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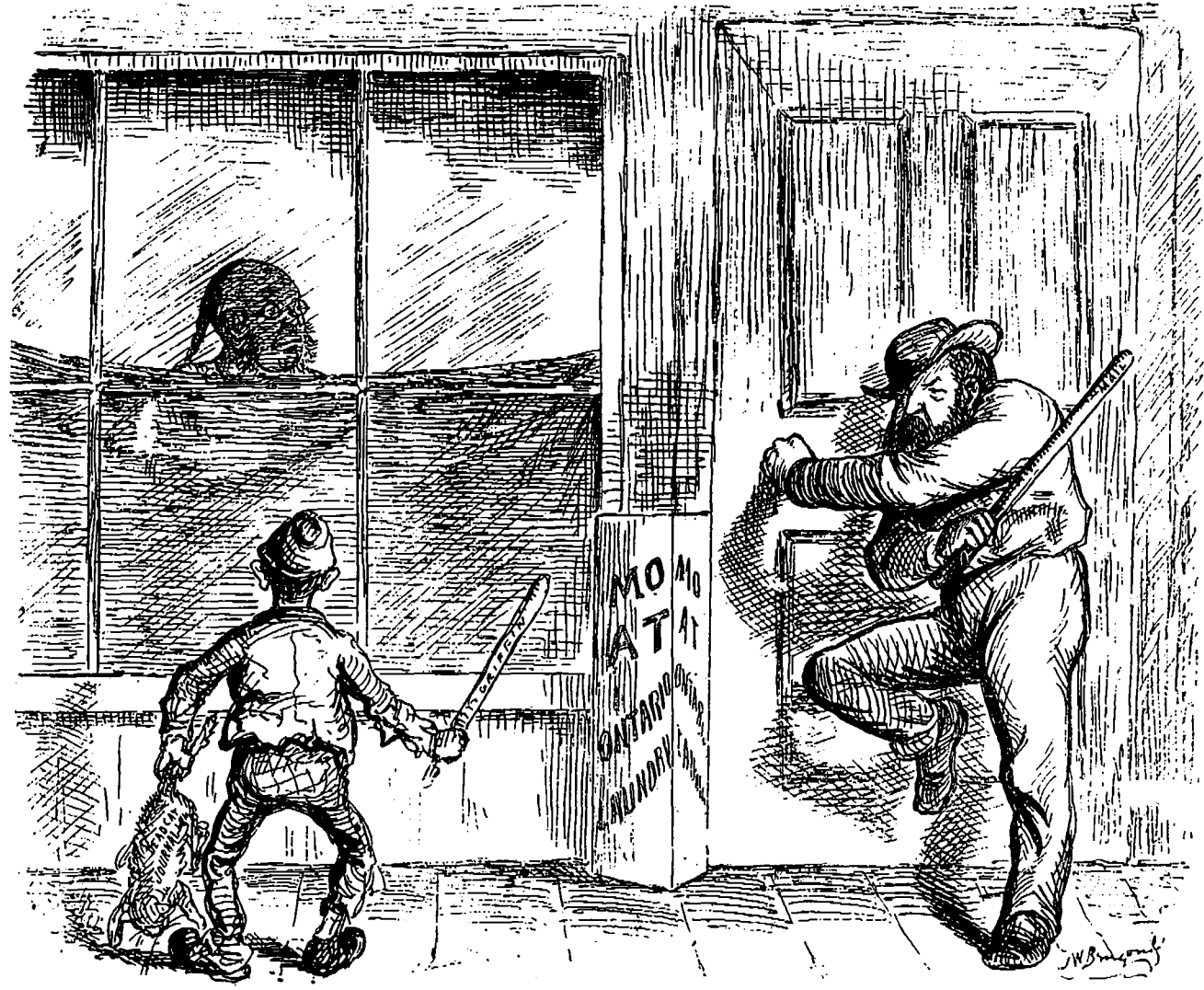
**THE "SOVEREIGN" M'KINNON PEN.** ALWAYS READY. SEND FOR DESCRIPTIVE PAMPHLET TO C. W. YOUNG, BOX 600, STRATFORD.

IMPORTER  
CHINA HALL.  
GLOVER HARRISON  
49 KING ST. EAST, TORONTO.

The Greatest Beast is the Air.  
The Greatest Bird is the Owl.  
The Greatest Fish is the Quiver.  
The Greatest Man is the Tool.

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CHINA HALL.  
GLOVER HARRISON  
49 KING ST. EAST, TORONTO.

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"MOWAT MUST GO!" OR, BUNTING AT THE DOOR.

## EXHIBITION VISITORS!

Welcome to the Queen City! But don't leave without seeing the wonderful

### WRITING MACHINE

which produces work with double the speed of longhand, in fine clear type! You can have a letter written on it, and mailed from our stand in the Main Building. Surprise and puzzle your friends by sending them one! You can learn all about this machine, and also all about Shorthand at our stand, or by writing to THOS. BENGOUGH, (Official Reporter, York Co. Courts), Manager Bengough's Shorthand Bureau, 11 King Street West, Toronto.



EST GENT—What find I here  
Fair Fortia's counterfeit? What demi-god  
Hath come so near creation?  
AND GENT—It must have been BRUCE, a he alone can  
so beautifully counterfeit nature.  
STUDIO—113 King st. West.

# PITTSTON COAL. SHIPPED DIRECT FROM MINES TO THE TRADE -AT LOWEST RATES.- A. & S. NAIRN Toronto.



AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL

Published by the GRIP Printing and Publishing Company of Toronto.

J. W. BRINGOUGH, Editor & Artist.

S. J. MOORE, Manager.

SUBSCRIPTION TERMS.—Two dollars per annum, payable in advance. Six months, one dollar.

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

**Plum-Ob-serve.**

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

**Cartoon Comments.**

**LEADING CARTOON.**—The interesting match, Dominion vs. Ontario, is still being played on the Provincial ground. Or, more correctly speaking, it remains at a standstill. Sir John at the bat for the Dominion has had his stumps scattered, and the umpire has given an unequivocal decision of "out," but the player declines as yet to give up the bat. He doesn't deny that his wickets are down, nor does he question the fairness of the umpire, but at the same time he demands that the question be referred to some authority in the old country. The fact is, as the picture plainly shows, he holds on to the bat under threat of the French members of his team, whose sense of fairness and honor is not so keen as that of most players of the manly English game.

**FIRST PAGE.**—The *Mail* has uttered the war-cry, "Mowat must go!" which is being repeated from end to end of the Province by the Conservative press. The cry sounds so much like an echo of the hoodlum howl from the San Francisco sand-lots that the interpretation given in the cartoon was inevitable.

**EIGHTH PAGE.**—John Galt, C. E., (an engineer of known ability, and a man of the highest character) has written a remarkable letter to the *Telegram* on the subject of our Water Works, a letter which has excited great comment amongst our citizens, and calls for something more practical than comment on the part of the civic authorities. Mr. Galt's assertion is, in short, that the city is losing at least \$30,000 per year under the present management of the Water Works, and this startling statement is backed up with facts and figures which cannot be dodged. Mayor McMurrich has the entire confidence of the citizens, and will decidedly increase the esteem in which he is held by taking prompt action to have the matter thoroughly investigated. Mr. Galt proclaims his willingness to assist in any such inquiry, and there is therefore no excuse for delay.



The concerts given at the Pavilion last week, under the auspices of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, were not a success financially, which is to be regretted, as the programme presented was exceptionally good. Miss McManus, our sweet-voiced soprano, supplied the vocal numbers, while Messrs. Lauder and Field and Miss Lampman contributed instrumental selections. Mr. Harry G. Franck, of New York, gave several recitations on each evening, meeting with fair success.

Baker and Farron continue their triumph at the Grand. "Max Muller" is a very good melodrama, and the acting of Mr. Baker in the title role was a decided surprise to those who saw him in a serious part for the first time. As a character actor he will bear comparison with any star of the day, while his colleague Farron is with ut a peer in his Irish delineation. He is impossible, but "you must laugh, you can't help it!"

Mr. W. J. Scanlan has been drawing good houses at the Royal to witness his new play, "Friend and Foe." This piece is the work of Bartley Campbell, author of "Galley Slave," "My Partner," and other successful plays. "Friend and Foe" abounds in brilliant dialogue and effective situations, but it leaves an unsatisfactory impression upon the spectators, owing to the helplessly weak *dénouement*. Mr. Scanlan's *Carroll Moore* is a splendid specimen of the poetical Irishman, and bids fair to become a great comedy part. If he takes our advice he will have the last act remodelled, and a good finish put on, and above all things he will omit that silly "Peek-a-boo" twaddle. Next week "Only a Farmer's Daughter," and "Atkinson's Jollities."



**PAT'S TENDER CONSIDERATION.**

**LANDLORD**—Let's see, you've had supper, bed and breakfast—seventy-five cents.  
**PAT**—Be gorra, sur, I have no money.  
**LANDLORD**—And why in thunder, sir, didn't you tell me that last night!  
**PAT**—Sure, sur, I thought you'd feel bad enough if I towd you in the mornin'!

**THE BOLD BLACK BIGAMIST.**

Some time ago on Afric's burning shore  
 A maiden dwelt, where now she dwells no more;  
 She roamed the desert fetterless and free;  
 Her face was black—her name was Blac-led-de.  
 There in her own, her native wilderness,  
 She did not crase or pine for gorgeous dress,  
 But with her tribe in beauty she resided,  
 Robed in the garb that nature had provided;  
 A little paint, a feather and a bead,  
 Supplied Blac-led-de's every daily need.  
 And in her tribe—that queer uncultured crowd—  
 Strange customs were encouraged and allowed;  
 For instance, bigamy was ever found  
 And was the fashion in the country round.  
 The ladies liked it—they had all the fun,  
 Two husbands each had every happy one;  
 They ruled the land and their untortured spouses,  
 And lived their lives in metaphoric trowsers.  
 Blac-led-de's ma, in youth had given her heart  
 To two brave youths who had to live apart;  
 They never did and never could agree,  
 So theirs was but a severed family.  
 Blac-led-de's filial feet were wont to stray  
 To see her fathers each alternate day;  
 She did her duty and she ever strove  
 To show her fathers both a daughter's love.  
 Each father had an only dusky son,  
 Who on the verge of manhood's horizon  
 Stood trembling in an interesting way;  
 Their names were Jimmi-jee and Jimmy-jay.  
 The boys were twins and both on banded knee  
 Worship'd Blac-led-de simultaneously.  
 She loved them both but knew not what to do  
 How to obtain the young and virtuous two;  
 For each had sworn most solemnly that he  
 Would never share the heart of Blac-led-de.  
 She pondered long, and, counselled by her ma,  
 Advised each youth to stay with his papa,  
 And marrying both by them was ne'er suspected,  
 Her life was joy—her sin was undetected.  
 With wifely love her steps would daily stray,  
 Now to see Jimmi-jee, now Jimmy-jay.  
 And oft she'd go a female friend to see,  
 Now taking Jimmy-jay, now Jimmi-jee.  
 As gaily sped the fleeting years along,  
 Her love for each, each year became more strong;  
 True Jimmy-jay and faithful Jimmi-jee,  
 Loved her each season more exceedingly.  
 But soon Blac-led-de's cruel, call us scheme  
 Burst like a bubble, melted like ice-cream,  
 Collapsed as all things must both good and ill  
 All things must pass thro' fate's remorseless mill.  
 One day a picnic sweet Blac-led-de went,  
 And there she met by purest accident  
 Her husbands Jimmy-jay and Jimmi-jee,  
 Who claimed acquaintance simultaneously.  
 Their wrath was great, 't is great as their surprise  
 As they awoke from their "fools' paradise,"  
 And in a sheltered spot her husbands twain  
 Politely ask Blac-led-de to explain;  
 She feebly tries, but only tries to fail,  
 She can't compos: a satisfactory tale  
 So with a sigh they mutually agree  
 To kill and dine on gentle Blac-led-de.  
 There in the summer sun's meridian heat  
 They kill and cook her lately worship'd meat;  
 'I hey find her tender, as she was in life,  
 And share in peace their mutilated wife.  
 But soon arrive her friends with one accord,  
 And find them sleeping round the "festal board,"  
 And but the bones of Blac-led-de are there,  
 Tho' they had hoped her tender flesh to share,  
 And so to keep her hallowed memory  
 They slaughter Jimmy-jay and Jimmi-jee,  
 And on the eve of that eventful day  
 Boiled Jimmi-jee and potted Jimmy-jay.  
 Dear reader, who may drop a silent tear,  
 On this sad picture I've depicted here,  
 You will admit that all duplicity  
 Which takes the form of s'ful bigamy  
 Is much to blame. If 'tis your fearful fate  
 Twixt two young hearts to halt and hesitate,  
 Just toss a coin and let that coin decide  
 Whom you shall call your bridegroom or you bride;  
 Don't marry both, for think my friend, w' th awe,  
 You've double bliss—and two mammas-in law!!

THE ILLUSTRATED ARTICLES in the October *Century* will include papers on "The Corcoran Gallery of Art" at Washington; "Life in a Mexican Street," with pictures by Mary Hall-oock Foote; a paper on Quebec, "The Gibraltar of America"; "Hand-work in Public Schools," by Charles G. Leland, etc. E. E. Farman, formerly Consul-General at Alexandria, contributes to this number an illustrated paper on "The Negotiations for the Obelisk," describing the difficulties experienced in getting the final permission of the Egyptian Government to remove the Needle to New York. This is said to be especially interesting at this time, as it includes an account of the first revolt of Arabi Pasha, and the political complications which grew out of it.



A FRIENDLY SUGGESTION TO MR. NORQUAY.

THE ITINERANT INTERVIEWER.

Perhaps nothing is more humiliating to a man of the world than his voluntary confession of having been sharped; candour, however, compels me to acknowledge the fact. The antiquated stranger your itinerant commissioner interviewed last week was evidently a fraud; his assertion that he had shot bears and Indians sixty years ago on what is now the Esplanade, I am convinced was nothing more than an alluring fiction. This conviction, however, is exceedingly painful to my feelings, for my heart yearned towards that apparently guileless and simple-minded veteran, nor do I so much regret the wealth disbursed—for who could see a man of eighty-four athirst without alleviating an affliction to which our common humanity is so universally subject. No, sir! it is not a question of filthy lucre, for money is neither here nor there with me; but I do regret my being compelled to disillusionize the minds of your many thousand readers whose sympathies may have been excited in his behalf. If any contributions have been sent to your office for his benefit, and you will forward them to me, I will endeavor to find him at the same place where I made his acquaintance for the first time.

The next subject in my professional itinerary is not only a coat of another color, but a petticoat to boot.—in fact a lady. Just as the impecunious loafer loiters with longing look at the money exchanger's offices, so the hungry poet patrols the matutinal market and feasts his eyes on luscious specimens of "Brisket," "Round" and "Porter-house."

The other morning, while revelling in this carnal display, my attention was directed to a lady whose manner of fixing the vendors of meat was a caution, rejecting this, and selecting that, bargaining, disputing, but always negotiating to her own advantage, she at length left the market with such a triumphant look of having done it that my curiosity prompted me to address her as a fit subject for the interviewer.

"Madam," said I, in my usual suave manner, (which is almost irresistible), "is meat dear this morning?"

"It's never dear," said she, "when you know how to get it cheap—but you are very inquisitive—are you a newspaper man?"

Oh! how my heart glowed to be taken, or rather *mis*-taken, for one of that noble band. "Madam," said I, "your questioner is but a poor poet, but he does occasionally write for the newspapers."

"Then," said she, "come and view my establishment! I am a boarding-house keeper, and if you will give me a 'puff' in the 'Tele,' I shall be grateful."

"Madam," said I, "lead on! I will give you a puff anywhere."

I found the establishment a very pattern of neatness. A young lady, the daughter of my conductress, and to whom I was introduced, was practising at the piano, after which introduction your interviewer proceeded to business in the usual way:—

Ques.—In supplying this very long table in your dining-room, can you make both ends 'meat'?

Ans.—Taxes, coals and lumber come heavy, but still I do pretty well.

Ques.—Do you find any difficulty in supplying square meals from a round of beef?

Ans.—I never buy rounds, but the boys always get a square meal.

Ques.—May I ask you if the matutinal steak is eaten before beaten, or *vice versa*?

Ans.—I think beating makes it tenderer, except the bone.

Ques.—You sometimes purchase poultry now, when you buy your geese, do you always think of it's age?

Ans.—I always season them up, it makes 'em tasty.

Ques.—Now does sauce for the goose ever necessitate saws for the gander?

Ans.—I think the male bird wants quite as much sauce and longer cooking.

Just at this moment the young lady at the piano exclaimed, "Mare! sing the gentleman the song you wrote; you would not think 'Mare' could write poetry, would you, sir?"

"Madam," said I, "humble hands have twanged the extatic lyre, and the divine afflu—"

"Tush!" said the young lady, "that's too tall; sing 'Mare,' can you sing, sir?"

"Madam," said I, "I had an excellent voice, but it was accidentally broken by a fall in Western Stock!"

"I am afraid the gentleman will laugh," said the lady.

"Madam! it is the poet's delight to foster—"

THE SONG OF THE BOARDING-HOUSE KEEPER.

Oh! for the life of a boarding-house,  
When health is good and the boys are gay,  
Each night I indulge in a mild carouse,  
For my beds are full, and my boarders pay—  
They've lots to eat  
Of hash and meat—

Who stints her boarders I call a cheat!  
I buy the cheapest meat in town,  
And season it up or salt it down,  
And if it turns green I singe it brown:  
And all the boarders exclaim, you know,  
Say, "doesn't she make it tasty, O."

A queen may sit on her gilded throne,  
And try to rule a divided state,  
But here the empire is all my own,  
I rule the boys with a teeming plate—  
Their taste I woo  
With wholesome stew—

Who stints her boys is a wretched screw!  
And in the winter I always try  
To keep them warm without taking "rye,"  
By giving them lard and mustard pie;  
And all my boarders exclaim, you know,  
Say, "doesn't she make it tasty, O."

After another song from the young lady at the piano, "All the blue bonnets go over the boarder!" your interviewer took his leave.

R. C.

A NIGHT IDYLL.

Bow! wow! wow! how-wow-wow-wow, wow-wow-wow!  
How calmly the moon shines down (she wouldn't if she heard the row);  
The city is hushed and still; on the street not a sound is heard,  
Save the bow-wow-wow of that dog, chained up in the next-door yard.

All through the long hours of the night he has howled and howled,  
While the neighbors profane they swore, and the neighbors devout they growled  
As they turned and turned again in their vain attempts to sleep,  
And it's oh! for a string and a stone, and a pond fifty fathoms deep!

Bark-bark-bark! bow-wow-wow-wow-wow, wow-wow!  
And the town clock it strikes two, oh! surely he'll shut up now;  
Every bone in my body aches, my head is as heavy as lead;  
Surely the folks who own that dog must be deaf or drunk or dead.

One! two! three! and my weary eyes I close.  
But nary a wink of sleep, no sreee! not if he knows.  
He has barked, bow-wow! and yelped, he has howled and yowled and whined,  
And there's nothing left me now but to try and be resigned.

Four o'clock, and there is the sun coming up o'er the eastern wold,  
Griming all over his face at the way we are nightly sold.  
"Strychnine," "rough-on-rats," "seven-shooters," such thoughts my devotions retard;  
Sure it is the arch tempter himself, shut up in the next door yard!

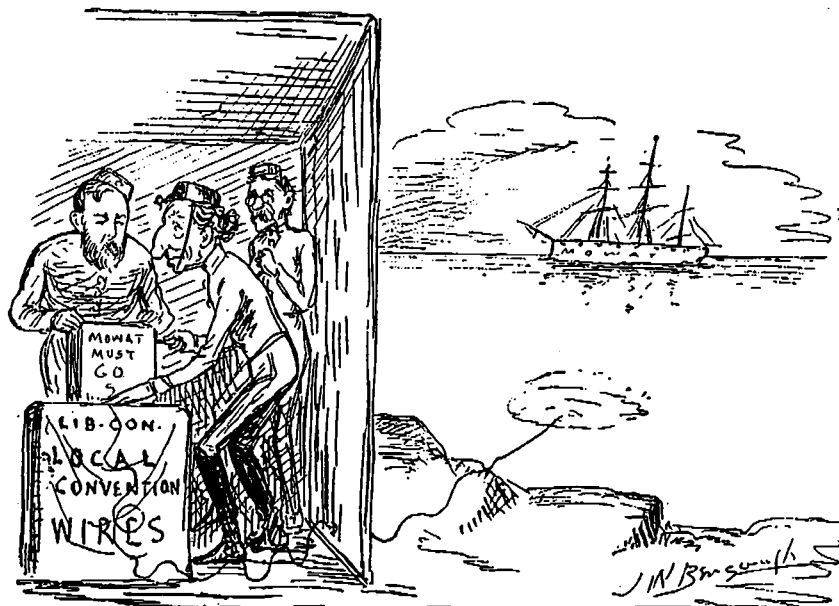
A DISTINGUISHED OUBAN.

Amongst the toilers who contribute to make the nineteenth century a luxurious one to live in we must give a prominent place to the makers of cigars, and away up on the top shelf in this department of the world's work stands Davis, of Montreal, the manufacturer of that fragrant "weed" known as the *El Padre*. If our maiden aunt could only be persuaded to try one of these sublime soothers, we would hear no more of her shrill remarks about the "horrid smoke;" ten to one she would turn right round and invite us to smoke in the parlor. The Davis factory at Montreal is one of the institutions of that city, and embraces all the departments of the business even to box-making. The firm also have branch offices at 34 Church-street, Toronto. Their goods enjoy here a popularity proportionate with their merits.



A PROMISING BOY.

TEACHER.—And what comes after T?  
PUPIL.—You do, to see my sister Ann Maria



MODERN WARFARE ILLUSTRATED.

ANOTHER GRAND BLOW-UP IN PREPARATION!

## THE EDITOR'S DREAM.

BY DICK DUNPLING.

It was noon-day. The sun poured its hot rays into the office of the "Bangtown Banger," where the Editor sat in his chair with his feet on his desk, and his hands in his pockets, jingling a key, two buttons, and a solitary nickel, which constituted his cash on hand. He was pondering over the troubles that were his. He was thinking of how he could get some lucre, for it was pay-day, and the "hands" were going to rise in mutiny, unless they were paid the month's wages due to them. The subscribers to the "Banger" were mostly farmers, and the poor editor had accepted carrots, pumpkins, decayed squash, and other garden stuff in lieu of cash, until his cellar was full of the stuff.

A dreamy drowsiness came over him as he sat there thinking of indignant printers, second-hand pumpkins, angry wives, and empty pockets. His head fell back on the chair, his eyes closed, his mouth opened, and he heaved a sigh that flew up to the ceiling and broke off a piece of the plaster, which fell into the poor man's mouth. It was well, for he was sick of vegetable food, and had nothing to eat since the last time. He dozed. A handsome carriage drawn by two handsomer bays, and driven by the handsomest coachman, drew up before the door of the "Bangtown Banger." A well-dressed gentleman stepped out of the vehicle and entered the sanctum, accompanied by two footmen carrying an iron-bound chest. He bade the disheartened editor good-day, and with an air of the deepest civility informed him that Midas Moneybags, the richest man in all Canada, had died, and left his immense fortune of \$250,000,000 to him, for he had heard of his struggles, and, considering him the most unfortunate man in the world, he determined to leave him the little that he possessed; he had been a wicked man in his day, and was anxious to atone for his wickedness by doing a small act of charity. Then the gentleman handed the key of the iron-bound chest to the thunder-struck editor, and, bowing to him until he reached his carriage, departed.

Imagine the joy of the poor scribe! He fell backwards out of the chair, and alighted on his head, as though the neck of a millionaire were apt to break at that of a beggar.

He rushed to the chest and opened it. It was full of shining gold pieces. He snatched a handful, and called all the printers out to have something. Then he paid them up in full, and calling a hack, put his treasure into it, and was driven home. His wife went into hysterics when he informed her of her good luck, but soon came out of them. Poor thing! she was not used to such pleasant surprises. Before night, the editor had paid all his debts, distributed his cellar-full of truck among the poor, and had filled his larder with the daintiest edibles to be found. He had even given up his printing establishment, and announced his intention of living a life of ease. When the next day's issue of his old rival, the "Bangtown Bugle," appeared, it contained a short paragraph intimating that "some obscure individual connected with the "Bangtown Bugle" had fallen heir to a small fortune." Of course, our lucky editor didn't get mad when he read this announcement of his good fortune. Not a bit of it. He laughed as though he would kill himself. He wrote out a cheque for \$50,000 to the bank where he had deposited his wealth, and sent the hired girl down town to buy up all the copies of the "Bugle" that she could find. She cleared out the stock of the newsboys, the news stands, and even that in the "Bugle" office. There was a jolly bonfire of newspapers on the market square that night.

In less than a month, the editor was living in a magnificent white marble palace. The floors were of jasper, the ceilings of onyx, the walls of malachite, and the windows of the finest plate glass. The doors were solid gold inlaid with diamonds, rubies, emeralds and pearls. The roof was of solid silver, and of such a dazzling brilliancy that people never ventured near it unless they had umbrellas. On the day after the roof was finished, a poor blind man turned his face towards it, and was immediately struck blind. The fence was of hammered gold studded with black diamonds. The green boulevards were enclosed by ivory posts and silver chains. The palace was furnished in a manner that was too consummately sumptuous. The furniture seemed too rich to sit on, and the tapestries and carpets were the most gorgeous that the looms of Persia could produce. In order not to forget the nature of his former business, the editor

had devised a coat-of-arms, consisting of a wastepaper basket, with a goose quill and a pair of scissors sticking out of each side. This was supported by two printer's devils.

He had risen to a very high place in society. So numerous were the requests for the pleasure of his company, that he employed three private secretaries, whose duty it was to attend to the accepting of invitations. He could not possibly attend all the balls, dinners, parties, &c., to which he had accepted invitations, so he and his wife had to keep three ladies and three gentlemen whom they sent to keep some of their engagements, thus doing part of their social duties by proxy. There was a great deal of ceremony whenever the editor and his wife sat down to their meals, washed their hands, or rose from bed.

One morning, the no-longer editor was unusually sleepy, and his valet had sought to arouse him several times. The respectful menial did not care to be too harsh in his method of awaking his master, but he now feared that such a long sleep would give the editor swollen eyes, so he caught hold of him by the shoulder and gave him a hoarse shake—"Great Scott!" screamed the editor, "what's the matter?" Thump! Thump! He rolled all over the floor with his arms tight around someone, and someone's fingers pulling his hair out with a rapidity that would have done credit to a lawn-mower. He looked his antagonist in the face, and found that it was—not his valet—but Thuggs, the prize-fighter, whom he had recently abused in the last issue of the "Banger." He stood up, and found his left eye closed, the ink bottle spilt on his only pair of pants, the printers howling for their pay, sixteen farmers throwing dozens of last year's pumpkins into the office, and the editor of the "Bugle" squeeling for joy, and cheering the prize-fighter. The editor had been dreaming.

## "OWED" TO A FLY.

O I nasty little itchy fly  
All o'er my features crawling,  
Ready thou art to do or die  
When thy wee stomach's calling.

Thou art persistent too, I find,  
And most uncommon spry,  
Locating lots in shabby towns,  
Surveying custard pie.

No wretch escapes whose blood is blue,  
No beauty in creation,  
Thou'lt crawl them all, and tackle, too,  
The Press Association.

From bank clerk down to Millionaire,  
The living are thy foes;  
I've seen thee play a humble part  
Upon the Premier's nose.

Although 'tis only half past four,  
And morning scarce begun,  
I must of course my sleep give o'er  
To furnish thee some fun.

Aha! I've got the little wretch  
Exploring through my ear,  
This glorious August morning ends  
Thy daring, bold career.

How quietly he lieth here!  
Upon this winding sheet,  
No sorrowing comrade drops a tear,  
His business is complete.

How many millions of this clan  
Have died the self-same way,  
While tampering with a frantic man  
At early break of day.

I wish that all the buzzing race  
Were flattened out forever;  
Now let me sleep, and dream again  
Of picnics up the river.

Winnipeg, August 31st.

VAN.

There was a fair maiden of Leicester,  
And after her lover carricester;  
She was married at last,  
And away as she passed  
The neighbors all turned out and bleicester.



# THE GREAT BOUNDARY AWARD MATCH.

DOMINION vs. ONTARIO.

## The Joker Club.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

### AMERICAN FABLES.

One day a Giraffe met an Ass on the banks of a river and called out:

"Say, my friend, why can't you keep that infernal bray of yours still for half an hour at a time. I no sooner fall into a dose than off goes your 'gee-haw! gee-haw!' until my nerves are all unstrung."

At that moment a monkey came swinging down from the top of a tree and remarked:

"Mr. Giraffe, I wish you would keep your nose at home. It isn't very pleasant to have you come poking it into the tree-tops just as the family are settling down for the night. And why do you go trooping through the forest like a beast who is afraid the constable may attack his neck for debts?"

"And I desire to remark," began the Parrot as he settled down on a limb near by, "that if I was a Monkey I'd have some respect for other people's rights. You do nothing but chatter and chuckle all day long, and there is a growing suspicion in these woods that you had rather dine on Parrot than on berries."

"And what are you talking about?" demanded the Hare as he crept through the grass. "As for chatter, I'd like to hear some one equal you, and your squeaks and squeals are enough to drive a Hare crazy. You are of so little account that even a hungry Huntsman won't waste powder to kill you!"

"I wish the whole crowd of you would clear out!" exclaimed the Wolf as he came forward and licked his chops with self-satisfaction. "Fact is, an honest, industrious Wolf can scarcely keep his head above water when compelled to exist among you."

"And I would like to add," observed the Alligator, as he crawled to the bank, "that if any of you are meaner than the member from Arkansas who has just sat down, I'll present him with a medal!"

"And it was only yesterday that this Alligator devoured one of my kids!" shouted the Goat, as he came down the path.

"And you have often torn down my houses for the mere fun of the thing!" charged the Ant, as she came out of her abode.

#### MORAL:

"Ladies and gentlemen," remarked the Rhinoceros, as he hove in sight, "let this convince you that we all have our faults, and that we are expected to bear with each other's. While the Ass may bray, the Parrot chatter, the Wolf howl and the Alligator rake in the pot, they allow the rest of us to go our ways and do as we like. He who begins to find fault with the Ass will not stop until he has discovered that the whole world is wrong. Let us now shut up and look for breakfast.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Fishing for a rich husband isn't all net gain. It is the late cat that catches the early boot-jack.

To be disposed of under the hammer—A carpet tack.—*Lowell Courier.*

Black stove-pipe hats will soon be ripe.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

"All that glitters is not gold."—The diamond must have a show somewhere.

When an artist's life draws to a close the artist, himself, has nearly done drawing.

The man who expects to go thundering down the ages must make his own thunder.

The first polite-Titian was a very courteous and renowned painter.—*New York News.*

Two things that no man can rely on: Proving an alibi and the endorsement of a note.—*New York News.*

David Davis is a natural independent. He is not dancing attendance on any party.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

Some men, otherwise steady-headed, can never keep their balance in a bank.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

David Davis is said to be more "widely" known than any other Congressman.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

Whether or not he has an ear for music, the politician soon learns to play on the loot.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

Since Gen. Wolsley undertook to paint Egypt he has had a little brush with the natives nearly every day.

Funny fact—That noon, whether we spell it backwards or forward, is always midday.—*Andrews American Queen.*

"So Mr. Tangletext is a great divine?" said Fogg; "well, that's because nobody can divine his meaning, I suppose."

Wolsley's Egyptian motto is Nile desperandum, which means "I will win glory or bust."—*New Orleans Picayune.*

"This is a rare opportunity!" said the restaurant cook, as he snatched the "medium done" beefsteak before it had fairly begun to sizzle.

"Fat Boy!" No, you cannot raise chickens from egg plants. You might as well try to raise calves from a cowcatcher.—*Berwick Gazette.*

Mrs. Howe says women do not fall in love any more. Place a woman in front of the milliners, window and see if she doesn't.—*Boston Transcript.*

The last man will not be a shoemaker, as has been popularly believed. By the law of the survival of the fittest, he will be a tailor.—*Boston Times.*

A woman's bonnet is usually an affair of on her. But much as she loves her bonnet, lovely woman rather prefers an affair of offer.—*Boston Times.*

What is the difference between freight and cargo? A horse-car conductor says the passengers make the freight, and the horses make the car go.

The best reason yet advanced for having Monday washing day, the next day after Sunday, is because cleanliness is next to godliness.—*Lowell Citizen.*

The types last week made us say that "the showers were not sufficient to meet the wants of milkmen," etc., instead of "millmen."—*Bridgetown (Me.) News.*

"Twere better we had never met," as the goat remarked after his successful attempt to knock a cast-iron dog clear across a three-acre lawn.—*Boston Times.*

Col. Cash announces himself as a candidate for Congress in the First South Carolina District. His party will go into the campaign with the ready Cash.—*Lowell Courier.*

When ten-cent pieces again become fashionable as articles of jewelry every man can wear a dime-and-pin.—*Commercial Advertiser.*

Out West a man is considered nobody unless he has "killed his man." There is where young physicians have the advantage over the average man in migrating West.—*Lowell Citizen.*

"Come up to the house and take a bite with me!" said a wealthy tobacconist to his partner. "You shall have a quid pro Co." His business confidant sat down like a man who is dazed.—*New York News.*

Philadelphia manufactured \$10,000,000 worth of umbrellas last year. You wouldn't have thought that amount of property was stolen outside of Congress in a year, would you?—*Somerville Journal.*

We don't take a back seat for Boston or any other place when it comes to music, but Theodore Thomas ought not to come here the same week as a circus.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Dialogue near the sea on a hotel piazza:—"I do not see how you young ladies can remain here two months looking upon the changeless ocean." "But the men change," was the reply of a lady.—*Boston Journal.*

A trade journal gives directions for "preserving harness." Preserved harness may be considered very palatable by those who like that sort of thing, but we don't want a bit in our mouth.—*Norristown Herald.*

The New York papers say that Saratoga has been full of homely women this summer. No lady who has been at the Springs the past season, however, will take this libel as a personal matter.—*Boston Transcript.*

Morse, who invented the telegraph, and Bell the inventor of the telephone, both had deaf-mute wives, which leads a wag to observe: "Just see what a man can do when everything is quiet."—*Boston Globe.*

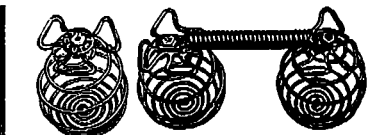
A Chicago man, who was sleeping with a brace of revolvers under his pillow, was robbed the other night. He has thrown the weapons down a well and married a woman who snores.—*New York Commercial.*

Bismarck says he wants to secure the peace of Europe, but it looks very much as if the piece of Europe he wants to secure is the Baltic Provinces of Russia, the inhabitants of which are Germans.—*Texas Siftings.*

### EFFECTIVE WORK.

The following specific information, imparted by thoroughly reliable people, will convey a clearer idea than any amount of abstract reference, how certain desirable results are being accomplished. Mr. Alexander McKechnie, Rochester, N. Y., says: "I was a perfect cripple with rheumatism in my arms and feet for more than two weeks, when I was advised to try St. Jacobs Oil. I did so; in two days I went to work, and at the end of a week I was as well as ever. I consider St. Jacobs Oil a 'dead sure' cure for rheumatism in every form." Mr. James Dempsey, Coburg street, Ottawa, is pleased to remark: "Having suffered for some time past with rheumatism in the back, I am gratified to say that I have been completely cured after a few applications of St. Jacobs Oil, and can confidently recommend it to any one suffering in like manner."

## RUPTURE CURED.



BY four months' use of Charles Cluthe's Latest Spiral Truss. Patented in U. S. and Canada. POINTS OF EXCELLENCE: 1st, Weighs only one ounce. 2d, Perfectly reliable. 3d, Fits and circulates freely under pa. 4d, Constant pressure. In speaking the tongue acts as a valve in the mouth, which causes a corresponding pressure immediately on the hernia. The pad is so perfect that it instantly imitates the motion of the tongue when speaking. 5th, It will give to the slightest motion of the body. It is made of best brass, therefore rusting is impossible. The pad when pressed (as above shown) has a clamping pressure, the same as by placing the hand upon the leg, extending the thumb and drawing together. This truss is the result of a life's study and 18 years' material experience. Twenty-four thousand adjusted in the last seven years by the inventor. Recommended by leading physicians. I defy the rupture I cannot hold with ease. Spinal instruments, most improved. A new apparatus for straightening Club Feet, without cutting or pain. Send 6 ct. stamp for book on Rupture and the Human Frame (registered by Chas. Cluthe), valuable information. Address CHAS. CLUTHE, Surgeon, 118 King Street, West, TORONTO, Ont., and corner Main and Huron Streets, BUFFALO, N. Y.



## NO EFFECT WITHOUT A CAUSE.

MR. SMITH.—I've often wondered why it is that you ladies are always designing devils, dragons and things of that sort on your fancy work.

MRS. JONES.—Why, don't you know? It's because we're always thinking of our husbands!

## THOSE TITLES.

## A YOUTHFUL BRITISHER'S IMPRESSIONS,

But a few short months have passed away since I left the shores of England to seek for that fortune which I felt intuitively was awaiting me in this land of Sir Knights and forest; and here I may mention *en passant* (ladies' finishing academy pronunciation—*ong passong*) that I am a young man born in the middle ranks of life,—somewhat below them according to the British way of thinking—and I have no claim, as far as I am aware, to consider myself as in any way connected with that mighty race of beings, the English nobility; beings who look with scorn upon the tradesman and trade, and yet who are not above selling the produce of their broad acres for the filthy lucre they often need so badly; beings whose noble features “are stamped with that wopose that marks the caste of *Veuh de Veuh*,” (as I was once permitted to hear a young spriglet of a noble house remark, and whose countenance was highly suggestive of the face of a skye terrier who has been unsuccessful in his efforts to catch a troublesome flea, whose one absorbing thought is honor and a stainless escutcheon, and yet a number of whom can see nothing dishonorable in permitting their too confiding tailor to clothe them for nothing but promises. There is something awe-inspiring about this British aristocracy after all. With what mingled feelings have I gazed upon some of its members, between whom and me was fixed so vast a gulf, and as I thought of their proud boast that their ancestors “came over with the Conqueror,” I could see in my mind's eye, those self-same ancestors, one of them, peradventure, armed with a death-dealing blacking-brush and a bottle of the Day & Martin of that period, throwing his whole soul into the endeavor to put a becoming shine on Norman William's top boots. Another one of them, perchance, stirring up the muscle producing oatmeal for the haughty Conquerors' matutinal meal, and the whole hatch engaged in the most menial offices, offices which any right-thinking American boy would have told Bill to tackle himself. And yet the descendants of these self-same shoe-blacks and scullions are proud of and boast of the same. Fancy! proud of being the descendants of French flunkys! I pause to weep. It was, then, with the two-fold desire to escape from the hateful sound of those titles which grated on my plebian ear, and to find the fortune before alluded to, that I left my native shore, which faded away, as per Byronic programme,

over the waters blue to sea-mew shrieking accompaniment. I felt as the stately vessel—(my purse permitted me to take passage in the steerage of a coal schooner from Newcastle)—bounded over the waves that I was at length to be free from the sound of those horrible empty titles, and I gloried to think that I was going to a land where I, with my plain, unvarnished patronymic, should be as good as anyone, and where a title was despised and laughed to scorn. Need I say that I was doomed to a disappointment as bitter as it was unexpected. I will pass over the remainder of my journey, and come at once to my arrival at Bayville, where I secured rooms in a private boarding establishment of which I should like to say a few words further on. My landlady on the next morning after my arrival asked me, as I was disengaged, if I would kindly step down street to the chimney sweep, and request him to come to the house next morning and clean the chimneys. I went. I found the sweep's abode, and inquired of a female if the soot exterminator was in. “Lor, no,” she replied, not to-day; Jim's away to Buffalo with the other Sir Knights.” Is it possible, thought I, that a member of the aristocracy, a baronet, too, apparently, can be engaged in the calling of a chimney-sweep? “W-when will S-Sir James return?” I faltered, the hateful title almost choking me, and a feeling of jack-knifeness taking hold of my knees. “Oh! replied the lady, “here's the programme,” and she handed me a bill, headed by a gorgeous coat-of-arms, two swords crossed, surmounted by what looked like a pumpkin lantern, but which I believe was intended to represent a knightly helmet, and which bill set forth that the Eminent Sir Knights of the Cabbage-stalks (Sir Knight James Buggs, thrice illustrious Commanderissimo) would proceed to Buffalo, etc., etc. I left word that Mrs. Smith would be highly gratified if Sir James would condescend to step round with his knightly brushes and his thrice illustrious soot bags, and attend to her chimneys on his return. “Write yer order on this slate,” she said. “I would put it down myself only Jim nor me isn't able to write.” I obeyed and went out, like a man awaking from a ghastly nightmare.

A band was playing down the street, and a crowd was gathered round a multitude of banners, waving plumes, and swords, whose bearers seemed sadly at a loss how to carry them. I asked a small boy what was up. “Well you must be fresh” he replied, “Thems the Godfrey de Bulling perceptors, all knights and big bugs.” I pinched myself to see whether I dreamt, but a kick from a testy old brute in a cocked hat and uniform, on whose toes I had stumbled, assured me that I was wide awake. I was now utterly disheartened and wandered sadly away down a back street, pausing before a fellow mortal in a state of maudlin inebriety, who had apparently been rolling up and down the road in the dust, and who was sitting, communing with himself on the steps of a large stone building. “Here,” I said to myself, “I see a poor mortal, drunk I must admit, but mortal, nevertheless, who, like myself, seeks seclusion from the maddening throng of Sir Knights and Generalissimos, and retires here to reflect calmly on the insensate follies of his fellow beings. Friend,” I continued, addressing him, “you seem weary, what do you here, and what is this edifice?” He eyed me bleakly for a few moments and then spake. “Thishyer Edfish's th' lodge room S'Knights Hones' Toil,” and he smiled the smile of the inebriate or the inebriate. “D-d-do you belong to the order?” I queried, steady myself, and waiting his reply. After some minutes of deep reflection he answered, “Do I b'long order? Well Ish'd snicker, I'm Worsh'p'l S'r Knight and Vener'ble Sage. Helpsh up shteps, mus' go and start proshesh'n.”

Can such things be? I asked myself. Is this the land whose people profess to be op-

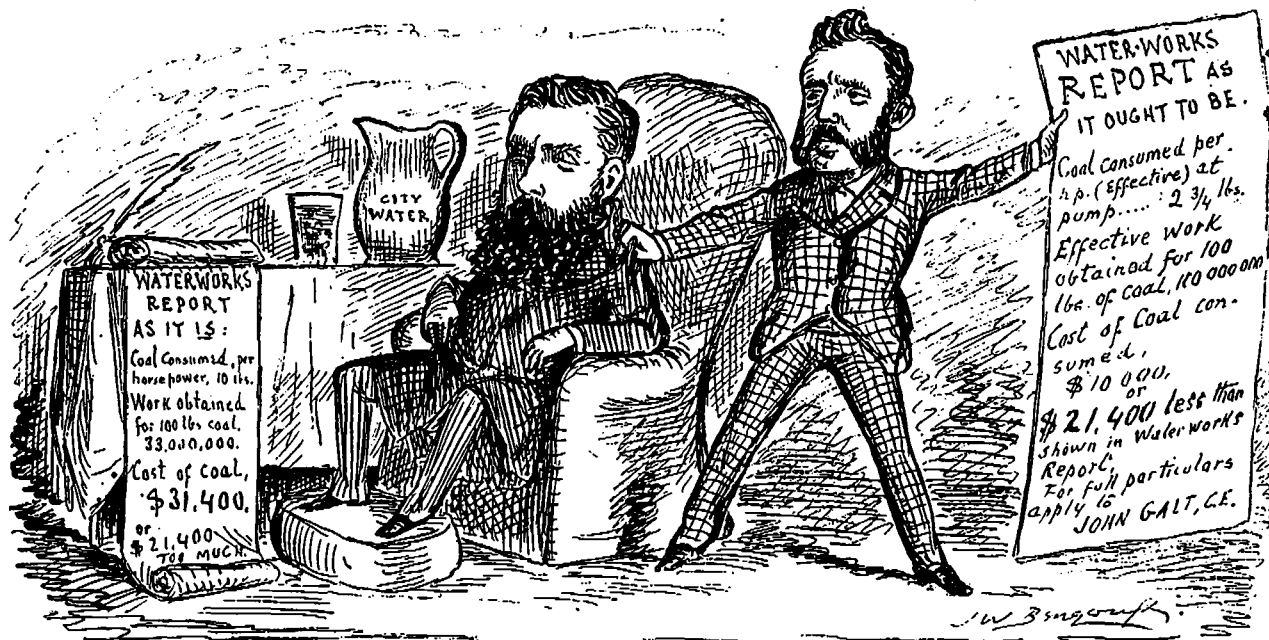
posed to the hollow mockery of high sounding titles? Better for me had I remained where at any rate some of those titles mean something. As I meandered homewards I passed one of the principal hotels of the city. In the front porch was seated, quietly smoking a cigar, a noble looking individual with a long and patriarchal, though dark beard. That, I thought to myself, is the countenance of a man who is not an ordinary personage. Deep thought and intellectual communings have set their seal on that brow. I wonder who he is. A man with a face like that, so expressive of mingled wisdom and common sense, will surely possess a soul in harmony with my own, and will smile at the absurdity of these titles of which I have to day heard so much. I will speak to him, but first I will ascertain his name. A gentleman passing at this moment, I ventured to inquire of him whether he knew the individual in the hotel stoop. “I know him intimately. I will introduce you if you wish it,” he replied. “That is Brother W. D. McLoauchghlan, Thrice Illustrious and very Eminent Commander, K.M. Grand Sanhedrim of the Sir Knights of the Essenes. One hundred times transparent and trebly distilled Sir Knight Costermonger of the Tents of Judah; F.G.V.G.X. of the Uniformed Part-ridges, Grand Duke of the Army of the Chi Rho of Constantine. Seven times seven Sir Knight of the Legion of the Goat with the Golden Horn. Thirty-three deg—but stop, hold on, I'm not half through, what the dev—”

But I fled. Fear lent wings to my feet. I shall leave this country, England's bad enough, but by jingo! America and Canada can give her long odds and beat her in titlsc. As soon as I have written you a few lines on my board-ing house experience I shall go home.

SWIZ.

## THE “CRACK-POT” IN THE CITY.

It is not, we believe, generally known how some of the “heavy” but impecunious “toffs” manage to “knock around” and fare in “style.” The secret, however, is in our possession. The truth oozed out one day whilst we were in company with Augustus Fitz-something, Esq., (very much Esquire). Having started a conversation with him, we soon got on familiar terms with this worthy, and in answer to our query as to how he managed to keep up appearances and do the “heavy” on his limited allowance, he volunteered his “programme” of that morning. “This morning” said he “feeling inclined for a ‘beer’ I entered a restaurant. Standing at the bar were three or four gents with glasses of beer before them. I walked up and quaffed off one of them (I mean the ‘beers.’) The owner thereof turning around addressed me, ‘Beg pardon,’ I said, ‘granted.’ He went on, ‘beg pardon, but I think you have drank my beer.’ ‘Oh, have I,’ said I ‘I am very sorry, have another, what will you have? Have a bottle of ‘Pink.’ I called for a bottle of Moet, and whilst the barmaid was ‘extricating’ the cork I excused myself by saying I would just ‘pop’ out and settle for my cab fare. I did not return. Proceeding further down the street I met a charming ‘belle.’ ‘Good morning Charlie,’ said she. I said my name is not Charlie, it is Augustus. ‘Well Gus dear,’ said she, ‘are you not going to stand treat.’ ‘I don't mind if I do, said I; and we adjourned to another house. Here I asked my ‘charmer’ what she would take. She answered, ‘a glass of port wine, I think.’ I said, ‘don't my dear, it is sour, a glass of beer would do you more good.’ I called for two glasses of ale and tendered a \$100 bill (a counterfeit). The barman being unable to change it, I excused myself by going to get change. I did not return. Going still a little further a cabman plying for hire



**WAKING UP HIS WORSHIP;**

OR, A MATTER THAT BADLY NEEDS INVESTIGATION.

addressed me, 'Cab, sir?' I said, 'yes, if you like.' 'Where to.' said he, 'Anywhere you like,' answered I. After having driven about for some considerable time I thought it was about time that I and my 'Jehu' should part company. I instructed 'cabby' to draw up at the first restaurant we should come to, which he did. 'What will you take?' said I, as I alighted from my 'chariot.' Without waiting for his answer I entered the bar, passed out at the opposite door and left 'cabby' to order and pay for his own drinks. I suppose he would charge his next fare double to make up for what he had lost through my 'patronage.' That is, you see, the method I adopt. "I am seriously thinking," said Augustus to us, "of writing a pamphlet entitled 'How to live on the 'Cheap,' or the Crank-pot Swell."

**A SERIOUS JAR.**

If Jem is the same as Jim,  
And G sounds the same as J,  
Then between a Gem and Jim and Jem,  
What is the difference, pray?

We read about Gem Jars,  
Jars made for holding jam,  
Then are these Gem jars Jim jam jars,  
(Be calm, my soul, be calm.)

Jim-jams is a modified way  
Of saying *delirium trem*:  
And the jars of a fit of the "blues,"  
Why, nothing can equal them.

I've wrested this problem through,  
And my conclusions are,  
That the jar, be it Gem or Jim or Jem,  
Is a *delirium tremens* jar.

So, however you praise them up,  
(I own the conclusion's sad)  
These jars for jam, or the Gem jam jars,  
Can be nothing else than bad.

So alter the name at once,  
For discussion this weather's too hot,  
And call the Gem Jam Jar, instead,  
The James Preserving Pot.

But if folks are opposed to this,  
As many doubtless are,  
Then let the jar have its names in full,  
As the Jim Jem Gem Jam Jar.

SWIZ.

Takes a woman for ingenuity. A Cleveland girl who had a new bonnet she wanted to show contrived to get herself called as a witness on a case she knew nothing about.—*Boston Post.*

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Quinsy, Sore Throat, Swellings and  
Sprains, Burns and Scalds,  
General Bodily Pains,  
Tooth, Ear and Headache, Frosted Feet  
and Ears, and all other Pains  
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