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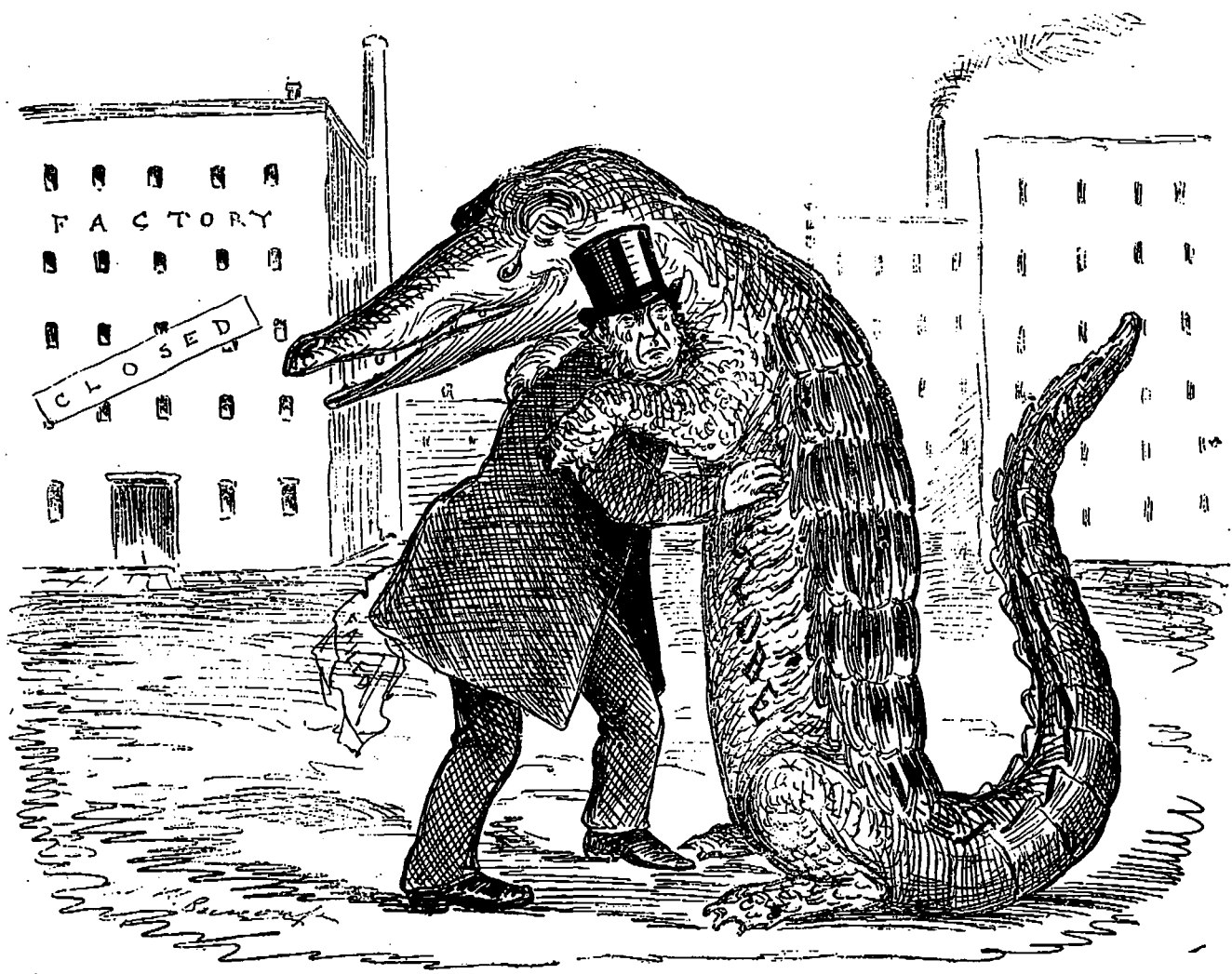


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VOLUME XXI.
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TORONTO, SATURDAY, JULY 28, 1883

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AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL

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FRED. SWINE, B.A. Associate Editor.

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

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Cartoon Comments

LEADING CARTOON.—The overpowering dullness which still reigns in the political world is the only apology we plead for again making the Boundary Question the subject of a cartoon. Those who are not sufficiently posted in history to grasp the profound meaning of our Oliver Cromwell sketch last week, will probably be able to understand this scene from domestic life. Perhaps some of our readers may know from practical experience what it is to have an ideal mother-in-law coming in upon them with a pounce and declaring her intention of staying all summer. Sir John is undergoing that experience just now and he doesn't find it at all to his taste. Nevertheless, Madam Mowat is doing no more than her duty in standing by her daughter Ontario, who has always been kind to her.

FIRST PAGE.—To the student of political human nature there are few things more amusing than the tears which Grit papers shed over the failures of manufacturers now-a-days. Every such disaster is recorded in these sympathetic sheets with the most decorous display of sorrow, though everybody knows that inwardly the editors smile in the most calm and complacent fashion and whisper "another one for the N.P!"

EIGHTH PAGE.—The Privy Council has just rendered a decision in favor of the Province of Ontario in the Mercer Escheat case. Mr. Mowat now thinks the Council a "most just and learned judge," though he lately expressed little confidence in their knowledge of Canadian affairs.

Something sound in the state of Denmark.—When an old toper read that "a law just passed in Denmark provides that all drunken persons shall be taken home in carriages at the expense of the landlord who sold them the last glass," he exclaimed, "Now that is civilization!"



"Early to bed and early to rise"—
Next day you'll feel sleepy and have red eyes.
—Puck, July 18, 1883, also *Noah's Herald*, at the time of the Deluge.

It is a matter for study why ladies consider it necessary to array themselves so extensively when bathing, when they attend evening parties, the theatre, and so forth, with about half as much apparel on.

It is by no means certain, after all, that Lord Lansdowne will come to this country as our Governor-General; he is not a rich man, and "honorable" and "reverend" relations are already putting in their claims to kinship with his lordship.

What a local co-tem. styles "an exchange of courtesies" between the Toronto and Montreal lacrosse teams, would seem to have been something very similar to the swapping of those articles indulged in by Messrs. Hanlan and Courtney. The times are changing.

The recent flood at London was a grievous disaster, and the sufferers by it deserved the sympathy they received on all hands, but why the *Free Press* wishes to add to the sufferings of the unfortunate people by publishing such poetry about the occurrence as that quoted from the Oxford *Tribune*, in last Saturday's edition, is a mystery. Such outrages ought to be squashed with a heavy hand.

It is rumored that a Hamilton lawyer has challenged Hanlan to a "chinning match." A specimen of the former's ability in this line is given in an interview with a reporter of the *Hamilton Tribune* published in last Saturday's issue of that paper. Betting will probably be about even. Hanlan's choice epithets and the legal gentleman's profanity seeming to leave but little to choose between them.

"Just then the Idle Spectator got mixed up in a drove of sheep coming down the mountain side."—*Hamilton Spectator*.

Too bad, too bad; we can just fancy that shepherd's language when he found he had one too many. We have left ourself open to a retort, here, in which B.A. would figure conspicuously, but it will fall flat after our mentioning it. Headed off again.

The chief of police has issued a stringent order to have all persons prosecuted who leave horses standing alone on the street, as run-aways have become so frequent here of late; and the detectives want to know if an order can't be promulgated authorizing somebody to hold all runaway defaulters till they (the sleuth-hounds of the law) are enabled to put some salt on their tails and catch them; a feat that they seem at present wholly unable to perform.

American papers have, before now, taken much pleasure in twitting the Old Country journals with their ignorance of the geography of "this glorious continent of ours," but what have they got to say to this, quoted from a heading in a United States newspaper? "Rapid subsidence of the angry waters of the St. Lawrence! Terrible picture of desolation presented by ruined bridges, wharves, and houses. London, Ontario, the scene of the disaster!"

"Dr. Brown-Sequard has discovered a new anæsthetic which destroys sensibility for an entire day or more."—*Ec.*

For goodness' sake, what next? What in the name of all that's idiotic do the doctors want to destroy sensibility for? Is there so much of it knocking about that they must needs make away with a lot of it? We don't wish to see the sensibility of any one destroyed, and the more sensible people become, and, consequently, the more like us, the better, we say.

The picture of Lord Lansdowne which appeared in this paper is declared by an English authority to be more like his Excellency than that of other papers.—*Hamilton Tribune*.—It is to be hoped that it was, as in the majority of papers the beholder was left to decide for himself whether the portrait was that of his lordship, or of "Skin-the-Goat;" the picture in the *Globe*, however, was at first mistaken by many for the first instalment of a patent medicine 'ad., the portrait given being supposed to represent "Before Taking," and "After" was anxiously waited for, but came not.

A man can't be locked up in 'quod'

On a simple *ipse dixit*;
So Wentworth's learned C.C.A.

Has now seen fit to fix it.
But when a peeler bold and brave
Comes forth with open lips, he
Can keep the man in durance vilo
By saying "Dixi tipse."

Which being loosely Anglicised
Means "I have sworn him tight";
The changing of the letter 't'
Just makes the matter right.

There is a girl in Sandusky, Ohio, whose feet measure eighteen inches in length, twenty one round the instep, and whose big toes are about as much in circumference as an ordinary man's lower arm. Crowds of people from all parts have visited this young lady, the size of whose feet is regarded as phenomenal in that part of the world, though a man from Hamilton, Ontario, is reported to have gazed long and lovingly on the immense extremities, apparently not at all surprised at their development, and, turning away, to have muttered with a sigh, "Ah! how they remind me of home."

"In centuries to come, when savans turn up the ground where Hamilton now stands and come upon the remains of the public buildings, they will find in a receptacle under a cornerstone a yellow envelope addressed to

Constable Ferris,
No. 1 Police Division,
Hamilton.

July, 1883.
and they will wonder at it and say, "There were police in those days."—*Spectator*.

True, oh king! and those same savans, if they are very savants, indeed, would also add, "but folks often had a mighty hard time finding one of 'em when he was wanted." And their words would be words of wisdom and truth.

Dr. Donald Padman (who, by the way, ought to change his name to Patman,) of Louisville, says: "To quiet a baby roaring with colic lay it upon its back and pat it from the neck downward over its little abdomen, taking care not to pat upward, as the latter course is sure to be productive of infantile squawls." To look out for squawls, it matters not how the word is spelt, is the first law of nature. This paper professes to be a comic one, and the above advice may seem to be out of place in its columns; but it is not. We have neighbors with babies; we occasionally

throw off our most brilliant humoristic gems at home: and if the parents of those babies persist in "patting upward," it is not our fault if the scintillations that appear in these columns are occasionally dimmed. To exonerate ourself from being accused of "dryness," we publish this recipe, and sincerely trust that, after perusing it, mothers with colicky babies will "pat downward." To make the thing plain to all we append a metrical piece of advice gleaned from a very ancient source.

Legite vos:

"With a downward sweep of the hand, just pat;

The colicky babe will approve of that;
Don't change the motion: if you do, look out,
The youngster will prove it has lungs, no doubt;

And will drive its neighbors into wild insanity,
Expressed in horrible and coarse profanity."

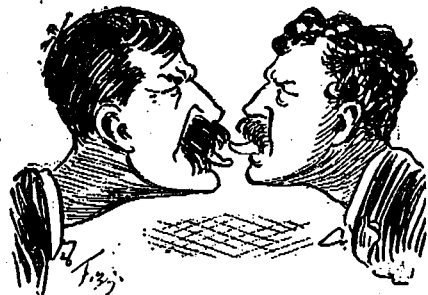
We don't often drop into poetry: (we were going to say 'like Wegg,' but a glance at several exchanges showed that others had skipped round corners and got ahead of us,) but when we do, Pegasus just 'gits.'

THE GREAT HANLAN-COURTENAY MATCH.

ANOTHER EASY VICTORY FOR THE BOY IN BLUE.

THE OLD STORY.

At the word "Go" Hanlan was the first to catch the water and was half a tongue length ahead with "You're a tea-poisoner" before Courtney got any way on his mouth, but he soon by a few rapid strokes of "You know you hired some one to saw my boat" drew himself level with the champion. Both men strained every muscle, their tongues moved so rapidly as to be almost invisible, and though Hanlan would occasionally dart to the front with "You're a snide and not fit to row with gentlemen," his big opponent would speedily diminish the daylight between them by remarking, "Say whether you can beat me or not, Ned."



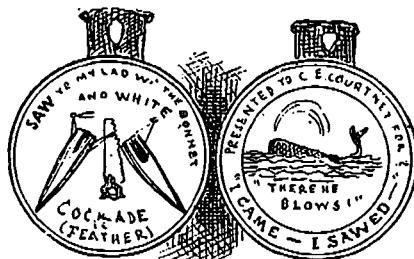
Both men were now becoming thoroughly warmed up to their work, and Hanlan was putting in "You're a liar" at thirty-eight to the minute, Courtney responding with "I'll make you row faster than ever you did before."

Hanlan, by this time, seemed determined to make the muscular carpenter show what he was made of, for, getting his right shoulder ominously up (his back had been in this position for some time), he placed several lengths between himself and the Union Springs man with long, even strokes of "You're a liar, a tea prisoner, a boat-sawyer, and worse than a thief" and it was becoming evident to all that he was far superior to his opponent in the skillful management of his skull and the tongue thereto appertaining, and it was plain that Courtney was becoming used up as his strokes of "Ned, Ned," grew fainter and fainter, and he was compelled to refuse to contend for \$2,000 a side, or to make a match when urged by Hanlan to do so, as "his backers were not present."

After this the race became a mere proces-

sion, Hanlan having it all his own way, and winning as he pleased by fifty tongue-lengths, (female size).

At the conclusion of the race, a medal from the admirers of Courtney in Richmond Springs was presented to him. It is a very handsome one of the best Russian leather, having the champion challenger's crest (a fine saw, ram-



pant, supported by two halves of an outrigger gardenis, on a ground, muddy; surmounted by the motto, "Saw ye my lad wi' the bonnet and white cockade" (feather), the reverse bearing a design representing a whale spouting terrifically, with the motto, "There he blows: There he blows" engraved underneath, whilst round the rim were the words, "Presented to E. C. Courtney, as a mark of something or other: *Venio vili, sed non vinco.*"

Mr. Courtney was wholly taken by surprise and stated that he could row faster than any man living.

The champion made a neat little speech on being declared the winner of the great contest, the following being a brief synopsis: "I am not a speaker" (cries of oh! oh!) "I talk with the oars. Ross is the best man I ever rowed against. Courtney is not: he is a liar, a tea-poisoner, a snide, a boatsawyer and worse than a thief. No gentleman should allow him to row with them. He's a fraud; good-night."

Both gentlemen were serenaded in the evening by a brass band, the tunes played before Mr. Courtney's quarter being, "In the North Sea lived a whale," "Blow, breezes, blow," "See-saw, Margery Daw" "He put some poison in his Souchong tea" (from 'Dun Tucker') and other appropriate airs: Mr. Courtney appeared at his window and again stated that he could row faster than any man living.

ADDRESS TO A JULY MOSQUITO.

WRITTEN UNDER THE SHADE OF A CEDAR.

BY T. MCTUFF.

Froward, unfeelin', restless pest,
By Satan's spirit sair possessed—
Nor night nor day, will ye gie rest

The man or beast;
But on their bluid, the vera best,
Ye'll hae a feast.

When Spring-time comes wi' promise fair,
Bedecked in brow robes, rich an' rare,
An' wi' her smiles wad fain drive care
Frae human hearts,
It's then ye hasten frae yer lair
To ply yer darts.

Aroon' ye hover till a chance
Ye get tae pierce them wi' yer lance:
An' then tae see yer victims prance
Ye tak' delight—
Whilst my riads frae the swamps advance,
Pleased at the sight.

E'en cattle, grazin' i' the field,
Flee tae the rick, that it may shield
Them frae the weapon which ye wield
Wi' siccan force,
That saunt tae blasphemie might yield
Wi' sma' remorse.

An' wearied toiler, fain to close
His heavy eyelids in repose,
Dreads sair the ruthless midnight foes,
That round are flittin',
As tae the land o' dreams he goes,
Subdued, submittin'.

It's ill in Spring yer stang tae bide,
Fell veeper o' the insect tribe,
An' sidge an' claw a sair blotched hide,
Inflamed thoro';
Yet handle sairer tae abide
Ye in July.

For bluid thou's thin an' mees' spare—
Yet sic a furnished look ye wear,
For this ae time I'll wi' ye bear,
Oot o' compassion;
Sae ye may tek' a goodly share—
Mosquito fashion.

Sae haste ye noo an' deep inject
Yer suction pump whaur ye select,
Whilst I'll sit doucely an' reflect,
The while ye dine,
On ways o' men as weel's insect
I'll ilka clime.

Ye devil's imp! at last ye've got
A tender, unprotected spot;
What care ye for the pang that's shot
Through a' my frame?
Yer only thocht is hoo tae glot
Yer empty wame.

Relentless foe o' saint an' sinner,
Its surely lang sin' ye had dinner,
I trow ye are nae new beginner
At yer fell wark;
There's nocht but death noo cud ye hinner,
Bluid-thirsty shark.

Od! hoo yer crimson paunch is swellin',
Ye lank, lang legait, greedy villain,
Hae ye nae care that by sic fillin'
Ye hide ye'll burst,
Yet for a' that ye seem fu' willin'
To risk the worst.

Yer fault wi' ye I sidna' find,
Ye're but a swatch o' human kind
Wha, tho' possessed o' soul an' mind,
Wi' senseless greed
Will oft wi' torture as refined
Their fellows bleed.

It makes sma' odds what ruin's wrocht,
If gowd be tae their coffers brocht,
The ways, the means maan oot be sought
Sic' end tae gain,
Untae sic' vampires it is nocht
Wha suffers pain.

Whan ye are fau awa ye'll fleg,
Whan man is fau the main he'd hae;
There's nocht sae mean but what he'll dae
To gather gear,
Till Death steps in whaur sic' men dee,
Wi' ghastly leer.

I dinna faut ye, pair insect,
Whan I but for a wee reflect,
For Nature's wants ye but respect—
Claim but yer share,
An' surely that is sma' defect:—
Ye want nae mair.

Sae flee awa, noo flee awa,
My musin' tae an' cn' maun draw,
Ye've hain yer dinner, tak' a blaw
In some quiet nook;
Ye dinna merit death awa,
Nor e'en rebuke.

—July 18th, 1883.

BOOK NOTICES.

A copy of Mr. R. W. Phipps' "Report on the Necessity of Preserving and Re-planting Forests," and compiled by the author at the instance of the Ontario Government, has just reached us. We anticipated that a some what dry task was to be ours in the perusal of it, for our experience with Blue-Books has been such as to warrant such an anticipator, though we felt, when we saw the author's name, that this particular Report would certainly prove interesting. But we were in no way prepared for the agreeable surprise that awaited us, nor for the vast amount of carefully prepared and valuable information to be found within the covers of Mr. Phipps' Report. The literary ability displayed in the work is of a very high order, and the subject is dealt with in such a manner as to compel the reader, even if he were a most inveterate hater of Blue-Books, to become deeply interested, whilst at the same time he cannot fail to be struck by the very elegant style of the writer, and his complete mastery and perfect handling of the English language.

Mr. R. W. Phipps has shown himself to be anything but a round peg in a square hole in his method of compilation of this most interesting Report.

Mr. Beauty regretted that
 Sir John A. Macdonald, with
 the Quebec Blues, was now
 ruling Ontario with an
 Iron Hand
 Speech at Meeting of
 Orange Brotherhood
 July 20



ET TU, BEATY!!

[Memorable words of Julius Cesar Macdonald.]

PHYSICIANS' PENMANSHIP.

A SUGGESTION THAT SEEMS TO BE A SENSIBLE ONE.

Grievous complaints have reached Mr. GRIP of the disastrous consequences which have arisen from illegible prescriptions. Ever anxious for the improvement of all bad writers, Mr. GRIP has been induced to offer his services to the medical men; and he has great pleasure in publishing the following testimonial to the efficacy of his system, which is simply that of writing medical prescriptions in words at length and in plain English.

Mr. GRIP is sorry he is unable to give the proper symbols for drachms, ounces, scruples, and so forth, as his meaning would be rendered clearer by introducing them. It is generally understood, however, that a thing like a figure '3' stands for a drachm—except at a refreshment bar, where a '5' at least is necessary for a dram—and a figure '3' with a mansard roof is allowed by druggists and physicians to represent an ounce.

Testimonial.

"This is the way I used to write a prescription before taking a dozen lessons from Mr. GRIP:

R.
 Acid: Hydrocyanic, m. x.
 Tr: Hyocy: dr. vss.
 Tr: Dig: dr. iss.
 Aq. Menth: Pip. oz. xivss--ft.
 Mist. cuj. str. oz. iss ter die.

The subjoined is a specimen of my new and improved style of writing since my dozen lessons:

Take ten drops of prussic acid, five drachms and a half of tincture of henbane, one drachm and a half of tincture of foxglove, and fourteen ounces and a half of peppermint water, to make a mixture, of which three tablespoonfuls are to be taken thrice a day.

PARACELUS DONNOBENS, M. D."

Of these prescriptions one is a literal translation of the other: and since all druggists' apprentices do not understand much more Latin than some of their masters, and a mistake as to a zigzag may occasion an ounce to be mistaken for a drachm, and vice versa, whereas such a mistake, in the case of such medicines as henbane and foxglove would cause the patient great annoyance and put his or her friends to much inconvenience in burying him or her, wherefor it is respectfully submitted to the faculty that they had much better write their orders in words at length, and in a language of which they understand something, say English, in preference to employing a tongue of which a great many of them know very little, and which, being dead, is better suited for the use of a large number of their patients, who it is feared will be in a similar predicament.

And Mr. GRIP would further suggest that, at the next medical convention or convocation or conference, or whatever term it is known by, the medical gentlemen present should discuss the question why a prescription should not be as intelligible as a recipe in a cookery book. There is now no occasion for concealing from patients what it is they have to swallow. Ignorance in this respect is no

longer bliss, and consequently it is not folly to be wise, for the time has gone by when doctors ordered spirit of earthworms, and powder of burnt toads, and concoction of Egyptian mummy for their patients.

PARENTAL AFFECTION;

OR, THE USE OF FORETHOUGHT.

Of all the pattern parents, no other e'er could be
 Such a pattern one as Jenkins, so it always seemed to
 me;
 He had a son, a charming boy, and, I assure you, ne'er
 Could you find another father of his offspring take such
 care.

Yet I looked on Mr. Jenkins as a very clever man,
 And in spite of any tricks of trade which I could ever
 plan,
 I never yet could match him; and I couldn't understand
 How still of me in everything he gained the upper hand.

He was a mighty traveler; by rail he always went,
 And he didn't, somehow, seem to care how much on fares
 he spent;
 He paid his money manfully, and seemed it to enjoy;
 I noticed that he always took with him his little boy.

Oh! it was quite affecting, the love he bore that child!
 And pleasing was the father's face as on the youth he
 smiled;

And to many an occasion back my memory quickly flies,
 When I saw him in refreshment rooms regaling him with
 pils.

One day there came an accident;—two trains met,
 crashed, and spilled,
 And Jenkins was a passenger, unhurt; his boy was
 killed!

Oh! sadly did the father mourn, and also wail and cry,
 But there seemed to be a lurking satisfaction in his eye.

He looked quite sad for many days, most mournfully he
 wept;
 But at length the puzzling secret no longer could be
 kept.

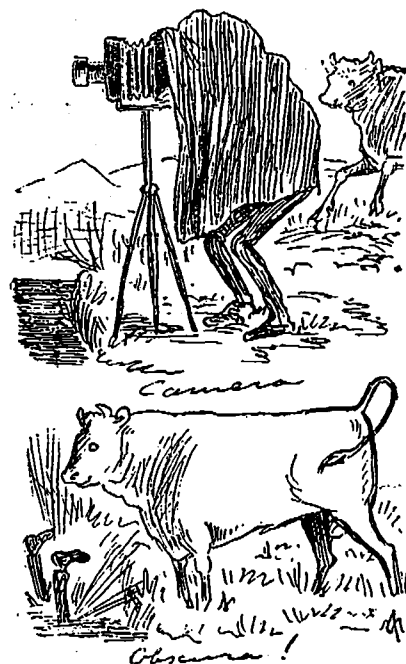
The life of that young son of his—mark well, my friends,
 what follows!
 Was insured in th' "Accidental" for several thousand
 dollars!

I was in that very railway smash: and in it, too, my wife
 Got jammed amongst the debris, thus finishing her life;
 So, you see, I am a widower: but it nearly drives me
 wild.

To think I'd not the forethought of that Jenkins with his
 child.

And now he's rich and scornful, and when we chance to
 meet,
 He's grown so consequential that he'll pass me on the
 street;

Which I behold reflectingly, and begin to understand
 How it was that Jenkins of me always got the upper hand



[From "Quiz," Glasgow.]



HIS MOTHER-IN-LAW HAS COME TO STAY!

MADAM MOWAT.—YES, SIR, HERE I AM, AND HERE I STAYS ALL SUMMER. I'M GOIN' TO PROTECT MY DARTER, AND DON'T YOU FORGET IT!



"So the world wags."

Sydney Smith be hanged! With all due respect to his clerical authority, I contend that it is not necessary to perform a surgical operation on a Scotchman's head to enable him to see a joke. The comic papers of Scotland contradict this supposition, and as a specimen of what they say I offer

THIS!

Scene—Watering place near Glasgow. Two friends enjoying a "dook."
TAM.—"Jock, man, yer skin's awfu' dirty; a'm far whiter than you."
JOCK—"Nae wunner, Tam; you had a dook last year, an' I hadna."—*The Chief.*

Pathetic stories are not in my line; and yet, amongst the works of those authors whose humor is real and undoubted, do we not often obtain glimpses of scenes, so pathetic, so true, that, for the moment, we love to linger on those scenes, and feel that the introduction of anything 'funny' is an outrage and a thing that should not be. All my readers have doubtless read Charles Dickens' 'Old Curiosity Shop'; many of them, I feel sure, have been deeply affected by the scene where the poor old grandfather visits the churchyard where 'Little Nell' sleeps, and where evasive answers are given to his querulous questions. Yes, we all remember that; and who love Charles Dickens—and who would not?—and I feel that the introduction of the following sketch is not altogether out of place. "Humor and pathos," a very able writer has remarked, "are divided by a line so thin that it oftentimes seems that the genuine humorist would be more in his element were he dealing with things pathetic." With this brief prelude I venture to introduce the following sketch, entitled

TOUCHING.

"Isn't it pretty?" said a little old man as he wheeled a baby carriage to the place where a reporter of the *World* was sitting in the Park yesterday.

"It must be pretty," said the reporter, looking into the carriage and seeing a tiny creature, snugly nestling in a downy nest, with its face covered by a delicate lace veil.

The little old man was delighted, his little old chin went *twit-a-twit-a-twee*, and he chirped like a bird.

"They keep its face covered," he said, with a sigh, "since the little white hearse drove away from the house the other day. But I!"

The little old man stopped and looked all around with his little twinkling eyes.

"I will show its face to you, sir, it's so very, very pretty."

And the little old man's chin again went *twit-a-twit-a-twee*.

"They will be angry," he continued, "but I'm so proud of its pretty face that I must show it."

Suddenly the little old man took the lace that covered the baby's face in his trembling fingers and the reporter prepared to burst into

exclamations of delight, even if the face should prove to be the homeliest face in the world.

"Mush't," a little child said, coming from behind the bushes and seizing the coat-tails of the little man. "Danna mush't."

"The flies will annoy Rose," a gentle girl of twelve said, joining the little group and carefully replacing the veil.

Close observation showed a tear trembling in the girl's eye as the little old man wheeled away the carriage, with the little child dancing by his side.

"Oh! it's such deception! she exclaimed, burying her face in her hand. "Baby Rose died last week," she continued, "and we are afraid to tell grandpa, as his mind is weak and she was his idol, so we put a doll in the carriage, closely veiled, so he cannot see its face, and let him wheel it around. But it's so deceptive."

Just then the little old man paused, left the little child with the carriage, and came back to where the girl was seated.

He put his face close to hers and whispered. "What was it," he asked, "that they carried away in the little white hearse?"

The poor girl turned away her face.

"Flowers," she said, "only flowers, grandpa."

"I wonder," the little old man mused, "why they all turn their faces away when they tell me what they carried away in the little white hearse."

Then he went to the carriage again and chirped like the merry little old man that he was.

"Flowers, only flowers," the reporter heard him murmur, as he wheeled the doll away.—*N. Y. World.*

* *

The following brief sketch of the sarcastic young woman is somewhat ancient, but it is none the less true for being so. Her class is a numerous one, and she is to be found everywhere; and she is really, though she does not know it,

THE GIRL WHOM NOBODY LIKES.

Have you ever met the sarcastic young woman? No! Well, I have, and I'm sorry for it. She is a pest. The giddy girl, the gushing girl, and the lackadaisical miss are not ornaments whose loss would cause the world grief, but they can be tolerated. The sarcastic maiden should be suppressed by law. Suffered? Yes, I have, and will not again. The school is growing. Nobody likes the sarcastic girl; everybody fears and many hate her. Her stock in trade may originally have been satire, but has long ago degenerated into impudence, and with the degeneration has slipped her ability to see the difference between what was and what is, between satire and impudence. She has been fostered in the family circle, and generally stays there. She began with mild criticisms of her friends, and ends by lampooning them. Now she has none, and caricatures her acquaintances. Her parents applauded her early efforts, and she retaliates by staying on their hands. The family think her brilliant, young men avoid her, and what the world knows as a sour old maid is thus created.

GRIP'S CLIPS.

All paragraphs under this head are clipped from our exchanges; and where credit is not given, it is omitted because the percentage of the item is not known.

Always under arms—Crutches.

I married my wife for her beauty:

She married me for my—wit.

That I got the best of the bargain

I'm candid enough to admit.

Wit often subsides into drivel.

That "beauty soon fades" is all bosh,

My wife is to-day at the wash-tub,

So I'm certain that beauty will wash.

The huge, drastic, griping, sickening pills are fast being superseded by Dr. Pierce's "Purgative Pellets." Sold by druggists.

When Jones heard it remarked that the less a man drank in warm weather the cooler he was, he wanted to know how much drink he would have to go without in order to freeze to death.

The experience of Naomi, the daughter of Enoch, should not be forgotten by American girls. She declared that she would not marry any one who was not "just perfect," and she did not get a husband until she was 580 years old.

"Yes," said the young gentleman, "Charlie has put a slur—a deliberate slur—upon me." "What is it?" "Introduced me to his girl." "How's that a slur?" "Why, isn't it equivalent to saying, 'Oh, you're of no account; there's no danger of you cutting me out?'"

"I scream with affright when a mouse comes in sight," said a girl to her affianced one, "I scream when alone in the darkness at home, and thus the monotonous silence relieve: I scream when in bed, that should wake all the dead, if my sleep is disturbed by a horrid old dream, and when, after tea, you drop in to ask me to stroll with you out in the moonlight, I scream."

When Poots started down town, the other evening, he told his wife that he was going to the office, and that he would have to do some night work hereafter if he expected to get ahead in the world. "This what you call getting ahead?" demanded Mrs. Poots, when she let her inebriate spouse in the next morning at three o'clock. "Betcherlife! Got a head bigger'n a (hic) wash-tub," was the response.

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"LORD CHIEF JUSTICE COLERIDGE."

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"W. E. GLADSTONE."

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TOO HASTY;

OR,

NIPPED IN THE BUD.

"Is it hot enou—" he said and paused;
He saw the furious fire in our eye;
This was the question oft before had caused
Full many a man to lay him down and die.

Felled by a blow that would have slain a bull,
Provoked by that one question. Yea, he stopped.
A vacant grin upon his visage full,
Then down upon our sanctum couch he flopped.

"I merely asked if this was hot enough—"
Once more he ventured to repeat: but lo!
Propelled by rear attacks so swift and rough,
Out through the friendly doorway he doth go.



Wha— what—" he gasps "whatever have I done
I meant no harm: you're just a bit too fast,
And I protest against that kind of fun,
And I object to being rudely cast

From out your room: I called to ask if you
Deem that the weather now is hot and fair
Enough to warrant me my frames t'eschew,
And grow pineapples in the open air."

"A thousand pardons, sir," we blandly said,
"We thought you one of those foul fiends who say
'Is't hot enough for you: we are not ill-bred,
Excuse our haste, but we have learnt to dread
That question asked a million times a day."

THE TRAVELLED BORE.

Of all bores, and heaven knows there are enough of them of all descriptions, perhaps the travelled bore is the most objectionable. My cousin Clara was one of this class: I say was, for she is very much less of a nuisance now, for reasons which will hereafter be seen.

My cousin Clara, then, with her sister Mary, came on a visit to me at Rosedale, and after the first greetings, I remarked,

"Well, since you have never been here before, it will be strange if we can't find you something both new and striking."

"What, my dear," was her response, in a surprised tone, "What can you possibly have to show me?" Temple, whirlpool, ruin,—no, you've no ruins in Canada.—geyser, volcano,

I've seen them all. Ah, you should have climbed Vesuvius; these stairs remind me of Vesuvius,"—she was ascending to her bedroom—"only of course there were no steps there. Ah! what a charming little bedroom,"—she had reached that apartment. "You should see the bedrooms in Germany, snowy white and eider down, only the bed is on top of you there. Gedenken Sie unser Bedroom zu Cologne, Marie?" she went on to her sister, who, however, paid no attention to Clara;—she was accustomed to her.

"What a charming view! and what a pretty little river!"—looking out of the window. "Ah! you should see the Mosel: you pronounce it wrong: fifty times as broad as that stream. There now, do you know that bay reminds me immensely of the Gulf of Catania in Sicily, only of course on a very humble scale." I did not like to hear my beloved Toronto Bay disparaged in this style, and was about to take up the cudgels in its defence, when the dinner-bell rang. "My goodness," exclaimed Clara, "is that the dinner bell?" Dy'e know, in some places in the Tyrol, we were called to dinner by a horn? so romantic, was it not? I'll be down directly: five minutes was always sufficient for me to prepare for the tables d'hotel abroad."

Down she came to dinner soon afterwards. "Trout! I adore trout, and these, for their size, are excellent; but you should see the trout at Quirico, in Italy. Ah, me! how you would enjoy dear Italy: and that beautiful Napoli."

"Where?" I asked.

"Napoli: what you call Naples; such an enchanting place! All noblemen, and such macaroni! Yes, thank you, a cup of tea; this is very nice cream, but you should taste the goats' milk upon the Wengern Alps, shouldn't he, Mary?"

"Sour," answered Mary, curtly.

"Well, there's a piquancy about goat's milk which requires a continental taste to appreciate, perhaps," and so on, and so on, in one continuous stream till bed-time, when she said, "Good night. I've so much to tell you to-morrow about the Switzer Hof at Lucerne, and Pahree, and ever so many places: *Buono notti* as we used to say at Florence. *Gute nacht.* Good night," and she was gone, and a great silence fell around.

Next day was occupied by one continued string of reminiscences from Clara of foreign parts, and in the evening I had invited my friend Dr. Blandford, who is a most intellectual man, to meet my cousins at dinner. He came, and appeared to read Clara's character like a book.

"Ah!" he began, soon after being introduced, "these beautiful Canadian scenes: what a pleasant relief they must be to you, Miss Clara, after the more brilliant pictures you have met with in your travels on the European continent and elsewhere."

"Ah! sir," replied Clara, with a pitying shake of the head, "you were evidently never in the Tyrol."

"Nay," answered the doctor. "I am perfectly acquainted with every detail of the country. Does not this one spot remind you of the valley of the Inn, near Innspruck?"

"Well, perhaps it does," confessed Clara, "but then how small, how confined!"

"Nay, but I think a cabinet picture has its charms as well as a cartoon. Look at Suss, now, in the Engadine Oberland: You have not seen it? ah! then you have missed something indeed."

"To tell the truth," resumed Clara, rather vexed, I thought, "Italy, and more particularly Turkey, effaced a good deal of Swiss scenery from my recollection."

"Indeed," said my friend in a tone of curiosity, "what places particularly struck you?"

"Well, the village of Rocca di Papa, for

instance; though that is out of the ordinary tourist's way."

"Oh! yes; the little place at the foot of Monte Caro. That spot reminds me a good deal of Hamilton, though it wants the bay and the lake beyond."

"After all," resumed Clara, "Italy has something soft and effeminate about it, which you do not lose till you go further eastward: I suppose you never got so far as the Temple of Aegina?"

"There are two," said the doctor. Do you mean that in the Saronic Gulf, opposite Salamis? ah! well, should you call that particularly masculine. Now I call Thunder Cape at the head of Lake Superior much grander and quite as lovely."

I was delighted at the way the conversation was going, and was pleased to think she had caught a Tartar.

"Well, Dr. Blandford, there is something in what you say: neither Greece nor Italy can be said to combine every excellence of natural scenery: it is reserved for Turkey, the garden of the World, to surpass all other countries in that respect."

"Indeed, I should like to hear your opinion of the more remarkable places, for I have but a very small experience of the Empire of the crescent, myself"

"Well then, I think the finest spot in the world for scenery is, without exception, Buyuk Echekmedge, on the Sea of Marmora: Its mosques, its minarets, its kiosk: I should never forget them, and the beautiful burying grounds."

"Pardon me," said the doctor, "I think you must mean Kutchuk Tchekmedge not Buyuk Tchekmedge: I know one as well as the other: they are both pretty but it is the former which has the burying grounds. The whole mere *ordinary tourist*" (emphasis returned with interest) "part of Turkey is as familiar to me as that of France or Belgium, but I thought you might have seen more of the Balkan than I. A walking tour over those mountains is the pleasantest thing you can imagine, but mine was so short it was scarcely worth mentioning; still I really think, after all, that there is no place like home. From Switzerland, from Turkey, from Russia even, I return to Canada, having found nowhere any thing more charming."

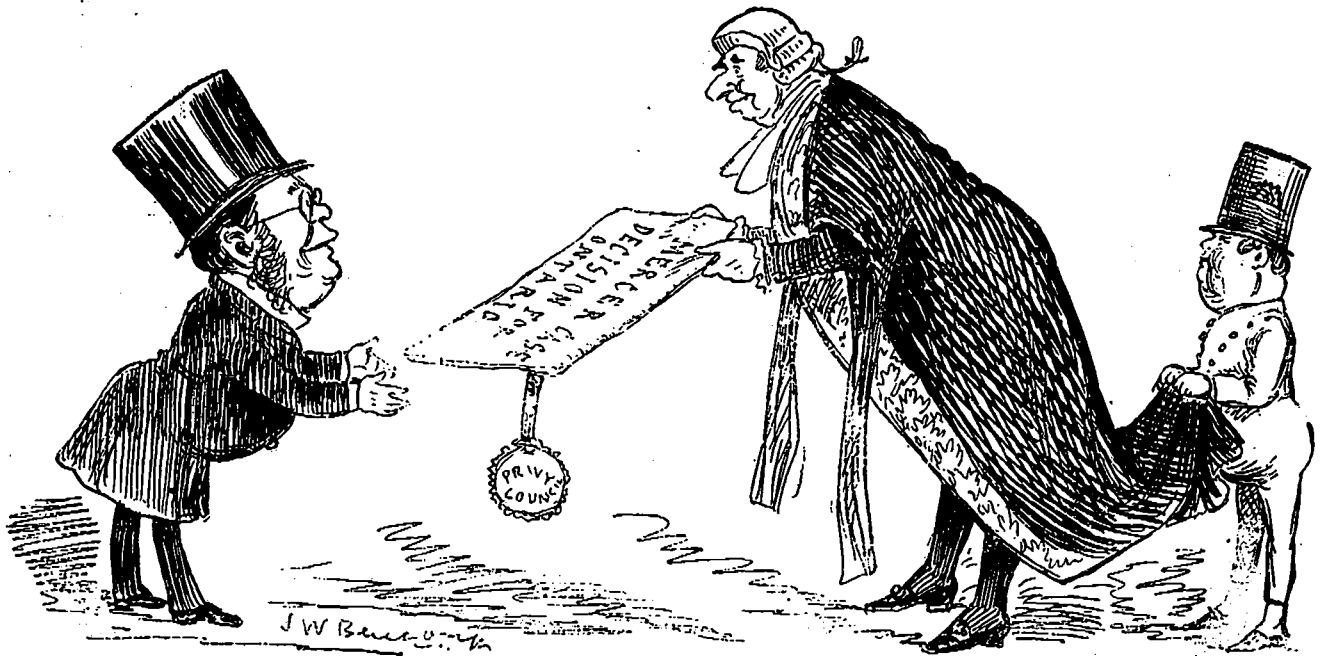
"There is a great deal in what you say, sir," said Clara, perfectly humbled as she rose and retired, when I said to the doctor, "I had no idea, Blandford, that you had been such a traveller."

"No more had I," replied he with a quiet laugh, "I have never been out of Canada, but I can get all the mere *ordinary tourist* information I require out of *Murray's Hand Books*, and I have the whole of them!"



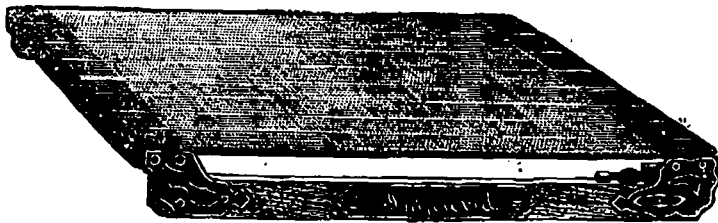
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