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{ 5 CENTS EACH.



J.W. Bengough

GETTING USED TO IT.

"GREAT SCOTT! DAR'S NUFFIN' LIKE GETTIN' USED TO THINGS. WHEN I STARTED, DIS HEAVY LOAD PULLED POW'FUL HEAVY, BUT I 'CLAR TO GOODNESS IT'S BIN GROWIN' EASIER AT EBERRY STEP!"

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• GRIP •

AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND
SATIRICAL JOURNAL.

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S. J. MOORE, Manager.

J. W. BENGOUGH,

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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AZRO GOFF,

Sole Advertising Agent for the Middle and New England
States.

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—The convention of the Ontario Branch of the Dominion Alliance resulted in the passage of a resolution on Electoral Action, which, if vigorously carried into practical operation, as doubtless it will be, is calculated to settle the question of Prohibition so far as this Province is concerned. The plan recommended by the special committee and enthusiastically endorsed by the convention is very simple, and cannot but be very efficacious. It is this: In every municipality a Prohibitory Electoral Union is to be formed—such unions to be made up of Prohibitionists who are prepared to pledge themselves to withhold their political support from candidates for any representative body (whether school board, local council, or parliament) who are not known to be sound on the Prohibition question. It will be observed that the pledge is *negative*; it does not bind a Tory Prohibitionist to vote for a Grit candidate in case the nominee of his own party is a liquor sympathizer, or a Grit Prohibitionist to vote the Tory ticket under similar circumstances. The members of the unions are pledged only to refrain from helping the foes of Prohibition by whomsoever nominated. There are thousands of Prohibitionists whose party feelings are strong who will readily join such a union, but who could not be induced to pledge themselves to vote for Prohibitionists put up by their political opponents. It is confidently calculated that in every constituency two hundred voters from each party will join the union, and the party managers will thus have a problem to deal with which can only be solved by the nomination of straight Prohibition candidates. Two hundred votes in either party, classified as "not to be counted on," is a serious matter, when it is recollected that in most of our Ridings

the member-elect wins by less than that number. If Prohibitionists are only true to themselves in the carrying out of this plan, they are in a position to dictate terms to the party caucuses and to secure the nomination of candidates pledged to work and vote for Prohibition, and to oppose any government that will not introduce the required measure.

FIRST PAGE.—In one of our American exchanges we found a funny drawing of an old darky travelling along with a load of melons, and philosophically reflecting on the curious fact that the further he went the lighter his load grew. The phenomenon was, meantime, clear to the observer, who could see the bad boys making off with the melons in the background. This struck us as being a very good representation of the condition of things at Ottawa. According to the *Mail*, Sir John is an honest and innocent old fellow, who finds the task of running this country growing gradually lighter, and who is quite unconscious of the fact that our resources are going off in the shape of grabs, subsidies, contract awards, etc., etc. The parallel is therefore complete, as the *Mail* must be right in its view of the "grand old man."

EIGHTH PAGE.—The space of GRIP is too precious to permit of our giving in *extenso* the resolutions passed by the Young Liberals' Convention. We have, therefore, condensed their ideas into a solid chunk, and put them in pictorial form. The bale of goods thus presented to the Liberal party is very valuable. All it requires is to be "carried out."



FAIR-WELL.

A PICTURE FOR THE CLOSE OF THE INDUSTRIAL.

BOYS, WAKE UP!

SONG OF YOUNG CANADA.

Wake up, boys, we've got the stuff,
We are the boys of Canada;
We've shown the world we're good enough
To fight and march out any day.
In any place beneath the throne
We think that we can hold our own.
Too long we gnawed our humble bone.
Boys, wake up!

Too long we've had to stand aside
And make room for the stranger here;
Our brains and talents are decry'd,
The why or wherefore is not clear.
But so it is from o'er the seas
A swell takes post here at his case,
And we left in the cold to freeze!
Boys, wake up!

Our fathers hewed the forests down,
They were the first to brave the lakes,
They were the first to start each town,
Let's stand together for their sakes.
Our hopes are here. It is our land.
We're tired of rule from distant strand.
We're strong. We want no helping hand.
Boys, wake up!

Let sneers not make our courage lag,
We are not traitors, far from that;
We fought well to uphold our flag,
But never bowed to Gesler's lat.
But we want no more leading strings,
Nor any bird's protecting wings,
No U.S.A. for Canada.
Boys, wake up!

—B.

PASSING SHOW.

Mr. Robt. H. Baird, the popular young comedian, was presented with a handsome silver testimonial by the citizens of Collingwood on Tuesday evening, on the conclusion of a six nights' engagement in that town. Mr. Baird is a capital actor and worthy man, and adopts the unfashionable but highly popular plan of carrying with him a company made up of really good performers.

"A Brave Woman," now on at the Grand, will please the lovers of melodrama. Daly's comedy, "A Night Off," had a brilliant week's run, and deserved the praise it got from our local critics. But why should the unoffending Miss Leigh have been gayed by being told every morning that she was "beautiful"?

DECIDED AT LAST.

A decision has at last been reached in regard to which is the cheapest place in the city to buy harness at. The name of the firm is the Canadian Harness Co., 104 Front Street, opposite Hay Market. You can buy a set of harness \$15 cheaper of them than any other firm in the city. They have the advantage over small dealers as they manufacture in large quantities; 200 sets to choose from, all hand-stitched.

SOME PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

DEAR GRIP,—Now that the Prison Commissioners have returned from their tour of inspection in the United States, and the much needed work of "Prison Reform" is about to be set in operation, I would venture to suggest, through the columns of your valuable paper, that such reform be made as thorough and sweeping as possible; and to this end, I beg to submit the following suggestions, as likely to prove acceptable to those most chiefly concerned:—

1. Let each prisoner on his entering into residence, be furnished with a blank schedule, whereby he may report at stated intervals, his opinion of—and satisfaction (or dissatisfaction) with—the treatment he undergoes, while under care—what he thinks of the conduct of the warden, guards, etc., and his opinion as to the fitness of each, for the office he holds. (These reports could not fail to be highly valuable and trustworthy. The time is now surely far past when the word of a Christian gentleman should weigh against that of a hardened reprobate.)

2. The hours of labor should be shortened. In fact, compulsory labor might be altogether abolished. Criminals, as a rule, evince a marked dislike to work of any kind.

3. A daily allowance of beer, whisky, brandy, or tobacco, according to the taste of the prisoner (I should say applicant).

(Numbers complain of their sufferings in this respect.)

4. Cards, dice, bowls, etc., etc., might be placed within the reach of those disposed to avail themselves of their favorite amusements.

5. The remodelling of the library. The books at present are of a kind too much above

the taste of ordinary criminals. Literature of the kind they delight in is surely cheap enough to enable us to place it within their reach.

I might suggest many others; but these will doubtless be sufficient to direct the minds of the commissioners in the right direction; and, I doubt not, if only carried out, such reforms, in the internal administration of prison discipline, would tend to give a more cheerful and home-like aspect to the life of the inmates of our jails, prisons and reformatories, while, at the same time, it would offer to the "large and deserving" class of criminals, who frequent the country, every inducement to come—*oftener*, and stay—*longer*. Yours truly,
CAP-O'-NINE-TAUS.

GRIP'S AMBASSADOR ON HIS TRAVELS.

(Concluded.)

XIV.—EN ROUTE FOR CANADA ONCE MORE, DISGUSTED WITH HOLLY HENGLAND.

S.S. OCEAN QUEEN, BLACKLEG LINE,

August 29, 1885.

SIR,—I suppose you consider yourself entitled to my gratitude for the letter you sent to the York authorities, informing them that kleptomaniacs was inherent in my family, and that you had no doubt the spoons, forks, etc., got into my luggage by mistake, but I don't thank you for your efforts in my behalf—though they procured my release—and I must decline to represent you abroad any longer. I consider that I have been treated most shabbily, and I write this from my berth in the S.S. Ocean Queen, on board which vessel I have taken passage—that is, I am going to work my way back to Canada on board her as third deputy assistant fireman—and I shall soon be home once more, thank the stars! This letter leaves by a mail packet to-day; we sail to-morrow.

You will never catch me in England again. The country is only fit for a people who bow the neck before a contemptible and useless aristocracy, and who only recognized me as belonging to their class as long as my money lasted and the weather seemed fair. See how they drew in their horns as soon as difficulties gathered round me, and here I am in debt to the Dook of Edinbro' and am set down as a disreputable, boozy inebriate by Wales and his set. If you'd only done the square thing and forwarded my salary regularly, none of these unpleasantnesses would have occurred. You don't expect a fellow to keep up such style as I was living in on \$3.50 paid occasionally, do you? Well, let me tell you I think mighty little of you.

I shall be blessed glad to see England sinking far astern as we steam away from Liverpool. No man with the proud spirit of independence born with all true Canadians could exist in such a country. Such cringing to fellows because they bear titles I never saw, and the English system of "tips" would ruin a man with far larger means than you allowed me. The only place where no "tips" seemed to be expected by the attendants was York jail. Then the climate is simply beastly, and the fog and the 'alf and 'alf seem to permeate the entire British constitution or system, for I never saw such a muggy, thick-headed lot as the upper classes in my life, and it's hard to believe that such men as Sydney Smith were ever born and lived there. One would think that a moderately bright man would use his wits to get out of the country as soon as possible, but they don't; but then there ain't any really bright men there now-a-days; the beggars couldn't see my jokes at all.

I had an idea that the English were the most hospitable people on the face of the earth, especially to a stranger and one representing you; but, by Jove! directly Wales let out that I was strapped and that you sent \$3.50—seventeen bob he called it—to pay my expenses

for a month, I tell you I soon learnt what the cold shoulder was. You may just bet that Edinboro' has drawn on you for the eleven and tuppence I owe him before this, and you'd better pay it too, for he's not to be trifled with.

I had to leave my trunks—luggage they called it—behind, and I'm a pretty looking seed I can assure you, and were it not that I am begrimed an inch thick with coal-dust and grease, my lily-white skin would gleam through my garments in several places, and I beseech you to have a suit of something ready for me when I reach Quebec. If you don't I'll expose you and your treatment of me, and how you, through your agents, had those spoons and things secreted in my trunk so that you could get out of paying me my salary. No one would recognize in the grimy, oily, tattered being who writes this the bright, high-born, well-dressed gentleman who came over to England as your ambassador a couple of months ago.

I am in far too low spirits to write any more, and unless you do the square thing on my return there'll be a ruction round Front Street. Send draft and clothes to meet me in Quebec, or look out for squalls.

Yours (ambassador no longer) truly,
—S.

[NOTE.—Should this meet the eye of our late ambassador he may take notice that if he is seen within a block of GRIP Office on his return he will be arrested. He has proved himself a disgrace, and we wash our hands of him. Let him be warned in time.—GRIP.]



NOBLE INDIGNATION

Of the Senate on hearing that it is the intention of the Canadian people to make the Upper Chamber responsible for its conduct.

At the Toronto Exhibition the first prizes in all classes of clothing were awarded to R. WALKER AND SONS. Their stock of Fall and Winter materials is now complete. Place a trial order for a suit or overcoat.

MIDNIGHT MUSIC.

A NORTH-WEST EXPERIENCE.

Close wrapped in blankets, I am fast asleep;
In lazy dreams I wander far and near,
Till ghostly twelve arrives with darkness deep,
And from their dens predacious brutes appear.

Once more I tread the path I trod of yore,
And list the bird songs that I loved to hear;
Once more I stand upon the schoolroom floor,
And trembling see the rawhide grin draw near.

Yet once again, with stealthy steps and slow,
I creep along McGuffin's orchard fence;
The luscious "early harvest" well I know,
And know I too the dog; a few yards hence!—

Great Moses! what was that? An earthquake sure
Has struck the house and knocked my dishes down,
Smashing one half of them upon the floor,
And here I am just fifty miles from town!

Well, well, it can't be helped, I'm sure of that,
But, blank those crime and their ferret eyes!
As sure as daylight comes I'll get a cat,
And give the little rascals a surprise.

To sleep once more, how long I cannot tell,
When up I shoot in bed with bated breath,
Awakened by a most incarnate yell,
So close 'twould almost scare a man to death.

It trembles yet beneath the shanty floor,
Its dying echoes skirmish overhead,—
Ha! there it goes again outside the door,
Not ten feet from me where I lie in bed!

"Ki-yi! ki-yi! ki-yi! hoo-oo! hoo-oo!"
Ho! friend coyote, how are you to-night?
This serenade of yours is quite too-too,
Too muchly-much in fact, so, to the right—

About! pick up your wretched legs and fly.
Or I'll be forced to send a leaden pill
Into your carcass; yet, believe me, I
Have no desire to work you any ill.

"Ki-yi! ki-yi! ki-yi!"—Confound your cheek!
Is that your answer, I would like to know?
With muttered threats I spring my gun to seek,
When—whisk—the rascal flies across the snow!

A wild-cat next, with agonizing yell,
Sends icy thrills along my wretched spine;
'Twould almost seem that all the dogs of hell
Were out cavorting round this hut of mine.

A half-hour later comes an awful howl
That makes the very walls with terror creep—
Ho! grizzly wolf, how are you? By my soul,
Just move along and let a fellow sleep.

Next comes a wolverine with wailing woe—
The cry of some lost soul it seems to be—
Great Caesar's ghost! is sleep beyond my reach?
Will morning never come and set me free?

Thus it goes on till daylight brings relief,
Coyote, wild-cat, wolf and wolverine
Yelp in procession, while my naps so brief
Form interludes the serenades between.

—PERKINS MIDDLEWICK.

The Volunteer who, having escaped the bullets and bulletins of our late 'Nor' Wester,' will get married first, is to receive from the Toronto Stove Co., the free gift of a Diamond "A" Range or Square Splendid stove. Marry, sir, you will find more glory in a Diamond Range with pie-a-pot and little cubs at home, than in a no-pay, hard-tack and Big Bear range abroad. No more Fallen-tear for you!

TOO BAD!

Professor Goldwin Smith has been giving the New York Historical Society a notion about the Political History of Canada, and a report of his address has been duly published in all the Canadian dailies. Probably the Historical Society were already aware of the substance of his discourse, our marvellous development from the crude serfdom of a Crown colony to the glorious position we now occupy as the "New Dominion." P. G. S. might have added, but he wouldn't, that we are as dissatisfied as ever—that is to say, if the newspapers are to be believed. Having just crushed a revolution of *niches* and "breeds," we are now threatened with nothing less than a "war of races." But why, Goldwin, why in the name of the Continental Congress, did you inflict the Yankees with such a subject? And to be sent back again to us as news! Give them something new the next time, Goldwin, "Braddock's Defeat," or the story of your namesake, Captain John Smith.

SPRING, GENTLE SPRING.—Mama, come and get me some of those nice Boots we saw at West's, on Yonge Street.



FEMALE EMIGRATION TO CANADA.

Miss Leprancer (reading Lord Lorne's speech on the subject).—"The further west the young woman went, the more offers she got!" Oh, mamma! let us go to Canada, as far west as possible.—Punch.

THE HUSBAND'S PROGRESS.

THREE DAYS AFTER MARRIAGE.

"My precious poppy-wopsy, best
Of loves, I'm going out," he said;
And she upon his manly breast
All lovingly reclined her head.
"You will not leave your birdie, dear";
"I will not, darling; rest content."
And then a dozen kisses; "Dear,"
"Bye-bye." "Ta-ta, love." So he went.

THREE WEEKS AFTER.

"My own, I'm going out to-night;
Pray don't sit up, I may be late."
She sweetly smiled, "Well, dear, all right—
But come home in a proper state."
Then, having lighted his cigar,
Above her languidly he bent
And kissed her: "Well, good-bye," "Ta-ta."
A single kiss! And off he went.

THREE MONTHS AFTER.

"Lisette, I'm going out to-night."
She does not even raise her eyes:
"Well, go; but don't you come home tight,
Or you may meet with a surprise."
He hums a Pinaforish air,
And on his coat puts fragrant scent;
"I'm going, Liz." "Well, I don't care;
Why don't you go?" And so he went.

THREE YEARS AFTER.

"Yes, Mrs. S., I'm going out."
"T'would be a blessing if you'd stay."
"I wish I could, I would." "No doubt,
You horrid wretch; well, go! you may.
I only wish, upon my life,
I were a man; I'd soon resent
Your conduct. But I am your wife,
Worse luck!" and, midst the jangling strife,
He, followed by a broomstick, went.

LOST.

How many people of both sexes are suffering from lost vitality, all broken down, and on the verge of consumption, that might be restored, as many have been when given up to die, if they would use Burdock Blood Bitters, which restores lost vitality and gives new vigor to the debilitated system.

NURSERY RHYMES.

FOR LITTLE ANTI-SCOTT BOYS.

In order that the spirit of Freedom, now as always the glory and pride of the British nation, be kept alive in the now rising and all future generations, and with the sincere hope that they will implant in their young and brave hearts a firm determination to repel any attack on their liberties, especially as to what will be their future "booze," I append for the benefit of all intelligent Anti-Scott little boys the following simple rhymes:

THE THREE WISE MEN OF GOTHAM.

Three wise men of Gotham went out on a spree;
They landed respectively in Nos. 1, 2 and 3.
The numerals in the above couplet, my dear boys, refer to Nos. 1, 2 and 3 Police Stations.

SING A SONG OF SIXPENNE.

Sing a song of sixpence, stomach full of rye,
Four and twenty cocktails—yet he's always dry;
When the bar is opened, in the door he'll spring;
Isn't this a pretty sight to put before E. King?
The Landlord in the parlor,
Counting out his money;
His missis is out driving—
Ain't it very funny?
The bar-keep's 'mongst the bottles,
Knocking down the stamps;
He says, "Get out and take a walk,
This is no place for tramps."

My young friends, there may be a few expressions I have made use of in the last stanzas which you do not understand as yet, savoring as they do of slang; but as you grow older conviction will come to you, and they will become quite familiar.

OLD FATHER HUBBARD.

Old Father Hubbard he went to the cupboard
To get his matutinal horn,
But when he got there, the cupboard was bare,
So said he, "I'll drink nothing this morn."

Here, my dear boys, is an example for you. The old and respected Mr. Hubbard as is his

wont goes to the cupboard for his morning nip, but apparently he has been up having a night of it with a "few friends"; he finds the bottle empty and cupboard bare. Does he repine? No! Doubtless he feels the deprivation keenly, but he merely murmurs, "I'll drink nothing this morn." So take an example, my dear boys, from the action of the historic old gentleman. It would be well for you, for when you grow old after having paid daily matutinal visits to your cupboard, you will go there some bright morning and find it bare indeed.

AUNTY SCOTT.

ALL EXPLAINED.

The Cathedral Clock is on view. By paying ten cents and climbing—nobody has yet ventured to count the number of steps—and climbing steps, we were saying—which, by the way, is a *climax* (see? puns within puns; see Liddell and Scott's (great Scott's) lexicon)—by paying ten cents and climbing a number of steps you can see how it is all done. We did, and we must say we were very disappointed. Sunday after Sunday we have lain in bed, trying to sleep through all "them infernal bells," and imagined to ourselves how it was all done. We were simple and unsophisticated, and imagined that of course it was the curate's duty to ring those bells and chime those chimes. And when we went up that fearful tower we thought to have seen him, poor man, dressed "in full canonicals," (that is the correct phrase, we believe,) jumping from rope to rope in frantic haste, with the "sweat of his brow" oozing from more than every pore. We wanted to find out lots of things: How he liked the work; whether he wore a black or a white surplice while he did it; whether he said "awmen" or "samen" when he had finished; if he ever forgot to keep the "eastern position" (that is right, isn't it?) while jumping about; what he took after his hard work—whether unfermented or fermented wine (we suppose he took wine, wine not?). These and lots of other things—suggested, we have now found out, by the pretty pictures we had seen of belfries and such things—we wanted to find out. But, as we have said before, we were very disappointed, very!



WHAT'S IN A NAME?

A FACT.

SCENE.—The Caledonian games at Lucknow. Visiting piper has just performed a selection; McTavish has listened with rapture.

McTavish.—Whaat iss your name?
The Visitor.—My name's Ireland.
McTavish.—Ireland! Hoch, I wiss it wass Scotland, whatefer!

PROHIBITORY
 ELECTORAL UNION,
 PLEDGED
 TO REFUSE TO SUPPORT OR
 VOTE FOR ANY CANDIDATE
 WHO IS NOT A
 KNOWN & PROFESSED
 PROHIBITIONIST.



200
 TORY VOTES
 IN EVERY
 CONSTITUENCY
 THAT THE
 TORY
 NOMINEE
 CANNOT HAVE
 UNLESS HE
 IS
 SOLID
 FOR
 PROHIBITION

200
 GRIT VOTES
 IN EVERY
 CONSTITUENCY
 THAT THE
 GRIT
 NOMINEE
 CANNOT HAVE
 UNLESS HE
 IS
 SOLID
 FOR
 PROHIBITION



Name your own
 Candidate! We can't
 afford to ignore you!

What can I do for
 you? Anything to oblige!



"NOW WE'VE GOT 'EM!"



TWO PRISONERS.

The essential difference in the spirit of the French and English sections of our population is strikingly manifested in the cases of two prisoners now before the courts of the Dominion. We beg pardon of Mr. Sheppard for linking his name with that of Riel, even for the purpose of illustrating our point, but it must be done, as the point is one which should be impressed upon the public mind without further delay. What we wish to emphasize is the energy displayed by the French press on behalf of Riel, contrasted with the indifference of the English press to the wrongs of Sheppard. Look at the two cases. Riel is tried in due form and condemned; the finding of the jury is confirmed by a higher court, and there is no pretence made by anybody that he is innocent of the charges which the jury say were proved against him. Yet we find the French press with one voice demanding a further hearing of his case; and when that has been had, if the verdict is still sustained, we will find them demanding a commutation of the death sentence. And what they see fit to demand they will get, as everybody knows. This is all right, and does the French credit, in so far as it shows that they are determined to accept nothing less than absolute justice on behalf of a member of their race. It is wrong if it goes beyond the point of securing justice. Now, what we claim is that Mr. Sheppard is just as much entitled to justice as Riel, and would just as certainly get it if the English press had anything like the spunk displayed by the Quebecers. Yet we find the journalists of Ontario standing idly by without a word of protest while an outrage is perpetrated upon one of their number. To arrest an Ontario editor for libel and to try him, and, if found guilty, punish him, is in accordance with law. But to drag that editor out of his own Province and try him in the midst of a population that has been systematically prejudiced against him, and urged even to the verge of personal violence by the local press; to refuse him a change of venue to a locality only a degree less dangerous—this is not in accordance with justice. The *News*, of this city, published in its local columns an interview which contained references to the 65th Regiment, of Montreal, coming within the range of libel. A suit is instituted against the editor of the paper, and advantage is taken of a technicality to have him tried in Montreal instead of Toronto. The 65th happens to be French, and the Montreal papers, led by that owned by the mayor, proceed at once to work up the fanatical prejudices of an ignorant mob by telling them that their "race" has been insulted. The mayor's paper publishes a picture of Sheppard and calls upon its hoodlum readers to spit in his face; and all this while his case is *sub judice*! He applies for a change of venue which, under the circumstances, ought to have been granted without a word of dispute, but it is flatly refused. The fact is, they are going to put Sheppard in prison whatever the merits of his defence may be, and as soon as he comes out they intend to arrest him again on the same charge and get civil damages against

him to the tune of \$100,000. This, at least, is the programme the journals have laid down, and no doubt they will do their best to see it carried out. And how many Ontario journalists have raised one word of protest against this outrage? Only one, so far as we know, and that a little village paper—the *Richmond Hill Liberal*. Could a Montreal editor be dragged to Toronto and tried under like circumstances without a word from the French press? No! it is only the English majority of this country that is expected—and willing—to stand an indefinite amount of contumely, injustice and outrage. We say nothing as to Sheppard's guilt or innocence of the alleged libel; but we protest with all our power against the un-British and high-handed manner in which Montreal fanatics have been permitted to deal with him.



PAR FROM FANATICISM.

Rev. D. J. M.—U.—I do not wish to appear fanatical, and I would not say that you should be prohibited altogether; but really, you know, when you take to cutting the throats of helpless children, you are going too far!

PHIZIOLOGICAL DISCOURSES.

II.—MOUTHS.

It may be said that as the great opening feature of the human phiz, the mouth should have been treated to first place in these learned discourses; but as nature has placed the mouth below the nose and doomed it forever to follow it, we had no other alternative, and shall, instead, treat it to a cool refreshing fiz so as to prevent it becoming too dry a subject whilst we deal with it in a summery manner.

The mouth in some individuals is the gate to greatness, *vide* any respectable circus side-show; in others it is the means by which they may distinguish themselves in an astonishing acrobatic feat, *vide* those who never open their mouth without putting their foot in it; in others, again, it is the road to ruin, *vide* those who, like thirsty Swiss travellers, pass along the Wetterhorn; whilst in others the mouth is a garden, from which, between tulips, spring flowers of rhetoric, the favorite color with some being one of the various kinds of yellows. The mouth has the honor of being the only portion of the human frame which man can manufacture without cost or delay, for is it not a fact that there are persons who make mouths on the slightest pretext?

The mouth has also the consolation of knowing that in this world of shams, despite its false molars and gold fillings, it can plead not guilty.

But let us proceed to look into a few of the

more remarkable mouths. We will open with the Close mouth. This variety is found in very cautious persons and little talkers. This mouth is never opened but to tell a secret or swallow a meal, for which it will be found to possess extensive facilities. Close-mouthed individuals usually have long ears, which act together on the principle: "Hear all, say nothing." Owners of close mouths are to be avoided in a crowd for the reason that some of them stuff themselves so full of secrets that there is the utmost danger of them bursting before they will part with any of them.

Let us next observe the Double-lipped mouth. This variety takes its name from the lips which guard its cavernous depths, all within having turned out to join the outer guard. This mouth is owned by great talkers, and we would advise poor talkers to give them a wide field, for they give lip at the rate of two to any such person's one.

The Blubber mouth variety, a close ally of the above, though not always a waiter, can give plenty of mouth when necessity (here read hunger) calls. Its greatest work is got in at dinner and feast days. It is believed that Mr. Jack Sprat was of this variety. The evidence adduced that he and his charming wife between them made so neat a job of the platter goes very far to prove that he was the owner of a pair of double power blubber lips, and that to them and not the tongue should be ascribed the glory.

Another kind is the Button mouth. Owners of this mouth go about the world wearing it like this: There is little to be seen of it, and yet it is probably the richest of all the mouths. Let us prove this. People with this mouth are said to purse their mouths, *ergo*, there is money in it. Come to think of it, how sad it would be were the Button mouth incapable of extension. Were this so its owners would run the serious risk of starvation for want of a hole large enough to pass their daily bread through.

The Lipless or Line mouth is a strange variety. All that is seen to indicate the position of the mouth is a line drawn across the face; in serious persons it assumes this form, —, in funny folks like this, —. It is somewhat difficult to account for the absence of the lips, but in some individuals, too frequent application to the edge of a pewter pot, or in others, too much osculation, may explain away the difficulty.

Another curious class is the Wry mouth. Persons having this mouth are always one-sided in their remarks. Ignorant people who persist in wrestling with long and learned words often fall victims to it, by receiving a word twist from which they never recover. Street vocalists and others, from their indulgence in hookers of rye, also sport the Wry mouth, but never fail to drink straight at other people's expense.

Last but not least comes the Frog mouth. This is the king of mouths, and is always held in awe and reverence by boarding-house keepers and free lunch bar-tenders. Its size is such that it requires two-thirds of the face to stretch itself upon. There is an old wheeze which says that when the Frog mouth gentleman smiles, he smiles from year to year; but to hour way of calendaring out jokes, this is too weak a way of putting it, annual likely to second our belief. The Frog mouth always laughs, a smile is not comprehensive enough for him, and though to him such may be man's laughter, to his hearers it is akin to manslaughter, for to see him open his mouth during a laughing fit is to obtain a glimpse of the way to destruction.

But our readers' mouths are doubtless already beginning to yawn and therefore we will end this discourse on mouths by closing our own.

TRUS A. DRUM.

“WHIG AND TORY.”

“Ive only this to say about you thaird party,” said Archie McFee to William Tompkins at the corner of Yonge and King Streets yesterday afternoon, “that it savors our muckle o’ ravalutionary tendencies; noo if these growing chieles wha’ ca’ themsel’s the Young Leeberals wud but reflect a wee they wud see the folly of the coorse they hae taken.”

“I quite agree with you, Mac,” responded Mr. Tompkins, “it is but a wedge, a wedge, Mac, the small edge, of course, to dismember the greatest empire the sun ever shone on, whose morning drum, sir, beats round the world, sir. It is an insidious attempt to haul down that flag that never yet was unfurled, sir! An attempt to nullify, if not altogether to demolish, the Glorious British Constitution, sir!” continued Mr. Tompkins, warmly.

“Aye,” replied Mr. McFee, “let the chieles, if they aur Leeberals steck tae their ain proper colors and the grand auld pairty, let them read their *Glob*—”

“Their what?” interrupted Tompkins.

“Their *Glob*”, of course, mun; ye ken it still raprasnts the bone and sinew and intaligence o’ the country.”

(Tompkins) “The deuce it does; why, the people the *Globe* represents have always been rebellious. I haven’t forgotten McKenzie and the rebellion of ’37 if you have! Let them read the *Mail*.”

(Mac) “The *Mail*! Hech, mon, an’ who reads sic trash as comes out daily in you scurulous sheet! Ye’ve a muckle deal to say about McKenzie and the raballion, but what about Cartier and a’ the ither great Tories that had tae flee in the auld times. Hech, mon, ye must be daft!”

(Tompkins) “Well, I say, confound a Grit, anyway!”

(Mac) “And I say, confound a Tory!”

And the two great upholders of loyalty departed their different ways in high dudgeon.

—B.

IMPOSSIBLE.

The last Hibernian bovine (*Anglicé*—Irish bull) that has escaped the lips of the son of St. Patrick who has most recently set foot on these shores was to the effect that “if, bo Jabors, he had to live this loife all over agin, he w’d be ashooting of himself afore ever it began.”

SPECIAL ADVERTISEMENTS,

WHICH, WE BELIEVE, ARE ABOUT TO BE INSERTED BY SEVERAL WELL-KNOWN PERSONAGES.

FOUND—

A policy. Address: EDWD. BL—KE.

STRAYED from my mind, some years ago, two pale-colored, feeble idens, nam’d respectively: “Sense of Justice,” and “Political Purity.” Any person giving such information as will lead to their recovery will be liberally rewarded by applying to JNO. A. M—CD—N—LD.

Note: Of no use to the former owner.

WANTED—

A tutor, who, for a few hours nightly, will undertake to teach the art of ENGLISH COMPOSITION. Payment in the shape of advertisements. Address: The *GLOBE*.

WANTED—

A prescription for a STRENGTHENING TONIC. Address: The *WEEK*.

URGENTLY NEEDED—

A PROGRAMME. YOUNG MEN’S CONSERVATIVE ASSOCIATION.

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On mortgage security, at lowest current rates, second and other mortgages purchased—N.B. when margin is sufficient or covenants ample. Any business returning good interest will be carefully considered. Address: Dr. B—RG—N, M.D., O.M., M.R.C.S., F.R.C.P., F.O.S., A.S.S., B.L.G., Surg. Gen’l.

ELEPHANT FOR SALE—

White. Answers to the name of “Arcado.” Address: ALEX. MA—NG.

ENGINES—

High h.-p., good as new, not yet tested, but in first class condition, all connections complete. Address: “WATER WORKS,” Toronto.

WANTED—

A SEWER; also a BASEBALL Club. Address: TORONTO.

FOR SALE—

THE SMALLPOX. Address: MONTREAL, QUE. N.B.—No reasonable offer refused. Tenders invited.



THE FRENCH MAID.

Mrs. Smithkins.—My greatest trouble with my former maid was her inability to speak English. I hope you understand the language better.

The French Maid.—Dade, me’am, yez needn’t throuble about that. I spake English so well yoz wud hardly know I was Frinch at all!

ATTENTION!!!

Have you a sense of fulness after a heavy meal?

Have you a cavity in your jaw after a double tooth is drawn?

Are you troubled with corns?

Are you ever sleepy at nights after a hard day’s work?

Have you a feeling of soreness after being kicked by a mule?

Have you a strong taste in your mouth after eating onions?

Does your hair ever turn gray?

Do you ever work between meals?

Are you a boy or a girl?

Have you a strong aversion to soap and water?

Then you are from Montreal, and have:—

Smallpox,

Cholera,

Muco-purulent discharge (see Toronto Mail for farther particulars),

Tetters,

Salt-rheum,

Lumbago,

Colic,

Piles,

Etc., etc., etc.

Take Smith’s “OH-NO-DON’T!” for the tooth, it is dead shot every time, and even if you are hopelessly crippled for life it will cure you at once and permanently, even if you have been taking patent medicines.

N.B.—Will warrant a cure if patient will take 100 quart bottles as per instructions. See wrappers for directions.

POP!

With aid of lemons men make lemonade; With fusil oil is whiskey manufactured. May not Old Rye be called, then, *fusilade*? A fusilade that many a glass has fractured.

OH! IF.

NEW SONG TO BE INTRODUCED INTO THE OPERA OF “TELL.”

Oh! if a tailor would only tell
The amount of fat that gives that swell
To the chest of the dude, and of others, too,
We should learn some things; but he looks at you
And says that he must not tell.

Oh! if a “fonetic” would only tell
The world some sensible way to spell,
Instead of causing all folks to smile
By introducing Josh Billings’ style—
But this the crank can’t tell.

Oh! if some doctors would only tell
The reason their sufferers never got well,
We could then dispense with these medical elixes,
And people, when ailing, could doctor themselves.
But the “sawbones” will not tell.

Oh! if some sculler could only tell
How it is that Hanlan moves his shell
So swiftly over the water’s breast,
They’d jump for joy; but, as may be guessed,
That secret they cannot tell.

Oh! could some Toronto ladies tell
The reason that no one calls them “belle.”
They’d give all they’re worth this thing to know;
So the reason now I’ll try to show,
For I think I’m able to tell.

One reason is that they’re too much dress;
And powder and rouge are a filthy mess;
And patchouli’s fragrance is far too loud—
For a single drop will perfume a crowd.
They are too little nature and too much art,
They are too much head and too little heart;
They are too little real and too much sham,
Too little sincere, too much gush and “flam”;
And sensible people know full well
That beauty alone does not make a “belle.”
At least not the pure quill article.
That’s all.

ANSWERS TO ENQUIRIES.

Juliette.—You want to know the origin of the term “masher.” If you refer to a potato masher the “origin” is self-evident; but if to a young man of lady-killing attributes we are of opinion that it is a corruption of the French *ma chère*, which, being interpreted, meaneth “my dear.” But, fair Juliette, take our advice and have nothing to do with a masher, some one will tell you ma sure.

Miles.—You want to know who took the pits at Batoche. We give it up. There has been any quantity of contradictory stories about the affair. However, a gentleman from the Saskatchewan who called on us yesterday says they were not taken at all, as the pits are there yet.

Tincheel.—Do we want a subject for a cartoon, and if so, will we pay you for it? No, Mr. Tincheel, we don’t and we wouldn’t, but we do want a subject for the School of Anatomy, and the doctors will pay us for it. We will be glad to see you at any time, Mr. T.

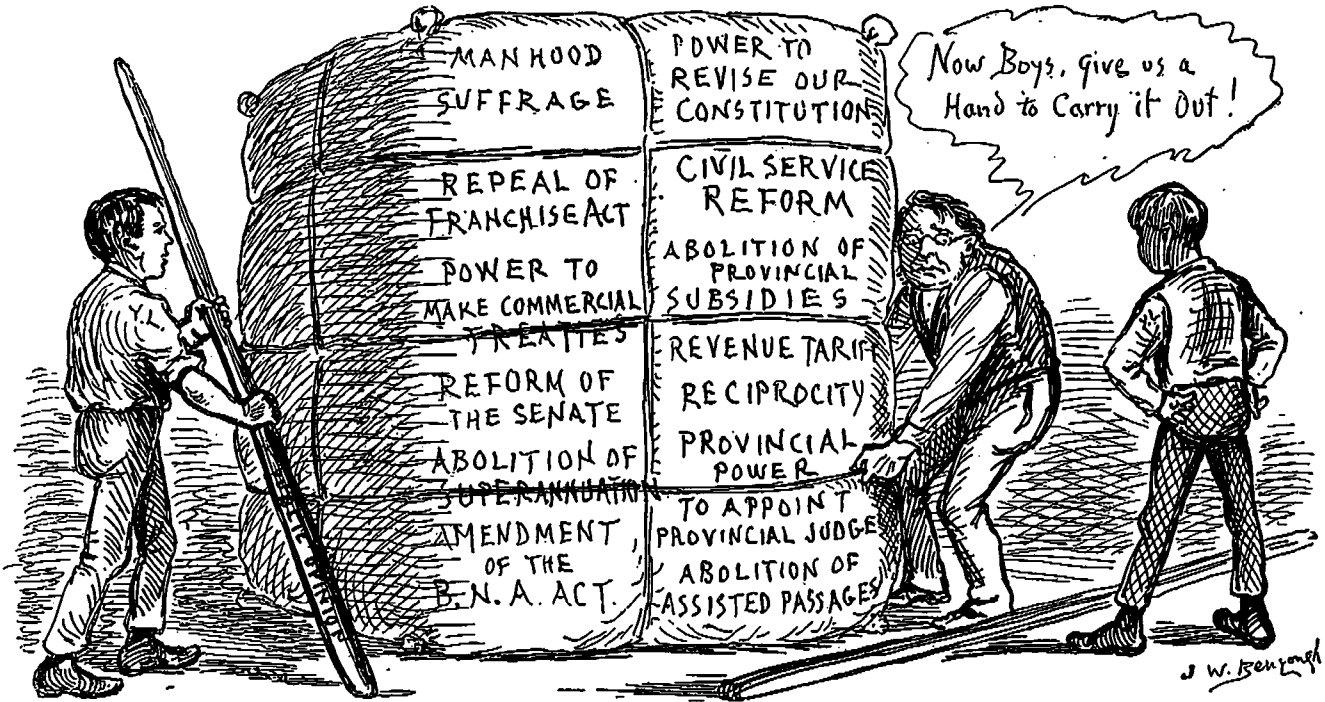
O, COME OFF!

Coeval with the report of Prof. G. Smith’s interesting account of Canadian Political History the *Globe* takes the opportunity of telling its readers the apparently hitherto unknown fact, that the Tories are just the same now as they were in ’37. It also informs the public that at one time Canada was under the rule of the Family Compact, likewise that Sir John Macdonald during his career has committed diverse political crimes and misdemeanors, notably in connection with the C.P.R. All this has perhaps occurred to a great many of the Canadian people before, but why at this late stage give the whole thing away in public print. But stay. The “leader” must have been written for the edification and benefit of our lately imported friends from beyond the seas, gentlemen from Hingland, Oireland, and Scootland, else why the revival of this olden, hoary and time-stained story, “Familiar to our thoughts as household words.”

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SOMETHING DEFINITE TO TACKLE.

ITS USE.

See the Dudo with collar high,
On it not a single speck;
But, ah! what gladness in his eye!
He does not have to wash his neck.

Why is a man very liable to lose the 12.50 train? Because it's ten to one if he catches it. Cricket demoralizes arithmetic. How? Because one eleven often makes a score.

A FEW CONS.

Why is Canon Dumoulin liable to go astray now-a-days? Because he is not a(c)curate. How do you know that Nebuchadnezzar was an English lawyer? Because Scripture tells us he was a Gray's Inn man! What makes reasonable acts reasonable and causes Ireland's poverty? The absent T.

A CURE FOR DRUNKENNESS, opium, morphine, and kindred habits. Valuable treatise sent free. The medicine may be given in a cup of tea or coffee, and without the knowledge of the person taking it, if so desired. Send 3c. stamp for full particulars and testimonials. Address—M. V. LUBON, Agency, 47 Wellington Street East, Toronto, Canada.

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COOK & BUNKER, Manufacturers of Rubber and Metal Hand Stamps, daters, self-inkers, etc., etc., railroad and banking stamps, notary public and society seals, etc., made to order. 86 King-street west, Toronto.

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NOTED GAS FIXTURE EMPORIUM,
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Best Toilets in the Market.

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ASK FOR IT AND TAKE NO OTHER. BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.
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