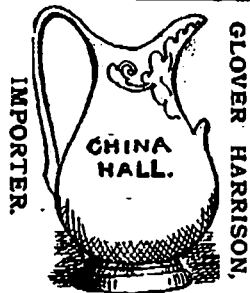


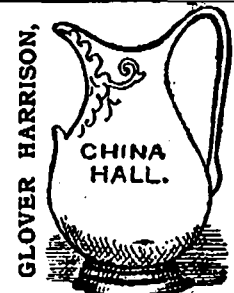
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The gravest Beast is the Ass; the gravest Bird is the Owl;  
The gravest Fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.

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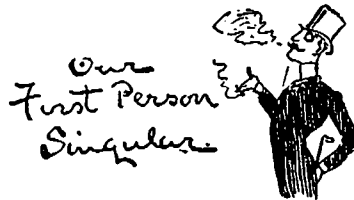
## Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—The opportunity which is at present offered to Hon. D. L. Macpherson, Minister of the Interior, to enshrine himself in the affections of the people of our Great Northwest—to achieve a popularity which will out-rival that of the Premier, and last beyond the limit of his own life, is an opportunity seldom offered to any statesman, and the work required to earn this brilliant reward is a very simple one. All Mr. Macpherson has to do is to acquaint himself with the grievous wrongs under which the settlers of the west are groaning, and remedy them. These troubles arise almost exclusively from evil legislation, and can be cured effectually by the simple method of abolishing the enactments complained of. That ardent young Canadians are led to settle in the United States because decent treatment is denied them under Canadian Government, is a lamentable fact, and one that speaks eloquently in condemnation of the present Regulations. We commend our cartoon to the new Minister's earnest attention.

FIRST PAGE.—In a recent interview, Sir Leonard Tilley expressed himself as well pleased with the present condition of affairs in Canada, and as quite unaware of anything re-

sembling hard times. Seeing that he spoke within easy walking distance of factories in which reduction of time and dismissal of employees were the order of the day, it is only possible to suppose that our Finance Minister possesses a good deal of the mercury which characterized the disposition of the late Mr. Mark Tapley.

EIGHTH PAGE.—Mr. GRIP is aware that Insurance men have long been in the list of victims of that awful fiend, the modern humorist, and that they have been painted as the embodiment of everything that is unlovely. But when Insurance men come forward promptly, pleasantly, and in a thoroughly business fashion, and hand in their checks in settlement of a claim—as the gentlemen in our picture did in the case of GRIP's fire—we sweep aside the calumnies of the would-be funny man, and declare boldly that Insurance Agents are bricks; and, what is more, we do our best to make pretty pictures of them.



The Montreal *Witness* headed an article a few days ago "Is Weather Forecasting Wrong?" I briefly answer the question thus: Yes, generally, as far as Mr. Vennor is concerned.

The Hamilton *Tribune* of last Saturday heads an editorial article, "Shall woman hold her peace?" Well, after deep study of the subject I have come to the conclusion that if she would consent to do so it would be very desirable, but, as far as I can see at present, there is but little hope that she ever will.

A Hamilton paper said a few days ago, "Chief Stewart was back in the Police Court this morning his cold being almost better." I am glad to hear it, and sincerely trust that the gallant officer's affliction won't be almost worse again. By the way, what state is a man in when he is "almost" better? It is almost always almost wiser to leave out such words as almost in almost all such sentences.

The latest addition to my library of exchanges is a 24 page journal from Montreal. It bears the terse title of *Dominion Dry-Goods Report and Fur Hat Clothing Record*. It isn't a very funny paper, but it is great on solid information. As I am thinking of getting a seal skin overcoat, I shall read this exchange earnestly hereafter. If you want to see a sample copy write to 162, St. James St., Montreal.

General Luard appears to have behaved nearly as well as the private soldiers when on his tour of inspection round these parts. It wouldn't do for him to be insulting our artillery men: a duel with cannon might be the result and then where would he be? Call to mind the fate of that vessel anchored in the bay once upon a time as a target for our gallant fellows to play away at. Ah, ha, general, you did well to keep civil.

A long list of people alleged to have been duped and "swindled" by Mr. D. B. Chisholm, of Hamilton, having been given by one or two papers notoriously opposed to the temperance cause, it is now in order for those who have swindled Mr. Chisholm and imposed on his good nature in the past, to hand in a list of themselves for publication. To the best of my belief it would prove a very much longer one than that already presented to the public. Now then, gentlemen, wheel into line: itinerant temperance lecturers take particular notice.

The gratifying intelligence comes wafted across the surging ocean that Victor Hugo never wears an overcoat: gratifying, that is to say to us poor unappreciated sons of genius (or something) who have no overcoats, or having them, have foolishly left them in charge of that avuncular relative who is base and sordid enough to retain them till we proffer a certain sum of the root of all evil. What Victor Hugo can do, I and the rest can likewise do, and if Moses wants to keep my ulster, let him; people will now know, when they see me shivering along in my alpaca, that I do so from choice and because M. Hugo does so.

Some fellow remarks in a paper I was looking at the other day, that it is a sad blow for that fresh reporter, a graduate of some classical college, who imagines that his efforts alone make the paper readable, to accidentally come across the pay sheet of the office and find that he only draws about a tenth part as much salary as the business manager, a mere, every day fellow from some business school. It may be a blow; doubtless it is, but I tell you that it is a much greater one for the associate editor to get hold of that pay sheet and to discover that he ranks, as regards salary, away down below the junior advertising agent and canvasser: Yea, verily.

I am delighted to see that Mr. Vennor has made a correct prophecy at last; at least, that is, his prediction would have been all right if it had been different. The seventh, eighth, ninth and tenth of this month were booked by him for a cold snap to be followed by warm weather. Those four days were the warmest and most beautiful we have had for some time, and on the evening of the eleventh a blizzard came howling along that lasted for about twenty-four hours. Mr. Vennor would have been all there if he had but put the cart before the horse and predicted just the opposite way to what he did. Still it was fair shot, very fair.

I see that the better class of American comic papers have lately taken to quoting more from *Punch* than they used to do. This is a healthy sign and shows that humor without vulgarity and fun without coarseness are beginning to be appreciated on the other side, though the low class American would-be funny papers still try to poke fun at the old Fleet-street joker. It is only these latter that try to ridicule *Punch* on account of his dulness, whereas, if the truth were told, it is their own dulness that prevents them from seeing any humor in an article unless it is strongly dashed with vulgarity, if not obscenity. A large amount of so-called "American humor" would not be tolerated in the country whose people have the good sense to appreciate *Punch*, except perhaps in the parlors of St. Giles' and Whitechapel, where the lower the wit is the more it is appreciated.

According to an English newspaper, some genius has invented a musical instrument called the Bandonion: by different arrangements of its stops the tones of the cornet, flute, oboe, clarinet and, I believe, bagpipes

can be imitated to perfection. I do not, however, credit the rumor that several of these instruments are on their way to this country, imported (so says gossip) by a gentleman owning an immense number of new houses, at present untenanted, in West Toronto. The rumor, which I repeat, I don't believe, has it that the gentleman alluded to intends to distribute these Bandoncons, gratis, to families in all parts of this city except in the neighborhood of his west end property: if found in use there, so says the rumor, in which I may state I place no credence, they will be destroyed according to the provisions of a new by-law for which plans are even now being drawn. Of course this rumor may be false: (I believe it to be so), even if it should prove to be a fabrication (and as such I regard it), the gentleman alluded to who owns property as before stated might do well to think the matter over. There may be millions in it.

I fail to see how that young man in Dundas, who is bringing a breach of promise suit against his quondam "onliest own," arrives at the conclusion that he has sustained \$5,000 worth of damages by the young lady's backing out, for such is the figure at which he places the injuries sustained by the piece of chicken liver that does duty for a heart with him. Mr. Moses, the husband of the fat girl who died recently, wished to dispose of the corpse of his very much bigger half, (if one half of anything can be bigger than the other, which is open to dispute,) to a physician for \$45: this, I consider, is placing the article at rather a low figure: only a little under nine cents a pound, for the deceased Mrs. Moses weighed 517 pounds. Now if the Dundas omadhaun would fix his price as Mr. Moses did, say 9 cents per lb., he is entitled to about \$11.70, assuming that his young woman weighs 130 lbs. This is a doosid sight more than he deserves, anyhow, but probably he thinks live femininity more valuable than the dead article: if so he is a youth who knoweth not when he hath a good thing; the latter is certainly the quieter of the two, which is better than brawling and strife, two things that often ensue in a household when folks awake from Love's young dream.

An undertaker in London, (Eng.), according to the *Lancet*, has been getting himself into hot water and insulting physicians by offering them a commission of so much per cent. according to the amount expended on the funeral, if they would recommend him in a business way to the families they were attending. It does not seem to me that this is much more of an insult on the part of that undertaker than for a druggist to offer a physician so much out of the amount received for a prescription written by the medical man and made up by the druggist at the doctor's recommendation a practice that is said to be not uncommon in Canada. Possibly the English physicians were nettled at the following paragraph occurring in the lithographed circular distributed amongst them by the deprived druggist. "It will not be necessary in any case for you to wait upon me with reference thereto" (that is, the receipt of the commission), "but simply to send a line, to say that you attended the deceased, as no inquiries will be made beyond this." Now that does look a little bit suggestive, do'snt it? This cheeky compounder of bad smells would seem to have intimated that the fact that any of the physicians addressed had attended the patient was quite sufficient evidence that the person died, or that the fact that the patient died was proof conclusive that he had been attended by one of those doctors. If this is what that druggist did mean, then those haughty London disciples of Æsculapius did quite right in getting their backs up. I should have been annoyed myself if I had been one of them.

I often wonder whether Dr. Samuel Johnson, if he lived in these days, would be treated with as much deference, and his opinions allowed to go uncontradicted as in the times when he did exist. I hardly think that Canadians, for instance, would permit him to lay down the law in the manner he used to do, without giving their own opinion, a thing that his cronies and associates appear to have been very chary of doing,—in his presence. I should like to see the old lexicographer return to earth if but for a few hours, just for the fun of hearing how he would get along nowadays. I fancy I see him, rolling about in his chair, wagging his head from side to side, and having a "good talk" with, well, say the editor of some newspaper. The conversation would probably run somewhat as follows:

DR. JOHNSON.—Journalism, sir, is nowadays, marked by a scurrility of expression and a defiance of the rules of courtesy and good breeding that should not be tolerated by those who admire refinement and literary culture.

EDITOR.—Oh! losh: in some cases, I admit, your remarks may be applicable, but my paper is one written by gentlemen for the perusal of gentlemen.

THE DOCTOR.—Sir, I fail to see how you can know what would be suitable reading matter for a gentleman.

EDITOR.—At any rate the erudition and brain force displayed in my paper must strike the most casual observer. All my staff eat fish to feed their brains. Is not that right?

THE DOCTOR.—No, sir. The man who would eat fish to augment his cerebral ponderosity would steal tripe.

EDITOR.—I think I know as much about it as you do, old fellow.

THE DOCTOR.—Sir, respect for the opinion of your seniors is evidently not one of your virtues.

I may be wrong, but I imagine that that would be about the style of thing that would occur. I am afraid that the old gentleman would find that very few young men, nowadays, entertain much respect for the opinions of their elders—at least in Canada.



### THE POOR CLERK'S TALE.

GRACE DE VERE.

You ask what ruined me: wait a while  
Till I tell you a tale of deceit and guile:  
I'm a poor clerk now, but well you know  
That I really was not always so.  
Though I'm growing old I blush and sigh  
As I think of what happened in days gone by.  
I was quite well off: had money in plenty  
At the time that I was but five and twenty;  
And I worshipped the stage and actresses too,  
As you'll see in this story I'm telling you.  
Where it all occurred I need not say,  
But the Jollity Company came that way,  
A troupe composed of the prettiest girls  
That ever wore petticoats, rouge and curls,

But the one with by far the prettiest face  
Was the *premiere danseuse*; her name was Grace.  
Yes, Grace de Vere was the beauty's name,  
Or she gave it as such which is all the same.  
As I watched each posture, each twist and twirl,  
I fell madly in love with the charming girl,  
And waking or sleeping I seemed to see  
The beautiful features of Grace de V.  
I attended the theatre every night,  
Though at present I only knew Grace by sight:  
One day I happened to meet Tom Twist,  
A newspaper fellow or journalist;  
He appeared in the town from—who knows where,  
At the time that the Jollity troupe was there  
I'd not run across him for several years;  
—Of course we indulged in a series of bears—  
And as he was a very old friend, to him  
I mentioned that I had conceived a whim  
To be introduced if I could be  
To the girls of the Jollity Company.  
"That's easily done," said Tom, "old man  
I can make you acquainted if any one can,  
For I know them all." And I thought his face  
Looked uncommonly queer when I mentioned Grace.  
I was introduced; with that pearl of pearls,  
Miss Grace de Vere of the Jollity girls,  
I fell in love, though she seemed to be  
Not in the least in love with me.  
When I called, no matter what time of day,  
Tom Twist was certain to be in the way.  
Well, the days sped on and the time drew nigh  
For the Jollity troupe to say good-bye.  
They had done very well and Miss Grace's share  
Of the profits had been so remarkably fair  
That she thought, if she could but secure a loan,  
Of starting a Jollity troupe of her own.  
But where was the money to come from?—Twist  
Was as "short" as the average journalist.  
Now here, thought I, is a capital chance  
My cause with the beautiful Grace to advance,  
I'll lend the money, 'twill surely be  
One way to make Grace think well of me.  
"It's a very large sum; all I possess,  
But 'twill make me 'solid' with Grace, I guess.  
I offered the loan, without more ado  
Grace took it; I thought Tom Twist looked blue:  
I thought he did, though now I know  
I was quite mistaken in thinking so.  
"I've a capital scheme," said Grace de Vere  
As she whispered something in Tom Twist's ear;  
"The very thing; 'tis a capital plan."  
Said Tom when he heard it; I hated the man;  
Why should Grace tell him not me her scheme?  
How remarkably thick those two do seem,  
I thought to myself. Well, Grace's plan  
Was to take me with her as her managing man,  
I could then get my money should she forget  
By any mischance to repay her debt,  
If I'd like to go. "If I'd like," I cried,  
I should like it better than ought beside;  
To go with Grace! with Grace de Vere!  
Why! I went quite wild at the bare idea.  
Ha! ha! thought I, this will put an end  
To that flirting 'twixt Grace and Tom, my friend.  
I immediately accepted the manager's place;  
I'd have gone as a 'supp' to be near Grace.  
"By the way, old man," I said to Twist—  
Oh! how I could crow o'er that journalist—  
"What will you do when Grace leaves here?  
'Twill be a sad blow, old fellow, I fear."  
"Oh, none whatever," cried Tom, "where you  
And Grace may go, why, I go too.  
Did I never inform you—upon my life  
I quite forgot it—that girl's my wife!  
I thought I'd told you when first we met;  
Now how in the world did I come to forget?  
Oh, horror! the blow was too much for me!  
What could I do? Ah, miserie.  
The news was astounding, a perfect bomb:  
What! Grace de Vere the wife of Tom!  
Ah! yes, indeed, 'twas even so,  
As her manager now I declined to go.  
They went, and now many years have flown.  
Since then, but they've never repaid my loan.  
And now I'm a humble clerk you see,  
All on account of Miss Grace de V.

### DIED OF GRIEF.

"So poor Sogwuggle has hopped the twig at last. I never thought he would survive the loss of his wife very long, for he was very fond of her."

"Good gracious, is poor Soggy dead? Grief I suppose;—died of a broken heart, eh? Valvular pericarditis or cardiac necrosis,—which was it?"

"Don't know the medical name for it: all I know is that I always said that if he lost his wife he would go too, and sure enough empty is the cradle, Soggy's gone."

"Dear me: when did it happen and how?"  
"Well, he ate a can of lobster last night and finished off with a quart of milk and a bottle of pickled cucumbers, and when they went to call him this morning he was in a land that is different from this."



## PORTRAITS FROM LIVING MODELS.

## III.—THE ATHLETIC BORE.

I have before alluded to the Athletic Nuisance; he is in fact one of the great Bore family, and so common that probably every one has met him at some period of his existence. He is not a professional athlete nor can he be said to be an amateur one, as we never, or very seldom, hear of him taking a part in athletic competitions, and if we do we never see his name on the list of winners. No, he is merely an athletic bore who makes the development of a lot of useless muscle his hobby, and he affects the greatest contempt for men who think him a fool for his pains. He reads everything he sees in the papers about Mr. John L. Sullivan, or whoever happens to be the brute hero of the day, who he regards with unfeigned awe and admiration but who, he tells you, he is confident he could thrash in two rounds were it not that he is above that kind of thing. He comes into your office, generally at your busiest time, and

after a few preliminary remarks, adroitly introduces the subject of athleticism, and then mentioning some popular athlete, he doubles up his arm, thrusts it before you with the words, "Just feel that, my boy; there's a biceps: get onto that triceps, will you? Sixteen inches and three quarters round! that rather takes the shine out of your Muldoon, eh? Pah! I could boost Muldoon over the moon with proper training; its all training and knack. Listen to that, will you?"—as he smites himself on the chest vigorously, "Forty-four and a half in circumference: Sound and hollow as a bellows, by Jove." You cannot help thinking that his head is equally deserving of the latter adjective if not of the former, though you will be wise not to say so: should you do so the athletic bore will pretend to be insulted and that will give him a pretext to seize you and exhibit his bear-like antics by hugging you till you are mad enough to hit him if he wasn't such a big brute and is, undoubtedly powerful, though quite uselessly so. After pointing out to you the splendid development of his thigh and calf he will take his departure, leaving you no room for doubt that the calf, at least, is well developed.

## IV.—THE FRESH AIR FIEND.

This creature is nearly allied to the foregoing specimen. He has got it into his head (which, by the way, appears to contain little else besides the element of which he is eternally talking, viz:—air), that a man, to enjoy perfect health, *must* be in constant contact with the outer atmosphere. His first act when he enters a railway or street car is to throw open one or more windows with the observation that he is stifling, no matter whether the thermometer is standing at 100° in the shade or 25° below zero anywhere. If he invites you to his house and you are rash enough to accept his invitation, he will plant himself in one strong draught and you in another and slap himself on the breast, and sniff and snort

and hee-haw like the ass he is and say "Ha! this is something like; fresh air, plenty of fresh air, sir; oxygen, my boy, oxygen; nothing like it: no lung troubles with plenty of fresh air;" then to his servant, "throw open another window, Johnson; a man can't get too much of this sort of thing," then, when he observes you shivering, instead of closing the windows he tells you to "inhale the air rapidly; nothing like it for increasing the circulation of the blood." He will then lead you



all over his house, displaying his inventions and contrivances for flooding his dwelling with "fresh air," and though two of his children have died of pneumonia contracted through being constantly in draughts and his wife is never free from a desperate cold in the head and a hacking cough, he still asserts that it is colding and muffling up that produces these complaints, which will soon succumb to his universal panacea, fresh air. The "fresh air" idiot is only a shade less objectionable than his antipodes, the man who never breathes fresh air at all if he can help it, but of whom space will not permit a portrait now. The fresh air monomaniac sleeps with his windows wide open, winter and summer, and calls every one a fool who chooses to do otherwise. He makes his house a palace of discomfort and himself an odious nuisance who, though he be right in some things is wrong in twenty times as many more, and who should be, by act of Parliament, expelled from the society of his fellow creatures and taken to the top of an exceeding high mountain and there chained, where he can inhale and exhale all the oxygen he wants, and where he will be able to obtain all the air he will know what to do with.

## INCREDIBLE IGNORANCE.

Wilkins—(A man of to-day) Hillo Simkins, are you going to the Luther celebration at the Pavilion to-night?

Simkins—(a wide-bound, dyed-in-the-wool Tory and constant reader of the Mail) Luther, Luther; who's Luther?

WILKINS—Why, man, don't you know? the great Reformer.

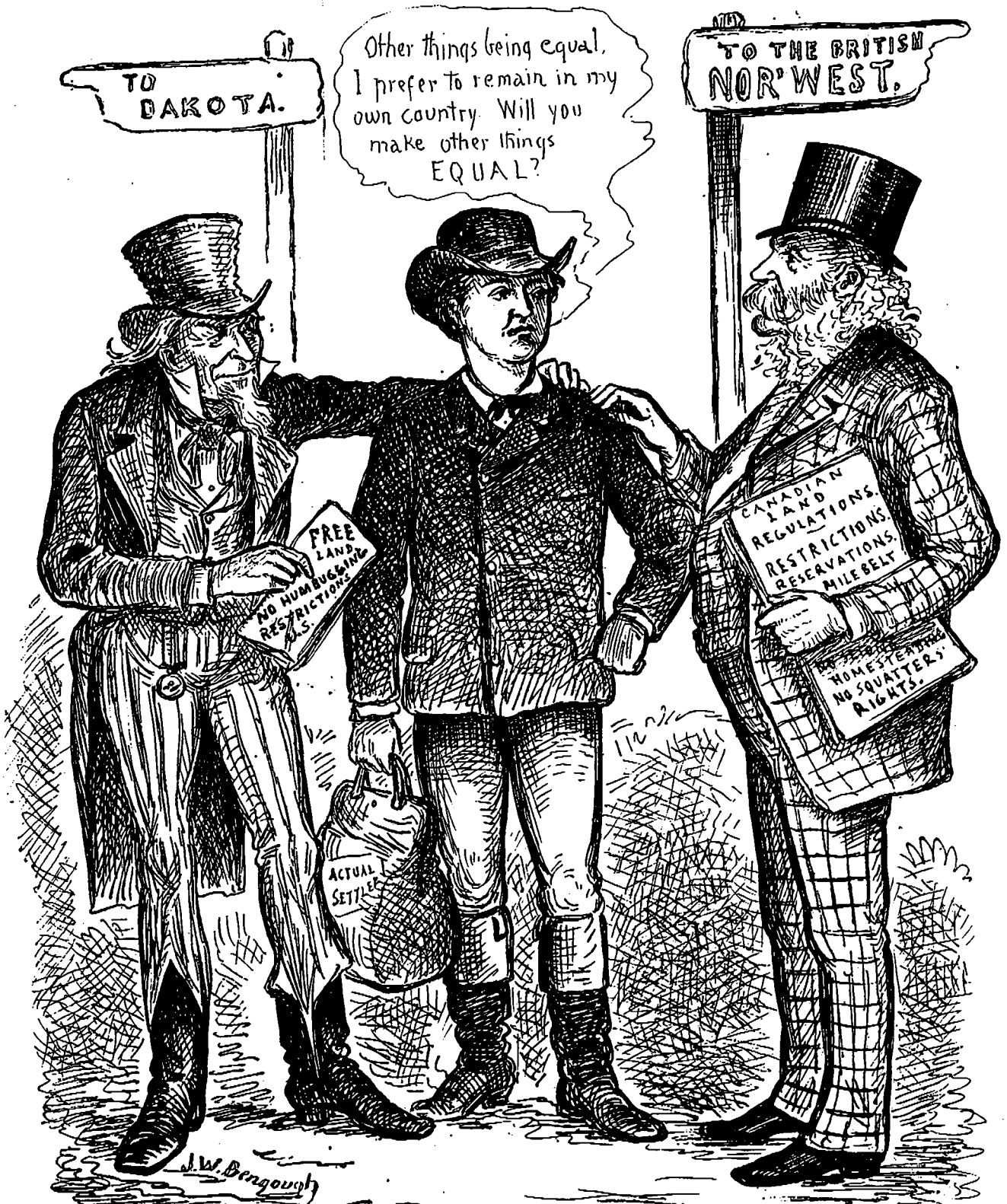
SIMKINS—Oh, a Reformer is he, one of those fellows who were in the pavilion a few months ago, a hunting around after whiskey and crackers.—No thank, you, he's not my man—Good morning.



## THE LUTHER CELEBRATION.

VENDOR OF STATUETTES—EVERYBODY MUST BUY ONE, MINE FRIEND. YOU MUST HAVE VON ALREADY. LUDAH! HE VOS ALSO GREAT REFORMER MIT SOMEDINGS TO REFORM, AIND IT?

A Baptist minister was once asked how it was that he consented to the marriage of his daughter to a Presbyterian. "Well," he replied, "as far as I have ever been able to discover, Cupid never studied theology."



### MR. MACPHERSON'S OPPORTUNITY.

A GRAND CHANCE FOR THE MINISTER OF THE INTERIOR TO WIN CANADA'S GRATITUDE.





"So the world wags."

No two persons look exactly alike or walk alike or speak alike. A shoemaker can tell in a moment whether he made a given boot, even though it be badly worn; and in some way individuality impresses itself upon almost all kinds of workmanship. Here are some interesting statements as to telegraphy, bearing on the same point:

#### INDIVIDUALITY.

There is no more interesting feature of the telegraphic service than the ability acquired through practice to distinguish between the different operators on a line by the manner of their sending. A corps of operators, each familiar with his fellow's method of sending, would scarcely need to waste time to affix their office signature to their calls, the office wanted being able to judge what operator was working the key. No operators in the city become more thoroughly acquainted and conversant with the men on the wire than those at the head of the great railway divisions, which extend in almost every direction from the city. The manners of sending of their different men become as familiar to them as does the handwriting of his book-keeper to the owner of a bank.

Operators never tire of telling the wonderful legends of their craft and the stories of their skill and achievements. One told is good and worth relating. It was during the late war when everything was considered suspicious. A Confederate general, accompanied by an expert in telegraphy, dashed open the door of a little office on the Mississippi River, and placing a revolver at the operator's head, told him to ask "M—," twenty miles above, if there were any gunboats there belonging to the Government. The operator was a Union man. He knew if he received a negative response the Confederates would move upon the helpless Union town of "M—." But there was no alternative. So he called "M—" and asked him if there were any gunboats in sight. There were none within fifty miles, but something in the operator's manner of sending led the receiving operator to suspect the truth. So he answered, "Yes, there are two in the bay, and from my window I can see the smoke from two others coming around the head."

"M—" was not molested. The operator's sagacity had saved the town.—*Exchange.*

\* \*

There are times in the lives of all men when they have to confess that they have been too hasty and have jumped too quickly to a conclusion. The exercise of a little patience would have prevented them from "putting their foot in it," and they wish, when it is too late, that they had not been in quite so great a hurry. This is merely an introduction to an anecdote illustrative of my remarks, a true story, doubtless, as it is culled from the *San Francisco Post*, a paper published in a country where lying is unknown among journalists. "Conscience makes cowards of us all" is true enough in most cases, though it seems to have merely had the effect of making the hero of this story

uncommonly cool and collected. Let us introduce

#### A BANK CASHIER AGREABLY SURPRISED.

The other morning, as the cashier of the Frog Hollow Savings Bank was writing a private letter to an Eastern firm of Co-operative burglars, the door opened, and the entire board of directors, headed by the president, entered in a very solemn manner.

"Mr. Steele," said the President, referring to a paper he held in his hand, "I desire—"

"I know just what you would say, gentlemen," interrupted the cashier, hastily, "and you will find me willing to agree to anything reasonable. Now, the question is, what sort of a compromise can we make?"

"A what, sir?" asked the president.

"Why, a compromise, of course," repeated the cashier. Suppose I turn over thirty per cent. and we liquidate for ten on the dollar, and—"

"Ten on the dollar?" said the entire board, looking much surprised.

"Well, then, say five cents," continued the executive officer. "That will leave more for you fellows. Then if you think it looks better, I'll stay in jail for a month or two while the depositors are moving out to the poor house and—"

"I don't know what you are talking about, sir," said the president. "Our business here, sir, is to compliment you on the present admirable condition of the bank under your management, and to present you with this gold-headed cane as a token of our esteem and confidence."

"Great Scott!" muttered the cashier, after the directors had congratulated him and walked out, "I thought the old duffers had been investigating the books and counting the cash."

\* \*

Sweet, indeed, is it for brethren to dwell together in unity, and blessed do I consider myself that my lot has been cast in a country where members of the journalistic profession discuss questions in their columns with so admirable a display of true courtesy, and an utter absence of personality, as I rejoice to say, they do in this Canada of ours. How different is the naughty language employed by western editors towards one another as evidenced by this clipping from a western newspaper. The editors of Stockton, Cal., are having it on the gambling question. The *Mail* says of the editor of its contemporary: "A man who would whipsaw an ace, and attempt to call the turn by putting (and we have often seen him) \$4, his week's salary, on a card that was as dead as Thompson's colt, is hardly the person to discuss this great question intelligently." To this unkind cut the *Herald* says: "A man who would let his money (borrowed from us) lay on the jack until said jack has passed to the silent majority, and a drunken clock-guerrilla appropriating the swag, while the player, with his eye on another man's bet, fondly supposes he was coppering the queen, enters this important argument considerably handicapped."

\* \*

It is generally allowed that to be able to say the right thing at the right time is a great gift, and the man who is, as a general thing, happy enough to tell the truth about a new baby and to please its mother at the same time is a rare being. Mr. Blanket, spoken of below, appears to have been an inspired omadhaun and was doubtless sorry he had spoken after he had given vent to the speech he is here credited with when he asserted that

#### THE BABY HAD ITS FATHER'S COMPLEXION.

Mr. Blanket sat looking at the baby trying to think of the usual idiotic, unmeaning and unmeant things that people say about new

babies, and at last, in a spasm of originality, remarked that "the baby had its father's complexion."

Then they all sat and looked at the rich cardinal hues that made the wrinkled countenance of the unconscious infant glow like a mountain sunset, and nobody said anything until a feeble voice from an adjoining room said:

"It was a good thing that the baby had it naturally, then, as it required about fifteen years' steady practice and the co-operation of three scientific clubs and five political campaigns to acquire it."

Then a sad quiet stole over the room again, only broken by the hard breathing of the baby's father, looking at the thermometer to see what time it was; while Mr. Blanket, feeling that he could add nothing to what had already been said, stole down stairs, softly whispering to himself about some fool, but the company couldn't catch the name and didn't know who he meant.



#### A FEW STATISTICS.

##### 1.—STREET CAR-OLGY.

The man appeared sane enough as he entered our room, but when he got into conversation it was evident that something was out of place somewhere. He announced himself as a statistician and proposed to read a few of his statistics; of course we strenuously objected, but when he stated that his were a new kind of the article and had reference only to this city we told him to drive ahead.

"I am a keen observer, sir," he began.

"That's good," we answered, "when you observe a twitching in our right knee, indicative of an uneasy sensation in the flexores and extensores muscles of our leg, it means kick. When you observe a cloud rest upon our Jovian brow, it means look out for squalls. Now proceed with those blessed statistics," and we borrowed a pipeful of the weed from him.

"Well, sir, my first section I call my

##### "STREET CAR STATISTICS.

"DIVISION I—GIRLS—I have made a practice of riding for some hours daily in all the street cars of Toronto, taking notes of the personal appearance of the young ladies who patronize that Smithian monopoly. I find that the best looking and best dressed girls frequent the Yonge-street vehicles; the plainest and least tastefully attired ones seem to be in favor of the Queen-street cars, though their manners are very fair, whilst those who ride on the King-street west chariots run, in a great mea-

sure to adiposity and Dave Davisism, and use more patchouli than those elsewhere. Oh! this is all fact, sir, and the result of the exercise of my keen powers of observation. Sherbourne-street has the most ordinary and commonplace lot of feminine patrons of any branch in the city: there is nothing particularly noticeable about them; they are 'absolutely commonplace and every-day' young women, though, as a rule, their costume is tastefully and well put on."

"Our knee is twitching, sir," we interrupted, "did not your keen power of observation enable you to notice the fact? We and our family invariably ride on the Sherbourne-street cars."

"Lucky it was not Parliament-street," coolly returned the visitor, "Parliament-street patrons of the street car service are, as proved by my statistics, the most homely lot in the city, sir, with no redeeming features whatever. Church-street runs to extremes, and I have noticed the prettiest and the plainest in the cars on that thoroughfare. You can pick out a girl as lovely as Venus on those cars, and, if you are searching for one as homely as a Fiji islander with the small-pox, you will get her there. Figures don't lie, sir, and my figures are the result of my keen powers of observation."

"How about Spadina-avenue?" we enquired, becoming interested, for we actually began to discover that there was some truth in what the statistician was saying.

"Spadina-avenue, sir, is, taken on the whole, from fair to middling: nothing particularly out of the way either one way or the other. I think, perhaps, there are more old maids on that line than any other, and possibly a greater percentage of false hair and teeth goes over that street than any other, but I may be mistaken. The dividing line, nowadays, between the Real and the Unreal, the Natural and the False, is often so faintly defined as to be, at times, almost imperceptible."

"A good sentence, sir," we said, "from what author did you crib it?"

"From GRIP," he replied, "GRIP, the golden mouthed: GRIP the St. Chrysostom of modern literature."

"You flatter us, but your flattery is dashed with veracity. Proceed."

"DIVISION II—MEN, MANNERS, &c. ON CARS. —There are more fat men on the Queen-street cars than on others, and they nearly always ride on the south side. As a natural consequence there is more good temper on that line than the rest, and a lady need never stand for two seconds on a Queen street car. I have observed that when a lady enters a car on Yonge-street, the men become so deeply wrapped up in their own thoughts that they fail to notice that she is unable to find a seat till a sudden jolt of the vehicle causes her either to precipitate herself into their laps, or to stamp on their choicest corn. The Toronto sample of the dude is oftener seen on a Yonge-street car, and the quality of the tobacco smoked on the platforms on this street is by long odds the most offensive and execrable."

Our visitor paused for a few seconds and then proceeded reflectively:

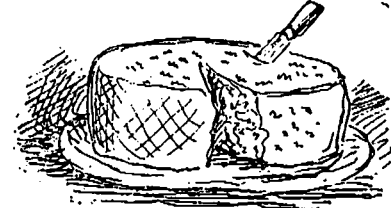
"It may be wrong, but I think persons of both sexes with good clothes, loud, flashy jewellery and dirty hands abound in greater numbers on the Yonge-street cars, and the man and the middle-aged woman with several large rings, watch chains like the cable of a seventy-four and garments out in the 'nobby, dressy style,' and who say 'Them there things hadn't oughter,' 'me and him doesn't,' 'I have went,' &c., flourish there in all their glory, and, as Solomon was an intelligent man of excellent judgment it is altogether probable he was never arrayed like one of these. I think the clerk who talks to his chum in a loud tone of voice about the 'high old time we had last night at 'Mike's' or 'Tim's'" and so on and who gives the rest of the occupants of the cars to understand that he is a very dare-devil, go-ahead, up-to-a-thing-or-two, and you-can't-fool-me young man indeed is about equally divided between King and Yonge-streets."

"How many more of your statistics are there?" we enquired as we looked out of the window and saw a bill-collector approaching our office.

"Oh! I have notes on Toronto's Breakfastology, that is statistics showing the different viands most commonly used for breakfast on our various streets; then there is—"

"Yes, just so, sir: well, we are in a great hurry this morning, kindly call around to-morrow and give us the rest. We are inter-

ested and shall be glad to see you." Your keen powers of observation will enable you to see the door over there; good-bye," and as the tramp of the bill-collector's foot resounded on the staircase we stepped into the elevator used for hoisting and lowering the lithographic stones and descended swiftly as one who fears he knows not what.



#### ¶ A RELIC OF THE REFORMATION.

The above cut represents an interesting relic omitted from the exhibition of Luther curiosities. It is a Reminiscence of the Diet of Worms, which was contributed by an admirer of the Mitey reformer, but declined with thanks by Rev. Dr. Scadding.



Mr. Sheppard has it all to himself, but he does not abuse this monopoly by bringing on poor combinations. On the contrary, he gives his patrons the best things procurable in the dramatic line. This week a special feast for the gods is supplied by Devcne's allied attractions, though the performance secures the approval of the ground floor as well. The programme is unique in some respect, and excellent in all.

On the 19th Mlle. Rhea, the charming French lady who captivated Toronto on a previous occasion, begins a brief engagement at the Grand. The lovers of perfect stage-art will come out in force to welcome this star. Mlle. Rhea will be followed on the 22nd by Mrs. Langtry, who will display her beautiful face and wonderful wardrobe before crowded audiences. It is pleasing to learn that this lady has developed a decided talent in her adopted profession, and may now appeal to the public as an actress as well as a beauty. Her *Lady Teazle* is pronounced equal to the representation of the character by any lady now on the stage.

We have to thank Messrs. Mason and Rische for the courtesy of an invitation to view the portrait of the Albe Liszt, recently presented to their firm by the distinguished Maseto himself, and now on exhibition at the King-street warehouses. The painting is the work of one of the leading artists of Germany.

"Let no man enter into business while he is ignorant of the manner of regulating books. Never let him imagine that any degree of natural ability will supply the deficiency or preserve multiplicity of affairs from inextricable confusion."—Day's Business College, 96 King St. W. Toronto.

#### HE LAUGHED.

He was a tall, lanky, cadaverous, dyspeptic—who had used almost every decoction and preparation that was ever made. His friend, said his case was hopeless, but he laughed, for he had just procured a Notman's Stomach and Liver Pad which had already commenced to cure him. He is now cured as everyone else is that wears a Notman Pad.



"I STAND FOR JUSTICE; ANSWER, SHALL I HAVE IT?"

THE N. W. T.—I'M GOING TO BE REPRESENTED HERE LIKE MY SISTER PROVINCES, OR KNOW THE REASON WHY!



**GRIP'S LEVEE.**

FORMAL RECEPTION OF SYMPATHETIC INSURANCE MEN (WITH CHEQUES) BY THE SINGED RAVEN.

**SUNG AT OTTAWA**

BY JOHN A.

"Was ever any mortal so worried out with care?  
But that I'm a religious man, I certainly would swear.  
It's not a sickness, though it might be stated that I fail  
With disease of my chief organ, which that organ is the  
*Mail.*

It's that confounded newspaper a cutting around loose,  
And mixing up and muddling things, and playing of the  
deuce,  
And taking aim to hit my foes, and hitting friends in-  
stead;  
It's not a wonder if I wish that it or I were dead.

He's been a shouting now that Local Ministers own land,  
The idiot, in Dakota; and he doesn't understand  
That our own chaps at Ottawa have land, not only  
there,  
But, bless you, if they only could, they'd have it every-  
where.

And here he's been a yelling that they're traitors and all  
such,  
Which means, of course, that we ourselves are traitors  
just as much.  
We're Britons, sir, and have a right to hold our property  
In Yankeeland, or any land, wherever we can buy.

Then pity a poor Minister exposed to those here games,  
With his own organs calling of his own friends all such  
names,  
And saying that they're traitors, and all sorts of horrid  
things,  
Oh! that I was a looking down, a cherub with two wings

**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.

- A cow's paradise—The udder world.
- The first weather report—Thunder.
- Church music is not difficult to a choir.
- Bil iard playing is a sort of green baize ball game.
- Our babies—With all their faults we love them still: not noisy.
- The dentists will take the stump during the present campaign as usual.
- Confectioners are the only class of men who charge pretty girls for taffy.
- Very few men are so stingy that they will not share a kiss with a pretty girl.

The dog has queer taste in matters of dress.  
He wears his pants in his mouth.

When a drove of cattle get to bellowing you  
can't get so far away from them that they will  
not be herd.

When a pedestrian finishes his walk he is a  
good deal like the rim of a cart-wheel, because  
he is a tired fellow.

If a woman could always marry the man of  
her choice, she might be taking the husband of  
some other woman.

A patent medicine advertisement speaks of  
a "humor in the stomach." This indicates a  
removal of the jocular vein.

In a new light. "I have been with you  
now three months," said the junior clerk,  
"and I think I ought to have a salary some-  
thing nearly commensurate to my services."  
"H'm!" replied the employer; "well, times  
haven't been very good; you haven't had very  
much to do, you know. Couldn't think of giv-  
ing you more than fifty dollars a month."  
Clerk—"Beg pardon, sir, I am not to blame  
because you haven't done business enough to  
keep me busy. I expect to get paid for what  
I know, not for what I do." Employer—  
"Oh! That puts the matter in a new light.  
I shall give you five dollars a month here-  
after."—*N. Y. Graphic.*

**NOT THE MAN.**

"You know Blank, don't you?" queried a  
citizen as he entered a Griswold-street office  
yesterday. "Yes." "Have you any influ-  
ence with him?" "Well, I may have."  
"Then you are the man to go to him. He has  
a son about 16 years old!" "Yes." "That  
boy is on the road to ruin because his father is  
too good-natured and too much wrapped up in  
business. Seems to me it is your duty to go  
to that man and tell him in a friendly way  
that he must exercise more government or his  
boy will be lost." "I don't think I'm the  
man," replied the other, as he chewed at a  
blotting pad and gazed out of the window.  
"But why?" "Well, I've got a boy about  
the same age, and I'm just going up to the  
Police Court to pay a fine of \$20 for him for  
smashing up saloon furniture! Try the next"  
—*Detroit Free Press.*

**THE BIGGER FOOL.**

"When I married you," said Mrs. Peppar  
ton to her husband, "I thought you were a  
sensible man, but I have learned that you are  
a fool."

"Let's see," the husband mused, "we have  
been married five years, haven't we?"

"Yes, I am sorry to say that we have."

"And you married me under the impression  
that I was a sensible fellow?"

"Yes."

"And you have just discovered that I am a  
fool?"

"Yes, I have."

"Well, you have been a long time in mak-  
ing this discovery, which proves that you are  
a bigger fool than I am. Another thing in my  
favor is that I knew you were a fool or you  
wouldn't have consented to marry me."

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to three applications, Treatise sent free on  
receipt of stamp. A. H. DIXON & SON, 305  
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