

IMPORTER,
GLOVER HARRISON,
CHINA HALL,
49 KING ST. E., Toronto.



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•GRIP•

AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL.

Published by the Grip Printing and Publishing Company of Toronto. Subscription, \$2.00 per ann. in advance. All business communications to be addressed to S. J. Moorz, 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.

OUR CARTOON SUPPLEMENT.

As promised in last issue we present our readers this week with the first of our series of colored caricature portraits. Every subscriber or purchaser of GRIP is entitled to this supplement without extra charge. It is our intention to publish these pictures monthly, and we feel confident in promising that succeeding issues will show improvement in the execution. The subject of No. 2 (which will accompany GRIP of Sept. 6) will be Mr. MOWAT, not Mr. Blake as formerly announced. Each portrait will be accompanied by a biographical notice as in the present case. The series when completed will form an elegant and unique volume of the Representative men of the Dominion.

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—Oliver Mowat is the hero of the hour, and the great popular *furor* in his honor will go on expanding until it bursts in the grand ovation to be tendered him on his return in September. He has won a victory which ought to be applauded by every citizen of Ontario, and which we verily believe is rejoiced over by Tories as well as Grits. Let the whole congregation therefore join in singing that fine old song, "Ontario, Ontario!" The Local Cabinet choir boys are (in our picture) actively rehearsing it.

FIRST PAGE.—Just in the degree in which Mowat is happy over the result of the boundary decision, his opponents Macdonald and Meredith are miserable. They are obliged to sit down to a dish of veritable crow, and it is hard to believe that anybody pities them. The attempt to rob Ontario of her just rights was an exhibition of pure malignity in the case of Sir John, an effort to satisfy his personal hatred of Mowat at any cost. Poor Meredith has not even this Satanic excuse. His position in the matter was that of a rag around his chieftain's finger. Well, gentlemen, down with your crow, and may you enjoy it!

EIGHTH PAGE.—Great historical coincidences are surely worthy of the notice of the chronicler. And what a remarkable coincidence this is! Just at the moment when Edward Blake has made up his mind to abolish the Canadian Senate, the "Grit" leader across the water has begun to think of putting the House of Lords out of existence. It is a cold day for old ladies, but the world must move, and if they can't share the spirit of the age they are better out of the way.

GRIP'S CANADIAN GALLERY.

No. 1.—RT. HON. SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD, K. C. B.

(See colored cartoon.)

Sir John Alexander Macdonald was born at his father's house in High-Street, Glasgow, Scotland, in the year 1815. This gifted statesman has repeatedly, in more or less vague language, referred to Kingston, the shores of the Bay of Quinté, and various other parts of Canada, as the scenes of his nativity. But no matter; this was at election times, and Sir John could not be expected to recall with accuracy the circumstances of his entrance into the world.

Little Johnnie arrived at Kingston with his papa in 1820. The ugly Penitentiary and still uglier Cathedral of St. George had not as yet been built, and Johnnie's taste for the beautiful thus escaped being wholly perverted. Johnnie's papa moved to the Lake of the Mountain in Ameliasburg, where he set up a grist mill. The summer suns of fifty years ago have frequently seen Johnnie, his youthful brow and puckered up lips even then contorted with a ferocious expression of sarcasm, endeavoring to persuade the troutling or bass of the Bay of Quinté brooklets, to swallow a worm within whose body a crooked pin had been gerrymandered. But Johnnie's pa moved back to Kingston, and the brook trout and other fishes held a great feast of worms and water for joy at his departure.

Young John Macdonald went to the Royal Grammar School, Kingston, the master of which was Mr. George Baxter, and when sixteen began to study law in the office of Mr. George Mackenzie, to whose practice he eventually succeeded. Mr. John Alexander Macdonald was a diligent student, a hard-working lawyer, a successful practitioner of that profession which leads to everything good in this world, if not in the next. He did not waste his days driving round with the Prince Edward County girls; he was also free from many temptations which now beset young lawyers in Kingston. The Limestone City had no opera house, and not a single ice cream saloon. Lawyer John Macdonald conducted the defence of Van Shoultz, a Pole, who failed to poll enough Canadian sympathizers to aid his burglarious raid on Prescott in 1838. Van Shoultz was hanged, but would no doubt have been much consoled could he have foreseen that his advocate, Lawyer Macdonald, would one day be Prime Minister of a great Dominion. Lawyer Macdonald had several law students in his office, among them a lad named Oliver Mowat.

In December, 1844, Mr. John A. Macdonald was elected Member of Parliament for Kingston, then, as long afterwards, a Conservative stronghold. In that very month the young member confronted in debate the Liberal leader, the Hon. Robert Baldwin. His first speech was on a point of constitutional law, his *forte* ever since. But as a rule he sat silent and observant, widening his acquaintance with the men and the interests that directed Canada's politics. In May, 1850, he spoke in support of a protection policy, then advocated by the Hon. Mr. Cayly.

In 1847, Mr. Macdonald was for the first time a member of the administration,—the moribund Tory Cabinet of the Hon. Mr. Draper—first as Receiver-General, afterwards as Commissioner of Crown Lands. The Hon. John A. Macdonald was the leading spirit of his party when in opposition under the Baldwin, or the Hincks' Cabinet; he resumed office under the McNab-Morris Cabinet as Attorney-General, and was extolled by the *Globe* as "the only man of any working qualities in the Government, the only man who can make a set speech in the House, the man who must be leader in the Assembly." In the session of 1854 took place the "removal" of Sir

Allan McNab from the position of Conservative leader, his place being taken by the Hon. John A. Macdonald, who now headed the Cartier-Macdonald Ministry, which, by the ingenious manoeuvre known to history as the Double Shuffle, became the Macdonald-Cartier Ministry. After utilizing the energies of George Brown and the Grits to defeat the Ministry of John Sandfield Macdonald, and sustaining defeat in the Taché-Macdonald Ministry which succeeded it, John A. Macdonald accepted the offer of a coalition in order to carry Confederation. This was effected in 1867, and the holiday of Dominion Day instituted to the great delight of the small boy and the vendor of fire-crackers.

"John A.," now Sir John, continued to prosper until the disastrous day of the Pacific Scandal, when the Tory leader experienced the evil result of breaking the one great commandment, "Thou Shalt Not be Found Out." While in opposition Sir John invented two useful institutions, the political picnic and the N.P. Sir John led his party to the Promised Land of office. At the subsequent elections his tenure of power was confirmed, and shews no signs of coming to an end save with the slowly but surely untwisting strands of a man's life.

Friends and foes alike admit Sir John's marvellous versatility, his readiness in debate, his great power of eloquence on important occasions, his intimate and subtle knowledge of all the men and all the interests involved in the complex game of Canadian politics. No party leader ever had a greater imagination; he can without a gift or premium win back a recalcitrant follower. He was not deterred by his acceptance of a "tin pot knighthood" from asserting Canada's commercial interests against those of England. He has been accused of a partiality for "ways that are dark and tricks that are vain," but nothing is more sure than that Sir John will be honest whenever he is convinced that Honesty is the Best Policy.

TO CORRESPONDENTS AND CONTRIBUTORS.

"BREVITY BREATHERN."—Too long.
J. W. S.—Not up to your usual standard.
G. M. C.—Have written you.
JUBY BROWN.—Juby hanged!

VILLAINY DUPLICATED.

Toronto Globe—The wretched hirelings of possibly the most warped, tricky, mendacious and otherwise vile Administration that ever disgraced a free country have again been routed, horse, foot and artillery, smitten hip and thigh, and their disgraced colors trampled in the dust by the sturdy yeomen and stalwart bushwhackers of glorious old Muskoka. The airy mosquito hums a hum of subdued pleasure, and the wild chipmunk shouts his loud cry of rejoicing at the fact that the standard-bearer of the cause of purity and good government, in other words, the Reform candidate, Mr. Dill, has been triumphantly elected, etc., etc.

Toronto Mail—No more flagrant example of the well-known hypocrisy and unblushing mendacity of the Grit scallawags who now hold the reins of power in this deluded Province, has ever been shown—and the examples have been many—than the conduct of their emissaries in Muskoka. Offices of emolument have been promised, threats, direct bribes and everything, and every unscrupulous way and means were used to defeat the Conservative candidate. They were indeed successful; their money was too powerful for the venial clod-hoppers of that rugged, ragged, and rebelled constituency. Had it not been, etc., etc.

GRIP—Give us a rest!



THE STRAIGHT TIP.

Old Nick.—Look here, my young and verdant friend, before you proceed to call a gentleman bad names, endeavor to ascertain whether he has friends among your governors, pastors and masters.—*Quant. Suff.*

GRIP'S SPECTACLES.

The following letter speaks for itself and a courteous subscriber :

SHELBURNE, Ont., 22nd July, 1884.

Editor Grip:
 DEAR SIR,—I have been a subscriber (elsewhere than at the above P. O.) for the past eight or nine years. Your cartoons generally have appeared to me fair and just, and often when they wounded my political feelings I have had to acknowledge their justness. There are two subjects upon which, it appears to me, you must look with colored spectacles, if indeed a bird can wear spectacles. I refer to the N. P. and the Canada Pacific Railway. Your cartoon of last week, in which you represent the working man as being crushed to the earth by the N. P. Elephant, which has made the necessities of life so dear. This is so flagrantly contrary to the facts that it is simply monstrous. Now, sir, I challenge you to name me a single article, a necessity of the working man, that is made dearer by the N. P., and I will name you five that are cheaper. I have been in business for ten years, buying and selling the necessities of the poor man every day, and I know what I enumerate below is correct:—Tea from 5c to 8c per pound cheaper; Sugar from 1½c to 2c per pound cheaper, or 25 per cent.; rice ½c per pound cheaper; coffee from 5c to 8c per pound cheaper; spices average lower; Canadian tweeds 15 to 20 per cent. lower; Canadian flannels 15 to 20 per cent. lower; Canadian blankets 25 per cent. lower; Canadian cotton manufactures such as bleached and gray cottons, cottonades, ginghams, warps, denims, tickings, shirts, etc., are from 20 to 25 per cent. lower than they were five years ago. You can have this corroborated by any grocer or dry goods man in Ontario. An answer to this in Grip, or to Box 71 Shelburne, will much oblige an old

SUBSCRIBER.

Grip wears no spectacles, colored or otherwise. His eyesight, like that of all the raven tribe, is proverbially sharp, and needs no artificial aid. From his lofty perch in the Independent Tree he takes a comprehensive view of things in general. As to the C. P. R., he has observed in the first place that the bargain was a bad and unbusiness-like one—a fact which "Subscriber" will no doubt admit; and that the company's officials have exhibited too frequently a tendency to extortion in the matter of freight rates, and a monopolizing spirit in other respects. If pointing out these facts may be called "looking through colored spectacles," then Grip is guilty—but the question is, are these things not facts? As to the N. P., Grip has taken the position that on the whole it is not a benefit to the working class, and this conclusion he has arrived at after careful observation of its working.

It is true, Mr. Subscriber, that the articles you name are cheaper now than they were five years ago, but surely you do not mean to say that the tariff has made tea, rice, coffee and spices cheaper? We were not aware that these commodities were manufactured or produced in Canada. As to the other articles men-

tioned, they are all much cheaper outside of Canada than they were five years ago; not only so, but they are cheaper outside of Canada than they are within our borders by at least the amount of the duty. Looking at this fact with the naked eye, Grip concludes that if it were not for the N. P. the Canadian consumer would be getting his sugar, tweeds, etc., cheaper still, for if our manufacturers do not add the duty to the price what good does the N. P. do them? It sometimes happens that when the market is glutted, our manufacturers sacrifice their goods—sell them "at or below cost." On such occasions the Canadian consumer doubtless gets an advantage, but this is not a pleasant state of affairs for the manufacturer, and, fortunately for him, it is of short duration. We must also remind subscriber that wages have gone down in a greater proportion than the articles he has named, and employment is scarcer than it was five years ago. It was this peculiar feature of the case that our cartoon dealt with.

What we meant to hit was the objectionable system of "assisted passages," and we sought to do this by showing that a portion of the increased taxes of the Canadian workingman is being used to bring in labor to compete against him. This may be putting it rather strongly, but it is the solid truth of the matter, and will continue to be so until the Government ceases paying passages out of the public till for any emigrants other than farm laborers. By way of emphasizing the disadvantages at which our working class is put, we placed a typical monopolist upon the elephant's back, and behind him a Chiuaman as representing cheap labor. The eagerness of our highly favored "lords" to grind the faces of the poor, is a phase of human nature that requires no demonstration to any man who has his eyes open.

A QUERY.

DEAR GRIP,—I have hunted through my Walker, and my Worcester, and my Webster for the word "semi-ditto," being anxious to know its definition, if definition it have, but I cannot find it. As, however, our high-toned friend *The Week* uses the word, it must be good English, and of course it is very proper that we intelligent Canadians should enrich our vocabulary with it.

Perhaps you have met with "semi-ditto" in your reading, and will kindly tell us all about it.

Yours, dear GRIP,

From A to Z.

A RASPBERRY RHAPSODY.

I have often written essays on, as well as made essays of, the raspberry; but I have never yet extolled it in verse, probably because I prefer to see it embalmed in pie. But now the muse moves me, and I sing, The Raspberry :

Oh, give me the raspberry ripe!
 The raspberry red and luscious!
 I rank it with onions and tripe,
 'Tis more tasty than sugared mush is.

In the opening stanza I want to crowd in my best opinion of the fruit, even if the effort is at the sacrifice of æsthetic sentiment to cold fact. The only dish in this world, apart from raspberries, that can begin to compare with onions and tripe is tripe and onions. So, in assigning the raspberry this exalted post in the gastronomic service of my Department of the Interior, I am guilty of no political favoritism or nepotism. The raspberry passes the civil service examination with credit to itself and satisfaction to me.

Let me lie to the raspberry swamp,
 And gather in pail on painful;
 'Tis a glorious trip—but damp
 If you don't find it mighty waulful.

Who can describe the alternate glories and agonies of a family berry-picking excursion! You see nature in all her grandeur, and natives in all their bare feet. You can fairly revel in glorious solitude, and now and then run against a bear. While you are dreamily filling up your pint cup, some member of another party has discovered your pail and avails himself of the golden opportunity. When you have lost yourself in soulful admiration of the surrounding fastnesses, you are recalled to consciousness by the intelligence that your wife has dropped onto a hornet's nest and does not feel comfortable. The feeling of calm exultation born of the consciousness that you have struck the best corner of the whole patch, is rudely interrupted by the news that the baby is lost. Just as you are reminded that your appetite is on deck, comes the revelation that one of the horses has got at the lunch basket, with all that that preceding implies. Your eldest boy, whose young heart has been yearning for the berry-patch so long, moves blithely about until he has discovered successively the poison ivy, the bog hole and the other family's bull dog. Oh! the new lease of life you get and the clothes you destroy! Oh! the hunger and the sunburn! Oh! the relaxation and the cost of the livery rig! Oh! the immeasurable recreation and the small quantity of raspberries!

Now, haste thee, brakeman dear!
 And bring on the train from north,
 For me in the mail clerk's keer,
 About five dollars' worth!

That would give the brakeman and mail clerk a dollar each for their onerous and responsible work of smuggling your fruit down, and you have to return the pails.

Oh, raspberry let us home!
 Luscious and ripe and pure.
 If this ain't an epic poem,
 'Twas writ by an epicure!

"In Harvest time"—the second of the series of papers on "Summer in Kentucky" in *The Current* of July 26, adds emphasis to the possibilities hinted at for the future work of Charles J. O'Malley, of Kentucky, when this young author gave his first work to the public through that journal. Mr. O'Malley is a plain, unpretentious farmer, living close to nature and his books. Seldom is more entertaining work presented, even by writers of such note as Burroughs and Ingersoll. It seems true, as affirmed by a noted European author in a recent letter to *The Current*, that "in O'Malley the sweet soul of a Keats has been discovered."



EXTORTIONATE!

Mrs. McCaffrey.—Fwhin he adwotoises "Teeth abshtracted widout payin" do oo think shud he charge a lone widdy fifty cints, Mickey?

BARNEY IN THE DIVORCE COURT.

JULY 22nd, 1884.

ME DEAR MISTHER GRIP:

Och thin it's meself has been in grate thrials an' thribulations since me last lether to yez. But whisper? Fursht and foremost yez must be heading me lether wid "Shcandal in High Life," because it's meself has a mortal hathed to them newspaper charwomen who make it their business to take in schrubbing, an' private peoples' dirty linen, an' howid up all the grase spots, an' nasty stains for the entertainment ov an innocent public, all standing round wid their caps full ov stones, ready to pelt at the poor divils for darin' to shcandalize thim, an' to buy an extra edition of the paper, wid all the particulars wid variations. No, Misther GRIP don't ye dare ather to tell any one about meself bein' in the Divorce Coorts, becase it might spile my charackter for daycency ov Puplic Murality, an' now between ourselves two, meself'll just be ather tellin' yez how it all came about. Me wife an' him had gone aft to the States fur a visit, an' meself feelin' a bit lonesome, went down to Hamilton an' tuk a furnished room for a week—so I could be on hand to report the openin' av the beautiful and extensive labyrenthine shades ov the Gore park. The landlady gave me a most beautiful dinner av roast vale, grane pays, now paraties, an' a relish of grane cowcumbers, washed down wid a couple of glasses of iced lemonaid. It was so beautiful rally that I went down an' had a plunge in the bay immaydiately atherwards, an' altogether meself had a good teatootle shpre, for Nora she says, "Now Barney whin I'm away don't yez be mopin' loike—but take

the world aisy." Och masha thin! wud yez plaze tell me the bit o' plasur any one can hav in this world widout havin to pay fur it? About midnight meself was waked up wid a terrible blown up kind av feeling about me stomach, an' when I wud rub it to aise the throuble, shure it was as tight as a barrell. I rolled out over the side of the bed, an' wid that I was tuk wid sich a cramp, I yelled like an Indian an' wakened up all the nayburs. Sich a procession ov night caps an' candle shticks, I nivr saw, shure an' every one av thim cum wid a cure av his own, "Put his fate in hot wather," "Put burnt brandy onto him," "Rowl him up in musthurd" "Skin a live cat and put the pelt onto him hot," sich were some of the advices av me new friends—but all the toime I kept howlin' "murther! murther! send fur the docthor" "Will yez have Dr. Smith," says the landlord, "that's the nearest Docthor." "Any Docthor at all, at all," an' off they ran. Whin I was waitin', an' moanin' fur the Docthor, wan ov thim entertained me wid an account av how his brother was tuk ill an' died in two hours wid the very same throuble, an' sich like cheerin' conversation. The pain was gettin' worse, an' I was just ather sendin' some of thim to telegraph to Nora if she wanted to have the satisfaction av closin' me eyes she had botther start right off at wanst, when in shepts a nate little lady, an' says she, takin' out a little vial out av her pocket an' porin' some into a glass—"Just drink this, Mr. O'Hea," "Thank ye kindly, ma'am," says I, "but the docthor's comin'," "Oh, I'm the Docthor," sez she, "Arrah be off wid ye now" sez I, "It's jokin' wid a dyin' man ye'd be." "I'm not jokin'" says

she, "neither are ye dying," she says, "at least not if ye drink this." "Well," says I, "the devil himself couldn't resist the coaxin' av a woman, so here goes"—and immaydiately I dhrank down the stuff. I won't begin to tell yez how she got me into bed an' built me round with hot bricks till, bedad she baked all the trouble clane out av me, av how she came to see me next day and sat be me bed, an' tould me she was the faymale docthor, nor how I sez to her, "Now what would me wife say if she saw yez sittin' here howldin' me hand like that, sure I was only jokin', but och mucha didn't I pay fur me foolish spache! All that day Nora didn't come nor next day whin I was up agin, nor fur a week ather whin just as I was pickin' up to come back to Toronty meself was handed a lether from a Yaukee Lawyer, tellin' me me wife "sought a divorce on the ground av me bein' too intimate wid a woman in Hamilton!" Inside was a sayled note from Nora—"Ye ugly thayfe ov the world, to be after writin' to me ye was dyin' an' ather me thravellin night an' day to close yer ould eyes, to think whin I came I should luk in at the dure an' see yer capers wid me own eyes, her sittin' howldin yer ugly big paw, an' you like a foolish saft owld fool lookin' up into her face, as if she had been the blessed virgin herself"—so there was the rayson of this mysthery. Nora cum weepin' an' wailin, on the cars all the way to Hamilton an' just arrived in toime to see the faymale docthor feelin me pulse—and shure no mortal son of Adam cud help lukin up at the swate face ov her—but now fur this me charackter was to be destroyed and meself to be driven from me lawul wife. It was what no mortal man could put up wid, so meself borded the fursht train fur the States at wanst, an' all the jurney, the cowlid sweat cum pourin out ov me an' I was ather losin' flesh wid the fear that ather I got there I would be an onnarried man and have to go to the praste an' get married over agin. Howsomever I arruve in toime, but it took me no small trouble to convince Nora that it was all a mistake an' that the woman she saw was no woman at all but only the swate little faynale docthor, that saved me loife. But whisper!—although she parted to believe me, an' cum back to Hamilton quite content like, I don't believe she was really convinced, or aisy in ber mind till we cum pasht the docthor's house, when Me Lady shtoped wo shpelt out the sign, Dr. Elizabeth Smith, M. D. "Barney" sez she, "will yez ever forgive me?" "forgive yez!" sez I, what for? shure an' the shtrongest proof of love is jealousy."

Yours, once more happily,
BARNEY O'HEA.

ESCAPING THE MOSQUITOES.

"I had learned in various ways that mosquitoes cannot fly very high, and so when I came down to the seashore I asked for rooms in the top story."

"Well, you got them?"

"Yes, but they were all occupied and I had to pay the occupants a big bonus to move to some other hotel, and the consequence is these miserable attics cost me about as much as the finest apartments on the second floor front."

"But you are free from mosquitoes?"

"Free from them? They nearly eat me."

"Why, how do they get at you?"

"The darned things came up in the elevator."—Philadelphia Call.

A barber says—barbers are forever saying something—that it is the rich and not the poor man who becomes bald the soonest. The barber is probably right. A poor man's blessing, you know. The less there is to inherit, the more abundant the hairs.—Boston Transcript.

GRIP'S CANADIAN GALLERY.



NO. 1. RIGHT HON. SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD, K. C. B. PREMIER OF CANADA.



"NOW THEN, ALL TOGETHER! ONTARIO! ONTARIO!!"

THE BOUNDARY AWARD.

Smite the tom-jon! whack the hew-gog! Let Hamsammas ring huzza, and hooroar! The Privy Council has decided that Ontario is bounded on the west by the north-west angle of the Lake of the Woods. School marms and Collegiate Institute scholars will kindly take note of the fact. Next to the Madagascar question nothing has excited and interested the Websterian brain of Mr. GRIP as the great question of Ontario's western limits. It is almost a public calamity that it has been settled. The burning question gave pabulum to the *Globe* and *Mail* so long, that they will sorely feel its absence. It had long supplied a felt want in their editorial departments. It was a great question! Some maintained that the meridian of the confluence of the Ohio and the Mississippi rivers ought to be the dividing line, but the P. C. has declared otherwise. This is hard on the people of Ca-i-n, who live at that great confluence. Here is a great honor ruthlessly taken away from them. No longer can they say, "We, that is to say our town, is so world widely known and respected by geographers that it serves as a starting point of a meridian to mark the dividing line between two foreign countries." Unhappy Ca-i-n! disheartened people! They will shake in their boots! They are used to "ague shakes" of course, and perhaps they won't be affected as much as a more northern people would be. Yet this time while shaking with fever and ague, or otherwise, let them consider themselves shook. The Privy Council of England has declared it. It is not Ca-i-n, but the almost unknown N. W. angle of the Lake of the Woods that marks the boundary between Ontario and Manitoba, and yet O. Mowat has the timidity to telegraph across the ocean "Hooray!" This is serious.



Manager Conner has opened the People's Theatre, corner Bay and Adelaide Streets, with a fine attraction—Pauline Markham and Company in "Moths." This piece made a great hit in New York, and ought to prove satisfactory to Toronto audiences. We trust Mr. Conner's enterprise will meet with the success it deserves.

And now, as September draweth nigh, everybody begins to think of the great fair. Manager Hill and his aids have been hard at work for several months past, and everything is going on most satisfactorily. Their promise that the forthcoming exposition will surpass any of its predecessors, will no doubt be fully borne out. The list of attractions already scoured forms a most tempting bill of fare, but our energetic friend Hill says we have no idea of the additional novelties he is after. All this extra magnificence is being piled on in honor of Toronto's Semi-Centennial year, and no more fitting close to the festivities in commemoration of that event could be suggested than a grand display of the products of the Province in connection with a diversified programme of fun and novelty.

That was a very solemn though unconscious joke perpetrated by the Pottsville police on the Fourth, when they erected an arch over the entrance to the station house and painted "welcome" on it in very large letters.—*Philadelphia Times*.

Grip's Clips.

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

FETCH AND CARRY.

Two dog fanciers were discussing the respective merits of their brutes, when one of them said:

"Bull pups is no good, yer can't learn 'em nuthin'."

"Tain't so; I've got a bull pup that'll fetch an' carry anything. Wy, I've got 'im so he'll carry off a chunk uv raw beef an' bring it back agin."

"Betcher he won't."

"Doue, an' here's a dolyer as backs my dorg."

The money was put up, the dog was called and the meat given him.

"Now, Tige," said the owner, "Take it out doors, that's a good doggy, an' when I calls yer, come in agin an show the gentleman wot yer can do."

The dog went out with the meat in his mouth, and presently his owner called, "Tige, Tige; here Tige," and he came back wagging his tail and licking his chops.

"Gimme them stakes," shouted the other fellow, "I tole yer yer couldn't learn a bull pup nothin'." He hain't brung it back."

"Go slow, mister. I reckon I'll tako them myself. I didn't say how the pup'd fetch that meat back, did I?"

"No, but yer see he hain't brung it."

"He hez, too, an' it's on the inside uv him, in course. Yer didn't think the dang pup hadn't sense enough to clamp on to a good thing when he got a chance, did yer? Bull pups is smart, I'm a tollin' yer," and he took his dog and the two dollars and sloped.—*Merchunt Traveller*.

THE DANGER OF INTERFERING.

(Scene—Farmers' Dinner: Tables well filled.)
Chairman—Mr. Thamson, please tae say grace!

Mr. Thamson (with bent head commences to whisper to himself.)

Farmer (next him)—Speak oot, Thamson!

Mr. Thamson—Shut up! I'm no speakin' tae you.

HARD ON JONES.

(Jones, who is in bad health but improving, returns home.)

The Wife of his bosom—Weel, an' hoo 'ye noo?

Jones—Bctter. In fac', I feel quite like anither man.

Wife—Am gled to hear't. I wis getting tired o' the aul' yin.

[Jones continues to improve.]

SUNDAY IN CHICAGO.

Chicago Preacher—"Yes, the attendance has been very meager lately; but I had a grand congregation last Sunday."

Visiting Brother—"Last Sunday? Why, I saw by the papers that it stormed here terribly last Sunday."

"Yes; as the saying is, it rained pitchforks all day long."

"And yet you say that your church was crowded?"

"Yes."

"How do you account for it?"

"Well, you see the weather was so bad that they had to postpone the races.—*Philadelphia Call*.

"Timo is money," said the needy man when he spouted his watch.

Churches have their naves, as well as other things.—*Lowell Courier*.

A sound reasoner—The inventor of the telephone.—*Philadelphia Call*.

A grave mistake—Burying a live man.—*Baltimore Every Saturday*.

To the man hooing his own row the world hoes a living.—*Whitehall Times*.

About the only force some people have is the force of habit.—*American Queen*.

The dude wears a full suit on the hottest day. The other kind of a puppy only pants.

People who are not suited with hard coal can easily be sooted with soft. *Philadelphia Call*.

A bankrupt man never writes to the bank to "stop my papor."—*Cincinnati Saturday Night*.

When a bad actor is pelted with aged eggs, does he receive an ovation?—*Drake's Travelers' Magazine*.

It does seem as if the only rights the white men are willing to concede the red-man, are funeral rites.—*Boston Courier*.

A Del Norte lawyer says the term duces tecum means where you take 'em with three deucers.—*Colorado Independent*.

"The hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rules the world." It is the hand of the hired girl.—*New Orleans Picayune*.

The cheaper the cigar the more persistently does the cheap smoker puff it in the faces of his fellow travelers.—*Lowell Courier*.

"Mankind is rising higher and higher as time goes on," remarks a philosopher. So are the bottoms of the strawberry measures.

A Connecticut paper has an account of a wedding in Gilead. This must have been the balm of Gilead we read about.—*Boston Star*.

The Prince of Wales is said to be losing nearly all his hair. This makes him both an heir apparent and a hairless parent.—*Philadelphia Chronicle*.

Young Ducey, hearing of a gala day at Newport, said he would not summer at a place where there were not more "gals" than that *Boston Gazette*.

"English cheese and lettuce must be eaten together." This is particularly rough on the lettuce, which is not a bad sort of a vegetable in its way.—*N. Y. Graphic*.

"Yes," said the broken-down merchant, "I think I have been too fond of drink, but I can't say that I'm pleased with this last beverage—*Sheriff's ale*."—*Cincinnati Saturday Night*.

A French chemist distills brandy from water-melon, and a Swede manufactures alcohol from reindeer moss. As Shakespeare says, there's "good in everything."—*Boston Transcript*.

A country postmaster had an heir born at one o'clock a.m. He afterward remarked to a friend who was congratulating him that it was the earliest male he had ever received.—*Boston Time*.

Rev. J. G. Calder, Baptist minister, Petrolia, says:—"I know many persons who have worn Notman's Pads with the most gratifying results. I would say to all suffering from bilious complaints or dyspepsia: Buy a pad, put it on and wear it, and you will enjoy great benefits." Hundreds of others bear similar testimony. Send to 120 King St. East for a pad or treatise.



It has been discovered that the increasing weight of our city detectives is due to the fact that they enjoy a fat sit., and patronize brown stout as a beverage.

Mr. Feist pounded Mr. Reist at New York the other day because Mr. Reist advised Mr. Feist to "buy some canary seed for his voice" while he was whistling "Grandfather's Clock." The bystanders drew consolation from the fact that the tune ceased while the fight was going on.

Grandison Griffin will never descend to the commonplace! With him a hard-shell Tory is a "molluscous Conservative"—vide the article on "Drawing too Freely," in the *Mail*, the other day. But, by-the-bye, it is not drawing too freely, but rather drawing too truly, that bothers this son of culture.

One of my most esteemed Reform contemporaries makes allusion to "the high rate of unnecessary taxation" now in operation in the Dominion. "A high rate of necessary taxation" would likely be the explanation were my esteemed contemporary's own party responsible for it. "High rate of unnecessary taxation" is good!

An enterprising Barrie man is exporting frogs' legs to the American market. The trade is booming, and it is said that boys who are in the frog-catching business are making from \$3 to \$4 per day. All that is now needed is a protective duty against American frogs' legs. At least so says Muggins, the political economist, who arranged the tariff on wool.

A question for the philosophers.—Has a newspaper a personality aside from that of its proprietorship? E.G.—If a paper has once been a Grit organ, is it always a Grit organ, even after it has passed into Tory hands and is teaching Tory doctrine? The *London Free Press* takes the affirmative side on this question. It refers to the *Montreal Herald* as "Independent Grit."

When the *New York Sun* rises to remark that the Democratic party must now depend more on the platform than the candidate, it resumes its seat without referring to the circumstance that very often the candidate has to depend more on the party than on the platform. I do not altogether control the *Sun*, or I would have the necessary correction made at once.

Lord Ronald Gower has been interviewed by an American newspaper man as to English ideas on America. In the course of his remarks Lord Gower said he had frequently met persons at home "who thought Canada contained nearly all the culture of the new world." We are glad to hear that persons so soundly informed are "frequout" in England, but it is sadly true that the great mass of old country people are still strangely ignorant on the subject.

Tory politicians in England, it is said, are scheming to capture the press by social courtesies. This is different from the custom in other countries, where the courtesies are extended after they have captured the press—and gaoled the editors. If it became a question with me as to whether I would be an English editor, and stand an onslaught of social courtesies, or be an editor, say in Russia, and stand other attentions—I think I would decide to take an Ottawa Cabinet portfolio and summer holidays.

Mr. Wheeler, M.P. for West Ontario, resigned to accept "an office of emolument" which it appears was specially created for him. His new title is "Inspector of Supplies," and several of our contemporaries are puzzled to know what his duties are. We take pleasure out of the plenitude of our information, in making it known that Mr. Wheeler will serve his country by superintending the Grub department on the occasion of cork-screw expeditions, and by seeing that the butter and eggs supplied by the Government grocers to the Public Institutions, are comparatively fresh.

The avenues of litigation are being opened up day by day, and in some quarters it is estimated that before very long a man will have to get a special Act of Parliament passed to secure him from a suit on the part of some soulless neighbor for buying a dog. Why, only the other day a case was tried before the Superior Court of Montreal and resulted in a judgment against a sexton, who was compelled to pay over to a Mr. Turcotte the sum of \$5 to indemnify him for the injury he had caused by purposely neglecting to pass the collection plate to him in church one Sunday. This judgment, it is to be hoped, will arouse lady book agents and missionary collectors to a full sense of the danger that threatens them, both as to their characters and their princely incomes. It should not fail to stimulate them to additional and more persistent effort in the pursuit of their respective avocations, in order that they may give as few persons as possible offence at being passed over when they make their ever-welcome rounds.

The Yankee philosopher who declared that the only use he would have for the North Pole would be as a sign for some barber shop, may not have perfectly voiced public sentiment; but there is no doubt he set people to reflecting as to what other purpose under the sun the North Pole, if discovered, could serve, and I have not yet learned that a unanimous decision has been reached on the question. If it were absolutely certain that there was but one only and original North Pole, some reason could be formed for anxiety on the part of enterprising showmen to become the happy possessor of it, even at the risk and expense of keeping it cool during the summer season and with the possibility of having to paint it white. But the chances are that when you got up to where the North Pole is you would find several of them, maybe whole stacks of them, not one of which would be any better than the pole you can obtain in any decent-sized swamp nearer home. It is said that only the wild goose knows the secret of reaching the Pole; so that explorers in attempting to get there are engaged in a veritable wild-goose chase—although not exactly "a wild-goose chase after a mare's nest," as the editor of the *Globe* once wrote of a scheme. But positively I am not at all anxious to find the North Pole—pictures of it in the ice-cream parlors seem to satisfy me. If there really is a North Pole, I am content to let it stop up there; if there is not such a thing, I guess I can stand the disappointment.

A corps of Barrie young ladies the other evening gave a public performance in the shape of an exhibition of Broom Drill. As a married man, with all that the term implies, I can unhesitatingly say that about the only drill to which a woman takes naturally and kindly is the "broom" drill. I use the two qualifying adverbs rather hastily, it may be objected; but then let us all remember that it is only occasionally the hens get into the garden and the husband invades the precincts of the freshly-scrubbed kitchen without wiping his feet. With reference to this Barrie *féle militaire des femmes*, I understand that the fair recruits exhibited proficiency in "company" drill, right from the start. Their instructor, also, I believe, found it quite easy to make them "present arms," but on the other hand experienced trouble in teaching them to "shoulder arms"—a graceful side inclination of the head invariably following the command "shoulder!" during several evenings' practice. The movement, "prepare to receive," took absolutely no time to learn, and it is said when they executed it you could almost fancy you saw the enemy ready to "pop." As to forming "two deep"—I know the compositor will print it "too deep"—well, it came quite natural to the charming cadets, who further, I am assured by more than one sleep-requiring young man, were marvellously well up in "keeping time." Whatever ammunition may have been served out to the Beauty Brigade appears to have been preserved from the surrounding sparks, notwithstanding that the powder was somewhat recklessly exposed.



Aw—somehow things are somewhat slow; aw—in fact it is a wathlaw slow time of the yeah. We have all heard of the leafy time of the yeah, but—aw—the leafy time is also the—aw—loafy time. Aw—a fellow gets dwoyay these hot days and—aw—gets dweaming of sea bweeces and—aw—fwagwant cloval fields, with a high fence between a fellow and the bull. The *mat*—aw—*familias*—aw—entwains papa with pwetty pictures of bare-footed youngstaws pottewing on the sands with wooden shovels, and so fawth, and—aw—the—aw—the natural result is, that—aw—the needful is fawked ovah, and they—aw—pwepare for a six weeks' sojourn in a hovel on the beach—aw—fwom whence they will—aw—wcturn, so—aw—fat and bwown as to be—aw—quite unweecognizable. Now—aw—if living in a simple house on simple fare, with no end of fresh air pwoduces such—aw—glowious results, then—aw—why the dooce can't people live like—aw—that all the time—aw—weally—you know. Aw—so I understand—Lawd Salisbuwy wants to know if 20,000 wadicals amusing themselves on the sweets of London on a given day expesses public opinion. Well—aw—ya-as, it does, you know; it is like the boys and the swogs, what is amusement to the—aw—boys may mean death to the—aw—fwogs—aw—so—aw—I wather think what his Lawdship calls amusement to the 20,000 may mean—aw—death to the—aw—House of Lawds, ya-as, by Jupitaw! Aw—when John Bull sticks his thumbs in his ahm-pits and stwuts

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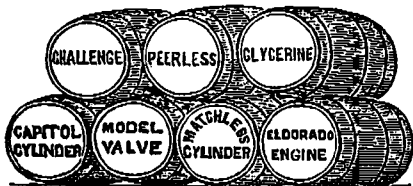
around the sweets in this manneh, he means business, and is going to have his own way. I—aw—would recommend His Lawdship to study history faw a change—ya-as, indeed.

Justice Wose—aw—wants judicially to know if beating a dwum and playing on a dwum, are the same. Aw—so do I—aw—I want to know—aw—judicially or otherwise, if beating a piano is playing a piano, or if beating a calpet is—aw—playing—aw—if beating a boy is playing on him, or—aw—if beating a fellow's way on the express to New Yawk, is playing on the company—aw—what is playing, anyhow?

Fact—aw—there's nothing like ideas—aw—Napoleon was a man of "ices." The latest thing in ideas is a pwoposition to establish an "Ante-pwobhibition Tempewance Society," that's to say, they pwefere the upas twee pwuned, wather than upwooted—aw—you see. How vevy gween the—aw—pwoposal of this scheme must be—aw—wathaw how vevy vehdant he must considh the tempewance people; ya-as, vevy much so—aw.

If Noah, on his famous voyage, was in need of supplies and had nothing with which to buy them, where would he go? Why to the Arktick House to be sure. This style twenty-five cents.—*Boston Star.*

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"What!" exclaimed Mrs. Nettleson, looking up in astonishment.

"Whur's dat fashum magazine whut I seed leah dis mawniu?"

"Rose, I did not employ you to consult fashion publications. You are here in the capacity of nurse."

"Co'se I is, but lessen er pusson keeps up wid de fashums she'd better work in de co'n fiel'. De chile doan' need my sarvices now, 'ca'se I'se dun gin er dose o' audin' syrap, an' put him ter sleep."

"Leave this house at once."

"Co'se, couldn't leah hit mo' den once, lessen I come back, an' dat's what I ain' gwine ter do. Good day. Sorry ter see dat yer ain' got no literary in yer system."—*Arkansas Traveler.*

They have just completed a "flat-house" in New York City, fifteen stories high. People living on the upper flat complain of having their sleep disturbed by celestial choir rehearsals.—*Peck's Sun.*

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