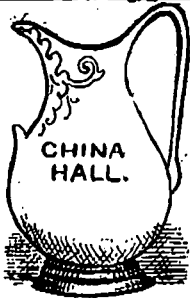


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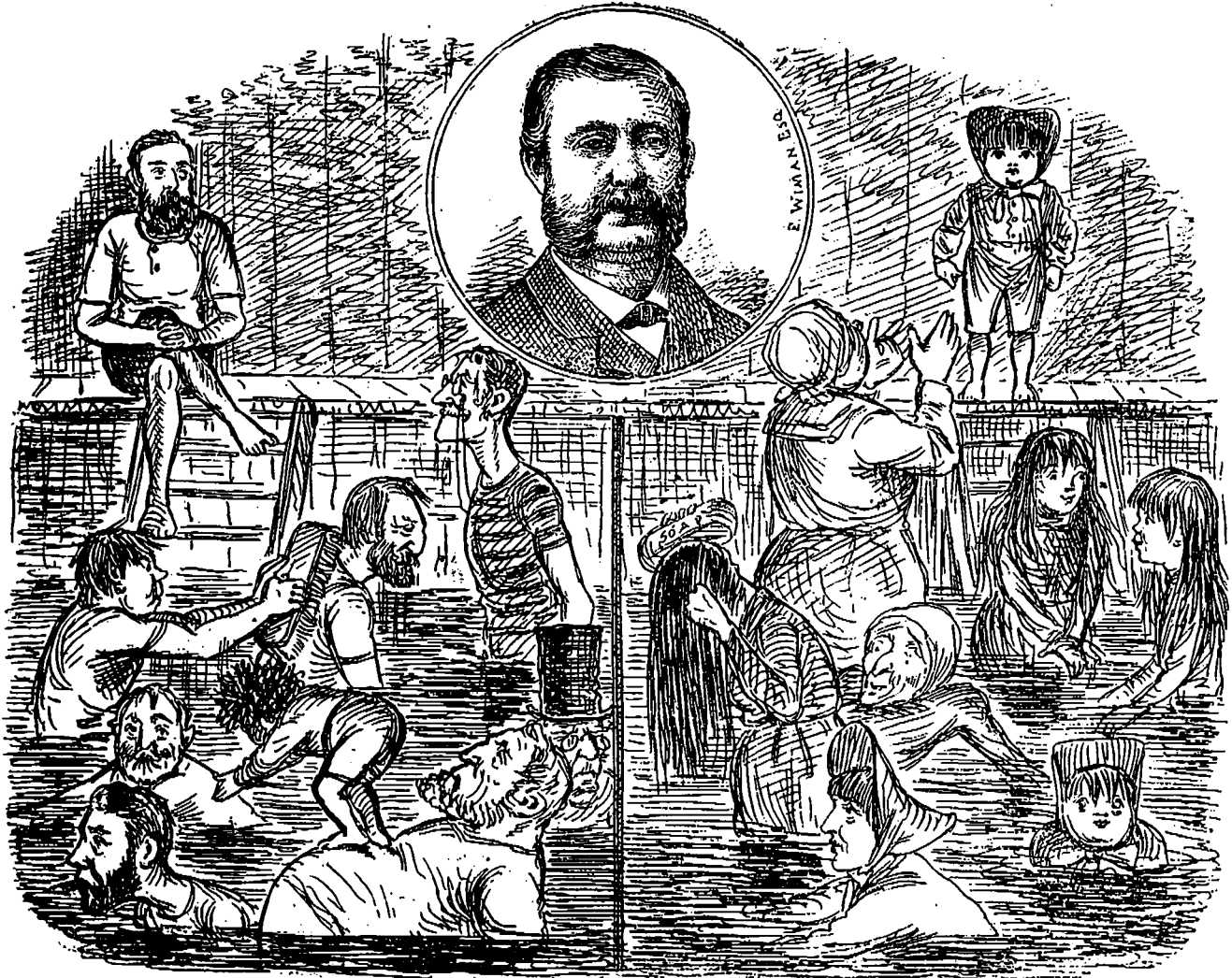
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VOLUME XIX. }  
No. 10 }

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JULY 22, 1882.

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Hath come so near creation?  
2ND GENT—It must have been BRUCE, as he alone can  
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Any subscriber wishing his address changed on our mail list, must, in writing, send us his old as well as new address. Subscribers wishing to continue must also be particular to send the no. of present address.

Cartoon Comments

LEADING CARTOON.—The Imperial Government have given expression to their disapproval of the course of our Canadian Commons in passing the Irish resolutions of last session. The resolutions in question were very sensible, and John Bull would find it to his interest to act upon them. He ought to thank our statesmen for giving him a friendly hint, instead of getting his Imperial back up. In this connection we observe that some of the Conservative organs, actuated probably by a mistaken sense of "loyalty," are repudiating the responsibility of the Government in the matter of the resolutions, and trying to shift the "blame" on to the shoulders of the Opposition, because Blake made the speech of the occasion. Of course this is bosh, as the introducer of the resolutions (Mr. Costigan) has been taken into the Cabinet, and, what is still more decisive, Sir John voted for them. The Tories have no cause to be ashamed of the affair, nor should the Grips feel disposed to take back a cent's worth. The resolutions were good; Ireland ought to have home rule.

FIRST PAGE.—The munificence of Mr. Erasmus Wiman, in presenting our city with free public baths, is deserving of sincere commendation. *Grip*, the official organ of the city, hereby thanks the generous gentleman, and assures him that his gift fills a long-felt want. The baths have been placed under careful management, and promise to become popular.

EIGHTH PAGE.—In accordance with the announcement of last week, the scholarly art editor of our Siamese contemporary, the *Mail-News*, comes forward in this issue and gives poor ignorant little *Grip* a lesson in drawing. All the world is under lasting obligations to Mr. Bunting's young man for this kindness, and *Grip* in particular will try to profit by it. But would it be too bold of us to ask our profound critic how it happens that he finds fault with *Grip*'s drawings on the score of incorrectness in detail, while at the same time he points out that the modern comic artists who are severely correct are decidedly inferior to Leech, Cruickshank, and "Phiz," who set all the rules of serious art at defiance? Perhaps, after all, the *News-Mail* man is a better judge of circuses that don't advertise than of caricaturists great and small.

THE CITY BELLMAN.



And now the perspiring citizen packs up his fishing rod and his wife and family, and makes a bee-line for Lake Rosseau, where for two months he will revel in fresh air, unadulterated milk, and dry linen collars. Here he will take his youngsters into the forest primeval and hunt the untamed mosquito, and at night he will sit on the hotel stoop and tell them stories about the grizzly bear—which landlord Pratt will interrupt gruffly with "What's that you say about me?"

An esteemed English contemporary sends me his paper week after week addressed "Toronto, U. S. A." With so many well-endowed Universities in the old land there is no excuse for this sort of thing; but perhaps the initials are intended for the post-office people, and mean that the paper is to come to Toronto—Unless Stolen Afore.

Mr. Hassard, who is in a position to know the facts, says there is no truth in the story that poor D. J. K. Rine went back to drink after leaving Canada. He was a firm teetotaler to the end, in fact, "Sign the pledge!" was his cry even during the paroxysms of his insanity.

I understand that the Education Department, impressed with the lightness of the studies at present pursued in the public schools, have determined to add the following text-

books in the junior departments: "Letters of Junius;" "Encyclopædia Britannica;" "Locke on the Human Understanding;" "Elements of Abstract Pathology;" "The Descent of Man," by Darwin, and Spencer's "Moral Ethics." Two chapters from each work are to be committed to memory daily.

I see that Wallace Ross is out with some more balderdash about beating Haulan, backed up with a challenge to row the latter five races on as many consecutive days, for \$1,000 per race. Wallace appears to be a hard man to convince; all the rest of the world feels perfectly satisfied that he has no more chance of beating Haulan than a small boy in a big yawl would have.

The writer of the "Nationalist" articles in the *World* expresses himself as astonished at your strictures on the epithets he applied to Mr. Gordon Brown, when he called the latter an "ignorant old man." He doesn't take the adjectives back, but on the contrary adds another, to wit, "brutal." Now I object to the whole three as untrue. Firstly, Mr. Brown is not an "old" man, he is scarcely above middle age—somewhere about fifty-five, I should judge; secondly, he is not "ignorant," if by that the writer implies want of intelligent knowledge of public men and matters; and thirdly, he has never in my remembrance shown any disposition which could be truly characterized as "brutal."

The *Globe* has been noted for plain English, but at this moment I cannot recall anything of a brutal nature in its past editorials. If it has attacked anybody savagely it has, so far as I know, always confined itself to the public character of the individual. If the Nationalist writer can mention a case to the contrary I shall be glad to see it.

I do not undertake to defend the *Globe* through any attachment I have for Mr. Gordon Brown as a public man, nor for his journal as an organ. I do so simply in the interests of truth. I heartily sympathize with the National spirit of Canada, but I fail to see how that spirit is to be strengthened by attacks on opponents unless these attacks have a solid basis of fact.

INFAWMATION WANTED.

MISTAW GWIP.—SIR,—We often read abeawt the 'awns of a Dilemma. A Dilemma must, therefaw, be a 'awned kwecchaw. Now, sir, I would like to know if the flesh of the Dilemma is good eating aw not, and ware it can be bought. We also often read about the Bug Beaw. I would also like to know if it is good eating, and if its gwease is good for the 'air, and ware they can be bought.

'As the N.P. waised the pwice of these awticles?

Fenny infawmation on these pints will be thankfully received by Yawstwooly, CHARLES FREDWICK.

THE AUGUST ST. NICHOLAS is to be especially devoted to travel and adventure, told in story and poem and picture. Mr. Boyesen will write of "How Burt went Whale-hunting;" the adventures of Mrs. Peterkin in Egypt will be entertainingly described; there will be some funny verses about "The Pungajubs of Siam," a Turkish story of "Hassan's Water-melon," an interesting account of "A Visit to the Home of Sir Walter Scott," "How a Hoosier Boy Saw the Tower of Pisa," "Stories from the Northern Myths," "A Balloon Story," etc. etc. One of the most beautifully illustrated articles in the number will be one on "Summer Days at Lake George."

## THE PASSING SHOW.

The complimentary excursion given by the management of the Zoo on board the "St. Jean Baptiste" on Wednesday evening was a great success in every way. Mr. Harry Piper did the honors as he only can, and the guests fared sumptuously. Mr. Hanlan supplemented the excursion by a generous entertainment of the company at his Island Hotel. We are glad to know that the Zoo is an established success, and bids fair to become not only a first class public institution, but a good paying investment as well.

Ryan and Robinson's circus proved to be one of the best in the matter of ring performance that we have had in Toronto for many years. The display on the street was meagre and the menagerie limited, but the show—the feature of most interest to visitors—was capital, presenting a long programme of well-performed acts in gymnastics and equestrianism. The critics of the *Mail* and *News* either do not know a good show when they see it, or they libelled Ryan and Robinson deliberately, out of revenge. The advertising agent who "got sat on" apparently wrote the notices.

Those who cannot manage a regular vacation at one of the watering places, can at least enjoy the balmy breezes of our beautiful lake. The trip to Oakville and Hamilton by the *Southern Belle* is one of the choicest now offered to seekers for fresh air, and the expense involved is a mere bagatelle. Those having business in the Ambitious City would never go by train in the summer season if they realized the pleasure to be derived from the trip by water.



## THE RACE FOR WEALTH.

1ST NEWSBOY.—Goin' to Manitoba, are ye? Pshaw! Ef yer want to make money hand over fist, jest start out and sell this!

2ND Do.—What's that?

1ST Do.—Why, the *Grip Sack*, to be sure!

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

INNOCENT.—The "yawp" belongs to a class of beings at once useless and a nuisance. He is sometimes known as the yahoo or hobbledehoy, and is to be seen in his prime on a Sunday evening, on the sidewalk at the church doors. His conversation is of the most insipid and imbecile character, and he affects the airs and manners of a man of fashion, with results the most ludicrous and disastrous. He is generally to be found during the week behind the counter of some dry goods store, where he will be immediately recognized by his cringing and obsequious manner to those in authority over him, and his arrogant and supercilious bearing towards those whom he considers his inferiors, as if there really could be anything inferior to him. His constant repetition of the words "By Jawge" have earned for him the appellation of "squab," a term usually applied to

sickly young crows, to whose cawing the words have a great likeness, and to which fledgeling he bears a marked resemblance, the similarity being greatly increased by his excessively slim legs, huge feet, vacant eye, and half open mouth. His one chief pastime, as has already been stated, is to hang round the church doors at the conclusion of service, hoping, to use his own choice expression, "to make a mash." He excites the disgust and contempt of all respectable people, and the world would roll on as usual if he were put out of the way.

"CHERULOUS" wants to know what are the component parts of a bologna sausage. We cave. The manner in which the pyramids of Egypt were raised is a mystery; the age of a woman who confesses to twenty-seven is another, but the ingredients of the bologna sausage lay over the knowledge of man.

LARA wishes to be informed whether we consider the helmet hat, so prevalent at present, a becoming style of head gear. In the majority of cases, Laura, the wearer of the helmet hat would look infinite y better if he allowed it to come down as far as his necktie. Is there anything more ridiculous than a very slender youth with legs which cannot measure more than ten inches in girth anywhere, and to whose chest and shoulders the torso of a champagne bottle would be herculean in comparison, struggling along on a sweltering July day under a huge helmet hat. The youth who asserts that he derives comfort from wearing one can never be mentioned in the same breath with the late lamented G. Washington. His name and that of Mr. Ananias should be linked together in the bonds of flippant falsehood. The only use of the helmet hat is in the case of a very soft head and tender brain, which might be injured by falling paint pots, mortar-hods, &c., and possibly this may account for its present popularity. The helmet hat is also a handy receptacle for carrying a brick in, and in this capacity may be frequently seen about 11 p.m. But for general utility, beauty, or comfort the helmet and Gainsboro' hats have about an even thing of it, and pictures of these articles will, doubtless, be handed down to posterity as illustrative of the idiotic tastes of the nineteenth century.

SNIFE is anxious to know what newly-fledged barristers carry in the blue bags with which they so proudly prance along the public pave. This is a secret, Snipe, and it shall be imparted to you if you will not give it away. We had occasion to investigate the contents of one of the bags referred to and found, not as we anticipated, huge, legal-looking documents and abstruse treatises on the mysteries of the law, but to our surprise, a bundle of soiled linen and socks, a half empty brandy flask, several sheets of blank foolscap and some billiard chalk, which met our astounded gaze. Why these young men, who would scorn to be seen carrying a parcel weighing half an ounce home for one of their sisters, will cheerfully burden themselves with several pounds of matter simply because it is to be carried in a blue bag, is another of those mysteries previously referred to.

## VILLAINY DEFEATED:

OR,

THE CRAFTY BANK CLERK AND THE REPORTER

## CHAPTER I.

Not far from the busy hum of the vast city of Slumville, and beautifully situated amidst the verdant foliage of forest trees and imported exotics, stood the palatial residence of John Sevenoaks, Esq., who in his earlier days might have been seen wending his diurnal way around the back slums and alleys of the city, driving his modest wagon laden with two huge hogsheds, in his search after the refreshing

though unæsthetic hog-swill. Steadily and by almost imperceptible degrees, John Sevenoaks, then known as plain John Snooks, had amassed the base metal known as gold, and at the time of the opening of our tale, had retired from business, having amassed immense riches in his vast pork factory, to which he had devoted his energies on his abandonment of the pursuit of a collector of hogs-wash. The College of Heralds had been consulted, the inquiry resulting in the discovery that plain John Snooks was lineally descended from the powerful Saxon family of Sevenoaks, whose members had fought and bled for centuries in the cause of right and loyalty, invariably linking their fortunes with that side on which there was a preponderance of worldly goods, and impartially going over to the other when the fickle goddess appeared to be deserting their own, thus stamping themselves as men above the consideration of vulgar prejudices, and with a keen eye to the welfare of number one and the main chance. And now John Sevenoaks, at sixty years of age, reposed on his laurels, the proud possessor of untold wealth, a crest, a boar's head rampant, with a string of onious *coupe* and the motto, "Ye whole hogge or none," and a daughter whose beauty was the one theme of conversation amongst the youth of fashion of the city. Peerless Beatrice de Medici Sevenoaks! 'Tis of thee and thy adorers that this story treats.

## CHAPTER II.

Reginald Adamson had long worshipped at the shrine of the adorable Beatrice, but the immense gulf which yawned between his position and hers presented an impenetrable barrier to aught approaching intimacy between them, for Reginald was but a hardworking and enterprising reporter on the staff of the morning *Whooper*, with naught but the balance of his salary after the payment of his weekly beer bill to offer, albeit possessed, in common with members of the reportorial fraternity, of a towering intellect and herculean frame, and though he had met Beatrice at various *reles*, &c., he could but gaze at her at a respectful distance, and sigh and strive to calm the floppings and reboundings of his heart with fond hopes that some chance might bring them nearer together. On the other hand, wherever Beatrice went, there also, attired in the highest style of fashion, was to be seen her avowed lover, Vivian Vere de Vavasour, a bank clerk whose princely salary enabled him occasionally to pay his washerwoman, and to make the settlement of his monthly board bill a not altogether unfrequent occurrence. To say that Vivian was mentally gifted would be to state what is not strictly true. He had, it must be owned, written and signed his name to various little *jeux d'esprit* in autographic albums, but he had only done so after searching thro' many poetical works, and painfully committing to memory the few lines he found which appeared suitable to the subject. By dint of a week's hard study, Vivian was enabled to retain upon the tablets of his memory as many as six lines of amatory poesy, in which "bliss," "kiss," "love," "dove," "heart" and "part" invariably ended the lines, and these, with variations, he had recorded in the albums of half the fair daughters of Slumville, who almost worshipped the genius of the talented bank clerk. But the mask was to be rudely torn from the face of the arch deceiver. How this came about will appear in a future chapter.

In the meanwhile Reginald loved on, hopelessly, longingly, heart-throbblingly, and his genius was made daily more apparent to the public through the columns of the Morning *Whooper*, his scathing articles upon "Jealousy, as shown in the Appointment of Episcopal Rectors," and "Champion Oarsmen regarded as National Advertisements," had called forth



### THE IMPUDENT FELLAH.

GEN. BELL—BLOWED IF 'E DONT ACT AS THOUGH THE PORTE AGREED WITH 'EM!

marks of approbation from politicians high in power, and had elicited from John Sevenoaks himself the remark, "Them's my sentiments, and the man 'as wrote them 'ere ain't no slouch," which, when it is considered that Mr. Sevenoaks, though an Alderman and a School Trustee, was barely able to read, much less to understand what he did get through, must be taken as a panegyric of no slight value; but when Reginald's leading article, (written during his temporary occupation of the chief Editor's chair, that functionary being absent on one of his triennial jamborees,) and entitled "THE ELECTRIC LIGHT DISCOUNTED; CITIES TO BE ILLUMINATED BY GAS COLLECTED AT THE COUNCIL MEETINGS," appeared in the *Whooper*, the whole city of Slumville was in an uproar, and Reginald was looked upon as a man with the world at his feet.

(To be Continued)

#### SOLOMON'S WOOING.

Dorothy Day was demure and plump:  
Her cheeks were white and pink;  
But lean and long-like handle of pump;  
With slouching walk, 'twixt a limp and jump  
Was Adam Solomon Sink.

"Sol," like an awkward giant, swings,  
His limbs at every tread:  
Folks say he is (among other things)  
Like a giblet pie, all legs and wings,  
But his wings are "paws" instead.

Both were Quakers of doctrine sound,  
And went, of course, to chapel;  
And Dorothy Day would there be found  
So very sedate, so ripe and round,  
Just like a jenneting apple.

Now I have often observed through life  
(The reason I never knew),  
That a scarecrow man has the plumpest wife  
If his face is thin as the blade of knife,  
And she seems to love him, too.

'Twas just so here, for Solomon Sink  
Loved charming Dorothy Day;  
The dear old booby would blush and blink,  
Whenever she looked, and hope and think,  
But never a word could say.

And here a curious question comes,  
How do the Quakers woo?  
Do they "thee" and "thou," and twirl their thumbs,  
As if a number of awkward suns  
Both were trying to do?

With no wish at all to learn the ways  
Of city belles and fops,  
I'd very much like to here the phrase  
An awkward, diffident suitor says,  
When he the question "pops."

I know when I caught my darling maid—  
(The chance I almost missed).  
We both were startled and both afraid,  
And this I know, in our fright, we said  
But little, before we kissed.

This was precisely Solomon's plan,  
Or, rather, it happened so,  
For he would sooner a mile have ran  
Than ask the question—so shy a man  
Could scarce to a goose say "Bo!"

Readers, this question I ask you each,  
Dids't ever on summer eve,  
On garden wall, within easy reach,  
Meet with a blushing and ruddy peach  
'Twere death to your lips to leave?

There I if you have not 'tis just as well,  
For when my heart was young  
A very large wasp had made its cell  
Within the fruit, and this befell;  
I bit, and my lips were stung.

But Dorothy was pure as fair,  
Her heart no evil knew;  
And Solomon Sink would gape and stare,  
And feel in his heart a blank despair,  
He knew not what to do:

'Till Fate—that something we often fear,  
Was there his suit to bless;  
For, happening to be standing near,  
He clasped her close like a tender bear,  
And Dorothy Day said, "Yes!"

R. C.

#### MANUAL OF ETHICS FOR MARRIED LADIES.

1. Never to say she has not a single dress fit to appear in, when invited to a party.
2. To be always punctual, to be down before any one else at breakfast, never to keep her husband waiting on any occasion.
3. To keep up her music as before marriage.
4. To take some interest in her husband's brain work, not to neglect reading his articles, or prefer the *Family Herald*, or the *Ladies' Journal* to his valuable essay on pessimistic metaphysics.
5. To avoid having the last word, to lay to heart St. Paul's golden text about women keeping silence, and not usurping authority over man; to practice reticence.
6. To realize the existence of Time and Space.
7. Never, under any provocation, to allude to the sacrifice she made of herself at marriage, never to mention the "two or three good offers" she once had, to let nothing tempt her to designate her dear hubby as a *Brute*.

#### THE FUTURE.

EXTRACTS FROM A PAPER OF 1882.

"Miss Elizabeth Talker, M.P., spoke for four hours in the House last night in support of the motion to remove taxation from silks and French bonnets, and make up the deficit by a tax on cigars and walking sticks. She gave a piece of her mind to that Mr James Graham, M.P. He hadn't a word to say for himself. We give her speech in full in our columns."

"We are glad to say Miss Jane Scrivener, M.P., Secretary of State, is progressing favorably after her severe fall from the hustings, on the occasion of her last address to her constituents. Miss Emily Doser, M.D., is attending her."

"We give an account in our columns of the trial of Mr. John Gossip for assault and battery of his wife. The facts of the case are as follows: The defendant came home on the evening of the last election day, and found no one in the house, and no dinner. When his wife returned he asked her where she had been, and where the servants were. Mrs. Gossip told him civilly that she had been canvassing for Mrs. Louisa Croaker, and the servants had gone to the poll to give their votes. We blush to say the horrid man flew into a rage, and struck her. Miss Sarah Forret, Q.C., LL.D., is counsel for the plaintiff."

The Reverend Mrs. Susannah Ranter, D.D., gave an able sermon at Saint Matilda's last night. She pointed out the extravagance of smoking, and also gave a very practical plan for the prevention of drunkenness. No man should be allowed to get more than a pint of beer or a table spoonful of brandy or other spirits at any public house, without a ticket from his wife, or some other duly appointed female guardian, certifying that he has had no spirituous liquor that day. The Reverend Lady has a plan for preventing fraud in obtaining the tickets."

N.B. We notice that the Reverend Lady has made no provisions in this plan for her sex.

Among criticisms of new books we find the following:—

"Mrs. Jane Duenna's new book, entitled 'False Etiquette,' has just come out. Mrs. Duenna handles her subject very cleverly. She points out many absurd conditions where women cannot take the initiative. She especially exposes the absurdity of that custom of men proposing to women. The notoriously clumsy manner in which a man always performs that duty which ought to be the most charming episode of his life, is well brought out, and illustrated by some very amusing examples, some of them her own personal experience. She points out how selfpossessed women always are on these occasions, and gives a very pleasing contrast to the awkward handling by men of this social question, by telling us the very clever and happy manner in which she proposed:

"Fred and I were sitting down on a little mound. Fred was very shy, twirling his moustache, chewing grass, and trying to say pretty things to me. Suddenly a gust of wind came and blew off my bonnet, the strings caught somehow in the buttons on Fred's coat-tails. I bent forward to get my bonnet, Fred trembled as he felt my face near his; I then doubted Fred's feelings towards me no longer. I put one arm round his neck, and taking his hand, whispered, "Fred, dear, would it not be nice if you were always tied to my bonnet strings?" Fred looked up into my face blushing as red as a poney. I allowed him to put his arm round my waist and kiss me. Fred is the most obedient and devoted of husbands."

"She goes on to point out what much better provisions women could make for themselves if this absurd piece of etiquette could be done away with. Mrs. Duenna suggests that if some of the leading ladies in the Cabinet would break through this bit of 'False Etiquette' the rest of the ladies would soon take it up."

FUTURUS.



### THE IRISH PIE.

BULL.—NOW, THEN! WHICH OF YOU'S BEEN PUTTING A FINGER INTO THAT PIE?

## The Joker Club.

"The Pen is mightier than the Sword."

To say the good die young is a standing invitation for a small boy to be bad.—*Quiz*.

In the morning a man gets up, but in the evening he gets supper.—*Yonkers Gazette*.

A man gathers wisdom by financial loss. Like a razor, he is sharper for being strapped.—*Boston Transcript*.

Mr. Stamp has just been appointed Postmaster in Maryland. He will probably stick.—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

Some traits run in families. Shakspeare's father, being illiterate, made his mark. So did Shakspeare.—*Texas Sittings*.

When Adolphus placed his arms around the neck of Angelina, he said it was for a neck's press purpose.—*Boston Transcript*.

Down South, where chicken thieves are prevalent, they say that "the darkey's hour is before dawn."—*Philadelphia Bulletin*.

Robert Browning, the English poet, resembles a prolific hen. He doesn't own a complete set of his works.—*Andrews' Bazar*.

"Angelina."—Eating onions not only prevents the lips from chapping, but usually keeps the chaps from lippping.—*Berwick Gazette*.

Perciles used to say it was best for women to be seen and not heard. He evidently preferred the ballet to the circus.—*Boston Post*.

The young woman who sneeringly remarks that men are all alike, generally shows her sincerity by taking the first man that offers himself to her.

Placard for a St. Louis court: "Any man criticising this court is a liar and a coward. He perishes at sundown. N. B.—This is a freak country."

Gen Skobeloff's last words were: "Uravitchy guatchivizurum." Our Russian editor says they are too touching to be translated.—*Philadelphia Chronicle*.

A Philadelphia mule has killed a mad dog, but it is still a matter of doubt whether a mule or a mad dog is the safest thing to have around.—*Lowell Citizen*.

Do not wear your troubles and misfortunes all on the outside like an overcoat, but keep them hidden within, like a ragged-back vest.—*Lowell Citizen*.

That homely babies make the best-looking folks is an adage old as time itself; but you cannot tell a mother her babe is homely.—*New Haven Register*.

If you would bring up a child in the way he should go, parents should be careful and not let the lad see the way they go themselves.—*Whitehall Times*.

Great Seymour bangs at Egypt's shores,  
Dismounting every gun;  
Egyptians slaughters he in scores  
Where Moses slew but one.  
—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

A judge has recently declared that a man's residence is where he gets his washing done. This is rough on the average bachelor.—*New Orleans Picayune*.

"It is hardly fair in you to steal my thunder," as the cloud remarked to the lightning-rod. "Oh, I shall draw it mild," the rod replied.—*Boston Transcript*.

"A singular marriage," is the heading to a paragraph in one of the dailies. Thought that was a game that two had to play at.—*Baltimore Every Saturday*.

"I notice that Ingersoll has lost \$50,000 in worthless mining stocks. It is very evident that Mr. Ingersoll can make a mistake himself once in a while.—*Moses*.

When the teacher asked, "What people live the longest?" a little fellow at the foot of the class promptly spoke up: "Barnum's giants."—*Norristown Herald*.

Oscar Wilde should set himself up as a patent medicine doctor. He has the hair for it, and a barrel of bad gin and a gallon of bitters will furnish medicine.—*Picayune*.

A hotel clerk at Grand Rapids has eloped with the cook. A man may have the most gorgeous diamond and still have a weakness for pie.—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

The Arkansaw Traveller's aged colored person says; "My idea of de better worl is whar dar is a clection goin' on all de time, case den de white folks is allers perlight."

The custom of colleges is learning young men how to row commendably. A knowledge of rowing enables men to take their own part after marriage.—*Philadelphia Chronicle*.

At Alton, Ill., a preacher asked all Sunday-school children to stand up who intended to visit the wicked, soul-destroying circus. All but a lame girl stood up.—*Independent*.

The American Poultry Adviser is the name of a new journal that comes to us this week. We hope it will advise the poultry in this vicinity to lay fresher eggs.—*Lowell Citizen*.

At the seashore, as usual, one wave from a women's handkerchief will continue to attract more attention than hundreds of waves from the ocean.—*Philadelphia Chronicle-Herald*.

Translated from the Omnibus: Magistrate (in the guest house to landlady):—"Are the eggs fresh?" Landlady—"Yes, certainly, Mr. Magistrate; they have especially for you laid been."

"Is it injurious to eat before going to sleep?" asks a correspondent. Why, no; not fatally injurious, but you just try eating after you go to sleep if you want to see a circus.—*Burlington Hawkeye*.

The tail of a fashionable youth's coat is very, very short. But it is not as "short," in the majority of cases, as the fashionable youth himself—by a handsome majority.—*Norristown Herald*.

"Dost love me, Clarice?" "Aye, truly, Gerald! I fairly dote on buttered beets, but I will forsake them and cling to thee and peach cream." Gerald rested content.—*Andrews' American Queen*.

The next expedition that starts for the North Pole should take some fortune-tellers along. Even if they didn't tell how to find the Pole, we can cheerfully spare them.—*Philadelphia Chronicle-Herald*.

Rev. Joseph Cook is lecturing in Australia. Mr Cook will be remembered as a Boston gentleman who gave the plan upon which the universe was created his personal endorsement.—*Chicago Tribune*.

The most thoughtful man has been discovered in New Jersey. Just before he died he said to the undertaker: "When you put me on ice do not waste any on my feet; they have already been frozen."

### PERSONAL ITEM.

The following references are to a matter of sufficient importance to enlist the attention of all our readers.

OFFICE OF THE CHIEF OF POLICE,  
HAMILTON, ONT.

I have much pleasure in stating that I lately used St. Jacobs Oil in a case of very

severe sprain, with marvellous effect. I had been badly hurt, and could not afford to rest too long: I therefore used the quickest means of relief, St. Jacobs Oil, which certainly worked wonders in my case. I consider it to be an invaluable remedy and shall not hesitate to recommend it to anyone whom I meet, suffering from want of a reliable remedy. I regard St. Jacobs Oil as a wonderful preparation, and shall freely suggest its use to my friends, —or enemies for that matter, when I find them seeking anything for the alleviation of the terrible torture of rheumatism. I write this note voluntarily to say what I think of the Oil, and it may be used in any way to accomplish the most good.

A. D. STEWART, Chief of Police.

## CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY COMPANY.

The CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY COMPANY offer lands in the Fertile Belt of Manitoba and the Northwest Territory for sale, on certain conditions as to cultivation, at

**\$2.50 PER ACRE.**

Payment to be made one-sixth at time of purchase, and the balance in five annual instalments with interest at Six per cent..

**A REBATE OF \$1.25 PER ACRE**

being allowed for cultivation, as described in the Company's Land Regulations.

### THE LAND GRANT BONDS

of the Company, which can be procured at all agencies of the Bank of Montreal and other banking institutions throughout the country, will be

RECEIVED AT TEN PER CENT. PREMIUM

on their par value, with interest accrued, on account of and in payment of the purchase money, thus further reducing the price of the land to the purchaser.

For copies of the Land Regulations and other particulars, apply to the Company's Land Commissioner, JOHN McTAVISH, Winnipeg; or to the undersigned, By order of the Board,

CHARLES DRINKWATER.

Montreal, May 19, 1882. Secretary.

## A. W. SPAULDING, L.D.S.,

(Demonstrator of Practical Dentistry in the Toronto Dental School.)

HAS OPENED AN

OFFICE AT 51 KING STREET EAST,

(Nearly opposite Toronto Street.)

Having had over nine years experience in the practice of Dentistry, six of which have been spent in Toronto, he is prepared to do FIRST-CLASS WORK, and at reasonable rates.

By adopting the Latest Improvements in appliances, he is able to make tedious operations as short and painless as possible.

As he does not entrust his work to students or assistants, but does it himself, the public may rely on it always being done as represented.

Office Hours, 8 30 a.m. to 5.30 p.m.

Evening Office at Residence, Jameson Avenue, North Parkdale.

**WE AND OUR NEIGHBORS.**

The *Citizen* has introduced the feature of extracts from leading journals on current topics, under the title of "Public Opinion." The department is well edited, and greatly improves an already excellent paper.

The *Evening News* is happy in the possession of a very clever writer who contributes a most readable column every Saturday under the caption of "The Town Crier." We know who he is, but wouldn't tell for a dollar.

Is it possible that the *Globe* people actually do steal the *Mail's* special despatches as the latter alleges? If the charge is false, it is surely high time for Mr. Brown to give it a point blank denial. We should be sorry to think that any Toronto journalist would descend to such pilfering, and trust the *Mail* may do as it threatens in the way of prosecution.

The *Grip-Sack* has just been issued. It is one of the cleverest things in the way of light literature ever produced in Canada. The colored cartoons are capital, and the reading matter is ahead of what is usually found in such productions. It is really worth its price. —*Evening Telegram*.

The first cargo of the *Grip-Sack* makes the liveliest kind of summer reading, and both in letter press and illustrations the volume is a credit to Brother Bengough and his assistants, who, by the way, are all Canadians. —*The World*.



A SKETCH ON THE ISLAND.

A resident artist taking precautions against the flood before retiring for the night.

**A TALE OF TWO BROTHERS.**

In a Queen City of the West dwelt two brothers—young men—who in size and general appearance resembled each other greatly. Their bank accounts resembled each other, too. Each showed a credit of \$5,000.



These young men were great favorites with their friends, and really were first-rate fellows,

honest and kind, and, being in good situations, lived together happily. It was a cause of much concern, therefore, to their friends to see one of them, let us say Tom, as the warm days of later June and earlier July came and went, grow thin and pale and actually wan, while a sprinkling of gray beset his raven locks. His brother, we will say Dick, was meanwhile congratulated on his radiant appearance and corporeal growth.



Tom could not understand why his brother Dick had gained all the flesh which he had lost, although he was painfully aware why he himself had grown so frail. Dick, while he had no trouble in accounting for the tightness of his own waist-band, was at a loss to account for the slackness of his brother's. Strange though it may sound, the tighter grew the money market the tighter became Dick's waist-band and the more ample did Tom's seem to grow.



As the summer resorts displayed their attractive advertisements, Dick proposed to Tom a trip to the seaside, saying that he thought it would do him good, but Tom sadly shook his grizzled head and expressed his fear that business would prevent his leaving the city at present, expressing the hope, however, that when the harvest was over he might be able to go off for a while. (Tom didn't know much about harvesting, and probably couldn't have told a field of spring wheat from a crop of barley, but he believed in a good crop, and had more faith in its power to cure his leanness than he had in the best emulsion of cod liver oil known.)



So Tom is at home, and Dick has gone off to Point Farm for a month, and is enjoying

himself at Tom's expense, literally, though he does not know it.



The only people who understand the thinness of Tom and the fatness of Dick do business here. Tom and Dick do business here, too—one by telephone and one by mail. They have never met in this office.

The *Long* and the *Short* of it is that Tom bought 500 Federal, at 169x4, last May and Dick sold 500, same price, same day, same office. Dick has covered at 153x. Tom holds his still. He is poorly, but his broker is "nursing" him. A. FLUSSE WUNNE.

**BY THE SAD SEA WAVES;  
OR,  
GOLD FEET NEVER WON BOLD HUSBAND.**

CHAP. I.

Algernon Fitzhuggins and Clothilde von Shaghnessy were betrothed. The tumultuous boundings of the heart of the former beat in reciprocal flops to the rhythmic movements of that of the latter. Two souls with but a single thought, two hearts that flopped as one.

The summer days sped onwards, and still Algy and Clo. loved and loved. And his ice cream and confectionery bill averaged 95 cents per week. Love on, fond hearts!

CHAP. II.

Moonlight on the lake. Also on shore, but 'tis with the former element we have to deal. A tiny skiff danced on the moonlit waters. Its occupants were the lovers. Algernon bared his brawny nine inch biceps, and the frail craft sped o'er the glistening deep. Clothilde sat aft and gazed lovingly at the man she adored. All was peace. And from afar came the faint cry of the whip-poor-will floating adown with the evening zephyrs, harmonizing with the resonant baritone of the bullfrog's melody. All nature seemed to be at rest. But was it? Wait.

CHAP. III.

Remain waiting.

CHAP. IV.

"A squall! A squall!" yelled Algernon. Yes, the wind squalled, so did Clothilde. One gust more terrific than all, and the slender bark floated keel upwards on the now tumultuously heaving bosom of the agitated waters. The lovers clung to the boat. Away on the scething billows floated Clothilde's bustle, back hair and bangs, but little she recked of them. Was she not wrecked herself? Alas! yes. "Algernon," she said "we will perish together. Clasp me in a fond embrace we will go down to death, damp, moist and uncomfortable, but loving to the last. Will we not, Algy?" "Nil desperandum. Vita brevis sunt," replied Algernon from the cavernous depths of his massive chest. True measurement, 36½ inches. Around his coat, 43½. Algernon, it will be seen, was a classic scholar. He wrote B. A. after his name. Does not that prove it? Take any B. A. and examine him and see if he be not profoundly intellectual. Perhaps you may be disappointed. Perhaps so.

They prepared to drown.

CHAP. V.

They went on drowning.

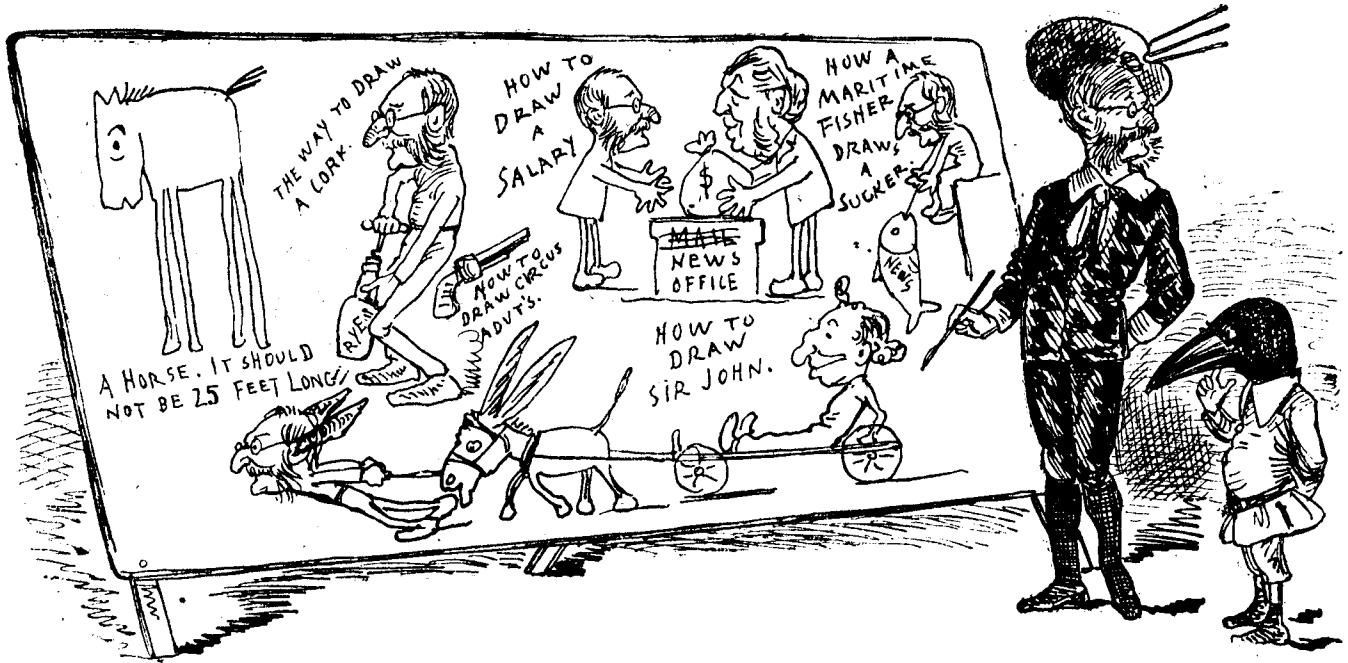
See OAK HALL'S Stock of Children's Suits. OAK HALL sells Clothing at Rock-bottom Prices.

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OAK HALL 115, 117, 119, 121 King-St. W. Full Assortment of Men's and Boys' Clothing



MR. BUNTING'S YOUNG MAN GIVING 'GRIP' SOME LESSONS IN DRAWING.

CHAP. VI.

"Algy, Algy," came the soft lute-like notes of Clothilde's voice. "My ownest own," he replied, "What is it?" "Algy, my feet are so cold." Algernon pulled off his coat. It was wet, but warm. He passed it to her with his teeth, saying, "Put them into the arm holes of this." She endeavored to do so. Alas! She was a Hamilton girl and could not get them in. "I must die with cold feet," she gurgled. "Tis well that I discovered that you were subject to them ere we became one," replied the despairing Algernon. She had given herself away before old man Von Shaughnessy had a chance to do so. Ah! miserie!

CHAP. VII.

All night they clung to the overturned boat. The morning sun rose in all his gorgeous primary-colored glory. The soft morning breeze whispered along the placid lake. Polliwogs and catfish sported round the drowning lovers, but no help arrived. "Algy" she murmured, "I am very wet." "Oh! dry up," responded the brute, who was now displaying his true nature. Night fell, and still they clung to their frail support.

CHAP. VIII.

Midnight once more—also moonlight. No succour had reached the unhappy pair. They had shared their last chocolate cream, and Death stared them in the face. The boat still lay where she had upset. No nearer the shore, no further away. "I can hold on no longer," said Clothilde, "let us die together. Come," and she clasped her arms round Algernon's neck. His nerveless hands refused to support the additional burden, and they slid off together. Bump! Their feet touched bottom at a depth of 2 feet 11 inches. "Oh! hang it," yelled Algy, "let us wade ashore." With crestfallen heads they did so. But Clothilde's admission about those cold feet was not lost on Algernon, and they never married. Thus it is that in our moments of peril some unguarded remark may fall from us which will prove our ruin.

SWIZ.

JOTTINGS.

A lone man.—A pawnbroker.  
A goldsmith, like a gardener, attends to his carats.

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TRADE MARK.



**THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY.**  
FOR  
**RHEUMATISM,**

*Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago,  
Backache, Soreness of the Chest, Gout,  
Quinsy, Sore Throat, Swellings and  
Sprains, Burns and Scalds,  
General Bodily Pains,  
Tooth, Ear and Headache, Frosted Feet  
and Ears, and all other Pains  
and Aches.*

No Preparation on earth equals St. Jacobs Oil as a safe, sure, simple and cheap External Remedy. A trial entails but the comparatively trifling outlay of 50 Cents, and every one suffering with pain can have cheap and positive proof of its claims.

Directions in Eleven Languages.  
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS IN MEDICINE.

**A. VOGELER & CO.,**  
Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

What kind of a bridge resembles the House of Lords? One that has piers.

Wandering Willie is not an Italian, though he be a roamin' youth.

TOMMY.—"Oh, gran'ma, what do you think? Mr. Jones has got a brass band—" Grandma.—"What extravagance! What a sinful waste of the money his parents so carefully made! A brass band just to entertain him with its music! Well, he'll soon come to beggary." TOMMY.—"Oh, gran'ma! you didn't give me time. I was going to say that the brass band goes over his horse's forehead. It's at the top of the bridle. He, he, he. (Tommy runs to escape a slap from said relation.)"

**The Spirometer.**

THE INTERNATIONAL THROAT AND LUNG INSTITUTE 75 Yonge street, corner King and Toronto. A body of French and English physicians are in charge. Great reformation in medical science. The Spirometer, the wonderful invention of Dr. M. Souvielle, of Montreal, an ex-aid surgeon of the French army, which conveys medicinal properties direct to the seat of the disease, has proved in the leading hospitals of Europe to be indispensable for the cure of catarrh, catarrhal deafness, bronchitis, asthma, and lung disease. Dr. Souvielle and a body of English and French surgeons and physicians are in charge of this, the most scientific institution on this continent. We wish country practitioners who have not sufficient practice to distinguish the different forms of lung disease to bring their patients to our institute, and we will give them free advice. This institute has been organized by this body of scientific men to place Canada in a position to compete on scientific views with any part of Europe, and to protect the people from the hands of insignificant men. Dr. Souvielle's Spirometer and its preparations were invented after long and careful experiments in chemical analysis and use in hundreds of cases to prove its effects. He has the sole right in France, England, the United States and Canada. Last year over 1,000 letters of thanks were received from all parts of Europe, Canada and America for the wonderful cures performed by the Spirometer. Hundreds of the leading people of this country given as references. Write or call at the International Throat and Lung Institute, 75 Yonge street, corner of King, Toronto, and you will be received by either of the surgeons. Consultations free to physicians and sufferers. Call or write, inclosing stamp for pamphlet giving full particulars free.

**W. H. STONE** { Yonge Street. } **FUNERAL DIRECTOR**  
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