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• GRIP •

AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL.

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J. W. BRINGOUGH

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.

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—Mr. Blake's speech at Newmarket was considered remarkable by some because it contained no reference to the subject of Canadian Independence, or to any other question of Speculative politics. The fact was commented upon in sarcastic terms by some of the Independent and Tory papers. Their jibes brought forth the explanation that Mr. Blake, being leader of his party in trust, could not move any faster than the Party authorized him to do. When the Opposition has discussed the question in full caucus and formulated their opinion upon it, it will be time enough for Mr. Blake to speak.

FIRST PAGE.—The display of fraternal regard between the Anglican Synod and the Presbyterian General Assembly, by the mutual reception of delegations at their recent sessions, formed one of the most pleasing and promising episodes in the religious history of this Province. The action was spontaneous and hearty on both sides, and cannot fail to leave lasting results of the most beneficial kind. It is particularly noteworthy that the initiative was taken by the Synod, acting in the name of a church which has heretofore been supposed to partake of the exclusiveness of the parent body in England, a stigma which can no longer exist. The matter which offered the opportunity for this friendly intercourse was the important subject of Religious Instruction in the schools, and no doubt there are many other weighty questions of a general kind which may hereafter have the benefit of the united action of the churches. Hail to the day of Pan-Christianity!

EIGHTH PAGE.—To the happy and contented reader of the *Mail* who reads no other paper, and never reads the police court proceedings in the *Mail* itself, our picture may contain all the elements of truth and soberness, without any admixture of irony. The Editor in the tall tower has convinced himself, and does his best to convince his readers, that the persons now on trial for conspiracy are Mowat, Hardy, Pardee and Fraser. In other quarters quite a different impression has got abroad. The judges, for instance, are laboring under the delusion that the prisoners in this case are Bunting, Meek, Wilkinson, and Kirkland. Facts, they say, are stubborn things, but so are creditors who are working for bread and butter; and when these two opposing forces come together the facts have got to go.

BOOK NOTICE.



TORONTO PAST AND PRESENT, by C. P. Mulvany, M. A., M. D. This work, which has been brought out in a typographical style worthy of the city it describes, and worthy of the literary ability with which it is written, deserves a place in every Canadian library. The author is well known as one of our most learned and skilful litterateurs, and in this work his reputation is fully sustained. The details of our municipal history are presented in unhaakeney language calculated to make it pleasant reading even for those who have no personal interest in the Queen City of the West. Dr. Mulvany devotes a good deal of

space to the literary progress of the city, and does most of our local writers the honor of favorable mention. Amongst these, words of deserved praise fall to various contributors to GRIP, whose names are not generally known in that connection. Throughout the book the author has evidently made a studious effort to be fair in his criticisms of events and persons, and if he has erred at all it has been on the side of moderation. Mr. Caiger, the publisher, has added an interesting chapter dealing with the principal business firms of the present. We hope the work will have a wide sale, as it deserves. It may be mentioned that Dr. Mulvany is now engaged on a "History of Liberalism," which is shortly to be published by a Toronto house.

THE SCALPEL.

PUN UPON PAWN.

"Before the Police Magistrate, A. Wayren, white, and Henry Harris, black, two boys, looking like white and black pawns on a chess-board, were placed in the dock charged with stealing some caps."—*Local paragraph.*

"White and black pawns on a chessboard" are nothing extraordinary. You should have seen the white and black pawns of these boys—on Queen-st., probably the shop was.

TWO OF A KIND.

At Madrid, Iowa, on Tuesday night, the office of A. K. Webb, lawyer, was wrecked. Webb is very unpopular. He recently attached a boy's wages for a fee.—*States item.*

This mean man recalls the hitherto unpublished account of another money-grubbing lawyer. He was a Canadian Member of Parliament. As such he got blue books and Departmental papers and Voters' Lists and whole heaps of other printed matter. He made money out of the stuff by taking periodical trips to distant towns and selling every leaf of the pamphlets in the barber shops.

NOT FERTILE IN RESOURCE.

"A butler has not been able to recover his wages in a law-suit because he had refused to shave off his beard, though it was proved that he was unable to shave and the nearest barber was eight miles off."—*Trans-Atlantic item.*

If this had been an Irish butler, when he found he could not get shaved he would have compromised the thing by "latherin'" his employer for insisting on it so obstinately.

YOU KNOW THAT, DO YOU?  
To the Editor of the Mail.

SIR,—I rely upon your usual courtesy and sense of justice to allow me, etc., etc.

Need it be formally stated that the author of the communication in the *Mail* of which the above is the style of the opening stanza is not Mr. W. H. Higgins?

IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

"On Tuesday night one of the electric light globes on Queen-street was broken, and a piece of the glass fell into a buggy that happened to be passing at the time."—*Evening News.*

The only disappointing feature in this powerfully conceived and startlingly written paragraph is that instead of the piece of globe falling into the passing buggy it wasn't the passing buggy that fell into the piece of globe—or something like that, anyway!

DON'T SPEAK OF HIM!

"In the opinion of every loyal Canadian and of every man who knows the history of this continent, the connection between Britain and Canada is essential to the interests and the glory of both."—*Mail editorial.*

'Rah! And moreover, the man who once declared that "if the N.P. is going to endanger British connection, so much the worse for British connection," was a ruffian and a Radical and didn't write *Mail* editorial one half so-so-so nice as you, did he, Brother Griffin?

TOO MUCH FORMALITY.

"A Madrid despatch says the Liberal press are indignant because the Government dissolved a meeting called to devise means for bettering the condition of the journalists now in prison awaiting trial."

Well, why couldn't they have sent their tobacco and beer without holding a meeting over it?

TOO BAD!

"Lord Tennyson has been elected president of the Society of Authors, formed chiefly for the purpose of effecting international copyright laws between England and America. Mr. Matthew Arnold is vice-president of the association."—*English brief.*

And John Ross Robertson has been left out of the business altogether. Just as if he didn't have a particle of interest in it!

REMEMBER THE HON. WILLIAM, DON'T YOU?

"Richard Cartwright is evidently a man of progress. He began life as a Tory, and continued so until fourteen years ago, when he became a Grit. Now he has abandoned Gritism for Democracy. May he continue a Democrat to the end."

So he will maybe—to the end of Democracy in Canada. That is, if he doesn't start to go the old round again.

THE PASSING SHOW.

The Zoo stage is occupied this week by Baird's Minstrals, a company that enjoys a high reputation throughout the States.

The management of the Grimsby Camp Ground and Burlington Beach, taking a lesson from the only financially successful Beach upon Coney Island, viz., Manhattan, which paid Gilmor's Band \$2,500 per week last season, have opened negotiations with a view of securing Claxton's Celebrated Orchestra for an afternoon and evening concert each week during the coming season. The engagement would undoubtedly prove a great additional attraction for the patrons of the popular Grimsby resort.

The summer amusement season opens this week in a highly auspicious manner for the lovers of the variety stage. Messrs Drow, Pride & Sackett, a firm of American managers, have established themselves in a Pavilion on York-street nearly opposite the Rossin House, and proclaim a great array of novelties at the popular admission of 10 cents. Amongst the attractions of the opening week is Lucia Zarate, undoubtedly the smallest person in the world. The stage performance is above the average.



Luard was super ton. Now they are sending us Middle-ton.

The city chimney sweepers have a grievance, as their field is encroached on by bold, bad impostors. Let us weep with them! Or maybe I should say, let us sweep without them—and save money and furniture.

It is very, very rarely I congratulate a political party on an appointment. But in the appointment of Mr. J. J. Hawkins to a lucrative office I fancy I see a chance to offer my congratulations—to the Reform party, which, after this, ought surely not be long out of power.

I had it in mind to say something tangible about Prof. Wilkinson's luminous paint, but the *Globe* has said so much about it that is tangible that I am frightened off. I simply hope the Professor will not be so unfortunate as to let any of his luminous paint drop into his old back tracks while he is peddling it about the country.

The *Mail's* Montreal correspondent knows how to get on the right side of the erudite editor. In one recent despatch he had the following:—*Alma mater, ipse dixit, chacun a son goit, particeps criminis, modus operandi.* I fancy I can see Mr. Griffin's face light up as he encounters this despatch and exclaims, "Behold the man and the scholar!"

It will be just as well, in reflecting on the Grant and Ward little irregularities, to recollect that each partner was entitled to draw \$3000 a month for living expenses. Wasn't this going it just a trifle too fast? I fancy I could point out quite a few honest, industrious and intelligent corner grocery clerks who manage to worry along, and save money too, on something less than that of a salary.

The representatives in this city of the Ontario Trades' Benevolent Association, even in the very midst of the License Act muddle, in the very heat of the Scott Act engagement, in the very thick of newspaper controversy on "the traffic" and "vested rights" and "compensation" and things, can surely turn during an interval between treats and find healing balm in the intelligence that the other day the Licensed Victuallers' Baseball Club of Toronto went to Guelph and defeated the Licensed Victuallers' Club of that city by a score of ten to six and one innings to spare!

That was a clever defence of the parties summoned for selling Paris Green without license—the Paris Green they sold wasn't Paris Green at all, but some sort of a bogus mixture. Now, if parties charged with breach of the liquor law would only be as candid in the defence they offer! In five score cases out of a hundred they could affirm that the whiskey they sold was not whiskey, and there isn't a court in the land where the statement would be discredited. Gentlemen, here's a chance. But how many of you are going to stand up and explain what the stuff really was?

The rage for poetic advertisements does not seem to have wholly died out, and I notice in our city journals even that the lyric lure, as it may not inaptly be termed, yet has a charm for certain merchants, which even the way the intelligent compositor displays and punctuates the poetry cannot entirely dissipate. I respect the courageous principles of the business man who announces his beneficent projects to a suffering community in beautiful verses whose rhyme is only exceeded by their reason: I stand in profound awe of the fearless printer and proof reader through whose master hands the same do pass; but—I simply lose myself in boundless admiration of the gentle poet who can produce the touching stanzas, confronted, as he must so often be, with the stern necessity for varying tunelessly and appropriately his soulful references to such subjects as molasses, socks and \$3.50 pants!

It appears that the Boers have crowned Cetawayo's son Dinizulu, King of Zululand. Now I really do not wish to take the bread out of the mouth of any newspaper paragrapher who works for pay, by enquiring whether Dinizulu is not a distant relative of one Dinnis Hooligan? My object in noting this accession of a sable sovereign is to ask if there is any one prepared to state exactly what period of time will elapse before the new King of the Zulus declares war against Great Britain, slaughters British soldiers and subjects, and in other respects conducts himself so unbecomingly that the British Government is moved in compassion to bring him over to England and duly educate him—to an appreciation of Bass' ale and clothes. If there is not, I guess I can trust Dinizulu to show himself as the son of his father and able to practice a few neat tricks towards securing for himself a good fat living at the expense of the British tax-payer. To amend the inevitable household motto: "What is England without a Zulu?"

The will of another deceased patent medicine man, named Radway, has been dragged into court for adjustment. It is the old complaint—that the testator was *non compos mentis*. In the light of disputed will cases one is led to conclude that all patent medicine men must be crazy. This, I take it, is hardly reassuring to the millions of people who pin their faith to the patent medicine men's remedies. But it is perhaps not so hard for some of us to believe that the patent medicine men are cranks as to believe that their millions of customers are lunatics; at all events it is more charitable to try to entertain the former opinion. Whether it is that the surviving relatives esteem it a proof of insanity that their deceased connection manufactured patent medicines, or whether the manufacture of the medicine actually induced the insanity in so many cases that have come before the courts, I do not propose to discuss at this time. But I have an idea of my own on the subject. There is a shrewd suspicion haunting me that when a patent medicine man goes insane it is at the thought of having paid such high prices to the backwoods newspapers for advertising.

How it used to thrill me when a boy and surreptitiously engaged in the pursuit of knowledge as contained between the covers of a Highwayman's History or some other such truthful book, to read about the robber who was as eager to share with some poor man as he was to strip some bloated nobleman. A modern example of this lofty conception of strict free-booting principles is furnished in the case of a Barrie young man who fancied he did not have enough of the horses in the country, and was equally certain that paying for more was an obsolete style of acquiring them, and who governed himself accordingly until he got into gaol. When asked to say a

few words in recognition of his being presented with the freedom of the penitentiary, this chivalric Pirate of the Plains stated that he had thought one horse he appropriated "belonged to a richer man than the real owner!" With these instincts such a man would be perfectly safe in the employ of a country newspaper publisher. But I wouldn't care to harrass him with the carcas of a bank cashiership—if I happened to own the bank. He is perfectly willing to draw the line in horse-stealing, you see; but the authorities give him no encouragement. Out west it would be different—they would go in and help him draw the line. In fact, they would draw the line for him.



KNIGHT ERRANT AND DAMSEL IN DISTRESS.

(New Version. Scene.—Montreal.)

DISTRESSED DAMSEL.—O good Sir Knight, I pray thee protect me from you Varlet. He hath assaulted me!

KNIGHT ERRANT.—Aye, faire layde, gladly would I go to thy rescue, but—

DISTRESSED DAMSEL.—Fear nothing, Sir Knight, I will pay thy fine at the Recorder's Court.

WORSE THAN CO-EDUCATION.

*Shorthand Teacher to charming young lady pupil.*—"These consonants are called explosives, because they are caused by a pressure of the lips and an explosion." *Young lady suddenly finds it necessary to dive under the table for a pencil she has not lost.*

ACCIDENT.

During recent predatory invasions of peaceful exchanges the Scissors Scholar of the *Mail* came across three vagrant paragraphs which seemed to him to form a basis for a collection of incidents showing the outcome of "Accidents of History."

The Scissors Scholar passed them to the Paste-pot Patriarch, who in turn transferred them to the Eagle-eyed Editor, which distinguished person was busy making up poetry to be used at midnight on the occasion of politicians' resignation and fires and so forth, and therefore pronounced them fit matter for the Sacred Page.

They were:—(1) If the United States had had a good navy the civil war would have been a mere nothing.

(2) If Mountstuart Elphinstone had been Governor-General of India there would have been no Sepoy rebellion.

(3) If the French Assembly had been less



# IRELAND'S EVIL GENIUS.

(F. Graetz in Puck.)

stingy in money towards Napoleon there would have been no *coup d'etat*.

All these great events of history were due to the merest accidents—so the chroniclers go on to prove beyond a doubt. Of course, going further back it might also have been nicely pointed out that (1) If Columbus hadn't gone skirmishing around there wouldn't have been any America to enjoy the little unpleasantness of a civil war. (2) If India had been traded off for a chunk out of Europe the

colored troops might never have been created and drilled up into capital condition for killing the white forces. (3) If Nap. had gone into partnership with some such firm as Ward & Grant he would not have known what it was to be hard up. But of course this is not strictly keeping the idea sought to be conveyed right in front. That everything which happens is a matter of accident and might or might not transpire, as the case may be—just as the wind happens to blow, or your note falls

due at the bank, or country friends call on you, or someone steals your dog. Everything's chance, of the commonest brand.

Let us illustrate:

Suppose James Beaty had sold out his *Leader* there would never have been any *Mail* building and consequently Hon. Mr. Fraser would never have got off his incomparable and immortal denunciation of "the Brawling Brood of Bribers hatched out under the eaves of the *Mail* building!"



THE REFORM SLOW-COACH.

NEDDY.—NOW, MISSUS, IF YOU WANT ME TO MOVE FASTER JUST SAY SO!

A PLEASANT DAY IN THE COUNTRY.

BY A SHOOTIST.

I am a sportsman. I have always, since I used to shoot at grey birds and chipmunks with a bow and arrow, been a sportsman, and I am proud of the title. I am also a great lover of the country and country life. At least I was so until last week, when—but I anticipate.

Early last week, having nothing of importance to do, I determined that I should go out to the country for a few days and pass a quiet and happy time in wandering through the woods, and with my trusty gun lay low everything partaking of the nature of game I should fall in with, at the same time having the benefit of the fresh country air, and a chance of seeing the "bone and sinew" of the country, otherwise the noble yeomen, not to mention their lovely and disingenuous daughters, on their native heath. The fact is, I have never been in the country much. True, I have passed through miles and miles of country, cultivated and wild, but on the railway train where of course one's chances for observation would be exceedingly limited and brief. In short, I am a city man, and after my last week's experience, I devoutly hope to continue to feel myself as such. Well, one morning, I gathered together my hunting equipment, consisting of one double-barrelled breech-loading shot gun, one small bore rifle, one Smith and Wesson No. 2 revolver, and one large dirk knife. Dangers of all sorts confront people in the country sometimes as well as in cities, so, thinks I, it is as well to be prepared for any contingency. When I started on the Midland, I have but a vague idea where I got off. All my fellow passengers were strangers, and could give me no information as to where there "was lots to shoot." So I disembarked at the station of a small village which shall be nameless, and took the chances. I never heard of the place before, and now wonder why I got off. Perhaps the surrounding woods, as dense as the forest of the Bavarian Drachenfels, and the distant sight of a tavern, prompted me. However, I got off the train and wended my way to the tavern. There was nobody to receive me at first but a one-eyed bull-dog, who halted me at the bar-room door, and kept me there for about half an hour until an object arose out of a reversible bunk in the bar room and, throwing aside a buffalo robe, the only furniture of his bed, asked me with a yawn what I wanted:

"Are you the landlord?" asked I.  
 "No."  
 "Where is he then?"  
 "Dunno."  
 "When will he be here?"  
 "Can't say."  
 "Can I get anything to eat?"  
 "Not now, you kin at supper time."  
 And the uncanny being pulled a small bottle of—something out of his trousers pocket and took a swig, remarking "I hev to keep a drop of bitters around me, the dog gonned bar is locked up."

I deposited most of my traps with this country Satyr, and taking my shot gun and some cartridges, made for the woods. I tramped and tramped through the sodden leaves and wet underbush, stumbled over innumerable logs, and marched once unawares into a pool of water almost up to my neck, wetting all my cartridges and soaking me to the skin, but no living creature, not even a chipmunk, did I see, save a brindled cow with a cracked bell attachment on a distant hill. I deemed that I had enough of that sort of sport, and started back for my "hole." It was after dark when I got there, and, what a change! The landlord, a very Bardolph, was behind the bar very drunk, handing out whiskey to about a dozen customers even drunker than he. They were all cursing, swearing, and singing,

and some were showing strong indications as towards getting up a row, occasioned by a dispute as to the respective merits of two trottin' hosses. I looked into the dining room, and there were four worthies seated playing euchre for the drinks, and swearing like "Our army in Flanders." One of them had my grip-sack beneath him by way of cushion for his chair, and it was only after standing drinks for the crowd that I could get it. I seized it, gathered up my traps and skipped for the station, just in time to catch the train for Toronto. I returned a sadder and somewhat wiser man. I have got rid of one illusion, and that is, as to the pastoral quiet and harmony of a country life. I have also made up my mind to give up gunning except for ducks in the spring. How many of the sports who leave Toronto to fish and to shoot every once and a while, could tell of the same experience? I warrant me nine out of ten.

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.

PERVERTED PROVERBS.

The merciful man is merciful to his—private secretary.  
 Good wine needs know *bouche*.  
 More waist, less speed:  
 A whole loafer is better than a half-bred.  
 Many a meddle makes a muddle.  
 Exe streams meet.  
 It's a Lillwyn that blows nobody good.  
 Throw "Physic" to the—*Daily Telegraph*.  
 You never know the worth of water till the cask is dry.  
 Beds of a feather don't "flock" together.  
 Self-preservation is the first law of Govern-ments.  
 Look before you sleep.  
 Bed-time is flea-tig.  
 It is never too late for men.—*Moonshine*.  
 A generous lady—*Mag-nanimous*.  
 Men of "high" aims don't hit the stars,  
 But never miss the hotel bars.  
 —*Gouverneur Herald*.

QUALITY SUPERIOR TO QUANTITY.

"My dear," said an Austin man to his wife, after perusing the evening paper, "are you aware of the fact that a man's brain weighs three and a half pounds?"  
 "You've just read that, haven't you?"  
 "Yes."  
 "Well, dosen't the article say that a woman's is somewhat lighter?"  
 "It certainly does."  
 "And it also informs you that a woman's brain is of a much finer quality?"  
 "Yes."  
 "Well, then, just concentrate your three and a half pound intellect on that scuttle, and figure out how much it will weigh after you bring it up full of coal from the cellar."  
 The man with a great head departed for the lower regions in search of information.—*Texas Siftings*.

AWKWARD GRAMMATICAL TRANSFORMATION.

(Changing an indefinite into a personal pronoun.)  
 SCENE—Rural village in west Highlands;  
 TIME—Arrival of mail coach.  
 ANGUS M. TAVISH (to Charles Campbell)—Who came on the coach ta tay, Charles?  
 CHARLES CAMPBELL—Only Maister Mac-sporryn, ta, Free Kirk minister, and another auld wife!

SAW HIS WAY CLEAR.

An old chap who lived up in Vermont, in the years gone by, was left a piece of land containing about twenty acres, by the death of some relative. It was valued at about \$200, and about the first thing the old man did was to raise \$25 on a mortgage. When this money was gone he put on a second for the same amount, and by-and-by he found a third individual willing to lend him \$15 and take a mortgage. The last of this money had just disappeared when the old man fell and broke his leg. The person who first reached him called out:

"Poor Uncle Billy! What will you do now?"  
 "Is my leg broke?"  
 "Certain it is."  
 "And I'm a cripple!"  
 "You are."  
 "Well," said the old man, as a look of resignation came to his face, "I reckon I'd best slap on another mortgage."  
 There are several railroads in this country which are practising the Uncle Billy theory.—*Wall Street News*.

NEVER VERY SOLID.

A boy had been sent to carry a silver card-basket to a young lady as a bridal present and was asked, upon his return to the office, if he found the right place.  
 "Oh, yes."  
 "See the girl herself?"  
 "Yes."  
 "Did she seem surprised?"  
 "Very much so."  
 "Say anything?"  
 "Why, yes; she told her mother she presumed it was plated, but would be good enough for her aunt out in the country!"—*Free Press*.

TWA WAYS O' LOOKIN' AT IT.

SCENE—Red Lion Inn, Bucklyvie; Traveller tries to draw out Geordie Leckie, one of the village worthies.  
 TRAVELLER—That's a gran' public hall ye're pittin' up there, Geordie.  
 GEORDIE—Aye.  
 TRAVELLER—It'll be a credit tae the place!  
 GEORDIE—A what?  
 TRAVELLER—It'll be a credit tae Bucklyvie!  
 GEORDIE—O aye! Nae doot'll be a credit tae the place tull it's paid fur, no sayin' whit it'll be after, that!—*Glasgow Bailie*.

COULDN'T BE MAYOR ANYWAY.

"Robert," said a fond mother to her son who had been misbehaving himself, "if you carry on that way you need not expect to ever become Mayor of Chicago."  
 "Well, mother," said Robert, "I never could be Mayor of Chicago, anyway."  
 "Why, my dear?" inquired his mother.  
 "Cause," replied the embryo politician after a little hesitation, "I am a Republican."

HED SEEN A GHOST.

FORWARD AND LOQUACIOUS STOCK YARDS YOUTH.—"By Jove, you know—'pon my word, now—if I'd seen a ghost, you know, I'd be a chattering idiot for the rest of my life."  
 SARCASTIC BUT TRUTHFUL MAIDEN.—"Then I guess you've seen a ghost."—*Chicago Sun*.

Rev. J. G. Caldér, 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.

THE COLONEL'S DAUGHTER.

A LEGEND OF TORONTO OF OLD.

Many years ago,  
 Before it was a city,  
 There lived in To-ron-to,  
 A lady fair and pretty.

She lived in the Old Fort,  
 Where her father was commanding,  
 He was a gay old sport,  
 And a colonel of long standing.

He had sentries all around,  
 At night time and in day time,  
 When the snow was on the ground,  
 Or the flowers bloomed in May time.

There were Indians great and small,  
 Close by the Colonel's trenches,  
 On the site of Osageo Hall,  
 Where the High Court of Queen's Bench is.

The Colonel thought it sport,  
 'Twas one of his favorite dodges,  
 For to skip the sally-port,  
 And call at the red men's lodges.

There were Chippeways and Crees,  
 Mohawks and the Six Nations,  
 And every one of these  
 Were served out with King's rations.

One evening at a dance,  
 Held in an old-time log house,  
 He met with Jib-be-nance,  
 Chief of the Miss-a-sau-gas.

Altho' he wore no pants,  
 And would burn and scalp and slaughter,  
 Yet the horrid Jib-be-nance  
 Had a lovely Indian daughter.

When the Colonel saw the maid,  
 He was very much enraptured,  
 And I really am afraid  
 That the Colonel's heart she captured.

Yes, I really think she had  
 The heart of the old stager;  
 'Twould not have looked so bad,  
 Had he been a junior major.

But when old Jib-be-nance  
 Found it out he said he'd knock him,  
 And he danced a gay war dance,  
 And swore he'd tomahawk him.

The poor Colonel said, "Consider,  
 And kindly list to reason,  
 You would make my wife a widder,  
 Besides it is high treason.

"There's a lady in the fort,  
 Which her name is Adelina,  
 Go up and pay her court,  
 You will never get a finer.

"She is just in her prime,  
 And many a lord has sought her—  
 She's a little girl of mine,  
 In fact she is my daughter."

"All right," said Jib-be-nance,  
 "I'll go at once and get her,  
 It may be my last chance,"  
 Said the Colonel, "Yes, you'd better."

When he reached the barrack yard  
 He told about the Colonel,  
 And the Sergeant of the Guard  
 Roared out "You old infernal

"Red-skin Injun thief,  
 So you want the Colonel's daughter?  
 You're a very short-lived chief!"  
 Then he did what he didn't order.

He merely said, "Bo Joo,  
 My noble Injun magnate,"  
 And then he ran him through  
 With a newly sharpened bagnet.

Then the Sergeant took some men,  
 And the old log house invaded,—  
 The aromatic pen  
 Where the pinioned Colonel lay hid.

When the Colonel was released,  
 And went back to his quarters,  
 Two curious tongues no'er ceased,  
 His dear wife's and his dorter's.

Yet still he pined for his squaw,  
 Though she was r' her dirty,  
 And he gave poor Johnny Raw,  
 The Sergeant, "six and thirty."

When the Sergeant was reduced,  
 He said unto the sentry,  
 "Ow a man can be abused  
 Hin this blasted wooden kentry."

As for the Colonel's "wash,"  
 The Indian maid engagin—  
 She went peddling succotash  
 In the clearing, now Bobcageon.

Said Adelina "Paw,"  
 "This disgrace, I can't surriove it,"  
 And she married Johnny Raw,  
 Who now is a full private.

She got married without leave,  
 And to see her was a caution,  
 Chewing regimental beef,  
 While she did the company's washing'.

And this is all we know  
 Of the lady fair and witty,  
 Who lived in To-ron-to  
 Before it was a city.

THE PASSING-KNELL.

"Poor beggar!" wearily sighed old Jumble-  
 rig, as he tossed uneasily in bed one night,  
 "poor beggar!"

"Who are you calling a poor beggar?" cried  
 Mrs. Jumble-  
 rig, with some asperity, and who  
 the words referred to had awakened; "I'm  
 no poor beggar."

"I referred, my dear, to the fellow-being  
 who has departed this life," was the reply, "I  
 did not apply the term to you."

"Is the man dreaming?" murmured Mrs. J.  
 "What d'ye mean, Jumble-  
 rig?"

"My dear," answered old J., "for the last  
 hour I have lain awake and have listened to  
 that doleful passing-knell. Every five minutes  
 has that bell tolled, and I cannot but feel  
 sorrow for the mortal who has shuffled off his  
 coil. Every—"

His speech was cut short by a deep bell-  
 boom which came reverberating through the  
 nocturnal air.

"There it is again: that is the death-knell;  
 poor beggar!" he went on as he heard the  
 sound.

"Poor Grandmothers!" ejaculated Mrs.  
 Jumble-  
 rig. "That's only St. James' Cathedral  
 clock striking twelve, and she flopped over,  
 disgusted, as well she might be, at having her  
 slumbers so rudely broken in upon as they had  
 been by the exclamation of her worse ♀."

"Well, that clock takes a mighty long time  
 to get in its work," said her w. ♀, as he  
 returned to his slumbers from which he did  
 not awaken till a passing fiend yelled "Fr-r-resh  
 fesh, all alive, alive," under his window; and  
 then he wished that the knell had been a real  
 one and that it had been the "fresh fish"  
 fiend that had gone before.—S.



RECEPTION OF THE ROYAL SOOTS

"Toronto was doing its best to make it pleasant  
 for them."—WORLD.

GAMIN.—Hi! Jimini! Get onto the legs,  
 will yer! [A fact.]

A PASTORAL IDYL.

'Twas evening!  
 The sun, satisfied with having killed off  
 every blessed one of Old Farmer McGlue's  
 newly planted cauliflowers, had sunk with a  
 sob and a sigh into a billowy bed of downy  
 drifts covered with a crimson-colored counter-  
 pane and prize patchwork quilt.

The aged yeoman, who was one of Mr.  
 Mowat's duly authorized, as well as criticized,  
 Justices of the peace, sat in the shade of the  
 vine-clad porch waiting for the gloaming and  
 the return of his hired boy who had gone to  
 the Tory neighbor's down the line for the loan  
 of last week's *Mail*. The *Globe* had been con-  
 vincing the old farmer so strongly that times  
 under the N. P. were hard on the agriculturist  
 that he had concluded to stop his subscription  
 to that Great Dollar Paper and try borrowing  
 around the settlement.

The musical "tick! tick! tick!" of the  
 little clock, won at a raffle two nights before  
 by the hired boy, and formally impounded by  
 Farmer McGlue in his magisterial capacity  
 was the only sound that caught the ear of the  
 rugged old political economist—or rather  
 economizer. There was a subdued "burr!  
 biff! bang!" borne on the air from the milk-  
 house; but it was only the old woman churning,  
 and you could not expect him to notice  
 that. He thought of her, it is true—often  
 and often thoughts filled his mind of the true,  
 loving, patient partner who had borne with  
 him so long and so bravely the burdens of  
 Life, and saved a hired girl's wages right clean  
 through.

And so, while the sun was sinking slow and  
 sad and the boy was meandering home with  
 the paper at the measured gait of a chap working  
 by the day, the veteran husbandman removed his  
 specs, and decided that it would "be more  
 comfortable like to git Hannah do the readin'  
 this trip."

"Give us that Bunting Bribery case, first  
 go!" were the orders, and the old woman ac-  
 cordingly worried desperately at the follow-  
 ing under the head of "The Grit Conspiracy":—

"Mr BETHUNE spoke first, appearing to show cause to  
 the rule taken out by the defendants, calling upon the  
 Crown so show cause why the side-bar rule for the *con-  
 sultum* and all proceedings taken for the argument of  
 the demurrer should not be set aside, on the grounds  
 that the return to the *certiorari* was not made when  
 those proceedings were taken, that the defendants have  
 not yet appeared or been called upon to plead to the  
 indictment in the Superior Court, and that the Crown  
 had no right to take the conduct of the *certiorari*. In  
 short, the defendants complain—"

"Stop! stop!" yelled the old farmer,  
 jumping from his rocker and snatching the  
 paper, "I don't want another word; gol  
 hanged if I do. Horo, boy! Back you go  
 with this and tell 'em I'm through, and had  
 enough to last me a hull month! I knowed  
 it, oh! I knowed it! Soon's I heard they'd  
 let them bribers git the case h'isted till a  
 higher court I knowed it was all up and no  
 chance fur a conviction? And so they've got  
 off at last, hev they? Drat'em! Drat the  
 Guv'ment! Drat the courts! Drat the hull  
 dashed business! Wife, I'm agoin' to sell the  
 farm, throw up my commission an' go canvas-  
 sin' fur the *Weekly Mail*!"

The shadows of evening lengthened. The  
 good-night twitters of the song-bird ceased.  
 The local whip-poor-will, rubbing his eyes on  
 a cedar twig, was asking his mate if it wasn't  
 time to tunc up. Silence had fallen, for even  
 the mosquito, who had been singing hopefully  
 prior to discovering after boring through the  
 farmer's pants that he hadn't calculated on  
 the boot-tops, had retired for repairs.

The old man has fallen asleep!  
 Let us leave him.  
 For presently that mosquito will be back  
 with reinforcements and an improved plan of  
 operations.

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THE CONSPIRATORS ON THEIR WAY TO TRIAL.

(From suggestions by the Editor of the Mail.)

QUESTIONS IN NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.

- Why do you invariably lose your best dog?
- Why don't you write that book on amateur gardening?
- Why are picnics and thunder storms so indissolubly linked?
- Why do you lose the only hook left just when the fish start to bite?
- Why does your very last match always prove to be only a tooth-pick?
- Why can a fellow never crack himself more than once on the thumb when driving a nail?
- Why doesn't the earth you dig out of a post-hole nearly fill up the hole again after you have planted your post?
- Why do all three papers in Barrie claim to be the "Official organ," and to enjoy "the largest county circulation?"
- Why did you never set any store by that worthless article until your neighbor asked you if you wouldn't give it to him?
- Why does the well-behaved child at his own tea-table prove an unmitigated heart-breaker when seated at your friend's tea-table?
- Why does the man who is a bar-tender pre-

fer to see himself in print as "the genial clerk" of the what-ye-may-call-it House?

- Why does a stale loaf at tea-time but slowly retreat, while a fresh one under similar circumstances would succumb at the very first round?
- Why are those people who in summer declare that they "never could stand the heat," the very same people who in winter shiveringly pray, "give us anything but cold?"
- Why will a small boy cheerfully abandon a meal of the choicest delicacies and dainties at home in order to go out and take the meanest kind of pot-luck at somebody else's house?
- Why are the fancy-priced prize eggs disappointing in their yield, while the old mongrel chicken who "sets away" comes waltzing out from under the barn some fine morning with a chicken in tow for every egg she covered?
- Why does the unctuous business man take abuse from a surly customer, with an angelic smile—that is, the business man wears the angelic smile—and then jaw the head half off his inoffensive, patient, painstaking, loving wife when he goes home?
- Why does a man feel perfectly satisfied with himself when he has dropped a five cent

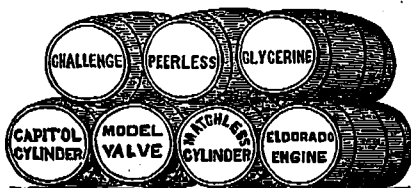
piece—the smallest silver coin current—on the church collection plate, and mad enough to thump himself when he recollects that he only treated the crowd the night before to common cigars while his business rival Jackson set up the champagne?

Mon of force and industry everywhere will tell you that the hardest thing in the world to do is to do nothing.—*Chicago Sun.*

A girl named Price, six feet three inches tall, was married in Oregon the other day. She came high but he would have her at any Price.—*The Eye.*

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