap, and still in Ledger-like continuance me captive came. An hour thus did I o'erhand the game, and still another hour test his longitude, and, when I left the task to other hands, the monster had o'ertaxed the afternoon to tell his length, and yet were dorsal parts invisible."

"And thou, Henrico, dost endorse all this?"

"Aye, captious one, I do indeed!"

"Then have I ne'er met truth before, Henrico?"—*Yonkers Gazette*.

SALLIE ON CATS.

Cats is cats, but little cats is kittens. Mats is mats, too, but little mats ain't mittens, and that wot allers struck me as mity funny in lang-widge. A cat has four legs, but Mister Brown, that's my sister's bo, sez a cat has got six legs,—fore leg in front and too behind, an' fore an' too makes six. That may be a rithmetic cat, but it tain't no naenal cat like mine is. A cat is a wind insterment, an' it kin blow herself

up biggern a sack of meal with hair onto it. When a cat gits itself blew up, it looks fur all the world like my big sister's hair when she gits up in the morning. I never cood tell wat makes hair ack so when you sleep in it. My big sister don't sleep in all of hern. You know she hangs the longest part, that wot Mr. Brown, that's her bo, calls "golden tresses," or something like that, on the back uv a cheer. It beats all how much some men dosen't no. When a cat sits down it winds its tail around its legs. Some folks don't know why cats does this but I do. It is to keep their legs together so they won't spraddl out and split the cat wide open. A cat split wide open wouldn't be of no use unless you cood make a door mat uv her with the inside of it nailed onto the flore. Cats sings most at nights. I don't think cats is much on the voice fur musick. When cats is ded they berry 'em in the alley on top of the ground. That's all I know about cats.—*Merchant Traveller*.

NOT AN EDITOR.

"Who is that man going up the street?"

"Don't know; but I've seen him every day for a year."

"Somebody told me he was an editor."

"I don't think he is; leastways, I never saw him meddling with other people's business, and that's a pretty fair sign in dry weather."—*Merchant Traveller*.



We would remind our readers of Mr. Warner's organ recital at Bond-st. church on July 4th.

Gabriel Max's famous \$15,000 painting—"The Raising of Jairus's Daughter"—is now being exhibited at the rooms of the Ontario Society of Artists. A special fee of 25 cents is being charged for admission. No lover of art should miss this opportunity of seeing one of the recognized masterpieces of the age.

Liberati, the Italian cornet virtuoso, commands as high a figure for his services as the great Levy, and is considered by competent critics to be fully equal as an artist to the latter. He will appear on Monday and Tuesday evenings of celebration week in connection with the concerts at the Granite Rink. Miss Fanny Kellogg, the eminent singer, will also take part. On Friday of the same week, the Mendelssohn Quartette Club, with Miss Kellogg, perform at the Pavilion.

Next Saturday afternoon the Annual Highland Games of the 5th Battalion Royal Scots (of Montreal) will take place on the Jarvis St. Lacrosse grounds, when the gallant corps will be present in all the glory of kilts, pipers and a' and a'. In the evening the drama "Jessie Brown; or, the Relief of Lucknow" will be given by a caste of the officers and men at the Grand Opera House, the title role being played by Mrs. Neil Warner. On Sunday the regiment will parade to Old St. Andrews, (Jarvis St.) to attend the morning service.

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.



A JOURNALISTIC MURDERER.

The other day a compositor in this office got hold of a part of a page of the chirography of a certain esteemed and valued correspondent. It isn't writing at all, but the E. & V.C. seems to kick the ink bottle at a sheet of paper, and then send the paper in as "copy." This part of a paper had evidently been used as the foundation of a plot to deliberately destroy a human life. The copy was handed to a new "comp." who claimed to be "lightning on the set" and on reading manuscript, and he set up the introductory line, which some one else—not the E. & V.C.—had, written, like a whirlwind. When he came down to the caligraphy of the correspondent (whose name is withheld for the sake of his parents who are honest and consequently poor) he grabbed for a cap. "A," held it a second, and then dived into the "Y" box. Then he threw that back and picked out a dollar mark; then he paused, spit on his hands and rested one foot on the cross-bar of his rack. After a moment he grabbed a "fi" but slowly replaced it and toyed with an italic "Z." Then he spit on his hands again, corrugated his brow and hauled the manuscript under his eyes. It was no go. He held the page further off, close to his nose, slanting to the right, upside down, and square before the window, but he couldn't start it, and he knew in his soul that no other human compositor outside the *Goblin* office could do it. As afternoon faded into twilight he laid the page aside, set up two or three lines out of his head, and then slipped into his coat and, saying he had to meet a friend at the Union, he was gone. In his stick he had set up these words: "Tell my mother I shall meet her on the other shore." He probably will. He was seen at the foot of Yonge-street; heard to ask if death by drowning wasn't easier than hanging, and it is probable that his cold, clammy, marble form now lies at the bottom of Toronto Bay, and the esteemed and valued correspondent is a murderer.

PLANTATION PHILOSOPHY.

Young man, stick ter pu'pose. Forked lightning ain't no sign of rain.
De fool neber tries to hide de nakedness ob his mine by de fig leaves o' larnin'.
A smart man has more ter worry him den a fool has. De brightes' plough w'ars de fastes'.
No man ain't so great arter we once knows him. De bull-fraug bellers de loudes' when yer kain't see him.
I allus feels sorry fur de young feller whut is smart befo' his time. De flowers whut blooms de soones' is de soones' ter die.
De laugh what doan' come nachul grates mighty harsh on de human year. De dry, hoarse laugh o' de owl makes a chicken feel mighty uneasy.—*Arkansaw Traveller.*

THE SCALPEL.

MORE LIKELY.

"There is a dumb agony of political apathy and despair in the minds of Liberals and Conservatives alike in the country at the present moment, and a scarce hoping for the advent of a new policy that will make the pulse of the nation throb with the feeling of new life and energy."—*Another Vox Populi.*

Or, say, wouldn't a new patent medicine do?

A LITTLE OFF.

"A REMINISCENCE OF TORIISM.

"She,—for writing the following quotation to W. Lyon Mackenzie during the rebellion of 1837, Mr. Home, of Hillsburgh, Ont., was imprisoned by the Government for over three months, and narrowly escaped being tried for treason.—

If bugs molest me when in bed I ho,
Should I quit my bed? No! not I,
I'd rout the vermin! Every bug destroy,
Now make my bed, and all its sweets enjoy.
It may serve as a semi-centennial reminiscence.
ARCHIBALD YOUNG.
—*Cor. of Globe.*

You are a little astray, dear man, in attributing this act to political prejudice. In the first place, any man who would write poetry of that kind ought to be punished for fear he might eventually develop into a writer of verses on "Beautiful Snow." In the second place, it is quite clear the Government decided to take charge of this man on the ground of lunacy. You see they argued that any man who struck an entomological bed in a hotel, and calmly went to work to clean out the occupants, instead of leaving the job for the next commercial traveller to tackle, was a dangerous person to be at large.

GO! GET THEM TO A NIGHT SCHOOL.

"We are inclined to differ with the Council as to the advisability of establishing a Rotten Row in the Queen's Park."—*Globe.*

Now it will be quite in order for the Council to differ from the *Globe* in the matter of its orthography—which, one is almost tempted to remark, would make a rather "rotten" row, if the tough specimens were duly paraded.

WHAT'S YOUR OPINION?

"A very interesting paper was read by Mr. D. Boyle on "Moot Points," which was listened to with great interest by a crowded meeting."—*Rep. Nat. Hist. Soc. meeting.*

No mention of it was made in the paper, of course; but ten to one Mr. Boyle was just dying to give as another illustration of "moot points," the question: Was that midnight poetry made for the fire or was the fire made for that midnight poetry?

WHAT COMES OF IT.

"The crops in Rabun county, Georgia, have been ruined by a hailstorm, some of the hailstones being as large as hen's eggs."—*Veracious Press Correspondent.*

It is such items as that which give rise to such items as this one taken from a *Barrie* paper:—

"Two large eggs were left at our office last Saturday by Mangus Balkie, of Innisfil, which were laid by common hens, the combined weight of which was half a pound. Both measured eight inches round the ends and six and three-quarter inches in circumference."

Hens have risen in their might and mean to have the world know that they can manufacture eggs which no hail storm is going to down for size.

HENCE THIS TEMERITY.

"Tory writers are much too elegant and refined to use any such uncharitable language."—*Mail.*

The editor of the *Mail* knows right well he is safe in flinging out such a challenge as this to opposition contemporaries. You see, if an opposition contemporary once entered on the job of showing how "elegant and refined" Tory editors are, the first thing he knew he would have whole columns and columns of villainous writing in his paper that would crowd out respectable stuff, and may be pro-

duce such indignation in the community as would ruin his whole business. M. J. G. has a great head for scheming.

"ABANDON HOPE," ETC.

"The chairman pointed out that there was no poor-house here, and the longer they put that off the better."—*City Executive Committee re House of Industry.*

This no-poor-house announcement may suit the ideas of the callous-hearted Executive Committee; but what gall and bitterness it will be to many an assisted emigrant who has come to Toronto full of joy and hope after leaving the old land, utterly disgusted—with its work-houses!

SULKS AND SATISFACTION.

Says the editor of the *Globe*, with a quiet indifference which positively amounts to pronounced recklessness:—

"The Toronto City Council has chosen the Queen street site for the proposed new Court House."

Only that and nothing more. May be owing to a press of editorial matter.

Says the editor of the *Mail*, in an impressive whisper which makes you certain that the country is quite safe so long as he lives and writes:

"The selection by the City Council of the site for the new Court House, which THE MAIL has strenuously advocated cannot be satisfactory to the citizens at large. The advantages which it possesses—"

And so forth and so on for a quarter of a column of editorial matter. May be owing to lack of better subjects.

It makes all the difference in the world whose plans are gored.

HE WAS A FIXTURE.

BUT WHY, HE WAS LOATH TO SAY.

"No, it cannot be."

That was firm determination in the eyes of the youth as he made use of the above words, and backed closer up against the high board fence behind him.

He was attired in the full regulation costume of a member of the Wanderer's Bicycle Club, and he shoved against the old illustrated posters of Toronto by the Light of Tallow Candles with which the fence was decorated, as if he intended to shove them through the boards.

The words were addressed to a fair young girl of seventeen (more or less—she said less, but more is probably nearer the mark) who stood before him "with a pleading, pitying look in her lustrous orbs," (for this expression see *Mail* of the 30th of February). The twain had met but a few moments before, and passers-by had noticed that as they had been advancing towards one another he had stopped advancing and had backed up against the fence, and that, "when she came close at hand, his bows she had hove to and hailed him." (Sailor phrase, much in vogue amongst members of the Dunmer-street Yacht Club.)

They conversed for some time on various subjects, when she suggested that they should move on, and stated how proud she always felt to be seen in the company of a member of the Bicycle Club referred to, as the uniform was "so just awfully sweet and becoming for anything."

The youth blushed at these words. There was evidently a skeleton in his closet, or his uniform, or somewhere. There doubtless was in the uniform. However, let it pass.

"An ye will not escort me?" the maiden said, when the fatal words—

"No it cannot be," fell on her tympana—(good word: sounds medical)—

"An' ye will not escort me then thou art false to me and you love another."

(This is the way maidens in love talk in G. P. R. Jim-Jams' novels; must be true.)

"I ain't false," returned the youth, "but it cannot be."

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THE INDEPENDENT PARTY MAKING A "STRIKE" ON MISS CANADA.

"Oh! that detestable Clara Gimfunks," almost screamed the fair young damsel, "seems't I not her and thou together often of late. Oh! the hateful thing. And it is her," (faulty grammar, but that's what she said, for this historian doesn't lie, no, sirree) who done this? it's her what has weaned thy love away from me. Ugh! I could pull her hair for her. Will you not escort me? for the third and last time I say, will you escort me?"

It would seem as though a voice from the dark, gloomy realms of Ghouldom replied, "No, it cannot be."

It was the youth speaking, however. "And why cannot it be? An' ye tell me not oftsoon I will e'en lug ye away from that fence and make ye come along." Strange words to come from youthful maidenly lips: Strange but true: truth is a stranger to fiction.

"Jemimarjaneanne, I do love you," replied the youth "but—it cannot be."

A musquito buzzed cheerily along and, alighting on the young girl's snoot, appeared to renew her energy: a terrier-pup ambled by and, as he went, snapped at the young man's front calves: though he squirmed he clung to that fence for dear life.

"Then I leave you for ever," at length said the maiden.

"Nay," implored to'ther, "not for ever: I will meet you anon: say in an hour, but leave me now: leave me now. I implore you leave me."

"Why? Art ill? Tell me all. If in grief, let me solace thee. When pain and anguish wring the brow, ministerial angels succour us," said the Jemimarjaneanne, who had read Goldsmith and could quote as correctly as M. J.G. without his quotation dictionary.

"I cannot tell."

"You must."

"Well then be it so: this day in my race with Boodie of Habiltod I fell from my wheel-ed horse."

"Aye! go on," almost gasped the maiden.

"I fell: As I fell one of the spokes of my machine broke: the sharp point caught my—my—my—"

"Your what," fairly screamed the girl, with an oldritch shriek that caused an old man on the other side of the street to yell "police," "murder," "give me a beer," and so on. "Your what?"

"These," was the reply, as the young man indicated his nether garments—very tight—"these—they are all rent behind."

"Oh! you rude thing," was the reply, as the girl passed: "meet me by and by."

So they parted and the poor young man proceeded on his way, by all the side-streets, but it was funny to observe how he assumed that back-to-the-fence "posish" whenever he saw anyone coming.

Reader; hast ever been in the same fix? It is very unpleasant.

SWIZ.

"Can you give me ten cents for a drink?" asked a seedy-looking chap of a reporter. "Certainly," replied the reporter; "bring in your drink."—*Burlington Free Press.*

A charitable lady—Jennyrosity.—*Ex.*

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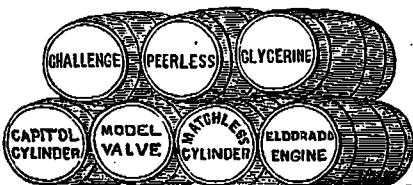


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